

Psychomachia: The War of the Soul

Prudentius

Patristic · Nicene & Post-Nicene · Poem

STROMATA 593

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INTRODUCTION

Luxury arrives at the battlefield in a chariot, scattering violets and rose-petals at the Christian ranks, and very nearly wins — until Sobriety lifts the cross before the horses' eyes and the whole gaudy equipage goes over. Prudentius composed the *Psychomachia* around 400, and with it the personified Virtues and Vices that medieval Europe carved into a thousand porches and cathedral fronts. The allegory is stranger, and a great deal bloodier, than its reputation. This is the anonymous 1743 English version, which turns the Latin hexameters into heroic couplets and fights all seven combats at full length.

Preface

IN ABRAM's Life we see a Plan\ Of *Faith*, accommodate to Man;\ Who prov'd, in *Age's low Decline*,\ The Parent of the *blessed Line*;\ And took an *ampler Name* of *Grace*\ To typify his *num'rous Race*.

His Acts you'll find, when well apply'd,\ In *Faith's* Concerns your surest Guide.

When to the Mount you see him lead,\ The *Earnest* of the *promis'd Seed*,\ Of sinking Age the darling Son,\ Think, in like Case, what must be done;\ To God you only must impart,\ What's choicest, best, and next your Heart.

Ev'n us, the faithful PATRIARCH strove,\ By nervous Eloquence to move,\ With many-headed *Vice* to wage\ Eternal War with pious Rage;\ For till the *Spirit* does subdue\ The wild, ungovernable Crew\ Of monstrous *Vices*, that infest\ With Ravage dire the human Breast,\ Oblations, tho' of purest Kind,\ Shall ne'er with God Acceptance find.\ But *Words*, he knew, had often fail'd,\ Where stronger *Precedents* prevail'd;\ And therefore what his Precepts taught,\ His thund'ring Arm in Battle wrought.

By Chance whilst LOT, whose growing Name\ Was brighten'd by his Uncle's Fame;\ In SODOM's District did reside,\ That early Source of *Lust* and *Pride*,\ Confed'rate Kings the State invade,\ And LOT and Natives captive made.

The direful Tale strikes ABRAM's Ears,\ And fills his Soul with anxious Fears,\ That barb'rous Conquerors constrain\ His Nephew in a servile Chain.\ Breathing Revenge he strait reviews\ His *menial* Servants, and pursues\ The flying Victors, whom a Load\ Of Spoil encumber'd on the Road.\ *Old Age*

itself, with Sword in Hand,\ Leads on the firm *domestick Band*;\ And full of Energy divine,\ In pious Arms delights to shine.\ Th' o'erloaded, straggling Rout of Foes\ He beats, disperses, overthrows;\ Redeems the Captives from their Chains,\ And plunder'd SODOM's Spoil regains;\ *Soft Virgins*, whom in Bonds they bore;\ And *rural Wealth*, a countless Store;\ Much *Gold*, and costly *Suits of Dress*,\ And *houshold Treasures* numberless.\ Then LOT himself, who groaning bow'd\ Beneath the galling Fetter's Load,\ Unloos'd, recover'd once again\ The upright Attitude of Man.\

ABRAM, who with vindictive Pow'r\ O'ertook the flying Conqueror,\ Returns, the glorious Work achiev'd,\ His pious Nephew LOT reliev'd,\ Proud, no *Barbarian* should oppress\ *The Lineage* Heav'n ordain'd to *bless*.\

As recent from the Field of Fame,\ And wide-extended Death he came,\ MELCHISEDECK the Hero meets,\ And with coelestial Viands greets;\ A *royal Priest*, but of what Line\ No human Searches can divine;\ From what Progenitors he rose,\ No Being, but JEHOVAH knows.

Angels, itinerant below,\ To see the far-fam'd *Patriarch* go,\ Vouchsafe his humble Board to grace,\ And take the Banquet of the Place;\ Whilst wond'ring *Sarah* feels her Womb\ To beat with *promis'd* Life to come,\ And, joyful in this *late* Relief,\ Regrets the *Laugh of Unbelief*.

This *Map* of Life so fair, so true,\ For us to imitate he drew;\ Like him, we *militant* must live,\ To *rebel Thoughts* no Respite give;\ But always under *Armour* stand,\ And bear the *Sword of Faith* in Hand;\ And when a Member would obey\ Of *Lust* the dire, tyrannick Sway,\ The *Heart's Militia* we must send\ Its *moral Freedom* to defend.\ Nor any Want that *Soul* will find\ Of *Forces* of the *houshold* Kind,\ Who spiritually can explain\ What ABRAM's *mystick* \ *Numbers* mean.

\ *There are various Expositions of this Passage, but that of CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS is the most probable; he hereby understands the Mystery of Jesus Christ Crucified; the Letter T, the Figure of the Cross, denotes 300, and the first two Letters in the Name Tetractis, in all, 318, the Number of ABRAHAM's Houshold.*

CHRIST, of whose generative Source\ No *Mortal* comprehends the Course,\ Our true *High-Priest*, will then prepare\ To feast our *Souls* with heav'nly Fare;\ And in our Bosoms will reside,\ From *Lust* and *Passion* purify'd.\ Illustrious Spirits! Trebly blest!\ The holy TRINITY your Guest!\ From *that Alliance* ye will find\ Fresh Vigour working in the Mind,\ The Seeds of Goodness richly sow'n\ In Souls, by *Age unfruitful grown*,\ And, cultur'd by indulgent Skies,\ Behold large Crops of Virtue rise.

Then shall your *Hearts*, like *Sarah*, bear\ A *late*, but not unworthy *Heir*.

Psychomachia: Or The War of the Soul

O THOU, whose mercies never cease to flow\ On helpless mortals, when distress below; Thou, who art mighty in thy *father's* might,\ And in *thine own* indubitable right;\ Stil'd his *descendant*, and yet *un-create*,\ In *godhead one*, in *person separate*,\ To me, O CHRIST, thy guardian succour bring,\ And grace the subject I presume to sing.

Say, with what *arms* the human *soul* expels\ Each *vice*, that harbours in her inmost cells;\ What *troops* she sends the *rebels* to defeat, And keep the peace of our *internal state*,\ When *flesh* with *spirit*, *thought* with *thought* does *jar*, And *christian minds* are made the *seat* of *war*.\

For, *heav'nly leader*, thou wouldst ne'er expose\ Thy *flock unarm'd* to such outrageous foes;\ No——various *virtues* on their side engage\ The *soul* to succour, and her *wars* to wage;\ With wond'rous arts the *infant mind* you form,\ And fence the *fortress* for the future *Storm*,\ Art always ready, when distress is nigh,\ *Strength* to impart, and *prudence* to supply,\ The *heart's obscure devices* to unfold,\ Shew whence they rise, and how they are controul'd,\ That hence thy name with added beams may shine,\ And all the *triumph* of the *war* be thine.\

To conquest *short* and *easy* were the way,\ Could we their *numbers*, and their CHIEFS survey,\ That useful work the gracious muse designs,\ And ranks both *armies* in opposing lines;\ Presents each dreadful *combatant* to sight,\ Paints all the turns, and fortune of the fight.

The Combat of Faith and Idolatry

FIRST, heav'n-born FAITH descended from on high,\ The dubious fortune of the *war* to try;\ *Rude* was her *dress*, and *un-adorn'd* her *hair*,\ Her arms protended, and her shoulders bare;\ So sudden was the impulse of her mind,\ She left all *instruments of war* behind;\ And wholly trusting to a dauntless heart,\ No shield she carried, nor envenom'd dart,\ But, steel'd with *native prowess*, on she goes\ To brave the fiercest fury of her foes.

When, lo! IDOLATRY, asham'd to yield,\ Accepts the challenge to contest the field;\ Drunk with the *blood* of many *victims* slain,\ The bloated *monster* stalk'd along the plain;\ Fir'd at the sight *Faith* rises to the blow,\ And falls with fury on her frantic foe,\ Whose hoary head, with *sacred fillets* bound,\ Stunn'd with the shock, comes tumbling to the ground,\ Then, treading on her neck, arrests her breath,\ And leaves her ling'ring in the pangs of death;\ For the pent Air her sobbing lungs contain\ Feeds life awhile, and animates her pain.

