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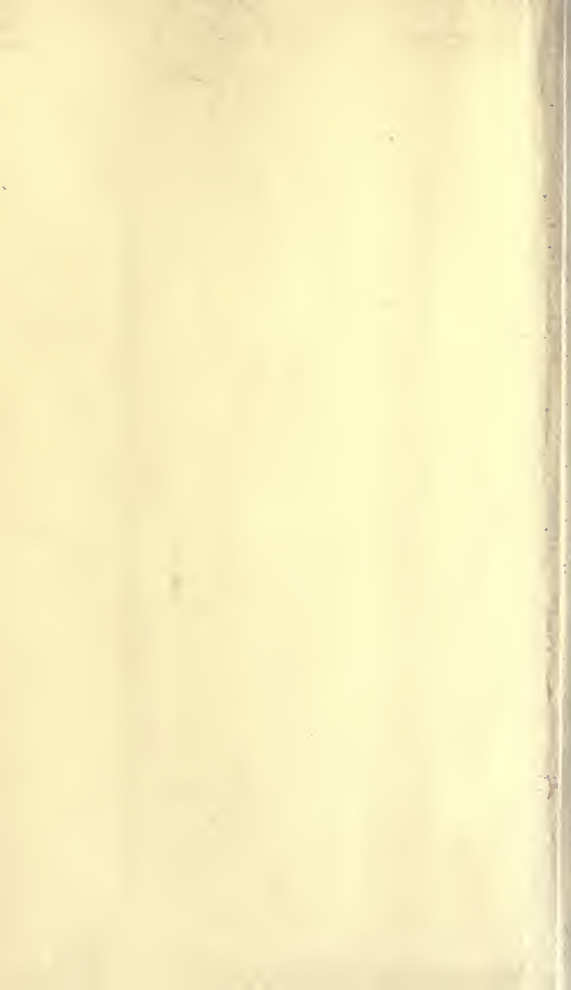
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THE  
 POETICAL WORKS  
 OF  
 ELIJAH FENTON.  
 WITH  
 THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Cooke's Edition.

---

strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway;  
 Humble yet learn'd; tho' innocent yet gay:  
 So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show  
 Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe:  
 Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,  
 Far from the insults of the scornful great---  
 O Woods! O Wilds! O ev'ry bow'ry shade!  
 So often vocal by his music made,  
 Now other sounds---far other sounds, return,  
 And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn---  
 Where were ye, Muses! by what fountain side,  
 What river, sporting, when your favourite died?  
 He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,  
 Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods.

BROOME.

---

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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London:  
 Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;  
 And sold by all the Booksellers in  
 Great-Britain and  
 Ireland.

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ELIJAH FENTON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	TALES,
EPISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

---

---

A Poet blest beyond the Poets' fate,  
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:  
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,  
Content with science in the vale of peace:  
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here  
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear.  
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,  
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he died.

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London:

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED

Under the Direction of

C. COOKE.

THE  
SACRED WRITINGS  
OF  
JOHN B. COOPER  
IN  
THE  
LANGUAGE OF  
THE  
HEBREW  
AND  
GREEK  
TEXTS  
WITH  
A  
NEW  
TRANSLATION  
AND  
EXPLANATIONS  
OF  
THE  
TEXTS  
BY  
JOHN B. COOPER  
D.D.  
OF  
THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE  
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## LIFE OF FENTON.

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THE only sources from which intelligence can be derived respecting the life of Elijah Fenton, are the narratives of Jacob and Shiels, methodised by Dr. Johnson; whence it appears, that he was descended from an ancient and honourable family, at Shelton, near Newcastle-under-line, in the county of Stafford. His father possessed a considerable estate; but our author, being a younger son, and thereby precluded from heirship; was trained up for some respectable profession, and having made the necessary progress in classical learning at the grammar school, was entered a student of Jesus College, Cambridge; but as he retained an attachment to the family of the Stewarts which had abdicated the throne; doubted the legality of the government then existing; and, from conscientious motives, refused to qualify himself for public employment, by taking the preparatory oaths, he left the university without a degree, though the enthusiasm of opposition never impelled him to a separation from the established religion.

By an inflexible perseverance in principles opposite to Government, he was excluded the line of ecclesiastical promotion, and reduced to a very circumscribed and precarious mode of existence; yet he preserved a character un sullied, and never turned aside from the path of rectitude; inasmuch that his name was always mentioned with honour, even by those who were most sanguine in their opposition to his political principles.

As obscurity is the inseparable attendant on poverty, the incidents of his life cannot be accurately traced from year to year, nor the means ascertained from which he derived a support. It is known, however, and known to his honour, that he was secretary

to Charles, Earl of Ossory, and tutor to his son, the renowned translator of Pliny, who afterwards mentioned him with great affection and esteem. He was some time master of the Free-School, at Sevenoaks, in Kent, but quitted that situation in 1710, through the persuasion of Mr. St. John, (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke,) who made him promises of a more honourable and profitable employment.

In process of time, as he became more and more attached to the Muses, whom he had courted from early life, he became also more moderate in his political opinions; for though a nonjuror, he was lavish in his eulogiums on Queen Anne, in his "Verses on the Union;" and extolled the name of Marlborough, when he had attained the summit of his glory in 1707, beyond the very echo of applause. Nor did he only celebrate the victories of that renowned conqueror, but testified his regard for the family in his "Florelia," an Elegiac Pastoral on the death of his son, the Marquis of Blandford; in which Dr. Johnson observes, "he could be prompted only by respect or kindness; for neither the Duke nor Dutchess desired the praise, or liked the cost of patronage."—By the elegance of his poetry, he acquired the esteem of the literati of his time; by the suavity of his manners, he was beloved wherever he was known, and there are lasting monuments of his friendship with Southern and Pope.

In 1709 he published a collection of poems, entitled, "The Oxford and Cambridge Verses;" in which are included, some pieces of his own; besides an elegant dedication to Lionel, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex. In 1716 he produced his "Ode to Lord Gower," which rose into the highest degree of public estimation, being stamped with the approbation of Pope, who pronounced it the next Ode in the English language to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." But the services of Pope, to our author, were not confined to mere



mere encomiums on his works; for, by the recommendation of that much esteemed bard, he was placed in 1719, in a station that might have been attended with great honour and emolument. Mr. Secretary Craggs, the friend of Addison as well as Pope, had applied to the latter to procure him a man of talents, to afford him assistance in the very weighty department of administration to which he had been lately appointed. Pope recommended Fenton, in whom the Secretary found all that he wanted in a literary companion, and our author had now a prospect of ease and plenty, for as Dr. Johnson observes, "Fenton had merit and Craggs had generosity." But the pleasing expectation was soon put an end to by the premature death of Mr. Secretary Craggs, who fell a victim to the small pox, Feb. 16, 1720, though his memory is perpetuated by the following epitaph from the matchless pen of his friend Pope.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,  
 "In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
 "Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
 "Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;  
 "Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
 "Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd,"

Fenton and Broome were engaged as assistants to Pope in the translation of Homer's *Odyssy*. He took only twelve books of that poem to himself, and distributed the other twelve between his associates. The books allotted to Fenton were the first, the fourth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth; Fenton did not take the eleventh book, because he had previously translated it into blank verse, neither did Pope reserve it for himself, but committed it to Broome, who translated that with the second, sixth, eighth, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third books, and also wrote all the notes. In what manner the two associates executed their several parts, is well known to the judges of poetry; who, according to the observation of Dr. Johnson, "have never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope,"—a plain proof of equal competency. In

In 1723, Fenton produced his tragedy of "Mariamne," in which he is supposed to have been assisted by Southerne, with many hints as to incident and stage effect, which the long theatrical experience of that dramatic writer naturally suggested.

When this tragedy was presented to Colley Cibber, the monarch of the stage in that day, he not only rejected it, but added insolence to illiberality, advising the author to direct his attention to some industrious pursuit, in order to obtain that subsistence which he in vain expected from his poetical efforts. But the event proved the ability of Fenton for the undertaking, and impeached the judgment and candour of the manager; for the tragedy was performed at the other theatre with universal applause, insomuch that the profits accruing to the author, amounted to near a thousand pounds; which he appropriated to the discharge of a debt, incurred by procuring many expensive articles, for supporting an appearance necessary for his attendance at court.

This tragedy is founded on the story of Herod and Mariamne, related in the Spectator, and taken from Josephus. "Mariamne," says Dr. Johnson, "is written in lines of ten syllables, with few of those redundant terminations which the drama not only admits, but requires, as more nearly approaching to real dialogue. The tenor of his verse is so uniform that it cannot be thought casual, and yet upon what principle he so constructed it, is difficult to discover." The Doctor relates the following anecdote, brought to his recollection by the mention of this play.

"Fenton," says the Doctor, "was one day in the company of Broome his associate, and Ford a clergyman, at that time too well known, whose abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise. They determined  
all

all to see "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet took them to the stage door, where the door-keeper inquiring who they were, was told they were three very necessary men;—Ford, Broome, and Fenton;" as composing a part of the characters in the comedy: and it is to be observed, that the name in the play which Pope restored to *Brook*, was then *Broome*.

Fenton afterwards published an edition of Milton's poems, to which he prefixed a short and elegant account of Milton's life, written, as acknowledged by Dr. Johnson, at once with tenderness and integrity. In 1729 he published a very elegant edition of the works of Waller, with notes upon the whole useful and entertaining, but in the Doctor's opinion too much extended by long quotations from Clarendon, and he justly observes, that illustrations drawn from a book so easily consulted, should be made by reference rather than transcription.

The last kind office done to our author by his good friend Pope, was a recommendation of him to Lady Trumbal, relict of Sir William Trumbal, to superintend the education of her son, whom he first directed in his preparatory studies at home, and then attended to Cambridge. To recompense the fidelity with which he discharged the important office entrusted to his care, the Lady afterwards detained him in her family at Easthampton, in Berkshire, as auditor of her accounts.—By this means he passed the remainder of his life, in pleasing retirement, though he sometimes varied the scene, by coming to London and enjoying the conversation of his friends. He died at the seat of Lady Trumbal, 1730, and Pope, who had always been his friend, as the last token of respect, wrote the following epitaph.

- " This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,  
 " May truly say, Here lies an honest man;  
 " A poet blest'd, beyond the poet's fate,  
 " Whom heaven kept sacred from the proud and great;  
 " Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,  
 " Content with science in the vale of peace.

" Calmly

"Calmly he look'd on either life, and here  
 "Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;  
 "From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,  
 "Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd."

"Fenton," says Dr. Johnson, "was tall and bulky, inclining to corpulence, which he did not lessen by much exercise, for he was very sluggish and sedentary, rose late, and when he had risen sat down to his books or papers: a woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." This however was not the worst that might have been prognosticated; for Pope says, in his letters, that he died of indolence, but his immediate distemper was the gout.

He bore an excellent character, and was universally esteemed for his tenderness and humanity; as an instance of which, we transcribe a story related by a writer of his life, prior to Dr. Johnson. He used, in the latter part of his time, to pay his relations in the country a yearly visit. At an entertainment, made for the family, by his elder brother, he observed that one of his sisters who had married unfortunately, was absent, and found, upon inquiry, that distress had made her thought unworthy of invitation. As she was at no great distance, he refused to sit at the table till she was sent for, and when she had taken her place, was careful to shew her particular attention.

We cannot do greater justice to the character of Fenton, than by making the following extracts from writers of such eminence as Pope, the first of English Poets; and the Earl of Orrery, the elegant translator and rival of Pliny.

Pope, in a letter to Broome, soon after the death of Fenton, writes thus: "All I hear is that he felt a gradual decay, though so early in life, and was declining for five or six months. It was not, I apprehend a gout in his stomach, but I believe rather a complication, first of gross humours, (as he was naturally corpulent,)

ulent,) not discharging themselves; for he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution, (as I am told) or with less ostentation, yielded up his being. The great modesty, which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments. He had a conscious satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, and unpretending to more than was his own. So he died, as he lived, with secret, yet sufficient contentment.

“As to his other affairs, he died poor, but honest, leaving no debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbal and my Lady; in token of respect, gratitude and mutual esteem. I shall with pleasure, take upon me to draw this aimable, quiet, deserving, unpretending christian, and philosophical character, in his epitaph.

“I conclude with you from my heart, on the loss of so valuable a man, and a friend to us both. Now that he is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good office, and set your character in the fairest light to some who either mistook you or knew you not. I doubt not, he has done the same for me. Let us love his memory, and profit by his examples.” Such is the testimony of Pope.

“Mr. Fenton,” says Lord Orrery, in a letter to a friend, dated in 1756, “was my tutor: he taught me to read English, and attended me through the Latin tongue from the age of seven to thirteen years. When I became a man, a constant and free friendship subsisted between us. He translated double the number of books in the *Odyssy* that Pope has owned. His reward was a trifle, an arrant trifle. He has even told me, that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him. He had no opinion of Pope’s heart, and declared him to be, in the words of Bishop Atterbury, *‘mens curva, in corpore*

*corpore curvo* \*.' Poor Fenton died of a great chair, and two bottles of port a-day. He was one of the worthiest and most modest men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears arise when I think of him, though he has been dead many years." Thus writes Lord Orrery, one of the greatest philosophers of his age and nation.

Though Dr. Johnson does justice to the moral character of Fenton, with his usual unreasonable fastidiousness, he withholds it from his literary character. That rigid critic, with an asperity which seems to have been interwoven with his nature, comments on his works with brevity, and in such a manner as by no means to prejudice the reader in his favour, or induce him to think that our author surpassed mediocrity. We shall give the words of the critic, and leave our readers to form their own judgment.

"The Ode to the Sun is written upon a common plan, without uncommon sentiments; but its greatest fault is its length. No poem should be long of which the purpose is only to strike the fancy, without enlightening the understanding by precept, ratiocination, or narrative. A blaze first pleases, and then tires the sight.

"Of Florelia it is sufficient to say, that it is an occasional pastoral; which implies something neither natural nor artificial, neither comic nor serious.

"The next Ode is irregular, and therefore defective. As the sentiments are pious, they cannot easily be new; for what can be added to topics on which successive ages have been employed?

"Of the Paraphrase on Isaiah nothing very favourable can be said. Sublime and solemn prose gains little by a change to blank verse; and the paraphrast

\* A crooked mind in a crooked body.



has deserted his original, by admitting his images not Asiatic, at least not Judaical :

----- Returning Peace,  
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white.

“ Of his petty poems some are very trifling, without any thing to be praised either in thought or expression. He is unlucky in his competitions ; he tells the same idle tale with Congreve, and does not tell it so well. He translates from Ovid the same epistle as Pope, but, I am afraid, not with equal happiness.

“ To examine his performances one by one would be tedious. His translation from Homer into blank verse will find few readers, while another can be had in rhyme. The piece addressed to Lambarde, is no disagreeable specimen of epistolary poetry ; and his Ode to Lord Gower was pronounced by Pope the next ode in the English language to Dryden's Cecilia. Fenton may be justly stiled an excellent versifier and a good poet.” From this very concession of Johnson, with which he concludes his critique, we may justly infer, that the works of Fenton, taken in general, possess more merit, and are entitled to more approbation, than that rigid censor was disposed to allow them.

It would be tedious to examine his performances in general ; we shall therefore only advert to those which we conceive to exhibit the most striking proofs of his poetical talents. As a specimen of ease and elegance in lyric poetry, we may take the first and second stanzas of his Ode to John Lord Gower, written in the Spring of 1716.

“ O'er Winter's long inclement sway,  
“ At length the lusty Spring prevails ;  
“ And, swift to meet the smiling May,  
“ Is wafted by the western gales.  
“ Around him dance the rosy Hours,  
“ And, damasking the ground with flowers,  
“ With ambient sweets perfume the morn :  
“ With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,  
“ A sudden youth the groves enjoy,  
“ Where Philonel laments forlorn.

B

“ By

----“ By her awak'd, the woodland choir  
 “ To hail the coming god prepares ;  
 “ And tempts me to resume the lyre,  
 “ Soft warbling to the vernal airs,  
 “ Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign  
 “ For me, the meanest of your train,  
 “ Unblam'd t' approach your blest retreat ;  
 “ Where Horace wantons at your spring,  
 “ And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,  
 “ Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.”

How beautifully our author depicts the various gifts of Nature, as dispersed through various climes, in the following lines extracted from his epistle to Thomas Lambarde, Esq.

“ Nature permits her various gifts to fall  
 “ On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:  
 “ The Lætan vales eternal verdure wear,  
 “ And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling year ;  
 “ But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,  
 “ To raise the jasmine or the coy jonquil ?  
 “ Who finds the peach among the savage flocks,  
 “ Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose ?  
 “ Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields.  
 “ And there the vine her racy purple yields.  
 “ High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,  
 “ Proud to survey the seas her power defends ;  
 “ Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,  
 “ Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.”

Many other passages might be cited to prove that the poems of Fenton, are characterised by elegance of diction, elevation of sentiment, and harmony of numbers ; but this it is presumed will appear evident on a deliberate and candid perusal of his works.





# MISCELLANIES.

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY.

THESE POEMS

*Are most humbly dedicated,*

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

*Most obliged and most obedient servant,*

E. FENTON.

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## THE WISH

TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,  
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,  
But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,  
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;  
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace 5  
With brightest aspects thy fore-face,  
While Time's new offspring hasten to appear.  
With lucky omens guide the coming Hours,  
Command the circling Seasons to advance, 9  
And form their renovated dance [powers.  
With flowing pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friendly  
Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know  
A mortal's trifling cares below;  
My race of life began with thee.  
Thus far from great misfortunes free, 15  
Contented, I my lot endure,  
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,  
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,  
Which folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.  
But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come, 20  
I would foreknow my future doom.  
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy  
Events that yet in embryo lie,  
For me, in Time's mysterious womb?

Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear 25  
 A thousand accidents severe;  
 I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,  
 If love rejected add not to its weight,  
 To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.

But if the goddess in whose charming eyes, 30  
 More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,  
 My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;  
 If she must with a less propitious look  
 Forbid my humble sacrifice,  
 Or blast me with a killing frown; 35  
 If, Janus, this thou see'st in store,  
 Cut short my mortal thread, and now  
 Take back the gift thou did'st bestow!  
 Here let me lay my burden down,  
 And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more. 40



## FLORELIO. A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of the

## MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

**A**SK not the cause why all the tuneful swains,  
 Who us'd to fill the vales with tender strains,  
 In deep despair neglect the warbling reed,  
 And all their bleating flocks refuse to feed :  
 Ask not why greens and flow'rs so late appear 5  
 To clothe the glebe, and deck the springing year ;  
 Why sounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,  
 And swoln with tears to floods the riv'lets rise :  
 The fair Florelio now has left the plain, [swain.  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British  
 For thee, lov'd youth ! on ev'ry vale and lawn, 11  
 The nymphs, and all thy fellow-shepherds moan :  
 The little birds now cease to sing and love,  
 Silent they sit, and droop in ev'ry grove :  
 No mounting lark now warbles on the wing, 15  
 Nor linnets chirp to cheer the sullen spring :  
 Only the melancholy turtles coo,  
 And Philomel by night repeats her woe.  
 O, charmer of the shades ! the tale prolong,  
 Nor let the morning interrupt thy song ; 20  
 Or softly tune thy tender notes to mine ;  
 Forgetting Tereus, make my sorrows thine.  
 Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain, [swain.  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British  
 Say, all ye shades ! where late he us'd to rest, 25  
 If e'er your beds with lovelier swain were prest ?  
 Say, all ye silver Streams ! if e'er ye bore  
 The image of so fair a face before ?  
 But now, ye streams ! assist me whilst I mourn,  
 For never must the lovely swain return ; 30  
 And as these flowing tears increase your tide,  
 O, murmur for the shepherd as ye glide !  
 Be sure, ye rocks ! while I my grief disclose,  
 Let your sad echoes lengthen out my woes :

Ye breezes! bear the plaintive accent on, 35  
 And, whisp'ring, tell the floods Florelia's gone;  
 Forever gone, and left the lonely plain,  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British  
 swain.

Ripe strawberries for thee, and peaches, grew,  
 Sweet to the taste, and tempting red to view: 40  
 For thee the rose put sweeter purple on,  
 Preventing, by her haste, the summer sun:  
 But now the flow'rs all pale and blighted lie,  
 And in cold sweats of sickly mildew die:  
 Nor can the bees suck from the shrivell'd blooms 45  
 Etherial sweets, to store their golden combs.  
 Oft on thy lips they would their labour leave,  
 And sweeter odours from thy mouth receive;  
 Sweet as the breath of Flora when she lies  
 In Jasmine shades, and for young Zephyr sighs: 50  
 But now those lips are cold; relentless Death [breath.  
 Hath chill'd their charms, and stopp'd thy balmy  
 Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,  
 And kindled in the coldest nymphs desire,  
 Robb'd of their beams, in everlasting night 55  
 Are clos'd, and give us woes as once delight;  
 And thou, dear Youth! hast left the lonely plain,  
 And art the grief, who wert the grace, of ev'ry British  
 And in his bow'r the dying shepherd lay, [swain.  
 The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay! 60  
 The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the wood,  
 And haunt the flow'ry meads, around him stood;  
 Their tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,  
 And, as he gasp'd, they gave a sad farewell.  
 "Softly," they cry'd, "as sleeping flow'rs are clos'd  
 "By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd: 66  
 "A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,  
 "And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave:  
 "Yearly thy hearse with garlands we'll adorn,  
 "And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn. 70  
 "Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,  
 "Nor less wert thou belov'd by ev'ry swain.

"Come, Shepherds! come, perform the fun'ral due,  
 "For he was ever good, and kind to you:  
 "On ev'ry smoothest beech, in ev'ry grove, 75  
 "In weeping characters record your love:  
 "And as in mem'ry of Adonis slain,  
 "When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,  
 "His river, to record the guilty day,  
 "With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea; 80  
 "So thou, dear Cam! contribute to our woe,  
 "And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow;  
 "Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,  
 "And with thy tears supply the frugal urn. [lawn,  
 "The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave the  
 "And yearly on their banks renew their moan: 86  
 "His mother, while they there lament, shall be  
 "The queen of Love, the lov'd Adonis' lie:  
 "On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,  
 "And he too like Adonis in his fate! 90  
 "For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plain, [swain.  
 "And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British  
 "No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preside,  
 "Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide,  
 "Nor fly the wintry winds, nor scorching sun, 95  
 "Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.  
 "Oft they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,  
 "And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelia dy'd:  
 "Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove  
 "To sooth the pleasing agonies of love; 100  
 "But now they roam, distracted with despair,  
 "And cypress, twin'd with mournful willows, wear."  
 Thus hand in hand around his grave they go,  
 And-saffron buds and fading lilies strow,  
 With sprigs of myrtle mix'd, and scatt'ring, cry, 105  
 "So sweet and soft the shepherd was! so soon decreed  
 to die!"

There fresh, in dear remembrance of their woes,  
 His name the young anemonies disclose;  
 Nor strange they should a double grief avow,  
 Then Venus wept, and Pastorella now.

Breathe soft, ye winds ! long let them paint the plain  
 Unhurt, untouch'd by ev'ry passing swain.  
 And when, ye nymphs ! to make the garlands gay,  
 With which ye crown'd the Mistrefs of the May,  
 Ye shall these flowers to bind her temples take, 115  
 O pluck them gently for Florelia's sake !  
 And when thro' Woodstock's green retreats ye stray,  
 Or Althorp's flow'ry vales invite to play,  
 O'er which young Pastorella's beauties bring  
 Elysium early, and improve the spring ; 120  
 When ev'ning gales attentive silence keep,  
 And heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,  
 By the soft fall of ev'ry warbling stream  
 Sigh your sad airs, and bless the shepherd's name :  
 There to the tender lute attune your woe, 125  
 While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow :  
 So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bow'rs,  
 And Zephyr brush the mildew from the flowers !  
 Bid all the swans from Cam and Isis haste,  
 In the melodious choir to breathe their last. 130  
 O Colin, Colin ! could I there complain  
 Like thee, when young Philifides was slain !  
 Thou sweet frequenter of the Muses' stream !  
 Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme ?  
 Tho' weak my voice, tho' lowly be my lays, 135  
 They shall be sacred to the shepherd's praise :  
 To him my voice, to him my lays, belong,  
 And bright Myrtilla now must live unsung :  
 E'en she, whose artless beauty bless'd me more  
 Than ever swain was bless'd by nymph before ; 140  
 While ev'ry tender sigh, to seal our blifs,  
 Brought a kind vow, and ev'ry vow a kiss :  
 Fair, chaste, and kind, yet now no more can move,  
 So much my grief is stronger than my love :  
 Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain, 145  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British  
 As when some cruel hind has borne away [swain.  
 The turtle's nest, and made the young his prey,  
 Sad in her native grove she sits alone,  
 There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her moan ;



So the bright shepherdess, who bore the boy, 151  
 Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie ;  
 Nor can the fair, the weighty woe sustain,  
 But bends, like roses crush'd with falling rain ;  
 Nor from the silent earth her eyes removes, 155  
 That, weeping, languish like a dying dove's.  
 Not such her look (severe reverse of fate !)  
 When little Loves in ev'ry dimple fate ;  
 And all the smiles delighted to resort  
 On the calm heaven of her soft cheeks to sport ; 160  
 Soft as the clouds mild April ev'nings wear,  
 Which drop fresh flow'rets on the youthful year.  
 The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,  
 Nor poppy garlands give the nymph repose :  
 Thro' prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves, 165  
 O'er hills, and dales, and craggy cliffs, she roves ;  
 And when she spies, beneath some silent shade,  
 The daisies press'd, where late his limbs were laid,  
 To the cold print, there close she joins her face,  
 And all with gushing tears bedews the grass : 170  
 There, with loud plaints, she wounds the pitying skies,  
 " And, oh ! return, my lovely Youth ! " she cries ;  
 " Return, Florelia ! with thy wonted charms,  
 " Fill the soft circle of my longing arms."—  
 Cease, fair Affliction ! cease ; the lovely boy, 175  
 In Death's cold arms, must pale and breathless lie ;  
 The Fates can never change their first decree,  
 Or sure they would have chang'd this one for thee.  
 Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,  
 Ceres her daughter lost, and thou thy son : 180  
 Thy son for ever now has left the plain,  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British  
 Adieu, ye mossy caves, and shady groves ! [swain.  
 Once happy scenes of our successful loves :  
 Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks ! adieu ; 185  
 Flints be your beds, and browze the bitter yew.  
 Two lambs alone shall be my charge to feed,  
 For yearly on his grave two lambs shall bleed.  
 This pledge of lasting love, dear shade ! receive ;  
 'Tis all, alas ! a shepherd's love can give ; 190

But grief, from its own pow'r, will set me free,  
Will send me soon a willing ghost to thee :  
Cropp'd in the flow'ry spring of youth, I'll go,  
With hasty joy, to wait thy shade below :  
In ever-fragrant meads and jasmine bow'rs  
We'll dwell, and all Elysium shall be ours ;  
Where citron groves ethereal odours breathe,  
And streams of flowing crystal purl beneath ;  
Where all are ever young, and heav'nly fair,  
As here above thy sister Graces are.

195.

200





PART OF THE  
FOURTEENTH CHAP. OF ISAIAH  
PARAPHRASED.

**N**OW has th' Almighty Father, seated high  
In ambient glories, from th' eternal throne  
Vouchsaf'd compassion, and the afflictive power  
Has broke, whose iron sceptre long had bruised  
The groaning nations. Now returning Peace, 5  
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the blissful land  
Deigns to revisit; whilst beneath her steps  
The soil, with civil slaughter oft manur'd,  
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops  
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall, 10  
Whose steel from the tall monarch of the grove  
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore  
The scions, blooming in the parent shade.

When vehicled in flame thou slow didst pass  
Prone thro' the gates of Night, the dreary realms 15  
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old  
(Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)  
Rose from their thrones; for thrones they still possess,  
Their penance and their guilt. "Art thou," they cry,  
"O emulous of our crimes! here doom'd to reign 20  
"Associate of our woe? nor com'st thou girt  
"With livery'd slaves or bands of warrior-knights,  
"Which erst before thee stood, a flattering crowd,  
"Observant of thy brow; nor hireling choirs,  
"Attemp'ring to the harp their warbled airs, 25  
"Thy panegyric chant: but hushed in death,  
"Like us thou liest unwept; a corse obscene  
"With dust, and preying worms, bare and despoil'd  
"Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our compeer!"

How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n 30  
From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors glide  
Alope a summer-eve! of all the stars  
Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope  
To share divinity, or haply more,  
Elated as supreme, when o'er the north 35  
Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings

Portending ruinous downfall: wond'rous low,  
 Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,  
 Disrob'd of all thy splendours: round thee stand  
 The swarming populace, and with fix'd regard 40  
 Eyeing thee pale and breathless, spend their rage,  
 In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends;  
 " Is this The Mighty! whose imperious yoke  
 " We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds  
 " And haunts of savages transform'd the marts, 45  
 " And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall  
 " Or exile on the peerage? how becalm'd  
 " The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to breathe  
 " Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones!"  
 In solemn state the bones of pious kings, 50  
 Gather'd to their great fires, are safe repos'd  
 Beneath the weeping vault; but thou, a branch  
 Blasted and curs'd by heaven, to dogs and fowls  
 Art doom'd a banquet, mingling some remains  
 With criminals unabsolv'd; on all thy race 55  
 Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes  
 Thy children skulk erroneous and forlorn,  
 Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue  
 With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy seed  
 The sceptre heaven resumes, by thee usurp'd  
 By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage. 61



## VERSES ON THE UNION.

**T**HE Gaul, intent on universal sway,  
 Sees his own subjects with constraint obey,  
 And they who most his rising beams ador'd,  
 Weep in their chains, and wish another lord :  
 But, if the Muse not uninspir'd presage, 5  
 Justice shall triumph o'er oppressive rage ;  
 His pow'r shall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,  
 And all, like Savoy, shall desert his cause.  
 So when to distant vales an eagle steers,  
 His fierceness not disarm'd by length of years, 10  
 From his stretch'd wing he sees the feathers fly  
 Which bore him to his empire of the sky.

Unlike, great Queen! thy steps to deathless fame ;  
 O best, O greatest of thy royal name !  
 Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave, 15  
 Have nothing now to censure or to crave ;  
 E'en vice and factious zeal are held in awe,  
 Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.

When, edg'd with terrors, by thy vengeful hand  
 The sword is drawn to gore a guilty land, 20  
 Thy mercy cures the wound thy justice gave,  
 For 'tis thy lov'd prerogative to save ;  
 And Victory, to grace thy triumph, brings  
 Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.

But as mild heaven on Eden's op'ning gems 25  
 Bestow'd the balmiest dews and brightest beams ;  
 So, whilst remotest climes thy influence share,  
 Britain's the darling object of thy care :  
 By thy wise councils and resistless might,  
 Abroad we conquer, and at home unite. 30  
 Before thou bidd'st the distant battles cease,  
 Thy piety cements domestic peace ;  
 Impatient of delay to fix the state,  
 Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.

Hail, happy Sister-lands! for ever prove 35  
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love ;  
 Kindled from heaven, be your auspicious flame  
 As lasting and as bright as Anna's fame !

And thou, fair northern Nymph! partake our toil;  
 With us divide the danger and the spoil: 40  
 When thy brave sons, the friends of Mars, avow'd,  
 In steel around our Albion standards crowd,  
 What wonders in the war shall now be shown  
 By her, who single shook the Gallic throne!

The day draws nigh in which the warrior-queen 45  
 Shall wave her Union-crosses o'er the Seine:  
 Rouz'd with heroic warmth unfelt before,  
 Her lions with redoubled fury roar,  
 And urging on to fame, with joy behold  
 The woody walks in which they rang'd of old. 50  
 O Louis! long the terror of thy arms  
 Has aw'd the continent with dire alarms,  
 Exulting in thy pride, with hope to see  
 Empires and states derive their pow'r from thee;  
 From Britains equal hand the scale to wrest, 55  
 And reign without a rival o'er the west:  
 But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn  
 From Belgian groves, in early triumphs borne,  
 Wither'd and leafless in thy winter stand,  
 Expos'd a prey to ev'ry hostile hand, 60  
 By strange extremes of destiny decreed  
 To flourish and to fall with equal speed.

So the young gourd around the prophet's head  
 With swift increase her fragrant honour's spread;  
 Beneath the growing shade secure he sate 65  
 To see the tow'rs of Ninus bow to Fate;  
 But, curs'd by heaven, the greens began to fade,  
 And, sickening, sudden as they rose, decay'd. 68







FENTON

Cupid resign'd to Syria's care  
His bow and quiver laid with darts;  
Cunning, aiming at mankind's fair,  
To fill his swains with bleeding hearts.  
*Vide Cupid. & Psyche lines.*



## CUPID AND HYMEN.

CUPID resign'd to Sylvia's care  
 His bow and quiver stor'd with darts,  
 Commissioning the matchless fair  
 To fill his shrine with bleeding hearts.

His empire thus secur'd, he flies 5  
 To sport amid th' Idalian grove,  
 Whose feather'd choirs proclaim the joys,  
 And bless'd the pleasing pow'r of Love.

The god their grateful songs engage  
 To spread his nets which Venus wrought, 10  
 Whilst Hymen held the golden cage,  
 To keep secure the game they caught.

The warblers, brisk with genial flame,  
 Swift from the myrtle shades repair;  
 A willing captive each became, 15  
 And sweeter caroll'd in the snare.

When Hymen had receiv'd the prey,  
 To Cytherea's fane they flew,  
 Regardless, while they wing'd their way,  
 How sullen all the songsters grew. 20

Alas! no sprightly note is heard,  
 But each with silent grief consumes;  
 Tho' to celestial food preferr'd,  
 They, pining, drop their painted plumes.

Cupid, afflicted at the change, 25  
 To beg her aid to Venus run;  
 She heard the tale, nor thought it strange,  
 But, smiling, thus advis'd her son:

“ Pleasure grows languid with restraint;  
 “ 'Tis Nature's privilege to roam: 30  
 “ If you'd not have your linnets faint,  
 “ Leave Hymen with his cage at home.” 32

## OLIVIA.

## I.

OLIVIA's lewd, but looks devout,  
 And scripture-proofs she throws about,  
 When first you try to win her:  
 But pull your fob of guineas out;  
 Fee Jenny first, and never doubt  
 To find the saint a sinner. 5

## II.

Baxter by day is her delight:  
 No chocolate must come in sight  
 Before two morning chapters:  
 But, lest the spleen should spoil her quite, 10  
 She takes a civil friend at night  
 To raise her holy raptures.

## III.

Thus oft we see a glow-worm gay  
 At large her fiery tail display,  
 Encourag'd by the dark; 15  
 And yet the fullen thing all day  
 Snug in some lonely thicket lay,  
 And hid the native spark. 18





## THE ROSE.

SEE, Sylvia, see this new blown rose,  
The image of thy blush,  
Mark how it smiles upon the bush,  
And triumphs as it grows.  
“ Oh, pluck it not! we'll come anon,”  
Thou say'st. Alas! 'twill then be gone. 6  
Now its purple beauty's spread,  
Soon it will droop and fall,  
And soon it will not be at all;  
No fine things draw a length of thread.  
Then tell me, seems it not to say,  
Come on, and crop me whilst you may? 12



## A-LA-MODE.

**M**Y better self, my heaven, my joy!  
 While thus imparadis'd I lie,  
 Transported in thy circling arms  
 With fresh variety of charms,  
 From Fate I scarce can think to crave 5  
 A bliss but what in thee I have.  
 Twelve months, my dear! have past, since thou  
 Didst plight to me thy virgin vow;  
 Twelve months in rapture spent! for they  
 Seem shorter than St. Lucy's day: 10  
 A bright example we shall prove  
 Of lasting matrimonial love.

Mean-while I beg the gods to grant  
 (The only favour that I want).  
 That I may not survive, to see 15  
 My happiness expire with thee,  
 O! should I lose my dearest dear,  
 By thee, and all that's good, I swear,  
 I'd give myself the fatal blow,  
 And wait thee to the world below. 20

When Wheedle thus to spouse in bed  
 Spoke things the best he e'er had read,  
 Madam, surpris'd, (you must suppose it)  
 Had lock'd a Templar in the closet;  
 A youth of pregnant parts and worth, 25  
 To play at piquet, and so forth—  
 This wag when he had heard the whole,  
 Demurely to the curtain stole,  
 And peeping in, with solemn tone,  
 Cry'd out, "O man! thy days are done: 30  
 "The gods are fearful of the worst,  
 "And send me, Death, to fetch thee first;  
 "To save their fav'rite from self-murder,  
 "Lo thus I execute thy order."—  
 "Hold, Sir, for second thoughts are best," 35  
 The husband cry'd; "'tis my request  
 "With pleasure to prolong my life."—  
 "Your meaning?"—"Pray, Sir, take my wife." 3

## THE PLATONIC SPELL.

- “WHENE’ER I wed,” young Strephon cry’d,  
 “Ye pow’rs that o’er the noose preside!  
 Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour, give,  
 Or let me still a rover live;  
 But if all these no nymph can share, 5  
 Let mine, ye pow’rs! be doubly fair.”  
 Thus pray’d the swain in heat of blood,  
 Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood,  
 And tapping him, said, “Youth! be wise,  
 And let a child for once advise. 10  
 A faultless make, a manag’d wit,  
 Humour, and riches, rarely meet:  
 But if a beauty you’d obtain,  
 Court some bright Phyllis of the brain;  
 The dear idea long enjoy; 15  
 Clean is the bliss, and ne’er will cloy.  
 But trust me, youth! for I’m sincere,  
 And know the ladies to a hair,  
 Howe’er small poets whine upon it,  
 In madrigal, and song, and sonnet, 20  
 Their beauty’s but a spell, to bring  
 A lover to th’ enchanted ring.  
 Ere the sack-poffet is digested,  
 Or half of Hymen’s taper wasted,  
 The winning air, the wanton trip, 25  
 The radiant eye, the velvet lip,  
 From which you fragrant kisses stole,  
 And seem’d to suck her springing soul;  
 These, and the rest you doated on,  
 Are nauseous or insipid grown; 30  
 The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,  
 And Sacharissa turns to Joan.” 32

ON THE  
FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

**W**ELCOME, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,  
 Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power  
 T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.  
 Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,  
 And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride; 5  
 Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,  
 And under-prop the head that bears the crown;  
 Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,  
 And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state;  
 Thou that upon the bench art mounted high, 10  
 And warn'st the judges how they tread awry;  
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe  
 Emphatically urge the pains below;  
 Thou that art ever half the city's grace,  
 And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace; 15  
 Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies knee,  
 To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;  
 Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free;  
 Whence comes this unsought honour unto me?  
 Whence does this mighty condescension flow? 20  
 To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!  
 As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,  
 At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;  
 Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,  
 Jove bid him ask, and granted his request; 25  
 So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,  
 Begot on Venus by the god of wine)  
 My humble suit!—And either give me store  
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more. 29



## PROLOGUE

TO SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAME.

**W**HEN realms are ravag'd with invasive foes,  
 Each bosom with heroic ardour glows ;  
 Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,  
 Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids,  
 But active in the foremost ranks appear, 5  
 And leave young snock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.  
 So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,  
 Our vet'ran bard resumes his tragic rage :  
 He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,  
 And calls for Englishmen to judge the field. 10  
 Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from disgrace,  
 Messieurs ! lay down your minstrels and grimace :  
 The brawniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd  
 When old Etellus in the lists appear'd.  
 Yet what avails the champion's giant size, 15  
 When pigmies are made umpires of the prize ?  
 Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)  
 Disdain'd the mummery of foreign strollers :  
 By their examples would you form your taste,  
 The present age might emulate the past. 20  
 We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you,  
 But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you :  
 The Muses blush'd to see their friends exalting  
 Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting.  
 So charm'd you were, you ceas'd a while to doat 25  
 On nonsense, gargled in an eunuch's throat ;  
 All pleas'd to hear the chatt'ring monsters speak,  
 As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.  
 Such light ragoûts and mushrooms may be good  
 To whet your appetites for wholesome food ; 30  
 But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines  
 Without substantial haunches and sirloins :  
 In wit as well as war they give us vigour ;  
 Cressy was lost by kickshaws and soup-meagre.  
 Instead of light deserts and luscious froth, 35  
 Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth,

To which, as well as all his former feasts,  
The ladies are the chief invited guests.  
Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,  
That bloom amid the winter of his days, 40  
He comes, ambitious in his green decline,  
To consecrate his wreath at Beauty's shrine.  
His Oroonoko never fail'd t' engage  
The radiant circles of the former age:  
Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow, 45  
And sympathize with Isabella's woe;  
But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,  
The brightest audience for the Spartan Dame. 48



# EPISTLES.

TO A LADY,  
SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

## I.

SO smooth and clear the fountain was  
In which his face Narcissus spy'd,  
When, gazing in that liquid glass,  
He for himself despair'd and died:  
Nor, Chloris, can you safer see  
Your own perfections here than he. 5

## II.

The lark before the mirror plays,  
Which some deceitful swain has set;  
Pleas'd with herself, she fondly stays  
To die deluded in the net: 10  
Love may such frauds for you prepare,  
Yourself the captive and the snare.

## III.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review  
Those graces op'ning in their bloom,  
Think how disease and age pursue,  
Your riper glories to consume: 15  
Then, sighing, you would wish your glass  
Could shew to Chloris what she was.

## IV.

Let pride no more give Nature law,  
But free the youth your power enslaves: 20  
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw  
Reflected on the crystal waves,  
Yet priz'd not all her charms above  
The pleasure of Endymion's love.

## V.

No longer let your glass supply  
Too just an emblem of your breast,  
Where oft to my deluded eye  
Love's image has appear'd impress,  
But play'd so lightly on your mind,  
It left no lasting print behind. 30



## TO THE SAME,

## READING THE ART OF LOVE.

**W**HILST Ovid here reveals the various arts,  
 Both how to polish and direct their darts,  
 Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,  
 And read these lines to gain success in love :  
 But Heaven alone, that multiplies our race, 5  
 Has power t' increase the conquests of your face.  
 The Spring, before he paints the rising flowers,  
 Receives mild beams and soft descending showers ;  
 But Love blooms ever fresh beneath your charms,  
 Tho' neither Pity weeps nor Kindness warms. 10  
 The chiefs, who doubt success, assert their claim  
 By stratagems, and poorly steal a name :  
 The gen'rous son of Jove \*, in open fight,  
 Made bleeding Victory proclaim his might :  
 Like him resistless, when you take the field,  
 Love sounds the signal, and the world must yield. 16

## AN EPISTLE

TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

**B**OLD is the Muse to leave her humble cell,  
 And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well ;  
 Thee ! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,  
 And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.  
 Could Sophocles behold in mournful state 5  
 The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait,  
 Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,  
 Distress'd and lost for vices not her own ;  
 If Envy could permit, he'd sure agree,  
 To write by nature were to copy thee ; 10  
 So full, so fair, thy images are shown,  
 He by thy pencil might improve his own.  
 There was an age (its memory will last)  
 Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,

\* Alexander.



In which the fable Muse with hopes and fears  
 Fill'd ev'ry breast and ev'ry eye with tears :  
 But where's that art which all our passions rais'd,  
 And mov'd the springs of nature as it pleas'd ?  
 Our poets only practis'd on the pit  
 With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit. 20  
 Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast  
 The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.  
 Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand  
 Among the chosen classics of our land :  
 And whilst our sons are by tradition taught 25  
 How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,  
 They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,  
 And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakespeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind  
 (The universal mirror of mankind) 30  
 Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,  
 But sometimes stoop'd to please a barb'rous age.  
 When his immortal bays began to grow,  
 Rude was the language, and the humour low :  
 He, like the god of Day, was always bright ; 35  
 But, rolling in its course, his orb of light  
 Was sully'd and obscur'd, tho' soaring high,  
 With spots contracted from the nether sky.  
 But whither is th' advent'rous Muse betray'd ?  
 Forgive her rashness, venerable Shade ! 40  
 May Spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,  
 And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn :  
 Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,  
 Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some scions shot from this immortal root, 45  
 Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit.  
 Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,  
 Had he not strove to blemish Shakespeare's name.  
 But, like the radiant Twins that gild the sphere,  
 Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear : 50  
 The first a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,  
 Had been by superfluity destroy'd,  
 But that his friend, judiciously severe,  
 Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care ;

On various-sounding harps the Muses play'd, 55  
And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.

Few Moderns in the lists with these may stand;  
For in those days were giants in the land;  
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,  
And bow with filial awe to Shakespeare's fame: 60  
The second honours are a glorious name.  
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord  
To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,  
Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood, 65  
Whose fall when first the Tragic Virgin saw,  
She fled, and left her province to the law.

Her merry sister still pursu'd the game;  
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.  
She first reform'd the muscles of her face, 70  
And learn'd the solemn screw for signs of grace;  
Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,  
By humming to a tabor and a drone;  
Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,  
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white: 75  
Thus, banish'd from the stage, she gravely next  
Assum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when, by miracles of mercy shown,  
Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;  
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land, 80  
She straight pull'd off her satin cap and band,  
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,  
With pointed wit, and energy of sense;  
Eth'rege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,  
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd, applause: 85

Restor'd, with less success, the Tragic Muse  
Had long forgot her style by long disuse:  
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,  
Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime;  
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste, 90  
And, sneering, sham'd her into sense at last:  
But now, relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,  
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;

And with her minstrelsy may still remain,  
 Till Southerne court her to be great again. 95  
 Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,  
 Who (long defrauded of the public fame)  
 Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,  
 Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud,  
 Once more may reinstate her on the stage, 100  
 Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts have their empires, and, like other states,  
 Their rise and fall are govern'd by the Fates :  
 They, when their period's measur'd out by time,  
 Transplant their laurels to another clime. 105  
 The Grecian Muse once fill'd with loud alarms  
 The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms ;  
 The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd  
 The Doric reed, and sung beneath the shade ;  
 Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains 110  
 T' observe the seasons, and manure the plains :  
 Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,  
 Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow :  
 Sometimes on flow'ry beds she lay supine,  
 And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine ; 115  
 Or, in her sable stole and buskins dress'd,  
 Shew'd Vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.

The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,  
 From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome :  
 Whilst wars abroad, and civil discord reign'd, 120  
 Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd ;  
 That interval employ'd her timely care  
 To study and refine the language there.  
 She views with anguish, on the Roman stage,  
 The Grecian beauties weep, and warriors rage ; 125  
 But most those scenes delight th' immortal maid  
 Which Scipio had revis'd, and Roscius play'd.  
 Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes,  
 (For Themis then could speak in polish'd prose)  
 Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng 130  
 She bless'd the Syren pow'r of Tully's tongue :

But when, Octavius! thy successful sword  
 Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,  
 Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,  
 And chose a num'rous choir to chant his fame. 135  
 First, from the green retreats and lowly plains,  
 Her Virgil soar'd sublime in epic strains;  
 His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,  
 She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;  
 Taught Horace then to touch the Lesbian lyre, 140  
 And Sappho's sweetness join'd with Pindar's fire.  
 By Cæsar's bounty, all the tuneful train  
 Enjoy'd, and sung of Saturn's golden reign:  
 No genius then was left to live on praise,  
 Or curs'd the barren ornaments of bays; 145  
 On all her sons he cast a kind regard,  
 Nor could they write so fast as he reward.  
 The Muse, industrious to record his name  
 In the bright annals of eternal fame,  
 Profuse of favours, lavish'd all her store, 150  
 And for one reign made many ages poor.

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd swarms  
 Invade the Latian coasts with barb'rous arms;  
 A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,  
 Rough as their heav'n, and barren as their soil: 155  
 These locusts ev'ry springing art destroy'd,  
 And soft Humanity before them died.  
 Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife  
 With Nature's scenes, nor gave the canvas life;  
 Nor Sculpture exercis'd her skill, beneath 160  
 Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:  
 Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,  
 Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.  
 On those twin sisters such disasters came,  
 Tho' colours and proportions are the same 165  
 In ev'ry age and clime, their beauties known  
 To ev'ry language, and confin'd by none.  
 But Fate less freedom to the Muse affords,  
 And checks her genius with the choice of words:  
 To paint her thoughts, the diction must be found 170  
 Of easy grandeur and harmonious sound.

Thus when she rais'd her voice, divinely great,  
 To sing the founder of the Roman state,  
 The language was adapted to the song,  
 Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong; 175  
 But when the Goths' insulting troops appear'd,  
 Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard,  
 Chang'd to a swan, from Tyber's troubled streams  
 She wing'd her flight, and sought the silver Thames.

Long in the melancholy grove she staid, 180  
 And taught the pensive Druids in the shade;  
 In solemn and instructive notes they sung  
 From whence the beauteous frame of nature sprung,  
 Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,  
 And in bright order made the planets move; 185  
 Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,  
 And comets roll unbounded thro' the sky;  
 Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,  
 And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;  
 Whence the gay Spring exults in flowery pride, 190  
 And Autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;  
 Whence summer suns imbrown the lab'ring swains,  
 And shiv'ring Winter pines in icy chains;  
 And prais'd the Pow'r Supreme, nor dar'd advance  
 So vain a theory as that of Chance. 195

But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,  
 She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,  
 And Love and Beauty next became her care.  
 Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford  
 A Venus and a Helen to record; 200  
 A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,  
 Who match'd the goddess, and the queen excell'd:  
 T' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,  
 But still the tongue her gen'rous toil betray'd.  
 Chaucer had all that Beauty could inspire, 205  
 And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire;  
 Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,  
 Because the thoughts are in the language lost.  
 E'en Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie;  
 Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye: 210

Rich was their imag'ry, till Time defac'd  
 The curious works. But Waller came at last.  
 Waller the Muse with heav'nly verse supplies,  
 Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes; 214  
 "All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,  
 "Attend his passion, and approve his song."  
 But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age  
 Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,  
 To Granville his melodious lute she gave,  
 Granville! whose faithful verse is Beauty's slave: 220  
 "Accept this gift, my fav'rite youth!" she cried,  
 "To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde;  
 "Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim,  
 "And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame."

O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove, 225  
 And sing of arms as late he sung of love!  
 His colours and his hand alone should paint  
 In Britain's queen the warrior and the saint;  
 In whom conspire; to form her truly great,  
 Wisdom with power, and piety with state. 230  
 Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,  
 Strong and serene, to bless the land below,  
 O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,  
 And the wild rage of tyranny control.

Her pow'r to quell, and pity to redress, 235  
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine, confess;  
 Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head  
 To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread;  
 And whilst they sound their great deliv'rer's fame,  
 The Seine retires, and sickens at her name. 240  
 O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,  
 Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway,  
 And make her memory rever'd by all,  
 When triumphs are forgot, and mould'ring arches  
 fall.

Pardon me, Friend! I own my Muse too free 245  
 To write so long on such a theme to thee:  
 To play the critic here—with equal right  
 Bid her pretend to teach Argyle to fight;



Instruct th' unerring sun to guide the year,  
 And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer ; 250  
 Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the seal,  
 Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal ;  
 Try to correct what Orrery shall write,  
 And make harmonious St. John more polite ;  
 Teach law to Isla for the crown's support, 255  
 And Jersey how to serve and grace a court ;  
 Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,  
 When Venus and her Loves around him stand ;  
 In sage debates to Rochester impart  
 A searching head and ever faithful heart ; 260  
 Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,  
 High without pride, and amiably great ;  
 Where Nature all her powers with Fortune join'd,  
 At once to please and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,  
 My fancy free, and all my hours my own, 266  
 I lov'd along the laureat grove to stray,  
 The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay ;  
 But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows  
 To make a couplet tinkle in the close. 270  
 Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,  
 And quit the Town to breathe a purer air,  
 Retiring from the crowd to steal the sweets  
 Of easy life in Twyfsden's calm retreats,  
 (As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come, 275  
 And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome)  
 Where Lambard, form'd for business, and to please,  
 By sharing, will improve your happiness ;  
 In both their souls imperial reason sways,  
 In both the patriot and the friend displays ; 280  
 Be lov'd and prais'd by all who merit love and praise.  
 With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,  
 By them excited, and inform'd by you,  
 I may with happier skill essay to sing  
 Sublimier notes, and strike a bolder string. 285

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,  
 No oracles of old the Sibyl gave ;



But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,  
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god ;  
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,  
And wondrous visions fill'd her lab'ring soul.



## A LETTER

TO THE KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

-----Habet Bibliopela Tryphon. MART. Lib. iv.

**S**IR Knight ! who know with equal skill,  
 To make a poem and a pill,  
 'Twas my misfortune t'other night,  
 To be tormented with a spright.  
 On either side his head the hair 5  
 Seem'd bushing out, the top was bare ;  
 His garb antique, but on his face  
 There reign'd a sweet majestic grace ;  
 Of comely port, and in his hand  
 He decent wav'd a laurel wand : 10  
 On the left foot (by which I found  
 His name was on the stage renown'd)  
 A sock of curious shape he wore,  
 With myrtle foliage flourish'd o'er ;  
 A purple buskin grac'd the right, 15  
 And strong he stepp'd, yet lovely light.  
 " Thy friendly care," he cry'd, " I crave,  
 " To give me quiet in my grave ;  
 " Tryphon constrains me from the dead,  
 " A wizard whom I hate and dread ; 20  
 " By him to dangle on a post,  
 " I'm conjur'd up"—" Alas ! poor Ghost !"  
 " A pendulum I there am made,  
 " To move the leaden wheels of trade ;  
 " And while each little author struts, 25  
 " In calf's-skin gilt, adorn'd with cuts,  
 " I, vouching, pass them off as dear,  
 " As any staple classic ware.  
 " Peers, parsons, cits, a motley tribe,  
 " Flock there to purchase and subscribe, 30  
 " While Typhon, as the gudgeons bite,  
 " Chuckles to see them grow polite."  
 For ends thus infamously low,  
 It sure would seem as *à propos*,  
 For Dennis at his door to stand, 35  
 With a good broomstick in his hand ;

Then, should the chaps find ought amiss;  
 Or blame the price, the tragic Swifts  
 Might have his better parts employ'd,  
 To criticise them back and side.

40

Or is there none of all his race  
 Whose features would a sign-board grace?

Oft in the wizard's cell I've seen  
 A sorrel man, of awkward mein;  
 Prying with busy leer about,  
 As if he were the devil's scout.

45

I ne'er was vers'd in modish vice,  
 But sure those whoreson gloating eyes  
 Have travell'd much on love-affairs,  
 Between the key-hole and the stairs.

50

O! cheat the gibbet of a sign,  
 And with his head commute for mine.

When first I heard his damn'd intent,  
 To Tryphon's bed by night I went,  
 Where he lay bless'd with dreams of gain,  
 Furs, scarlet, and a golden chain.

55

I rouz'd the wretch, and weeping said,  
 "O! take my wit, and spare my head,  
 "Urge not the wags to sneer and jape us,  
 "Just as of old they us'd Priapus."

60

But as a whelp starts up with fear,  
 When a bee's humming at his ear,  
 With upper lip elate he grins,  
 Whilst round the little teazer spins,

65

But when aloof in air it soars,  
 He straight forgets th' alarm, and snores;  
 So did his fellow-creature flight  
 The fleeting vision of the night.

My pray'rs were lost, tho' while I stay'd;  
 I smelt they strong impressions made.

70

There is a Knight who takes the field,  
 With Saxon pen and Sable Shield,  
 Who, doubtless, can relieve my ghost,  
 And disenchant me from the post;

Then I could rest as still as those  
 Whom he has drudg'd to sure repose,

75

As if he traded in the whole,  
 And with the body kill'd the soul:  
 To him for aid with speed repair—  
 "But soft! I scent the morning air:"

80

Be mindful of my piteous plight,  
 And to my cause engage the Knight.

Now, gentle Sir! give ear to me,  
 For I prescribe without a fee:

From Curll's remove the seat of war,  
 Encamp on t'other side the Bar;

85

Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,  
 Another epic at him pop;

What tho' without report it move,  
 Like the sure darts of Death or Love,

90

I know your powder is so strong,  
 No mortal sign can stand you long.

But if, by magic, this oppose  
 The volley of your verse and prose,

I'll be your 'squire and firm ally,

95

Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy;  
 Not all the necromancer's art,  
 Will save it then, beshrew his heart!

What can support a shop or sign,

When two such perilous wits combine?

100



## TO MR. POPE.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER,  
*In which the poet supposeth Apollo to have given this answer to one  
 who inquired who was the author of the Iliad.*

Ἡεῖδον μὲν Ἐγών, ἔχάρασσε δὲ Δεῖος Ὀμηρος.

*Hæc modulabar Ego, scripsit divinus Homerus.*

WHEN Phœbus and the Nine, harmonious maids,  
 Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,  
 “What theme,” they cry’d, “what high immortal air,  
 “Befits these harps to sound, and thee to hear?”  
 Reply’d the god, “Your loftiest notes employ,      5  
 “To sing young Peleus and the fall of Troy.”  
 The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,  
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.  
 He answer’d with a frown; “I now reveal,  
 “A truth that Envy bids me not conceal.      10  
 “Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,  
 “I warbled to the lyre that fav’rite tale,  
 “Which, unobserv’d, a wand’ring Greek, and blind,  
 “Heard me repeat, and treasur’d in his mind;  
 “And, fir’d with thirst of more than mortal praise,      15  
 “From me, the god of Wit usurp’d the bays.  
 “But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,  
 “Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;  
 “Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,  
 “And the White Isle with female pow’r is blest,      20  
 “Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,  
 “And the translator’s palm to me transfer:  
 “With less regret my claim I now decline;  
 “The world will think this English Iliad mine.”      24

## AN EPISTLE,

TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

*Omnia me tua delectant; sed maxime, maxima cum fides in amicitia, consilium, gravitas, constantia; tum lepos, humanitas, litera.*

CICERO, Lib. xi. Ep. 27.

SLOW tho' I am to wake the sleeping lyre,  
 Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,  
 Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,  
 That fav'rite verse to Lambard I decree :  
 Such may the Muse inspire, and make it prove, 5  
 A pledge and monument of lasting love !  
 Mean time intent the fairest plan to find,  
 To form the manners and improve the mind,  
 Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,  
 By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease, 10  
 Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace,  
 With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race :  
 Now Truth's bright charms employ my serious  
 In flowing eloquence by Tully taught ; [thought,  
 Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove, 15  
 And studious wander in the Grecian grove,  
 While wonder and delight the soul engage,  
 To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page ;  
 Where Science in attractive fable lies,  
 And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes. 20  
 Transported thence, the flow'ry heights I gain  
 Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train ;  
 Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,  
 And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.  
 As night is tedious while, in love betray'd, 25  
 The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid ;  
 As weary'd hinds accuse the ling'ring sun,  
 And heirs, impatient, wish for twenty-one ;  
 So dull to Horace \* did the moments glide,  
 Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd, 30  
 To combat vice, and follies to expose,  
 In easy numbers, near ally'd to prose ;

\* Lib. i. Epist. 1.



Guilt blush'd and trembl'd when she heard him sing;  
 He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.  
 With such a graceful negligence express, 35  
 Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test:  
 But he who, blindly led, by whimsy strays,  
 And from gross images would merit praise,  
 When Nature sets the noblest stores in view,  
 Affects to polish copper in Peru; 40  
 So while the seas on barren sands are cast,  
 The saltness of their waves offends the taste,  
 But when to heaven exhal'd in fruitful rain,  
 In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,  
 Revive the fainting flow'rs, and swell the meagre grain.  
 Be this their care who, studious of renown, 46  
 Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown;  
 Suffice it me that (having spent my prime,  
 In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)  
 To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose, 50  
 And prize ideas clad in honest prose.  
 Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,  
 Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;  
 And Death, perhaps to spoil poetic sport,  
 Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short: 55  
 His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,  
 For the smooth cadence of a golden line.  
 Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man,  
 To run the trifling race the boy began,  
 Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see 60  
 My circle end in second infancy:  
 I might ere long an awkward humour have  
 To wear my bells and coral to the grave,  
 Or round my room alternate take a course,  
 Now mount my hobby, then the Muses' horse. 65  
 Let others wither gay, but I'd appear,  
 With sage decorum in my easy chair;  
 Grave as Libanius slumb'ring o'er the laws,  
 Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.  
 A nobler task our riper age affords 70  
 Than scanning syllables and weighing words.



To make his hours in even measures flow,  
 Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow ;  
 Still equal in himself, and free to taste,  
 The Now, without repining at the Past ; 75  
 Nor the vain prescience of the spleen t' employ,  
 To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy ;  
 To live tenacious of the golden mean,  
 In all events of various fate serene ;  
 With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey 80  
 Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay :  
 These arts, my Lambard ! useful in their end,  
 Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,  
 In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys ; 85  
 With books and patrimonial plenty blest,  
 Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast !  
 Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,  
 Nor the gay servitude of courts enthrals,  
 Unknowing how to mask concerted guile 90  
 With a false cringe, or undermining smile ;  
 His manners pure, from affectation free,  
 And prudence shines thro' clear simplicity.  
 Tho' no rich labours of the Persian loom,  
 Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room, 95  
 Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,  
 And innocence the want of down supplies ;  
 Health tempers all his cups, and at his board  
 Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford :  
 Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud, 100  
 Himself unseen, he sees the lab'ring crowd,  
 Where all industrious to their ruin run,  
 Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.  
 Some, by the sordid thirst of gain controll'd,  
 Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold, 105  
 Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,  
 In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir :  
 Others devour Ambition's glitt'ring bait,  
 To sweat in purple, and repine in state ;  
 Devote their pow'rs to ev'ry wild extreme, 110  
 For the short pageant of a pompous dream ;

Nor can the mind to full perfection bring  
 The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,  
 But in a public sphere those virtues fade,  
 Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade: 115  
 So while the Night her ebon sceptre sways,  
 Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant \* displays;  
 But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,  
 Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear, 120  
 And tempt the man to make the rash career.  
 Fame, pow'r and wealth, which glitter at the goal,  
 Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul:  
 For these are ease and innocence resign'd;  
 For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind! 125  
 Headstrong, he urges on till vigour fails,  
 And grey experience (but too late!) prevails:  
 But in his ev'ning view the hoary fool,  
 When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;  
 When joy and blusky youth forsake his face, 130  
 Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace;  
 No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,  
 Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain.  
 To him what healing balm can art apply,  
 Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die? 135  
 In that last scene, by Fate in fables dress'd,  
 Thy pow'r, triumphant Virtue! is confess'd;  
 Thy Vestal flames diffuse celestial light,  
 Thro' Death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;  
 Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail, 140  
 When the gay toys of flatt'ring fortune fail.  
 Such, happy Twisden! (ever be thy name,  
 Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in deathless fame!)  
 While the bright effluence of her glory shone,  
 Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own: 145  
 So cassia bruis'd exhales her rich perfumes,  
 And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.

Most spoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd t' impart,  
 By too much varnish, or by want of art:

\* The nure-tree.

By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,  
 Like gems new polish'd, and with gold enchas'd. 150  
 Votes to th' unletter'd 'squire the laws allow,  
 As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:  
 But arts, address, and force of genius, join,  
 To make a Hammer in the senate shine. 155  
 Yet one presiding pow'r in ev'ry breast  
 Receives a stronger sanction than the rest;  
 And they who study and discern it well,  
 Act unrestrain'd, without design excel,  
 But court contempt, and err without redress, 160  
 Missing the master-talent they possess.  
 Whiston perhaps in Euclid may succeed,  
 But shall I trust him to reform my creed?  
 In sweet assemblage ev'ry blooming grace,  
 Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face, 165  
 With which her faultless shape and air agree,  
 But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;  
 And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,  
 Lest Envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.  
 By long experience D—y may, no doubt, 170  
 Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;  
 Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite)  
 "He fish!"—because the man attempts to write.  
 Oh! if the water-nymphs were kind to none  
 But those the Muses bathe in Helicon, 175  
 In what far distant age would Belgia raise  
 One happy wit to net the British seas!  
 Nature permits her various gifts to fall,  
 On various clines, nor smiles alike on all:  
 The Latian vales eternal verdure wear, 180  
 And flow'rs spontaneous crown the smiling year;  
 But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,  
 To raise the jasmine or the coy jonquil?  
 Who finds the peach among the savage sloes,  
 Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose? 185  
 Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,  
 And there the vine her racy purple yields.  
 High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,  
 Proud to survey the seas her pow'r defends;

Her sov'reign title to the flag she proves, 190  
 Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,  
 Apply we to the culture of the mind.  
 This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,  
 The seeds of gentle science best will bear ; 195  
 That with more particles of flame inspir'd,  
 With glitt'ring arms and thirst of fame is fir'd;  
 Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,  
 But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.  
 If these from Nature's genial bent depart, 200  
 In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part ;  
 Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,  
 Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball ;  
 Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,  
 And in heroics only murder men ; 205  
 Should the soft sop forsake the lady's charms,  
 To face the foe with inoffensive arms,  
 Each would variety of acts afford,  
 Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

"Whither," you cry, "tends all this dry discourse?  
 "To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse? 211  
 "I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay  
 "To frisk my fancy with ; but, sooth to say !  
 "From her Apollo now the Muse elopes,  
 "And trades in syllogisms more than tropes," 215  
 Faith, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear ;  
 When a friend reads, in honour you must hear :  
 For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,  
 Indulge a volubility of tongue :  
 Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm, 220  
 And, council-proof, will never balk a theme ;  
 So Burges's on his tripod rav'd the more  
 When round him half the saints began to snore.

To lead us safe thro' Error's thorny maze  
 Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays ; 225  
 But that bright daughter of eternal day  
 Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.  
 Tho' no lethargic fumes the brain invest,  
 And opiate all her active pow'rs to rest ;

Tho' on that magazine no fevers seize,  
 To calcine all her beauteous images ;  
 Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,  
 Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne ;  
 Or, to known good preferring specious ill,  
 Reason becomes a cully to the will. 235  
 Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,  
 Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the way,  
 And in life's voyage, like the pilot fares,  
 Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,  
 To steer by meteors, which at random fly, 140  
 Preluding to a tempest in the sky.  
 Vain of his skill, and led by various views,  
 Each to his end a different path pursues ;  
 And seldom is one wretch so humble known,  
 To think his friend's a better than his own : 245  
 The boldest they who least partake the light,  
 As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight,  
 Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,  
 But what became our choice, we call our fate.  
 " Villain," said Zeno, to his pilf'ring slave, 250  
 " What frugal Nature needs I freely gave ;  
 " With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,  
 " What could provoke thee now to prove unjust ?"  
 " Sir, blame the stars," felonious culprit cry'd :  
 " We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd. 255  
 " If their strong influence all our actions urge,  
 " Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge  
 " The beadle must obey the Fates' decree,  
 " As pow'rful Destiny prevail'd with thee."  
 This Heathen logic seems to bear too hard 260  
 On me, and many a harmless modern bard :  
 The critics, hence, may think themselves decreed  
 To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read ;  
 Foes to the tribe, from which they trace their clan,  
 As monkees draw their pedigree from man ; 265  
 To which (though, by the breed, our kind's disgrac'd)  
 We grant superior elegance of taste ;  
 But, in their own defence, the wits observe,  
 That, by impulse from heav'n, they write and starve ;

Their patron planet, with resistless pow'r, 270  
 Irradiates ev'ry poet's natal hour,  
 Engend'ring in his head a solar heat,  
 For which the college has no sure receipt,  
 Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,  
 And leave the rats to revel in the straw. 275

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain,  
 As Flatt'ry's smooth insinuating bane :  
 She, on th' unguarded ear, employs her art,  
 While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart ;  
 And reason oft submits when both invade, 280  
 Without assaulted, and within betray'd.

When Flatt'ry's magic mists suffuse the sight,  
 The don is active, and the boor polite ;  
 Her mirror shews perfection thro' the whole,  
 And ne'er reflects a wrinkle, or a mole ; 285  
 Each character in gay confusion lies,

And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise :  
 Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,  
 Tho' praise to venom turns, if wrong apply'd.  
 Me thus, she whispers, while I write to you : 290

“ Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review ;  
 “ Then ev'ry Muse invoke thy voice to raise,  
 “ Arms, and the man, to sing in lofty lays,  
 “ Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,  
 “ Such as the son of Thetis \* sung at Troy, 295  
 “ When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd  
 “ To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.

“ Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,  
 “ At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul ;  
 “ By France the genius of the fight confest, 300  
 “ For which our patron saint adorns his breast.”—

Is this my friend who sits in full content,  
 Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,  
 And never any scene of slaughter saw,  
 But those who fell by physic or the law ? 305  
 Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,  
 Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?



O often prov'd, and ever found sincere !  
 Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,  
 On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,  
 Which only can belong to great Argyle. 310

But most among the brethren of the bays,  
 The dear enchantress all her charms displays,  
 In the sly commerce of alternate praise.

If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write, 315  
 Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,

And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,  
 Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode ;  
 Tho' ev'ry stanza glitters thick with stars,  
 And goddesses descend in ivory cars, 320

Is it for me to prove in ev'ry part,  
 The piece irregular by laws of art ?

His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate,  
 May raise him to be premier bard of state ;

I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame, 325  
 Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame ;

Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,  
 " 'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek ! "

He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,  
 And, courteous, with increase the debt repays. 330

Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,  
 And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee !

Both, ravish'd sing *Te Phœbum* for success ;  
 Rise swift, ye Laurels ! Boy ! bespeak the press.—

Thus on imaginary praise we feed ; 335  
 Each writes till all refuse to print or read :

From the records of fame condemn'd to pass,  
 To Brisquet's calendar \*, a rubric ass.

Few, wondrous few ! are eagle-ey'd to find,  
 A plain disease or blemish in the mind : 340

Few can, tho' wisdom should their health ensure,  
 Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.

In youth disus'd t' obey the needful rein,  
 Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,

We sate the keen desire of ev'ry sense, 345  
 And lull our age in thoughtless indolence :

\* Brisquet, jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.



Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,  
 Tho', to supply the vacancy of wit,  
 Folly and Pride, impatient of control,  
 The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul. 350  
 By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,  
 Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn :  
 I scarcely think his picture would have pow'r,  
 To make him fight the champions of the tower,  
 Tho' lions there are tolerably tame, 355  
 And civil as the court from which they came :  
 But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,  
 Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts ;  
 Imagines he alone is amply fit  
 To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit : 360  
 Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,  
 Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,  
 And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,  
 Th' aerial songsters, list'ning to the lays, 365  
 By silent ecstasy confess'd her praise.  
 At length, to rival her enchanting note,  
 The peacock strains the discord of his throat,  
 In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove,  
 But the nice audience hoot him thro' the grove : 370  
 Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,  
 Low'ring his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane,  
 To his protectress there reveals the case,  
 And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess, known 375  
 By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone :

“ My fav'rite Bird ! of all the feather'd kind,  
 “ Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd ;  
 “ The tow'ring eagles to the realms of light,  
 “ By their strong pounces claim a regal right ; 380  
 “ The swan, contended with an humbler fate,  
 “ Low on the fishy river rows in state ;  
 “ Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,  
 “ And the green em'rald twinkles on thy neck ;  
 “ But the poor nightingale, in mean attire, 385  
 “ Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir :

“ These various bounties were dispos’d above,  
“ And ratify’d th’ unchanging will of Jove.  
“ Discern thy talent, and his laws adore ;  
“ Be what thou wert design’d, nor aim at more.” 390



## TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

FROM this auspicious day three kingdoms date,  
 The fairest favours of indulgent Fate ;  
 From this the months in radiant circles run,  
 As stars receive their lustre from the sun.

To you the sceptres of all Europe bend, 5  
 The victor those revere, and these the friend ;  
 Your silken reins the willing nations crave,  
 For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to save.  
 Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows  
 On you renown, and freedom on your foes ; 10  
 Observant of your will, the goddess brings  
 Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But as the brightest beams and gentlest show'rs  
 Were once reserv'd for Eden's op'ning flow'rs ; ~  
 So, tho' remoter realms your influence share, 15  
 Britannia boasts to be your darling care.  
 By your great wisdom and resistless might,  
 Abroad we conquer, and at home unite :  
 Nature had join'd the lands ; but you alone  
 Make their affections and their councils one. 20  
 You speak—the jarring principles remove,  
 And, close combin'd, the sister-nations prove  
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

What pow'r would now forbid the warrior-queen,  
 To wave the red-crofs banners o'er the Seine ? 25  
 Others for titles urge the soldier's toil,  
 Or meanly seek the foe to seize the spoil ;  
 But you for right your pious arms employ,  
 And conquer to restore, and not destroy :  
 Vouchsafing audience to your suppliant foes, 30  
 You long to give the lab'ring world repose ;  
 Concurring justice waits from you the word,  
 Pleas'd, when you fix the scales, to sheath the sword.

From this propitious omen we presage,  
 Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age, 35  
 Establish'd Faith, the daughter of the skies,  
 Shall see new temples by your bounty rise ;

Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,  
Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive ;  
Safe in their shades the Muses shall remain, 40  
And sing the milder glories of your reign.

So, whilst offended Heaven exerts its pow'r,  
Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,  
But when our incense reconciles the skies,  
Again the radiant beams begin to rise ; 45

Soft zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,  
And fragrant flow'rs perfume the dawning day ;  
The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,  
And golden Plenty covers all the plains. 49



TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY  
MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

LET others boast the Nine Aonian maids,  
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades,  
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,  
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse ;  
In vain ! nor Phœbus nor the boasted Nine, 5  
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine :  
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,  
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,  
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age, 10  
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe,  
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.  
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,  
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast,  
But fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile, 15  
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.  
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,  
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,  
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove  
To waken all the tender pow'rs of love ; 20  
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,  
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

As angels love, congenial souls unite  
Their radiance, and refine each other's light,  
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay, 25  
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray ;  
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound  
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound ;  
With varied notes the curious ear to please,  
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease. 30  
Maker and model of melodious verse !  
Accept these votive honours at thy hearse :  
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,  
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise !

So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs  
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires. 33

In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley! view  
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you:  
To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,  
In Sachariffa's fate vouchsafe to read. 40

Secure beneath the wing of with'ring Time,  
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime;  
Still kindling rapture, see! she moves in state,  
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.  
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight 45

In purest minds may stain the virgin white:  
How bright and chaste the poet and his theme!  
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.  
A fainted virtue to the spheres may sing,  
Those strains that ravish'd here the martyr-king. 50

Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease,  
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,  
To fame whate'er was due, he gave to fame,  
And what he could not praise forgot to name:  
Thus Eden's rose, without a thorn, display'd 55  
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,  
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd:  
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,  
While love was all the pensive care of life, 60

The swains in green retreats, with flow'rets crown'd,  
Taught the young groves their passion to resound:  
Fancy pursu'd the paths where Beauty led,  
To please the living or deplore the dead:

While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd, 65  
The rills remurmur'd, and the zephyrs sigh'd,  
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair,  
Breath'd in a flow'r, or sparkled in a star.

Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flow'rs,  
Where Spring resides in soft Elysian bow'rs, 70  
While these the bow'rs adorn, and they the sphere,  
Will Sachariffa's charms in song appear.

Yet in the present age her radiant name,  
Must take a dimmer interval of fame;



When you to full meridian lustre rise, 75  
 With Morton's shape and Gloriana's eyes;  
 With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mein;  
 And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene;  
 In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd,  
 To language, mode, and manners more refin'd! 80  
 That angle-frame, with chaste attraction gay,  
 Mild as the dove-ey'd Morn awakes the May,  
 Of noblest youths will reign the public care,  
 Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.  
 Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow! 85  
 The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow;  
 Her Titian tints the painter-nymph resumes,  
 The canvass warm with roseate beauty blooms:  
 Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,  
 The marble breathes, and softens with your smile;  
 Proud to receive the form by Fate design'd, 91  
 The fairest model of the fairer kind.  
 But hear, O hear, the Muse's heavenly voice!  
 The waving woods, and echoing vales rejoice:  
 Attend, ye Gales! to Margaretta's praise; 95  
 And all ye list'ning Loves record the lays!  
 So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,  
 When Venus, in the glowing orb of Love,  
 O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign,  
 The first, the brightest of the starry train. 100  
 What fav'rite youth assign the Fates to rise,  
 In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?  
 Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains,  
 Trophies achiev'd on Gallia's viny plains,  
 Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays, 105  
 The patriot's olive and the poet's bays:  
 Adorn, ye Fates! the fav'rite youth assign'd,  
 With each ennobling grace of form and mind:  
 In merit make him great, as great in blood;  
 Great without pride, and amiably good; 110  
 His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,  
 To strike a faithless age with conscious awe:  
 In choice of friends, by manly reason sway'd;  
 Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd:



In courts and camps, in council and retreat,  
Wife, brave, and studious to support the state :  
With candour firm ; without ambition bold ;  
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold ;  
That Heaven may judge the choicest blessings due,  
And give the various good compris'd in you. 120



F 3

# ODES.

## AN ODE TO THE SUN.

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1707.

Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu  
Phœbus acceptusque novem camœnis,  
Qui salutari levat arte fessos  
Corporis artus;-----  
Alterum in lustrum meliusque semper  
Proroget ævum. HOR.

### I.

**B**EGIN, celestial source of light,  
To gild the new-revolving sphere;  
And from the pregnant womb of night,  
Urge on to birth the infant year.  
Rich with auspicious lustre rise,  
Thou fairest regent of the skies,  
Conspicuous with thy silver bow:  
To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove  
To rule the radiant orbs above,  
To Gloriana this below.

5

10

### II.

With joy renew thy destin'd race,  
And let the mighty months begin;  
Let no ill omen cloud thy face;  
Thro' all thy circle smile serene.  
While the stern ministers of Fate  
Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,  
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head,  
The Hours, thy offspring heavenly fair!  
Their whitest wings should ever wear,  
And gentle joys on Albion shed.

15

20

### III.

When Illa bore the future fates of Rome,  
And the long honours of her race began,  
Thus to prepare the graceful age to come,  
They from her stores in happy order ran:  
Heroes, elected to the list of fame,  
Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state,  
Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name  
Render'd the glories of her reign complete;

25

Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,  
In comely spoils of war and great atchievements drest.

## I.

Say, Phœbus! for thy searching eye 31

Saw Rome, the darling child of Fate,

When nothing equal here could vie

In strength with her imperious state;

Say if high virtues there did reign 35

Exalted in a nobler strain

Than in fair Albion thou hast seen?

Or can her demi-gods compare

Their trophies for successful war

To those that rise for Albion's Queen? 40

## II.

When Albion first majestic shew'd

High o'er the circling seas her head,

Her the great father smiling view'd,

And thus to bright Victoria said:

Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain, 45

On which, fair Nymph! you fix'd my reign,

This isle to you shall sacred be;

Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,

And crowns be vanquish'd or prevail

As Gloriana shall decree. 50

## III.

Victoria, triumph in thy great increase!

With joy the Julian stem the Tiber claims,

Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess;

The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames:

Roll sov'reign of the streams thy rapid tide, 55

And bid thy brother floods revere the Queen

Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd

To save the Danube and subdue the Seine;

And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,

Exalt thy silver urn, and duteous homage claim. 60

## I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,

On earth, great god of Day! look down;

Let Windsor entertain thy sight,

Clad in fair emblems of renown;

And whilst in radiant pomp appear  
 The names to bright Victoria dear, 65  
 Intent the long procession view;  
 Confess none worthier ever wore  
 Her favours, or was deck'd with more  
 Than she confers on Churchill's brow, 70

## II.

But, oh! withdraw thy piercing rays;  
 The nymph anew begins to moan,  
 Viewing the much-lamented space  
 Where late her warlike William shone:  
 There, fix'd by her officious hand, 75  
 His sword and sceptre of command  
 To deathless fame adopted rest;  
 Nor wants there to complete her woe,  
 Plac'd with respectful love below,  
 The star that beam'd on Gloucester's breast. 80

## III.

O Phœbus! all thy saving pow'r employ;  
 Long let our vows avert the destin'd woe,  
 Ere Gloriana reascends the sky,  
 And leaves a land of orphans here below!  
 But when (so Heaven ordains) her smiling ray 85  
 Distinguish'd o'er the balance shall preside,  
 Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,  
 May her mild influence all their councils guide;  
 To Albion ever constant in her love,  
 Of sov'reigns here the best, the brightest star above. 90

## I.

For lawless power, reclaim'd to right;  
 And virtue rais'd by pious arms,  
 Let Albion be thy fair delight,  
 And shield her safe from threaten'd harms:  
 With flow'rs and fruit her bosom fill, 95  
 Let laurel rise on ev'ry hill  
 Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:  
 Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,  
 And make each vale with pœans ring,  
 To Blenheim and Ramillia due. 100

## II.

Secure of bright eternal fame.  
 With happy wing the Theban swan,  
 Tow'ring from Pifa's sacred stream,  
 Inspir'd by thee the song began;  
 Thro' deserts of unclouded light, 105  
 When he harmonious took his flight,  
 The gods constrain'd the sounding spheres;  
 Still Envy darts her rage in vain,  
 The lustre of his worth to stain,  
 He growing whiter with his years. 110

## III.

But, Phœbus! god of numbers, high to raise  
 The honours of thy art and heavenly lyre,  
 What Muse is destin'd to our sov'reign's praise,  
 Worthy her acts and thy informing fire?  
 To him for whom this springing laurel grows 115  
 Eternal on the topmost heights of fame  
 Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose;  
 And, all intent on Gloriana's name,  
 Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,  
 As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the Giants' war.

## I.

In sure records each shining deed 121  
 When faithful Clio sets to view,  
 Posterity will doubting read,  
 And scarce believe her annals true.  
 The Muses toil, with art, to raise 125  
 Fictitious monuments of praise  
 When other actions they rehearse;  
 But half of Gloriana's reign,  
 That so the rest may credit gain,  
 Should pass unregister'd in verse. 130

## II.

High on its own establish'd base  
 Prevailing virtue's pleas'd to rise,  
 Divinely deck'd with native grace;  
 Rich in itself with solid joys;  
 Ere Gloriana on the throne, 135  
 Quitting for Albion's rest her own,

In types of regal pow'r was seen,  
 With fair pre-eminence confest  
 It triumph'd in a private breast,  
 And made the princess more than queen. 140

## III.

O Phœbus! would thy godhead not refuse  
 This humble incense on thy altar laid;  
 Would thy propitious ear attend the Muse  
 That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid;  
 With Mantuan force I'd mount a stronger gale, 145  
 And sing the parent of her land, who strove  
 T' exceed the transports of her people's zeal  
 With acts of mercy and majestic love;  
 By Fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given 149  
 The guardian pow'r of earth, and public care of heaven.

## I.

Then, Churchill! should the Muse record  
 The conquests by thy sword achiev'd,  
 Quiet to Belgian states restor'd,  
 And Austrian crowns by thee retriev'd.  
 Imperious Leopold confess'd 155  
 His hoary majesty's distress'd;  
 To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,  
 Nor with less terror shook his throne  
 Than when the rising Crescent shone  
 Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls. 160

## II.

The warrior led the Britons forth  
 On foreign fields to dare their fate,  
 Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,  
 In war unknowing to retreat:  
 Thou, Phœbus! saw'st the hero's face, 165  
 When Mars had breathed a purple grace,  
 And mighty fury fill'd his breast:  
 How like thyself, when to destroy  
 The Greeks thou didst thy darts employ,  
 Fierce with thy golden quiver dress'd! 170

## III.

Sudden, whilst, banish'd from his native land,  
 Red with dishonest wounds Bavaria mourn'd



The chief, at Gloriana's high command,  
 Like a rous'd lion to the Maes return'd;  
 With vengeful speed the British sword he drew, 175  
 Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay,  
 Whilst, wing'd with fear, the force of Gallia flew;  
 As when the morning-star restores the day  
 The wand'ring ghosts of twenty thousand slain  
 Fleet fullen to the shades from Blenheim's mournful  
 plain. 180

## I.

Britannia! wipe thy dusty brow,  
 And put the Bourbon laurels on;  
 To thee deliver'd nations bow,  
 And bless the spoils thy wars have won:  
 For thee Bellona points her spear, 185  
 And whilst lamenting mothers fear,  
 On high her signal torch displays;  
 But when thy sword is sheath'd, again  
 Obsequious she receives thy chain,  
 And smooths her violence of face. 190

## II.

Parent of arms! for ever stand  
 With large increase of fame rever'd,  
 Whilst arches to thy saving hand  
 On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.  
 Eugene, inspir'd to war by thee, 195  
 Ausonia's weeping states to free,  
 Swift on th' imperial Eagle flies,  
 Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed  
 Th' asserted Iber lifts his head,  
 And safe his Austrian lord enjoys. 200

## III.

Io, Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,  
 Guiltless of civil rage, extend thy name;  
 The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,  
 Are bounds but equal to thy sov'reign's fame.  
 With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars, 205  
 Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,  
 Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores:  
 So earth, transfixed by fierce Minerva's spear,



A gentler birth obedient did disclose,  
And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose. 210

## I.

When, with establish'd freedom bless'd,  
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,  
Whose happy pow'r reliev'd th' oppress'd  
From lawless chains, and check'd the proud,  
Mature in fame, the grateful gods 215  
Receiv'd him to their bright abodes,  
Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys ;  
Garlands the willing Muses wove,  
And each, with emulation, strove  
T' adorn the Churchill of the skies. 220

## II.

For Albion's chief, ye sacred Nine !  
Your harps with gen'rous ardour string,  
With Fame's immortal trumpet join,  
And safe beneath his laurel sing :  
When clad in vines the Seine shall glide, 225  
And duteous in a smoother tide  
To British seas her tribute yield ;  
Wakeful at Honour's shrine attend,  
And long with living beams defend  
From night the warrior's votive shield. 230

## III.

And, Woodstock ! let his dome exalt thy fame ;  
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be restor'd :  
Thou that with pride dost Edward's\* cradle claim,  
Receive an equal hero for thy lord :  
Whilst ev'ry column, to record their toils, 235  
Eternal monuments of conquest wears,  
And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,  
Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poictiers,  
High on thy tow'r the grateful flag display, [day.  
Due to thy Queen's reward and Blenheim's glorious

\* The Black Prince.

## AN ODE.

## I.

WHAT art thou, Life! whose stay we court?  
 What is thy rival Death, we fear;  
 Since we're but fickle Fortune's sport,  
 Why should we wish t' inhabit here,  
 And think the race we find so rough too short

## II.

While in the womb we forming lie,  
 While yet the lamp of life displays  
 A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,  
 New issuing from Non-entity,  
 The shell of flesh pollutes with sin  
 Its gem, the soul, just enter'd in,  
 And, by transmitted vice defil'd,  
 The fiend commences with the child.

10

## III.

In this dark region future fates are bred,  
 And mines of secret ruin laid,  
 Hot fevers here long kindling lie,  
 Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,  
 And lash on ling'ring destiny,  
 Whene'er excess has fir'd our riper age,  
 Here brood, in infancy the gout and stone,  
 Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own,  
 E'en with our nourishment we death receive;  
 For here our guiltless mothers give  
 Poison for food when first we live.  
 Hence noisome humours\* sweat thro' ev'ry pore,  
 And blot us with an undistinguish'd sore:  
 Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease  
 Forbear on faultless forms to seize;  
 But implicates the good, the gay,  
 The wise, the young, its common prey.  
 Had all, conjoin'd in one, had pow'r to save,  
 The Muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave,

15

20

25

30

\* The small-pox.

## IV.

The spark of pure ethereal light  
 That actuates this fleeting frame,  
 Darts thro' the cloud of flesh a sickly flame, 35  
 And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night.  
 But man would yet look wondrous wise,  
 And equal chains of thought devise;  
 Intends his mind on mighty schemes,  
 Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims; 40  
 And diagrams he draws, t' explain  
 The learn'd chimeras of his brain;  
 And, with imaginary wisdom proud,  
 Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

## V.

Thro' Error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil, 45  
 Perplex'd with puzzling doubts, we roam;  
 False images our sight beguile,  
 But still we stumble thro' the gloom,  
 And Science seek, which still deludes the mind.  
 Yet, more enamour'd with the race, 50  
 With disproportion'd speed we urge the chase:  
 In vain! the various prey no bounds restrain;  
 Fleeting, it only leaves, t' increase our pain,  
 A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

## VI.

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man, 55  
 With random guesses, makes pretence  
 To sound thy searchless providence,  
 From which he first began:  
 Like hooded hawks we blindly tow'r,  
 And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy pow'r. 60  
 Thy will the rolling orbs obey;  
 The moon, presiding o'er the sea,  
 Governs the waves with equal sway:  
 But man, perverse, and lawless still,  
 Boldly runs counter to thy will; 65  
 Thy patient thunder he defies,  
 And sweeps down false principles, and moves

By what his vicious choice approves,  
And when he's vainly wicked thinks he's wise.

## VII.

Return, return, too long misled! 70  
With filial fear adore thy God:  
Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,  
Or body first in space abode,  
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.  
Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne 75  
Sung to the incomprehensible Three-One:  
Yet then his clemency did please  
With lower forms t' augment his train,  
And made thee, wretched creature, Man!  
Probationer of happiness. 80

## VIII.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,  
We momentary bubbles ride,  
Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,  
Sunk in the parent flood we disappear:  
We, who so gaudy on the waters shone, 85  
Proud, like the show'ry bow, with beauties not our  
own.

## IX.

But, at the signal giv'n, this earth and sea  
Shall set their sleeping vassals free,  
And the belov'd of God,  
The faithful and the just, 90  
Like Aaron's chosen rod,  
Tho' dry, shall blossom in the dust:  
Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,  
The skeletons shall brighten into saints,  
And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise 95  
To meet their Saviour coming in the skies.  
Instructed then by intuition, we  
Shall all the vain efforts of our wisdom see;  
Shall then impartially confess  
Our demonstration was but guess; 100

That knowledge, which from human reason flows,  
Unless Religion guide its course,  
And Faith her steady mounds oppose,  
Is ignorance at best, and often worse.



AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

I.

O'ER Winter's long inclement sway  
At length the lusty Spring prevails,  
And, swift to meet the smiling May,  
Is wafted by the western gales :  
Around him dance the rosy Hours, 5  
And, damasking the ground with flow'rs,  
With ambient sweets perfume the morn,  
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,  
A sudden youth the groves enjoy,  
Where Philomel laments forlorn. 10

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir  
To hail the coming god prepares,  
And tempts me to resume the lyre,  
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.  
Yet once more, O ye Muses ! deign 15  
For me, the meanest of your train,  
Unblam'd to approach your bleis'd retreat,  
Where Horace wantons at your spring,  
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,  
Whose notes the Aonian hills repeat. 20

III.

Or if invok'd where Thames's fruitful tides  
Slow thro' the vale in silver volumes play,  
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,  
Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day :  
Thither, indulgent to my pray'r, 25  
Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,  
To swell the notes I feebly raise ;  
So, with inspiring ardours warm'd,  
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd  
To listen to my lays. 30

## I.

Beneath the pole, on hills of snow,  
 Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede  
 To dint of sword defies the foe,  
 In fight unknowing to recede :  
 From Volga's banks th' imperious Czar 35  
 Leads forth his furry troops to war,  
 Fond of the softer southern sky :  
 The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast,  
 But soon the miscreant mooney host  
 Before the victor-cross shall fly. 40

## II.

But here no clarion's shrilling note  
 The Muse's green retreat can pierce ;  
 'The grove from noisy camps remote,  
 Is only vocal with my verse :  
 Here, wing'd with innocence and joy, 45  
 Let the soft hours that o'er me fly  
 Drop freedom, health, and gay desires ;  
 While the bright Seine, t'exalt the soul,  
 With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,  
 And wit and social mirth inspires. 50

## III.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair!  
 The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)  
 Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,  
 Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain ;  
 There secret in her sapphire cell 55  
 He with the Nais wont to dwell,  
 Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove ;  
 And where her mazy waters flow,  
 He gave the mantling vine to grow,  
 A trophy to his love. 60

## I.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,  
 With blind Opinion for his guide,  
 And, rebel to her rightful sway,  
 Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd ?  
 Fool ! Time no change of motion knows ; 65  
 With equal speed the torrent flows



To sweep fame, pow'r, and wealth away :  
 The past is all by death possess'd ;  
 And frugal Fate, that guards the rest,  
 By giving, bids him live to-day.

70

## II.

O Gower! thro' all that destin'd space  
 What breath the pow'rs allot to me  
 Shall sing the virtues of thy race,  
 United and complete in thee.

O flow'r of ancient English faith!  
 Pursue th' unbeaten patriot path,  
 In which, confirm'd, thy father shone:

75

The light his fair example gives  
 Already from thy dawn receives  
 A lustre equal to its own.

80

## III.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,  
 Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume ;  
 Loud pæans echoing round the roof are hear'd,  
 And clouds of incense all the void perfume.

There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,

85

With Falkland seated near his side,  
 Fix'd by the Muse the temple grace ;

Prophetic of thy happier fame,  
 She, to receive thy radiant name,

Selects a whiter space.

90



# TALES.

## THE WIDOW'S WILE.

### A TALE.

**H**AVE you not seen (to state the case)  
Two wasps lie struggling in a glass?  
By the rich flavour of Tokay,  
Allur'd, about the brim they play;  
They light, they murmur, then begin  
To lick, and so at length slip in: 5  
Embracing close the couple lies,  
Together dip, together rise;  
You'd swear they love, and yet they strive  
Which shall be sunk, and which survive: 10  
Such feign'd amours and real hate  
Attend the matrimonial state,  
When sacred vows are bought and sold,  
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold:  
A nymph there was, who ('tis averr'd;  
By Fame) was born without a beard; 15  
A certain sign, the learn'd declare,  
That (guarded with uncommon care)  
Her virtue might remain at ten,  
Impregnable to boys or men. 20  
But from that era we'll proceed,  
To find her in a widow's weed,  
Which, all Love's chronicles agree;  
She wore just turn'd of twenty-three:  
For an old sot she call'd her mate, 25  
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.  
The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,  
Had no more appetites to please:  
That which provokes wild girls to wed,  
Fie!—it ne'er enter'd in her head. 30  
Yet some prolific planet smil'd,  
And gave the pair a chopping child,  
Entitled by the law to claim,  
Her husband's chattels and his name;  
But was so like his mother! she 35  
The queen of Love, her Cupid he.

'This matron fair for spouse deceas'd,  
 Had sorrow'd fore a week at least,  
 And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,  
 Which had lain dead full many a day. 40  
 From plays and balls she now refrain'd,  
 To a dark room by custom chain'd,  
 And not a male for love or gold,  
 But the dear hopes of two years old.  
 The maids, so long in prison pent, 45  
 Ask leave to air; she gives consent;  
 (For health is riches to the poor)  
 But Tom must stay to guard the door.  
 In reading Sherlock she'd employ  
 Her solitude, and tend the boy. 50  
 When Madam sees the coast is clear,  
 Her spirits mantle and career,  
 Diffusing ardour thro' her mien,  
 Pity they should condense to spleen!  
 But now by honour she's confin'd, 55  
 Who flutter'd once as free as wind,  
 And on a masquerading morn  
 By six securely could return;  
 Having, to seal him safe till nine,  
 With opium drugg'd her spouse's wine. 60  
 This the gay world no worse would hold,  
 Than had she only chang'd his gold:  
 The species answer'd all demands,  
 And only pass'd thro' other hands.  
 But honour now prescribes the law, 65  
 The tyrant keeps her will in awe;  
 For charity forbid to roam,  
 And not a chitterling at home.  
 What! a large stomach and no meat!  
 In pity, Love! provide a treat. 70  
 Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,  
 Like hags on visionary dishes?  
 Impossible! thro' walls of stone  
 Hunger will break to suck a bone.  
 Want, oft' in times of old, we read, 75  
 Made mothers on their infants feed,

And now constrain'd this matron mild,  
To grow hard-hearted to her child.

Her darling child she pinch'd ; he squall'd ;

In haste the fav'rite footman's call'd,

80

To pacify the peevish chit,

For who but he could do the feat ?

He, smarting sore, refus'd to play,

But bade man Thomas beat Mamma !

She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame;

85

By various signs that want a name.

The lucky saw, with trembling joy,

Gay humour dancing in her eye,

And straight, with equal fury fir'd,

Began th' attack. The dame retir'd ;

90

And haply falling as she fled,

He beat her till she lay for dead ;

But (with new vigour for the strife)

Soon, with a sigh, return'd to life.

Think ye she'd e'er forgive her son,

95

For what the naughty man had done ?

She did ; yet, spited with his pain,

He sounds th' alarm to charge again.

But, 'squire, consult your potent ally,

Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally—

100

Yes ; blood is hot on either side ;

Another combat must be try'd.

She knew the foe could do no more ;

Than at the first attack she bore ;

So at his little malice simil'd,

And cry'd, " Come on !—to please the child." 106

## A TALE.

DEVIſED IN THE PLESAUNT MANERE OF  
GENTIL MAISTER JEOFREY CHAUCER.

WHYLOM in Kent there dwelt a clerke,  
Who wyth grete cheer and litil werke,  
Upſwalen was with venere :  
For meagre Lent ne recked he,  
Ne ſainct's daies had in remembraunce, 5  
Mo will had he to dalliaunçe.  
To ſerchen out a bellamie  
He had a ſharp and licorous eie ;  
But it wold bett abide a leke  
Or onion than the fight of Greke ; 10  
Wherefore God yeve him ſhame ; Boçcace  
Serv'd him for Baſil and Ignace.  
His vermeil cheke, that ſhon wyth mirth,  
Spake him the blitheſt prieſt on yearth ;  
At chyrch, to ſhew his lillied hond, 15  
Full fetouſly he prank'd his bond ;  
Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,  
And Iſaac Wever was he nempt.  
Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,  
For a yonge damoſell did pyne, 20  
Born in Eaſt-Cheape, who, by my fay,  
Ypert was as a popinjay :  
Ne wit ne wordes did ſhe waunt,  
Wele cond ſhe many a romaunt ;  
Ore muſcadine or ſpiced ale 25  
She carrold ſoote as nightingale ;  
And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne  
Withouten ſpeche ; a ſpeciall ſigne  
She lack'd ſomedele of what ech dame  
Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name : 30  
So was eſtſoons by Iſaac won  
To bliſful conſummation.

Here mought I now tellen the feſtes,  
Who yave the bryde, how bibb'd the gheſtes ;

But withouten such gawdes I trow 35  
 Myne legend is prolix ynow.  
 Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's song,  
 A tale shold never be too long;  
 And sikerly in fayre Englonde  
 None bett doth taling understond. 40  
 She now, algates full sad to chaunge  
 The citee for her husbond's graunge,  
 To Kent mote; for she wele did knowe  
 'Twas vaine ayenst the streme to rowe.  
 So wend they on one steed yfere, 45  
 Ech cleping toder life and dere;  
 Heaven shilde hem fro myne Bromley host,  
 Or many a groat theyr-meel woll cost.  
 Deem next ye Maistress Wever fene  
 Yclad in sable bombasine; 50  
 The Frankeleins wyves accost her blythe,  
 Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;  
 And yeve honour parochiall  
 In pew, and eke at festivall.  
 Worschip and wealth her husbond hath; 55  
 Ne poor in aught, save werks and faith:  
 Kepes bull, bore, stallion, to dispence  
 Large pennorths of benevolence.  
 His berne ycrammed was, and store  
 Of poultrie cackled at the dore; 60  
 His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,  
 And was astonied at the cocke,  
 That, in his portaunce debonair,  
 On everich henn bestow'd a share  
 Of plesaunce, yet no genitours 65  
 She saw, to thrill his paramours:  
 Oftsithes she mokel mus'd theron,  
 Yet eist she howgates it was don.  
 One night, ere they to sleepe went,  
 Her Isaac in her arms she hent, 70  
 As was her usage; and did saie,  
 Of charite I mote thee praie,  
 To techene myne unconnyng wit  
 One thing it comprehendeth niet;

And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,  
If in myne quest thou falsen me.

75

Our chaunticlere loves everich hen ;  
Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten,  
Yet romps he ore beth grete and small,  
Ne ken I what he swinks wythall :  
But on ech leg a wepon is,  
Yperfent and full starke I wys ;  
Doth he with hem at pertelote play ?  
In sooth there's werk inough for tway.

80

Qd. Isaac, Certes by Sainct Poule,  
Myne life thou art a simple soule ;  
Foules fro the egle to the wren  
Bin harness'd othergise than men :  
For the males engines of delite,  
Ferre in theyr entrails are empight ;  
Els, par mischaunce, theyr merriment,  
Emong the breers mought fore be shent.  
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce  
Love of venereal jouisaunce ;  
And in one month, the trowth to sayne,  
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twayne.

85

90

95

O Benedicite ! qd. she,  
If keypyng hote so kindlych be,  
Hie in thyne boweles trufts thyne gere,  
Aha eke the skrippe that daungleth here.

100

Ne dame, he aniwerd, mote that bene ;  
For as I hope to be a dene,  
Thilke Falstaffs-bellie rownd and big,  
Was built for corny ale and pig ;  
Ne in it is a chink for these,  
Ne for a wheat-straw and tway pease.

105

Pardie, qd. she, syth there's nat room,  
Swete Nykin ! chafe hem in myne woom.

108



## THE FAIR NUN,

## A TALE.

-----Ire per ignes,  
Et gladios ausim. Neque ad hoc tamen ignibus ullis,  
Aut gladiis opus est; opus est mihi crini.-----

OID. MET. lib. viii.

WE sage Cartesians, who profess  
Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,  
Assert that souls a-tip-toe stand,  
On what we call the Pineal Gland,  
As weather cocks on spires are plac'd,  
To turn the quicker with each blast.

5

This granted, can you think it strange,  
We all should be so prone to change,  
Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear,  
A satin cap i' th' elbow chair?  
The follies that the child began,  
Custom makes current in the man,  
And firm by livery and seisin,  
Holds the fee-simple of his reason.

10

But still the gusts of love we find,  
Blow strongest on a woman's mind;  
Nor need I learnedly pursue  
The latent cause, th' effect is true;  
For proof of which, in manner ample,  
I mean to give you one example.

15

20

Upon a time (for so my nurse,  
Heaven rest her bones! began discourse)  
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,  
Began to languish with the spleen:  
She who had shone at balls and play,  
In gold brocade extremely gay,  
All on a sudden grew precise,  
Declaim'd against the growth of vice,  
A very prude in half a year,  
And most believ'd she was sincere:  
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,  
That's sanctify'd to count her pray'rs:  
Venus, and all her naked Loves,  
The reformedo nymph removes,

25

30

And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,  
Was plac'd in their respective quarters.

35

Nor yet content, she could not bear

The rankness of the public air,

'Twas so infected with the vice

Of luscious songs and lovers' sighs;

40

So most devoutly would be gone,

And straight profess herself a Nun.

A youth of breeding and address,

And call him Thyrsis, if you please,

45

Who had some wealth to recompense

His slender dividend of sense,

Yet could, with little thought and care,

Write tender things to please the fair,

And then successively did grow;

From a half-wit, a finish'd beau;

50

(For fops thus naturally rise,

As maggots turn to butterflies)

This spark, as story tells, before,

Had held with Madam an amour,

Which he resolving to pursue,

55

Exactly took the proper cue;

And on the wings of Love he flies,

To Lady Abbess in disguise,

And tells her he had brought th' advowson;

Of soul and body to dispose on.

60

Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd,

In petticoats without a beard,

Fond of a profelyte and fees,

Admits the fox among the geese.

65

Here duty, wealth, and honour, prove;

Tho' three to one, too weak for Love;

And to describe the war throughout,

Would make a glorious piece no doubt,

Where moral virtues might be slain,

And rise, and fight, and fall again:

70

Love should a bloody myrtle wear,

And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,

The Nun should charge.—But I forbear.

All human joys, tho' sweet in tasting,  
Are seldom (more's the pity!) lasting. 75

The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,  
Which others thought th' effects of zeal :

But she, poor she ! began to doubt,  
(Best knowing what she'd been about)

The marriage earnest-penny lay, 80  
And burnt her pocket, as we say.

She now invokes, to ease her soul,

The dagger and the poison'd bowl ;

And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,

To lose her life and honour too, 85

Talk'd in as tragical a strain as

Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.

But as she in her cell lay sighing,

Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,

The fiend (who never wants address 90

To succour damsels in distress)

Appearing, told her he perceiv'd

The fatal cause for which she griev'd,

But promis'd her *en cavalier*

She should be freed from all her fear, 95

And with her Thyrsis lead a life

Devoid of all domestic strife,

If she would sign a certain scrawl—

Aye, that she would, if that was all.

She sign'd, and he engag'd to do 100

Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.

The critics must excuse me now ;

They both were freed, no matter how :

For when we epic writers use

Machines to disengage the Muse, 105

We're clean acquit of all demands,

The matter's left in abler hands ;

And if they cannot loose the knot

Should we be censur'd ? I think not.

The scene thus alter'd, both were gay ; 110

For pomp and pleasures who but they,

Who might do ev'ry thing but pray ?

Madam in her guilt chariot flaunted,  
 And Pug brought ev'ry thing she wanted ;  
 A slave devoted to her will ;  
 115 But women will be wav'ring still :  
 E'en vice without variety  
 Their squeamish appetites will cloy ;  
 And having stol'n from Lady Abbess  
 One of our merry modern Rabbies,  
 120 She found a trick she thought would pass,  
 And prove the devil but an ass.

His next attendance happen'd right  
 Amidst a moonless stormy night,  
 When Madam and her spouse together  
 125 Guess'd at his coming by the weather.  
 He came. " To night," says he, " I drudge  
 " To fetch a heriot for a judge,  
 " A gouty nine-i'th' hundred knave ;  
 " But, Madam, do you want your slave ?  
 130 " I need not presently be gone,  
 " Because the doctors have not done.  
 " A rosy vicar and a quack  
 " Repuls'd me in my last attack :  
 " But all in vain ; for mine he is ;  
 135 " A fig for both the faculties."

The dame produc'd a single hair,  
 But whence it came I cannot swear ;  
 Yet this I will affirm is true,  
 It curl'd like any bottle screw.  
 140 " Sir Nic," quoth she, " you know us all ;  
 " We ladies are fantastical :  
 " You see this hair"—" Yes, Madam"—" Pray,  
 " In presence of my husband stay  
 " And make it straight, or else you grant  
 145 " Our solemn league and covenant  
 " Is void in law."—" It is, I own it ;"  
 And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,  
 If wetting would not do the feat ;  
 150 And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion ;  
 But still it kept th' elastic motion.

Well! more ways may be found than one  
To kill a witch that will not drown.

“ If I,” quoth he, “ conceive its nature,  
“ This hair has flourish’d nigh the water. 155  
“ ’Tis crisp’d with cold perhaps, and then  
“ The fire will make it straight again.”

In haste he to the fire applies it,  
And turns it round and round, and eyes it, 160  
Heigh, jingo! worse than ’twas before;  
The more it warms it twirls the more.

He stamp’d his cloven foot, and chaf’d;  
The husband and the lady laugh’d. 165

Howe’er, he fancy’d, sure enough  
He should not find it hammer-proof. 165

No Cyclops e’er at work was warmer  
At forging thunderbolts or armour  
Than Satan was; but all in vain:  
Again he beats—it curls again! 170

At length he bellow’d in a rage,  
“ This hair will take me up an age.”

“ This take an age!” the husband swore,  
“ Z——ds! Betty has five hundred more.

“ More! Take your bond,” quoth Pug. “ Adieu; 176  
“ ’Tis loss of time to ply for you.”



# TRANSLATIONS.

## THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

IN MILTON'S STYLE.

-----To th' Orphean lyre  
He sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
Tho' hard and rare-----

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

**W**HEN speeding sea-ward to the fleet we came  
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our  
ship  
Into the sacred deep: the mast uprear'd  
Bore ev'ry sail expanded; whilst aboard  
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascend 5  
The vessel, inly griev'd, and silent showers  
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind  
Circe the fair, of human race divine,  
Propitious sent; to ply the struggling oar  
Small need remain'd, the fresh'ning gale suffic'd 10  
Each bellying canvass. On with speed we fare  
Prosperous; and when the sun careering prone  
Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade  
Sabled the pole, we, tilting o'er the waves  
On ocean's utmost bound, approach the realms, 15  
Unblest'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell,  
(A lamentable race!) of heav'nly light  
Unvisited, and the sun's gladsome ray.  
Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach,  
We take the destin'd sheep, and slow sojourn 20  
Along the marsh, till the fated place  
We found which Circe will'd we should explore.  
Eurylochus and Perimedes guard  
The holy offerings; I mean-time unsheath  
My falchion, and prepare t'intrench the ground  
A cubit square, and there oblations pour 26



To reconcile the shades ; infusing milk,  
 With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must  
 Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store  
 Of water, and with flow'r of wheat bestrow 30  
 The mix'd ingredients : to the feeble ghosts  
 Then vow'd, if Heav'n to my dear native land  
 Should favour my return, a barren cow  
 Of stateliest growth, and to th' oraculous seer\*  
 A ram of fable fleece, the leading pride 35  
 Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd,  
 And vows prefer'd, the destin'd sheep I slew ;  
 Forth gush'd the vital purple, and surcharg'd  
 The hollow'd trench ; when lo ! from the dun verge  
 Of Erebus the ghosts promiscuous troop 40  
 Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature  
 Cropt in their spring, who, wand'ring pensive, wail'd  
 The shortness of their date : trembling, and hoar  
 With age, some slowly pace ; others, more fierce,  
 Array'd in arms, ensanguin'd o'er with wounds 45  
 Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach  
 To drink the reeking gore. Shudd'ring and pale  
 I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch,  
 Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam  
 To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides 50  
 The regency of night : sudden I wav'd  
 My glitt'ring falchion, from the sanguine pool,  
 Driving th' unbody'd host that round me swarm'd,  
 Nor deign'd to let them sip, before I saw  
 Th' oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd 55  
 Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse  
 We left behind in Circe's sumptuous dome,  
 Unwept, unbury'd, eager to pursue  
 Our voyage. Strait to tender pity mov'd,  
 With words dissolv'd in tears, I cry'd, " Relate, 60  
 " Elpenor, how these rueful shades you reach'd  
 " Sooner than I full-sail'd." He thus reply'd,  
 In accents of much dolour ; " Me, O King !  
 " The minister of adverse Fate malign'd,  
 " Unweeting of mishap, and wrought my doom, 65



" Drench'd with excess of wine: prone from the top  
 " Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck-bones  
 " Disjointing, dy'd. But to your pious care  
 " Suppliant, I beg by those endearing names  
 " Of parent, wife, and son, (tho' distant, dear 70  
 " To your remembrance) when you re-ascend  
 " To Circe's blissful isle, to my remains  
 " Discharge funereal rites; nor let me lie  
 " Unwept, unbury'd there, lest Heav'n avenge  
 " The dire neglect. While the devouring flames 75  
 " Consume my earthy, on the flagrant pile  
 " My armour cast complete; then raise a tomb  
 " For my memorial on the foamy strand,  
 " And on it place that oar which erst I ply'd  
 " With my associates." Pensive I rejoin, 80  
 " Poor Shade! I'll pay the decent rites you crave."

While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd  
 Such melancholy parley, with brandish'd steel  
 Guarding the goary pool, I thro' th' obscure  
 My mother \* view'd: her lineage she deriv'd 85  
 From Maia's wingy son, and ceas'd to breathe  
 This vital air since I my legion led  
 To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes  
 Abundant sorrow stream'd; but tho' regret  
 Wither'd my resolution, from the pool 90  
 I made the dear maternal form recede,  
 Till I should learn from the grave Theban seer  
 The sum of fate. The sage at length advanc'd,  
 Bearing a golden sceptre, and began:

" Son of Laertes! what misfortunes dire 95  
 " Compel your progress from th' all-cheering sun,  
 " And heav'nly azure, in this seat of woe  
 " To roam among the dead? but from the pool  
 " Withdraw, and sheath your falchion, while I taste  
 " That bloody beverage, then the Fate's decree 100  
 " Instant I'll utter." Sudden I withdrew.

Sheathing my falchion whilst he drank the gore:  
 Then thus the seer pronounc'd the Fates' decree.

- " What méans may best besit your wish'd return,  
 " Illustrious Greek! you'd know. The sov'reign pow'r  
 " Whose strong earth-shaking mace the floods revere,  
 " Infiduous waits a time to wreak revenge 107  
 " For Polypheme his son, whose visual orb  
 " You late eclips'd with ever-during shade.  
 " Howe'er you safe may voyage, and avoid 110  
 " Disasters various, if your mates refrain  
 " From sacrilegious spoil, when safe they tread  
 " Trinacria's herby soil; for there the flocks  
 " And herds of Phœbus o'er the verd'rous lawn 114  
 " Browze fatt'ning pasture, (he, the world's great eye,  
 " Views all below his orient beám, nor ought  
 " Can shun his wakeful ear) with evil hand  
 " If them they seize, unerring I foretel  
 " An hideous wreck. Unequal to the storm,  
 " Your ship, deep in the nether waves ingulf'd, 120  
 " Shall perish with her crew: you shall regain  
 " The dry, without surviving friend to cheer  
 " Your pilgrim steps; however late and hard,  
 " You shall revisit your lov'd natal shore,  
 " Transported in a vessel not your own. 125  
 " Much of domestic damage and misrule  
 " Will sadden your return; for in your court  
 " Suitors voluptuous swarm, with am'rous wiles  
 " Studious to win your consort, and seduce  
 " Her from chaste fealty to joys impure, 130  
 " In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they soon  
 " By stratagem, or your puissant arm,  
 " To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race  
 " Remote from ocean, who with savoury salt  
 " Ne'er season their repast, nor vessel view'd 135  
 " Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,  
 " And all her tackle trim, with speed repair,  
 " Carrying a taper oar: way-faring thus,  
 " One journeying obvious will misname that oar  
 " A corn van; fix it there, and victims slay 140  
 " To Neptune rev'rent; from the fleecy fold  
 " A ram select, and from the beeves and swine  
 " The choicest male entire of either herd:

" Thence homeward haste, and hecatombs prepare  
 " For the bright order of the gods, who reign 145  
 " Spher'd in empyreal splendours. White with years,  
 " The balm of life evaporating slow.  
 " At length, when Neptune points the dart of death\*,  
 " Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land  
 " With fair abundance blest'd. In these fix'd laws  
 " Of Fate repose affiance, and beware." 151

I thus reply'd: " In this authentic will  
 " Of Fate, O Seer! I acquiesce; but, lo!  
 " Pensive, and silent, by the goary pool  
 " Abides my mother's shade, nor me vouchsafes 155  
 " Language or look benign: oh! tell me how  
 " She here may recognize me." He rejoin'd;  
 " Whatever ghost by your permission sips  
 " That sacred purple, will to all your quest  
 " Without deceit reply; the rest withdraw 160  
 " At your stern interdict." This said, the seer

To the high capital of Dis retir'd:  
 Mean-time I firm abode, till the dear shade  
 Had sipp'd the sacred purple, then her son  
 Instant she knew, and wailing thus began: 165

" My son! how reach'd you these Tartarean bounds,  
 " Corporeal? Many a river interfus'd,  
 " And gulfs unvoyageable, from access  
 " Debar each living wight; besides th' expanse  
 " Of ocean wide to sail. Are you from Troy 170  
 " With your associate peers but now return'd,  
 " Erroneous from your wife and kingdom still?"

I thus: " By strong necessity constrain'd,  
 " Down to these nether realms I have presum'd  
 " An earthly guest, to hear my doom disclos'd 175  
 " By sage Tiresias; for since I led  
 " Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd  
 " To war on Ilium, traversing the main  
 " Thro' various perils, I have voyag'd far  
 " Estrang'd from Greece. But say by what disease,  
 " By slow consumption, thro' the gates of Death, 181  
 " Prone did you pass? or by Diana's dart

\* He was killed by the blow of a sea-turtle.

- “ Transfix’d a sudden fate? My hoary fire,  
 “ Survives he? Is my bloomy son possess’d  
 “ Of my domain? or groans it now beneath 185  
 “ Usurping pow’rs, why lord it uncontroll’d,  
 “ Thoughtless of my return? My consort dear,  
 “ Abides she with my son of all his rights  
 “ A guardian regent? or, no longer mine,  
 “ Hath she been won to plight connubial vows?” 190  
 The venerable shade thus answer’d mild:  
 “ Still in your regal dome your spouse abides  
 “ Disconsolate, with ever-flowing eyes  
 “ Wailing your absence; and your son, possess’d  
 “ Of principality, with his compeers, 195  
 “ Bounteous of soul, free intercourse maintains  
 “ Of social love. Beneath a sylvan lodge,  
 “ Far from the cheerful steps of men, your fire  
 “ Lives inconsolable, on gorgeous beds,  
 “ With rich embroidery spread, and purple palls, 200  
 “ No more indulging sweet repose; but, clad  
 “ In coarse attire, couch’d with his village hinds,  
 “ On the warm hearth he sleeps when winter reigns  
 “ Inclement, till the circling months return  
 “ New-rob’d in flow’ring verdure; then the vines  
 “ High interwove a green pavillion form, 206  
 “ Where, pillow’d on the leaves, he mourns for you  
 “ Nocturnal; to th’ unfriendly damp of age  
 “ Adding corrosive anguish and despair.  
 “ So perish’d I with slow-consuming pile! 210  
 “ Me nor the silver shafted goddess slew  
 “ Nor racking malady; but anxious love  
 “ Of my Ulysses on my vitals prey’d,  
 “ And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave.”  
 She ceas’d: I thrice with filial fondness strove 215  
 To embrace the much-lov’d form, and thrice it fled,  
 Delusive as a dream. Anew with grief  
 Heart-chill’d I spake; “ Why, Mother, will you fly  
 “ Your son’s encircling arms? O here permit  
 “ My duteous love, and let our sorrows flow, 220  
 “ Mingling in one full stream! Or has the queen,  
 “ Whose frown the shades revere, to work me woe,

" A guileful image form'd?" She thus replies:  
 " Of all mankind, O most to grief inur'd!  
 " Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain  
 " Is here intended; but the essence pure 226  
 " Of separate souls is of all living touch  
 " Impassive: here no gross material frame  
 " We wear, with flesh incumber'd, nerves, and bone;  
 " They're calcin'd on the pile: but when we cease  
 " To draw the breath of life, the soul on wing 231  
 " Fleets like a dream, from elemental dross  
 " Disparted and refin'd. Now to the realms  
 " Illumin'd with the sun's enliv'ning beam,  
 " Hence journeying upward, to your consort dear  
 " Disclose the secrets of our state below." 236

Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train  
 Of nobles near advance their steps, enlarg'd  
 By radiant Proserpine, daughters and wives  
 To kings and heroes old: the goary pool 240  
 The fair assembly thick surround, to sip  
 The tasteful liquid: I the fates of each  
 Desirous to hear storied, wave my sword  
 In airy circles, while they singly fate  
 Their appetites; then curious ask of each 245  
 Her ancestry, which all in order told.

Tyro first audience claim'd, the daughter fair  
 Of great Salmoneus; she with Crethus shar'd  
 Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom  
 Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd; 250  
 Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn  
 Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form  
 Neptune assum'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd,  
 Wand'ring, love-pensive, near his amber stream:  
 Them plunging in the slopy flood receiv'd 255  
 Redounding; and to screen his am'rous theft,  
 On either side the parted waves up-rear'd  
 A crystal mound. Potent of rapt'rous joy,  
 And fated, thus he spake: " Hail, royal fair!  
 " Thy womb shall teem with twins, (a god's embrace  
 " Is ever fruitful) and those pledges dear 261  
 " Of our sweet casual bliss nurture and tend

“ With a fond mother’s care : hence homeward speed,  
 “ And from all human ken our am’rous act  
 “ Conceal : so Neptune bids thee now farewell.” 265

He ceas’d, and diving, sudden was ingulf’d  
 Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair sons  
 Th’ appointed months discharg’d, by supreme Jove  
 Both scepter’d : Pelias first his empire wide  
 Stretch’d o’er Iölcös, whose irriguous vales 270  
 His grazing folds o’erflec’d ; her younger birth,  
 Neleus, was honour’d thro’ the sandy realm  
 Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then espous’d,  
 A fair increase, Æson and Pheres, bore,  
 And great Amythaon, who with fiery steeds 275  
 Oft’ disarray’d the foes in battle rang’d.

The daughter of Asopus next I view’d,  
 Antiope, boastful that she, by Jove  
 Impregnate, had the fan’d Amphion born,  
 And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes, 280  
 Stately with seven large gates, and bulwark’d strong  
 Against invading pow’rs. Alcmena fair,  
 Amphitryon’s consort, then advanc’d to view,  
 To heaven’s supreme who bore Alcides, bold  
 And lion-hearted. Next that lovely shade 285  
 Stood Megara, of Creon’s royal race,  
 By great Alcides spous’d. To her succeeds  
 The sheeny form of Epicaste, woo’d  
 By Oedipus her son, to whom she deign’d  
 Spousal embraces, thoughtless of misdeed ; 290  
 He having too (ill-starr’d !) destroy’d his sire,  
 His lineage with incestuous mixture soil’d,  
 Blinded by Destiny ; but the just gods  
 Disclos’d th’ unnatural scene. In Thebes he sway’d,  
 With various ills by Heaven’s afflictive rod 295  
 Discomfited ; but she thro’ fell despair  
 Self-strangled from the strings of mortal life  
 Fled to the shades, and her surviving son  
 With delegated furies fierce pursu’d.

An amiable image next appear’d, 300  
 Bright Chloris, of Amphion’s lofty stem  
 The youngest bud : in sweet attractive pomp



On her the Graces ever-waiting smit  
 The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes  
 Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love 305  
 Sprung Nestor, Chromius, and the boastful pow'r  
 Of Pereclymenus, besides a nymph,  
 Pero, of form divine: her virgin vows  
 By many a prince were fought, but Neleus deign'd  
 To none her bed but him whose prowess'd arm 310  
 Should force from Phylace a furious herd  
 Of wild Thessalian beeves, t' avenge the dow'  
 Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold emprise  
 A seer accepted; but, in combat foil'd,  
 In thrall for twelve revolving months he lay 315  
 Deep in a dungeon close immur'd, till found  
 Divine of Fate, by solving problems quaint  
 Which Iphiclus propos'd, who strait dismiss'd  
 The captive; so was Jove's high will complete.  
 Then Leda, spous'd by Tyndarus, I saw, 320  
 Mother of the fam'd twins; Castor, expert  
 To tame the steed, and Pollux, far renown'd  
 On list'd fields for conflict; who from Jove  
 Receiv'd a graceful boon like gods to live,  
 Mounting alternate to this upper orb. 325  
 Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife  
 Of great Alœus, who in love compress'd  
 By Neptune, bore (so she the fact avow'd)  
 Otus and Ephialtes, whom the Fates  
 Cut short in early prime: their infant years 330  
 Nurtur'd by earth, enormous both attain'd  
 Gigantic stature, and for manly grace  
 Were next Orion rank'd; for in the course  
 Of nine swift circling years nine cubits broad  
 Their shoulders measur'd, and nine ells their height.  
 Improvident of soul, they vainly dar'd 336  
 The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar  
 Rear'd Ossa, and on Ossa Pelion pil'd,  
 Torn from the base with all its woods, by scale  
 T' assault heaven's battlements; and had their date  
 To manhood been prolong'd had sure achiev'd 341  
 Their ruinous aim; but by the silver dart



Of Phœbus sheer transfix'd, ere springing down  
Shaded their rosy youth, they both expir'd.

345

Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,  
And Ariadne; who them both surpass'd  
In goddess-like demeanor: from her fire  
Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,  
Theseus of old convey'd her, with intent  
At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign:

350

But stern Diana, by the guileful plea  
Of Bacchus won, dissever'd soon their joys,  
And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn

355

In Dia, with circumfluous seas ingert,  
Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance  
Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair;  
And Eriphyle, whose once radiant charms  
A cloud of sorrow dimm'd; for she, devoid  
Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.—

360

Here let me cease narration, nor relate  
What other objects fair, daughters and wives  
Of heroes old, I saw; for now the night  
In clouded majesty has journey'd far,

365

Admonishing to rest, which with my mates,  
Or here with you, my wearied nature craves;  
Mean-time affianc'd in the gods and you  
To speed my voyage to my native realm.

He ceas'd: a while th' attentive audience sat  
In silent rapture; his persuasive tongue,  
Mellifluous, so with eloquence had charm'd  
Their still insatiate ears: at length thus spake  
The queen Arete, graceful and humane.

370

“Think ye, Phæacians! that the godlike form,

“The port, the wisdom, of this wand'rer, claim

“Aught of regard? Peculiar him my guest

375

“I style; but since the honour he vouchsafes

“Delighted ye partake, give not too soon

“Him signal of departure, but prepare,

“With no penurious hand, proportion'd gifts,

“Vying in bounteous deeds, since Heav'n hath shower'd

“Your peerage with abundant favours boon.” 581

Up rose Echeneus then, whose wavy locks,  
 Silver'd with age, adorn'd his rev'rend brow,  
 Fraught with maturest counsel, and began  
 Addressing his compeers: "Rightful and wise 385  
 "The queens proposal is: let none demur  
 "Obedience to her will: Alcinous best  
 "By fair ensample may prescribe the rule."  
 Alcinous from his bed of state reply'd,  
 With aspect bland: "While here I live enthron'd,  
 "Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand 391  
 "Sways the Phæacian sceptre, will I cheer  
 "Th'erroneous and afflicted with meet acts  
 "Of regal bounty; but our princely guest  
 "Must, tho' impatient, for a time defer 395  
 "His voyage, that with due munificence  
 "Our gifts may be prepar'd. Let all accord  
 "Benevolent, and free to furnish stores  
 "Worthy acceptance; me you shall confess  
 "The first in bounty as the first in pow'r." 400  
 He ended, and Ulysses answer'd blithe:  
 "O thou! by kingly virtues justly rais'd  
 "To this imperial eminence; by thee  
 "Were I detain'd till the revolving sun  
 "Completes his annual circle, in thy will 405  
 "I acquiesce obedient, till meet stores  
 "For my return be rais'd; then at my realm  
 "With royal largesses arriving grac'd,  
 "And gay retinue, straight the wond'ring Greeks 409  
 "Will dear respect and prompter homage yield."  
 To whom Alcinous: "Your distinguish'd worth  
 "Too plain is character'd in all your port  
 "To doubt you of those vagrant clans who roam  
 "Fallacious, and with copious legend take  
 "The credulous ear; you, with severest truth 415  
 "Rob'd in rich eloquence, instruct and please:  
 "When (like some bard, vers'd in heroic theme  
 "Attemper'd to the lyre) you sweetly tell  
 "Whate'er in Grecian story was of old  
 "Recorded eminent, or when you speak 420  
 "Your own disastrous fate. But now proceed;

- " Say affable, if while you low sojourn'd  
 " In gross Tartarean gloom, the mighty shades  
 " Of those brave warring Greeks appear'd who fell  
 " By doom of battle; for the ling'ring night 425  
 " Hath yet much space to measure, and the hour  
 " Of sleep is far to come: I can attend,  
 " With ravishment, to hear the pleasing tale,  
 " Fruitful of wonders, till the roseate morn  
 " Purples the east." Ulysses thus reply'd: 430  
 " Due time, O King! for converse and repose  
 " Is still remaining? nor will I refuse,  
 " With coy denial, what the sacred ear  
 " Of Majesty with audience deigns to grace.  
 " Hear next how my associate warriors fell, 435  
 " O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions, and oppress'd  
 " In their own realms by feminine deceit,  
 " To them more fatal than the prowess'd foe.  
 " When, by imperious Proserpine recall'd,  
 " The lady-train dispers'd, the pensive form 440  
 " Of Agamemnon came, with those begirt  
 " Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life  
 " Ægyptus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,  
 " He recogniz'd me instant, and outstretch'd  
 " His unsubstantial arms, exhausted now 445  
 " Of all their vital vigour; with shrill plaints  
 " Piercing the doleful region far: mine eyes,  
 " Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,  
 " Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I spake:  
 " O king of Hosts! O ever-honour'd son 450  
 " Of Atreus! say to what severe decree  
 " Of destiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath  
 " Tempesting th' ocean, did you there expire,  
 " Whelm'd in the wat'ry abyss? or fell you arm'd,  
 " Making fierce inroad on some hostile coast, 455  
 " To ravage herds and flocks? or in assault  
 " Of some imperial fortress, thence to win  
 " Rich spoils and beauteous captives, were you slain,  
 " Defeated of your seizure?" He replied:  
 " I perish'd not, my Friend! by Neptune's wrath,  
 " Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms, 461

- " Heroic deeds attempting; but, receiv'd  
 " From base Ægypthus and my baser queen  
 " Irreparable doom whilst I partook  
 " Refreshment, and at supper jovial sat, 465  
 " Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,  
 " A death most lamentable! Round me lay  
 " An hedious carnage of my breathless friends,  
 " Like beasts new slaughter'd for the bridal board  
 " Of some luxurious noble, or devote 470  
 " To solemn festival. On well-fought fields  
 " You various scenes of slaughter have survey'd,  
 " And in fierce tournament; yet had it quell'd  
 " Your best of man to view us on the floor  
 " Rolling in death, with viands round us spread, 475  
 " And pond'rous vases bruis'd, while human gore  
 " Flooded the pavement wide. With shrilling cries  
 " Cassandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my side  
 " False Clytemnestra slew. T'avenge her wrong,  
 " I with a dying grasp my sabre seiz'd; 480  
 " But the curs'd assassin withdrew, nor clos'd  
 " My lips and eyes. O Woman! Woman! none  
 " Of Nature's savage train have less remorse  
 " In perpetrating crimes: to kill her mate  
 " What beast was e'er accomplice? I return'd, 485  
 " Hopeful in affluence of domestic joy  
 " To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,  
 " And court retinue; but my traitress wife  
 " On female honour hath diffus'd a stain  
 " Indelible; and her pernicious arts, 490  
 " Recorded for reproach on all the sex,  
 " Shall wound soft Innocence with touch of blame.  
 " I answer'd: " O ye Pow'rs! by women's wiles  
 " Jove works sure bane to all th' imperial race  
 " Of Atreus still; for Helen's vagrant lust 495  
 " Greece mourns her states dispeopled; and you fell  
 " By your adult'refs!" Plaintive he reply'd:  
 " By my disasters warn'd, to woman's faith  
 " Unbosom nought momentous; tho' she peal  
 " Your ear, (by nature importune to know) 500  
 " Unlock not all your secrets. But your wife,

- " Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills  
 " Will meditate for you by force or guile :  
 " Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,  
 " We left in blooming beauty fresh ; your son 505  
 " Then hanging on her breast, who now to man  
 " Full grown, with men associates ; your approach  
 " With rapture he will meet, and glad his fire  
 " With filial duty dear ; a bliss to me  
 " Not deign'd ; my son I saw not e'er I fell 510  
 " A victim to my wife ! Then, timely warn'd,  
 " Trust not to woman's ken the time prefix'd  
 " For your return to Greece. But say, sincere,  
 " Aught have you heard where my Orestes bides ?  
 " In rich Orchomenus or sandy Pyle ? 515  
 " Or with my brother lives he more secure  
 " In spacious Sparta ? for of this dark realm  
 " He's not inhabitant." I thus rejoin'd :  
 " Vain is your quest, Atrides. Whether Fate  
 " Permits your son to draw the breath of Heav'n, 520  
 " Friendly to life, or whether in these shades  
 " He roams a ghost, I know not ; nor with speech  
 " False or ambiguous will beguile your ear."  
 While mournful thus we talk'd, suffus'd with tears  
 Of tender sympathy, young Peleus came, 525  
 With his associates most in life belov'd,  
 Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious son\*  
 Of Nestor, great in arms ; with them (conjoin'd  
 In amicable converse, ev'n by death  
 Uncancell'd) walk'd the tall illustrious shade 530  
 Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd  
 And prowess, paragon'd for both to none  
 But great Achilles ; me the goddess-born  
 Ey'd curious, and at length thus sad began :  
 " What cause, Ulysses ! moves thy mind, expert 535  
 " Of warlike machinations ; what emprise  
 " Hath aught of such importance as to tempt  
 " This dire descent, where we in dolorous night,  
 " Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode ?"  
 " O peerless Chief !" I cry'd, " of all the Greeks 540

\* ALEXANDER.

- " The foremost name! I hither am constrain'd,  
 " From the wise Theban oracle to hear  
 " By means reveal'd how to revisit safe  
 " My native realm: by rigid Fate repell'd,  
 " I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills 545  
 " Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth  
 " Ever propitious, crown their fav'rite chief  
 " With choicer blessings than the eye of time  
 " Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold:  
 " On earth you equal honours with the gods 550  
 " From us receiv'd; nor by the stroke of Fate  
 " Sink with diminish'd lustre, but supreme  
 " Reign o'er the shades." He solemn sad reply'd:  
 " Reign here supreme! deem not thy eloquence  
 " Can aught console my doom: rather on earth 555  
 " A village slave I'd be than titled here  
 " Imperial and august. But say me true,  
 " Or did my son illustrate his descent  
 " First in the files of war, or fled he pale  
 " A recreant from the fight? Do all our tribes 560  
 " In Pythia still revere my father's throne?  
 " Or lives he now of regal pow'r despoil'd,  
 " A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm  
 " To hold his sceptre firm? that arm! which erst 564  
 " Warring for Greece, bestrew'd the Phrygian plains  
 " With many a prowess'd knight! Would Heav'n re-  
 " The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge [store  
 " His injur'd age, and re-assert his claim."  
 He ceasing, I reply'd: " Of Peleus' state  
 " Fame hath to me been silent; but attend 570  
 " While I th' achievements of thy glorious son  
 " Blazon, as truth shall dictate. Him to Troy  
 " From Scyros o'er the Ægean safe I bore  
 " To join th' embattled Greeks: whene'er we sat  
 " In council, to mature some high design, 575  
 " First of the peerage, with persuasive speech  
 " His sentence he disclos'd, by all confess'd  
 " The third from Nestor: but whene'er we mov'd  
 " In battailous array, and the shrill clang  
 " Of onset sounded, he, with haughty strides, 580



" Advancing in the van the foremost chief,  
 " Pierc'd thro' the adverse legions, nor was deem'd  
 " Not equal to the best. Each hardy deed,  
 " Which in his country's cause the youth achiev'd,  
 " Were long to tell; but by his jav'lin dy'd 585  
 " Eurypylus, of all th' auxiliar bands  
 " Fam'd after Memnon first, with many a peer  
 " Of Pergameian race, around him strown.  
 " When in the wooden horse, by Epeus form'd,  
 " Selected heroes lay, aghast and pale 590  
 " The rest, shudd'ring with fear, let round big drops  
 " Roll from their drooping eyes, he sole abode  
 " Undaunted, undismay'd; no chilling doubt  
 " Frosted his damask cheek, nor silent tear  
 " Cours'd from its crystal sluice, but grasping fierce  
 " His spear and falchion, for the combat grew 596  
 " Impatient, menacing decisive rout  
 " To Troy's opponent pow'rs; and when the height  
 " Of Ilion had receiv'd the final stroke  
 " From Grecian valour, with barbaric spoil, 600  
 " To his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,  
 " Unmark'd with hostile wound, tho' round him Mars  
 " With tenfold rage oft' made the battle burn."

I ended: joy ineffable possess'd

The great paternal shade; his steps he rais'd 605  
 With more majestic portance o'er the mead  
 Vernant with asphodel, elate to hear  
 His son's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.

The rest, a pensive circle, round await  
 Reciting various dooms, to mortal ear 610  
 Calamitous and sad! from these apart  
 The Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd  
 In contest for Achilles' arms, abode  
 Sullen with treasur'd wrath: the fatal strife  
 By Thetis was propos'd, and ev'ry judge 615  
 Instinct by Pallas, to my claim declar'd  
 The prize of right. O! why was I constrain'd  
 By honour to prevail, and cause to die  
 Ajax, the chief with manly grace adorn'd,  
 And prowess; paragon'd for both to none 620



But the great son of Peleus! him with speech  
Lenient of wrath I thus accosted mild :

“ Ajax! let this oblivious gloom deface  
“ The memory of those arms which Heav'n decreed  
“ Pernicious to the Greeks, who lost in thee 625  
“ Their tow'r of strong defence : to mourn thy fall  
“ The voice of Grief along the tented shore  
“ Was heard, as loud as when the flow'r of war,  
“ Divine Achilles, dy'd : nor deem that aught  
“ Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom, 630  
“ But ireful Jove, to punish all our host,  
“ Cut off its darling hope. O royal Shade!  
“ Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe  
“ Mild audience, calming thy tempestuous rage.”

Vain was my suit! for with th' unbody'd troop 635  
Of spectres, fleeting to th' interior shade  
Of Erebus, he to my friendly speech  
Disdain'd reply ; yet to that dark recess  
Had I pursu'd his flight, he must have borne  
Unwilling correspondence, forc'd by Fate, 640  
Impassion'd as he was ; but I refrain'd,  
For other visions drew my curious eye.

Intent I saw, with golden sceptre, grave  
Mino's, the son of Jove, to the pale ghosts  
Dispensing equity ; with faded looks 645  
They thro' the wide Plutonian hall appear'd  
Frequent and full, and argu'd each his cause  
At that tribunal, trembling whilst he weigh'd  
Their pleaded reason. Of portentous size  
Orion next I view'd ; a brazen mace 650  
Invincible he bore, in fierce pursuit  
Of those huge mountain savages he slew  
While habitant of earth, whose grizzly forms  
He urg'd in chase the flow'ry mead along.

Nor unobserv'd lay stretch'd upon the marle 655  
Tityus, earth-born, whose body, long and large,  
Cover'd nine acres : there two vultures sat  
Of appetite insatiate, and with beaks  
For ravine bent, unintermitting gor'd  
His liver, powerless he put to flight 660

The fierce devourers! to this penance judg'd  
 For rape intended on Latona fair,  
 The paramour of Jove, as she sojourn'd  
 To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns,  
 Delicious landscape!—In a limpid lake 665  
 Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides;  
 Chin-deep he stands, yet with afflictive drought  
 Incessant pines, while ever as he bows  
 To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst  
 The guileful water glides. Around the pool 670  
 Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous spread  
 Their pamper'd boughs; racy the olive green,  
 The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,  
 The luscious fig sky-dy'd, the tasteful pear  
 Vermillion'd half, and apples mellowing sweet 675  
 In burnish'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,  
 Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope  
 Of food ambrosial:—when he tries to seize  
 The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust  
 Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom. 680  
 Then Sisyphus, the nearest mate in woe,  
 Drew my regard; he with distended nerves  
 A pond'rous stone rolls up a rugged rock;  
 Urg'd up the steep cliff slow with hand and foot  
 It mounts; but bordering on the cloudy peak, 685  
 Precipitous adown the slopy side  
 The rapid orb devolving back renews  
 Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,  
 And dew'd with smoking sweat, incessant plies.  
 I last the visionary semblance view'd 690  
 Of Hercules, a shadowy form; for he,  
 The real son of Jove, in Heav'n's high court  
 Abides, associate with the gods, and shares  
 Celestial banquets; where, with soft disport  
 Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome 695  
 Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang  
 Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing  
 Vexatious, while the threat'ning image stands  
 Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow  
 In act to let th' aërial arrow fly. 700

Athwart his breast a military zone  
 Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold  
 Grim woodland savages, with various scenes  
 Of war, fierce jousting knights, and havoc dire,  
 With matchless art pourtray'd; me straight he knew,  
 And, piteous of my state, address'd me thus: 706

“ O exercis'd in grief! illustrious son  
 “ Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles!  
 “ Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd  
 “ Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils 710  
 “ To groan oppress'd: ev'n I, the seed of Jove,  
 “ Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd  
 “ By an inferior wretch (what could he more?)  
 “ To drag to light the triple-crested dog  
 “ That guards hell's massy portal: I achiev'd 715  
 “ The task enjoin'd thro' the propitious aid  
 “ Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchsaf'd  
 “ Their friendly guidance;” then without reply  
 To Pluto's court majestic he retir'd.

Mean-time for others of heroic note 720  
 I waited, in the lists of ancient fame  
 Enroll'd illustrious; and had haply seen  
 Great Theseus, and Perithous his compeer,  
 The race of gods; but at the hideous scream  
 Of spectres issuing from the dark profound 725  
 I wax'd infirm of purpose, fore dismay'd  
 Left Proserpine should send Medusa, curl'd  
 With snaky locks, to fix me in her realm  
 Stiff with Gorgonian horror. To the ship  
 Retreating speedy thence, I bade my mates 730  
 To shove from shore: joyous they straight began  
 To stem the tide, and brush'd the whitening seas  
 Till the fresh gales reliev'd the lab'ring oar. 733

## SAPPHO TO PHAON.

## A LOVE EPISTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

**WHAT**, after all my art, will you demand,  
 Before the whole is read, the writer's hand?  
 And could you guess from whom this letter came,  
 Before you saw it sign'd with Sappho's name?  
 Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for lyrics, why 5  
 The strain is turn'd to plaintive elegy:  
 I mourn my slighted love: alas! my lute,  
 And sprightly odes, would ill with sorrow suit.  
 I'm scorch'd, I burn like fields of corn on fire,  
 When winds to fan the furious blaze conspire. 10  
 To flaming *Ætna* Phaon's pleas'd to roam,  
 But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.  
 No more my thoughts in even numbers flow;  
 Verse best befits a mind devoid of woe.  
 No more I court the nymphs I once carest, 15  
 But Phaon rules unrivall'd in my breast.  
 Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy;  
 A fatal face to me, too cruel Boy!  
 Enslav'd to those enchanting looks, that wear  
 The blush of *Bacchus*, and *Apollo's* air: 20  
 Assume the garb of either god, in thee  
 We ev'ry grace of either god may see;  
 Yet they confess'd the pow'r of female charms  
 In *Daphne's* flight, and *Ariadne's* arms;  
 Tho' neither Nymph was fam'd for wit, to move, 25  
 With melting airs, the rigid soul to love.  
 To me the Muse vouchsafes celestial fire,  
 And my soft numbers glow with warm desire;  
*Alcæus* and myself alike she crown'd,  
 For softness I, and he for strength renown'd. 30  
 Beauty, 'tis true, penurious Fate denies,  
 But wit my want of beauty well supplies:  
 My shape I own is short, but yet my name  
 Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of Fame.

If I'm not fair, young Perseus did adore 35  
 The swarthy graces of the royal Moor\*.  
 The milk white doves with mottled mates are join'd,  
 And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind.  
 But if you'll fly from love's connubial rites  
 Till one as charming as yourself invites, 40  
 None of our sex can ever bless your bed;  
 Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.

Yet, when you read my verse, you lik'd each line,  
 And swore no numbers were so sweet as mine;  
 I sang, (that pleasing image still is plain, 4  
 Such tender things we lovers long retain!)  
 And ever when the warbling notes I rais'd,  
 You with fierce kisses stifled what you prais'd:  
 Some winning grace in ev'ry act you found,  
 But in full tides of ecstasy were drown'd; 50  
 When, murmuring in the melting joys of love,  
 Round your's my curling limbs began to move;  
 But now the bright Sicilian maids adore  
 The youth who seem'd so fond of me before.  
 Send back, send back my fugitive! for he 55  
 Will vow to you the vows he made to me:  
 That smooth deceiving tongue of his can charm  
 The coyest ear, the roughest pride disarm.

Oh! aid thy poetess, great queen of Love!  
 Auspicious to my growing passion prove! 60  
 Fortune was cruel to my tender age,  
 And still pursues with unrelenting rage.  
 Of parents, whilst a child, I was bereft,  
 To the wide world an helpless orphan left:  
 My brother, in a strumpet's vile embrace, 65  
 Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,  
 And, doom'd to traffic, on the main is tost,  
 Winning with danger what with shame he lost;  
 And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame  
 His conduct, and was careful of his fame: 70  
 And then (as if the woes I bore beside  
 Were yet too light) my little daughter dy'd:  
 But after all these pangs of sorrow past,  
 A worse came on, for Phaon came at last!

\* Andromeda.

No gems nor rich embroider'd silks I wear ; 75  
 No more in artful curls I comb my hair ;  
 No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath,  
 Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe :  
 Why should I put such gay allurements on,  
 Now he, the darling of my soul, is gone ? 80  
 Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,  
 And he who gave the wound deserves my heart :  
 My fate is fix'd, for sure the Fates decreed  
 That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.  
 By the smooth blandishments of verse betray'd, 85  
 In vain I call my reason to my aid :  
 The Muse is faithless to the fair at best,  
 But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.

Yet is it strange so sweet a youth should dart  
 Flames so resistless to a woman's heart ? 90  
 Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seiz'd  
 Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd :  
 Chaste Cynthia, did she once behold his charms,  
 For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms ;  
 Venus would bear him to her bow'r above, 95  
 But there she dreads a rival in his love.  
 O fair perfection thou ! nor youth, nor boy,  
 Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy !  
 Come, on my panting breast thy head recline ;  
 Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine : 100  
 While this I ask (but ask I fear in vain!)  
 See how my falling tears the letter stain.

At least why should you not vouchsafe to shew  
 A kind regret, and say, " My dear, adieu !"  
 Nor parting kifs I gave, nor tender tear ; 105  
 My ruin flew on swifter wings than fear :  
 My wrongs, too safely treasur'd in my mind,  
 Are all the pledges Phaon left behind ;  
 Nor could I make my last desire to thee,  
 Sometimes to cast a pitying thought on me. 110  
 But, Gods ! when first the killing news I heard,  
 What pale amazement in my looks appear'd !  
 A while o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,  
 My tongue forbore to speak, my eyes to flow :



But when my sense was waken'd to despair, 113  
 I beat my tender breast, and tore my hair ; 115  
 As a distracted mother weeps forlorn,  
 When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.  
 Mean-while my cruel brother, for relief,  
 With scorn insults me, and derides my grief : 120  
 " Poor Soul !" he cries, " I doubt she grows sincere ;  
 " Her daughter is return'd to life I fear."  
 Mindless of fame, I to the world reveal  
 The love so long I labour'd to conceal.  
 Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me ; 125  
 All day I dote, and dream all night, of thee :  
 Tho' Phaon fly to regions far remote,  
 By Sleep his image to my bed is brought :  
 Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,  
 Anon I think my arms encircle thine : 130  
 Then the warm wishes of my soul I speak,  
 Which from my tongue indying murmurs break.  
 Heav'ns ! with thy balmy lips my lips are prest ;  
 And then, ah, then !---I blush to write the rest.  
 Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play, 135  
 And gild the glowing scenes of fancy gay :  
 With life alone my ling'ring love must end ;  
 On thee, my love, my life, my all, depend.  
 But at the dawning day my pleasures fleet,  
 And I (too soon !) perceive the dear deceit : 140  
 In caves and groves I seek to calm my grief ;  
 The caves and groves afford me no relief.  
 Frantic I rove, disorder'd with despair,  
 And to the winds unbind my scatter'd hair.  
 I find the shades which to our joys were kind, 145  
 But my fall's Phaon there no more I find :  
 With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,  
 But now his absence withers all the scene :  
 There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,  
 Where side by side we once together lay : 150  
 I fall where thy forsaken print appears,  
 And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.  
 The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,  
 These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing :

Poor Philomel, of all the choir, alone 155  
 For mangled Itys, warbles out her moan ;  
 Her moan for him trills sweetly thro' the grove,  
 While Sappho sings of ill-requited love.

To this dear solitude the Naiads bring  
 Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring : 160  
 The trees that on the shady margin grow,  
 Are green above, the banks are green below :

Here, while by sorrow lull'd asleep, I lay,  
 Thus, said the guardian Nymph, or seem'd to say :  
 " Fly, Sappho ! fly ; to cure this deep despair, 165

" To the Leucadian rock in haste repair,  
 " High on whose hoary top an awful fane,  
 " To Phœbus rear'd, surveys the subject main.  
 " This desp'rate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,  
 " For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride ; 170

" Into the waves, as holy rites require,  
 " Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless fire :

" Her frozen breast a sudden flame subdu'd,  
 " And she, who fled the youth, the youth pursu'd.  
 " Like him, to give thy raging passion ease, 175  
 " Precipitate thyself into the seas."

This said, she disappear'd. I, deadly wan,  
 Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran.  
 I fly, ye Nymphs ! I fly ; tho' fear assail  
 The woman, yet the lover must prevail. 180

In death what terrors can deserve my care ?  
 The pangs of death are gentler than despair.  
 Ye Winds ! and, Cupid ! thou, to meet my fall  
 Your downy pinions spread ; my weight is small.  
 Thus rescu'd, to the God of Verse I'll bow : 185

Hang up my lute, and thus inscribe my vow :  
 To Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute ;  
 The gift did both the god and giver suit.

But, Phaon ! why should I this toil endure,  
 When thy return would soon complete the cure ? 190  
 Thy beauty, and its balmy pow'r, would be  
 A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.  
 O harder than the rock to which I go,  
 And deafer than the waves that war below !

Think yet, oh, think! shall future ages tell  
 That I to Phaon's scorn a victim fell? 195  
 Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast  
 Bruis'd on the cliff than close to Phaon's prest?  
 This breast which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,  
 You made me once believe you did admire! 200  
 O could it now supply me with address  
 To plead my cause, and court thee with success!  
 But mighty woes my genius quite control,  
 And damp the rising vigour of my soul:  
 No more, ye Lesbian Nymphs! desire a song; 205  
 Mute is my voice, my lute is all unstrung;  
 My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy shine,  
 (Ah! yet I scarce forbear to call him mine.)  
 Phaon is fled! but bring the youth again,  
 Inspiring ardours will revive my vein. 210  
 But why, alas! this unavailing pray'r?  
 Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air:  
 My vows the winds disperse, and make their sport,  
 But ne'er will wait him to the Lesbian port.  
 Yet if you purpose to return, 'tis wrong 215  
 To let your mistress languish here so long.  
 Venus for your fair voyage will compose  
 The sea, for from the sea the goddess rose:  
 Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,  
 Will hand the rudder, and direct the sails. 220  
 But if relentless to my pray'r you prove,  
 If still, unkind without a cause, you'll rove,  
 And near to Sappho's longing eyes restore  
 That object which her hourly vows implore,  
 'Twill be compassion now t'avow your hate; 225  
 Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate!  
 Then, steel'd with resolution by despair,  
 For cure I'll to the kinder seas repair:  
 That last relief for love-sick minds I'll try;  
 Phoebus may grant what Phaon could deny. 230

## PHAON TO SAPPHO.

## Advertisement.

The Ancients have left us little farther account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom Sappho, and several other Lesbian ladies, fell passionately in love with; and therefore I thought it might be pardonable to vary the circumstances of his story, and to add what I thought proper, in the following Epistle.

I SOON perceiv'd from whence your letter came,  
 Before I saw it sign'd with Sappho's name :  
 Such tender thoughts in such a flowing versè  
 Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearse ;  
 Yet Fate was deaf to all his pow'rful charms, 5  
 And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms.

With such concern your passion I survey  
 As when I view a vessel toss'd at sea ;  
 I beg each friendly pow'r the storm may cease,  
 And ev'ry warring wave be lull'd in peace. 10  
 What can I more than wish ? for who can free  
 The wretched from the woe the gods decree ?  
 With gen'rous pity I'll repay your flame ;  
 Pity ! 'tis what deserves a softer name ;  
 Which yet I fear of equal use would prove 15  
 To sooth a tempest as abate your love.

How can my art your fierce disease subdue ?  
 I want, alas ! a greater cure than you :  
 Benumb'd in death the cold physician lies,  
 While for his help the fev'rish patient cries. 20  
 Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,  
 And, list'ning while my woes I here relate,  
 Let your soft bosom heave with tender sighs,  
 Let melting sorrow languish in your eyes ;  
 Piteous deplore a wretch constrain'd to rove, 25  
 Whose crime and punishment is slighted love ;  
 Fix'd for his guilt, to ev'ry coming age,  
 A monument of Cytherea's rage.

At Malca born, my race unknown to fame,  
 With oars I ply'd ; Columbus was my name ; 30  
 A name that from the diving birds I bore  
 Which seek their fishy food along the shore.

One summer-eve in port I left my fail,  
 And with my partner fought a neighb'ring vale,  
 What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay 35  
 Their floral honours to the queen of May.  
 At first their various charms my choice confuse;  
 For what is choice where each is fit to chuse?  
 But Love or Fate at length my bosom fir'd  
 With a bright maid in myrtle green attir'd; 40  
 A shepherdess she was, and on the lawn  
 Sat to the setting sun from dewy dawn;  
 Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the streams  
 In pearly caves, and shun the burning beams.  
 I whisper love; she flies; I still pursue, 45  
 To press her to the joy she never knew;  
 And while I speak the virgin blushes spread  
 Her damask beauty with a warmer red.  
 I vow'd unshaken faith, invoking loud  
 Venus t' attest the solemn faith I vow'd; 50  
 Invoking all the radiant lights above,  
 (But most the lamp that lights the realm of Love)  
 No more to guide me with their friendly rays,  
 But leave my ship to perish on the seas,  
 If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find 55  
 My heart disloyal, or my look unkind.

A maid will listen when a lover swears,  
 And think his faith more real than her fears.  
 The careful shepherdess secur'd her flocks  
 From the devouring wolf and wily fox, 60  
 Yet fell herself an undefended prey  
 To one more cruel and more false than they.  
 The nuptial joys we there consummate soon,  
 Safe in the friendly silence of the moon;  
 And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day 65  
 Beneath a shade of flow'rs in transport lay.  
 I rose, and softly sighing, view'd her o'er;  
 How chang'd I thought from what she was before  
 Yet still repeated (eager to be gone)  
 My former pledges with a fainter tone, 70  
 And promis'd quick return. The pensive fair  
 Went with reluctance to her fleecy care,

While I resolv'd to quit my native shore;  
 Never to see the late-lov'd Malca more.  
 Fresh on the waves the morning breezes play; 75  
 To bear my vessel and my vows away :  
 With prosp'rous speed I fly before the wind,  
 And leave the length of Lesbos all behind.  
 Far distant from my Malean love at last,  
 (Secure with twenty leagues between us cast) 80  
 I furl my sails, and on the Sigrian shore,  
 Adopting that my seat, the vessel moor ;  
 Sigrium, from whose aerial height I spy  
 The distant fields that bore imperial Troy;  
 Which, still accurs'd for Helen's broken vow, 85  
 Produce thin crops, ungrateful to the plough.  
 I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind  
 What future vengeance will my falsehood find,  
 When kings and empires no forgiveness gain'd  
 For violated rites and faith profan'd ! 90  
 Sea-faring on that coast I led my life,  
 A commoner of love, without a wife ;  
 Content with casual joys ; and vainly thought  
 Venus forgave the perjur'd, or forgot.  
 And now my sixtieth year began to shed 95  
 An undistinguish'd winter o'er my head,  
 When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame  
 (I thought her such) for speedy passage came :  
 A palsy shook her limbs ; a shrivell'd skin  
 But ill conceal'd the skeleton within ; 100  
 A monument of time : with equal grace  
 Her garb had poverty to suit her face.  
 Extorting first my price, I spread my sail,  
 And steer my courie before a merry gale,  
 Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aside, 105  
 When in her lap a golden vase I spy'd,  
 Around so rich with orient gems enchas'd,  
 A flamy lustre o'er the gold they cast.  
 With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,  
 And, sailing now secure amid the main, 110  
 With felon force I seize the seeming crone,  
 To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.



To Venus straight she chang'd, divine to view!  
 The laughing Loves around their mother flew,  
 Who, circled with a pomp of Graces, stood, 115  
 Such as she first ascended from the flood.  
 I bow'd, ador'd—With terror in her voice,  
 “ Thy violence (she cry'd) shall win the prize :  
 “ Renew thy wrinkled form; be young and fair ;  
 “ But soon thy heart shall own the purchase dear.  
 “ Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd, 121  
 “ For vows attested in the Malean shade—”  
 Wrapt in a purple cloud she cut the skies,  
 And looking down still threatened with her eyes.  
 My fear at length dispell'd, (the sight of gold 125  
 Can make an avaricious coward bold)  
 I seiz'd the glitt'ring spoil, in hope to find  
 A case so rich with richer treasures lin'd.  
 The lid remov'd, the vacant space inclos'd  
 An essence with celestial art compos'd, 130  
 Which cures old age, and makes the shrivell'd cheek  
 Blushy as Bacchus, and as Hebe sleek ;  
 Strength to the nerves the nectar'd sweets supply,  
 And eagle radiance to the faded eye :  
 Nor sharp disease, nor want, nor age, have pow'r 135  
 To invade that vigour, and that bloom deflow'r.  
 Th' effect I found ; for, when return'd to land,  
 Some drops I sprinkled on my sun-burnt hand ;  
 Where'er they fell, surprizing to the sight,  
 The freckled brown imbib'd a milky white : 140  
 So look the panther's varied sides, and so  
 The pheasant's wing, bedropp'd with flakes of snow.  
 I wet the whole, the same celestial hue  
 Tinctur'd the whole, meander'd o'er with blue.  
 Struck with amazement here, I pause a space ; 145  
 Next with the liquid sweets anoint my face ;  
 My neck, and hoary locks I then bedew,  
 And in the waves my changing visage view :  
 Straight with my charms the wat'ry mirror glows,  
 Those fatal charms that ruin'd your repose ! 150  
 Still doubting, up I start, and fear to find  
 Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.

My waist, and all my limbs, I last besmear'd,  
And soon a glossy youth all o'er appear'd.

Long wrapt in silent wonder, on the strand  
I like a statue of Apollo stand : 155

Like his, with oval grace my front is spread ;  
Like his, my lips and cheeks are rosy red ;  
Like his, my limbs are shap'd ; in ev'ry part  
So just, they mock the sculptor's mimic art ; 160

And golden curls adown my shoulders flow ;  
Nor wants there ought except the lyre and bow.

Restor'd to youth, triumphant I repair  
To court, to captivate th' admiring fair : 165

My faultless form the Lesbian nymphs adore,  
Avow their flames, weep, sigh, protest, implore.

There feel I first the penance of my sin,  
All spring without, and winter all within !

From me the sense of gay desire is fled,  
And all their charms are cordial to the dead : 170

Or if within my breast there chance to rise  
The sweet remembrance of the genial joys,  
Sudden it leaves me, like a transient gleam  
That gilds the surface of a freezing stream. 174

Mean-time with various pangs my heart is torn,

Hate strives with pity, shame contends with scorn,

Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range

In savage wilds, and curse my penal change.

The phoenix so, restor'd with rich perfumes,  
Displays the florid pride of all his plumes, 180

Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,

In barren solitude, a foe to love.

But in the calm recess of woods and plains

The viper Envy revell'd in my veins,  
And ever when the male caress'd his bride, 185

Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aside.

In river, mead, and grove, such objects rose,

T' avenge the goddess and awake my woes ;

Fish, beast, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,  
Bless'd and rever'd the blissful powers of Love. 190

What can I do for ease ? O ! whither fly ?  
 Resume my fatal form, ye Gods ! I cry :  
 Wither this beauteous bloom, so tempting gay,  
 And let me live transform'd to weak and grey !  
 By change of clime my sorrows to beguile, 195  
 I leave for Sicily my native isle :  
 Vain hope ! for who can leave himself behind,  
 And live a thoughtless exile from the mind ?  
 Arriving there, amidst a flow'ry plain  
 That join'd the shore, I view'd a virgin train, 200  
 Who in soft ditties sung of Acis' flame,  
 And strew'd with annual wreaths his amber stream.  
 Me soon they saw, and, fir'd with pious joy,  
 " He comes, the godlike Acis comes ! " they cry :  
 " Fair pride of Neptune's court ! indulge out pray'r ;  
 " Approach, you've now no Polypheme to fear : 206  
 " Accept our rites : to bind thy brow we bring  
 " These earliest honours of the rosy Spring :  
 " So may thy Galatea still be kind,  
 " As we thy smiling pow'r propitious find ! 210  
 " But if—(they read their error in my blush,  
 " For shame, and rage, and scorn, alternate flush)  
 " But if of earthly race, yet kinder prove ;  
 " Refuse all other rites but those of Love."  
 That hated word new-stabs my rankling wound ;  
 Like a struck deer I startle at the sound ; 216  
 Thence to the woods with furious speed repair,  
 And leave them all abandon'd to despair.  
 So, frighted by the swains, to reach the brake  
 Glides from a sunny bank the glitt'ring snake ; 220  
 And, whilst reviv'd in youth, his wavy train  
 Floats in large spires, and burns along the plain,  
 He darts malignance from his scornful eye,  
 And the young flowers with livid hisses die.  
 Let my sad fate your soft compassion move, 225  
 Convinc'd that Phaon would, but cannot love :  
 To torture and distract my soul are join'd  
 Unfading youth and impotence of mind.

The white and red that flatter on my skin  
 Hide hell; the grinning Furies howl within; 230  
 Pride, Envy, Rage, and Hate, inhabit there,  
 And the black child of Guilt, extreme Despair:  
 Nor of less terror to the perjur'd prove  
 The frowns of Venus than the bolts of Jove.

When Orpheus in the woods began to play, 235  
 Sooth'd with his airs the leopards round him lay;  
 Their glaring eyes with lessen'd fury burn'd,  
 But when the lyre was mute their rage return'd:  
 So would thy Muse and lute a while control  
 My woes, and tune the discord of my soul, 240  
 In sweet suspense each savage thought restrain'd,  
 And then the love I never felt, I feign'd.

O Sappho! now that Muse and lute employ;  
 Invoke the golden goddess from the sky:  
 From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redress; 245  
 In love Apollo boasts no sure success:

Let him preside o'er oracles and arts;  
 Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.  
 O! let the warbled hymn\* delight her ear;  
 Can she when Sappho sings, refuse to hear? 250

Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,  
 While flow'rs and burning gums perfume her fane:  
 And when, descending to the plaintive sound,  
 She comes confess'd with all her Graces round,  
 O, plead my cause! in that auspicious hour 255  
 Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful pow'r:

Nor cease thy suit, till with a smiling air  
 She cries, "I give thy Phaon to thy pray'r;  
 "And, from his crime absolv'd, with all his charms  
 "He long shall live, and die in Sappho's arms."—  
 Then swift, and gentle as her gentlest dove, 261  
 I'll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love:  
 Hymen shall clap his purple wings, and spread  
 Incessant raptures o'er the nuptial bed.  
 And while in pomp at Cytherea's shrine 265  
 With choral song and dance our vows we join;

\* Alluding to her Ode to Venus.

Her flaming altar with religious fear  
I'll touch, and, prostrate on the marble; swear  
That zeal and love for ever shall divide  
My heart between the goddess and the bride.

270



## MARULLUS DE NEÆRA.

**I**NVENTA nuper, nervum cùm tenderet acrem,  
 Obstupuit visâ victus Amor dominâ :  
 Sensit læta suas vires, oculosque retorfit ;  
 Dum fugiat, ventis ocior ille fugit. 4  
 Sed dum forte fugit, plenæ cecidere pharetræ ;  
 Deviæti spodium quas tulit illa dei,  
 Induiturque humerum, pariturque hominesque deosque  
 Una ferit victrix, errat inermis amor. 8





## MARULLUS TO NEÆRA.

IMITATED.

**R**OB'D like Diana, ready for the chase.  
 Her mind as spotless, and as fair her face,  
 Young Sylva stray'd beneath the dewy dawn,  
 To courseth' imperial stag o'er Windsor lawn :  
 There Cupid view'd her speeding o'er the plain, 5  
 The first and fairest of the rural train,  
 And, by a small mistake, the pow'r of Love  
 Thought her the virgin-goddes of the grove.  
 Soon aw'd with innocence, t'evade her sight  
 He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight : 10  
 Tho' pleas'd, she blush'd, and with a glowing smile  
 Pursu'd the God, and seiz'd the golden spoil.

The nymph, resistless in her native charms,  
 Now reigns, possess'd of Cupid's dreaded arms,  
 And wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes, 15  
 Unerring in its speed each arrow flies.  
 No more his deity is held divine,  
 No more we kneel at Cytherea's shrine ;  
 Their various pow'rs, complete in Sylva, prove  
 Her title to command the realms of Love. 20



## JOHANNIS SECUNDI.

## BASIIUM I.

**C**UM Venus Afcanium super alta Cythera tuliffet,  
 Sopitum teneris impofuit violis ;  
 Albarum nimbos circumfuditque rofarum,  
 Et totum liquidó fparfit odore locum.  
 Mox veteres animo revocavit Adonidis igneis, 5  
 Notus et irrepfit ima per offa calor.  
 O, quoties voluit circundare colla nepotis ?  
 O, quoties dixit, Talis Adonis erat !  
 Sed placidam pueri metuens turbare quietem,  
 Fixit vicinis Bafia mille rofis 10  
 Ecce ! calent illæ, cupidæque per ora Diones  
 Aura, fufurranti flamine, lenta fubit.  
 Quotque rofas tetigit, tot Bafia nata repente  
 Gaudia reddebant multiplicata deæ.  
 At Cytherea, natans niveis per nubila cygnis, 15  
 Ingentis terræ cœpit obire globum :  
 Triptolemique modo, fœcundis Oscula glebis  
 Sparfit, et ignotos ter dedit ore fonos.  
 Indè feget felix nata eft mortalibus ægris ;  
 Inde medela meis unica nata malis. 20  
 Salvete æternùm, miseræ moderamina flammæ,  
 Humida de gelidis Bafia nata rofis !  
 En ego fum, veftri quo vate canentur honores,  
 Nota Medufæi dum juga montis erunt :  
 Et memor Æneadùm ftirpisque difertus amatae,  
 Mollia Romulidùm verba loquetur amor. 25







FENTON.

Set first in silent rapture stands to gaze,  
Kissing each flowering bud that round her plays.

*Vide the Miles line 15.*

## KISSES. TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

## BASIIUM I.

WHEN Venus, in the sweet Idalian shade,  
 A violet couch for young Ascanius made,  
 Their op'ning gems th' obedient roses bow'd,  
 And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud ;  
 While the bright goddess, with a gentle show'r  
 Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the blisful bow'r. 5

Of sight insatiate, she devours his charms  
 Till her soft breast rekindling ardour warms ;  
 New joys tumultuous in her bosom roll,  
 And all Adonis rusheth on her soul : 10  
 Transported with each dear resembling grace,  
 She cries, " Adonis!—Sure I see thy face!"  
 Then stoops to clasp the beauteous form, but fears  
 He'd wake too soon, and with a sigh forbears ;  
 Yet, fix'd in silent rapture, stands to gaze, 15  
 Kissing each flow'ring bud that round her plays :  
 Swell'd with her touch, each animated rose  
 Expands, and straight with warmer purple glows ;  
 Where infant Kisses bloom, a balmy store!  
 Redoubling all the bliss she felt before. 20

Sudden her swans career along the skies,  
 And o'er the globe the fair celestial flies ;  
 Then, as where Ceres pass'd the teeming plain  
 Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,  
 So fruitful Kisses fell where Venus flew, 25  
 And by the pow'r of genial magic grew,  
 A plenteous harvest! which she deign'd t' impart  
 To sooth an agonizing love-sick heart.

All hail, ye roseate Kisses! who remove  
 Our cares, and cool the calentures of love. 30  
 Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays  
 Bless your kind pow'r, enamour'd of your praise ;  
 Lays form'd to last till barb'rous Time invades  
 The Muses' hill, and withers all their shades.  
 Sprung from the guardian\* of the Roman name,  
 In Roman numbers live, secure of fame. 36

\* Venus.

## BASIUM II.

**V**ICINA quantum vitis lascivit in ulmo,  
 Et tortiles per ilicem  
 Brachia proceram stringunt immensa corymbi;  
 Tantum, Neæra si queas  
 In mea nexilibus proserpere colla lacertis; 5  
 Tali, Neæra, si queam  
 Candida perpetuum nexu tua colla ligare,  
 Jungens perenne Basium.  
 Tunc me nec cereris, nec amici cura Lyæi,  
 Soporis aut amabilis, 10  
 Vita! tuo de purpureo divelleret ore:  
 Sed mutuis in osculis  
 Defectos, ratis una duos portaret amanteis  
 Ad pallidam Ditis domum.  
 Mox per odoratos campos, et perpetuum ver, 15  
 Produceremur in loca,  
 Semper ubi, antiquis in amoribus, heroinæ  
 Heroas inter nobileis  
 Aut ducunt choreas, alternave carmina lætæ  
 In valle cantant myrtæâ; 20  
 Quæ violisque rosisque, et flamicovis Narcissis,  
 Umbraculis trementibus,  
 Illudit lauri nemus, et crepitante susurro  
 Tepidi suavè sibilant  
 Æternum zephyri; nec vomere faucia tellus 25  
 Fœcunda solvit ubera.  
 Turba beatorum nobis assurgeret omnis;  
 Inque herbidis sedilibus  
 Inter Mæonidas primâ nos sede locarent:  
 Nec ulla amatricum Jovis 30  
 Prærepto cedens indignaretur honore,  
 Nec nata Tyndaris Jove. 32



## BASIUM II. TRANSLATED.

**A**S the young enamour'd vine  
 Round her elm delights to twine,  
 As the clasping ivy throws  
 Round her oak her wanton boughs,  
 So close, expanding all thy charms, 5  
 Fold me, my Chloris! in thy arms;  
 Closer, my Chloris! could it be,  
 Would my fond arms incircle thee.

The jovial friend shall tempt in vain  
 With humour, wit, and brisk Champaigne; 10  
 In vain shall Nature call for sleep,  
 We'll Love's eternal vigils keep:  
 Thus, thus for ever let us lie,  
 Dissolving in excess of joy,  
 Till Fate shall with a single dart 15  
 Transfix the pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd we'll fleet like Venus' doves,  
 And seek the blest'd Elysian groves,  
 Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns  
 Perpetual o'er the joyous plains; 20  
 There, lovers of heroic name  
 Revive their long-extinguish'd flame,  
 And o'er the fragrant vale advance  
 In shining pomp to form the dance,  
 Or sing of Love and gay Desire, 25  
 Responsive to the warbling lyre,  
 Reclining soft in blissful bow'rs,  
 Purpled sweet with springing flow'rs,  
 And cover'd with a silken shade  
 Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made, 30  
 Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,  
 The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom,  
 Thro' which the whisp'ring zephyrs fly  
 Softer than a virgin's sigh.

When we approach those blest'd retreats, 35  
 Th' assembly straight will leave their seats,  
 Admiring much the matchless pair,  
 So fond the youth, the nymph so fair!

Daughters and mistresses to Jove,  
 By Homer fam'd of old for love, 40  
 In homage to the British Grace,  
 Will give pre-eminence of place :  
 Helen herself will soon agree  
 To rise, and yield her rank to thee. 44

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### THE DREAM:

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, BOOK III.

ELEGY III.

**T**O green retreats, that shade the Muses' stream,  
 My fancy lately bore me in a Dream ;  
 Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp I strung,  
 And Blenheim's field and fam'd Ramillia sung ;  
 Fast by that spring where Spenser sat of old, 5  
 And great exploits in lofty numbers told.  
 Phœbus, in his Castalian grotto laid,  
 O'er which a laurel cast her silken shade,  
 Spy'd me, and hastily when first he spy'd,  
 Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd : 10  
 " What strange ambition has misplac'd thee there ?  
 " Forbear to sing of arms, alas ! forbear ;  
 " Form'd in a gentler mould, henceforth employ  
 " Thy pen to paint the softer scenes of joy :  
 " Thy Works may thus the myrtle garland wear, 15  
 " Preferr'd to grace the toilets of the fair :  
 " When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,  
 " In reading thee they'll pass the hours away ;  
 " And when they'd make their melting wishes known,  
 " Repeat thy passion to reveal their own. 20  
 " Then haste the safer shallows to regain,  
 " Nor dare the stormy dangers of the main."  
 Ceasing with this reproof, the friendly god  
 A mossy path, but lightly beaten, show'd :  
 A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone 25  
 Had arch'd, with greens of various kinds o'ergrown ;  
 With timbrels all the vaulted roofs were grac'd,  
 And earthen gods on either side were plac'd :

Silenus and the Muses' virgin-train  
 Stood here, with Pan, the poet of the plain; 30  
 Elsewhere the doves of Cytherea's team  
 Were seen to sip the sweet Castalian stream.

Nine lovely nymphs a several task pursu'd,  
 For ivy one was sent to search the wood;  
 This to soft numbers join'd harmonious airs, 35  
 And fragrant rosy wreaths a third prepares.

Me thus the bright Calliope address'd;  
 (Her name the brightness of her form confess'd)  
 "The silver swans of Venus wait to bear  
 "Thee safe in pomp along the liquid air 40

"Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, straight recal  
 "Thy rash design to sing the wounded Gaul.

"Harsh sounds the trumpet in the Muses' grove,  
 "But sweet the lute; the lute is fit for love.

"No more rehearse the Danube's purple stream, 45  
 "Let love for ever be the tender theme,

"And in thy verse reveal the moving art  
 "To melt an haughty nymph's relentless heart."

The goddess ceasing, to confirm me more,  
 My face with hallow'd drops she sprinkled o'er, 50  
 Fetch'd from the fountain by whose flow'ry side  
 Soft Waller sung of Sacharissa's pride. 52



## CATULLUS, EPIG. V. TRANSLATED.

**L**ET'S live, my dear, like lovers too,  
 Nor heed what old men say or do.  
 The falling sun will surely rise,  
 And dart new glories through the skies.  
 But when we fall, alas! our light  
 Will set in everlasting night. 5  
 Come then, let mirth and amorous play  
 Be all the business of the day.  
 Give me this kiss—and this—and this!  
 A hundred thousand more.—Let's kiss 10  
 Till we ourselves cannot express,  
 Nor any lurking spy confess,  
 The boundless measure of our happiness. 13



## CLAUDIUS'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

**H**APPY the man who all his days does pass  
 In the paternal cottage of his race ;  
 Where first his trembling infant steps he try'd,  
 Which now supports his age, and once his youth employ'd.  
 This was the cottage his forefathers knew, 5  
 It saw his birth, shall see his burial too ;  
 Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate  
 Are things experience never taught him yet.  
 Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,  
 Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native shore.  
 Free from all anxious interests of trade, 11  
 No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head :  
 He never battle's wild confusion saw,  
 Nor heard the worse confusions of the law.  
 A stranger to the town and town-employs, 15  
 Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and noise ;  
 He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys.  
 Nor does the year by change of consuls know,  
 The year his fruits returning seasons show ;  
 Quarters and months in Nature's face he sees, 20  
 In flowers the spring, and autumn on his trees.  
 The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,  
 Point out the hourly courses of the sun.  
 Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,  
 Whose tender setts his infancy beheld. 25  
 Of distant India, Erythræan shores,  
 Banacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,  
 (Alike unseen) from common fame has heard,  
 Alike believes them, and with like regard.  
 Yet, firm and strong, his grandchildren admire 30  
 The health and vigour of their brawny fire.  
 The spacious globe let those that will survey,  
 This good old man, content at home to stay,  
 More happy years shall know, more leagues and coun-  
 tries they. 34

## MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

**W**OULD you, my friend, in little room express  
 The just description of true happiness;  
 First set me down a competent estate,  
 But rais'd and left me by a parent's sweat;  
 ('Tis pleasure to improve, but toil to get :) 5  
 Not large, but always large enough to yield  
 A cheerful fire, and no ungrateful field.  
 Averse to law-suits, let me peace enjoy,  
 And rarely pester'd with a town employ.  
 Smooth be my thoughts, my mind serene and clear, 10  
 A healthful body with such limbs I'd bear  
 As should be graceful, well-proportion'd, just,  
 And neither weak nor boorishly robust.  
 Nor fool, nor knave, but innocently wise;  
 Some friends indulge me, let a few suffice: 15  
 But suited to my humour and degree,  
 Not nice, but easily pleas'd, and fit for me;  
 So let my board and entertainments be.  
 With wholesome homely food, not serv'd in state,  
 What tastes as well in pewter as in plate, 20  
 Mirth and a glass my cheerful evenings share,  
 At equal distance from debauch and care.  
 To bed retiring, let me find it blest  
 With a kind modest spouse and downy rest:  
 Pleas'd always with the lot my fates assign, 25  
 Let me no change desire, no change decline;  
 With every turn of Providence comply,  
 Not tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.



## HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

**A**N honest mind, to virtue's precepts true,  
 Contemns the fury of a lawless crew;  
 Firm as a rock he to his purpose stands,  
 And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his com-  
 mands.

His loudest storms can't from his centre move, 5  
 He braves th' almighty thunder e'en of Jove.  
 If all the heav'nly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,  
 Should dash in pieces and should crush the world;  
 Undaunted he the mighty crash would hear,  
 Nor in his breast admit a thought of fear. 10

Pollux and wandering Hercules of old  
 Were by such acts among the gods enroll'd.  
 Augustus thus the shining powers possess'd,  
 By all th' immortal deities care's'd;  
 He shares with them in their ethereal feasts, 15  
 And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly guests.  
 This was the path the frisking tigers trod,  
 Dragging the car that bore the jolly god,  
 Who fix'd in heaven his crown and his abode.

Romulus by Mars through this blest path was shown,  
 And 'scap'd the woes of gloomy Acheron. 21  
 In virtue's rugged round he took his way,  
 And gain'd the mansions of eternal day;  
 For him e'en Juno's self pronounc'd a word,  
 Grateful to all th' ethereal council-board, 25

O Ilion! Ilion! I with transport view  
 The fall of all thy wicked perjur'd crew;  
 Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge  
 To that curst shepherd, that incestuous judge;  
 Nay, e'en Laomedon his gods betray'd, 30  
 And basely broke the solemn oath he made.  
 But now the painted strumpet and her guest  
 No more are in their pomp and jewels drest;  
 No more is Hector licens'd to destroy,  
 To slay the Greeks, and save his perjur'd Troy. 35  
 Priam is now become an empty ghost,  
 Doom'd with his house to tread the burning coast.

The god of battle now has ceas'd to roar,  
 And I, the queen of heaven, pursue my hate no more.  
 I now the Trojan's priestless' son will give 40  
 Back to his warlike fire, and let him live  
 In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use  
 Ambrosia, and the nectar's heavenly juice;  
 To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,  
 And wear the easy order of the gods. 45  
 In this blest state I grant him to remain,  
 While Troy from Rome's divided by the main;  
 While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,  
 And in their cave unlade their pregnant wombs.  
 Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land, 50  
 And let the capitol triumphant stand,  
 And all the tributary world command.  
 Let awful Rome with seven refulgent heads,  
 Still keep her conquest o'er the vanquish'd Medes.  
 With conquering terror let her arms extend 55  
 Her mighty name to shores without an end;  
 Where mid-land seas divide the fruitful soil  
 From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.  
 Let them be greater by despising gold,  
 Than digging it from forth its native mould. 60  
 To be the wicked instrument of ill,  
 Let sword and ruin every country fill,  
 That strives to stop the progress of her arms;  
 Not only those that sultry Sirius warms;  
 But where the fields in endless winter lie, 65  
 Whose frosts and snows the sun's bright rays defy.  
 But yet on this condition I decree  
 The warlike Roman's happy destiny;  
 That when they universal rule enjoy,  
 They not presume to raise their ancient Troy: 70  
 For then all ugly omens shall return,  
 And Troy be built but once again to burn;  
 E'en I myself a second war will move,  
 E'en I the sister and the wife of Jove.  
 If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall, 75  
 And all of brass, yet thrice the work should fall.

