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The Henriade

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The Henriade. Canto the Eighth.

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THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the EIGHTH.



HENRIADE

CANTO THE EIGHTH

THE ARGUMENT.

The earl of Egmont comes to assist May'ne and the League. Battle of Ivry, in which May'ne is defeated, and Egmont slain. Valour, and clemency of Henry the Great.

THE ARGUMENT.

The coat of Beignont comes to the Mayne and the
League. Battle of Ivry, in which Mayne is defeated,
and Beignont slain. Vain, and chimney of Henry
the Great.

THE
HENRIADE.

CANTO the EIGHTH.

DEJECTED by their loss, the states appear
Less haughty, and assume an humbler air,
Henry, such terrour in their hearts had wrought,
Their king creating schemes were all forgot;
Wav'ring and weak in counsel, and afraid 5
To crown their idol May'ne, or to degrade,
By vain decrees they labour to complete
And ratify a pow'r, not giv'n him yet.

‡ This self-commission'd chief, this king uncrown'd
In chains of iron rule his faction bound ; 10

‡ He was declared by the parliament, which continued attached to him, lieutenant-general of the state, and kingdom of France.

His willing slaves obedient to his laws,
Resolve to fight and perish in his cause;

Thus flush'd with hope, to council he convenes
The haughty lords, on whom his fortune leans.

They came: despair, and unextinguish'd hate, 15
And malice on their faded features fate;

Some tremble in their pace, and feebly tread,
Faint with the loss of blood in battle shed,

But keen resentment prompts them to repair
Their losses, and revenge the wounds they bear. 20

Before the chief their sulien ranks they range,
And grasp their shining arms, and vow revenge.

So the fierce sons of earth, as fable feigns,

Where Pelion overlooks Thessalia's plains,
With mountains piled on mountains, vainly strove, 25

To scale the everlasting throne of Jove.

When sudden on a car of radiant light

Exalted, Discord flash'd upon their sight;

Courage, she said, 'tis now the times demand

Your fixt resolves, lo! succour is at hand. 30

First ran d'Aumale, and joyful from afar

Beheld the Spanish launces gleam in air;

Then cried aloud, 'tis come; th' expected aid,

So oft demanded, and so long delay'd.

War

Near to that hallow'd spot, where rest rever'd 35
 The reliques of our kings, their march appear'd;
 The groves of polish'd spears, the targets bound
 With circling gold, the shining helms around,
 Against the sun with full reflection play,
 Rival his light and shed a second day. 40
 To meet their march the roaring rabble went,
 And hail'd the mighty chief Madrid had sent;
 That chief was * Egmont; fam'd for martial fire,
 Ambitious son of an unhappy sire;
 At Bruffels first he drew the vital air; 45
 His country's weal was all his father's care,
 For that, the rage of tyrants he defied,
 And in the cause of freedom, bravely died.
 The servile son, as base as he was proud,
 Fawn'd on that hand which shed his father's blood, 50
 For sordid int'rest join'd his country's foes,
 And fought for France, regardless of her woes.
 Philip, on May'ne the warlike youth bestow'd,
 And arm'd him forth to be his guardian God;
 Ner doubted May'ne, but slaughter and dismay 55
 Should spread to Bourbon's tent, when Egmont led the
 way.

* The earl of Egmont, son of admiral Egmont, who was beheaded at Bruffels together with the prince de Horn.

With

With heedless arrogance their march they drew,
 And Henry's heart exulted at the view,
 Gods! how his eager hopes anticipate
 And meet the moment that decides his fate. 60

Their streams where Iton and fair Eura lead,
 By nature blest, a fertile plain is spread,
 No wars had yet approach'd the peaceful scene,
 Nor warrior's footstep press'd the flow'ry green,
 The shepherds there, while civil rage destroy'd 65
 The regions round, their happy hours enjoy'd,
 Screen'd by their poverty, they seem'd secure
 From lawless rapine and the soldier's pow'r,
 Nor heard beneath their humble roofs the jar
 Of arms, or clamour of the sounding war. 70

Thither each hostile leader his array
 Directs, and desolation marks their way,
 A sudden horror strikes the trembling floods,
 The frightened shepherds seek the shelt'ring woods,
 The partners of their grief attend their flight, 75
 And bear their weeping infants from the sight.

Ye hapless natives of this sweet recess!
 Charge not at least your king with your distress,

For

For peace he courts the combat, and his hand
 Shall shed the bounteous blessing o'er the land ; 80
 He shares your sorrows, and shall end your woes,
 Nor seeks you, but to save you from your foes.

Along the ranks he darts his glancing eyes,
 Swift as the winds his foaming courser flies,
 Proud of his load, he catches with delight 85
 The trumpets sound, and hopes the promis'd fight.

Crown'd with his laurels, at their master's side,
 A well distinguish'd groupe of warriors ride,
 † D'Aumont, beneath five kings a chief renown'd,
 * Biron, whose name bore terrour in the sound, 90
 ‡ His son, whom toil nor danger could restrain,
 Who soon alas ! — but he was faithful then ;

† John D'Aumont, marshal of France, who did wonders at the battle of Ivry, was the son of Peter d'Aumont and Frances de Sully, an heiress of the ancient family of Sully. He served under Henry II. Francis II. Charles II. Henry III. and Henry IV.

* Henry de Contand de Biron, marshal of France, and grand master of the artillery. He was a great warrior, commanded the corps de reserve at Ivry, and was very instrumental in gaining the victory.

‡ Charles Contand de Biron, son of the former. He conspired afterwards against Henry IV. and was beheaded in the court of the Bastille in 1602.

Grillon and Sully by the guilty fear'd,
 Chiefs whom the League detested, yet rever'd,
 § Turenne, whose virtues and unrival'd fame, 95
 Won the fair honours of the Bouillon name,
 Ill-fated pow'r alas! and ill maintain'd,
 Crush'd in the birth, and lost as soon as gain'd.
 His crest amid the band brave Essex rears,
 And like a palm beneath our skies appears, 100
 Among our elms the lofty stranger shoves
 His growth, as if he scorn'd the native groves.
 From his bright casque with orient gems array'd
 And burnish'd gold, a starry lustre play'd;
 Dear, valued gifts! with which his mistress strove 105
 Less to reward his courage, than his love,
 Ambitious chief! the mighty bulwark grown
 Of Gallia's prince, and darling of his own.
 Such was the monarch's train, with stedfast air
 And firm, they wait the signal of the war, 110
 Glad omens from their Henry's eyes they took,
 And read their conquest sure in his inspiring look.

§ Henry de la Tour d'Orliques, viscount of Turenne, marshal
 of France. Henry the great married him to Charlotte de la
 Mark, princess of Sedan, in 1591. The marshal went on the
 wedding night to take Stenay by assault.

'Twas

'Twas then, afflicted with inglorious dread,
 Unhappy May'ne perceiv'd his courage fled,
 Whether at length his boding heart divines 115
 The wrath of heav'n on his unjust designs,
 Whether the soul prophetic of our doom,
 Foresees the dreary train of ills to come,
 Whate'er the cause, he feels a chilling fear,
 But veils it with a shew of seeming cheer, 120
 Inspires his troops with ardour of renown,
 And fills their hearts with hopes that dwell not in his
 own.

But Egmont at his side, with glory fir'd,
 And the rash confidence his youth inspir'd,
 Flush'd for the fight, and eager to display 125
 His prowess, chides his infamous delay.
 As when the Thracian courser from afar,
 Hears the shrill trumpet and the sound of war,
 A martial fire informs his vivid eye,
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high, 130
 Impatient of restraint he scorns the rein,
 Springs o'er the fence and scours along the plain;
 Such Egmont seem'd, with beating heart he stood,
 And in his eye the rage of battle glow'd.

Ev'n

Ev'n now he ponders his approaching fame, 135
 And looks on conquest as his rightful claim ;
 Alas ! he dreams not that his pride shall gain
 Nought but a grave, in Ivry's fatal plain.