Loud shout the *martyrs* who advent'rous came,\ By *Faith* embold'ned, to the field of fame;\ Whence, crown'd with garlands, they ascend the sky,\ Array'd in vestments of the *tyrian dye*.

The Combat of Chastity and Lust

NEXT to the field, rous'd by the war's alarms,\ Fair CHASTITY advanc'd in splendid arms;\ From th' adverse lines a fury shoots in haste,\ With *flaming torches* whizzing round her waste;\ From sinful SODOM she deriv'd her birth,\ That nest of lust to stock th' infected earth;\ And on the *maid* the *fiend*, like lightning flies,\ Darting her *smoking torches* in her eyes,\ Tries ev'ry art the blushing *fair* to choak\ With streaming sulphur, and encircling smoak.\

In thought serene, the *virgin* stooping low\ Lifts a huge stone, and hurls it at her foe;\ The rocky fragment, with a tempest thrown,\ Lights on the arm, and snaps the tingling bone;\ The deaden'd nerves no griping pow'r retain,\ But drop the dying firebrand on the plain.

The *harlot* thus disarm'd, the conqu'ring maid\ Forth from her side unsheaths the shining blade;\ Thro' the tough neck the sword a passage found,\ And thick corruption issued from the wound,\ Which in its course a nauseous stench exhales,\ Spreads thro' the air, and taints the ambient gales.

This be thy fate, the Queen proclaims with jo[y],\ Thus inoffensive on the earth to lie;\ No longer shalt thou wave thy *flaming brand*,\ Hot plagues to scatter o'er a wasted land;\ *Christ's lamp* alone the hallow'd *heart* shall fire,\ And vital *light*, and vital *warmth* inspire;\ Thou baneful mischief to the sons of men,\ Who could have thought you'd visit earth again?\ When JUDITH's arm th' ASSYRIAN's lust supprest,\ Did you not feel the dagger in your breast?\ Did you not *both* at *once* resign your breath,\ Bleed from *one* wound, and *jointly* sink to death?\ Illustrious JUDITH! thy unequall'd name\ Succeeding times shall consecrate to fame;\ 'Twas heav'n inspir'd you with so brave a thought,\ 'Twas heav'n assisted, and for me you fought.\

But then perhaps beneath the *barren shade*\ Of *Jewish* rites, which better times portray'd,\ When *god's own spirit* shou'd on earth be born,\ And *fairer virtues* human breasts adorn,\ The valiant matron might essay in vain\ To fix the period of thy deadly reign;\ But *now* thy empire has fulfill'd its date,\ The *weak* are made the ministers of fate;\ Nature amaz'd forsakes her usual road,\ Led thro' new paths to *generate* a *god*,\ Forth from a *virgin's* pure, and maiden womb,\ Behold! behold the mighty *conqueror* come!\ The *flesh* of *man*, thy old imperial seat,\ Releas'd from thee, assumes a nobler State;\ A *new alliance* is commenc'd with heav'n,\ A God to flesh, and flesh to God is giv'n;\ *Wond'rous conception!* where extremes unite,\ And bring *full man*, *full deity* to light.\ Yet to the form divine no *weakness* cleaves,\ But man new graces, and new strength receives;\ For after all the heav'nly gifts bestow'd,\ The spring of bounty undiminish'd flow'd;\ Still in the God unfaded glories shine,\ Our nature brighten, and exalt our line,\ *He* still the *same*, but *we* become *divine*.\ *Here* lies my safety, here I put my trust,\ And hence my triumph, O infernal LUST;\ Hence 'tis my empire, since the *virgin's age*,\ Mocks thy devices, and defies thy rage;\ Thou art the way to hell; thy flatt'ring path\ Leads to the chambers of eternal Death;\ By thee seduc'd, unwary souls begin\ To walk unthoughtful in the ways of sin;\ Blindly they enter, by thy soothings led,\ Soon grow defil'd, and sink among the dead.\ Hence then to hell, thou *fury*, speed thy flight,\ And howl in dungeons of eternal night;\ Or stretch'd at length on some sulphureous stream,\ Or roll'd in whirling vortices of flame;\ On earth no more uplift thy baleful face,\ To tempt the *heroes* of the *christian race*;\ O'er them in quiet let MESSIAH reign,\ And keep his flock unconscious of a stain.\

Thus spake the maid; and joyful to foresee\ The growing blessings of her victory,\ She seeks the silver stream of JORDAN's flood,\ To *wash* the steel, and wipe away the blood,\ That of the clotted gore no foul remain\ In time the splendor of the sword shou'd stain;\ Then walks triumphant to the fair abode,\ And *bloodless altar* of the christian God;\ Fast by whose side the *naked* steel she lay'd,\ Lest rust might tarnish, in its *sheath*, the blade.

The Combat of Patience and Wrath

WHILE death thus rag'd in various forms around,

Undaunted PATIENCE still maintain'd her ground,\ Still in the same *inactive* posture staid,\ And *un-*
concern'd the work of fate survey'd;\ Heard, round her head, the darts, unnumber'd, fly,\ Without a
groan, a *trouble*, or a *sigh*.

Not far remote infernal ANGER stood,\ Her *mouth* with *foam*, her *eyes* suffus'd with *blood*;\ So swell'd with *rage*, that each distended vein\ Could scarce the driving flood of life contain;\ And fir'd with madness at the odious sight\ Of one so *peaceful* midst the *noise of fight*,\ Thither, impatient of the conflict, flies,\ Assailing her with *spear*, *voice*, *looks* and *eyes*;\ Words from her mouth in *gushing torrents* broke,\ And o'er her head the bristling horse-hair shook.\

Here, fair *spectator*, let this mortal dart\ Obtain admittance to thy dauntless heart;\ But not a groan must thence emission find,\ For *groans* ill suit a *spirit so resign'd*.

Thus when she spake, a javelin launch'd with force,\ Whizzes the air, and keeps its destin'd course,\ Where the strong cuirass o'er the breast was bound,\ But thence repell'd drop'd bloodless to the ground\ The prudent *Virtue*, at the first alarms,\ Came well provided with *defensive* arms;\ A coat of Adamant its rigour spread\ Her shoulders o'er, impenetrably made;\ Hence no assailant can her *soul* affright,\ Nor show'rs of arrows drive her from the fight;\ *Wounded* she seeks not to *annoy* the foe,\ Assur'd, *herself* will strike the deadly blow.\ When now the *savage's* efforts were crost,\ Her quiver empty'd, and her vigour lost,\ *Herself*, with *furious passion*, tir'd in vain,\ And every arrow scatter'd o'er the plain,\ She puts all hope of conquest on her sword,\ The only refuge now that arms afford.\

Pois'd from her ear the broad effulgent blade\ Sweeps down impetuous on the *meek one's* head,\ Loud rings the helmet to the rushing stroke,\ Back flies the weapon into pieces broke;\ The trusty metal's well-concocted frame\ From heaven's own stores invulnerable came:\ No human force the jointed plates could rend,\ But darts recoil, and blows in vain descend.\ No limits now the *monster's* rage restrain,\ To see her hand a *bladeless* hilt retain;\ Stung with remorse, she tosses it aside,\ A shameful monument of *fallen pride*;\ Nor longer meditates the martial strife,\ But seeks for means to end her wretched life;\ Selects a javelin, on the sandy plain,\ From heaps of others lately cast in vain;\ Then strikes th' inverted shaft of polish'd wood\ Deep in the earth; the point erected stood,\ Enters her breast, and drinks her vital blood.\

Streight tow'rd's the *haughty vanquish'd* PATIENCE came,\ And mildly thus her triumph did proclaim;

At length victorious; *thus* our wars we wage,\ Without th' *inhuman* marks of *bloody* rage;\ From discipline, like this, we never part,\ For *hardy suff'rance* is our *martial art*;\ Unmov'd we stand, and let the *blast* go by,\ For *Passion* always, like a *blast*, will die;\ Her fretting spirits into *vapours* fume,\ Or end, like flames, that will themselves consume.\

She ceas'd; then shot, unwounded, thro' the throng,\ Nobly attended as she pass'd along;\ For *JOB*, still faithful, from his *sovereign's* side\ No force could separate, nor threats divide;\ But close he follow'd where she march'd before,\ His face displaying all the wounds he bore;\ And whilst he shew'd, by a peculiar scar,\ Each sundry peril he sustain'd in war,\ With pleasure told the ruins of his frame,\ His glorious spoils, his *adversary's* shame,\ The *goddess* orders all his toils to cease,\ And kindly lays him in the arms of peace;\ With *wealth accumulated* swells his store,\ And vows his substance shall decrease no more.

