

"The Death of King Charles II"

By John Dryden

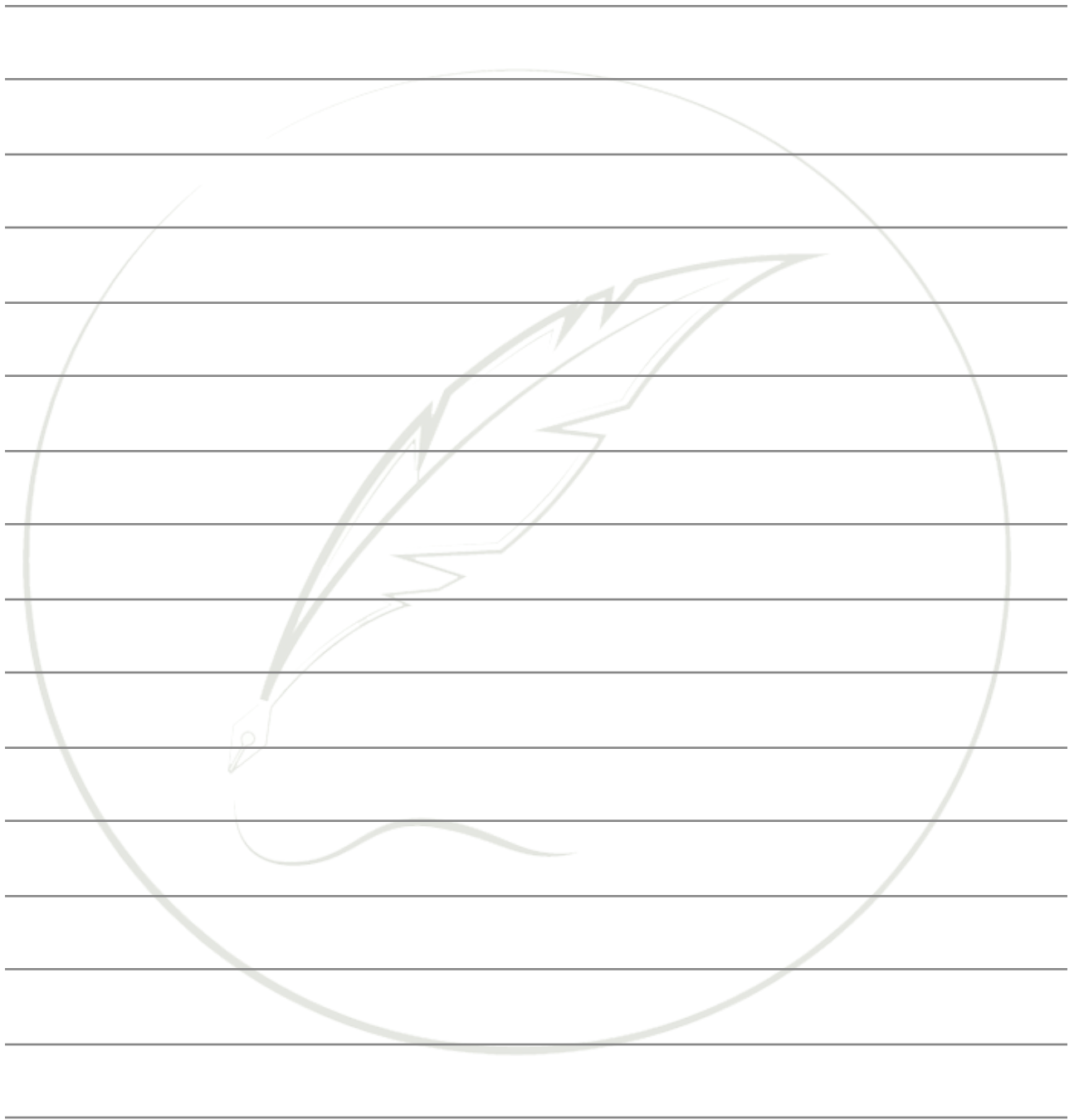
Season 17, Episode 2

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The sons of art all med'cines tried,
And every noble remedy applied;
With emulation each essayed
His utmost skill; nay more, they prayed:
Never was losing game with better conduct
 played.
Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was Fate so near a foil:
But like a fortress on a rock,
Th' impregnable disease their vain attempts
 did mock;
They mined it near, they battered from afar,
With all the cannon of the med'cinal war;
No gentle means could be essayed,
'Twas beyond parley when the siege was laid.
Th' extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain
As none but Caesar could sustain;
Undaunted Caesar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could
 invent:

In five such days he suffered more
Than any suffered in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he
Against the worst of rebels could decree,
A traitor or twice-pardoned enemy.
Now art was tired without success,
No racks could make the stubborn malady
 confess.
The vain insurers of life,
And he who most performed, and promised
 less,
Ev'n Short himself forsook th' unequal strife.
Death and despair was in their looks,
No longer they consult their memories or
 books;
Like helpless friends who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest
 roar,
So stood they with their arms across,
Not to assist, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loss.

NOTES/NARRATION:



A large, faint watermark is centered on the page. It consists of a circle containing a quill pen with a feather attached to its top. The quill is positioned diagonally, pointing towards the bottom-left. The feather is on the right side of the quill. The watermark is overlaid on a series of horizontal lines that provide a guide for writing notes or a narration.

Recited By:

Date Recited: