

1081  
Non ego sum Vates, sed Prisci conscius avi.  
Oceana. Britannia.

Oceana.

Whither ô whither wander I forlorne  
Fatale to Friends, and to my Iges a Scorne!  
My pregnant Wombe is lab'ring to bring forth  
Thy Offspring Archon, Heir to thy just worth.  
Archon ô Archon heare my groaning cryes  
Lucina help assuage my miseries.  
Saturnian spite pursues mee thro' the Earth,  
Noe Corner left to hide my long wish'd Birth.  
Great Queen oth' Isles yeild mee a safe retreat,  
From the crown'd Gods, that would my Infant eat.  
To mee a Delos on my Childbed smile,  
My happy Seed shall fix thy floating Isle,  
I feel fierce pangs assault my teeming wombe  
Lucina, ô Britannia, Mother come.

Britannia.

What dolefull shrieks pierce my afflicted eare,  
Shall I nere rest for this lewd Ravisher?

Rapes, Burnings, Murthers, are his Royall Sport,  
 These modish Monsters haunt his perjur'd Court.  
 No tumbling Player so oft ere chang'd his shape,  
 As this Goat, Fox, Wolfe, enormous French she,  
 True Protestants, in Roman habits dress'd,  
 With Seroggs hee bites, that Rav'nous Butcher's Beasts.  
 Tresilian Jones that faire fac'd Crocodile,  
 Tearing their hearts, at once does weep, and smile.  
 Veronian flames at London doe him please  
 At Oxford Plots to act Agathocles.  
 His Plots reveal'd, his Muck is at an end,  
 And's fatall houre shall know nor Fo'e, nor Friend.  
 Last Martyr's day, I say a Cherub stand  
 Across my seas, one foot upon my Land,  
 The other on th'enthralled Gallie shoare  
 Aloud proclaime, their time shall bee no more.  
 This mighty Power, Heavens equall Balance weigh'd,  
 And in one Scale Conques, Croasiers, Scepters layd,

Yeh'

Yth' other a sweet smiling Babe did lye  
 Crow'd with Glories, deck't with Majesty,  
 With sceddy hand hee seiz'd the golden paire,  
 The guilded Gengawes mounted in the aire  
 The pondrous Babe descending in itt scale  
 Leap on my shoare.  
 Nature triumphs, joy echo'd thro' the Earth,  
 The heavens bow'd downe to view the blessed Birth,  
 What's that I heare? new borne Babe's soft cries,  
 And joyfull Mothers tender Lullabies!  
 Tis she; Behold my Daughter past all harmes,  
 Cradling on Infants in her fruitfull armes,  
 The very same th' Angelick vision shew'd  
 In meen, in Majesty, how like a God,  
 What a firme health does on her visage dwell  
 Her sparkling Eyes, immortall youth foretell,  
 Rome, Sparta, Venice never could bring forth  
 Soe strong, soe temperate, such lasting worth.

Marpesia

Marpesia from the North with speed advance  
 Thy Sisters Birth brings thy deliverance,  
 Tergusian Founders this just Babe exceeds,  
 Jeth' Orbs of Peace, and mighty martiall Deeds,  
 Yee Panopeians kneel to you equall Queen,  
 Safe from the forreigne Sword, and barbrous Sheen,  
 Transports of joy direct my yearning heart,  
 From my deare Child, my Soule, my better part,  
 Heaven shewre her choicest blessings on thy Wombe,  
 Our present help, our stay in time to come.  
 Thou best of Daughters Mothers, Matrons say,  
 What forc't thy Birth, and giv's this glorious day?  
 Scap'd the slow James oth' grinding Penioners  
 I fell i'th' Trap of Rome's dire Murtherers,  
 Twice rescu'd by my loyall Senates power,  
 Twice I expected my Babe's happy hour,  
 Malignant force twice check'd their pious aid,  
 And to my Foot as oft my State betray'd,

Great, full of paine, in a dark winter's night,  
 Threatn'd, pursu'd, I scap't by sudden flight,  
 Pale flare gave spade, to my weak trembling feet,  
 And fast I fled, ere day our World could greet.  
 That deare lov'd light, which the whole Globe does cheare,  
 Spur'd on my flight, and added to my feare,  
 Whilst black Conspiracy that Child of night,  
 In Royall purple clad out dars the light,  
 By day her selfe, the Faith's Defender stile,  
 By night diggs Pits, and spreads her Lapall coils,  
 By day with Laud to th' Fiddling Chappell goes,  
 By night with York adores Rome's Godd: shewes,  
 Witness yee Stars, and silent powers of night,  
 Her Treacherys, my innocent forc't flight,  
 With the broad day my danger too drew neare,  
 Of help, and Councell voyd, how should I steere?  
 Jeth' Pulpitt damn'd, Strumpett att Court proclaim'd,  
 Where should I hide, where should I rest defam'd?

Tortur'd in thought, I rais'd my weeping eyes,  
 And sobbing voice to th' all helping Skyes.  
 As by Heaven sent, a Reverend Sire appears,  
 (Harming my griefe, stopping my flood of teares.  
 His busy circling Orbs, two restless spies,  
 Glau'd to, and fro, out ranging Argus eyes,  
 Like flitting time, ere's front our lock did grow,  
 From his glis tongue, torrents of word, did flow,  
 Propose, Resolve, Agrarian Forty one,  
 Lycurgus, Brutus, Solon Harrington.  
 Hee said hee knew mee in my swaddling Bands,  
 Had often dauid'd mee, in his carefull hands,  
 Hee knew Lord Archon too, then wept, and swore  
 Enshrin'd in mee, his fame hee did adore.  
 His name I askt, hee said Politico,  
 Descended from the Divine Nicolo  
 My state hee knew, my danger seem'd to dread,  
 And to my safety vow'd his hand, heart, head

Gratefull

Gratefull Returnes, I vpp to Heaven send  
 That in distress had rais'd mee such a Friend,  
 I askt him where I was, pointing hee shew'd,  
 Oxford's old Towers, once the Learned arts abode,  
 (Once great in fame, now a Pyratick Port,  
 Where hireling Priests, and Elvish Monks resort)  
 Hee added, neare anew built Colledge stood,  
 Endow'd by Plato for the publick good.  
 Thither allur'd by learned honest men,  
 Plato vouchsafed once to live agen.  
 Securely there I might my selfe repose  
 From my fierce griefe, and my more cruell Foes.  
 Tird with long flight, ere hunted down with feare,  
 The welcome news my drooping Soule did cheare.  
 His pleasing words shorten'd the time, and way,  
 And beguild mee at Plato's house to stay.  
 When mee came in, hee told mee after rest,  
 Hee'd show mee Plato, and's Venetian guest.  
 I scarce reply'd with neariness oppress.

To my desir'd Apartment I repair'd,  
 Invoking Sleep, and Heavens Allmighty guard,  
 My waking cares, and stabbing frights recede,  
 And nodding Sleep dropt on my drowsy head.  
 At last the Summons of a busy Bell,  
 And glimmering light did Sleeps kind mist dispell.  
 From Bed I stolè, and creeping by the Wall,  
 Through a Chink I spy'd a spacious Hall,  
 Tapers as thick as starrs did shed their light,  
 Around the place, and made it Day of night.  
 The curious art of some great masters hand  
 Adorn'd the Ropes: Hide, Cifford, Danby stand.  
 In one large piece, next them the two Dutch wars,  
 In bloody Colours paint our fatall Gars,  
 Here London's flames in Clouds of smook aspire  
 Done so to th' Life, I had almost cry'd out fire.  
 But living Figures did mine eyes divert,  
 From these, and many more, of wondrous art.

There

There enter'd in three Mercenary Bands  
 They different Captaines had, distinct Commands.  
 The Beggars desperate Troope did first appeare,  
 Littleton lead, proud Seymour had the Reare.  
 The disquid'd Papists, under Garranway,  
 Talbot Lieutenant (none had better pay)  
 Next greedy Lee, led's party colour'd Haves  
 Deaf Fools ith' Right, ith' wrong, sagacious Knaves,  
 Brought vpp by Musgrave. Then a nobler Train,  
 In malice mighty impudent in Fraim.  
 The Pope's sollicitor brought into th' Hall,  
 Not guilty Lay, much guilty spirituell.  
 I also spi'd behind a private Screen,  
 Colbert and Portsmouth, York, and Mazarcene.  
 Immediately in close Caball they joyne,  
 And all applaud the Hallifax designe,  
 Gainst mee, and my lov'd Senates free borne breath  
 Dire threats I heard, the Hall did echo Death

At

A Curtaine Drawne, an other Scene appear'd,  
 A twinkling Bell, a mumbling Priest I heard  
 In Elevation every knee ador'd  
 The Bakers Craft, the murtherous raving Priest,  
 When Cataline with Vipers did conspire,  
 To murther Rome, and bury it in fire;  
 A sacramentall Bowle of humane gore,  
 Each villaine tock, and as hee drunk hee swore  
 The Cup deny'd, to make their Plot compleat  
 These Catalines their conjur'd Gods did eat.  
 Whilst to their greender Whimsies they did kneel,  
 I crept away, and to the Doore did steal.  
 As I got out, by Providence I flew  
 To this close Wood, to late they did pursue.  
 That dreadfull night my Child bed threns brought on,  
 My eyes mov'd yours, and Heavens Compassion.

Britannia

Oh happy day, a Jubilee proclaim'd,  
 Daughier adore th' unutterable name

With

With gratefull heart breath out thy Soule in prayer,  
 In the meane time, thy Babe shall bee my care.  
 There is a Man, my Island's hope, and grace  
 The joy, and cheife delight of humane Race,  
 Expos'd to fortune in his tender age  
 By fate protected from usurping Rage.  
 In Pharaoh's Court brought up till's ripen years,  
 And full blown vertue wak't the Tyrants fears,  
 By's fire rejected, but by heaven call'd.  
 To break my yoke, and rescue the enthrall'd.  
 This, this is hee, who with a stretch'd out hand,  
 And matchless might, shall free my groaning Land,  
 On th' earths proud Basilisks hee'll justly fall  
 Like Moses Rod, and prey upon them all.  
 Hee'll guide my People thro' the raging seas,  
 To holy warrs, and certaine Victories,  
 His spotless fame, and his immense desert  
 Shall plead loves Cause, and storm this Virgin's heart

Shall

Shee like *Egeria* shall his breast inspire  
With Justice, wisdom, and Celestiall fire,  
Like *Numa* hee her Dictates shall obey,  
And by her Oracles the World shall sway.

