Non ego sum Yates, sed Prisci conscius avi.
Oceana. Britannia.

Oceana.

Whither o whither wander I forlorn
Farewell to Friends, and to my Sceat a Scorn.
My pregnant Wombbe is labring to bring forth
Thy Offspring Archon, Heir to thy just worth.
Archon o Archon hear my groomsing cries
Lucina help asswage my miseries.
Saturnian spite pursues mee thro' the Earth,
Nei Cornet's left to hide me long wish't Birth.
Great Queen of the Isles yield mee a safe retreat,
From the crown'd Gods, that would me infant eat.
To mee a Delos on my Childbed smile,
My happy Bed shall fix thy floating Isle,
I feel fierce pongs assault my teeming wombe
Lucina, o Britannia, Mather come.

Britannia.

What dolefull shricks peire my afflicted care,
Shall I nere rest for this loved Ravisher?
Rapet, Burning, Murthers, are the Royall sport,
These mad'd the Monsters haunt the perjur'd Court.
No vanishing Player so oft ere chang'd his shape,
As this Geat, Fox, Wolf,عين, the meanest French yoke,
True Protestants in Roman habits dresst,
With Seroggs he twails that Ravenous Butcher's Bose.
Tresilian Donas thatquire for'd Cecidice,
Caring their hearts with ever to sleep and smile,
Neronian flames on London doe him please
In Oxford Plain to set Agathocles.

The Plots reveal'd, the Mark is at an end,
And the foulall hare shall know nor Brother, nor Friend.
Let Martyr's day I say a Chorib stand
Across my feet, one foot upon my Land.
And the other on th'enthralled Gallic thron;
Not proclaim'd, their time shall be no more.
This mighty Power, Heaven's exalt Ballance hang,
And in our Scale Connes Cossiers keepst thy hand.

G'd other a sweet smiling Face did the
Cresc with Glories, deckt with Majesties,
With strong hand keepst the golden pair.
The gilded Genoanes mounted in the air.
The ponderous Bode depending in jest slept
Leap on my Shore.

Nature triumph'd, joy echoed through the Earth,
And heavens bend'd downe to view the blood'd Part.
What's that I hear'd, now borne Babel's cryptes.
And joyfulfull Mother under Lullabies,
Blessed, Bless'd my Daughters most all hearing,
Crying on Josuah in her foorthly senate.
The very same to Angelick winces shall
It wish, as Majesty, bow like a God.
What a name heark hee doth in her intaract,
Her Sparkling Eyes, immortal youth's forest.
Rome, Sparta, Venice never could bring forth
So strong a temperate, such lasting worth.
Oceana

Great, full of paint, in a dark winter's night.
Through'd, purs'd, I scopt by sudden flight.
Pel'd, scare, gave speed, to my weak trembling feet.
And farr I fled, one day our World could see.
That Clare had light, which the whole Globe did bear.
Spurred on my flight, and added to my fear.
Whilst Bock Conspireth, that Child of Night.
In Royal purple clad, and darts the flight.
In day her light, the Earth's Defender shone.
By night doth she, and spreads her Lapid's toil.
By day with Latt's to the Fiddling Chaple goes.
By night with York, doth Rome's God's Shone.
Witness ye, Save, and Silent Power of Night.
Her Conchyrge, my innocent Gore's flight.
With the outstretched, my danger I beware.
Of help, and Counsel, how shone I seere
Sith Pulpett dom't, stamps an Court proclaim'd
Where should I hide, where should I rest defend'd.
...refined in thought, I raised my weeping eyes,
And sobbing voice, the most helping Heav'n.
As by Heaven sent, a Reverend fire appears,
Charming my griefs, stopping my flood of tears.
His busy circling Orbes two restless spies,
Glanced to, and the surranging Orgus eyes,
Like slitting eves, one's firm eye lock did grow.
From his bliss tongue, torrents of words did flow,
Propose, Resolve. Agrarian Forty one,
Lycurgus Brutus Solon Harrington.
She said she knew me in my standing Bands,
Had often claimed me in her earful hands,
She knew Lord Archon too, then wept and swore
Enshrin'd in me, his fame her de adore.
Her name I ask'd, she said Politico,
Descended from the Divine Nicolò,
My fate she knew, my danger tend to dread,
And to my safety void'd her band, heart, head

