

## Alexander Brome (1620–1666)

### The Satyr of Money

IT is not the Silver or Gold of its self,  
That makes men adore it; but 'tis for its power:  
For no man does dote upon pelf, because pelf;  
But all court the Lady in hopes of her Dower.  
The wonders that now in our daies we behold,  
Done by th' irresistible power of Gold,  
Our Love, and our Zeal, and Allegiance do mould.

This purchaseth Kingdoms, Kings, Scepters, & Crowns;  
Wins Battels, and conquers the Conquerors bold;  
Takes Bulwarks, and Castles, and Armies, and Towns,  
Our prime Laws, are written in letters of Gold:  
'Tis this that our Parliaments calls, and creates;  
Turns Kings into Keepers, and Kingdoms to States,  
And Peopledoms this into High-doms translates.

This plots doth devise, then discovers what th' are;  
This makes the great folons the lesser condemn:  
Sets those on the bench that should stand at the bar;  
Who judge such as by right, ought to execute them:  
Gives the boystrous Clown his unsufferable pride;  
Make•Beggars, and •ols, and usurpers to •ide,  
While ruin'd properties run by their side.

Stamp either the arms of the State, or the King,  
St. George or the breeches, C. R. or O. P.  
The Cross and the fiddle, 'tis all the same thing.  
This still is the Queen, who e're the King be.  
This lines mens Religion, builds doctrines and truth,  
With zeal, and the spirit; the factious endu'th,  
To club with St. Katherine, or sweet sister Ruth.

This made our black Senate to sit still so long;  
To make themselves rich by making us poor;  
This made our bold Army so daring, and strong;  
And that made them drive 'um like Geese out of door.  
'Twas this made the Covenant-makers to make it;  
And this made our Levites to make us to take it;  
And this made both makers and takers forsake it.

This spawn'd the dunghil crew of Committees and 'Strators,  
Who lived by picking their Parliaments Gums;  
This made, and then prospered Rebels and Traytors,  
And made Gentry of those that were the Nations scums.  
Page 131 This Herald gives arms, not for merit but store;  
Gives Coats unto such, as did sell coats before;  
If their nockers be lin'd but with Argent and Or.

'Tis this makes the Lawyer give judgment and pledd,  
On this side, or that side, on both sides or neither,  
This makes Yeomen Clerks, that can scarce write or read,  
And spawns arbitrary orders as various as the weather:  
This makes the blew-lecturor pray, preach and prate,  
Without reason or truth against K. Church, or State,  
To shew the thin linyng of his twice-cover'd pa•e.

'Tis this that makes Earls, Lords, Knights, & Esquires,  
Without breeding, discent, wit, learning, or merit;  
Makes Ropers and Ale-drapers Sheriffs of Shires,  
Whose trade's not so low, nor so base as their spirits  
This Justices makes, and wise ones we know;  
Furr'd Aldermen likewise, and Mayors also,  
Makes the old wife to trot, and makes the Mare go.

This makes the blew aprons write themselves wor|shipful,  
And for this we stand bare, and before 'um do fall;  
They leave their young Heirs well fleeced with wool,  
whom we're to call Squires, and they're to pay all;  
Who with beggarly souls, though their bodies are gawdy,  
Court the pale Chamber-maid, and nick-name her a Lady;  
And for want of discourse they do swear and talk baudy.

For money mens lives may be purchas'd and sold,  
'Tis money breaks laws, and that mends 'um again;  
Men venture their quiet and safety for gold,  
When they won't stir a foot their rights to maintain.  
This Doctors createth of Dunces, and those,  
Commanders that use to pollute their hose;  
This buyes the spruce gallant his verse and his prose.

This marriages makes, 'tis the centre of love;  
It draws on the man, and it pricks up the woman;  
Birth, vertue, and parts, no affection can move,  
While this makes Lords bow to the brat of a Broom-man.  
Gives vertue, and beauty to the lass that you woe,  
Makes women of all sorts and ages to do;  
'Tis the soul of the world, and the worldling too.

