

Brereton, Jane.  
Poems on Several Occasions. With Letters  
to Her Friends, and An Account of Her Life.  
London: Printed by Edw, Cave at St John's  
Gate. 1744. Ecco reproduction from British  
Library.

Transcribed by  
The William and Geoffrey Press, August  
2020.

The Dream, In Imitation of Some  
Parts of Chaucer's Second and Third  
Book of Fame.

The Introduction.

Criticks by kind this Piece forbear,  
There's nothing worth your Malice here,  
'Twon't bear your Test, I pray, don't try it,  
But let a Woman dream in Quiet.

A Poet here might shew his Skill,  
And half a dozen Pages fill,  
With fine Description of the Scene,  
Where he had been a Napping ta'en.  
His Reader he awake might keep,  
By telling, when he fell asleep;  
Which, doubtless, must be in the Spring,  
When Nightingales, and Linnets sing,  
And he, on show'ry Bank, was laid,  
Where Bays, and Myrtle mix their Shade;  
Where Odours wafted from each Breeze,  
And *Zephirs* whisper'd thro' the Trees  
Where the cool, limpid, purling, Stream,  
With Murmurs soft, prolong'd the Dream.

All this, and more, full well I know it,  
Might be preform'd by a Male Poet,  
Descriptions I must lay aside,  
I slept, and dreamt at the Fire-side:

Tho' Men in Fields may sleep or roam,  
Women had best to nap at Home.

But ere I tell my strange Adventure,  
Or Regions visionary enter,  
'Tis fit, I, like poetick Folk,  
Shou'd *Phaebus*, or some Muse invoke.  
I'll do't for Form, tho' Truth to tell,  
A Dish of Tea inspires as well.

Ye Maids, who on *Parnassus* sing,  
And haunt the *Heliconian* Spring  
Aid me to tell my Dream aright,  
And animate me in my Flight!

O *Phaebus* help, I thee implore,  
I ne'er was on the Wing before;  
Assist to bring each Track to view,  
Thro' which thy Father's Eagle flew.

## The Dream

I took up *Chaucer* t'other Day,  
To pass some irksome Hours away;  
When I his Book of Fame had read,  
(Which sure with Whimseys fill'd my Head,)  
*Morpheus*, the Sleep-compelling God,  
Soon charm'd me with his leaden Rod.  
My Reason bound in Sleep's soft Chain,  
Ungovern'd Fancy strait grew vain,  
Bore me, where Antiquaries found  
A *Roman* Fort, on *British* Ground.  
Methought, I breath'd the Ev'ning Air,  
Upon the Summit of \**Mole-gare*,  
Much pleas'd I was, and gazing stood,  
While the *Welch* Hills, and *Irish* Flood

\* *Mole-gare*, a Hill in the County of *Flint*.

With various Prospects, greet my Eyes,  
And well-known Scenes, promiscuous rise.

From thence \**Moe-Arthur* I behold,  
Where the fam'd *Briton* sat of Old,  
His Four-and-twenty Knights among,  
(As *Cumbrian* Bards have whilome sung)  
If any at thus Tale will mock,  
Let them repair to view the Rock,  
Where, if to count twice Twelve they're able,  
They'll find the Seats of the Round Table.

*Halkinon* Hills, the *Welch Pew* (?)  
Big with their Ord, rise next to view

Lo! where fair *Winfrieda* fell,  
Whose Blood produc'd a Holy Well  
Hail! Virgin Saint, may nought that's vile  
Thy sacred Fountain o'er defile!  
\**Mole-Arthur*, a Hill on De biglshire (?)

See Flint! unhappy Richard there  
Was made a Prey to Lancaster.

O'er *Offa's* Dyke, I haste my Sight,  
To view my former dear Delight;  
There *Alyn* glides, thro' flow'ry Meads,  
There fertile Fields, and pleasing Shades:  
Yonder the much-lov'd Spot of Earth  
That gave forlorn *Melissa* Birth!  
New crouding Thoughts my Brain opprest,  
And Passions struggl'd in my Breast.  
Such Vi'lence would have broke Sleep's  
Chain,  
If Fancy had not chang'd the Scene.  
Quick, she presents old *Jeffrey's* Fable,  
His wild Conceits, and speaking Eagle;  
And romantick Scene prepar'd  
To mimick that in the old Bard.

An Eagle of prodigious Size,  
Me thought (?), descended from the skies,  
His fourding(?) my Pinons wing thro' air,  
And down he lights on dear *Mole-gare*  
His Feathers shone like burnish'd Gold,  
With Wonder I his Form behold  
When, in the Twinkling of an Eye,  
He siez'd me, and away did fly  
Somewhere, perhaps, their Jest won't lose,  
But fancy me, like *Reynard's* Goose,  
Oh, ask me, if I rode astride?  
No. I most decently did ride,  
And upright sat on th' Eagle's Back,  
When that, to my Surprise, hespake,  
“Prythee, take Heart, b' assur'd of this,  
Noght(?) saah betide Thee that's amiss  
And now, I may declare my Name,  
Where thou shal(?) go, and whence I came,



Attend my Speech—*Jove's* Eagle, I,  
Commanded hence with Thee to fly.  
Too much thou hast thyself confin'd,  
Thou seldom dost relax thy Mind  
Thy Book, and Needle can't delight,  
From eight at Morn, 'till nine at Night.  
T' amuse Thee now my Care must be,  
(So *Jove's* immutable Decree!)  
I'll bear Thee to the House of Fame,  
(Suspend thy female Fears for Shame!)  
The Temple's n the middle Way  
Exasctly 'twixt Heaven, Earth, and Sea  
There I, with Thee, must wing my Flight,  
While Wonders open to thy Sight."

With that, his Flight he upwards took.  
And downwards bade me cast a Look,  
Then down I look'd on Hills, and Dales,  
On flow'ry Fields, and smiling Vales,

On glitt'ring Spires, and verdant Woods,  
On floating Ships, and rolling floods.  
But soon these vanish'd from my Eyes,  
So swift he brush'd thro' yielding Skies.  
Our Earth no bigger than a Bead  
Seem'd to my Eye; when thus he said,  
"Dismiss thy Fears, turn up thy Face,  
Behold this wide extended Space.  
The Sun will soon withdraw his Light,  
And leave the Moon to rule the Night.  
The glitt'ring Stars will then appear,  
And spangle o'er the Hemisphere,  
Lo' *Vesper* leads the radiant Train  
T'adorn, like Gems, th' aetherial Plain.  
No Telescope thou'lt need to see  
What brightens o'er the Galaxy.  
Behold! the circling *Milky-Way*  
Its starry Pavement there display,  
*Ange's*(?) stormy Kids see there,  
And *Cassiopeie* (?) in her Chair,

Great *Perseus* with *Medusa*’s Head,  
And *Cygnus* here his Wings doth spread;  
The *Argo* there in *Aether* sails,  
His hideous Form there *Scorpio* trails;  
Yonder, ambitious *Phaeton* drove;  
(Unhappy Proof of *Phaebus*’ Love!)  
The Youth, by *Scorpio* terrify’d,  
No more the fiery Steeds could guide, *Jove*,  
at his Head, the Light’ning hurl’d,  
And struck him dead, to save the World.  
Lo! here an Instance that a Fool  
Should not be suffer’d to beat Rule.”

Then upwards still he wing’d his Way,  
While I the wide Expanse survey  
Then I reflected in my Mind  
On what we in *Boetins* find,  
How that a vig’rous Thought may fly  
On Feathers of *Philosophy*,

May thro' celestial Regions soar,  
And all the starry *Orbs* explore

Th' Imperial Bird his Pinons ply'd,  
At last, stupendous loud, he cry'd,  
"Thy Heart resume, now all is well,  
Look up and see, here's *Boare Hostel!*  
Write what thou see'st, and so, *Adieu,*"  
And then away from me he flew.

On a high Rock appear'd the Pile,  
The Ascent not gain'd without much Toil.  
The Rock was bright, and smooth as Glass,  
I wonder'd of what Stone it was,  
And found at last, to my Surprise,  
'Twas ot of Adamant, but Ice.  
Here on the Rock engrav'd I saw  
Some Names preserv'd from Storms, and Thaw.  
But the most part were quite eraz'd  
By Heat, or hostile Time defac'd.

Tho' some as clear, and perfect were,  
As if but newly graven there,  
Not Heat, or Storms could these invade,  
Protected by the Temple's Shade  
These Names thro' num'rous Ages past,  
And with the Dome itself, shall last.

On this Foundation I behold  
The tow'ring Structure, which excell'd  
The boasted Works of *Greece* or *Rome*,  
On the more fam'd *Ephesian* Dome  
The Walls were all of *Beryl*Stone,  
Which with amazing Lustre shone.  
Four brazen Gates I there descry,  
Facing catch Quarter of the Sky  
I enter, and, amaz'd, behold  
The *Jasper* Floor, and Roof of Gold.  
Th' impending :amps incessant glow,  
And ever-living Light bestow.

There Heroes of a fabl'd Race  
The Western Wall, in Statues, grace;  
*Alcides*, in is shaggy Spoil,  
Seems there to rest from all his Toil.  
And there great *Perseus* was beheld,  
Tremendous, with *Minerva's* Shield.  
Here *Lanus*, there *Musaeus* stands,  
And each his silver Harp commands.  
There *Orpheus* plays, and Trees around  
Dancing obey the magick Spound.  
His living Lyre *Amphion* tries,  
And strait the *Theban* Walls arise.

On the North-side, with Trophies crown'd,  
Were *Gothick* Heroes, once renown'd.  
Great *Woden* there his Spear doth wield,  
And *Runick* Figures grac'd his Shied.  
*Sythian* Philosophers appear,  
*Abaris*, *Araibarsis* there,

*Zamolxis* high above the Rest  
There *Bards* and *Druids* were exprest.

The Eastern Wall, with Gems, and Gold,  
And Di'monds glorious to behold,  
Shew'd *Belils*, *Ninus*, and the Train,  
Who the Term *Mags* did obtain.  
*Consucius*(?) there, the learn'd and good,  
And there the wise *Chaldeans* stood  
These Sages fix'd the Solar Year,  
And could describe each radiant Sphere.  
Here *Zoroaster* waves his Wand  
And *Brachinans* (?) there the Moon command.

Of *Egypt's* Priests, on the South-side,  
A venerable Train I spy'd.  
Great *Tresinigistus* (?) then appear'd,  
For sublime Truths, and Arts revel'd.  
Here proud *Sesostus* (?) strikes with Awe,  
Whom scepter'd Slaves are forc'd to draw.

There *Amasis*, in Triumph plac'd;  
The whole with Hieroglyphicks grac'd

See! Pillars in bright Order show,  
The Capitals with Jewels glow.  
Here *Cyrus*, there the Hero stood  
Who dar'd th' impetuous *Granick* Flood  
*Leonides*, the bave and bold,  
And sweet-soul'd *Cimor*, I behold.  
Th' Imperil Hero, on a Throne  
Adorn'd with Trophies, greatly shone,  
Near to th' immortal *Oase*(?) stood  
That *Bruus*! too severely good!  
Unconquer'd *C\*\*o* there was plac'd,  
And the yound Victor, brave and chaste,  
*Serpio*(?), who only could subdue  
The Warrior, who nexgt strikes my View.



Nor fighting Chiefs alone were there,  
But learned Sages too appear  
*Lycingus*, *Solon* there I find,  
Whose equal Laws reclaim'd Mankind.  
The *Samian*, and the *Stagyrite*,  
With *Socrates* for ever bright.  
And there, as oft in *Rome* before,  
The *Civick* Crown great *Tully*wore.  
Immortal *Plato* too was seen,  
With Brow sedate, and easy Mien  
Great *Aristarchus* pleas'd I view'd.  
Whose Systems Moderns have renew'd.  
The *Syracusan* Artist there  
Held in his Hand his wond'rous Sphere.

Around the Centre then appear'd,  
Above the Rest, eight Columns rear'd

High on the first, enthron'd in Gold,  
Sat mighty *Homer* blind, and bold  
His Head with sacred Fillets bound,  
*Tory's* Wars adorn'd the Pillar round.  
There fighting Deities engage,  
There *Trojans* fly *Achilles* Rage;  
From *Hector* there the *Greeks* retreat,  
Here *Trey*(?) in Hector yields to Fate

Majestick in a Silver Shrine  
Great *Mero*(?) sat, around his Head  
Laurels in golden Foliage spread  
In Sculpture on the Pillars seen  
The pious Chief, the dying Queen,  
The *Latian*(?) Wars, the *Elizian* Plain,  
And Heroes doom'd in Rome to reign

Next haagle(?) Statius struck my Sight,  
His Seat of Steel was polish'd bright,

Transported between Wrath and Heat,  
He seem'd to torrer on is Seat.  
There might I on the Column trace  
The unhappy End of *Cadmus* ' Race.  
Inspir'd with man, and direful Rage,  
Th' impious Brothers there engage,  
There little *Tydeus*, great with Ire,  
Makes Forty nine to Styx retire.  
Gigantick *Dryas*, with fierce Joy,  
There kills the fair *Arcadian* Boy.