Bourbon at length drew near, and thus inspir'd
 His ardent warriors whom his presence fir'd ? 140
 Ye sons of France ! your king is at your head,
 You see your foes, then follow where I lead,
 Mark well this waving plume amid the fight,
 Nor let the tempest shade it from your sight,
 To that alone direct your constant aim, 145
 Still sure to find it in the road to fame.
 Thus spoke the chief ; his bands exulting hear,
 And with new fury court the glorious war ;
 Then march'd, and as he went, his pious breast
 With silent pray'rs the God of hosts address'd. 150
 At once the legions rush with headlong pace
 Behind their chiefs, and snatch the middle space.
 So where the seas with narrow Frith divide
 Contabria's coast from Afric's desert side,
 If eastern storms along the channel pour, 155
 Sudden the fierce conflicting oceans roar,
 Earth trembles at the shock, the sheeted brine
 Invades the skies, the sun forgets to shine,

The

The trembling moor believes all nature hurl'd
In ruin, and expects the falling world. 160

Now lengthen'd with the spear the musket spread
The carnage wide, and flew with double speed,
That fatal engine in Bayonne design'd,
And fram'd by Discord to lay waste mankind,
Strikes a twin death, and can at once afford 165

The worst effect of fire, and havock of the sword.
Trembled the stedfast earth beneath their feet
As sword to sword and lance to lance they met,
From rank to rank despair and horror strode,
The shame of flight and impious thirst of blood. 170

Here from his stronger son the father flies,
There by the brother's arm the brother dies,
Nature was shock'd, and Eura's conscious bank
Shrunk with abhorrence from the blood it drank.
Bourbon his path right on to glory clears 175

Through bristly forests of portended spears,
O'er many a crested helm his course he sped,
Close in his rear, serene and undismay'd
Went Mornay, thoughtful and intent alone
On Henry's life, regardless of his own. 180

So, veil'd in human shape, the poets feign
The gods engaged in arms on Phrygia's plain;

“ So.

" So when an angel by divine command,
 " With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 " Well pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform, 185
 " He rides the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

The royal chief his dread commands express'd,
 The prudent dictates of a hero's breast,
 Mornay the mighty charge attentive caught,
 And bore it where the distant leaders fought, 190
 The distant leaders to their troops convey
 The word, their troops receive it, and obey.
 They part, they join, in various forms are seen,
 One soul informs and guides the vast machine.
 Swift thro' the field return'd in haste he seeks 195
 The prince, accosts, and guards him while he speaks.
 But still the stoic warrior kept unstain'd
 With human blood, his inoffensive hand,
 The king alone employ'd his gen'rous thought,
 For his defence th' imbattled field he fought, 200
 Detested war, and singularly brave
 Knew boldly to face death, but never gave.

Turenne already with resistless pow'r,
 Repulf'd the shatter'd forces of Nemours ;
 Scarce d'Ailly fill'd the plain, with dire alarms, 205
 Proud of his thirty years consum'd in arms ;

Still

Still spite of age the vet'ran chiefs displays
 The well-strung vigour of his youthful days;
 Of all his foes, one only would presume
 To match his might, a hero in the bloom; 210
 Now first indignant to the field he came,
 And parted eager for the goal of fame.
 New to the taste of Hymen, yet he fled
 The chaste endearments of his bridal bed,
 Disdain'd the trivial praise by beauty won, 215
 And parted for a soldier's fame alone.
 That cruel morn, accusing heav'n in vain,
 And the curs'd League that call'd him to the plain,
 His beauteous bride with trembling fingers laced
 His heavy corslet on her hero's breast, 220
 And cover'd with his helm of polish'd gold
 Those eyes which still she languish'd to behold.

Tow'rd's d'Ailly the fierce youth, despising fear,
 Spurr'd his proud steed, and couch'd his quiv'ring spear,
 Their headlong courses trampled, as they fled, 225
 The wounded heaps, the dying and the dead;
 Poachy with blood the turf and matted grass,
 Sink fetlock deep beneath them as they pass.

Swift

Swift to the shock they come ; their shields sustain
 The blow, their spears well pointed but in vain, 230
 In scatter'd splinters shine upon the plain.

So when two clouds with thunder fraught draw near,
 And join their dark encounter in mid air,
 Struck from their sides the light'ning quivers round,
 Heav'n roars, and mortals tremble at the sound. 235

Now from their steeds with unabated rage
 Alighting swift, a closer war they wage ;
 Ran Discord to the scene, and near her stood,
 Death's horrid spectre, pale and smear'd with blood.

Already shine their fauchions in their hands, 240
 No kind preventing pow'r their rage withstands,
 The doom is past, their destiny commands.

Full at each other's heart they aim alike,
 Nor knows their fury at whose heart they strike ;
 Their bucklers clash, thick strokes descend from
 high, 255

And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly,
 Blood stains their hands, but still the temper'd plate
 Retards a while and disappoints their fate.