This horses procures you, and hawks, hounds, and hares;  
'Tis this keeps your Groom, and your Groom keeps your Geldings;  
It buyes Citizens wives as well as their wares,  
And makes your coy Ladies so coming and yielding;  
This buyes us good Sack, which revives like the spring;  
This gives the poetical fancies their wing;  
This makes you as merry as we that do sing.

## Philip James Bailey (1816–1902)

### An Ancient Legend

A stone stands in a rustic town  
Which once the neighbouring hill did crown;  
Nigh to the house of God it lay  
Before 'twas set where now it stands,  
And how and why there, graybeards say,  
Was ne'er the work of mortal hands.  
But list, and ye eftsoons shall know,  
From runes translated into rhyme,  
How saint and fiend would have it so  
Far back within the olden time.

That holy church stands fair and free,  
Those festive bells peal merrily,  
As well they might and still they may  
On many a bright autumnal day,  
When both in hostel, cot, and hall,  
They hold the village festival.

The godly rustics on that day  
At church had met to praise and pray,  
And thank the Giver of all good,  
Through Him that died upon the rood,  
For harvests stored and daily food;  
And as saint Wilfrid's care they claimed  
Oft in their prayers his name was named.  
At morn, at noon, at eventide,  
Their task the merry ringers plied,  
Peeling each time with joy increased  
A welcome to the rustic feast.

But it roused the wrath of the fell fiend,  
As high o'er minster--fane he leaned,  
In the dim glooming of the day  
Blent with the moonlight's silvery gray.  
Quoth he ``I hate that holy peal,  
Yon festal church my wrath shall feel."

He said; and from the stately lands,  
Whereon the high cathedral stands,  
He heaved a huge gray granite stone  
Erst as a Druid's altar known;  
And lifting it between his teeth,  
And three times scanty drawing breath,  
Wide on the air his arms he spread  
And dropped it on the minster's head;  
E'en as an eagle drops a hare  
Brought for her callow younglets' fare.

Upon the main tower straight he stands,  
And as he glanced o'er field and fell,  
He weighed the weapon in his hands  
And took his aim and distance well;  
And when the moon's last glimmering ray  
Died on the tall church spire away,  
Three hours he gazed it through the dark,  
Nor winked his eye once on the mark.  
As midnight tolled, for mightiest then  
Is all demoniac power o'er men,  
The rock he raised--Foul fiend forbear!--  
And hurled it hurtling through the air.  
Saint Wilfrid, from his seat above,  
Where with the blest, whose deathless days  
Are passed 'tween deeds of sacred love  
And their adored Redeemer's praise,  
Cast on the house of praise and prayer,  
The object of his hallowed care,  
One glance, and marked the missile fly  
Midway betwixt the earth and sky.

A momentary prayer he made;  
And there the mighty mass was stayed;  
Aloft in air the altar hung,  
As moveless as before 'twas flung.

Then spake saint Wilfrid: ``Baffled fiend,  
What evil can from Heaven be screened?  
Though in the depth of midnight thou  
Didst ween to crush yon pile below,  
Yet know that to celestial eyes  
Divinest daylight never dies,  
And saints defend the things they love  
As God protects the saints above.  
While men invoke their holy names,  
And on their prayers for succour call,  
So long shall saints fulfil their claims,  
So long their shrines shall never fall.

He ceased; the air--arrested rock  
Fell earthwards with a harmless shock,  
A long half mile beyond the bound  
Of the good church's hallowed ground.  
The Demon balked made off in rage,  
And the stone slept for many an age.

And still--a startling sight I ween--  
The foul fiend's teeth--dints may be seen;  
And still, though gray and wondrous old,  
The stone itself is never cold,  
But keeps within its fated form  
A gust of the fiend's fire--breath warm.