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BRATHWAYTE'S
ODES;
OR
PHILOMEL'S TEARS.

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*Price 7s. 6d.*  
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LEE PRIORY PRESS.

1815.

This Work is limited to Eighty Copies.

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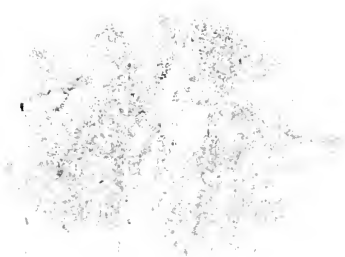
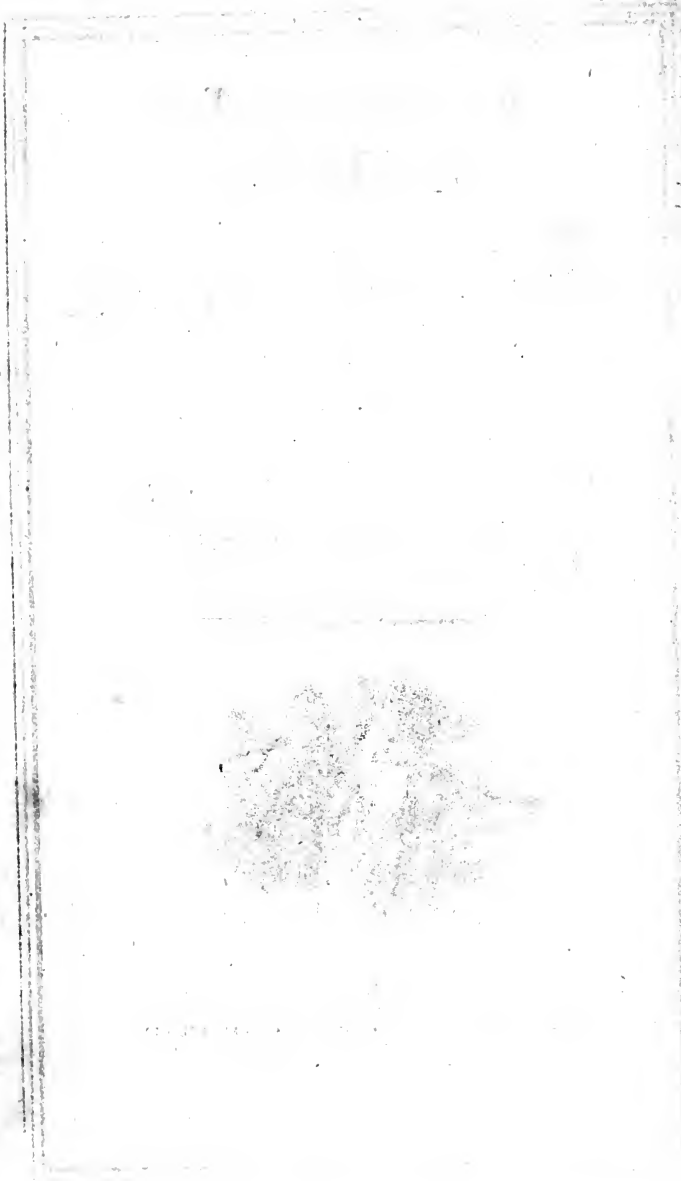
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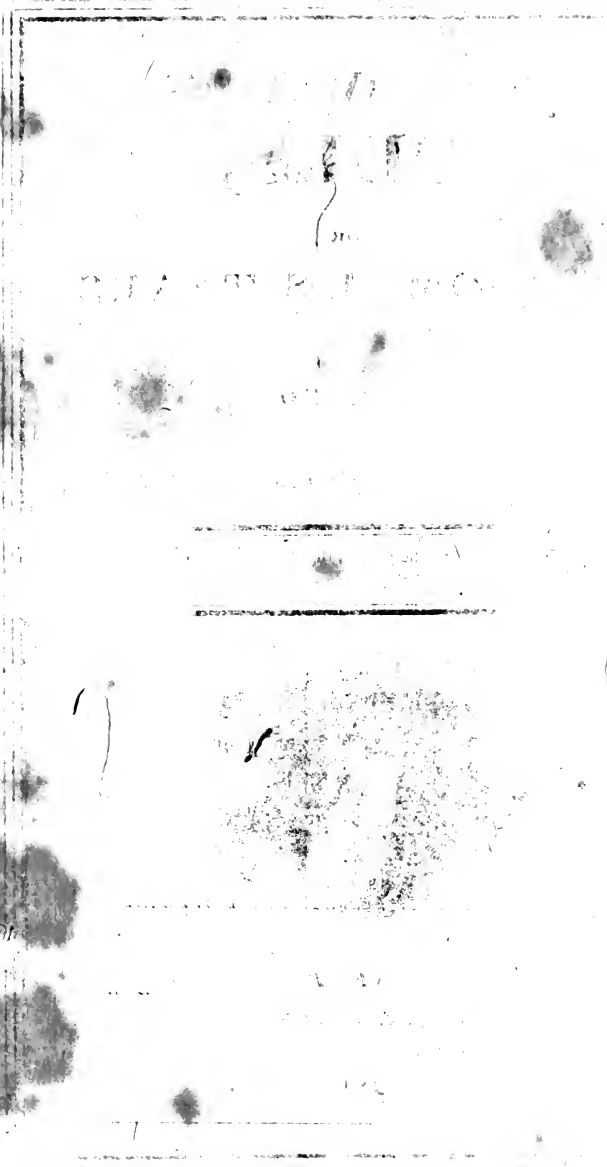
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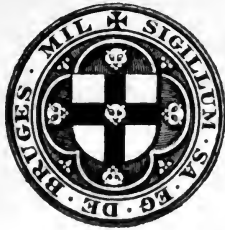
EDITED
BY
SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

Wise are the feathery tribe, that haunt the groves ;
And various are their voices and their loves.