Sack'd by my favourite Greeks; and thrice again  
The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,  
And mourn their children and their husbands slain.

But whither would'st thou, soaring muse, aspire! 80  
To tell the counsels of the heavenly choir?  
Alas! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,  
To sing in humble notes such mighty things:  
No more the secrets of the gods relate,  
Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great 85



## EPIGRAM, OUT OF MARTIAL.

**M**ILO'S from home ; and, Milo being gone,  
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a son :  
Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field ?  
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

4



## HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX. IMITATED.

FROM THE

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

Dedicated to Lionel Earl of Dorset and Middlesex.

**S**INCE the hills all around us do penance in snow,  
And winter's cold blasts have benumb'd us  
below;

Since the rivers, chain'd up, flow with the same speed  
As criminals move towards the psalm they can't  
read;

Throw whole oaks at a time, nay, whole groves on  
the fire, 5

To keep out the cold and new vigour inspire;  
Ne'er waste the dull time in impertinent thinking,  
But urge and pursue this grand business of drinking.  
Come, pierce your old hogsheds, ne'er stint us in  
sherry,

For this is the season to drink and be merry; 10  
That, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,  
We may brave the loud storms, and defy the cold  
weather.

We'll have no more of business; but, friend, as you  
love us,

Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.  
Whilst your appetite's strong, and good-humour re-  
mains, 15

And active brisk blood does enliven your viens,  
Improve the sweet minutes in scenes of delight,  
Let your friend have the day, and your mistress the  
night:

In the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,  
The night for intriguing was ever design'd; 20  
Though she runs from your arms, and retires to a  
shade,

Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy maid;

All trembling you'll find then the poor bashful sinner,  
Such a trespass is venial in any beginner :  
But, remember this counsel, when once you have  
met her,  
Get a ring from the fair-one, or something that's  
better.





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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Cooke's Edition.

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Felix ille, quem semotum longe e strepitu et popularibus undis,  
interdum molli rus accipit umbra! *Rapin.*  
Silvestrem tenui Musam meditabor avena.

All-gracious Freedom! O vouchsafe to smile  
Thro' future ages on this fav'rite Isle!  
Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,  
For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!  
For ever blasted be that impious hand  
That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!  
Britons! 'tis yours to make her verdure thrive,  
And keep the roots of Liberty alive. *Stanzas, &c.*

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EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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London :

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;  
And sold by all the Booksellers in  
Great Britain and  
Ireland.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM 1630 TO 1800

By JOHN GARDNER  
Author of "The History of the City of Boston from 1630 to 1800"  
and "The History of the City of Boston from 1800 to 1850"

Published by  
GARDNER, BROTHERS & COMPANY  
No. 100 NASSAU ST. N.Y.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	SONGS,
PASTORALS,	PROLOGUES,
FABLES,	EPILOGUES,
TALES,	EPIGRAMS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

*&c. &c. &c.*

---

---

Can the deep Statesman, skill'd in great design,  
Protract but for a day precarious breath?  
Or the tun'd foll'wer of the sacred Nine  
Sooth with his melody insatiate Death?  
No.——

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,  
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom?  
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich rob'd king,  
Levell'd, lie mix'd promisc'ous in the tomb.

Hither let Lux'ry lead her loose-rob'd train,  
Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings,  
And from the moral prospect learn---how vain  
The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

*Elegy on a Pile of Ruins.*

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London:  
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED  
Under the Direction of  
C. COOKE.

THE  
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Published by the

Magazine Company

1000 Broadway

New York

1925

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1925

Printed

in the

THE LIFE OF  
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

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JOHN CUNNINGHAM was born in Dublin, in the year 1729. His father followed the profession of a wine-cooper, and maintained a respectable character; though, by the pressure of expences inevitably attending the demands of a numerous family, he was often involved in circumstances of difficulty and distress.

Having obtained a prize of considerable amount in the lottery, he was so elated with his success, that, disdaining to follow the mechanical profession to which he had been trained from early life, he immediately relinquished it, commenced wine-merchant, formed an acquaintance superior to his usual level, and sacrificed to his vanity his own interest and that of his family; for his want of economy and connection soon reduced him to a state of bankruptcy.

Our Author, at the time of his father's failure, was at the grammar-school in the city of Drogheda, under the care of Mr. Clark, from whose tuition he derived all the learning he possessed. From thence the embarrassed state of his father's affairs recalled him to Dublin, where, having no certain employment,

A during

during the course of several years, he turned his views to the drama, and, at the age of seventeen, produced a piece of two acts, entitled, "Love in a Mist;" or, "The Lass of Spirit;" which was performed at the Theatre Royal, received with applause, and had a considerable run.

The benefit accruing from young Cunningham's first literary effort proved a very seasonable relief, and extricated him from difficulties to which he had been long and unavoidably exposed through the very circumscribed state of his finances; and the favourable reception of his piece by the public, together with the commendation bestowed on it by the performers, induced him to become actor as well as author. Accordingly, he engaged with the manager of an itinerant company of comedians, with whom he came to England, and assumed the drama, which he followed, with very few intervals of variation, during the subsequent period of his life.

He never attained to a degree of eminence as an actor, nature having denied him the essential requisites of figure, voice, and expression; though, from the strength of his mind, he discovered a just conception of his author; which induced the liberal and discriminative part of his audience frequently to lament his want of the powers of execution. In the representation of French characters, however, he was not wholly devoid of merit. He passed two or three seasons at the theatre

in Edinburgh, under the direction of Mr. Digges; but neither added to his fame or fortune by theatrical pursuits; though no circumstance or situation could induce him to decline them. From Edinburgh he came over to Newcastle upon Tyne; formed a connection with Mr. Slack, printer, at that place; and, by his services in conducting and establishing a newspaper, so conciliated himself with his employer, that his regard for him terminated but with life.

Mr. Cunningham, in process of time, had acquired such reputation as an Author, that he was solicited to leave his situation in the North of England, and accept of the invitation of some booksellers in London, by which means, through the exertion of his talents, he might have procured a livelihood more competent, as well as respectable, than the trivial pursuits which engaged his attention in the country.

This invitation, accompanied with promises of patronage, and every assurance of encouragement, at length overcame his natural supineness, and induced him to repair to London: but he no sooner arrived in the capital, than his indolence or diffidence gained the ascendant over him, so that he resolved on a speedy departure; and accordingly left town after a very short and disagreeable stay in it, and returned to join the itinerant company in the north, notwithstanding all the persuasions and entreaties of his friends to the contrary. This

was the only opportunity offered him for emerging from the obscure situation in which complicated misfortunes had placed him in early life. However, his views seem not to have extended beyond a mere competence, as he could never be prevailed on to make a second attempt.

We shall introduce some extracts from a letter written by Mr. Cunningham, at Scarborough, to a theatrical friend (Mr. Lewis) in London, in which our Author may be said to have drawn his own character. They are as follow:

“ I reproach myself severely for my *general indolence*. Mr. Davies, the Bookseller, does me honour by his proposal. I am solicited daily, both from Edinburgh and Newcastle, to the same purpose; at both which places I think I might depend on general subscriptions, (nay, in most of the northern towns I have a sort of acquainted interest,) but I have some *diffidence*, and, as I observed above, much *indolence*; so that I have never yet come to a determination. I should be happy in a *correspondence* with Mr. Davies; and as he is supplied with French articles, should like to divert myself with a translation. I am fond, you know, of the French. I remember you liked *The Rose and Butterfly*, I imitated from *La Motte*

“ You may remember my last expedition to London: I think I may be convinced by it  
that



that I am not calculated for the business you mention. Though I scribble (but a little neither) to amuse myself, the moment I consider it as my duty, it would cease to be an amusement, and I should of consequence be weary of it. I am not enterprising, and tolerably happy in my present situation.

“ I am afraid I shall not compass my Collection of Fugitives this winter; but, after a tedious fit of *idleness*, I scribbled up an affair within these few days, which I call an Apologue, &c. &c.”

These passages may be truly said to mark the man, as they exhibit the most prominent traits of his character, drawn by himself. The life of Cunningham, indeed, was barren of incident, and so uniform, that it affords very little matter for entertainment. There is, however, a little anecdote related of him, which gave birth to a very humorous impromptu.

Cunningham lodged at the Golden Lion Inn at Scarborough, in the summer of the year 1765. The landlord was a meek, passive husband; and the landlady a very termagant. It happened, on a certain occasion, that the lady's temper was ruffled by a trivial incident that occurred, and as no soothing could restrain the impetuosity of her passion, she burst into violent exclamations; nor did either husband, guests, or servants, escape the fury of her clamorous tongue. The Poet, whose placid temper ill suited with the vehemence of this virago, left the house, and

taking the landlord with him into the street, pointed to the sign, and uttered these words :

Friend W—— ! if you would get rid of á scold,  
 And live without trouble and strife ;  
 I'd advise you to take down your lion of gold,  
 And hang up your brazen-fac'd wife.

He afterwards varied these lines, according to the form which may be seen amongst the verses entitled, “ The Postscript.”

Some months before our Author paid the debt of nature, a nervous fever rendered him incapable of any exertion, theatrical or poetical. This afflicting stroke afforded his friend Mr. Slack an opportunity for the display of his humanity and benevolence. He received him into his house ; where he was attended with the utmost care, and supplied with every thing which his condition required. After languishing some time under his friend's hospitable roof, apprehending the approach of his dissolution, he conceived a design of destroying all his papers, which he soon effected by committing them to the flames. Mr. Slack, alarmed at the blaze, hastened to the room in which Cunningham lay, and expressing his surprise at so extraordinary a circumstance, the poor Bard, almost breathless, pointing to the fire, whispered, *There ! There !*

He testified his grateful sense of the benevolence of his friend Slack, who so liberally supplied his wants, and softened the rigour of his  
 his

his last illness, in the following lines, addressed to a particular acquaintance, which strongly indicate the impressions of his mind on the melancholy occasion.

The drama and I have shook hands,  
We're parted no more to engage;  
Submissive I met her commands,  
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more,  
My mornings of pleasure are fled;  
'Tis painful my fate to endure;  
A pension supplies me with bread.

Dependent at length on the man  
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise;  
I conquer my pride as I can;  
His charity merits my praise.

His bounty proceeds from his heart;  
'Tis principle prompts the supply:  
His friendship exceeds my desert,  
And often suppresses a sigh.

While he lingered under the disorder which put a period to his existence, he was supposed to have had intervals of delirium; from the incoherence of what he frequently uttered, and particularly from his repetition of the following words, of which the sense is very obscure.

Why was this irksome being forc'd upon me?  
Incapable of choice, I sought it not.  
Where is then the boasted mercy men allow you,  
Since not to be avoided, I am wretched?

Our Author expired at Newcastle, on the 18th of September, 1773, and was interred in St. John's church-yard; where, to perpetuate his memory, Mr. Slack, whose friendly offices extended beyond the limits of mortality, erected a tombstone with the following inscription;

Here lie the Remains of  
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Of his excellence

As a pastoral Poet,

His Works will remain a Monument

For Ages,

After this temporary Tribute of Esteem

Is in Dust forgotten.

He died in Newcastle, September 18, 1773,

Aged 44.

To form a judgment of Mr. Cunningham's poetical merit, it will be necessary to refer to his Works. The *pastoral* seems to have been his favourite theme, in which his compositions place him in a very respectable line. Indeed, that species of writing appears to have been congenial to his disposition, which was remarkably mild and placid, but rather inclined to despondency. His deportment was modest and unassuming; and his general character such as recommended him to the esteem of the small circle of friends with whom he was conversant. The

The only tribute paid to Mr. Cunningham's merit as a Poet, is the inscription on the tombstone erected to his memory by his friend Mr. Slack; his Biographers have passed it over in silence, not advertng to one of the many beauties with which his writings abound: we shall therefore take the liberty of pointing out some passages, as proofs of his excellence in that species of poetry to which his genius was so happily adapted.

In what a picturesque manner does our Author display the enlivening effects of Summer after a severe and rigorous Winter, in the following lines of his LANDSCAPE!

- " Now that summer's ripen'd bloom  
 " Frolics where the winter frown'd,  
 " Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,  
 " We command the landscape round.  
  
 " Nature in the prospect yields  
 " Humble dales and mountains bold,  
 " Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields  
 " Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

The approach of May is no less beautifully described by the same tuneful Bard.

- " From the west, as it wantonly blows,  
 " Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;  
 " The bee steals a kiss from the rose,  
 " And willows and woodbines entwine.  
  
 " The pinks by the rivulet side,  
 " That border the vernal alcove,  
 " Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;  
 " For May is the mother of Love.
- " May

" May tinges the butterfly's wing,  
 " He flutters in bridal array ;  
 " And if the wing'd foresters sing,  
 " Their music is taught them by May.

The pastoral Poetry of Cunningham possesses an elegant simplicity, and indicates a strong and lively fancy ; it abounds with images painted from nature, and exhibits all the beauties of rural scenery. We have selected the following from his Pastorals, of Morning, Noon, and Evening.

MORNING.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow  
 Shadows nurs'd by Night retire,  
 And the peeping sunbeam now  
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
 Plaintive where she prates at night ;  
 And the lark, to meet the Morn,  
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood  
 Now the Noontide radiance glows :  
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,  
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

Now the hill, the hedge, is green ;  
 Now the warblers' throats in tune ;  
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,  
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.



## EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays  
 Free, (the furrow'd task is done;)   
 Now the village windows blaze,  
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

As the lark, with vary'd tune,  
 Carols to the Ev'ning loud,  
 Mark the mild resplendent moon  
 Breaking thro' a parted cloud.

*His Elegy on a Pile of Ruins; in imitation of Gray, is written with much spirit, and possesses many poetical beauties. In the opening of the Poem, he has given a very lively picture of the romantic ruins of the Abbey and Castle of Roslin.*

In the full prospect yonder hill commands  
 O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains;  
 The vestige of an ancient Abbey stands,  
 Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried there, lie many a broken bust,  
 And obelisk and urn, o'erthrown by time;  
 And many a cherub there descends in dust,  
 From the rent roof and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound  
 Of fragments tumbling from the towers on high,  
 Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,  
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,  
 The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;  
 And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,  
 Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.



From a similarity of genius, our Author conciliated the esteem of Mr. Shenstone, at whose instance he is said to have turned his thoughts to Pastoral Poetry. From his Corydon, inscribed to the memory of his deceased friend, we transcribe the following lines.

Come, Shepherds! we'll follow the hearse,  
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;  
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,  
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.

They call'd him the Pride of the Plain;  
In sooth he was gentle and kind;  
He mark'd on his elegant strain  
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,  
That birds in the covert might dwell;  
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,  
But never would rife their cell.

Ye Lambkins! that play'd at his feet,  
Go bleat——and your master bemoan;  
His music was artless and sweet,  
His manners as mild as your own.



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# MISCELLANIES.

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## THE CONTEMPLATIST:

### A NIGHTPIECE.

Nox erat

Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, piæque volucres.

#### I.

**T**HE queen of Contemplation, Night,  
Begins her balmy reign,  
Advancing in their vary'd light  
Her silver-vested train.

4

#### II.

'Tis strange the many marshall'd stars,  
That ride yon' sacred round,  
Should keep, among their rapid cars,  
A silence so profound!

8

#### III.

A kind, a philosophic, calm  
The cool Creation wears;  
And what Day drank of dewy balm  
The gentle Night repairs.

12

#### IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,  
The feather'd race how still!  
How quiet now the gamesome kid  
That gamboll'd round the hill!

16

#### V.

The sweets that bending o'er their banks  
From sultry day declin'd,  
Revive in little velvet ranks,  
And scent the western wind.

20

#### VI.

The moon, preceded by the breeze  
That bad the clouds retire,  
Appears, among the tufted trees,  
A phoenix nest on fire.

24

## VII.

But soft—the golden glow subsides,  
Her chariot mounts on high,  
And now in silver'd pomp she rides  
Pale regent of the sky.

23

## VIII.

Where Time upon the wither'd tree  
Hath carv'd the moral chair,  
I sit, from busy passions free,  
And breathe the placid air.

32

## IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime,  
Its branches brav'd the sky:  
Thus at the touch of ruthless Time  
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

36

## X.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse;  
It glows serenely gay:  
Come, Science! by my side advance;  
We'll search the Milky-way.

40

## XI.

Let us descend—The daring flight  
Fatigues my feeble mind;  
And Science in the maze of light  
Is impotent and blind.

44

## XII.

What are those wild those wand'ring fires  
That o'er the moorland ran?  
Vapours. How like the vague desires  
That cheat the heart of man!

48

## XIII.

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame  
That, lambent o'er its bed,  
Enlivens with a gladsome beam  
The hermit's osier shed.

52

## XIV.

Among the ruffet shades of night  
It glances from afar,  
And darts along the dusk so bright,  
It seems a silver star!

56

## XV.

In coverts (where the few frequent)  
If Virtue deigns to dwell,  
'Tis thus the little lamp Content  
Gives lustre to his cell.

60

## XVI.

How smooth that rapid river slides  
Progressive to the deep!  
The poppies pendent o'er its sides  
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

64

## XVII.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons,  
Ye Indolent! ye Gay!  
Reflect——for as the river runs  
Life wings its trackless way.

68

## XVIII.

That branching grove of dusky green  
Conceals the azure sky,  
Save where a starry space between  
Relieves the darken'd eye.

72

## XIX.

Old Error thus with shades impure  
Throws sacred Truth behind,  
Yet sometimes thro' the deep obscure  
She bursts upon the mind.

76

## XX.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign;  
They lock the shepherd's fold:  
But hark!—I hear a lamb complain,  
'Tis lost upon the world!

80

## XXI.

To savage herds, that haunt for prey,  
An unresisting prize!  
For, having trod a devious way,  
The little rambler dies!

84

## XXII.

As luckless is the virgin's lot  
Whom pleasure once misguides,  
When hurry'd from the halcyon cot  
Where Innocence presides——

88

## XXIII.

The Passions, a relentless train!  
 To tear the victim run:  
 She seeks the paths of Peace in vain,  
 Is conquer'd—and undone.

92

## XXIV.

How bright the little insects blaze  
 Where willows shade the way!  
 As proud as if their painted rays  
 Could emulate the day.

96

## XXV.

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of Pow'r  
 Advance their vain parade!  
 Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,  
 And like the glow-worms fade!

100

## XXVI.

The soft serenity of Night  
 Ungentle clouds deform;  
 The silver host, that shone so bright,  
 Is hid behind a storm.

104

## XXVII.

The angry elements engage!  
 An oak (an ivy'd bow'r)  
 Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,  
 And shields me from the show'r.

108

## XXVIII.

The rancour thus of rushing Fate  
 I've learnt to render vain;  
 For, whilst Integrity's her seat,  
 The soul will sit serene.

112

## XXIX.

A raven from some greedy vault,  
 Amidst that cloister'd gloom,  
 Bids me, and it's a solemn thought!  
 Reflect upon the tomb.

116

## XXX.

The tomb!—The consecrated dome,  
 The temple, rais'd to Peace!  
 The port that to its friendly home  
 Compels the human race!

120

## XXXI.

Yon' village to the moral mind  
 A solemn aspect wears,  
 Where Sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,  
 And kill'd his daily cares : 124

## XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,  
 An emblematic bed !  
 That offers to the mental sight  
 The temporary dead. 128

## XXXIII.

From hence I'll penetrate in thought  
 The grave's unmeasur'd deep ;  
 And, tutor'd, hence be timely taught  
 To meet my final sleep. 132

## XXXIV.

'Tis peace!—(The little chaos past!)  
 The gracious moon's restor'd !  
 A breeze succeeds the frightful blast  
 That thro' the forest roar'd. 136

## XXXV.

The nightingale, a welcome guest!  
 Renews her gentle strains ;  
 And Hope, just wand'ring from my breast,  
 Her wonted seat regains. 140

## XXXVI.

Yes—When yon' lucid orb is dark,  
 And darting from on high,  
 My soul, a more celestial spark !  
 Shall keep her native sky. 144

## XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,  
 My limbs refreshment find ;  
 And moral rhapsodies like these  
 Give vigour to the mind. 148



## A LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes. *Virg.*

## I.

**N**OW that Summer's ripen'd bloom  
 Frolics where the Winter frown'd,  
 Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,  
 We command the Landscape round. 4

## II.

Nature in the prospect yields  
 Humble dales and mountains bold,  
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths—and fields  
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold. 8

## III.

Goats upon that frowning steep  
 Fearless with their kidlings brouse;  
 Here a flock of snowy sheep,  
 There an herd of motley cows. 12

## IV.

On the uplands ev'ry glade  
 Brightens in the blaze of day;  
 O'er the vales the sober shade  
 Softens to an ev'ning gray. 16

## V.

Where the rill by slow degrees  
 Swells into a crystal pool,  
 Shaggy rocks and shelving trees  
 Shoot to keep the waters cool. 20

## VI.

Shiver'd by a thunderstroke  
 From the mountain's misty ridge,  
 O'er the brook a ruin'd oak  
 Near the farm-house forms a bridge. 24

## VII.

On her breast the sunny beam  
 Glitters in meridian pride,  
 Yonder as the virgin stream  
 Hastens to the restless tide.— 28

## VIII.

Where the ships by wanton gales  
 Wafted o'er the green waves run,  
 Sweet to see their swelling sails  
 Whiten'd by the laughing Sun. 32

## IX.

High upon the daisy'd hill,  
 Rising from the slope of trees,  
 How the wings of yonder mill  
 Labour in the busy breeze!— 36

## X.

Cheerful as a summer's morn,  
 Bouncing from her loaded pad,  
 Where the maid presents her corn,  
 Smirking to the miller's lad. 40

## XI.

O'er the green a festal throng  
 Gambols in fantastic trim  
 As the full cart moves along:  
 Hearken!—'tis the harvest hymn. 44

## XII.

Linnets on the crowded sprays  
 Chorus—and the woodlarks rise,  
 Soaring with a song of praise  
 Till the sweet notes reach the skies. 48

## XIII.

Torrents in extended sheets  
 Down the cliffs dividing break;  
 'Twixt the hills the water meets,  
 Settling in a silver lake. 52

## XIV.

From his languid flocks the swain,  
 By the sun-beams sore oppress'd,  
 Plunging on the wat'ry plain,  
 Plows it with his glowing breast. 56

## XV.

Where the mantling willows nod  
 From the green bank's slopy side,  
 Patient, with his well-thrown rod,  
 Many an angler breaks the tide. 60

## XVI.

On the isles, with osiers drest,  
 Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds;  
 Many a wild bird hides her nest,  
 Cover'd in yon' crackling reeds. 64

## XVII.

Fork-tail'd prattlers, as they pass  
 To their nestlings in the rock,  
 Darting on the liquid glass,  
 Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock. 68

## XVIII.

Where the stone-crofs lifts its head,  
 Many a faint and pilgrim hoar  
 Up the hill was wont to tread  
 Barefoot in the days of yore. 72

## XIX.

Guardian of a sacred well,  
 Arch'd beneath yon' rev'rend shades,  
 Whilome in that shatter'd cell  
 Many an hermit told his beads. 76

## XX.

Sultry mists surround the heath  
 Where the Gothic dome appears,  
 O'er the trembling groves beneath  
 Tott'ring with a load of years. 80

## XXI.

Turn to the contrasted scene,  
 Where, beyond these hoary piles,  
 Gay upon the rising green,  
 Many an Attic building smiles. 84

## XXII.

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,  
 Intermingling shade and light,  
 Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,  
 Join to give the eye delight. 88

## XXIII.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,  
 Scatter'd on the Landscape lie,  
 Till the distant view retires,  
 Closing in an azure sky. 92



There Contemplation to the crowd unknown,  
Her attitude composed and aspect sweet,  
Sits musing on a monumental stone,  
And points to the memento at her feet.  
*Cunningham's Verse, Elegy on a Girl of Ruins, &c. at  
the end of the Epitaph on a Girl of Ruins, &c.*



*Printed by G. Leake, at the ...*

## AN ELEGY

ON A PILE OF RUINS.

Aspice murem moles, præruptaque faxa! *Janus Vitalis.*  
 Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit. *Seneca.*

## I.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,  
 O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,  
 The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,  
 Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains. 4

## II.

Half bury'd there lie many a broken bust,  
 And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time;  
 And many a cherub there descends in dust  
 From the rent roof and portico sublime. 8

## III.

The rivulets, oft' frighted at the sound  
 Of fragments tumbling from the tow'rs on high,  
 Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,  
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry. 12

## IV.

Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,  
 The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;  
 And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,  
 Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads. 16

## V.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,  
 Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet,  
 Sits musing on a monumental stone,  
 And points to the Memento at her feet. 20

## VI.

Soon as sage Ev'ning check'd Day's sunny pride,  
 I left the mantling shade in moral mood,  
 And, seated by the maid's sequester'd side,  
 Sigh'd as the mould'ring monuments I view'd. 24

## VII.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace  
 Here Time hath pass'd—What ruin marks his way!  
 This Pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,  
 Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay. 28



## VIII.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes  
 In vain, and Melody her song sublime;  
 In vain Philosophy, with maxims wise,  
 Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time. 32

## IX.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,  
 Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;  
 And, partly the rude ravage to repair,  
 The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy ty'd. 36

## X.

How solemn is the cell, o'ergrown with moss,  
 That terminates the view yon' cloister'd way!  
 In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,  
 Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay! 40

## XI.

Where the mild sun, thro' faint-encypher'd glass,  
 Illum'd with mellow light yon' dusky aisle,  
 Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,  
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the Pile! 44

## XII.

And Piety, with mystic meaning beads,  
 Bowing to saints on ev'ry side inurn'd,  
 Trod oft' the solitary path that leads  
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd! 48

## XIII.

Thro' the gray grove, between those with'ring trees,  
 'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears  
 A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,  
 Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears: 52

## XIV.

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!  
 Death pity'd not the pride of youthful bloom;  
 Nor could maternal piety dissuade  
 Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb. 56

## XV.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest  
 Where mould'ring in the niche his statue stands,  
 Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,  
 And crav'd the benediction of his hands. 60



## XVI.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,  
 The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie,  
 As trac'd among the fragments of his tomb  
 The trophies of a broken Fame imply. 64

## XVII.

Ah! what avails that o'er the vassal-plain  
 His rights and rich demesnes extended wide?  
 That Honour and her knights compos'd his train,  
 And Chivalry stood marshall'd by his side? 68

## XVIII.

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,  
 And frown'd defiance on the desp'rate foe;  
 Tho' deem'd invincible, the conq'ror Time  
 Levell'd the fabric as the founder low. 72

## XIX.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound,  
 Ravens and rooks, the birds of Discord! dwell;  
 And where Society sat sweetly crown'd  
 Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell. 76

## XX.

The lizard and the lazy lurking bat  
 Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room  
 Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,  
 Sweet-singing at the silver-working loom. 80

## XXI.

The trav'ler is bewilder'd on a waste;  
 And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,  
 Where in his groves, with arching arbours grac'd,  
 Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore. 84

## XXII.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide  
 To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!  
 In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:  
 Time's thirst, unquenchable, has dram'd them dry. 88

## XXIII.

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent  
 With Comus and the laughter-loving crew,  
 And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,  
 Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew: 92

## XXIV.

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;  
 Not to be stay'd by mask or midnight roar;  
 Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring dust  
 Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more. 96

## XXV.

Can the deep Statesman, skill'd in great design,  
 Protract but for a day precarious breath?  
 Or the tun'd foll'wer of the sacred Nine  
 Sooth with his melody insatiate Death? 100

## XXVI.

No.—Tho' the palace bar her golden gate,  
 Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,  
 Unerring and unseen, the shaft of Fate  
 Strikes the devoted victim to the ground. 104

## XXVII.

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,  
 The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom?  
 The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,  
 Levell'd, lie mix'd promisc'ous in the tomb. 108

## XXVIII.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,  
 Bad, when the Morning's rosy reign began,  
 Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,  
 "Philip! remember thou'rt no more than man: 112

## XXIX.

"Tho' Glory spread thy name from pole to pole;  
 "Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just;  
 "Philip! reflect thou'rt posting to the goal  
 "Where mortals mix in-undistinguish'd dust!" 116

## XXX.

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,  
 (Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd,)  
 Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,  
 Sigh'd when the perishable pomp he view'd: 120

## XXXI.

And as he rode high in his regal car,  
 In all the purple pride of Conquest dress,  
 Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,  
 Plac'd pendent on a spear his burial vest; 124

## XXXII.

While thus the herald cry'd,—“ This son of Pow'r,  
 “ This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,  
 “ May in the space of one revolving hour  
 “ Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!” 128

## XXXIII.

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd,  
 Where Slaughter like the rapid lightning ran,  
 And say, while Mem'ry weeps the blood-stain'd field,  
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man? 132

## XXXIV.

Vain then are pyramids and motto'd stones,  
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high;  
 For Time confounds them with the crumbling bones  
 That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie. 136

## XXXV.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head  
 Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb?  
 Or sleeps one colder in his close clay-bed  
 Than th' other in the wide vault's dreary womb? 140

## XXXVI.

Hither let Lux'ry lead her loose-rob'd train,  
 Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings,  
 And from the moral prospect learn—how vain  
 The wish that sighs for sublunary things! 144



FORTUNE:  
AN APOLOGUE.

Fabula narratur.

I.

JOVE and his senators, in sage debate  
For man's felicity, were settling laws,  
When a rude roar, that shook the sacred gate,  
Turn'd their attention to enquire the cause. 4

II.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race,  
In the rough garniture of Grief array'd,  
Came brawling to the high imperial place:  
" Let me have justice, Jupiter!"—he bray'd. 8

III.

" I am an ass, of innocence allow'd  
" The type, yet Fortune persecutes me still;  
" While foxes, wolves, and all the murd'ring crowd,  
" Beneath her patronage can rob and kill. 12

IV.

" The pamper'd horse (he never toil'd so hard)  
" Favour and friendship from his owner finds:  
" For endless diligence—(a rough reward!)  
" I'm cudgell'd by a race of paltry hinds. 16

V.

" On wretched provender compell'd to feed,  
" The rugged pavement ev'ry night my bed!  
" For me Dame Fortune never yet decreed  
" The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd shed. 20

VI.

" Rough and unseemly is my irrev'rent hide!  
" Where can I visit, thus uncouthly dress'd?  
" That outside elegance the Dame deny'd  
" For which her fav'rites are too oft' carest. 24

VII.

" To suffering virtue, sacred Jove! be kind:  
" From Fortune's tyranny pronounce me free:  
" She's a deceiver if she says she's blind;  
" She sees, propitiously sees, all—but me." 28

## VIII.

The plaintiff could articulate no more ;  
 His bosom heav'd a most tremendous groan !  
 The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the roar,  
 Till Jove seem'd tott'ring on his high-built throne. 32

## IX.

The monarch with an all-commanding sound  
 (Deepen'd like thunder thro' the rounds of space)  
 Gave order—that Dame Fortune should be found  
 To answer as she might the plaintiff's case. 36

## X.

Soldiers and citizens, a seemly train !  
 And lawyers and physicians, sought her cell,  
 With many a schoolman—but their search was vain :  
 Few can the residence of Fortune tell. 40

## XI.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide  
 His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare,  
 'Twas rumour'd that Dame Fortune did reside,  
 And Jove's ambassadors were posted there. 44

## XII.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments drest,  
 A feeble porter at the gate they found,  
 Doubled with wretchedness—with age distress,  
 And on his wrinkled forehead famine frown'd. 48

## XIII.

“ Mortals avaunt ! ” the trembling spectre cries,  
 “ Ere you invade those sacred haunts beware !  
 “ To guard Lord Avarice from rude surprize  
 “ I am the centinel—my name is Care. 52

## XIV.

“ Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of Mind,  
 “ These are the soldiers that surround his hall,  
 “ And ev'ry Fury that can lash mankind ;  
 “ Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call. 56

## XV.

“ Fortune's gone forth ; you seek a wand'ring dame ;  
 “ A settled residence the harlot scorns :  
 “ Curtie on such visitants ! she never came  
 “ But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns. 60

## XVI.

" To the green vale yon' shelt'ring hills furround  
 " Go forward; you'll arrive at Wisdom's cell:  
 " Would you be taught where Fortune may be found,  
 " None can direct your anxious search so well." 64

## XVII.

Forward they went o'er many a dreary spot,  
 (Rough was the road, as if untrod before)  
 'Till, from the casement of a low-roof'd cot,  
 Wisdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her door. 68

## XVIII.

Wisdom (she knew of Fortune but the name)  
 Gave to their questions a serene reply:  
 " Hither," she said, " if e'er that goddess came  
 " I saw her not—she pass'd unnotic'd by. 72

## XIX.

" Abroad with Contemplation oft' I roam,  
 " And leave to Poverty my humble cell;  
 " She's my domestic, never stirs from home;  
 " If Fortune has been here, 'tis she can tell. 76

## XX.

" The matron eyes us from yon' mantling shade,  
 " And see her sober footsteps this way bent!  
 " Mark by her side a little rose-lipp'd maid; 79  
 " 'Tis my young daughter, and her name's Content."

## XXI.

As Poverty advanc'd with lenient grace,  
 " Fortune," she cry'd, " hath never yet been here;  
 " But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,  
 " Tells me her Highness may in time appear. 84

## XXII.

" Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot  
 " On whom her golden bounty beams divine;  
 " Yet, tho' she never reach our rustic cot,  
 " Patience will visit us—We sha'nt repine." 88

## XXIII.

After a vast but unavailing round,  
 The messengers returning in despair,  
 On an high hill a Fairy mansion found,  
 And hop'd the goddess Fortune might be there. 92



## XXIV.

The dome, so glitt'ring it amaz'd the sight,  
 ('Twas adamant, with gems incrust'd o'er,)  
 Had not a casement to admit the light,  
 Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door. 96

## XXV.

But eager to conclude a tedious chase,  
 And anxious to return from whence they came,  
 Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,  
 Thrice utter'd awfully Jove's sacred name. 100

## XXVI.

As Echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,  
 Illusion and her Fairy dome withdrew,  
 (Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove,)  
 And Fortune stood reveal'd to public view. 104

## XXVII.

Oft' for that happiness high courts deny'd  
 To this receptacle Dame Fortune ran ;  
 When harass'd, it was here she us'd to hide  
 From the wild suits of discontented man. 108

## XXVIII.

Prostrate the delegates their charge declare ;  
 (Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)  
 Fortune receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,  
 And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's judgment seat.

## XXIX.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place 113  
 Were gather'd, tho' from diff'rent motives keen;  
 Many—to see Dame Fortune's radiant face,  
 Many—by radiant Fortune to be seen. 116

## XXX.

Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems ;  
 He gave her near his own a golden seat:  
 Fair Fortune's an adventurer, it seems,  
 The deities themselves are glad to meet. 120

## XXXI.

“ Daughter,” says Jupiter, “ you're sore accus'd ;  
 “ Clamour incessantly reviles your name ;  
 “ If by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,  
 “ Be confident, and vindicate your fame. 124



## XXXII.

" Tho' pester'd daily with complaints from man,  
 " Thro' this conviction I record them not—  
 " Let my kind providence do all it can,  
 " None of that species ever lik'd his lot. 128

## XXXIII.

" But the poor quadrupede that now appeals,  
 " Can wanton Cruelty the weak pursue!  
 " Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,  
 " And all his wretchedness he lays to you." 132

## XXXIV.

" Ask him, high Jupiter!" reply'd the Dame,  
 " In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd class.  
 " Is Fortune, a divinity, to blame  
 " That she descends not to regard—an ass?" 136

## XXXV.

Fame enter'd in her rolls the sage reply;  
 The Dame defendant was discharg'd with grace.  
 " Go," to the plaintiff, said the Sire, " and try  
 " By merit to surmount your low-horn race. 140

## XXXVI.

" Learn from the lion to be just and brave;  
 " Take from the elephant instruction wise;  
 " With gracious breeding like the horse behave;  
 " Nor the sagacity of hounds despise. 144

## XXXVII.

" These useful qualities with care imbibe,  
 " For which some quadrupedes are justly priz'd:  
 " Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,  
 " And you'll no longer be a wretch despis'd." 148

## LOVE AND CHASTITY :

## A CANTATA.

## RECITATIVE.

**F**ROM the high mount \* whence sacred groves depend,  
 Diana and her virgin-troop descend,  
 And while the buskin'd Maids with active care  
 The bus'ness of the daily chase prepare,  
 A fav'rite nymph steps forward from the throng, 5  
 And thus exulting swells the jovial song.