Safe, and unhurt she then pursues her way,\ Thro' hostile lines, where arrows thickest play;\ With *ev'ry virtue* does by turns appear,\ Now aiding in the front, now heart'ning in the rear;\ Does strength to *all*

without distinction yield,\ For without *her* no *virtue* keeps the field;\ Without *her* presence ev'ry *virtue's* faint,\ And where *she's* not, you'll never find a SAINT.

The Combat of Pride and Humility

THRO' routed troops, dispers'd on ev'ry side, A *headlong coarser* flew, at will, with PRIDE;\ Rais'd on a *Lion's* spoil *sublime* she rode,\ The shaggy trappings were the Horse's load;\ But that caparison she fitly chose,\ To look from *high* with *scorn* upon her foes.\ Built on her *head*, compos'd of plaited hair,\ A *tow'ry structure* nodded in the air;\ Down from her shoulders, knotted o'er her breast,\ A swelling *canvass* bellied for a *vest*;\ Round neck and breast a thin embroid'ry flows,\ And opening gathers ev'ry wind that blows.

Just like the *rider* was the bouncing *steed*,\ Scorning restraint, impatient to be free'd;\ Champing his foamy bit, he sought the plain,\ Spread broad, and swell'd upon the curbing rein;\ The puft VIRAGO, in this monstrous plight,\ Between both hosts rode *eminent* to *sight*;\ Wheels round her steed, and both with *looks* and *eyes*\ The adverse lines insultingly defies,\ Which in a wedge, a *small* but *chosen* train,\ HUMILITY had marshall'd on the plain,\ In rank a *Queen*, but wanting foreign aid\ To join the levies she herself had made;\ HOPE was her firm ally, whose kingdom lies,\ Far from *our Region*, in *superior* *skies*.

Here PRIDE, observing not an arm to wield,\ A brandish'd sword, nor clasp a splendid shield,\ Did thus with foolish scofs, and taunts deride\ The mean appearance of the adverse side.\

Base, vagrant tribe! what? not deterr'd by shame\ To cope with *leaders* of such mighty fame!\ With such a *servile*, and *inglorious band*\ Against an *old illustrious* race to stand?\ Who to such mines of wealth have sought their way,\ To rich possessions, and imperial sway;\ From which the *rabble*, that *Pretender* brings,\ Would drive, if possible, its antient *kings*.\ *Heavens!* see what hands would fain a *scepter* wield,\ And reap the wealth of many a fertile field;\ By force eject the old, laborious swains,\ And seize the land, where *flowing bounty* reigns.\

Ah! vain attempt! for, at the *natal hour*,\ O'er all the *man* we get unbounded power;\ While yet the limbs retain a plastick heat,\ We strike th' impression, and we seal his fate;\ Shoot all our influence thro' his inmost soul,\ And rule the *future man* without controul.\ Then, with what hope can you this empire claim\ From us, who grow and strengthen with his frame?\ For PRIDE subdued him in his *first* estate,\ And *Man* and *Mistress* had an equal date;\ In nature's infancy, when ADAM fell,\ Expell'd from EDEN on this earth to dwell,\ He yet had *naked* liv'd; but friendly *Pride*\ Taught him with leaves that *nakedness* to hide.

From what long exile, from what land unknown\ Come these *Pretenders* to dispute my throne;\ Why did they not exert an *earlier* claim,\ Lost to all worth, to honour, and to fame?\ But vain *tradition* still allures them on\ With hope of crowns, that may some time be won;\ This distant *hope* alleviates *present* *pain*,\ And is the trick by which their *leaders* reign;\ Fit bait for minds, whom glory never charms,\ Nor sprightly trumpets animate to arms;\ Cold, frozen souls, whom valour never fires,\ Whose luke-warm temper nothing great desires;\ What feats will CHASTITY's cold nerves perform?\ In war will PIETY

support a storm? \ 'Twixt shame and grief how wretchedly I'm tost, \ To see myself oppos'd by such an host; \ To see a band of *milk-fac'd maids* advance, \ Not bred to combat, nor to poise the lance! \ There JUSTICE, doom'd to indigence by fate; \ And HONESTY, who never will be great; \ SOBRIETY, just wither'd to a shade; \ And pale-fac'd ABSTINENCE, a pining maid; \ With SHAME, thro' whose wan cheeks and empty veins, \ Life's sprightly tide transmits no crimson stains. \ Unarm'd SIMPLICITY, who may be slain \ By ev'ry arrow shot across the plain; \ HUMILITY, afraid to look around, \ With eyes still fix'd upon the sordid ground; \ Such fearfulness an abject soul betrays, \ That seeks no honour, nor pretends to praise. \ With the *ignoble* blood of such a crew \ My sword I'll stain not, nor my hand embrue; \ A foe so despicable cannot claim \ Distinction, due to military fame: \ With such my courser fights; 'tis he shall beat \ Their heads to earth, and crush them with his feet.

Thus loud she cry'd: then urg'd her eager steed, \ Loos'd ev'ry rein, and drove with headlong speed, \ Assur'd the *Virtue* to the shock would yield, \ And she remain sole mistress of the field.

But while he flew upon his utmost stretch, \ Plumb down he drops into a latent ditch, \ Which FRAUD, a sister of th' infernal train, \ Mischievous open'd on th' embattled plain; \ That, in the conflicts formidable hour, \ The rushing ranks it might at once devour; \ And, least some eye the cavern shou'd explore, \ With rods, and branches she had bridg'd it o'er, \ Then cover'd all with tufts of verdant grass, \ That none shou'd hesitate the gulph to pass:

Safe from the lists the *queen of meekness* stay'd, \ Nor once approach'd the ambush that was laid, \ From no surmisings in a fearful mind, \ Of dark contrivances by FRAUD design'd: \ But PRIDE, high-thron'd upon her fiery horse, \ Drives forward blindly, with impetuous force, \ Brooks no delay, nor at the danger stops, \ And down the pit a pond'rous ruin drops: \ Pitch'd on her head, with sudden loss of breath, \ The steed incumbent presses her to death.

Soon as the *gentle-minded queen* beheld \ The *monstrous vanity* entirely quell'd, \ Forward she came, with slow and solemn pace, \ With looks more elevate; but modest grace \ Temp'ring the flush of triumph in her face. \ And whilst in doubt she stood, her GUARDIAN came, \ Presents a sword, and points the way to fame: \ Seiz'd by the hair the vanquish'd fiend to light \ She drew, and stretch'd her with her face upright, \ And, while she fervently for mercy pray'd, \ Her head dissever'd with the shining blade, \ Which, by a lock upheld, on high she bore, \ A gastly trophy, all defil'd with gore. \

O'er prostrate PRIDE now HOPE declaims severe, \ Shun all presumption with peculiar care; \ God still will humble the ambitious soul, \ And the weak bubble's empty swell controul; \ The sculptur'd obelisk, the tow'ring wall \ The higher rais'd, the proner are to fall. \ All supercilious lofty looks despise, \ Nor fall to earth, by gazing on the skies: \ This far-fam'd Apothegm remember well, \ Which from the mouth of *heav'nly wisdom* fell, \ " He from their seat shall pull the mighty down: \ " And raise the meek and lowly to a crown. \ Amaz'd we saw, upon th' embattled plain, \ The huge GOLIAH by a *stripling* slain, \ A common *pebble*, from the limpid stream, \ Beat down that *bulwark* of PHILISTIN fame; \ Between both armies whilst this *son of Pride* \ Stood like a tow'r, and *Israel's* God defy'd, \ Brandish'd his beamy spear, and pois'd his shield, \ And strode at large the terror of the field, \ To ev'ry eye he, by his fall, did shew

What the mock-armour of a *boy* can do.\ When yet a child, the pious youth engag'd\ In VIRTUE's cause,
and all her battles wag'd;\ On me he always cast a longing eye,\ Where, at *God's feet*, I keep my seat
on high;\ Whither I VIRTUE call, and where bestow\ The just rewards for VICE subdued below.\ She
ceas'd; then shot on golden wings upright,\ To regions smiling with unclouded light;\ The *virtues mili-*
tant, with wond'ring eyes,\ Pursue her flaming progress to the skies;\ Fain wou'd they follow where she
leads the way,\ But earthly conflicts still require their stay:\ VICE must be vanquish'd; many trophies
won;\ Sure then to follow, when their work is done.