KENT:
Printed at the private Press of Lee Priory ;
BY JOHNSON AND WARWICK.
1815.





TO
PHILIP BLISS, Esq.
OF
SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD,
THIS BRIEF SPECIMEN
OF
Brathwante's Poetry
IS
DEDICATED,
AS
A MARK OF RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP,
BY
S. E. B.

London, July 1, 1815.

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ADVERTISEMENT.



F RICHARD BRATH-
WAYTE, *the Author*
of these ODES, a

*Memoir has lately been given in
the Sixth Part of 'ARCHAICA,'
published by Messrs. Longman,
Hurst, and Co. He was born
at Warcop, in Westmoreland,
in 1588; and died at Appleton,
in Yorkshire, in 1673, at the
age of 85; having, after an
education at Oxford, spent the
greater part of his life as a*

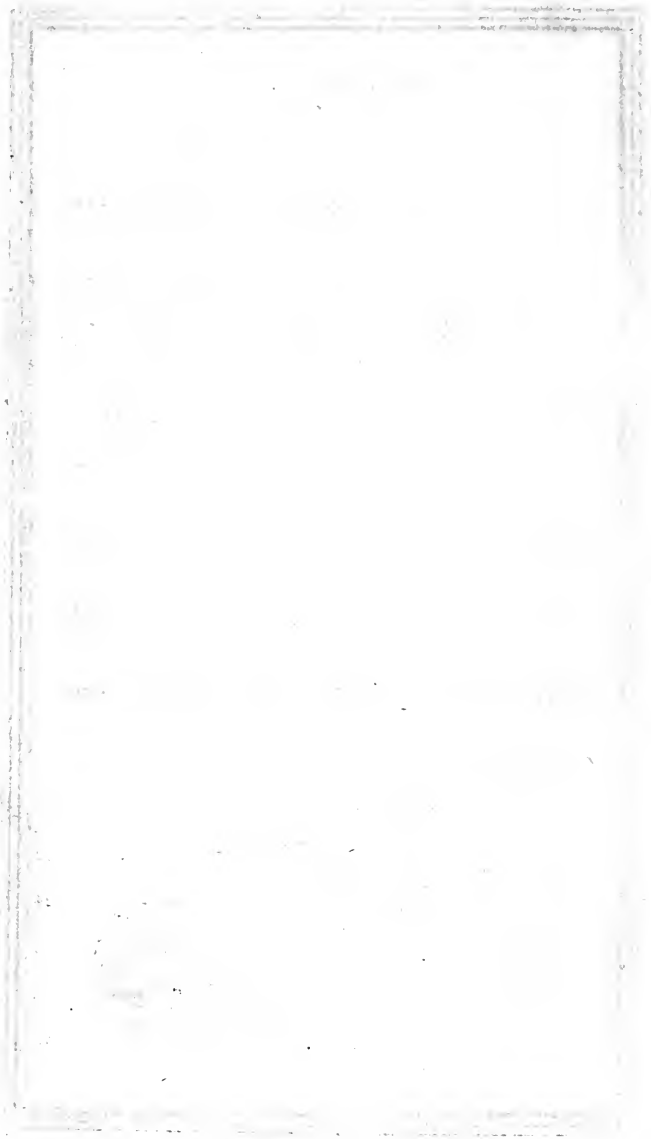
country gentleman in those Northern Counties. His publications were numerous, and some of them popular. He has long ceased to be classed among the admitted poets of the nation; and all his poetical productions have become very rare. On this account the following short specimen of his genius has been selected for revival; and if the Editor's taste be correct, it will prove him not to have

~~~~~  
*been without merit, either for  
fancy, sentiment, or expression.*

*Readers of narrow curiosity  
may think such revivals of for-  
gotten poetry useless; and the  
superficial may deem them dull:  
the highly cultivated and candid  
mind will judge of them far  
otherwise!*

*London, July 1, 1815.*





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**ODES;**  
OR  
**PHILOMEL'S TEARS.**

---

BY  
*RICHARD BRATHWAYTE, ESQ.*

---

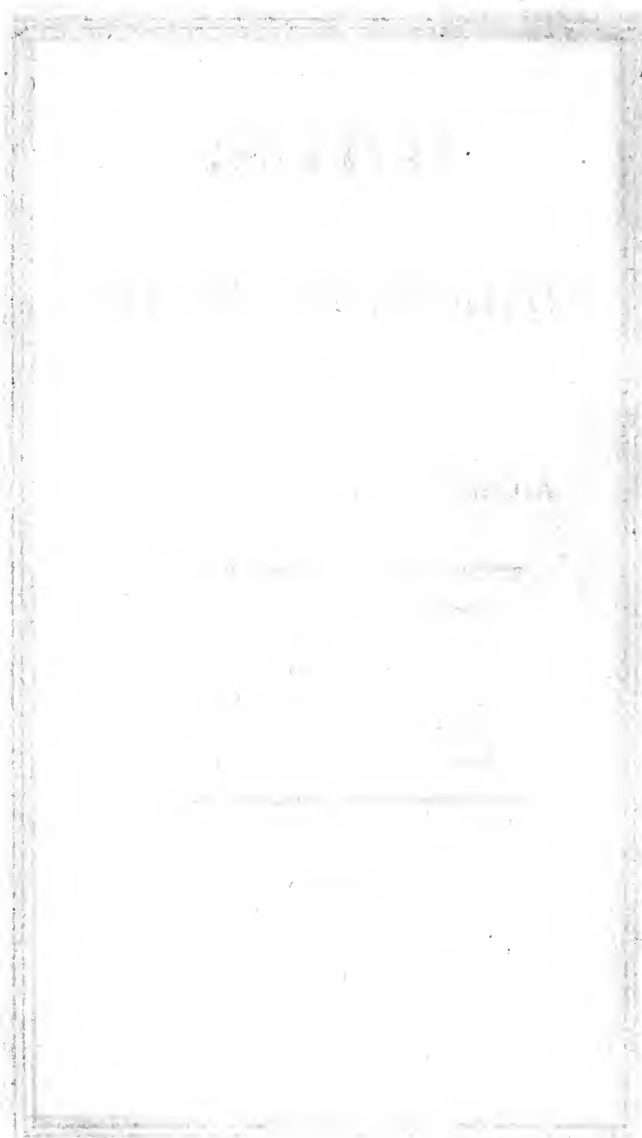
Odes in strains of sorrow tell  
Fate and fall of every fowl,  
Mounting Merlin, Philomel,  
Lagging Lapwing, Swallow, Owl;  
Whence you may observe how state  
Rais'd by pride, is raz'd by hate.

---

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR RICHARD WHITAKER.

1621.





TO THE GENEROUS, INGENIOUS, AND JUDICIOUS  
PHILALETHIST,

THOMAS OGLE, Esq.

THE SUCCEEDING ISSUE OF HIS DIVINEST WISHES.



UNKNOWN to you I am, yet known

I am

To th' better part of you, your vir-  
tuous name;

Which like a precious odour hath infus'd  
Your love so much in me, as I have choos'd  
Yourself to patronize what I have writ,  
Whose name I thought had power to shelter it.  
I grant indeed, Smooth<sup>a</sup> Eagle for your name,  
Includes the sun reflecting (Anagram)

<sup>a</sup> *Sic tereti cursu repetit spiracula montis  
Aquila, quæ valles spernit, ut alta petat  
Sol radios mittit, radiosque reflectit ocellis;  
Aquila sis visu semper (Amice) tuo.*

*Alcyat. in Emblem. Samb. ibd. Plin. in Nat. Hit. Ælian. ibid.  
Greg. in Mor. expo. in Job.*

2 . . . . Dedication.