Gracefull. Retreat, I app to Heav'n send
That in distress had said me such a friend,
I ask'd him where I was, preguing he should.
Oxford's old Tower once the Learned antenboode,
(once great in fame, now a Pyratich Port.
Where bireling Priestis, and Oxime Monk Restore)
She added, neare a new built Colledge stood,
Now don'd by Plato for the publigh good.
Author all'n'd by learned honest men,
Plato vouchsaf'd one to live agen.
Surely there I might my self reput
From my first griefs, and my more cruel lots.
And with long flight, she hunted down mish'art.
The welcome sweet, my drooping soul did chose.
Yet pleasing words, shorten'd the time, and way,
And beguile me in Plato's house to stay.

When we came in, she told me after rest,
She d' Bin met Plato, and Doncian guest.
I scarce reply'd with nearness oppose.
Is my dear Apartment I repaired,
Invoking sleep, and Heaven Almighty guard.
My nesting crows and sunder singing serenade,
And nodding sleep dropped on my drowsy head.
Thrice the summons of a holy Bell.

And glimmering light did sleep kindle and dispose
From bed of state, and creeping by the Stairs,
Through a Chink I spy'd a spacious Hall.

A paper at thick at starks did show their light,
Around the place and make it day of night.
The various art of some great master's hand
Adorn'd the Roofes with, Clifford, Danby stand.

In one large piece, next them the new Dutch wares,
In bloody Coblers point our sable Harrow,

Here London's flames in Clouds so dark aspire
Down so to the Eage, I had almost cried out fire,
But living Figures did mine eyes divert.
From these and many more, of wondrou art.

There enter'd 3 in three Mercenary Bands,
They different Captains had, distinct Commodings.
The Beguiled desperate Troops did first appear,
Edington lead, proud Seymour had the Rose.
The disquist Popes, ended Garranay.
Talbot Lieutenant (not had better pay)

Next spry'd the Lee, like port in coloured Havens.

Dear friend the Right, the wrong, Magistrates render.
Brought upon Musgrave, then a newer France.
(To make no matter, died in the French)
The Pope's Solicitor brought me to Hall,
Not guilty Lay, much guilty, Spiritually.

I saw spies behind a private door,
Colbert to Portsmouth, York, and Mazarene.

Greedily in elect Caroll thou join'd.
And all applaunded the Halfs saxtricus.

Granta mee, and my Lord Senate gave some breadth
Dye threat I heard, the Hall did echo Death.
A Curtane Drawne, an other Scene appear'd.
A twinkling Bell,announcing Priest I heard
In Elevation every knee kiss'd
The Boant Crus, she methinks unseen &c.
When Cameline was deposed & conspire
To another Rome, and busy in orgy
A sacramental Bowl of humane grace,
Each villainic tok, and as he drank his doom
The Cup stroke, a wondrous Plot compleat
These Catalines, their conjure d Gods did cast
Whilst to their wooden Whimgis, that did kneel,
Sert away, and to the Dooms did stagger.
As I got out, by Providence it seem'd
To the Aisle Wood, and saw they did expiate
That deathfull night, my Child & times brought on,
My eyes mov'd, yours, and Heavens compassion
Britannia

Oh happy day, a Jubilee proclam'd
Daughter adore th' innumerable name

With grateful heart breath out thy Solemn prayer,
In the mean time, thy Babe shall be my care.
There is a man, my Island's hope and grace
The joy, and choise delight of humane Race.
Exposed to Torture in his tender age
By fate protected from usurping Rage.
In Pharaoh's Court brought upp taller Per yores,
A hilt full blown Virtue make the Tyrants Heart,
By's here rejected, but by Heaven call'd
To break my yoke, and rescue the enthrall'd.
This that is he, who with a stretch'd out hand,
And matchless might, shall set my growing Land.
On the earth's proud Babel's he'll justly fall
Like Moses Rod, and pray upon them all
Still guide my People thro' the raging Sea,
To holy wars, and certaine Victoryes,
His spotless fame, and his innumerable
Shall plead love's Cause, and storme this Jep's heart

See
She like Ægeria shall his breast inspire
With Justice, wisdom, and Celestial fire.
Like Numa her Dictates shall obey,
And by her Oracles the World shall sway.