The Combat of Luxury and Sobriety

In time's last period, to the combat came\ A fell enchantress, LUXURY by name;\ Th' abandon'd *wanton*, from her early days,\ Despis'd all censure, nor regarded praise;\ Averse from ev'ry good; her only care\ With costly odours to perfume her hair;\ A soft, sweet voice to melt the captive soul,\ And sleepy eyes with languid airs to roll,\ Furnish'd with all habiliments to please,\ And lead the soul astray from Virtue's ways;\ With soft'ning arts th' enervate mind to ply,\ And ope each avenue of sense to joy;\ Studious her hours in banquetting to spend,\ Nor valuing life, where pleasure's not the end.\ When morning light o'er earth began to flow,\ Alarm'd she heard the martial trumpet blow;\ Leaving the brimming bowl, with all her pow'rs,\ O'er floods of wine, and trodden heaps of *flow'rs*,\ Now slips, now staggers; head and feet betray,\ That wine perverts, and these a slipp'ry way.

But when she came within the verge of fight,\ She mounts a chariot eminent to sight,\ In heavy, pompous state slow moving on;\ All eyes were ravish'd, and all hearts were won:\ Strange sort of war! no *missive engines* throw\ The *pond'rous lance*; nor sounds the *twanging bow*;\ She casts, from *baskets*, flagrant heaps of *flow'rs*,\ At hostile heads, in *aromatick show'rs*:\ Th' exhaling odours soon unman the *saint*,\ On beds of essences reclin'd, and faint:\ Quick shoots the venom thro' each nerve, and vein,\ And *Virtue* perishes, by *roses* slain.\ A death-like stupor the whole host o'erspreads,\ They drop their weapons, and they hang their heads,\ As on the chariot's radiant frame they gaze,\ And their eyes dazzle in the diamond blaze;\ Or while the golden traces they behold,\ And whirling axletree of solid gold,\ Or silver spokes, that emulate the sun,\ And in an orb of lucid amber run.\

From rank to rank seditious murmurs fly,\ For quick desertion is the gen'ral cry;\ All long to serve the *ostentatious fool*,\ And live with LUXURY, unbound by rule.\

The *Queen of Temperance* severely mourn'd,\ To see her *sons* to base *deserters* turn'd,\ Her firm allies, who mighty shocks had stood,\ Strike to mere *shew*, and perish without *blood*.\ The *crosse's banner*, which the *princely maid*\ Bore in the van, aloft in air display'd,\ Deep in the earth she struck, then staid the lines,\ And thus bespoke them for their base designs;\ With soft *entreaties* sharp *rebukes* allays,\ With *shame* deters them, and transports with *praise*.

Whence, whence this rage, which wraps the mind in night?\ Whence this decrease of intellectual light?\ What do you want? whose nod would ye obey?\ What fetters seek ye on your necks to lay?\ What? shall a *lilly*, or a *vi'let* chain,\ Arms so robust, with infamy, constrain?\ For shame, that fetters of the flow'ry kind\ Such arms shou'd shackle, and such necks shou'd bind!\ How will the turban, with a *saffron lace*,\ Become a *rough*, and *military* face?\ Or costly ointments of ARABIA spread\ Their odors round a *consecrated head*,\ Which CHRIST ordain'd with spotless rays to shine\ By *royal unction*, and his seal divine?\ Shame! at your heels that wavy trains shou'd swim,\ And silken vestments wrap each loosen'd limb;\ Those limbs, which FAITH, in earlier times array'd\ With snowy garbs of curious texture made,\ Endued with mighty prevalence to save\ The *soul* from *sin*, the *body* from the *grave*.\ Hence to the nightly feasts, where goblets shine,\ Where stream inebriating draughts of wine;\ Where fill'd with trembling hands the cups o'erflow\ The beds around, and marbled floors below.\ Is all forgotten? how JEHOVAH blest\ Your fainting fathers in the dreary waste;\ When rocks, obedient to the mystick wand,\ Dissolv'd to water, and refresh'd the band;\ The food of heav'n, on this last age bestow'd,\ First round your tents, in morning dews was strew'd;\ But mightier blessings on *this* age ensue;\ 'Tis CHRIST to

them, which was a TYPE to you.\ Yet you, the guests of heav'n, can LUST entice\ From feasts ambrosial
to the styres of vice:\ Whom neither WRATH, the thunder of the field,\ Nor old IDOLATRY compell'd
to yield,\ A *drunken vagrant*, by her fraudulent arts,\ Has sapp'd your virtue, and seduc'd your hearts:\
Remember, oh! my sons, your rank, your state;\ Think on your *Saviour*, and your future fate;\ Think on
the *ancestry*, from which you spring,\ Think who's your *God*, your *Saviour*, and your King;\ Your line
from JUDAH does to MARY run,\ Whom *God* ordain'd to bear his only *Son*:\ Let DAVID's battles, and
victorious name\ Rekindle in your hearts a martial flame;\ Let SAMUEL gen'rous sentiments convey,\
And cast the spoils of vanquish'd foes away;\ To him the guidance of your actions give,\ Nor suffer
kings, *not circumcis'd*, to live;\ Such lives, if spar'd, the way to peace will bar,\ And ill-tim'd mercy sow
the seeds of war.\ With him 'twas sin a conquer'd king to save,\ With you not *conquest*, but *submission's*
brave.\

If yet to God your hearts obsequious move,\ With the least force of duty, and of love, \ Repent: *Re-*
pentance always will prevail,\ Your guilt annihilate, and pardon seal.\ Safe for a time the sinner walks
astray,\ If *this* o'ertakes, and brings him to his way.\

A royal youth, by high presumption led,\ Transgress'd an order by his father made;\ Rob'd of a golden
drop the waxen cell,\ The knowing rage of hunger to repel;\ Incurr'd the doom attendant on the deed,\
But by *repentance* sav'd his forfeit head:\ *Repentance*, always prevalent when true,\ The stubborn father
from his purpose drew;\ Firm in the way of rigid justice stood,\ Nor let the royal axes drink his blood.

Lo! I SOBRIETY, of you secure,\ To ev'ry *virtue* will a palm ensure;\ Will soon the miscreant, and her
slaves restrain,\ And lead them captive in a brazen chain;\ At CHRIST's tribunal shall the rebels stand,\
And feel the weight of his avenging hand.\ No more; but quick the flaming cross she threw\ Full in the
horse's eyes; away they flew\ Confounded and amaz'd; scour o'er the plain,\ Nor hear the driver, nor
obey the rein.\ Still in their eyes the flaming cross does glare,\ They start, they neigh, they toss their
Heads in air;\ Blindly o'er rock, and precipice they bound;\ The giddy rider tumbles to the ground:\
Lock'd in the wheel, she makes the chariot lag,\ A dead, unwieldy, cumbrous, heavy drag:\ Thick clouds
of dust her shining tresses foil,\ The golden mitre, and the scented oil.\ There, as she roll'd, entangl'd,
on the ground,\ The *Queen of Temperance* gave the deadly wound:\ A rugged stone, which fortune did
provide,\ The place of better instruments supply'd;\ (Unarm'd she took the field; her only care\ The
cross's standard in the van to bear)\ Full on the mouth with crashing noise it smote,\ Beat teeth, and
tongue promiscuous down her throat,\ Clos'd up the conduit of her vital breath,\ And made an hideous
spectacle of death;\ Cramm'd with a mass, it never felt before,\ Of pounded teeth, and fetid clots of
gore,\ Th' o'erburden'd stomach heav'd against the load,\ And cast it, direfully convuls'd, abroad.

Then thus SOBRIETY in scoffing mood,\ Let thy last draught, O *Drunkard*, be thy blood;\ Of thy
voluptuous life the *closing scene*\ Be form'd of *bitterness*, *disgust*, and *pain*;\ Tortur'd with *nauseous*
reachings may you die,\ And *real pains*, conclude *fantastic Joy*.