~~~~~

These birds which in my Odes their fates display,
Are same night birds, as others of the day;
Which in my judgment tenders more delight,
To see how sins are curtained by night,
Whereas the day sends forth his golden rays,
And shews such birds as chant their Maker's praise.
Which moral, as it suits these times of ours,
I do disclaim my right in't, it is yours,
If you esteem it worthy to obtain
Your approbation: this is all our aim.

R. B.

—————

ODES.

ODE I.

*The Traveller dilating upon the sundry changes of
Human Affairs, most fluctuant when appear-
ing most constant.*



TELL me man, what crea-
ture may
Promise him such safe
repose,

As secure from heat of foes,
He may thus much truly say,
Nought I have I fear to lose,
No mischance can me dismay;
Tell me, pray thee (if thou can)
If the world have such a man!

Tell me, if thou canst discern
By thy Reason's excellence,

~~~~~

What man for his providence,  
Of the pismire may not learn:  
Yet that creature hath but sense,  
Though she do her living earn:  
Spare, not costly, is her fare,  
Yet her granar shews her care!

Tell me, canst thou shew me him,  
That exact in each device,  
Is at all times truly wise,  
And is never seen to swim  
(For in this his judgment lies)  
'Gainst the current of the stream,  
But seems to have full command,  
Of each thing he takes in hand!

Tell me, was there ever known  
Such a man that had a wit,

~~~~~

And in some part knew not it,
 Till at last conceited grown,
 He grew prouder than was fit,
 Ever boasting of his own;
 For that maxim true we know,
 He that's witty, knows him so!

Tell me, is that man on earth,
 Whose affairs so stable are,
 As they may for all his care,
 Fall not cross and crab'dly forth;
 And of sorrows have no share,
 Which descend to man by birth;
 What is he can promise rest,
 When his mind's with grief opprest!

Tell me, is there ought so strong,
 Firmly, constant, permanent,

Or on earth such true content,
As it fadeth not ere long?
Is there ought so excellent,
As it changeth not her song,
And in time that all devours,
Mixeth sweets with sharpest sours?

Tell me, who is he that shines
In the height of princes' love,
Sitting minion---like, with Jove,
Glorying in those golden times;
But he fears something may move
His distaste by whom he climbs;
Wherefore he that fears to fall,
Should forbear to climb at all!

