



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Satires &c.

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Satire III.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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T H E

## SATIRES of Dr. DONNE.

THE *manly Wit* of Donne, which was the Character of his genius, suited best with *Satire*; and in this he excelled, tho' he wrote but little; six short poems being all we find amongst his writings of this sort. Mr. Pope has embellished two of them with his wit and harmony. He called it *versifying* them, because indeed the lines have nothing more of numbers than their being composed of a certain quantity of syllables. This is the more to be admired, because, as appears by his other poems, and especially from that fine one called the *Progress of the Soul*, his Verse did not want harmony. But, I suppose, he took the *sermoni propiora* of Horace too seriously, and so would imitate it literally, or rather was content with the character his master gave of Lucilius,

*Emundæ naris durus componere versus.*

Having spoken of his *Progress of the Soul*, let me add, that Poetry never lost more than by his not pursuing and finishing that noble Design; of which he has only given us the Introduction. With regard to his Satires, it is almost as much to be lamented that Mr. Pope did not give us a Paraphrase, in his manner, of the *Third*, the noblest Work not only of This, but perhaps of any satiric Poet. To supply this loss in some small degree, I have here inserted it, in the versification of Dr. Parnell. It will at least serve to shew the force of Dr. Donne's genius, and of Mr. Pope's; by removing all that was rustic and shocking in the former, and not being able to reach one single grace of the other.

Compassion checks my spleen, yet Scorn denies  
 The tears a passage thro' my swelling eyes;  
 To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show  
 Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.  
*Satire!* arise, and try thy sharper ways,  
 If ever Satire cur'd an old disease.

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\* R 4



Is not *Religion* (Heav'n-descended dame)  
 As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,  
 As Moral Virtue in her early sway,  
 When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day? 10  
 Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,  
 As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,  
 As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,  
 As all rewards their virtue found below?  
 Alas! Religion proper means prepares, 15  
 These means are ours, and must its *End* be theirs?  
 And shall thy Father's spirit meet the fight  
 Of Heathen Sages cloath'd in heav'nly light,  
 Whose Merit of strict life, severely suited  
 To Reason's dictates, may be *faith* imputed? 20  
 Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,  
 Art ever banish'd from the blest'd abode.

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,  
 This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire, 25  
 Thy *Maker's* Vengeance, and thy *Monarch's* Ire?  
 Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,  
 Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea?  
 In search of *pearl*, in depth of ocean breathe,  
 Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath? 30  
 Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,  
 Attempt a passage by the Northern pole?  
 Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of *Spain*,  
 Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?



Or for some *Idol* of thy *Fancy* draw,      35  
 Some loose-gown'd dame; O courage made of straw!  
 Thus, desp'rate Coward! would'st thou bold appear,  
 Yet when thy God has plac'd thee Centry here,  
 To thy own foes, to *his*, ignobly yield,  
 And leave, for wars forbid, the appointed field?      40

Know thy own foes; th' *Apostate Angel*, he  
 You strive to please, the foremost of the Three;  
 He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,  
 But can *he* give for *Love*, that acts in *Hate*?  
 The *World's* thy second Love, thy second Foe,      45  
 The *World*, whose beauties perish as they blow,  
 They fly, she fades herself, and at the best  
 You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast.  
 The *Flesh* is next, which in fruition wastes,  
 High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes,      50  
 While men the fair, the goodly *Soul* destroy,  
 From whence the *flesh* has pow'r to taste a joy.

Seek thou Religion, primitively found —  
 Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?

By Faith *Implicite* blind *Ignaro* led,      55  
 Thinks the bright Seraph from *his* Country fled,  
 And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know  
 She there was seen a thousand years ago;  
 And loves her Relick rags, as men obey  
 The *foot-cloth* where the Prince sat yesterday.      60

These pageant Forms are whining *Obed's* scorn,  
 Who seeks Religion at *Geneva* born,



A fullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd,  
 Tho' young, unhandsome; tho' unhandsome, proud:  
 Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge 65  
 All girls unhealthy but the Country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy *Cæpio* roam,  
 The man contented takes his Church at home;  
 Nay should some Preachers, servile bawds of gain,  
 Should some new Laws, which like new-fashions reign,  
 Command his faith to count *Salvation* ty'd 71  
 To visit *his*, and visit *none* beside,

He grants Salvation centers in his own,  
 And grants it centers but in his *alone*:  
 From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame, 75  
 And *they* confer his *Faith*, who give his *Name*:  
 So from the Guardian's hands, the Wards who live  
 Enthrall'd to Guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless *Airy* flies,  
 For, *all* professions can't be good, he cries, 80  
 And here a fault, and there another views,  
 And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse:  
 So men, who know what *some* loose girls have done,  
 For fear of marrying *such*, will marry *none*.