The *host of trifles*, when their hope was dead,\ Dispers'd, and broke, in vast confusion fled;\ Then *Mirth*,
and *Petulancy* cast away\ The noisy rattles of their childish play;\ With such *mock arms* they jocund
tripp'd around,\ And wag'd fierce *battle* with the *cymbal's* sound.\

Them LOVE soon follow'd, rapid as the wind,\ And left ingloriously his arms behind;\ With fear as pale
as lovers, when their hearts\ Are deeply wounded by his poison'd darts.\ Slow-marching POMP was
forc'd to mend her pace,\ Spoil'd of her *robe*, and *ribbands* in the race,\ Of all the shining wreaths, and
drops of gold,\ Which grace the head, or do the neck enfold;\ And all the gems, the dresser's arts unite\
To draw fresh lustre from a mingled light,\ Now from their stations in disorder tost,\ Bemoan their
beauty, and effulgence lost.\ Nor tender-footed PLEASURE dar'd to stay,\ O'er flinty paths, and thorns
she scour'd away;\ A greater terror follow'd in the rear,\ Hard'ning her feet the rugged ways to bear.\
Where'er the routed Squadrons fly, the road\ With clasps, crowns, fillets, and with cauls is strew'd;\
Here arms to shed, there arms the hair to press,\ And all the fine *artillery* of dress.\

But neither victor, nor victorious bands,\ Would with the glitt'ring spoil profane their hands;\ With look
austere the *meanest* pass'd it by,\ Nor once look'd backward with a wishful eye.

The Combat of Avarice and Liberality

Then AV'RICE came, if ancient fame says true,\ To glean the spoil of the luxurious crew;\ Tuck'd up a
corner of her robe she bore,\ Which deeply bellied, like a sheet, before;\ But not content with that, on
either side\ Deep bags, and pouches in long rows were ty'd;\ In them the *Harpy* stow'd with griping hand\
The golden booty scrap'd from heaps of sand;\ Still with her *left* concealing close from sight\ Whate'er
she seiz'd, and gather'd with her *right*.\ CORRUPTION, FAMINE, PERJURY, and PAIN,\ With the
three sisters of th' infernal train,\ CARE, FRAUD, and LYING, WATCHFULNESS, and FEAR,\ And
gastly PALENESS at her heels appear;\ Where'er the fiend her baleful influence sheds,\ Crimes spring
apace, and murd'rous rapine spreads;\ Like rav'ning Wolves, the terror of the wood,\ They roar for
plunder, and they feast on blood.\ A starry helmet lo! yon Soldier wears,\ That starry helmet soon his
life ensnares;\ Observe his *Comrade* seeks a cause of strife,\ And takes the jewels with the owner's life.\

A belt, with gems adorn'd, has *there* suppress\ The voice of nature in the filial breast;\ Has drawn the
son, for sordid hopes of gain,\ To spoil the *parent*, by another slain:\ The lust of lucre shoots the flaming
brand\ Of civil discord thro' a peaceful land,\ To dire extremes th' insatiate rage has run;\ The rav'ning
parent robs his *only son*.

Such scenes of cruelty the *Monster* wrought,\ And mighty numbers to destruction brought;\ Ten thou-
sand ways ten thousand ills contrives,\ To rob deluded mortals of their lives;\ *One* she deprives of
intellectual light,\ And leaves him wand'ring in the shades of night;\ No ray of reason to the wretch
supplies,\ Nor patting staff, that substitute of eyes.

For *stronger minds* a *guileful* bait she lays,\ And with *imaginary* good betrays;\ With fair *appearances*
the sense is won,\ And, while they stoop to take, they are undone,\ Nor see their danger, till the wounded
heart\ Sobs sudden at the ent'rance of the dart.

Let flames enwrap the dome; yet man's desire\ Will dive for riches in that flood of fire;\ From pointed
flames too covetous to turn;\ And *love*, and *lover* will together burn.\ Widely *she* lords it o'er this earthly
ball,\ And all, that's mortal, by her hands shall fall;\ A greater plague was never sent by fate,\ To banish

peace, and multiply *debate*;\ No fiend so fruitful of destructive schemes\ To catch the worldling in
infernal flames.\

Ev'n *God's own priests*, the holy LEVITE train\ (If such traditions ought of truth retain)\ While in
the *front* successful war they wage,\ And wake with trumpet's sounds the warrior's rage\ With furious
combat AVARICE assail'd,\ And, but for REASON, had too sure prevail'd;\ Almighty REASON, wont
in arms to shine,\ A firm adherent to the *priestly* line,\ Catch'd on her beamy shield the falling blow,\
Her sons protected, and repell'd the foe;\ Behind *that* fence now well-secur'd they stand,\ Far from the
reach of any hostile hand.\ Some *few* indeed, who off their guard had been,\ Her darts did hit, and gently
raz'd the skin.\ Unhurt the rest escap'd the shocks of fight,\ Of heart unbroken, and in thought upright.

The rueful *pest* in wild amazement stood,\ To see her shafts reverting without blood,\ And thus,
o'recharg'd with spiteful wrath, exprest\ The flood of passion boiling in her breast.\

SLOTH thro' our host his drousy pow'r has spread;\ Our former vigour, and success is fled;\ Languid the arm, that slew without controul,\ And widely ravag'd ev'ry human soul;\ For never nature, by her plastick art,\ Gave such hard temper to a *carnal* heart,\ As long contention with our arms to hold,\ Unpierc'd, unbroken by *almighty gold*.\ O'er ev'ry temper absolute we reign,\ The *mild, morose*; the *simple*, and the *vain*;\ Not only minds devoid of reason's ray\ By *goldenlights* are often drawn astray,\ But ev'n the *wise* consent to miss their way.\ *Harlots* for gold will practice wanton arts,\ And *Prudes* themselves be found with yielding hearts;\ To us the monarch of th' infernal reign\ Owes ev'ry subject, which his floods constrain;\ From us he got them; by our arms they fell;\ We drove them headlong to the gates of *hell*.\ We the sole cause of all the woe and strife,\ Which cast such shadows o'er a mortal life;\ We point the paths, thro' which lost mankind run,\ *Undoing* others, and themselves *undone*.\

Whence is't, our bold resolves now end in shame?\ Why ebbs our fortune? why declines our fame?\ The CHRISTIAN now can *un-entic'd* behold\ The charming lustre of refulgent *gold*;\ Can the bright silver's beauteous form despise,\ And look on *wealth* with undesiring eyes;\ Whence this affected scorn? this proud disdain?\ Did not the great ICARIOT wear my chain?\ The princely JUDAS, honour'd by his Lord,\ Rank'd with his Peers, and feasting at his board,\ Yet from his table, on the festal day,\ To us deserted, and receiv'd our pay;\ For thirty pieces a vile contract made,\ A *God*, a *Saviour*, and a *Friend* betray'd;\ And last to strike, and make the compact good,\ Himself he hang'd, and blood atton'd for blood.\

Let JERICO our great atchievements tell,\ When ACHAN battled, and her bulwarks fell;\ With ev'ry laurel of the war his own,\ For squadrons routed, and a wall o'erthrown,\ The *conquer'd* spoil his *con-qu'ring* arm assail'd,\ And *gold* succeeded, where the *sword* had fail'd.\ Not all the merit his fam'd lineage pleads,\ Their faith implicit, and heroick deeds,\ Not ev'n the *star*, that shone in JUDAH's line,\ Nor ABRAM trusting in the word divine,\ Could wretched ACHAN's punishment abate,\ Or save his household from their *fiery* fate.\

Sure then a race, which takes such pious care\ Each *word*, each *action* by their *sire's* to square,\ Won't, at the last, be backward to comply,\ And keep the same resemblance when they *die*;\ With justice now, since over-match'd in war,\ For JUDAH's sons I'll bait the *fraudful* snare;\ For God's *High-priests* will frame the dark design,\ (So call they *A'ron*, and the *sacred* line)\ It matters little how we shape our course\ To glorious conquest; be it fraud, or force.

So spake the fiend, and instant on the place\ Puts off the *fury's* arms, the *fury's* face;\ And, in their room, amazing change! is seen\ A decent habit, and engaging mien;\ A *virtue* now she outwardly appears,\ The very dress, the very visage wears\ Of plain FRUGALITY; her sole delight\ To live on *little*, and preserve her *right*;\ No longer rav'nous on *another* preys,\ But steals, by *industry*, a *virtue's* praise.

Thus chang'd, she enters on the field of fame,\ Not in a *Vice's*, but a *Virtue's* name;\ For *snakes* assumes old age's *snowy hairs*,\ A well-known emblem of parental cares;\ And, in a *matron's* modest raiment drest,\ Seems of a numerous progeny possess.\ Hence what by *rapine*, and by *theft* she gains\ Comes from good *conduct*, and *domestick pains*;\ Hence all her *hoardings* with *penurious* care,\ Are *pious savings* for a worthy heir.

Whilst thus th' *Impostor* play'd her wily arts,\ And won the multitude's believing hearts,\ In crowds they follow the destructive fiend,\ And think, they *Virtue*, and her steps attend,\ Wilfully swallow ev'ry bait she leaves,\ Flock to her call, and glory to be slaves;\ The sons of *Virtue* at th' ambiguous shew\ Stood in amaze, and at a loss to know\ What part to take, the error how decide,\ Repel the *foe*, or in the *friend* confide;\ Wond'rous the mixture, intricate and nice,\ Where ends the *virtue*, and begins the *vice*!

With grief distracted, from the distant rear,\ Came CHARITY, an honest *volunteer*;\ Who, tho' she hindmost rank'd, remote from sight,\ Alone must turn the dubious scale of fight;\ Not now with gold oe'rcharg'd, but wholly bare,\ And eas'd of all pecuniary care;\ Tho' once on fortune's golden tide she sail'd,\ The spring at length, by frequent running, fail'd;\ But still she views with secret, heart-felt joy,\ Her urn exhausted, and the channel dry;\ Wisely she parted with her copious store,\ To cloath the *naked*, and relieve the *poor*;\ *Bankrupt* on *earth*, she all in alms had giv'n,\ But rich in FAITH's expectancies from *heav'n*.

When AV'RICE saw this thund'ring foe appear,\ Her heart beat quick with fate-foreboding fear;\ A sudden Stupor o'er her senses flies,\ And certain death stood obvious to her eyes;\ *Corruption's* arts, and *gold's* enchanting pow'r,\ She saw, would fail her in the fatal hour;\ Too well she knew the genius of her foe,\ How great her scorn for all that's priz'd below;\ How, once unloos'd from lucre's galling chain,\ She vow'd, she never would be caught again.

Here *She*, whose presence powerfully inclines\ The human heart to *generous designs*,\ Her folding arms around the *Miser* threw,\ And in close durance to her breast she drew;\ Clasp'd round the neck one hand's constringent force\ Of Respiration intercepts the course,\ The duct of vital air compressing broke,\ And spread pale horror o'er her meagre look;\ Th' etherial spirit now no more maintains\ An open commerce with the lungs and veins,\ But life shut up, like lamps without repair\ Of wasted vigour by nutritious air,\ In dark corporeal cells now sobs now sighs,\ And struggling, panting in its prison dies.\ Loos'd from the grasp the body beats the ground,\ Unstain'd, unbloody, and without a wound.\ The joyful victor, with insulting tread,\ Struts o'er the ruins of the meagre dead,\ Unloads the *vanquish'd* of the motley spoil,\ The due reward of military toil;\ From tatter'd bags, where *moths* prolific bred,\ And plenteously in mouldy pastures fed,\ Unnumber'd heaps of *rusty* coin she drew,\ Rever'd by AV'RICE for their *virid* hue;\ With countless masses of *unripen'd* gold,\ Unpurg'd by fire, unshapen in the mould;\ All these, obtain'd by *Fraud*, preserv'd with fear,\ The tedious work of many a painful year,\ The *great of heart*, whom no self interest guides,\ Among her poor confederates divides,\ And, as they clos'd her round, with look serene,\ And diction mild, bespoke th' attentive train.

Retire, ye *Just*, from off th' embattled field,\ Fearless of danger, when the foe is kill'd:\ Henceforth let war, and madding discord cease,\ And turn, with safety, to the arms of peace,\ *Peace* is consummate; if the heart desires\ No more, than what *necessity* requires;\ *Plainness* of *dress*; a *simple, wholesome fare*,\ Repelling hunger, and inclement air;\ *Nature's* demands nor here, nor there exceed;\ Nor gayly dress, nor delicately feed;\ If business urges, and you needs must run\ Ev'n from the rising, to the setting sun,\ Think not a moment, nor a moment stay\ For food, or raiment; but pursue your way.\ No thought beyond the *current hour* extend,\ Nor *this* day's bus'ness with to *morrow's* blend;\ Each morning sun does *self-sufficient* rise,\ And all th' expences of *his day* supplies.\ Behold the wing'd *inhabitants* of

air,\ Sumptuous they *feast*, yet nothing they *prepare*;\ But hourly find, when forth by hunger led,\ The cup replenish'd, and the table spread;\ Content they cast all farther cares aside,\ And in God's bounteous providence confide.\ *Blush Reason, blush!* when ev'n the *bird* that flies,\ So lowly rated that a farthing buys,\ Esteems itself more worthy of the care\ Of God, than *Man*, who doth his image bear:\ *Weak, inconsistent Man*, who now canst call\ Thyself heav'n's *fav'rite*, and the *Lord of All*;\ Anon canst fear this *fav'rite* will be left\ Of raiment *destitute*, of *food bereft*;\ But learn, tho' late, the ways of truth to scan,\ That God, who breath'd the breath of life on man,\ In point of justice, is concern'd to save\ The breath imparted, and the life he gave.

Terrestrial dainties, that corrupt and cloy,\ Are but poor sources of convivial joy;\ To rich repasts does God his *Saints* invite,\ To rich repasts of intellectual light;\ Divine, ambrosial nurture, that conveys\ To souls elect a boundless length of days;\ To *this* aspire; on *this* devoutly feed;\ And trust to God for what your *bodies* need.

Her balmy words each anxious heart appeas'd;\ Calm'd ev'ry thought, and every grievance eas'd;\ The flush of triumph reassum'd its place,\ And shone unclouded in each *virtue's* face;\ But th' adverse party, smote with sore affright,\ Flew off, and plac'd their safety in their flight;\ FRAUD *false* of *tongue*, and *heart-corroding* CARE,\ And murd'rous RAPINE never known to spare.\

Then *Peace* advanc'd, and *Plenty* round her smil'd,\ And drove grim *war*, and *terror* from the field;\ Loos'd was each helm, and ev'ry belt unbound,\ No more was heard the martial trumpet's sound;\ War's *threatning* front receiv'd a *softer* grace,\ And *strutting* soldiers learn'd the *step of peace*;\ Long robes, pacific garb, flow'd o'er the plain,\ And to their sheaths the swords return'd again;\ Clear was the air; the clouds of dust were laid,\ Which earth had buried in their pitchy shade;\ Fresh to the sight emerg'd a beauteous scene,\ Not bath'd in blood, but deck'd with lively green;\ O'er heav'n the sun diffus'd a brighter day;\ Nature reviv'd; and all the world was gay.\

With ev'ry hour new funds of pleasure rise;\ First, earth in peace; and next, *unfolding* skies;\ The Son of God, presented to the view,\ Holds forth the prize, and shews their *hopes* were true;\ Points out the distant port, where endless ease\ Awaits them landed from tempestuous seas.\

With silver trump now CONCORD gave the sign,\ Quick parts the host, and line divides from line;\ In sep'rate squadrons there the *Horsemen* ride;\ Here march the *Foot* in military pride;\ O glorious pomp of war! how gay they shin'd,\ In spotless vestures of the lucid kind,\ Not stain'd by art, but native snowy-white,\ Pure as their hearts, to feast the raptur'd sight!\ Back to their tents they flock, the war now o'er,\ And place the *Eagles*, where they sat before.\ In joyful strains victorious hymns they sung,\ The mountains eccho'd, and the vallies rung.\

Such thankful lays the *Hebrew* race exprest,\ Such holy raptures fir'd each tuneful breast,\ When on the *farther shore* secure they stood,\ And view'd the fury of the warring flood;\ Saw the high walls of pendent crystal flow\ In rushing mountains on th' embattled foe;\ Saw *Ægypt's pride* in foaming oceans drown'd,\ Where late *they* march'd, up-born on solid ground;\ Saw refluent waves o'erwhelm the sandy plain,\ And to the fish restore their watry reign.\ Enraptur'd thoughts JEHOVAH's deeds inspire,\ JEHOVAH's deeds were sung on ev'ry lyre;\ Still in the song we see the waves divide,\ And form a

liquid mound on ev'ry side;\ Still, lost in wonder, praise the pow'r that clave\ The rowling main, and petrify'd the wave.\

Thus *Virtue's* conqu'ring bands essay'd to sing,\ Loud notes of triumph to the vocal string;\ And nobly painted, in the *mystick* lay,\ The great *deliv'rance* of a *future day*.