Tell me, where is Fortune plac'd,
That she may not men beguile,

~~~~~

Shrouding frowns with feigned smile;  
 Where is he so highly grac'd,  
 Shewing greatness in his style,  
 Hath not been in time out-fac'd,  
 By some rival, where still one  
 Strives to put another down!

Tell me, then, what life can be  
 More secure, than where report  
 Makes us only known to th' Court,  
 Where we lead our lives so free,  
 As we're strangers to resort,  
 Save our private family;  
 For I think that dwelling best,  
 Where least cares disturb our rest!



ODE II.

THE NIGHTINGALE.



UG, jug; fair fall the  
Nightingale,  
Whose tender breast  
Chaunts out her merry  
madrigal,  
With hawthorn prest:  
Te'u, te'u, thus sings she even by even,  
And represents the melody in heaven;  
T'is, t'is,  
I am not as I wish.

Rape-defiled Philomel  
In her sad mischance,  
Tells what she is forc'd to tell,  
While the Satyrs dance:



ODES. . . . 7

---

Unhappy I, quoth she, unhappy I,  
That am betray'd by Tereus' treachery;

T'is, t'is,

I am not as I wish.

Chast---unchaste, deflower'd, yet

Spotless in heart,

Lust was all that he could get,

For all his art:

For I ne'er attention lent

To his suit, nor gave consent;

T'is, t'is,

I am not as I wish.

Thus hath faithless Tereus made

Heartless Philomel

Moan her in her forlorn shade,

Where grief I feel:

Grief that wounds me to the heart,  
 Which though gone, hath left her smart;  
 T'is, t'is,  
 I am not as I wish.

## ODE III.

## THE LAPWING.



UNHAPPY I to change my  
 airy nest,  
 For this same marish dwelling  
 where I rest,  
 Wherefore my song while I repeat,  
 I'll close it up;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Every cow-herd, driving his beasts to graze,  
 Disturbs my rest, me from my nest doth raise,  
 Which makes my young take up this song,

To wreak my wrong;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Thou subtle Stockdove that hast cheated  
me,  
By taking up thy nest where I should be,  
Hast me and mine in peril set,  
Whose song is fit;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Solely-retired, see I live alone,  
Far from recourse, or sight of any one,  
And well that life would suit with me,  
Were I but free;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Young ones I have, that thinking I am fled,  
Do leave their nest, and run with shell on  
head,

And having found me out, we cry,  
Both they and I;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Crest-curl'd mates, why do you bear so long  
The Stockdove's pride, that triumphs in  
your wrong?

Let us our signals once display,  
And make him say;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Too tedious hath our bondage been I wis,  
And only patience was the cause of this,  
Where if we would contract our power,  
We'd sing no more;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

March on then bravely, as if Mars were  
here,



And hate no guest so much as slavish Fear;  
Let the proud Stockdove feel your wing,  
That he may sing;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Let none escape, though they submissive  
seem,  
Till you have spoil'd and quite unfeather'd  
them;  
So you shall make them veil the wing,  
And henceforth sing;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*



## ODE IV.

## THE OWL.



A King's daughter, see what pride  
may do,

In fatal yew takes up my forlorn  
seat,

The cause whereof was this, if you would know,  
I would have better bread then grew on wheat,  
Though now a mouse be all the food I eat,  
And glad I am when I can feed of it.

Ruff-curl'd neck, see I reserve some show  
Of what I was, though far from her I was,  
Wherein my boundless pride so far did grow,  
That as in place I did the rest surpass,  
So in the purest beauty of my face,  
Courting myself in Fancy's looking-glass.

Milk-bathed skin, see, wantons, what I us'd,  
To make my skin more supple, smooth, and sleek,

Wherein my native hue my art abus'd,  
 I lay a new complexion on my cheek,  
 Sending my eyes abroad suitors to seek,  
 And vying fashions with each day i' th' week.

Nought I affected more than what was rare;  
 "Best things (if common) I did disesteem;"  
 Seld was I breath'd on by the public air;  
 "For those are most admir'd are seldom seen;"  
 Which is, and hath a custom ever been;  
 "Such as come oft abroad, we vulgar deem."

Thus self-admir'd I liv'd, till thus transform'd,  
 I got a feature fitting with my pride:  
 For I that scorned others, now am scorn'd,  
 Had in disgrace, and in pursuit beside:  
 May the like fate like spirits aye betide;  
 So worthless honour shall be soon descried.

For ruff thick-set, a curl-wreathed plume,  
 Round 'bout my neck I wear, for tires of gold,

A downy tuft of feathers is my crown;  
 For fan in hand my claws a perch do hold:  
 And for those cates and dainties manifold,  
 "A mouse I wish, but wants her when I would."

Be well advis'd then, Minions, what you do,  
 "Pourtray my feature, and make use of it,"  
 What fell to me may likewise fall to you,  
 And then how daring-high soe'er you sit,  
 Nought but dishonour shall your pride beget,  
 "Dead to report of Virtue as is fit."

## ODE V.

## THE MERLIN.



HENCE Nisus, whence,  
 Is this the fate of kings,  
 For arm on sceptre,  
 To be arm'd with wings?  
 Poor speckled Bird, see how aspiring may  
 Degrade the high, and their estate betray!



Once Fortune made  
Nisus her favourite,  
And rear'd his throne  
To such unbounded height,  
That foreign states admir'd what he possest,  
Till sly Ambition nestled in his breast.

Till then how blest,  
And after see how base  
His greatness fell,  
When reft of princely grace;  
Those many fleering parasites he gain'd,  
In his success, not one in want remain'd.

Chesses he wears  
Now on his downy feet,  
Where once gilt spurs,  
With store of pearl set,

Adorn'd his nimble heels, and hooded now  
His beaver wants: this can Ambition do.

Up still he mounts,  
And must a pleasure bring,  
That once was king,  
To meaner than a king;  
Where he, who once had falc'ners at com-  
mand,  
Is feign to pick his meat from falc'ner's  
hand.

Imperious Fate,  
What can'st not thou effect,  
When thou perceives  
In man a disrespect  
Unto thy honour, which we instanc'd see,  
In no one, Nisus, better than in thee!