High on a Throne of shining Brass,  
Aspiring *Lacan* seated was;  
His stately Port, exalted Air  
Impetuous Youth, and Fire declare.  
Here, with bold Strokes, the Artist grav'd(?)  
*Phursalia* 's Field, and *Rome* enslav'd.  
There hapless *Pompey*, vanquish'd flies,  
On *Egypt* 's Shore there, headless lies.

Great *Cesar* leap'd into the Waves,  
There all the *Pharian* Fury braves  
One Hand his faithful annals held,  
And one his Sword, which plow'd the liquid Field.

Of *Clanaian* (?) then a View I took.  
Serene his Air, sublime his Lock,  
The Column with nice Sculpture grac'd  
Here Proserpine, by Pluto plac'd,  
Affrighted in the Chariot rode,  
Tho' soeth'd by the relentleis God  
There *Venus*, in her *Ciprian* Court,  
And little Loves, and Graces sport.

Then witty *Cvie* (?) next is seen,  
With graceful Ease, and courtly Mie  
The World's first Rise, and Bodies chang'd  
Around the polished Pillar rang'd.

Behold *Anacreon*! tuneful Bard!  
Much safer to be seen than heard  
While Mirth sits sparkling in his Eyes,  
His soft bewitching Lyre he tries  
*Gay Bacchus* danc'd with Ivy crown'd,  
And smiling Loves the Bard surround.

There *Pindar* strikes his sounding Lyre,  
The Figure speaks his Force and Fire,  
There the presiding \*Deities  
Survey the Games from Azure Skies  
The Games of *Greece* the Column grace,  
There the swift rapid Chariot Race,  
The Champions cast the Bar and Spear,  
And winged Feet contending there,  
The Steed appears each Nerve to strain,  
To bear his Master o'er the Plain.

*\*Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, and either  
Hestia(?) Hermes(?) or Hephaestus(?)*

The Victors in each Exercise,  
Met at the Goal, receive the Prize

These Pillars, in a Circle plac'd,  
Surround a Throne where Jewels blaz'd,  
Whose mingl'd Rays, and various Light  
At once confound and please the Sight.  
Dimonds too bring(?) Lustie show,  
And flaming Rubies seem to glow,  
There Amedists their purple Raus,  
And Saphirs then bright Azure blaze  
The Topaz casts a golden Dye,  
And Em'ralsds there revive the Eye  
Here proud Imperial Fame, in State,  
To hear her Vot'ries was sate  
When first on her I cast my Eyes,  
She seem'd but of a dwarfish Size,  
No sooner had I fix'd my View,  
To a gigantick Form she grew

With her the Dome, and Columns rise,  
And tow'ring seem t' invade the Skies.  
A thousand Plumes the Goddess bears,  
A thousand curious list'ning Ears,  
A thousand wakeful prying Eyes,  
A thousand Tongues, incessant, she employs.

Around her high Imperial Seat,  
The Muses all in Order wait;  
For her they sing, and tune the Lyre,  
And noble Thoughts, and Verse inspire.

While I these Wonders view'd around,  
Methought, I heard the Trumpet sound;  
When strait, thick as the swarming Bees,  
That sally out in Colonies,  
Promiscuous Throngs the Temple croud,  
And make their Claim to Fame aloud.  
From every Region there they came,  
To pay their Homage to the Dame.

The Young, the Old, the Rich, the Poor,  
In suppliant Crowds he Grace implore.  
Some she rejected with a Frown,  
And some she did with Honours crown.  
Merit she oft would disregard,  
And oft the Worthless wou'd reward:  
So, her blind Sister Fortune rules,  
Gives Rags to th' Wife, and Robes to Fools.

The Sons of Learning there attend,  
Who to her Favours first pretend.  
Madam, your Justice we implore,  
Confirm our Fame, we ask no more:  
Rewarded only with Renown,  
Let deathless Fame our Labours crown.  
She smil'd, 'tis fit your Names should live,  
Who deathless Fame to others give;  
Who Nature's Nusteries explore,  
And thro' each starry Region soar.



The golden Trump, ye Muses raise!  
Proclaim in tuneful Notes their Praise.  
Thro' the wide World the Notes were heard;  
And All th' harmonious Sound rever'd.

Then Odours all their Sweets diffuse;  
Nor op'ning Flow'rs, nor rosy Dews,  
Nor Gales from *Africk's* Spicy Coast,  
Could e'er such balmy Fragrance boast.