The Charms of *all*, obsequious *Courtly* strike; 85  
 On each he doats, on each attends alike;  
 And thinks, as diff'rent countries deck the dame,  
 The dresses altering, and the sex the same;  
 So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,  
 But 'tis Religion still, where'er we go: 90



This blindness springs from an excess of light,  
 And men embrace the *wrong* to chuse the *right*.

But *thou* of force must *one* Religion own,  
 And only *one*, and that the *Right* alone.

To find that *Right one*, ask thy Rev'rend Sire;      95  
 Let him of his, and him of *his* enquire;

Tho' *Truth* and *Falshood* seem as twins ally'd,  
 There's Eldership on *Truth's* delightful side,  
*Her* seek with heed—who seeks the soundest *First*  
 Is not of *No* Religion, nor the *worst*.      100

T'*adore*, or *scorn* an Image, or *protest*,  
 May *all* be bad: doubt wisely for the best;  
 'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;  
 It is not wand'ring, to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the Basis wide,      105  
 Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,  
 Sits sacred *Truth* enthron'd; and he, who means  
 To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,  
 Winds round and round, and every turn essays  
 Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.      110

Yet labour so, that, e're faint age arrive,  
 Thy searching soul possess her Rest alive;  
 To work by twilight were to work too late,  
 And *Age* is twilight to the night of *fate*.

To *will* alone, is but to mean delay;      115  
 To work at *present* is the use of day:  
 For man's employ much thought and deed remain,  
 High *Thoughts* the *Soul*, hard *deeds* the *body* strain:



And *Myſt'ries* ask believing, which to View  
Like the fair *Sun*, are plain, but dazzling too. 120

Be *Truth*, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,  
Not *Kings* have pow'r to tear it from thy breaſt,  
By no blank Charters harm they where they hate,  
Nor are they *Vicars*, but the *bands* of Fate.

Ah! fool and wretch, who let'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd 125  
To *human* Laws! Or muſt it ſo be try'd?

Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,  
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice asks thy plea,  
That *Philip* that, or *Greg'ry* taught thee this,  
Or *John* or *Martin*? *All* may teach amiſs: 130

For, every contrary in each extream  
*This* hold alike, and each may plead the ſame.

Would'ſt thou to *Pow'r* a proper duty ſhew?  
'Tis thy firſt taſk the bounds of pow'r to know;  
The *bounds* once paſt, it holds the name no more, 135  
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,  
Nor were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,  
But all a low *Idolatry* at beſt.

Pow'r, from above ſubordinately ſpread,  
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head; 140  
*There*, calm and pure the living waters flow,  
But roar a Torrent or a Flood *below*;  
Each flow'r, ordain'd the Margins to adorn,  
Each native Beauty, from its roots is torn,  
And left on Deſerts, Rocks, and Sands, or toſt 145  
All the long travel, and in Ocean loſt:



So fares the foul, which more that Pow'r reveres  
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

This noble Similitude, with which the Satire concludes, Dr. Parnell did not seem to understand, and so was not able to express, in its original force. Dr. Donne says,

“ As streams are, power is, those blest flowers that dwell  
“ At the rough streams calm head, thrive, and do well;  
“ But having left their roots, and themselves given  
“ To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven  
“ Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost  
“ Consum'd in going, in the Sea are lost.  
“ So perish Souls, etc.

Dr. Donne compares *Power* or Authority to Streams; and *Souls* to Flowers; but not being so explicite in the latter, Dr. Parnell overlooked that part of the Simile, and so has hurt the whole thought, by making the Flowers *passive*; whereas the Original says *they leave their roots, and give themselves to the stream*: that is, wilfully prefer human Authority to divine; and this makes them the object of his Satire; which they would not have been, were they irresistibly carried away, as the Imitation supposes.