~~~~~

But stow bird, stow,
See now the game's afoot,
And white-mail'd Nisus,
He is flying to 't;
Sceptre, crown, throne, and all that princely
were,
Be now reduc'd to feathers in the air.

~~~~~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~~~~~

ODE VI.

THE SWALLOW.



YOU chatt'ring flier, you fawn, you  
summer friend,  
Not following us, but our suc-  
cess,  
Will this your flatt'ring humour ne'er have end,  
Of all other meritless?  
Fly, I say, fly, be gone,  
Haunt not here to Albion:

~~~~~

She should be spotless, as imports her name,
But such as you are born to do her shame.

How many fair protests and solemn vows,
Can your hateful consorts make,
Whereas (heaven knows) these are but only shows,
Which you do for profit sake:
O then leave our coast and us,
Blemish'd by your foul abuse;
Virtue can have no being, nor could ever,
Where th' parasite is deem'd a happy liver.

Tale-tattling gossip, prone to carry news,
And such news are ever worst,
Where False Report finds matter, and renews
Her itching humour till it burst,
Where each even finds tales enough,
All the gloomy winter through,
To pass the night away, and oft-times tries,
That truth gets friendship seldomer than lies.

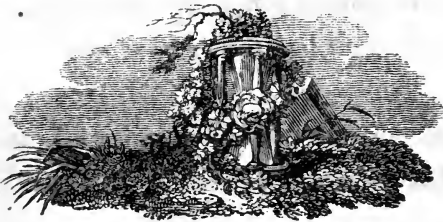
Spring-time when flowers adorn the cheerful mead,
And each bird sings on her spray,
When flow'ry groves with blossoms checkered,
And each day seems a marriage day;
 Chatt'ring Swallow, thou can'st choose
 Then a time to visit us;
Such are these feigned friends, make much upon us,
When we are rich; but being poor they shun us.

The stormy winter with his hoary locks,
 When each branch hangs down his head,
And icy fleaks candies the ragged rocks,
 Making fields discoloured,
 Drives thee from us and our coast,
 Where in spring-time thou repos't;
Thus thou remains with us in our delight,
But in our discontent th'art out of sight.

Time-serving humourist that fawns on Time,
 And no merit dost respect,

Who will not lothe that sees that vein of thine,
Where deserts are in neglect,
And the good is priz'd no more
Than the ill, if he be poor?
Thou art the rich man's claw-back, and depends
No more on men, than as their trencher friends.

Go, turn-tail go, we have not here a spring
For such temporizing mates;
Pan's in our Isle, and he scorns flattering;
So those guardians of our states,
Who are early up and late,
And of all, this vice doth taste:
Fly, tell-tale, fly, and if thou wilt, complain thee,
That Albion's harsh, and will not entertain thee.



ODE VII.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.



LORA, where's thy beauty now,
Thou was awhile 'om
wont to show?

Not a branch is to be seen,
Clad in Adon's colour green;
Lambkins now have left their skipping;
Lawn-frequenting fauns their tripping;
Earth's bare breast feels Winter's whipping;
And her brood the North-winds nipping.

Though the box and cypress tree
Wear their wonted livery,

And the little Robin scorn
To be daunted with a storm;
Yet the Shepherd is not so,
When he cannot see for snow;
Nor the flocks which he doth owe,
And in drifts are buried low.

Nor the Grazier, discontent
That his fodder should be spent;
And when Winter's scarce half done,
All his stacks of hay are gone:
Nor the Lawyer that is glad,
When a motion's to be had;
Nor poor Tom, though he be mad;
"Cold makes Tom a bedlam sad."

Nor the Webster, though his feet
By much motion get them heat;

Nor the knave that curries leather;
 Nor the cross-legg'd Tailor neither;
 Nor at glass-work, where they doubt
 Lest their costly fire go out;
 Nor the careful carking Lout,
 That doth toil and trudge about.

No, nor th' Lady in her coach,
 But is muff'd when frosts approach;
 Nor the crazy Citizen,
 But is furr'd up to the chin;
 Oyster-callet; sly Upholster;
 Hooking Huckster; merry Malster;
 Cutting Hackster; courting Roister;
 Cunning Shark; and sharking Foister.

Thus we see how "*Fall of th' Leaf,*"
 Adds to each condition grief;

Only two there be, whose wit
Make hereof a benefit;
These, conclusions try on man,
Surgeon and physician,
While it happens now and then,
Kill than cure they sooner can!

Now's their time when trees are bare,
Naked scalps have lost their hair;
Teeth drop out and leave their gums,
Head and eyes are full of rhuems,
Where if Traders strength do lack,
Or feel aches in their back,
Worse by odds than is the rack;
They have drugs within their pack.

Thus the harshest seasons come
In good season unto some;

Who have known (as it is meet)
Smell of gain makes labour sweet:
But where labour reapeth loss,
There accrues a double cross;
First, fond cares his brain doth toss;
Next, his gold resolves to dross.

To my knowing and worthy esteemed Friend,
AUGUSTINE VINCENT, *all meriting Content.*



AY you be in
Your actions prosperous,
And as ingenious,
So victorious;
So may your fate,
Smile on your happy name,

Augustines Vincentius: tute vincas ingeniosus.

And crown you with
 A glorious Anagram:
 While Virtue
 (Man's best lustre) seems to be,
 That style, which stamps
 You deep in Heraldry.

BRITAIN'S BLISS.

