

And partly like a spreading bower :
 'Twere hard, indeed, to find a name
 To designate aright the same ;
 A whole whose parts are jessamine,
 Sweet-brier, and fragrant eglantine,
 With cedar sprays and slips of fir,
 And southern-wood and lavender.
 Upon his crown, that bold he rears,
 A monstrous heliotrope appears ;
 And central hung, beneath his nose,
 An odorous, celestial rose ;
 While lily-cups, perhaps filled for drought,
 In white festoon surround his mouth ;
 And buttercups and scarlet bean
 Do vallance, like pled beard, his chin.
 Upon his cheeks, like beds of bloom,
 Are mignonette and marjoram ;
 And balsam precious, from his ears
 Protruding, bunched profuse appears.
 Likewise a zone around him hung
 Of various berries quaintly strung,
 And rambling, tendrilled, fragrant pea
 Around his rambling legs I see ;
 And he, as hitherward he hurries,
 Fool's-parsley 'tween his fingers carries,
 While, still to keep the whole together,
 He has procured the woodbine's tether,
 And, as 't' the midst, his eyes appear,—
 They wear a wild and jovial leer :
 Most different he, thus pranked around,
 A green buffoon, than when I found
 Him lately looking lean and bare,
 Save covering of official care,
 In Gibeah carked, and void of sense,
 Save void on me his insolence.

This passage did not appear in either the first or second editions, but was added by Heavysege to the third.

We now approach the climax of Saul's tragic career. Forsaken of God, he visits the Witch of Endor, and seeks by enchantment to obtain from the ghost of Samuel help in his trouble, for the Philistines are pressing him closely, and he knows not where to turn for succour. Samuel tells him that the Philistines will be victorious, and that Saul and his sons must lie among the slain.

Saul raves in his anguish:

The priests ! the priests !—'twas Doeg's hands, not mine:
 Mine are not red with Aaron's blood.—See, see !
 Who comes before me yonder, clothed in blood ?