

# Katherine Philips, On the 3rd of September 1651

As when the glorious Magazine of Light  
Approaches to his Canopy of Night  
He with the new splendor clothes his dying Rays,  
And double brightness to his Beams conveys;  
And (as to brave and check his ending fate)  
Puts on his highest look in's lowest state  
Dreft in such terrour as to make us all  
Be **Anti-Persians**, and adore his Fall  
Then quits the world depriving it of Day  
While Every Herb and Plant does droop away;  
So when our gasping **English** Royalty  
Perciev'd her **Period** was now drawing nigh,  
She summons her whole strength to give one blow,  
To raise her self, or pull down others too.  
Big with revenge and hope she now spake more  
Of terror than in many months before;  
And musters her Attendants or to fave  
Her from, or else attend her to, the Grave:  
Yet but enjoy'd the miserable fate  
Of setting Majesty, to die in State.  
Unhappy Kings, who cannot keep a Throne,  
Nor be so fortunate to fall alone!  
Thier weight sinks others: **Pompey** could not fly,  
But half the World must bear him company;  
And captiv'd **Sampson** could not life conclude,  
Unless attended with a multitude.  
Who'd trust to greatness now, whose food is air,  
Whose ruine sudden, and whose end despair?  
Who would presume upon his Glorious Birth,  
Or quarrel for a spacious share of Earth  
That sees such Diadems become so cheap,  
And Heros tumble in a common heap?  
Oh give me Vertue then, which sums up all,  
And firmly stands when Crowns and Scepters fall.

Edited by Nicholas Dugan