*A Poem of Thanksgiving for our long enjoyed Peace
 under a gracious Sovereign.*



PEACE, Plenty, Pleasure,
 Honour, Harbour, Health;
 Peace, to encrease
 In substance and in wealth;
 Plenty, to praise
 Heaven's Sovereign the more;
 Pleasure, to solace us
 Amidst our store;

Honour, to guerdon
 Merit in our time;
 Harbour, to sit
 Each under his own vine,
 Health, to enjoy
 A blessing so divine,
 Deriv'd from Jesse's root
 And David's line.
 Health, Harbour, Honour,
 Pleasure, Plenty, Peace,
 Which from our Sovereign
 Have their prime increase;
 Health, to perform
 Our distinct offices,
 Harbour, to shroud us
 From extremities,
 Honour, to crown
 The temples of Desert,

Pleasure, to cheer
 The intellectual part,
 Plenty, to store
 Our hopes with all success,
 Peace, to accomplish
 Our full happiness.

All which, by Heaven's hand, pour'd
 on Albion,
 Make up a catalogue to look upon;
 That for so many quiet Halcyon days,
 Her precious't prize might be her
 Maker's praise.

*Pacis, honoris, amoris, Edena Britannica nostri,
 Rege regente bono, leta trophæa gerit.*

*Upon the worthy and sincere Proficients and
Professants of the Common Law;
an Encomiastic Poem.*



AW is the line,
Whose level is dispatch;
A lamp, whose light shews
Justice what is right;

A lark, whose unseal'd eyes
Keeps early watch;

A loom, whose frame
Cannot be sway'd by might;

A list, where truth
Puts injury to flight.

Straight line, bright lamp,
Sweet lark, strong loom, choice list,
Guide, shine, shield, guard,
And live Truth's martialist!

~~~~~

Law is the stern,  
Which steers the ship of state;  
The glorious stem,  
Whence Justice' scions spring;  
The cheerful star,  
Which early shines and late;  
The staff, whose stay  
Supports the languishing;  
The stream, whose spring  
Is ever cherishing.

Rare stern, rich stem, clear star,  
Firm staff, pure stream,  
Steer, cheer, direct, support,  
Refresh the mean!

Blest then are you,  
Who labour to redress  
The poor man's case,



And measure your contents  
By shielding the' weak  
From awful mightiness;  
Like grave professors,  
Good proficient,  
Closing with equity  
Your joint consents;  
'Tis you, 'tis you,  
Who in this blemish'd time  
Send out your lights,  
While other stars decline!

When Greece in glory flourish'd,  
She did rear  
Some images near  
Justice' sacred throne,  
Which to be lame and blind  
Pourtrayed were,

As proper objects  
To be look'd upon,  
Implying what  
In justice should be done;  
Blind to distinguish  
Friend or foe, and lame  
From taking bribes,  
To strain Astrea's name.

Clear lights, pure lamps,  
Rare stems, rich streams of life,  
Who shine, beam, spring,  
And drain your crystal course  
From Justice' throne,  
To cool the heat of strife,  
By curbing awe with law,  
With censure, force,  
To chastise with restraint,

Cheer with remorse;  
Long may you live,  
Since by your life you give  
Justice new breath,  
And make her ever live!

*Salus civitatis sita est in legibus.*

IN MOMUM.



*UID carpendo premis tua viscera  
ferrea, Mome?*

*Momus, Mimus eris dum mea  
scripta premis.*

*Haud curo invidiam, mea spes tenuissima tuta est,*

*Nam tuta est tenuis vena, sed alta minus.*

*Anguis es, et virida latitans sub fronde, venenum*

*Ejicis, exiguo tempore inermis eris.*

*Non sum cui fortuna nocet, vel fata juvabunt,*

*Fata canunt magnis, non cecinere meis.*

~~~~~  
*Non cecinere meis, licet ista poemata magnis^b
 (Si mihi vota favent) sint relegenda locis.*

~~~~~✻✻✻~~~~~  
 IN ZOILUM.



*EXIT* ut exiguam subtilis Aranea-  
 telam,  
<sup>c</sup> Zoile, sic scriptis tela retorque  
 meis.

*Torque, retorque, manet mea laus, mea gloria major,  
 Quo magis exhausta est, gloria major erit.  
 Ulciscar scriptis: tua mens tuus ultor adibit,  
 Invidiæ stimulis mens tua puncta tuis.  
 Pone, miser, miseræ monumenta miserrima vitæ,  
 Vixisti misero . . . . . miserque mori.*

~~~~~  
^b Me paucis malle a sapientibus esse probatum.

^c Mercurium in lingua, non in pectore geris.



IN PARONEM.



PARO parem, nec habet nec habere
optat,
Impar et laboribus;
Opera carpit mea studiis assiduus,

Tacet, attamen aliena carpit;^d

O quantæ tenebræ tenuere locum

Tuum, Cymmeriis involutum umbris?

Ut minus afflares aliorum operibus,

Opera corrigis, emendare nequis;

Oleum et operam perdit Paro,

Per aurea secula transeat Maro,

Non plura referam, reticere juvat,

Si tu malevolam reprimes linguam,

Sin maledicendo pergas dispergere^e

Hisce teterrima crimina scriptis,

Scribam, livorem irritare magis

Torquendo rigidi viscera Paronis.^f

^d Invisurum facilius quam imitaturum Zeuxes.

• Vid. Martial, in Lib. iii. Epigr. in Zoilum. Conviva quisquis Zoili potest esse, &c. rumpantur ilia Codri invidia.

^f Crescant et crepant. Vid. Apotheg.



AD INVIDUM.

EXEAT MENIPPUS.

*I*NVIDUS ulciscens ultor sibi maximus esset,
Nam stupet ille malis sic periendo suis.



AD SEIPSUM.