Each wond'ring at the long unfinish'd fight,
 Esteems his rival, and admires his might ; 250
 'Till d'Ailly with a vig'rous effort found
 The fatal pass, and stretch'd him on the ground.

His

His faded eyes for ever closed remain,
 And his loose helmet rows along the plain ;
 Then saw the wretched chief, too surely known, 255
 The kindred features, and embraced his son.
 But soon with horror and remorse oppress'd,
 Revers'd the guilty steel against his breast.
 That just revenge his hast'ning friends oppose ;
 When furious from the dreadful scene he rose ; 260
 Forth to the woods his cheerless journey sped,
 From arms for ever and from glory fled,
 And in the covert of a shaggy den,
 Dwell a sad exile from the ways of men.
 There when the dawning day salutes the skies, 265
 And when at eve the chilling vapours rise,
 His unexhausted grief still flows the same,
 Still eccho sighs around his son's lamented name.
 Tender alarms, and boding terrours brought
 The bride enquiring to the fatal spot, 270
 Uncertain of her doom, with anxious haste
 And fault'ring knees between the dead she pass'd,
 'Till stretch'd upon the plain her lord she spied,
 Then shriek'd, and sunk expiring at his side.
 The damps of death upon her temples hung, 275
 And feeble sounds scarce parted from her tongue,
 Once

Once more her eyes a last farewell assay'd,
 Once more her lips upon his lips she lay'd,
 Within her arms the lifeless body press'd,
 Then look'd, and sigh'd, and died upon his breast. 280

Deplor'd examples of rebellious strife,
 Ill-fated victims, father, son, and wife,
 Oh may the sad remembrance of your woe,
 Teach tears from ages, yet unborn to flow,
 With wholesome sorrow touch all future times, 285
 And save the children from their father's crimes.

But say what chief disperses thus abroad
 The flying League, what hero, or what god?
 'Tis Biron, 'tis his youthful arm o'erthrows
 And drives along the plain his scatter'd foes. 290
 D'Aumale beheld, and madd'ning at the sight,
 Stand fast he cried, and stay your coward flight;
 Friends of the Guise and May'ne, their vengeance due
 Rome and the church and France expect from you;
 Return then, and your pristine force recall, 295
 Conquest is theirs who fight beneath d'Aumale.
 Fosseuse assisting and Beauvean sustain
 Their part, and rally the disorder'd train,

Before

Before the van d'Aumale his station took,
 And the clos'd lines caught courage from his look. 300
 The chance of war now flows a backward course,
 Biron in vain withstands the driving force,
 Nesle and Augenne within his sight are slain,
 And Parabere and Clermont press the plain,
 Himself scarce liv'd, so fast the purple tide 305
 Flow'd from his wounds, and happier, had he died.
 A death so glorious with unfading fame
 For ever had adorn'd the hero's name.

Soon learn'd the royal chief to what distress
 The youth was fall'n, courageous in excess; 310
 He lov'd him, not as monarchs condescend
 To love, but well, and plainly as a friend,
 Nor thought a subject's blood so mean a thing,
 A smile alone o'erpaid it from a king.
 Hail heav'n-born friendship! the delight alone 315
 Of noble minds, and banish'd from the throne.
 Eager he flies, the gen'rous fires that feed
 His heart augment his vigour and his speed.
 He came, and Biron kindling at the view,
 His gather'd strength to one last effort drew, 320
 Cheer'd by the well-known voice again he plies
 The sword, all force before the monarch flies,
 The

The king redeems thee from th' unequal strife
Rash youth, be faithful and deserve thy life.

Hark a loud peal comes thund'ring from afar, 325
'Tis Discord blows afresh the flames of war,
To thwart the monarch's virtue, with new fires
His fainting foes the beldam fiend inspires;
She winds her fatal trump, the woods around
And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound. 330
Swift to d'Aumale the baleful notes impart
Their pow'r, he feels the summons at his heart;
Bourbon alone he seeks: the boist'rous throng
Close at his heels tumultuous pour along,
So the well-scented pack, long train'd to blood, 335
Deep in the covert of a spacious wood,
Bay the fierce boar to battle, and elate
With heedless wrath rush headlong on their fate,
The shrillness of the cheering horn provokes
Their rage, and echoes from the distant rocks. 340
Thus stood the monarch by the croud inclosed,
An host against his single arm oppos'd,
No friend at hand, no welcome aid he found,
Abandon'd, and by death incompass'd round.
'Twas then his fainting fire his strength renew'd 345
With tenfold force and vigour unsubdu'd,

