

**“Zimri”**

**Selection from Absalom and Achitophel**

**by John Dryden**

Season 6, Episode 3

Air Date: November 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2021

A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed;  
Of the true old Enthusiastick breed;  
'Gainst Form and Order they their Power employ;  
Nothing to Build and all things to Destroy.  
But far more numerous was the herd of such,  
Who think too little, and who talk too much.  
These, out of meer instinct, they knew not why,  
Ador'd their fathers God, and Property:  
And, by the same blind benefit of Fate,  
The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:  
Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;  
Because they could not help believing right.  
Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more  
Remains, of sprouting heads too long, to score.

In the first Rank of these did Zimri stand:  
A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all Mankinds Epitome.  
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long:  
But in the course of one revolving Moon,  
Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon:  
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;  
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.  
Blest Madman, who could every hour employ,  
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!  
Rayling and praising were his usual Theams;  
And both (to shew his Judgment) in Exreams:  
So over Violent, or over Civil,  
That every man, with him, was God or Devil.  
In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:  
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.  
Begger'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:  
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.  
He laught himself from Court, then sought Relief  
By forming Parties, but could ne're be Chief.  
For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell  
On Absalom and Achitophel:  
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

