
[Book I]

Now May’rs and Shrieves all hush’d and satiate lay,  
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;  
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,  
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.  
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls,  
What City-Swans once sung within the walls;  
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,  
And sure succession down from Heywood’s days.  
She saw with joy the line immortal run,  
Each fire imprest and glaring in his son;  
So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care  
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.  
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,  
And Eusden eke out Blackmore’s endless line;  
She saw slow Phillips creep like Tate’s poor page,¹  
And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

[Book II]

Earless on high, stood unabash’d Defoe,  
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge, below :  
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell’d might ye view,  
The very worsted still looked black and blue :  
Himself among the storied Chiefs he spies,  
As from the blanket high in air he flies […]

¹ ‘Old Pryn in restless Daniel…’ : The first edition had it, ‘She saw in Norton all his father shine’; a great mistake! For Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W[illiam] Pryn, both of whom wrote Verses as well as Politicks; as appears by the poem De Jure Divino, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley’s Miscellanies of the other :

… One lately did not fear  
(Without the Muses’ leave) to plant verse here.  
But it produced such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-Rhymes, as e’en set the hearers’ ears on edge :  
Written by William Prynn Esquire, the  
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.  
Brave Jersey Muse! and he’s for his high stile  
Call’d to this day the Homer of the Isle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentene’d to the Pillory.