\* Mount Latmos.

## AIR.

Jolly Health springs aloft at the loud founding-horn,  
 Unlock'd from soft Slumber's embrace,  
 And Joy sings an hymn to salute the sweet Morn,  
 That smiles on the nymphs of the chase. 10  
 The rage of fell Cupid no bosom profanes,  
 No rancour disturbs our delight ;  
 All the day with fresh Vigour we sweep o'er the plains,  
 And sleep with Contentment all night.

## RECITATIVE.

Their clamour rous'd the slighted god of Love ; 15  
 He flies indignant to the sacred grove ;  
 Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair ;  
 His rosy wings perfume the wanton air ;  
 Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell designs declare.  
 A crimson blush o'erispread Diana's face, 20  
 A frown succeeds—she stops the springing chase,  
 And thus forbids the boy the consecrated place.

## AIR.

Fond disturber of the heart ?  
 From these sacred shades depart ;  
 Here's a blooming troop disdains 25  
 Love and his fantastic chains.  
 Sisters of the silver bow,  
 Pure and chaste as virgin-snow,  
 Melt not at thy feeble fires,  
 Wanton god of wild desires ! 30

## RECITATIVE.

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breast,  
 While thus the angry goddess he address.

## AIR.

Virgin-snow does oft' remain  
 Long unmelted on the plain,  
 Till the glorious god of Day 35  
 Smiles, and wastes its pride away.  
 What is Sol's meridian fire  
 To the darts of strong desire !  
 Love can light a raging flame  
 Hotter than his noontide beam. 40

## RECITATIVE.

Now thro' the forest's brown imbower'd ways  
 With careless steps the young Endymion strays ;  
 His form erect !—loose flows his lovely hair,  
 His glowing cheeks like youthful Hebe's fair !  
 His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move ; 45  
 His eyes—his ev'ry feature, form'd for love ;  
 Around the list'ning woods attentivé hung,  
 Whilst thus, invoking Sleep, the shepherd sung.

## AIR.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides  
 Near the wood-nymph's rustic grot, 50  
 If the god of Sleep resides,  
 Or in Pan's sequester'd cot,  
 Hither if he'll lightly tread,  
 Follow'd by a gentle Dream,  
 We'll enjoy this grassy bed 55  
 On the bank beside the stream.

## RECITATIVE.

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,  
 Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes ;  
 And now a sporting breeze his bosom shows,  
 As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows ; 60  
 The goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound,  
 Her silver bow falls useless to the ground :  
 Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart  
 Unerring to her undefended heart.  
 She feels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire, 65  
 And thus persuades her virgins to retire.

## AIR.

## I.

Ye tender Maids ! be timely wise,  
 Love's wanton fury shun ;  
 In flight alone your safety lies :  
 The daring are undone. 70

## II.

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,  
 With vultures fell engage ?  
 Do lambs provoke the lion wild,  
 Or tempt the tiger's rage ?

## III.

No, no. Like fawns, ye Virgins! fly;  
 To secret cells remove;  
 Nor dare the doubtful combat try  
 'Twixt Chastity and Love. 75  
 78

## HYMEN.

WHEN Chloe with a blush comply'd  
 To be the fond Nicander's bride,  
 His Imagination ran  
 On raptures never known by man.  
 How high the tides of Fancy swell  
 Expression must despair to tell. 5

A painter call'd—Nicander cries,  
 "Descending from the radiant skies,  
 "Draw me a bright, a beauteous, boy,  
 "The herald of connubial joy! 10  
 "Draw him with all peculiar care;  
 "Make him beyond Adonis fair;  
 "Give to his cheeks a roseate hue,  
 "Let him have eyes of heav'nly blue,  
 "Lips soft'ning in nectarious dew; 15  
 "A lustre o'er his charms display  
 "More glorious than the beams of day.  
 "Expect, Sir, if you can succeed,  
 "A premium for a prince indeed."  
 His talents straight the painter try'd, 20  
 And, ere the nuptial-knot was ty'd,  
 A picture in the noblest taste  
 Before the fond Nicander plac'd.  
 The lover thus arraign'd his skill:  
 "Your execution's monstrous ill? 25  
 "A diff'rent form my fancy made;  
 "You're quite a bungler at the trade.  
 "Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?  
 "Where is the cheek's celestial glow?  
 "Where are the looks so fond and free? 30  
 "'Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me."

- The painter bow'd—with this reply :
- “ My colours an't, your honour, dry ;
- “ When time as mellow'd ev'ry tint
- “ 'Twill please you—or the deuce is in't : 35
- “ I'll watch the happy change, and then
- “ Attend you with my piece again.”
- In a few months the painter came  
 With a performance—(still the same.)
- “ Take it away !” —the husband cry'd ; 40
- “ I have repeated cause to chide.
- “ Sir, you should all excesses shun ;
- “ This is a picture overdone !
- “ There's too much ardour in that eye,
- “ The tincture on the cheeks too high ; 45
- “ The robes have a lascivious play,
- “ The attitude's too loosely gay.
- “ Friend ! on the whole, this piece, for me,
- “ Is too luxuriant—far too free.”
- The painter thus—“ The faults you find 50
- “ Are form'd in your capricious mind :
- “ To passion a devoted slave,
- “ The first directions, Sir, you gave ;
- “ Possession has repell'd the flame,
- “ Nor left a sentiment the same.” 55
- “ My picture is design'd to prove
- “ The changes of precarious love.
- “ On the next staircase rais'd on high
- “ Regard it with a curious eye. 60
- “ As to the first steps you proceed,
- “ 'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed !
- “ But as you mount some paces higher,
- “ Is there a grace that don't expire ?”
- So various is the human mind :
- Such are the frailties of mankind !
- What at a distance charm'd our eyes,
- After attainment—droops—and dies. 66

## STANZAS

*On the Death of his late Majesty King GEORGE II.*

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres. *Hor.*

## I.

TENANTS of Liberty on Britain's plain,  
With flocks enrich'd a vast unnumber'd store!  
'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign!  
Your Pan, your great defender, is no more! 4

## II.

The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,  
Where Albion's conqu'ring oaks eternal spring,  
In the brown shades their secret sorrows hide,  
And silent mourn the venerable King. 8

## III.

Hark! how the winds, oft' bounteous to his will,  
That bore his conquering fleets to Gallia's shore,  
After a pause pathetically still,  
Burst in loud peals, and thro' the forests roar. 12

## IV.

On Conquest's cheek the vernal roses fail,  
Whilst laurell'd Victory distressful bows;  
And Honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,  
That late beam'd glorious on our George's brows. 16

## V.

The Muses mourn—an ineffectual band!  
Each sacred harp without an owner lies;  
The Arts, the Sciences, dejected stand,  
For, ah! their patron, their protector, dies. 20

## VI.

Beauty no more the toy of fashion wears,  
(So late by Love's designful labour drest,)  
But from her brow the glowing diamond tears,  
And with the sable cypress veils her breast. 24

## VII.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,  
Laments the fading state of crowns below;  
Whilst Melancholy fills the vaulted aisle  
With the slow music of a nation's woe. 28



## VIII.

The dreary paths of unrelenting Fate  
 Must monarchs mix'd with common mortals try?  
 Is there no refuge?—are the good, the great,  
 The gracious, and the god-like, doom'd to die? 32

## IX.

Must the gay court be chang'd for Horror's cave?  
 Must mighty kings, that kept the world in awe,  
 Conquer'd by Time and the unpitying Grave,  
 Submit their laurels to Death's rig'rous law? 35

## X.

If in the tent retir'd, or battle's rage,  
 Britannia's sighs shall reach great Fred'rick's\* ear,  
 He'll drop the sword, or close the darling page,  
 And pensive pay the tributary tear. 40

## XI.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral thought,  
 (As he laments the parent, friend, ally,)  
 'The solemn truth by sage Reflection taught,  
 'That, spite of glory, Fred'rick's self shall die. 44

## XII.

The parent's face a prudent painter hides,†  
 While Death devours the darling of his age:  
 Nature the stroke of pencil'd art derides,  
 When grief distracts with agonizing rage. 48

## XIII.

So let the Muse her sablest curtain spread,  
 By sorrow taught her nerveless pow'r to know:  
 When nations cry their king, their father's dead,  
 The rest is dumb unutterable woe! 52

## XIV.

But see—a sacred radiance beams around,  
 And with returning hope a people cheers:  
 Look at yon' youth, with grace imperial crown'd;  
 How awful, yet how lovely, in his tears! 56

\* Frederick King of Prussia.

† In a picture representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Apelles, despairing to represent the natural distraction of a parent on so affecting an occasion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.

## XV.

Mark how his breast expands the filial sigh ;  
 He droops, distress'd, like a declining flow'r,  
 Till Glory, from her radiant sphere on high,  
 Hails him to hold the regal reins of pow'r. 60

## XVI.

The fainted fire to realms of bliss remov'd,  
 (Like the fam'd phoenix) from his pyre shall spring  
 Successive Georges, gracious, and belov'd,  
 And good and glorious, as the parent-king. 64

## STANZAS

## ON THE FORWARDNESS OF SPRING.\*

--tibi, flores, plenis  
 Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis. *Virg.*

## I.

O'ER Nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,  
 Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring;  
 Rich flow'rets, how fragrant ! rise wantonly round,  
 And Summer's wing'd choristers sing ! 4

## II.

To greet the young monarch of Britain's blest isle  
 The groves with gay blossoms are grac'd ;  
 The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,  
 And cowslips crowd forward in haste. 8

## III.

Dispatch, gentle Flora ! the nymphs of your train  
 Thro' woodlands to gather each sweet ;  
 Go—rob of young roses the dew-spangled plain,  
 And strew the gay spoils at his feet. 12

## IV.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the same,  
 For George, oh ye Virgins ! entwine ;  
 From conquest's own temples these ever-greens came,  
 And those from the brows of the Nine. 16

## D

\* As the following stanzas have appeared anonymous in some periodical papers, it is thought necessary to observe, that they were originally inserted, with the Author's name, in an Edinburgh Magazine, 1761.

## V.

What honours, ye Britons ! (one emblem implies,)  
 What glory, to George shall belong!  
 What Miltons, (the other,) what Addisons rise,  
 To make him immortal in song! 20

## VI.

To a wreath of fresh oak, England's emblem of pow'r,  
 Whose honours with time shall increase,  
 And a fair olive sprig, just unfolding its flow'r,  
 Rich token of concord and peace. 24

## VII.

Next give him young myrtles, by Beauty's bright queen  
 Collected—the pride of the grove;  
 How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!  
 Sweet promise of conjugal love! 28

## VIII.

Let Gaul's captive Lilies, cropt close to the ground,  
 As trophies of conquest be ty'd:  
 The virgins all cry, " There's not one to be found;  
 " Out-bloom'd by his Roses—they dy'd." 32

## IX.

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye share  
 With George as our glories advance— [spair,  
 Thro' envy you'll sicken—you'll droop—you'll de-  
 And die—like the Lilies of France. 36

## STANZAS

*Spoken at a Play at the Theatre in Sunderland,*  
 FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CORSICANS.

## I.

WHO can behold with an unpitying eye  
 The glorious few (with patriotic fire)  
 Distrest—invaded—and resolv'd to die,  
 Or keep their independent rights entire?  
 Shackled themselves, the servile Gauls would bind  
 In their ignoble fetters half mankind. 5

## II.

The gentle homage that to-night you've paid  
 To Freedom and her ever sacred laws,  
 The humble off'ring at her altar made,  
 Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cause. 10  
 All-gracious Freedom! O vouchsafe to smile  
 Thro' future ages on this fav'rite Isle!

## III.

Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,  
 For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!  
 For ever blasted be that impious hand 15  
 That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!  
 Britons! 'tis yours to make her verdure thrive,  
 And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

## IV.

O may her rich, 'her rip'ning fruits of gold,  
 Britannia! bloom perpetually for thee! 20  
 May you ne'er want a dragon, as we're told  
 Defended once the fam'd Hesperian tree;  
 A dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,  
 With anxious eyes eternally awake. 24

## THE VIOLET.

## I.

SHELTER'D from the blight Ambition,  
 Fatal to the pride of rank,  
 See me in my low condition  
 Laughing on the tufted bank. 4

## II.

On my robes (for emulation)  
 No variety's impress:  
 Suited to an humble station,  
 Mine's an unembroider'd vest. 8

## III.

Modest tho' the maids declare me,  
 May, in her fantastick train,  
 When Pastora deigns to wear me,  
 Ha'n't a flow'ret half so vain. 12

## THE NARCISSUS.

## I.

AS pendent o'er the limpid stream  
 I bow'd my snowy pride,  
 And languish'd in a fruitless flame  
 For what the Fates deny'd !

4

The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass  
 With such an angel air,  
 I saw her in the wat'ry glass,  
 And lov'd the rival fair.

8

## II.

Ye Fates ! no longer let me pine,  
 A self-admiring sweet !  
 Permit me, by your grace divine,  
 To kiss the fair one's feet ;

12

That if by chance the gentle maid  
 My fragrance should admire,-  
 I may—upon her bosom laid,  
 In sister-sweets expire.

16

## THE BROKEN CHINA.

## I.

SOON as the sun began to peep,  
 And gild the morning skies,  
 Young Chloe, from disorder'd sleep,  
 Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

4

## II.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite  
 That waited on her still,  
 Had teas'd her all the tedious night  
 With visionary ill.

8

## III.

“ Some shock of Fate is surely nigh,”  
 Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid :  
 “ What do these horrid dreams imply ?  
 “ My Cupid can't be dead !”

12

## IV.

She call'd her Cupid by his name,  
 In dread of some mishap;  
 Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,  
 And jump'd into her lap. 16

## V.

And now the best of brittle ware  
 Her sumptuous table grac'd,  
 The gentle emblems of the fair,  
 In beauteous order plac'd. 20

## VI.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd  
 To give the morning treat,  
 When Dick, the country beau, appear'd,  
 And, bowing, took his seat. 24

## VII.

Well—chatting on of that and this  
 The maid revers'd her cup,  
 And, tempted by the forfeit kifs,  
 The bumpkin turn'd it up. 28

## VIII.

With transport he demands the prize;  
 Right fairly it was won:  
 With many a frown the fair denies;  
 Fond baits to draw him on. 32

## IX.

A man must prove himself polite  
 In such a case as this;  
 So Richard strives with all his might  
 To force the forfeit kifs. 36

## X.

But as he strove—O, dire to tell!  
 (And yet with grief I must,)  
 The table turn'd—the China fell,  
 A heap of painted dust. 40

## XI.

“O fatal purport of my dream!”  
 The fair afflicted cry'd,  
 “Occasion'd (I confess my shame)  
 “By childishness and pride. 44



## XII.

“ For in a kiss, or two, or three,  
 “ No mischief could be found ;  
 “ Then had I been more frank and free,  
 “ My China had been found.”

48

## DAMON AND PHOEBE.

## I.

WHEN the sweet rosy Morning first peep'd from the  
 A loud singing lark bade the villagers rise ; [skies,  
 The cowslips were lively—the primroses gay,  
 And shed their best perfumes to welcome the May ;  
 The swains and their sweethearts, all rang'd on the  
 green, 5  
 Did homage to Phœbe—and hail'd her their queen.

## II.

Young Damon stepp'd forward : he sung in her praise,  
 And Phœbe bestow'd him a garland of bays :  
 “ May this wreath,” said the fair one, “ dear Lord  
 “ of my vows ! 9  
 “ A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows.”  
 The swains and their sweethearts, that danc'd on the  
 green,  
 Approv'd the fond present of Phœbe their queen.

## III.

‘Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are told,  
 The dearest affections are barter'd for gold ;  
 That discord in wedlock is often their lot, 15  
 While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot.  
 At the church with fair Phœbe since Damon has been,  
 He's rich as as a monarch—she's blest as a queen. 18

## FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN.

IN A PANTOMIME.

## I.

FROM my favour sense rejected,  
 Fools by Fortune are protected :  
 Fortune, Harlequin ! hath found you ;  
 Happiness will hence surround you.

4

## II.

Should a thousand ills enclose you,  
 Quick contrivance this \* bestows you.  
 Valour makes the fair adore you ;  
 This † shall drive your foes before you.

80

## III.

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure ;  
 Take this purse of magic treasure.  
 Go—for while my gifts befriend you,  
 Joy and Jollity attend you.

12

## CLARINDA.

## I.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly prest,  
 While rapture fill'd each vein,  
 And as I touch'd her downy breast  
 Its tenant slept serene.

4

## II.

So soft a calm in such a part  
 Betrays a peaceful mind ;  
 Whilst my uneasy flutt'ring heart  
 Would scarcely be confin'd.

8

## III.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees  
 Unmov'd when storms descend ;  
 But, ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze  
 The myrtle bough must bend.

12

## ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

## I.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,  
 Attends to the villager's vows ;  
 The birds sweetly bill on the spray,  
 And poplars embrace with their boughs.

4

On Ida bright Venus may reign,  
 Ador'd for her beauty above ;  
 We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,  
 Hail May as the mother of Love.

8

\* A Hat.

† A Sword.

## II.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,  
 Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;  
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,  
 And willows and woodbines entwine. 12

The pinks by the rivulet side,  
 That border the vernal alcove,  
 Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;  
 For May is the mother of Love. 16

## III.

May tinges the butterfly's wing;  
 He flutters in bridal array;  
 And if the wing'd foresters sing,  
 The music is taught them by May. 20

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,  
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,  
 And murm'ring, seems to repeat  
 That May is the mother of Love. 24

## IV.

The goddess will visit you soon;  
 Ye Virgins! be sportive and gay:  
 Get your pipes, oh ye Shepherds! in tune,  
 For Music must welcome the May. 28

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,  
 And all his keen anguish remove,  
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find  
 That May is the mother of Love. 32

ON THE LATE  
 ABSENCE OF MAY.

*Written in the Year 1771.*

## I.

THE rooks in the neighbouring grove  
 For shelter cry all the long day;  
 Their huts in the branches above  
 Are cover'd no longer by May. 4

The birds, that so cheerfully sung,  
 Are silent, or plaintive each tone,  
 And, as they chirp low to their young,  
 The want of their goddesses bemoan. 8

## II.

No daisies or carpets of green  
 O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread;  
 Not a sweet-brier sprig can be seen  
 To finish this wreath for my head. 12

Some flow'rets, indeed, may be found,  
 But these neither blooming nor gay;  
 The fairest still sleep in the ground,  
 And wait for the coming of May. 16

## III.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd  
 Her rich tho' fantastical geer;  
 With envy the months may have join'd,  
 And jostled her out of the year. 20

Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine  
 To see their lov'd gardens undrest:  
 But I—whilst my Phillida's mine,  
 Shall always have May in my breast. 24

## ON SIR W—B—T's BIRTH-DAY.

DOES true Felicity on Grandeur wait?  
 Delights she in the pageantry of show?  
 Say, can the glitt'ring gewgaws of the great  
 An hour of inborn happiness bestow? 4

He that is just, benevolent, humane,  
 In conscious rectitude supremely blest,  
 O'er the glad hearts of multitudes shall reign,  
 Tho' the gay star ne'er blaz'd upon his breast, 8

Ye happy Children of the hoary North!  
 Hail the glad day that saw your patron born,  
 Whose private virtues, and whose public worth,  
 Might the rich seats of Royalty adorn. 12

## ON SEEING J. C——FT, ESQ.

ABUSED IN A NEWSPAPER.

WHEN a wretch to public notice  
 Would a man of worth defame,  
 Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,  
 Only shews his want of shame. 4

Busy, pert, unmeaning, parrot!  
 Vilest of the venal crews!  
 Go—and, in your Grub-street garret,  
 Hang yourself and paltry Muse. 8

Pity too the meddling finner  
 Should for hunger hang or drown;  
 F——x, (he must not want a dinner)—  
 Send the scribbler half a crown. 12

ON THE DEATH OF  
LORD GRANBY.

FOR private loss the lenient tear may flow,  
 And give a short, perhaps a quick, relief,  
 While the full heart, o'ercharg'd with public woe,  
 Must labour thro' a long protracted grief. 4

This sudden stroke ('twas like the lightning's blast)  
 The sons of Albion can't enough deplore;  
 Think, Britons! think on all his triumphs past,  
 And weep.—Your warrior is—alas! no more. 8

Blight, we are told, respects the conqueror's tree,  
 And thro' the laurel-grove with caution flies:  
 Vague—and how vain must that assertion be,  
 Cover'd with laurels, when a Granby dies! 12

## ON THE DEATH OF

## MR. \_\_\_\_\_ OF SUNDERLAND.

GO, breath of Sorrow—go, attending Sighs,  
 Acquaint the natives of the northern shore,  
 The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd, dies,  
 And Charity's first steward—is no more.

4

Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?  
 Who shall relieve them from their loads of pain?  
 Say, has he left a feeling heart behind,  
 So gracious—good—so tenderly humane?

8

Yes—there survives his darling offspring—young,  
 Yet in the paths of Virtue steady—sure:  
 'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue,  
 "Think, (O remember!) think upon my poor." 12

## ON THE DEATH OF

## MRS. SLEIGH, OF STOCKTON.

MUCH lov'd, much honour'd, much lamented,  
 Sleigh!

The kindred Virtues had expir'd with thee,  
 Were it ordain'd the daughters of the Sky,  
 Like the frail offspring of the Earth, could die:  
 Trembling they stand at thy too early doom,  
 And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.

3

6

## ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

SEE how the buds and blossoms shoot!  
 How sweet will be the summer fruit!  
 Let us behold the infant rose,  
 How fragrant when its beauty blows!  
 The morning smiles serenely gay,  
 How bright will be the promis'd day!

5



Contemplate next the charming maid

In early innocence array'd.

If in the morning of her years

A lustre so intense appears,

When time shall point her noontide rays,

When her meridian charms shall blaze,

None but the eagle-ey'd must gaze.

10

13

## TO THE HON. MASTER B——.

SENT WITH A SELECT COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

**T**HOU', gentle Youth! thy calm untainted mind

Be like a morning in the spring serene,

Time may commit the passions unconfin'd

To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.

4

Then in the morn of placid life be wise,

And travel thro' the groves of science soon;

There cull the plants of virtue, that may rise

A peaceful shelter from that sultry noon.

8

## ON SEEING W. R. CHETWOOD

CHEERFUL IN A PRISON.

### I.

**S**AY, lov'd Content—fair Goddess! say,

Where shall I seek thy soft retreat,

How shall I find thy halcyon seat,

Or trace thy sacred way?

4

### II.

Love pointed out a pleasing scene,

Where nought but beauty could be found,

With roses and with myrtles crown'd,

And nam'd thee for its queen.

8

### III.

Delusion all!—a specious cheat!

At my approach the roses fade;

I found each fragrance quite decay'd,

And curs'd the fond deceit.

12

## IV.

At courts I've try'd, where splendour shone,  
 Where Pomp and gilded Cares reside,  
 'Midst endless hurry, endless pride,  
 But there thou wast unknown. 16

## V.

Yet in the captive's dreary cell,  
 Lodg'd with a long experienc'd sage,  
 With the fam'd Chiron\* of the stage,  
 The goddess deign'd to dwell. 20

## VI.

Integrity and truth serene  
 Had eas'd the labours of his breast,  
 And lull'd his peaceful heart to rest  
 'Midst perfidy and pain. 24

## VII.

A soul like his, disrob'd of guile,  
 With native innocence elate,  
 Above the keenest rage of Fate  
 Can greet her with a smile. 28

ON SOME BUSES BEING FITTED OUT FOR  
 THE HERRING FISHERY.

O'ER the green waves, where Britain boasts her  
 sway,  
 Round the wide waste of our long slighted sea,  
 Let the glad tale in sacred accents swell,  
 Let babbling Tritons to the sea gods tell 4  
 " Britain's at last grown conscious of her shame;  
 " Britain awakes her ravish'd rights to claim;  
 " Britain!—see pale Batavians trembling at the name."  
 Abash'd—confounded—let the dull Mynheer 8  
 No more between our sacred banks appear.  
 Shall the dull Dutch exult in our disgrace,  
 Rife our wedded waves before our face?  
 Feast on the joys of our luxuriant spouse, 12  
 And plant upon old Albion's chalky brows?  
 No, Britons! no—George and your Genius smile,  
 And new-born beauties rise propitious to your Isle! 15

\* He had been thirty years Prompter at the London Theatre.

## ON HEARING DAVID HUME, ESQ.

*Particularly admired in a Company of Petit-Maitres.*

**D**ID rocks and trees in ancient days  
 Round tuneful Orpheus throng,  
 Mov'd by the bard's enliv'ning lays,  
 And sensible of song? 4

When the bold Orpheus of our age,  
 With true pathetic fire,  
 Unfolds the philosophic page,  
 The very beaux admire! 8

## ON GOLD.

**B**EAUTY's a bawble, a trifle in price!  
 'Tis glass, or 'tis something as glaring;  
 But set it in Gold—'tis so wonderful nice  
 That a prince should be proud in the wearing. 4

How feeble the transport when passion is gone!  
 How pall'd when the honey-moon's over!  
 When kissing—and cooing—and toying, are done,  
 'Tis gold must enliven the lover. 8

## ON ALDERMAN W——.

THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

**T**HAT he was born it cannot be deny'd.  
 He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and dy'd. 2

## AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH.

**T**HAT Fate would not grant a reprieve,  
 'Tis true we have cause to lament;  
 Yet faith 'tis a folly to grieve,  
 So e'en let us all be content. 4

On the stone that was plac'd o'er his head  
 (When he mingled with shadows so grim)  
 These words may be ev'ry day read,  
 " Here lies the late Alderman Whim."

8

## MELODY.

## I.

**L**IGHTSOME as convey'd by sparrows  
 Love and Beauty cross'd the plains,  
 Flights of little pointed arrows  
 Love dispatch'd among the swains.

4

But so much our shepherds dread him,  
 (Spoiler of their peace profound,)  
 Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,  
 Frighted, tho' they felt no wound.

8

## II.

Now the wanton god grown slier,  
 And for each fond mischief ripe,  
 Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,  
 Tuning sweet an oaten pipe.

12

Echo by the winding river  
 Doubles his delusive strains,  
 While the boy conceals his quiver  
 From the slow-returning swains.

16

## III.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,  
 Prais'd the sly musician's art,  
 Love, his light disguise rejecting,  
 Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

20

Cupid will enforce our duty,  
 Shepherds, and would have you taught,  
 Those who timid fly from Beauty,  
 May by Melody be caught.

24

## REPUTATION:

## AN ALLEGORY.

## I.

TO travel far as the wide world extends,  
 Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,  
 Virtue set forth with two selected friends,  
 Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair. 4

## II.

As they went on in their intended round,  
 Talent first spoke, " My gentle Comrades ! say  
 " Where each of you may probably be found,  
 " Should accident divide us on the way. 8

## III.

" If torn," she added, " from my lov'd allies,  
 " A friendly patronage I hope to find  
 " Where the fine Arts from cultivation rise,  
 " And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind." 12

## IV.

Says Virtue, " Did Sincerity appear,  
 " Or meek-ey'd Charity, among the great ;  
 " Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,  
 " 'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat. 16

## V.

" Could I find patriots for the public weal  
 " Assiduous, and without their selfish views ;  
 " Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,  
 " 'Tis among those my residence I'd chuse. 20

## VI.

" In glitt'ring domes let Luxury reside,  
 " I must be found in some sequester'd cell,  
 " Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,  
 " Where home-bred Happiness delights to dwell." 24

## VII.

" Ye may be trac'd, my gentle Friends ! 'tis true ;  
 " But who," says Reputation, " can explore  
 " My slipp'ry steps ?—Keep, keep me in your view :  
 " If I'm once lost you'll never find me more." 28

## INCANTATION.

*Performed at the Theatre in Sunderland in a new Pantomime.*

## RECITATIVE.

## HECATE.

FROM the dark tremendous cell,  
Where the fiends of magic dwell,  
Now the sun hath left the skies,  
Daughters of Enchantments ! rise

## AIR.

Welcome from the shades beneath ! [*Witches appear.* 5  
Welcome to the blasted heath !  
Where the spectre and the sprite  
Glide along the glooms of night.  
Beldams ! with attention keen  
Wait the wish of Harlequin. 10  
Many a wonder must be done,  
For my first my fav'rite son.

## CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder shall be done,  
Hecate ! for your fav'rite son. 14

## AN INSCRIPTION

*On the House at Mavis Bank, near Edinburgh,  
Situated in a Grove.*

PARVA domus ! nemorosa quies !  
Sis tu, quoque nostris  
Hospitium, laribus, subsidiumque diu !  
Flora tuas ornet postes, Pomona que menfas !  
Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes ! 5  
Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,  
Retia sola canent quæ sibi tendit amor !  
Floriferi colles, dulces mihi sæpe recessus  
Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis !



Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel fero fenefas, 10  
 Seroque terrenas experiare vices!  
 Integra raddantur quæ plurima sæcula rodant  
 Detur, et ut fenio pulchrior eniteas. 13

## ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

### I.

PEACE has explor'd this ſylvan ſcene;  
 She courts your calm retreat,  
 Ye Groves of variegated green!  
 That grace my genial feat. 4

Here in the lap of lenient Eaſe,  
 (Remote from madd'ning noiſe,)  
 Let me delude a length of days  
 In dear domeſtic joys! 8

### II.

Long may the parent queen of Flow'rs  
 Her fragrance here diſplay!  
 Long may ſhe paint my mantling bow'rs,  
 And make my portals gay! 12

Nor you—my yellow Gardens! fail  
 To ſwell Pomona's hoard;  
 So ſhall the plenteous rich regale—  
 Replenish long my board. 16

### III.

Pour thro' the groves your carols clear,  
 Ye Birds! nor bondage dread:  
 If any toils entangle here,  
 'Tis thoſe which love hath ſpread. 20

Where the green hill ſo gradual flants,  
 Or flow'ry glade extends,  
 Long may theſe fair, theſe fav'rite haunts  
 Prove ſocial to my friends! 24

### IV.

May you preſerve perpetual bloom,  
 My happy halcyon Seat!  
 Or if fell Time denounce thy doom,  
 Far diſtant be its date. 28

And when he makes, with iron rage,  
 The youthful pride his prey,  
 Long may the honours of thy age  
 Be rev'renc'd in decay!

32

## ANOTHER INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

**H**ANC in gremio resonantis sylvæ  
 Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,  
 Cæterisque ruris honoribus,  
 Undique rēnidentem villam,  
 Non magnificam——non superbam; 5  
 At qualem vides,  
 Commodam, mundam, genialem  
 Naturæ parem, socians artem.  
 Sibi, suisque  
 Ad vitam placide, 10  
 Et tranquille agendum  
 Designavit, instruxitque. 12

D. I. C.

## ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

**I**N the deep bosom of my grove  
 A sweet recess survey,  
 Where birds with elegies of love  
 Make vocal ev'ry spray.  
 A sylvan spot! with woods—with waters crown'd,  
 With all the rural honours blooming round! 6

II.

This little but commodious seat  
 (Where Nature weds with Art)  
 A'nt to the eye superbly great;  
 Its beauties charm the heart.  
 Here may the happy founder and his race  
 Pass their full days in harmony and peace. 12

## AN EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKE BY MR. DIGGES AT EDINBURGH.

SAY, can the garter or the star of state,  
That on the vain or on the vicious wait,  
Such emblems with such emphasis impart  
As an insignium near the Mason's heart?

Hail, sacred Masonry! of source divine,  
Unerring mistress of the faultless line!  
Whose plumb of truth with never-failing sway  
Makes the join'd parts of symmetry obey.

Hail to the Craft! at whose serene command  
The gentle Arts in glad obedience stand;  
Whose magic stroke bids fell Confusion cease,  
And to the finish'd Orders yield its place;  
Who calls creation from the womb of earth,  
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit's not confin'd;  
She regulates the morals, squares the mind;  
Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,  
And points the tide of passions where to roll;  
On Virtue's tablets marks each sacred rule,  
And forms her Lodge an universal school,  
Where Nature's mystic laws unfolded stand,  
And sense and Science join'd go hand in hand.  
O! may her social rules instructive spread  
Till Truth erect her long neglected head;  
Till thro' deceitful Night she dart her ray,  
And beam full glorious in the blaze of day!  
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move,  
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,  
And the whole human race be bound in Brothers' love.

## AN EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKEN AT ALNWICK IN NORTHUMBERLAND,

*At a Charitable Benefit-Play, 1765.*

TO bid the rancour of ill-fortune cease;  
To tell Anxiety—I give thee peace;  
To quell Adversity—or turn her darts;  
To stamp Fraternity on gen'rous hearts:

For these high motives—these illustrious ends,  
Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,  
Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade !  
She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,  
And tender as a fond young lover's dream : 10  
Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,  
And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes :  
From her high residence, from realms above,  
She comes, sweet harbinger of heavenly love !

Her sister's charms\* are more than doubly bright  
From the kind cause that call'd her here to night. 16  
An artless grace the conscious heart bestows,  
And on the gen'rous cheek a tincture glows  
More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal rose.

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live ; 20  
Fleeting the praise such monuments can give !  
But Charity, by tyrant Time rever'd,  
Sweet Charity ! amidst his ruins spar'd,  
Secures her votaries' unblasted fame,  
And in celestial annals saves their name. 25

### AN INVITATION.

*Including the Characters of the particular Company that  
frequented Mr. Buxton's elegant Country-house at  
Weston, the Family intending for London.*

COME, Daphne ! as the widow'd turtle true,  
Foremost in grief, conduct the mournful crew !  
Come, Delia ! beauteous as the new-born Spring,  
With song more soft than raptur'd angels sing :  
Let Thyrlis in the bloom of summer's pride, 5  
With folded arms walk pensive by her side.  
Clarinda ! come, like rosy Morning fair,  
'Thy form as beauteous as thy heart's sincere :  
On her shall Cimon gaze with rude delight,  
Till polish'd by her charms he grows polite. 10  
Dorinda next—her gay good humour fled,  
With silent steps and grief-dejected head !

\* The Countess of Northumberland, who honoured the Charity with her presence.

Palemon! see, his tuneless harp unstrung  
 Is on the willow-boughs neglected hung!  
 Come, Cælia! sigh'd for by unnumber'd swains: 15  
 Rosetta! pride of the extended plains:  
 With Phillis, whose unripen'd charms display  
 A dawn that promises the future day.  
 With cypress crown'd, to Weston's groves repair;  
 The conscious shades shall witness our despair: 20  
 To vales, and lawns, and woodlands, late so gay,  
 Where in sweet converse we were wont to stray,  
 The joys we've lost in plaintive numbers tell,  
 And bid the social seat a long farewell! 24

## AN APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN LADY.

TO an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,  
 The wife (miscall'd) is but a widow'd maid.  
 Young, and impatient at her wayward lot,  
 If the dull rules of duty are forgot,  
 Whatever ills from her defection rise,  
 The parent's guilty who compell'd the ties. 6

## AN INTRODUCTION.

SPOKE AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,  
*To a Play performed there for the Benefit of the Widows  
 and Orphans of that Place.*

ON Widows—Orphans—left, alas! forlorn,  
 (From the rack'd heart its ev'ry comfort torn)  
 Humanity to-night confers relief,  
 And softens tho' she can't remove their grief.  
 Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd, 5  
 The sons of Sympathy, with sorrow chill'd,  
 Behold the wretched Matron—madly weep,  
 And hear her cry—"My joys are in the deep!"  
 To the tremendous Pow'r that rules mankind,  
 Lord of the seas—the calm and boist'rous wind, 10  
 We bow obedient, and with awe resign'd!

