

’Tis a false Rumour some ill Swains have spread, 25
Who wish perhaps the good CAELESTIA dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! No, the Truth in ev’ry Face appears,
For ev’ry Face you meet o’erflow’d with Tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran thro’ all the Plain,
From Flock to Flock, and ask’d of ev’ry Swain; 30
But each, scarce lifting his dejected Head,
Cry’ O, COSMELIA! O, CAELESTIA dead!

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-boading Croak
Of the prophetick Raven from the Oak,
Which strait by Lightning was in Shivers broke: 35
But we our Mischief feel, before we see,
Seiz’d and o’erwhelm’d at once with Misery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no Trophies to bestow,
No pompous Things to make a glorious Show,
(For all the Tribute a poor Swain can bring, 40
In Rural Numbers, is to mourn and sing;)
Let us beneath the gloomy Shade rehearse
CAELESTIA’s sacred Praise in no less sacred Verse.

STREPHON.

CAELESTIA dead! then ’tis in vain to live:
What’s all the Comfort that these Plains can give 45
Since she, by whose bright Influence alone
Our Flocks increas’d, and we rejoic’d, is gone.
Since she, who round such Beams of Goodness spread
As gave new Life to ev’ry Swain, is dead.

COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful Spring. 50
What Joys can flow’ry *May*, or *April* bring,
When she, for whom spacious Plains were spread
With early Flow’rs, and cheerful Greens, is dead?

And round her Temples spread a glorious Light.
So quick she easâ€™™d the Wrongs of evâ€™™ry Swain,
She hardly gave them Leisure to complain.
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 90
Thâ€™™ avenging Sword of necessary Law:
Like Heavâ€™™n, she took no pleasure to destroy:
With Grief she punishâ€™™d, and she savâ€™™d with Joy.

COSMELIA.

When God-like BELLEGER from Warâ€™™s Alarms
Returnâ€™™d in Triumph to CAELESTIAâ€™™s Arms, Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 95
She met her Hero with a full Desire,
But chaste as Light, and vigorous as Fire:
Such mutual Flames, so equally Divine,
Did in each Breast with such a Lustre shine,
His could not seem the greater, herâ€™™s the less: Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â 100
Both were immense, for both were in Excess.

STREPHON.

O, God-like Princess! O, thrice-happy Swains!
While she presided oâ€™™er the fruitful Plains;
While she for ever ravishâ€™™d from our Eyes,
To mingle with her Kindred of the skies, Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â 105
Did for your Peace her constant Thoughts employ;
The Nymphâ€™™s good Angel, and the Shepherdâ€™™s Joy.

COSMELIA.

All that was Noble beautifyâ€™™d her Mind;
There Wisdom sat, with solid Reason joinâ€™™d;
There too did Piety, and Greatness wait, Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â 110
Meekness on Grandeur, Modesty on State:
Humble amidst the Splendors of a Throne;
Placâ€™™d above all, and yet despising none.
And when a Crown was forcâ€™™d on her by Fate,
She with some pain submitted to be Great. Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â 115

STREPHON.

Her pious Soul with Emulation strove
To gain the mighty PANâ€™™s important Love:

To whose mysterious Rites she always came,
With such an active, so intense a Flame,
The Duties of Religion seemâ€™d to be
120
Not more her Care, than her Felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmixt, without the least Allay,
Pure as the Light of a Celestial Ray,
Commanded all the Motions of the Soul,
With such a soft, but absolute Controul,
125
That as she knew what best great PAN would please,
She still performâ€™d it with the greatest Ease.
Him for her high Exemplar she designâ€™d,
Like him, benevolent to all Mankind.
Her Foes she pityâ€™d, not desirâ€™d their Blood,
130
And to revenge their Crimes, she did them good:
Nay, all Affronts, so unconcernâ€™d she bore,
(Maugre that violent Temptation, Powâ€™d,
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wishâ€™d Forgiveness their worst Punishment.
135

STREPHON.

Next mighty PAN, was her illustrious Lord,
His high Vicegerent, sacredly adorâ€™d:
Him with such Piety and Zeal she lovâ€™d,
The noble Passion evâ€™ry Hour improvâ€™d.
Till it ascended to that glorious Height,
140
â€™Twas next, (if only next) to infinite.
This made her so entire a Duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey,
And met his Wishes with as prompt a Zeal,
As an Archangel his Creatorâ€™s Will.
145

COSMELIA.