Firm

Firm as a rock, pois'd on it's base he stood,
 That braves the blast, and scorns the dashing flood.
 Who shall relate, alas! what heroes died
 In that dread hour on Eura's purple side. 350
 Shade of the first of kings, do thou diffuse
 Thy spirit o'er my song, be thou my muse.
 Now from afar his gath'ring nobles came,
 They died for Bourbon, and he fought for them,
 When Egmont rush'd with yet unrival'd force, 355
 To check the storm and thwart the monarch's course.

Long had the chief, misled by martial pride,
 Sought Henry thro' the combat far and wide,
 Nor cared he, so his vent'rous arm might meet
 That strife, for aught of danger or defeat. 360
 Bourbon, he cried, advance; behold a foe
 Prepar'd to plant fresh laurels on your brow;
 Now let your arm it's utmost might display,
 Ours be the strife, let us decide the day.
 He spoke, and lo! portentuous from on high 365
 A stream of light'ning shot along the sky,
 Slow peals of mutt'ring thunder growl'd around,
 Beneath the trembling soldier shook the ground.
 Egmont, alas! a flatt'ring omen draws,
 And dreams that heav'n shall combat in his cause, 370

K

That

That partial nature in his glory shar'd,
 And by the thunder's voice his victory declar'd.
 At the first onset with full force applied
 His driving faulchion reach'd the monarch's side,
 Fast flow'd a stream of trickling blood, tho' flight 375
 The wound, and Egmont triumph'd at the fight.
 But Bourbon unconcern'd receiv'd the blow,
 And with redoubled ardour press'd his foe;
 Pleas'd when the field of glory could afford
 A conquest hardly earn'd and worthy of his sword. 380
 The stinging smart serv'd only to provoke
 His rage, and add new vigour to his stroke.
 He springs upon the blow; the champion reels,
 And the keen edge within his bosom feels,
 O'erthrown beneath the trampling hoof he lies, 385
 And death's dim shadow skims before his eyes,
 He sees the dreary regions of the dead,
 And shrinks and shudders at his father's shade.

Then first, their leader slain, th'Iberian host
 Declin'd the fight, their vaunted spirit lost, 390
 Like a contagion their unwarlike fear
 Siez'd all the ranks and caught from van to rear.
 Gen'ral and soldier felt the same dismay,
 Nor longer these command, nor those obey.

Down

Down fall the banners, routed and o'erthrown 395
 And yelling with unmanly shrieks they run;
 Some bend the suppliant knee, submissive join
 Their hands, and to the chain their wrists resign,
 Some from the fierce pursuer wildly fled,
 And to the river stretch'd their utmost speed, 400
 There plunged downright, amid the foaming tide
 They sink, and meet the death they would avoid.
 The waves incumber'd intermit their course,
 And the choak'd stream recoils upon it's source.

May'ne in the tumult of this troubled scene 405
 Lord of himself, afflicted yet serene,
 Survey'd his loss still tranquil and sedate,
 And ev'n in ruin hoped a better fate.
 D'Aumale, his eye with burning rage suffus'd,
 His cruel stars and dastard bands accus'd. 410
 All's lost, he cried, see where the cowards fly,
 Illustrious May'ne! our task then is to die.
 Die! said the chief, live rather to replace
 Our fortune, and sustain the cause you grace,
 Live to regain the laurels we have lost, 415
 Nor now desert us, when we need you most.
 Fly then, and where they straggle o'er the plain,
 Glean up the wreck and remnant of our train.

He hears, reluctant sobs his passion speak,
And tears of anguish trickle down his cheek, 420
A slow compliance sullenly he pays,
And frowning stern at the command, obeys.
Thus the proud lion whom the Moor has tam'd,
And from the fierceness of his race reclaim'd,
Bows down beneath his swarthy master's hand, 425
And bends his surly front at his command,
With low'ring aspect stalks behind his lord,
And grumbles while he crouches at his word.