While the learn'd Train attentive stood,  
The Dame, with sweet Complacence, view'd  
Two more conspicuous than the Rest;  
And gently bowing, thus address.  
“*Milton*, and *Newton*, my best lov'd!  
“Justly 'bove all my Sons approd'd;  
“When first I rais'e the Dome of State,  
“I vow'd; and *Jove* confirm'd its Fate:  
”None in this Dome enthron'd appears,  
“Without my Test, a thousand Years!

“When twice five Cent’ries are expir’d,  
“And You thro’ each learn’d Age admir’d’  
“Seats, next my own, shall be prepar’d  
“For Thee, great Sage! and Thee, O sacred Bard!”

Then a small Tribe the Dame addrest,  
And thus preferr’d their strange Request;  
‘Great Goddess! by Mankind ador’d,  
‘To us our humble Wish afford.  
‘We’re not solicitous for Fame,  
‘Conceal our Labours and our Name.  
‘Virtue alone we did regard;  
‘These Fools are mad! (enrag’d she cries,”  
“Dare you immortal Fame despise?  
“I’ll to the wond’ring World reveal  
“Those Virtues which you would conceal;  
“The golden Trumpet, with Renown,  
“Shall all your pious Actions crown:

Strong were the Notes, yet sweet and clear,  
And grateful Scents perfum'd the Air.

To these another Bard succeed;  
Who, conscious of their Merit, plead;  
'Since living Virtue is despis'd,  
'Now let our Works be justly priz'd"  
We for good Fame have done our part,  
'Vouchsafe to crown our just Desert.'  
Frowning; she thus rejects their Claim,  
"Scandal, and ignominious Fame  
"Be Yours"—The Trump of Slander sounds,  
and with harsh Notes their Honour wounds.  
From the black rusty Clarion broke  
Offensive Scents, and Clouds of Smoke,  
Encreasing still where'er they went,  
To blast the hapless Innocent.

But now a more successful Train  
Humbly approach the sacred Fane.  
These, like the former Troop, their Days  
Had wholly spent in Virtue's Ways.  
To these the Dame—"It is my Will,  
"That your Renown the World should fill;  
"Tho' I rejected the just Claim  
"Of those who merit equal Fame;  
"Virtue herself would lose her Crown,  
"Should she too boldly claim Renown.  
"Unask'd, I'll now bestow on you  
"A Recompense beyond your Due."

Then, thro' th' applauding World, their Praise  
The sweet melodious Trump conveys.

Now an emproider'd Troop appears,  
With smart Toupees, and sparkish Airs;

‘The Fame to which we most aspire,  
‘And of your Majesty desire,  
‘Is to be thought of Consequence  
‘Among the Fair, whose Innocence  
‘We ne’er have wrong’d, unless in Rumour,  
‘To shew our Wit, and sprightly Humour.  
‘We care not who their Favours claim,  
‘Provided we may rob their Fame.’

“I grant you your Petition, Beaus;  
“Wach Blast a Lady shall expose.”

Encourag’d at this strange Success,  
A Crown of Fops around her press;  
‘Fair Queen! we humbly beg you’d please  
‘To favour us no less than these.’  
“Coxcombs! (she cry’d) avoid the Place,  
“The foul-mouth’d *Clarion* shall you grace,”  
In ev’ry Note was something new,  
That ridicul’d this foppish Crew;

Then Jests, and Scoffs, were heard aloud,  
And Laughter ran thro' all the Crowd.

A Troop of martial Worthies came,  
Who fought for Liberty, not Fame.  
Just Heroes, who espous'd the Cause  
Of dear Religion and the Laws.  
“Live you (she said) in my bright Roll!  
“Your Fame I'll sound from Pole to Pole.  
“A Flourish there!—be these renown'd.  
“And latest Times their Praise resound.”

Then came another warlike Train,  
Who glory'd in vast Numbers slain.  
‘For Thee, O Goddess! we destroy  
‘Our Species, with invidious Joy;  
‘Relentless swim thro' Streams of Blood,  
‘For Thee, our chief, our only Good!’  
“Ye slaught'ring Fools from hence retire,  
“Dare you to lasting Fame aspire?

“Your Deeds shall in Oblivion lie,  
“And all your blasted Glories die.”

Of Patriots now an awful Crowd  
Before the Goddess humbly bow’d  
With these a Crew did slyly mix,  
Skill’d in dark Plots and Politicks.  
They in a lucky Moment came;  
The giddy undiscerning Dame  
Rewards alike their different Pleas,  
And bids the Trumpet sound their Praise.