Scarce to the camp the marching squadrons came,\ Where double valves a narrow entrance frame,\ When, sent by FRAUD, a sudden storm arose,\ And rueful *Faction* broke their hop'd repose,\ Their songs of conquest into sorrow turn,\ And leave no cause to triumph, but to mourn.

The Combat of Concord and Discord

In the host's center, with success elate,\ As CONCORD enter'd thro' the narrow gate,\ A *wily foe* did there insidious hide,\ And struck a deadly weapon at her side;\ In vain the mail its rigid plates oppos'd,\ Bound fast with steel, and to the body clos'd;\ The *fiend* espying, where the deepest row\ Of scales indented seem'd to start below,\ Thither conveys th' insinuating dart,\ Ruffled the skin, but hit no vital part.\ Such sudden strokes awak'ning FATES provide\ For *fond security*, and *slumb'ring pride*;\ And this revenge the profligated foe\ To baneful DISCORD's black contrivance owe.\ For lately banish'd from the rebel host\ With prudent caution, for they fear'd her most,\ To our battallions, quick transform'd, she came\ In friendly semblance, and a social name;\ The *tatter'd* vesture, which her works display'd,\ And deadly *wand* of twining serpents made,\ She left behind her, where the battle bled,\ And with a *wreath* of *olive* crown'd her head;\ Then join'd in festal hymns the vocal quire,\ Where none sung sweeter, and none shouted higher.\ Beneath her robe the dagger she conceal'd,\ With which, fair CONCORD, she thy life assail'd;\ 'Gainst thee alone of all the host intent,\ And studiously on thy destruction bent;\ But fortune lighten'd the malicious blow,\ And turn'd remorse and sorrow on the foe.\ Some drops of oozing blood, at last, were seen\ To issue faintly thro' the ruffled skin.\

CONCORD alarm'd, cries out; what hostile hand\ Lurks in disguise amid our friendly band?\ Who she, that seeks my being to destroy,\ And with the sword disturbs our present joy?\ To what effect have we by combat broke\ Each haughty *rebel* unto *reason's* yoke,\ All *vice* controul'd, and ev'ry *Virtue* free'd,\ If *Virtue's* ruin shall with *peace* succeed?\

With fear and tremb'ling, ev'ry eye espy'd\ The blood distilling from the punctur'd side:\ When in the countenance an *anxious cloud*\ Singled the *hand* of *murder* from the crowd;\ In various characters was read her guilt,\ And deep conviction of the blood she spilt;\ Her hand, when seiz'd, with languid tremors shook,\ And *paleness* pleaded guilty in her look.\

Quick in a globe the *virtuous host* appears\ Drawn round the *assassin* with pointed spears, Whilst all interrogate her name, her place,\ Her country, office, enterprize, and race,\ What God she worships, and at whose command,\ She boldly mingled with their holy band:\ The *fiend*, tho' sensible of danger nigh,

Makes no evasion, but this blunt reply:\ DISCORD, and HERESY's the name I bear,\ My *God* is *mu-*
table; now *form*, now *air*;\ Now *less*, now *greater*; just as fancy wills;\ An innate *soul* that all *extension* fills;\ Now *one*, now *two*; BELIAL's my master's name,\ And the wide earth the *country* which I claim.\

FAITH, *Queen of Virtues*, could not long endure\ Language so blasphemous, and so impure;\ But to the head the steely shaft she drew,\ Swift to the tongue the whizzing arrow flew,\ Th' alternate flux of vital air supprest,\ And bound that *instrument* of *hell* to rest.\ Then, quick as thought, the *monster's* coarse they tear,\ And ev'ry *virtue* does a portion bear;\ Dogs some to feast, for vultures some a prey,\ While some to fishes, or to sinks convey;\ The brutal tribes the mangled carcass rend;\ And such was HERESY's deserved end:\ A *death*, like *life*, the miscreant did betide,\ She liv'd *dismemb'ring*, and *dismember'd* dy'd.

When now the common weal was ascertain'd,\ And *private* rest, with *publick* peace, regain'd,\ Ev'n the *low vulgar* were allow'd to please,\ Themselves in all the liberties of ease;\ Safe in the camp each moment to employ\ To heal past sorrows with succeeding joy.

Next, on a central eminence they place\ A *double* pile, but on one *common* base;\ The lower part, a fair tribunal, shews\ August and spacious; but above it grows,\ A narrower edifice; whose top commands\ A boundless prospect over seas and lands.\ Thither the *Queens* ascending take their seat,\ With equal dignity, and equal state,\ CONCORD and FAITH; precedence neither take,\ But scorn all difference for agreement's sake.\ Then thro' the camp their *messengers* they send,\ And summon all their people to attend.\

Chearful each *mental faculty* obeys\ The sov'reign mandate, nor absconding stays;\ Tho' numerous labyrinths the *mind* supply'd,\ The ling'ring truants in its folds to hide:\ Each tent was struck; each canvas open lay'd,\ That none might slumber in the darksome shade.\

The *pow'rs* assembled with impatience wait,\ Anxious to know the bus'ness of the state,\ Why, when no more the marks of war were seen,\ CONCORD decreed a council shou'd convene,\ What for the publick good FAITH meant to do,\ Amend *old* edicts, or promulgate *new*.\

Then CONCORD first the gen'ral silence broke,\ Drew deep attention, and serenely spoke.\

Thrice happy Virtues! now compleatly blest!\ Henceforth consign'd to everlasting rest!\ Still true to God, and to the christian name!\ Full is th' allotted measure of your fame: Extinct the foe, that would your peace confound,\ And beat your *sacred city* to the ground;\ With hostile flames the *holy place* would burn,\ And all its glories into ashes turn.\ Now *private friendship* labour to improve,\ For *publick peace* is built on *private love*;\ *Domestick* ruptures thro' a *nation* run,\ And *private* quarrels have whole *states* undone;\ Watch ev'ry motion then with jealous care,\ And of *litigious sentiments* beware;\ *New sects* are oft by *private* zeal begot,\ And enmity soon learn'd, but ne'er forgot.\ For trifling notions friend with friend will part,\ And diff'rent tenets alienate the heart;\ However opposite you *think* or *write*,\ Let *christian charity* your *souls* unite;\ Of ev'ry life be that the ruling line;\ For what's *divided* hastens to *decline*.\ 'Twixt *God* and *Man* as JESUS interpos'd,\ And the wide breach by mediation clos'd;\ Sharing *both* natures, *both* he did combine,\ Earth rais'd to heav'n, and mortal to divine;\ Thus let, in acts of *body* and of *soul*,\ *One* spirit govern, and connect our whole.\ *Love* is th' gen'ral law; the *planets* run,\ By love attracted, round their central sun;\ *Love* is the cement of this earthly ball;\ Dissolve that cement, and the whole must fall.\ Of no *oblation* will your God approve,\ Unless prefer'd with *sanctity* and *love*;\ Ev'n on the altar when the *victim* lies,\ Heav'n will reject the blazing sacrifice,\ If livid flames of *wrath* within you hide,\ And from your brother turn your heart aside:\ Nay, should you stand the *persecutor's* flame,\ And bravely suffer for the *christian* name,\ Yet in your breast if *malice* should remain,\ The groaning *martyr* burns, and dies in vain:\ That little drop of *cordial gall* will sour\ The cup presented to the heav'nly pow'r.\ *Love*, *love* alone compleats the *christian* plan,\ And stamps *perfection* on the works of man;\ *Content* in ev'ry station can abide,\ Untouch'd with *envy*, and unswell'd with *pride*;\ When *injur'd* grieves not; readily *forgives*;\ And, so unbigotted, she all *believes*;\ With general pardon sure each day to crown,\ Her *wrath* must always with the *Sun* go down:\ Who seeks the favour of his God to win?\ With *love* at heart he must his suit begin:\ From that *oblation* fragrant odours rise,\ Peaceful on *earth*, and grateful to the *skies*.\ CHRIST will such votaries with joy receive,\ And due regard to their petitions give:\ But shou'd the *Tempter*, enemy to *Love*,\ Assume the plumage of the harmless *Dove*,\ Mix with the flock, and ape their manners too,\ As fondly bill, and as uxorious woe;\ By certain

marks we learn from God to know\ The *genuine turtle* from the *spurious foe*:\ In woolly softness oft the *Wolf* will hide\ His savage aspect, and his tawny pride,\ And safely, cover'd with the fair disguise,\ Pass unsuspected by the *Shepherd's* eyes,\ Fell rage, and slaughter thro' the flock will spread, And heap the fold with numbers of the dead:\ From them the *Hereticks* derive their arts,\ Thus *Arius*, and *Photinus* play'd their Parts;\ And thus my suffrances, tho' trivial, shew\ What hostile fraud will, undetected, do.\ No more she utter'd: When her plaintive tongue\ Drew groans of sympathy from all the throng.