Meanwhile in flight unhappy May'ne confides,
And close within the walls his shame he hides; 430
Prone at the monarch's feet the vanquish'd wait
From his award, the sentence of their fate;
When from the firmament's unfolded space,
Appear'd the manes of the Bourbon race;
Louis in that important hour came down, 435
To gaze intent upon his godlike son,
To prove if the triumphant chief could tame
His soul to mercy, and deserve his fame.
Th'assembl'd captives by their looks besought
The monarch's grace, but trembled at their lot, 440
When thus with gentle, but determin'd look,
The suppliant crowd the mighty chief bespoke.

“ Be

" Be free, and use your freedom as you may,
 " Free to take arms against me, or obey;
 " On May'ne or me let your election rest, 445
 " His be the sceptre who deserves it best,
 " Chuse your own portion, your own fate decree,
 " Chains from the League, or victory with me."

Astonish'd that a king with glory crown'd,
 And lord of the subjected plains around, 450
 Ev'n in the lap of triumph should forego
 His right of arms, and vantage o'er the foe,
 His grateful captives hail him at his feet
 Victorious, and rejoice in their defeat.
 No longer hatred rankles in their minds, 455
 His might subdued them, and his bounty binds,
 Proudly they mingle with the monarch's train,
 And turn their juster vengeance upon May'ne.

Now Bourbon merciful and mild had stay'd
 The carnage, and the soldier's wrath allay'd; 460
 No longer thro' the ranks he cleaves his way,
 Fierce as the lion bearing on his prey,
 But seems a bounteous deity, inclin'd
 To quell the tempest, and to cheer mankind.

Peace o'er his brows had shed a milder grace, 465
 And smooth'd the warlike terrours of his face;
 Snatch'd from the jaws of the devouring strife;
 His captives feel themselves restor'd to life,
 Their dangers he repells, their wants supplies,
 And views and guards them with a parent's eyes. 470

Fame, the swift messenger of false and true,
 Still as she flies encreasing to the view,
 O'er mountains and o'er seas, from clime to clime,
 Expatiates, rapid as the flight of time.
 Millions of piercing eyes to fame belong, 475
 As many mouths still ply the restless tongue,
 And round with list'ning ears her miscreant form
 is hung.
 Where'er she roams, credulity is there,
 And curiosity with craving ear,
 And doubt, and hope, and ever-boding fear. 480
 With the same speed she bears upon her wings
 From far, the glory and the shame of kings,
 And now unfolds them, eager to proclaim
 Great Henry's deeds, and fill the nations with his name.
 From Tagus swift to Po the tidings ran, 485
 And eccho'd thro' the lofty vatican.

Joy

Joy to the north the spreading sounds convey,
 To Spain, confusion, terrour and dismay.
 Ill-fated Paris, and thou faithless League,
 Ye priests, full-fraught with malice and intrigue, 490
 How trembled then your temples, and what dread
 Disast'rous, hung o'er ev'ry guilty head!
 But see your guardian deity appears,
 See May'ne returning to dispel your fears!
 Tho' foil'd, not lost, not hopeless tho' o'erthrown, 495
 For still rebellious Paris is his own.
 With specious gloss he covers his defeat,
 Calls ruin, victory, and flight, retreat,
 Confirms the doubtful, and with prudent aim
 Seeks by concealing, to repair his shame. 500
 Transient, alas! the joy that art supplies,
 For cruel truth soon scatter'd the disguise,
 The veil of falsehood from their fate withdrew,
 And open'd all it's horrors to their view.

Not thus the fury cried, with raging mind, 505
 Shall Discord's pow'r be conquer'd, and confin'd:
 'Tis not for this these wretched walls have seen
 Torrents of blood, and mountains of the slain:
 'Tis not for this the raging fires have shone,
 That hated Bourbon might enjoy the throne. 510

Henceforth by weakness be his mind assail'd,
 Weakness may triumph where the sword has fail'd.
 Force is but vain; all other hopes are gone:
 For Henry yields but to himself alone.

This day shall beauty's charms his bosom warm; 515
 Subdue his valour, and unnerve his arm.

Thus Discord spoke; and, through the fields of air,
 Drawn by fierce hatred on her blood-stained car,
 Swiftly repair'd to Cytherea's grove
 Assur'd of vengeance, and in search of love. 520
 Clouds of thick darkness then obscur'd the day,
 Nature turned pale, and horror marked her way.

THE