While these employ’d my Ears and Eyes,  
Methought, I heard a sudden Noise,  
Like distant Floods, when Tempests roar,  
And Billows beat the hollow Shore.  
Or Sounds, which from afar are sent,  
Of rolling Thunder, almost spent.  
Strait some Pow’r I was convey’d,  
Where I another Dome survey’d.

With rapid Force it whirl'd around;  
And thence proceeded all the Sound  
Nor Silence here, nor Rest, nor Peace,  
The Noise and Hurry never cease.  
As many Doors, and Windows here,  
As Leaves on Trees in *May* appear  
These Day and Night are open found,  
Still pervious to receive the Sound;  
And Needles tremble t'wards the Pole,  
As to the Sea the Rivers roll;  
As Flame and Smoke will upwards fly,  
And mounting seek the distant Sky,  
As weighty Bodies downwards tend,  
So hither must all Sound ascend.

A Stone, when cast into a Lake,  
Will strait a trembling Circle make;  
The Water, by that Motion stir'd,  
Will spread a Second, then a Third;



Still round each Ring another's made,  
Till each the Margin does invade.

Thus Voice, or Sound, impels the Air,  
And makes an ambient Ringlet there,  
Which undulating will enforce  
Another Circle in its Course,  
Each Ring will still another drive,  
At *Rumour's House* till all arrive

Of various News I much did hear,  
Of Sickness, Health, of Peace and War;  
Of Love and hate, of Death and Life,  
Of Reconcilements, and of Strife;  
Of rich exhaustless Minerals,  
Of Shipwrecks, and of stranded Whales,  
Of flaming Meteors which appear,  
Like Armies fighting in the Air;  
Of Towns, by Fire and Ashes lost,  
Of Navies on the Ocean tost,

Of Famine, Plenty, Loss and Gain  
Of Thunder, Hurricanes and Rain;  
Of *India* Stock, and *South Sea* Schemes,  
Of Apparitions, and strange Dreams;  
Of *Lilliputian* Potentate,  
Of broils, and Factions in the State;  
Of Miracles vouch'd by the Pope,  
Of Wives who from their Mates elope,  
Of jilted Swains, of Nymphs beguil'd,  
Of monstrous Births, and Men with Child:  
Of these they talk'd, with ceaseless Noise,  
And sometimes mingl'd Truth wth Lies.

Above, below, within, without,  
Appear'd a most disorder'd Rout.  
There Troops of Travellers I saw,  
Quacks and Practitioners in Law;  
Of Party Zealots a large Crew,  
Of Politicians not a few,

A Band of Sage Astrologers,  
Conversant with the Signs and Stars;  
In num'rous Throngs Projectors prest  
The grand Elixir full in Quest.

Some whisper'd Secrets in the Ear,  
Some spoke aloud, that all might hear;  
When one did some new Tale relate,  
Another soon would more repeat.  
The Rumour gather'd, as it flew,  
On ev'ry Tongue it larger grew:  
To East, and West, and North, and South  
News still encreas'd from Mouth to Mouth.

Thus, from a Spark, the quick'ning Fire  
Will blazing, to the Clouds aspire;  
Th' impetuous Flames will curling fly,  
Till spacious Towns in Ruin lie.

Oft in some narrow Passage there,  
A Truth, and Lie, contending were,  
So close were they together pent,  
Dubious a while appear'd th' Event,  
The Struggle 'till at last they end,  
And Truth, and Lie, together blend:  
Inseparably now combin'd,  
They fly together in the Wind.

Alost the Imperial Phantom sate  
To point their Course, and fix their Date.  
Some she appoints should long abide,  
Some must immediately subside,  
Some, like the Moon, she does ordain  
Alternately to was, or wane.  
Millions of winged Wonders fly,  
Scatter'd o'er Earth, and Seas, and Sky.

Intent I stood to hear, and see,  
When one, methought, thus whisper'd me—  
‘How didst Thou to yon Place ascend?  
‘Thou wilt not, sure! to Fame pretend?  
“No;--let me have but a good Name;  
“I will not make Pretence to Fame.  
“Would Heaven, indulgent to my Pray’r,  
“Relieve my Mind from anxious Care;  
“A mod’rate Competency give;  
“Obscure, unknown, I’d chuse to live.  
“And if, unbent, my Thoughts sometime  
“Should gently flow in harmless Rhyme:  
“Let *Wymondsold* approve my Lays,  
“I’ll court no Fame, nor wish for higher Praise