INTRET ARISTIPPUS.

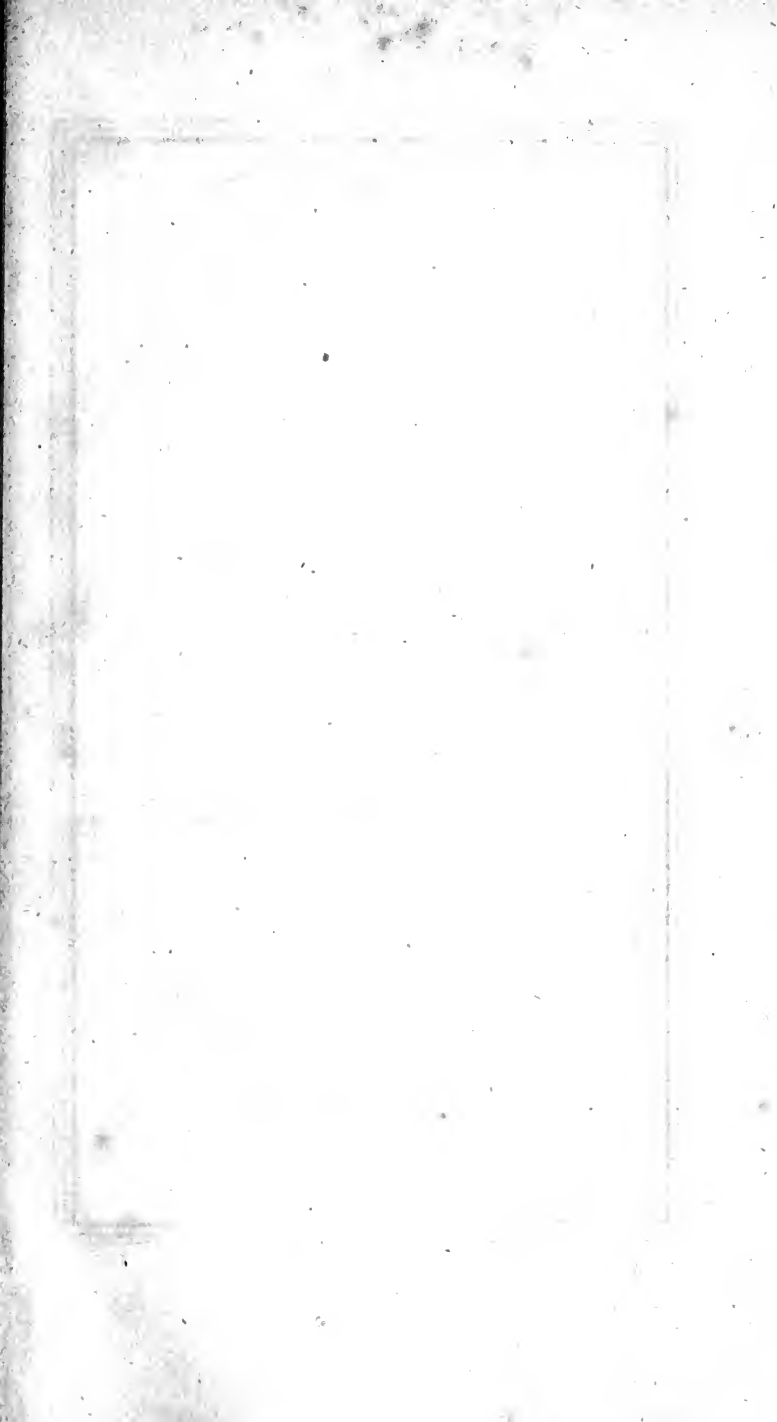
*T*U tibi res solitus non te subiungere rebus,
Me peritura doces spernere, spreta pati.

FINIS.



DANC'D are my measures, now I must repose,
(Retire at least) and laugh at Virtue's foes,
Who let them frown, fume, fret, this is my Mot,
My Spirit's above their spite; I fear them not.

The End.