Next FAITH, to heal their bleeding hearts, arose;\ No longer grieve, triumphant o'er your woes:\ Tho' death was slily aim'd at CONCORD's breast,\ I timely succour'd, and its force repress:\ *She* too to me will *mutual aid* afford;\ And, join'd with *her*, I fear no hostile sword.

But still one labour there remains to grace\ Our past achievements; and a work of peace;\ Resembling that, which was in JUDAH done\ By warlike DAVID's wise, *pacifick* Son;\ The prudent father from the work abstain'd,\ For royal *blood* his slaught'ring hand distain'd:\ And only hands, of *blood unconscious*, dare\ Erect, and consecrate an *House of Pray'r*:\ ZION with joy beheld the fabrick rise, And God, descendant from superior skies,\ Thither his *glory visible* translate,\ And make JERUSALEM his royal seat:\ Then did the *Ark*, itinerant before,\ Obtain a residence, and roam no more.\

Here too let us with JUDAH's monarch vie,\ And rear a stately structure to the sky;\ Where God may deign conspicuous to abide,\ And o'er the *Temples* of our *Hearts* preside;\ Say, what avails it, tho' our arms o'erthrew\ The rebel race, and quell'd the earth-born crew,\ If yet the Son of God, ordain'd to come\ Sin to abolish, and reverse our doom,\ Shall, heav'n descended, find no human breast\ Adorn'd, and furnish'd for its heav'nly guest?\ Quick then, *ye Sons of God*, *ye virtuous race*,\ Proceed to cultivate the works of *Peace*;\ No longer in the tented field appear,\ Poising the shield, and brandishing the spear;\ Of some rich Fane *project the grand design*,\ *Of Peace a monument, for God a shrine*.

Here FAITH her pious exhortation ends,\ And, with her *Sister*, from the tow'r descends,\ Studious by *Line* to measure ev'ry part,\ Confin'd, and govern'd by the rules of art,\ *Four* Fronts with curious symmetry to frame,\ That no odd angle shou'd the structure maim:\ *Three* gates are set to catch the morning ray,\ *Three* to the breezes from the western sea;\ *Three* more are beaten by the northern cold,\ And *three* a southern situation hold:\ Not of rude stone, which fossile earth supplies,\ The specious portals of each quarter rise;\ But solid *gems*, transpierc'd with artful skill,\ The stately arch of ev'ry portal fill;

The Plan of this Temple is taken from the Description of the New Jerusalem in the 21st Chapter of St. John's Revelations.

In ductile gold, from twelve compartments, flame,\ *Three* to a front, each *apostolick name*:\ By which the *Spirit* teaches us to find\ A *trinal* passage to the human mind;\ Shews by what channels, by what secret art,\ It gains the inmost altar of the heart,\ And prompts to pious vows, in ev'ry stage,\ Thro' the *four* seasons of revolving age:\ Whether the heat of life, as morning mild,\ Warms, with its gentle influence, the *child*;\ Or else, in *Youth's* hot veins, it burns and fires\ The soul to fierce, inordinate desires;\ Or when, in *Man*, it temp'rate and sedate,\ Mellows the fruits of life with autumn-heat;\ Or when, in *Age*, it shoots a feeble ray,\ Cold as the *North*, and scarce affords us day:\ At ev'ry front a *trinal Pow'r* we find,\ Guarding the posts their sov'reign Lord assign'd.

Three beauteous species of transparent stone\ Each front compos'd, and, in their orders, shone;\ From
lucid surfaces dart copious rays\ Of vivid colours, in a mingled blaze:\ In *one* the *Chrysolite*, with
clouded veins\ Of sparkling gold, the middle station gains;\ And, in fit union with its languid beams,\
Conjoins the *Beryl's*, and the *Sapphire's* flames.

In *this Chalcedons*, with their native gloom,\ Full light from neighbouring *Hyacinths* assume;\ Or, hid
with art in splendor not their own,\ Reflect the azure of the *Turquoise* stone.\

In *that* the sanguine *Amethyst* is laid,\ To tinge the *Sardonyx* a watry red;\ And various *Jaspers*, to that
quarter born,\ Diffuse their splendor, and the whole adorn.\

Fair, in the *fourth*, the *Emerald* is seen,\ Vying with nature in a vernal green;\ From ev'ry point a sylvan
splendor streams,\ A lucid verdure, and cærulean beams.\ There too, O *Chrysoprass*, you hold a place,\
And fast by thee, the *Topazes* unite\ A golden lustre, and refreshing light.\ The cordage cracks, the
lab'ring wheels scarce rear,\ The pond'rous masses of the gems they bear.

The inmost shrine, for *Wisdom's* throne design'd,\ Stands on sev'n columns of the crystal kind;\ O'er
which is laid, of *one* pellucid stone,\ A curious capital, in form a *cone*;\ Along the base are sinuous
flutings wrought,\ With softest touch, and elegance of thought.\ The same the *pearl*, which FAITH so
high did rate,\ And *cheaply* purchas'd with her *whole* estate.\

There *heav'n-born* WISDOM constantly resides,\ And there all national concerns decides,\ Enacts new
laws, and publishes a plan\ To form, and regulate the life of man:\ A *sylvan* scepter in her hand she
bears,\ Untouch'd, uninjur'd by the waste of years;\ Nor shape, nor polish from the loom it drew,\ But
rough, and branchy; of a rustick hue;\ And, tho' no sap the sever'd root supplies,\ Its verdure fades not,
nor the blossom dies:\ The snow-white lilly, and the russet rose\ A twining foliage round the trunk
dispose;\ All fresh and gay, as in their earthy beds\ They never droop, they never hang their heads.

Such once, of old, in A'RON's hand was seen\ For ever blooming in a vernal green;\ Still round the arid,
unprolifick wood\ Unfading leaves, and rural beauties stood.\

Indulgent Lord! who didst, in mercy, deign\ To aid the poet, and supply the strain,\ To thee our thanks
we pay in *vocal* lays,\ For *vice* untunes the heart for *silent* praise.\ By thee assisted bravely we repress\
Th' *insidious thoughts*, that harbour'd in the breast;\ By thee enlight'ned clearly we beheld\ The dreadful
combats of the *carnal* field;\ Saw doubtful *Fortune* hov'ring o'er the *heart*,\ Now take the worse, and
then the better part,\ Now sway to *Vice*, anon to *Virtue* bend,\ Now save, now damn, and to perdition
send.\

Oft have I felt the influence of the God,\ When in my soul he fix'd his fair abode,\ Did strength to ev'ry
faculty impart,\ And drive the crowd of *rebels* from my heart,\ But soon these glitt'ring scenes of joy
were o'er,\ And vice, and darkness triumph as before;\ Wars, horrid wars within my *bosom* rage,\ And
man's *two* natures furiously engage;\ The *carnal frame* endeavours to retain\ Th' *etherial spirit* in a
miry chain;\ The *spirit*, active as the solar ray,\ Repels th' *oppressor*, and aspires to day:\ Thus *darkness*
jars incessantly with *light*,\ And *hostile natures* animate the fight;\ 'Till *life's* great *Lord* appears on
Virtue's side,\ Then quick those tumults of the soul subside;\ No noise is heard; all earthly quarrels
cease,\ And ev'ry *Virtue* is enthron'd in peace:\ Where *Vice*, harsh tyrant, play'd without controul,\ Now
CHRIST commands, and decorates the soul;\ With *moral charms* bedecks the *mental fane*,\ Where you,
fair WISDOM, shall for ever reign.

Source: Anonymous English verse translation, printed 1743 as "Psychomachia; the war of the soul: or, the battle of the virtues, and vices.

Translated from Aur. Prudentius Clemens."

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