

C. 102

THE FOUR INDIAN KINGS.

PART. I.

How a beautiful Lady conquered one of
the Indian Kings.

ATTEND unto a true relation,
Of four Indian Kings of late,
Who came to this Christian nation,
To report their sorrows great,
Which by France they had sustained
To the overthrow of trade;
That the seas might be regained,
Who are come to beg our aid.
Having told their sad condition,
To our good and gracious queen
With a humble low submission,
Mixt with a courteous mein,
Noble they were all received
In bold Britain's royal court.
Many lords and ladies grieved,
At these Indian king's report.
Now their message being ended,
To the queen's great majesty;
They were further besetted
Of the noble standers by.
With a glance of Britain's glory,
Buildings, troops, and many things,
But now comes a pressing story,
Love seiz'd one of these four kings,
Thus, as it was then related,
Walking forth to take the air,
In St. James's Park there waited
Troops of handsome ladies fair,
Rich and gaudily attir'd,
Rubies, jewels, diamond rings.
One fair lady was admir'd
By the youngest of those kings.
While he did his pain discover,
Often fighting to the rest;
Like a broken hearted lover,
Of her smote upon his breast.
Breaking forth in lamentation,
Oh, the pains that I endure!
The young ladies of this nation,
They are more than mortals sure.

In his language he related,
How her angel beauty bright,
His great heart had captivated,
Ever since she appear'd in sight.
Tho' there are some fair and pretty
Youthful, proper, strait, and tall,
In this Christian land and city,
Yet she far excells them all,
Were I worthy of her favour,
Which is much better then gold,
Then I might enjoy for ever,
Charming blessings manifold.
But I fear she cannot love me,
I must hope for no such thing:
That sweet saint is far above me,
Although I am an Indian king.
Let me sign but my petition,
Unto that lady fair and clear:
Let her know my sad condition,
How I languish under her.
If on me, after this trial,
She will no eye of pity cast,
But return a flat denial,
Friends I can but die at last.
If a fall by this distraction,
Thro' a lady's cruelty;
It is some satisfaction
That I do a martyr die.
Unto the goddess of great beauty,
Brighter than the morning day:
Sure no greater piece of duty,
No poor captive love can pay.
O this fatal burning fever,
Gives me little hopes of life,
If so that I cannot have her
For my love and lawful wife.
Bear to her this royal token,
Tell her 'tis my diamond ring;
Pray her that it may not be spoken,
She'll destroy an Indian King.
Who is able to advance her
In our fine America,
Let me soon receive an answer,
From her hand without delay.
Every minute seems an hour,
Every hour six. I'm sure;
Tell her it is in her power
At this time to kill or cure.
Tell her that you see me ready