

C. 102

# THE FOUR INDIAN KINGS.

## PART. I.

How a beautiful Lady conquered one of  
the Indian Kings.

**A**TTEND 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 mayn't 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

To expire for her sake  
And as she is a Christian lady,  
Sure she will some pity take.  
I shall long for your returning  
From that pure unspotted dove,  
All the while I do lie burning,  
Wrapt in scorching flames of love,

PART II.

The Lady's Answer to the Indian King's  
Request.

I Will fly with your petition  
Unto that lady fair and clear,  
For to tell your sad condition,  
I will to her parents bear.  
Show her how you do adore her,  
And lie bleeding for her sake;  
Having laid the cause before her,  
She perhaps may pity take.  
Ladies that are apt to glory  
In their youthful birth and state,  
So hear I'll rehearse the story  
Of their being truly great.  
So farewell, sir, for a season,  
I will soon return again:  
If she's but endow'd with reason,  
Labour is not spent in vain.  
Having found her habitation,  
Which with diligence he sought,  
Tho' renown'd in her station,  
She was to his presence brought.  
Where he labour'd to discover  
How is lord and master lay,  
Like a pensive wounded lover,  
By her charms the other day.  
As a token of his honour,  
He has sent this ring of gold  
Set with diamonds. Save the owner,  
For his griefs are manifold.  
Life and death are both depending  
On what answer you can give,  
Here he lies your charms commending  
Grant him love that he may live.  
You may tell your lord and master,  
Said the charming lady fair,  
Tho' I pity this disaster,  
Being catch'd in Cupid's snare  
Tis aginst all true discretion,  
To comply with what I scorn:  
He's a Heathen by profession,

I a Christian bred and born,  
Was he king of many nations,  
Crowns and royal dignity,  
And I born of mean relations,  
You may tell him that from me.  
As long as I have life and breathing  
My true God I will adore,  
Nor will ever wed a Heathen,  
For the richest Indian store.  
I have had my education  
From my Infant blooming youth,  
In this Christian land and nation,  
Where the blessed word and truth  
Is to be enjoy'd with pleasure,  
Amongst Christians mild and kind,  
Which is more than all the treasure  
Can be had with Heathens wild.  
Madam, let me be admitted  
Once to speak in his defence;  
If he heere then may be pity'd,  
Breath not forth such violence.  
He and all the rest were telling  
How well they lik'd this place;  
And declared themselves right willing  
To receive the light of grace.  
So then, lady, be not cruel,  
His unhappy state condole;  
Quench the flame, abate the fuel,  
Spare his life, and save his soul.  
Since it lies within your power  
Either to destroy or save,  
Send him word this happy hour  
That you'll heal the wound you gave.  
While the messenger he pleaded  
With this noble virtuous maid,  
All the words then she minded  
Which his master he had said.  
Then she spoke like one concern'd,  
Tell your master this from me,  
Let him, let him first be turn'd  
From his gross Idolatry.  
If he will become a Christian,  
Live up to the truth reveal'd,  
I will make him grant the question,  
Or before will never yield.  
Altho' he was pleas'd to send to me,  
His fine ring and diamond stone,  
With this answer pray commend me  
To your master yet unknown.