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PANEGYRICK

On the Author of *Absolom* and *Achitophel*,
occasioned by his former writing of an *Elegy*
in praise of *Oliver Cromwel*, lately Reprinted.

WHEN Old Philosophers wrote the Worlds Birth,
And from wild *Chaos* broug ht great Nature forth ;
The self-same Atoms as they different ran,
Club'd to a Lyon, Monky, Bear or Man :

From such thin Sires such solid Off-springs grew,
So Divine Wite, like the *First Matter* Thou :
Thy subtle Sparks do such strange Products make,
That Thou just nothing, yet all For ms canst take.

So justly thou hast deserved thy long-worn Bays,
That as a Trophy to thy Endless Praise,
Let that great Poem its long Silence break ;
The worthyest of thy vast Creation speak.

Methinks I fancy how bold *Marius* Dart
Was levell'd at *Porjenna's* Royal Heart,
And in defeated Rage I see him doom
His erring Hand t'its flaming Martyrdom.

Let his poor Deeds in dull Oblivion dye ;
Thy Vengeance with a surer Aim lets fly :
In keen Iambicks 'gainst thy Sovereign Lord,
Thy Pen was more Successful than his Sword.

So vast a Pile thy lofty Numbers raise
Those Babel-Builders to great *MOLochs* praise,
A Pile which to thy Honour will surpass
Even thy own *Corah's Monumental Brass*.

Thou writest with so much Flame, Flame so refined,
That Poetry 's the Feaver of thy Mind :
And Feaver-like in those bleak days of Yore,
When Loyalty was Naked left and Poor,
Thy Aguish Veins Chill'd at a Starving Door. }
But Burning high thy active Spirits run
At prosperous Rebellions warmer Sun.

When *Phaeton* mislead the Day, and hurl'd
His scatter'd Fires around the scorching World :
How would his Glories in thy Meeter Chime,
The Groans of Worlds thus softned into Rhime ?

Or when great *Nero* set his *Rome* on Fire,
And Tuned its Ruine to his jocund Lyre ;
How with his Musick would thy Notes agree,
A Song, great Bard, fit to be Set by Thee.

Such VVonders have thy powerful Raptures shown,
Pythagoras Transmigration thou 'st out-done.
His Souls of Heroes and great Chiefs Expired,
Down into Birds and Noble Beasts retired.

But thou to Savages and Monsters dire,
Canst infuse sparks, even of Caelestial Fire :

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