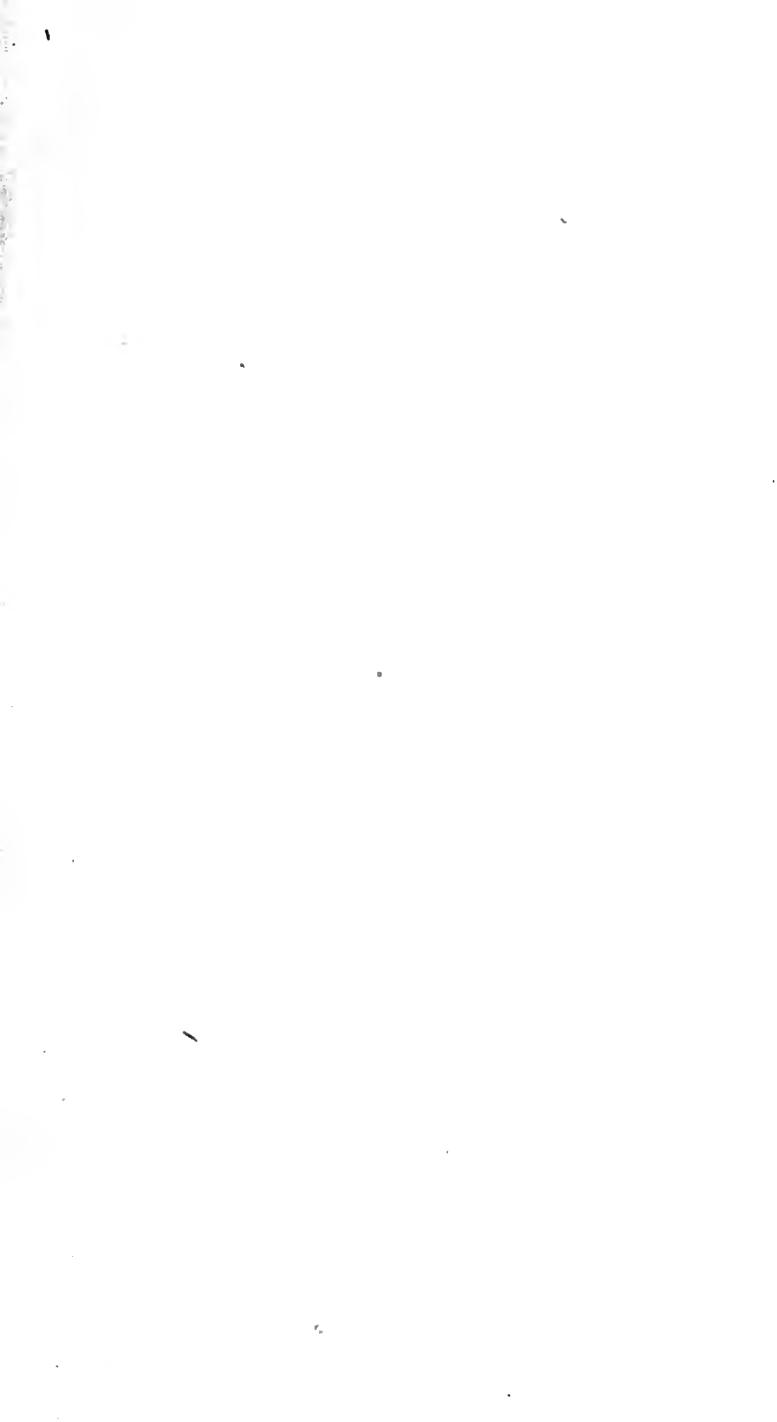


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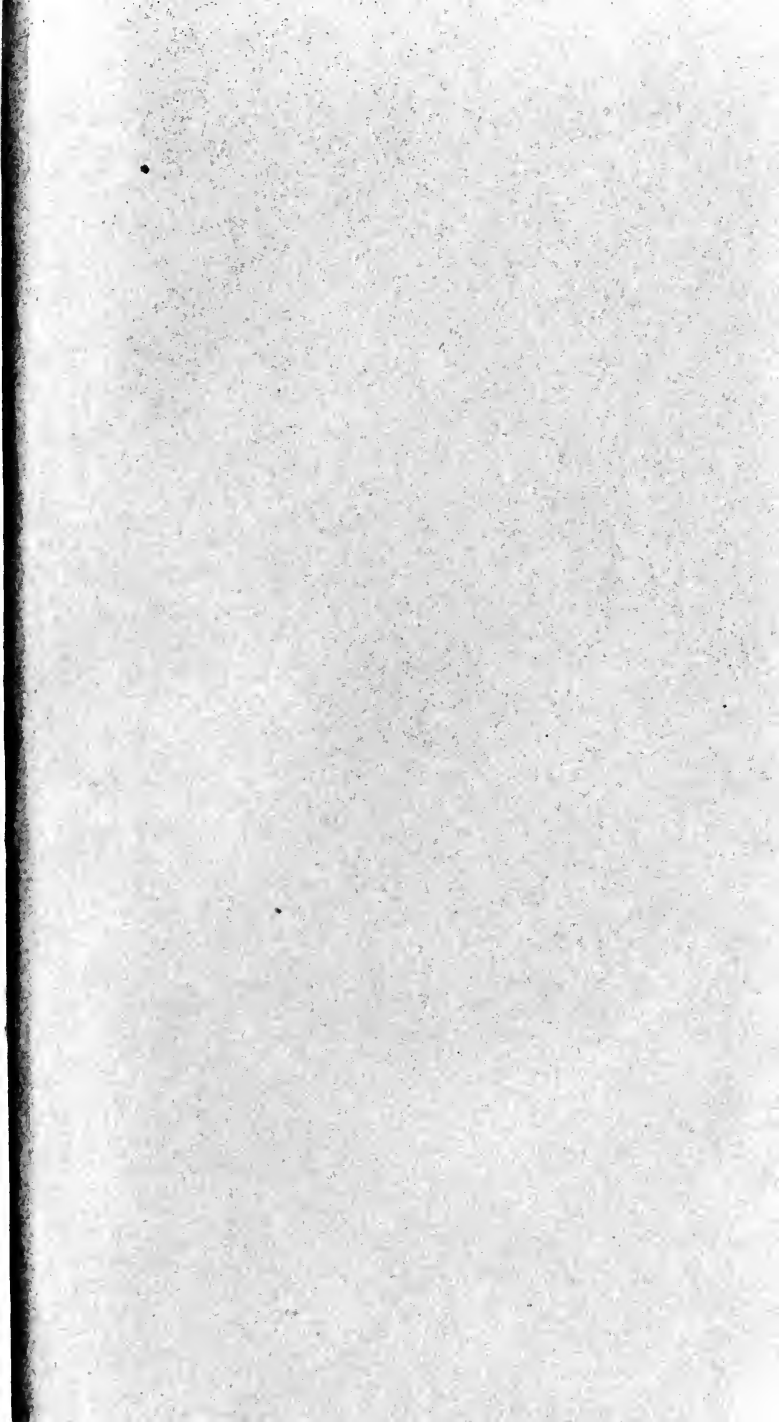
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