Mature for Heavâ€™n, the fatal Mandate came,
With it, a Chariot of Etherial Flame,
In which, Elijah like, she passâ€™d the Spheres;
Brought Joy to Heavâ€™n, but left the World in Tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the Plains of Light, Â
Â Â Â Â 150
All Glorious, all incomparably Bright!
While the immortal Minds around her gaze
On the excessive Splendour of her Rays,
And scarce believe a human Soul could be
Endowâ€™d with such a stupendous Majesty. Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 155

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much? O, who can mourn
Enough oâ€™er beautiful CAELESTIAâ€™s Urn!
So great a Loss as this deserves Excess
Of Sorrow; allâ€™s too little, that is less.
But to supply the Universal Woe, Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 160
Tears from all Eyes, without Cessation flow:
All that have powâ€™r to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing Breast CAELESTIAâ€™s fate bemoan:
While Marble Rocks the common Griefs partake,
And eccho back those Cries they cannot make. Â
Â Â Â 165

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful) Vales, and spring with Yew;
Ye thirsty barren Mountains, weep with Dew.
Let evâ€™ry Flowâ€™r on this extended Plain
Not droop, but shrink into its Womb again,
Neâ€™er to receive anew its yearly Birth; Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 170
Let evâ€™ry thing thatâ€™s grateful, leave the Earth:
Let mournful Cypress, with each noxious Weed,
And baneful Venoms in their place succeed.
Ye purling querâ€™lous Brooks, oâ€™erchargâ€™d with Grief
Haste swiftly to the Sea for more Relief;
Then tiding back, each to his sacred Head, Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â 175
Tell your astonishâ€™d Springs, CAELESTIAâ€™s dead:

COSMELIA.

Well have you sung, in an exalted Strain,
The fairest Nymph eâ€™er gracâ€™d the *British* Plain.
Who knows but some officious Angel may

Your grateful Numbers to her Ears convey: Â
Â Â Â Â Â Â 180

That she may smile upon us, from above,
And bless our mournful Plains with Peace and Love.

STREPHON.

But see, our Flocks do to their Folds repair,
For Night with sable Clouds obscures the Air,
Cold Damps descend from the unwholesome Sky, Â
Â Â Â 185

And Safety bids us to our Cottage fly.
Tho'™ with each Morn our Sorrows will return,
Each Ev'™n, like Nightingales, we'™ll sing and mourn,
Till Death conveys Us to the peaceful Urn.

NOTES:

1Â *Strephon* Stock pastoral name for a shepherd; *Fold* †A pen or enclosure for domestic animals, esp. sheep† (OED).

3 Cypress †A well-known coniferous tree†often regarded as symbolic of mourning†(OED).

4Â *Cosmelia* Pastoral name for a woman.

20 *Caelestia* Pomfret†™s poetical name for Queen Mary II, from †Caelestis† which means sky or heavenly (†A Latin Dictionary).

20-22 †Æshe†™s dead!...untimely slain†Queen Mary II died on 28 December 1694 from smallpox.

25 *Swains* †Countrymen†(OED).

41 *Rural Numbers* That is, rural poetry.

54 *Damon* Stock pastoral name.

80 *to foreign Wars was gone* William III, Mary†™s husband, was often gone handling affairs on the continent and left Mary to rule alone (†Encyclopedia Britannica).

94 *Bellegier* Pomfret†™s poetical name for William III; in modern Dutch the word translates as †investor;† from *War†™s Alarms* William III fought and squashed a Jacobite rebellion on the continent, and participated in the Nine Years†™ War (1688-1697) against Louis XIV of France (†Encyclopedia Britannica).

114-15 *when a Crown was forced on her†/submitted to be Great* The Glorious Revolution of 1688 deposed James II, Mary†™s father. As a result of her supporting her husband William invading England, Mary and her father were estranged (†Encyclopedia Britannica).

117 *Pan* The god of nature.

121 *Felicity* Happiness (*OED*).

133 *Maugre* â€œTo defy, opposeâ€•(*QED*).

137 *Vicegerent* â€œA person appointed by a king or other ruler to act in his place or exercise certain of his administrative functionsâ€•(*QED*).

145 *Archangel* â€œAn angel of the highest rankâ€•(*QED*).

148 *Elijah* A prophet who defended the worship of the Jewish God; in 2 Kings 2:1-11, Elijah is transported to heaven by a whirlwind.

166 *Yew* An ancient tree common in England; often planted in churchyards and symbolic of funerary and death.

Source: *Poems upon Several Occasions*, 7th edition (London, 1727), p. 48. [Hathi Trust]

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