His ways inscrutable we can't explore:  
 No—we may wonder, but we must adore.  
 Happy for ever be the gen'rous breast  
 That feels compassion for the poor distress! 15  
 Happy the hand that stops the sufferer's tear!  
 Such hands there are, and such we find are here. 17

## A PETITION

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREE MASONS,

*Delivered from the Stage by a Lady, at a Comedy  
 countenanced by that Fraternity.*

**B**ROTHERS!—it is bold to interrupt your meeting,  
 But from the female world I wait you—greeting.  
 [Curtseys.

The ladies can advance a thousand reasons  
 That make them hope to be receiv'd as Masons.  
 To keep a secret—not one hint expressing; 5  
 To rein the tongue—O husbands! there's a blessing.  
 As virtue seems the Mason's sole foundation,  
 Why should the fair be barr'd from—installation?  
 If you suppose us weak, indeed you wrong us;  
 Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among us. 10  
 Think—Brothers!—think, and graciously admit us;  
 Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us.  
 How to be wiser and more cautious teach us;  
 Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach us.  
 The faults of late, and every foul miscarriage, 15  
 Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,  
 Were caus'd (if I've a grain of penetration)  
 From each great lady's not being made a Mason.  
 Accept us then, to Brotherhood receive us,  
 And virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave us. 20

## A POSTSCRIPT.

**W**OULD honest Tom G——d\* get rid of a scold,  
 The torture and plague of his life,  
 Pray tell him to take down his Lion of Gold,  
 And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife. †

\* Landlord of the Golden Lion, an Inn in Yorkshire.



## A FRAGMENT.

*Part of a Poem wrote on Miss Bellamy when in Dublin.*

FROM slavish rules, mechanic forms, unty'd,  
 She soars with sacred Nature for her guide.  
 The smile of Peace—the wildness of Despair—  
 The soft'ning sigh—the soul-dissolving tear;  
 Each magic charm the boasted Oldfield knew, 5  
 Enchanting Bellamy! revives in you.

'Tis thine, resistless, the superior art,  
 To search the soul, and trace the various heart;  
 With native force, with unaffected ease,  
 To form the yielding passions as you please! 10

Oldmixon's\* charms, by melody impress'd,  
 May gently touch the song-enamour'd breast;  
 But transient raptures must attend the wound  
 Where the light arrow is convey'd by sound! 15

Or should Mehel† all languishing advance, 15  
 Her limbs display'd in ev'ry maze of dance,  
 (The soul untouch'd) she captivates the sight;  
 But breathing wit with judgment must unite  
 To give the man of reason unconfin'd delight. 19

## A FRAGMENT.

TO MR. WOODS,

*Architect of the Exchange at Liverpool.*

WHERE Mersey‡ rolls her wealth-bestowing waves,  
 And the wide sandy beach triumphant laves;  
 Where naval store in harbour'd safety rides  
 Unmov'd by storms, unhurt by threat'ning tides,  
 Commerce—paternal goddess! sits serene, 5  
 Commandant of the tributes of the main.

\* A lady celebrated for singing.

† A dancer then in Smock-alley Theatre.

‡ The river Mersey, at Liverpool.

But yet no temple lifts its high-topp'd spire;  
 Simple her seat—and artless her attire!  
 Around attendant priests in order wait,  
 Guiltless of pomp and ignorant of state; 10  
 The godhead's pow'r tho' unadorn'd they own,  
 And bend with incense—at her low-built throne.

Pallas beheld—she quits the ambient skies,  
 And thus the blue-ey'd maid indignant cries:  
 “ Is it for thee—my Woods!—to sit supine? 15  
 “ (Thy genius fraught with ev'ry grace of mine)  
 “ Is it for thee—to whose mysterious hand  
 “ Science—and sister Arts obsequious stand,  
 “ Inglorious thus to let a goddess pine?  
 “ No throne—no temple—no superior shrine! 20  
 “ Haste, haste! command the well-wrought column's  
 rise,  
 “ And lift my fav'rite Commerce to the skies.” 22

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

## A RECANTATION.

OF spleen so dormant, indolence so great,  
 I've thoughtless flatter'd what in truth I hate. 2

## ACROSTICK.

PRAY tell me, says Venus, one day to the Graces,  
 (On a visit they came, and had just ta'en their places,)  
 Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your faces.  
 Ladies, nothing I hope happen'd here to affright ye?  
 You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite ye.

Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious proceeding,  
 Understand, dear Mamma! there's some mischief a-  
 breeding;

There's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,  
 That your Loves and your Graces all swerve from their  
 duty.

On my life, says Dame Venus, I'll not be thus put on;  
 Now I think on't, last night some one call'd me Miss  
 Sutton.

## ACROSTICK.

WHERE no ripen'd summer glows  
 In the lap of northern snows,  
 Deserts gloomy, cold, and drear,  
 Only let the nymph be there,  
 Wreaths of budding sweets would wear. 5

May would every fragrance bring,  
 All the vernal bloom of spring:  
 Dryads, deck'd with myrtles green,  
 Dancing would attend their queen,  
 Every flow'r that Nature spreads  
 Rising where the charmer treads! 11

## A CHARACTER.

THE Muse of a soldier so whimsical sings,  
 He's captain at once to four different kings;  
 And tho' in their battles he boldly behaves,  
 To their queens he's a cull, and a dupe to their knaves.  
 Whilst others are cheerfully join'd in the chase, 5  
 Young Hobbinol's hunting the critical ace:  
 On feasts or on fasts tho' the parson exclaim,  
 Under hedges or haycocks he'll stick to his game:  
 Yet the priest cannot say he's quite out of his fold;  
 For he's always at church—when a tithe's to be sold. 10

## WITH A PRESENT.

## I.

LET not the hand of Amity be nice,  
 Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim;  
 A trifle shall become a pledge of price,  
 If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name. 4

## II.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,  
 One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,  
 In value soars above an eastern gem,  
 If tender'd as the token of esteem. 8

## III.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,  
Such as your merits might demand—their due,  
Then should the golden tribute of your friend  
Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

12

## SENT TO MISS BELL H—,

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.

**H**APPY Trifles! can you bear  
Sighs of fondness to the fair?  
If your pointed tongues can tell  
How I love my charming Bell,  
Fondly take a lover's part,  
Plead the anguish of my heart.

5

Go—ye Trifles—gladly fly,  
(Gracious in my fair one's eye,  
Fly—your envy'd blifs to meet;  
Fly, and kiss the charmer's feet.

10

Happy there with waggish play  
Tho' you revel day by day,  
Like the donor, ev'ry night  
Robb'd of his supreme delight,  
To subdue your wanton pride,  
Useless you'll be thrown aside.

16

## EPIGRAPHE

FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

*Executed by*

MR. P. CUNNINGHAM,

*Statuary in Dublin.*

**S**AY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame  
What added honours can the sculptor give?  
None—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name  
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

4

## FROM A TRUANT

TO HIS FRIENDS.

'TIS not in cells, or a sequester'd cot,  
 The mind and morals properly expand :  
 Let youth step forward to a busier spot,  
 Led by Discretion's cool conducting hand. 4

To learn some lessons from the schools of man  
 (Forgive me) I forsook my darling home ;  
 Not from a light an undigested plan,  
 Nor from a youthful appetite to roam. 8

In your affections—(let resentment fly)  
 Restore me to my long-accustom'd place ;  
 Receive me with a kind forgiving eye,  
 And press me in the parent's fond embrace. 12

## FROM THE AUTHOR

TO A CELEBRATED METHODIST PREACHER.

I.

HYPOCRISY's Son !  
 No more of your fun ;  
 A truce with fanatical raving.  
 Why censure the stage ?  
 'Tis known to the age  
 That both of us thrive by—deceiving. 6  
 'Tis frequently said  
 That two of a trade  
 Will boldly each other bespatter :  
 But trust me they're fools  
 Who play with edg'd tools ;  
 So let's have no more of the matter. 12

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# PASTORALS.

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## DAY:

### A PASTORAL.

-----Carpe diem. Hor.

## MORNING.

### I.

**I**N the barn the tenant cock,  
Close to partlet perch'd on high,  
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock,)  
Jocund that the Morning's nigh.

4

### II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow  
Shadows nurs'd by Night retire,  
And the peeping funbeam now  
Paints with gold the village spire.

8

### III.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
Plaintive where she prates at night,  
And the lark to meet the Morn  
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

12

### IV.

From the low roof'd cottage ridge  
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;  
Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge,  
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

16

### V.

Now the pine tree's waving top  
Gently greets the Morning gale;  
Kidlings now begin to crop  
Daisies in the dewy dale.

20

### VI.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,  
(Restless till her task be done)  
Now the busy bee's employ'd -  
Sipping dew before the sun.

24



## VII.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,  
 Where the limpid stream distils,  
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock  
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills. 28

## VIII.

Colin, from the promis'd corn  
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
 Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,  
 Boldly sounding, drown his pipe. 32

## IX.

Sweet—O sweet! the warbling throng  
 On the white emblossom'd spray!  
 Nature's universal song  
 Echoes to the rising day. 36

## NOON.

## X.

**F**ERVID on the glitt'ring flood  
 Now the Noontide radiance glows;  
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,  
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose. 40

## XI.

By the brook the shepherd dines,  
 From the fierce meridian heat  
 Shelter'd by the branching pines  
 Pendent o'er his grassy feat. 44

## XII.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,  
 Where uncheck'd the sunbeams fall,  
 Sure to find a pleasing shade  
 By the ivy'd abbey-wall. 48

## XIII.

Echo in her airy round  
 O'er the river, rock, and hill,  
 Cannot catch a single sound,  
 Save the clack of yonder mill. 52

## XIV.

Cattle court the Zephyr's bland  
Where the streamlet wanders cool;  
Or with languid silence stand  
Midway in the marshy pool.

56

## XV.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,  
Not a flutt'ring Zephyr springs,  
Fearful lest the Noontide beam  
Scorch its soft its silken wings.

60

## XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to stir;  
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still;  
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,  
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

64

## XVII.

Languid is the landscape round,  
Till the fresh descending show'r,  
Grateful to the thirsty ground,  
Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r.

68

## XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,  
Now the warblers' throats in tune!  
Blithsome is the verdant scene  
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

72

## EVENING.

## XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays  
Free—(the furrow'd task is done)—  
Now the village windows blaze,  
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

76

## XX.

Now he hides behind the hill,  
Sinking from a golden sky;  
Can the pencil's mimic skill  
Copy the resplendent dye?

80

## XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,  
 (To the smoking hamlet bound,)  
 Giant-like their shadows grow,  
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground. 84

## XXII.

Where the rising forest spreads  
 Shelter for the lordly dome,  
 To their high-built airy beds  
 See the rooks returning home! 88

## XXIII.

As the lark with vary'd tune  
 Carrols to the Ev'ning loud,  
 Mark the mild resplendent moon  
 Breaking thro' a parted cloud! 92

## XXIV.

How the hermit howlet peeps  
 From the barn or twisted brake,  
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,  
 Curling on the silver lake! 96

## XXV.

As the trout in speckled pride  
 Playful from its bosom springs  
 To the banks, a ruffled tide  
 Verges in successive rings. 100

## XXVI.

Tripping thro' the filken grass  
 O'er the path-divided dale,  
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass  
 With her well-pois'd milking-pail. 104

## XXVII.

Linnetts with unnumber'd notes,  
 And the cuckow, bird with two,  
 'Tuning sweet their mellow throats,  
 Bid the setting-sun adieu. 108

## PALEMÓN:

## A PASTORAL.

PALEMÓN, seated by his fav'rite maid,  
 The sylvan scenes with ecstacy survey'd;  
 Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,  
 For Daphne had been absent half the day:  
 Dar'd by Palemon for a pastoral prize, 5  
 Reluctant, in his turn Alexis tries.

PALEMÓN. This breeze by the river how charming  
 How smooth the grass carpet! how green! [and soft!  
 Sweet, sweet sings the lark! as he carrols aloft  
 His music enlivens the scene. 10

A thousand fresh flow'rets, unusually gay,  
 The fields and the forests adorn;  
 I pluck'd me some roses, the children of May,  
 And could not find one with a thorn. 14

ALEXIS. The skies are quite clouded, too bold is  
 Dull vapours descend on the plain; [the breeze,  
 The verdure's all blasted that cover'd yon' trees,  
 The birds cannot compass a strain:  
 In search for a chaplet my temples to bind  
 All day as I silently rove, 20  
 I can't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)  
 In meadow, in garden, or grove.

PALEMÓN. I ne'er saw the hedge in such excellent  
 The lambkins so wantonly gay; [bloom,  
 My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing perfume,  
 And brighter than common the day. 26  
 If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask  
 So rich why the landscapes appear?  
 To give a right answer how easy my task!  
 Because my sweet Phillida's here. 30

ALEXIS. The stream that so muddy moves slowly  
 Once roll'd in a beautiful tide; [along  
 It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,  
 But Daphne sat then by my side. 34

See, see the lov'd Maid! o'er the meadows she hies;  
 Quite alter'd already the scene!  
 How limpid the stream is! how gay the blue skies!  
 The hills and the hedges how green!

38

## P O M O N A:

## A PASTORAL

*On the Cyder-Bill being passed.*

## I.

FROM orchards of ample extent  
 Pomona's compell'd to depart,  
 And thus as in anguish she went,  
 The goddess unburthen'd her heart:

4

## II.

“ To flourish where Liberty reigns  
 “ Was all my fond wishes requir'd,  
 “ And here I agreed with the swains  
 “ To live till their freedom expir'd.

8

## III.

“ Of late you have number'd my trees,  
 “ And threaten'd to limit my store:  
 “ Alas!—from such maxims as these  
 “ I fear that your freedom's no more.

12

## IV.

“ My flight will be fatal to May;  
 “ For how can her gardens be fine?  
 “ The blossoms are doom'd to decay,  
 “ (The blossoms I mean that were mine.)

16

## V.

“ Rich Autumn remembers me well;  
 “ My fruitage was fair to behold!  
 “ My pears—how I ripen'd their swell!  
 “ My pippins—were pippins of gold!

20

## VI.

“ Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs;  
 “ She droops as she furrows the soil:  
 “ A nectar I shake from my boughs;  
 “ A nectar that softens my toil!

24

## VII.

" When Bacchus began to repine,  
 " With patience I bore his abuse ;  
 " He said that I plunder'd the vine ;  
 " He said that I pilfer'd his juice.

28

## VIII.

" I know the proud drunkard denies  
 " That trees of my culture should grow :  
 " But let not the traitor advise ;  
 " He comes from the climes of your foe.

32

## IX.

" Alas! in your silence I read  
 " The sentence I'm doom'd to deplore :  
 " 'Tis plain the great Pan has decreed  
 " My orchard shall-flourish no more."

36

## X.

The goddesses flew off in despair,  
 As all her sweet honours declin'd,  
 And Plenty and Pleasure declare  
 They'll loiter no longer behind.

40

## DELIA:

## A PASTORAL.

## I.

**T**HE gentle swan with graceful pride  
 Her glossy plumage laves,  
 And sailing down the silver tide  
 Divides the whisp'ring waves.

4

The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,  
 Sweet to the bird must be ;  
 But not so sweet—blithe Cupid knows,  
 As Delia is to me.

8

## II.

A parent bird in plaintive mood  
 On yonder fruit-tree sung,  
 And still the pendent nest she view'd  
 That held her callow young ;

12



Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart  
 The genial brood must be;  
 But not so dear the thousandth part  
 As Delia is to me. 16

## III.

The roses that my brows surround  
 Were natives of the dale;  
 Scarce pluck'd, and in the garland bound,  
 Before their sweets grew pale! 20

My vital bloom would thus be froze  
 If luckless torn from thee;  
 For what the root is to the rose  
 My Delia is to me. 24

## IV.

Two doves I found like new-fall'n snow,  
 So white the beauteous pair!  
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow;  
 They're like her bosom fair! 28

When in their chaste connubial love  
 My secret wish she'll see,  
 Such mutual bliss as turtles prove  
 May Delia share with me! 32

## DAMON AND PHILLIS,

## A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

*Donec gratus eram, &c.*

## DAMON.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's fair,  
 I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair;  
 But, ah! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,  
 For Phillis no longer remembers her vows! 4  
 To the groves with young Colin the shepherdes flies,  
 While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

PHIL. Bethink you, false Damon! before you up-  
 braid:

When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,

Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis for-  
 And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot. [got!  
 A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize; 11  
 'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

DAM. Like summer's full season young Phœbe is  
 Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind! [kind;  
 The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn; 15  
 She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the Morn!  
 She smiles like Pomona—These smiles I'd resign  
 If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

PHIL. On the tabor young Colin so prettily plays,  
 He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise!  
 He chose me his true-love last Valentine Day, 21  
 When birds sat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the spray;  
 Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my mind,  
 If Damon the rover were constant and kind. [range,

DAM. Fine folks, my sweet Phillis! may revel and  
 But fleeting's the pleasure that's founded on change!  
 In the villager's cottage such constancy springs, 27  
 That peasants with pity may look down on kings.  
 To the church then let's hasten, our transports to bind,  
 And Damon will always prove faithful and kind. 30

PHIL. To the church then let's hasten, our trans-  
 ports to bind,  
 And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind. 32

## CORYDON:

## A PASTORAL.

*To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.*

## I.

COME, Shepherds! we'll follow the hearse,  
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid!  
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,  
 Yet let a sad tribute be paid. 4

They call'd him The Pride of the Plain;  
 In sooth he was gentle and kind!  
 He mark'd on his elegant strain  
 The graces that glow'd in his mind. 8

## II.

On purpose he planted yon' trees  
 That birds in the covert might dwell ;  
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,  
 But never would rifle their cell. 12

Ye Lambkins ! that play'd at his feet,  
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan ;  
 His music was artless and sweet,  
 His manners as mild as your own. 16

## III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
 No bloom on the blossoms appear ;  
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,  
 And winter discolour the year. 20

No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
 (Our hedges, so vocal before !)  
 Since he that should welcome the spring  
 Salutes the gay season no more. 24

## IV.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,  
 And poets came round in a throng ;  
 They listen'd—they envy'd his lays,  
 But which of them equall'd his song ? 28

Ye Shepherds ! henceforward be mute,  
 For lost is the pastoral strain ;  
 So give me my Corydon's flute,  
 And thus—let me break it in twain. 32

## CORYDON AND PHILLIS :

## A PASTORAL.

## I.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,  
 To hide from the rigours of day,  
 And Phillis herself in a woodbine alcove  
 Among the fresh violets lay : 4

A youngling it seems had been stole from its dam,  
 ('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot,)
   
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,  
 Arrive at this critical spot. 8

## II.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps  
 He saw the sweet maid with surprife:  
 "Ye Gods! if so killing," he cry'd, "when she sleeps,  
 "I'm lost when she opens her eyes! 12

"To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,  
 "I'll onwards my lambkin to trace."  
 In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,  
 For Love had him nail'd to the place. 16

## III.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds; what a bawling they  
 He cry'd; "you're too loud on the spray: [keep!"  
 "Don't you see, foolish Lark! that the charmer's  
 "You'll awake her as sure as 'tis day. [asleep?

"How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!  
 "Her cheek he mistakes for the rose:  
 "I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid  
 "My boldness would break her repose." 24

## IV.

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile:  
 "Kind Shepherd!" she said, "you mistake;  
 "I laid myself down just to rest me a while,  
 "But, trust me, have still been awake." 28

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow;  
 He plac'd himself close by her side,  
 And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,  
 But yesterday made her his bride. 32



## C O N T E N T :

## A PASTORAL.

## I.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and  
 As wilder'd and weary'd I roam, [bare,  
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,  
 And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home. 4

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,  
 Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,  
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,  
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door. 8

## II.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,  
 Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;  
 While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,  
 Love slyly stole into my breast. 12

I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,  
 (Ye Virgins! her voice was divine!)  
 "I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,  
 "But take me, fond Shepherd—I'm thine." 16

## III.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,  
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!  
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,  
 And lock'd the dear maid in my arms. 20

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
 And if by yon' prattler, the stream,  
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,  
 Her image still softens my dream. 24

## IV.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,  
 Delighted with pastoral views,  
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,  
 And point out new themes for my Muse. 28

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire ;  
 The damsel's of humble descent:  
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,  
 And shepherds have nam'd her Content. 32

## THE RESPITE :

## A PASTORAL.

## I.

AH! what is it to me that the grasshopper sings?  
 Or what that the meadows are fair?  
 That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings)  
 The butterflies flaunt it in air? 4

Ye Birds! I'll no longer attend to a lay;  
 Your haunts in the forest resign:  
 Shall you with your true loves be happy all day,  
 Whilst I am divided from mine? 8

## II.

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite  
 We twist'd a blooming alcove,  
 And oft' has my Damon with smiles of delight  
 Declar'd it the Mantle of Love. 12

The roses that crept to our mutual recess,  
 And rested among the sweet boughs,  
 Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,  
 For Damon is false to his vows. 16

## III.

This oak has for ages the tempest defy'd;  
 We call it—The King of the Grove;  
 He swore a light breeze should its centre divide  
 When he was not true to his love. 20

Come, come, gentle Zephyr! in justice descend;  
 His falsehood you're bound to display:  
 This oak and its honours you'll easily rend,  
 For Damon has left me—a day. 24



## IV.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind the thick tree,  
 Prepar'd to make Phillida blest ;  
 And clasping the maid, from an heart full of glee,  
 The cause of his absence confest. 28

High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,  
 Too often repeated, would cloy ;  
 And Respites—he found were the means to improve,  
 And lengthen the moments of joy. 32

## A PASTORAL.\*

## I.

WHERE the fond Zephyr thro' the woodbine plays,  
 And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,  
 Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays  
 Impatient—for 'tis past—the promis'd hour. 4

## II.

Lend me thy light, O ever-sparkling star,  
 Bright Hesper! In thy glowing pomp array'd  
 Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,  
 And beam protection on a wand'ring maid. 8

## III.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,  
 And pass unnotic'd from malignant sight,  
 This dreary waste full resolute I try,  
 And trust my footsteps to the shades of night. 12

## IV.

The moon has slipp'd behind an envious cloud ;  
 Her smiles so gracious I no longer view :  
 Let her remain behind that envious shroud ;  
 My hopes, bright Hesperus ! depend on you. 16

## V.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast ;  
 I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee :  
 Hear then what Love and Innocence request,  
 And shed your kindest influence on me. 20

\* The hint of this Pastoral was taken from the seventh Idyllium of Moschus, translated by Dr. Broome.

## VI.

Thee—Venus loves—First twinkler of the sky,  
 Thou art her star—in golden radiance gay!  
 On my distresses cast a pitying eye;  
 Assist me—for, alas! I've lost my way.

24

## VII.

I see the darling of my soul—my love!  
 Expression can't the mighty rapture tell:  
 He leads me to the bosom of the grove.  
 Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus! farewell.

28

## A PASTORAL HYMN

TO JANUS.

*On the Birth of the Queen.*

*Te primum pia thura rogent---te vota saluent,  
 -----te colat omnis honos. Mari. ad Janum.*

## I.

**T**O Janus, gentle Shepherds! raise a shrine;  
 His honours be divine!  
 And as to mighty Pan, with homage bow:  
 To him the virgin troop shall tribute bring;  
 Let him be hail'd like the green-livery'd Spring,  
 Spite of the wintry storms that stain his brow.

6

## II.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May  
 Glides wantonly away:  
 But January,\* in his rough-spun vest,  
 Boasts the full blessings that can never fade;  
 He that gave birth to the illustrious maid  
 Whose beauties make the British Monarch blest!

12

## III.

Could the soft Spring, with all her sunny showers,  
 The frolic nurse of flowers!  
 Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,  
 Could they produce a finish'd piece so rare?  
 Or from his golden stores a gift so fair,  
 Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd?

18

\* This little poem was written on supposition that Her Majesty's birth-day was really in the month of January.

## IV.

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay  
 As the white-hawthorn'd May!  
 The laughing goddess of the Spring disown'd,  
 Her rosy wreath shall on his brows appear:  
 Old Janus as he leads shall fill the year,  
 And the less fruitful Autumn be dethron'd.

24

## V.

Above the other months supremely blest  
 Glad Janus stands confest!  
 He can behold, with retrospective face,  
 'The mighty blessings of the year gone by;  
 Where, to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,  
 Assembled ev'ry Glory; ev'ry Grace!

30

## VI.

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year  
 The golden Hours appear,  
 As in the sacred reign of Saturn fair:  
 Britain shall prove, from this propitious date,  
 Her honours perfect, victories complete,  
 And boast the brightest hopes, a British Heir.

36



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# FABLES.

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## THE ANT AND CATERPILLAR :

A FABLE.

AS an Ant, of his talents superiourly vain,  
Was trotting with consequence over the plain,  
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,  
Cry'd—" Bless your good Worship where ever you go!  
" I hope your great Mightiness won't take it ill 5  
" I pay my respects with an hearty good will."  
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,  
" Begone, you vile reptile !" his Antship reply'd :  
" Go—go and lament your contemptible state ; 9  
" But first—look at me—see my limbs how complete !  
" I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,  
" Run backward and forward, and turn when I please.  
" Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay !  
" I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."  
The reptile insulted, and vex'd to the soul, 15  
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole ;  
But Nature, determin'd to end his distress,  
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road,  
(Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his load,) 20  
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,  
Whose gesture in glory a monarch's excell'd ;  
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold  
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay, 25  
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away :  
" Stop, friend," says the Butterfly—" dont be surpriz'd ;  
" I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd ;  
" But now I can mount ; in the sunbeams I play,  
" While you must for ever drudge on in your way." 30

MORAL.

A wretch tho' to-day he's o'erloaded with sorrow,  
May soar above those that oppress'd him—to-morrow.

## THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY :

A FABLE.

AT day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spy'd  
 A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his bride;  
 She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,  
 And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers will do ; 5  
 He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,  
 The bloom of a Rose passes quickly away,  
 And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies; 10  
 From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;  
 Nor did he revisit his bride till the sun  
 Had less than one fourth of his journey to run. 13

The Rose thus reproach'd him—" Already so cold!  
 " How feign'd, O you false one ! the passion you told!  
 " 'Tis an age since you left me." She meant a few hours;  
 But such we'll suppose the fond language of flow'rs.

" I saw when you gave the base vi'let a kiss :  
 " How—how could you stoop to a meanness like this ?  
 " Shall a low little wretch, whom we Roses despise, 20  
 " Find favour, O Love ! in my Butterfly's eyes !  
 " On a tulip quite tawdry I saw your fond rape,  
 " Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape :  
 " Dull daffodils, too, were with ardour address'd ;  
 " And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly caress'd." 25

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,  
 " That you're first to complain, I commend you, my  
 Dear !

" But know from your conduct my maxims I drew,  
 " And if I'm inconstant I copy from you.  
 " I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms ; 30  
 " I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms ;  
 " The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown ;  
 " You favour'd besides—O, dishonour!—a drone :

“ Yet worse—’tis a crime that you must not deny,  
 “ Your sweets were made common, false Rose! to a  
 fly.” 35

## MORAL.

This law long ago did Love’s providence make,  
 That ev’ry coquet should be curs’d with a rake. 37

## THE SHEEP AND BRAMBLE-BUSH:

## A FABLE.

A Thick-twisted Brake, in the time of a storm,  
 Seem’d kindly to cover a Sheep;  
 So snug for a while he lay shelter’d and warm,  
 It quietly sooth’d him asleep. 4

The clouds are now scatter’d—the winds are at peace,  
 The Sheep to his pasture inclin’d;  
 But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece;  
 His coat’s left a forfeit behind. 8

My Friend! who the Thicket of law never try’d,  
 Consider before you get in;  
 Tho’ judgment and sentence are pass’d on your side,  
 By Jove you’ll be fleec’d to the skin. 12

## THE FOX AND CAT:

## A FABLE.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travell’d one day,  
 With moral discourses cut shorter the way. [guide!]  
 “ ’Tis great,” says the Fox, “ to make justice our  
 “ How godlike his mercy!” Grimalkin reply’d. 4

While thus they proceeded—a wolf from the wood,  
 Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,  
 Rush’d forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,  
 And seiz’d for his supper an innocent sheep.

“ In vain, wretched Victim! for mercy you bleat:  
 “ When mutton’s at hand,” says the wolf, “ I must  
 “ eat.” H 2



Grimalkin's astonish'd—the Fox stood aghast,  
 To see the fell beast at his bloody repast. [brutes!  
 "What a Wretch!" says the Cat—'Tis the vilest of  
 "Does he feed upon flesh when there's herbage—and  
 roots?"

Cries the Fox—"While our oaks give us acorns so  
 good, 15

"What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"

Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd still,  
 Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by a  
 mill:

Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,  
 And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize. 20

A mouse too, that chanc'd from her covert to stray,  
 The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.

A spider, that sat in her web on the wall,  
 Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall.  
 She cry'd—"Of such murders how guiltless am I!" 25  
 So ran to regale on a new taken fly,

## MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,  
 But tax not ourselves tho' we practise the same. 28



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# TALES.

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## THE THRUSH AND PIE :

A TALE.

**C**ONCEAL'D within an hawthorn bush,  
We're told that an experienc'd Thrush  
Instructed, in the prime of spring,  
Many a neighb'ring bird to sing:  
She caroll'd, and her various song 5  
Gave lessons to the list'ning throng :  
But (th' entangling boughs between)  
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.

At length the little wond'ring race  
Would see their fav'rite face to face : 10  
They thought it hard to be deny'd,  
And begg'd that she'd no longer hide,  
O'er-modest, worth's peculiar fault.  
Another shade the tut'refs sought,  
And, loth to be too much admir'd, 15  
In secret from the bush retir'd.

An impudent, presuming Pie,  
Malicious, ignorant, and sly,  
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,  
And in her arrogance elate, 20  
Rush'd forward—with—" My friends, you see  
" The mistress of the choir in me ;  
" Here be your due devotion paid ;  
" I am the songstress of the shade."

A linnet, that sat list'ning nigh, 25  
Made the impostor this reply :  
" I fancy, Friend! that vulgar throats  
" Were never form'd for warbling notes ;  
" But if these lessons came from you,  
" Repeat them in the public view : 30  
" That your assertions may be clear,  
" Let us behold as well as hear."

The length'ning song, the soft'ning strain,  
 Our chatt'ring Pie attempts in vain ;  
 For, to the fool's eternal shame,  
 All she could compass was a scream. 35

The birds, enrag'd, around her fly,  
 Nor shelter nor defence is nigh :  
 The caitiff wretch, distress'd—forlorn,  
 On ev'ry side is peck'd and torn, 40  
 Till, for her vile atrocious lies,  
 Under their angry beaks she dies.

Such be his fate whose scoundrel claim  
 Otrudes upon a neighbour's fame.

Friend E——, the tale apply : 45  
 You are—yourself—the chatt'ring Pie.  
 Repent, and, with a conscious blush,  
 Go make atonement to the Thrush. 48

## THE PICTURE :

### A TALE.

A Portrait, at my Lord's command,  
 Completed by a curious hand,  
 For dabblers in the nice *vertu*  
 His Lordship set the piece to view,  
 Bidding their Connoisseurships tell 5  
 Whether the work was finish'd well.

“ Why,” says the loudest, “ on my word,  
 “ 'Tis not a likeness, good my Lord ;  
 “ Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,  
 “ Can I pronounce one feature just.” 10

Another effort straight was made,  
 Another portraiture essay'd ;  
 The judges were again besought,  
 Each to deliver what he thought.

“ Worse than the first”—the critics bawl ; 15  
 “ O what a mouth ! how monstrous small !  
 “ Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin !  
 “ See what a most prepost'rous chin !”

After remonstrance made in vain,  
 “ I'll,” says the Painter, “ once again 20

- “ (If my good Lord vouchsafes to sit)  
 “ Try for a more successful hit :  
 “ If you’ll to-morrow deign to call,  
 “ We’ll have a piece to please you all.”  
 To-morrow comes—a Picture’s plac’d 25  
 Before those spurious sons of Taste—  
 In their opinions all agree  
 This is the vilest of the three.  
 “ Know—to confute your envious pride,”  
 His Lordship from the canvas cry’d, 30  
 “ Know—that it is my real face  
 “ Where you could no resemblance trace :  
 “ I have try’d you by a lucky trick,  
 “ And prov’d your genius to the quick.  
 “ Void of all judgment—justice—sense, 35  
 “ Out—ye pretending Varlets !—hence.”  
 The Connoisseurs depart in haste,  
 Despis’d—detected—and disgrac’d. 38

## THE WITCH :

## A TALE.

- A Witch that from her ebon chair  
 Could hurl destruction thro’ the air,  
 Or at her all-commanding will  
 Make the tumultuous ocean still,  
 Once by an incantation fell, 5  
 (As the recording Druids tell,)  
 Pluck’d the round moon, whose radiant light  
 Silver’d the sober noon of night,  
 From the domain she held above,  
 Down to a dark infernal grove. 10  
 “ Give me,” the goddess cry’d, “ a cause  
 “ Why you disturb my secret laws.  
 “ Look at my train—yon wand’ring host,  
 “ See how the trembling stars are lost !  
 “ Thro’ the celestial regions wide 15  
 “ Why do they range without a guide ?

“ Chaos from our confusion may  
“ Hope for his old detested sway.”  
“ I’m,” says the Witch, “ severely crost;  
“ Know that my fav’rite squirrel’s lost!                   20  
“ Search—for I’ll have creation torn  
“ If he’s not found before the morn.”

    Soon as the impious charge was giv’n,  
From the tremendous stores of heav’n,  
Jove with a bolt—revengeful red,                   25  
Struck the detested monster dead.

    If there are slaves to pity blind,  
With pow’r enough to plague mankind,  
That, for their own nefarious ends,  
Tread upon Freedom and her friends,                   30  
Let ’em beware the Witch’s fate;  
When their presumption’s at the height,  
Jove with his angry pow’rs assume,  
And the curs’d miscreants meet their doom.                   34



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# ODES.

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## AN IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSIC,

### I.

**C**EASE, gentle Sounds! nor kill me quite  
With such excess of sweet delight;  
Each trembling note invades my heart,  
And thrills thro' ev'ry vital part;  
A soft—a pleasing pain  
Pursues my heated blood thro' ev'ry vein.  
What—what does the enchantment mean?  
Ah! give the charming magic o'er,  
My beating heart can bear no more.

5

### II.

Now, wild with fierce desire,  
My breast is all on fire!  
In soften'd raptures now I die!  
Can empty sound such joys impart?  
Can Music thus transport the heart  
With melting ecstasy?  
O, Art divine! exalted blessing!  
Each celestial charm expressing!  
Kindest gift the gods bestow!  
Sweetest good that mortals know!

10

15

### III.

When seated in a verdant shade  
(Like tuneful Thyrsis) Orpheus play'd,  
The distant trees forsake the wood,  
The list'ning beasts neglect their food,  
To hear the heav'nly sound;  
The Dryads leave the mountains,  
The Naiads quit the fountains,  
And in a sprightly chorus dance around.

20

25

### IV.

To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy  
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ:  
See what soft harmony can do!  
The moving rocks the sound pursue,  
Till in a large collected mass they grew.

30



Had Thyrsis liv'd in these remoter days,  
 His were the chaplet of immortal bays :  
 Apollo's harp unknown, 35  
 The shepherd had remain'd of song  
 The deity alone. 37

## A BIRTH-DAY ODE,

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

### RECITATIVE.

**H**ARK—how the soul of Music reigns,  
 As when the first great birth of Nature sprung !  
 When Chaos burst his massy chains,  
 'Twas thus the cherubs sung :

### AIR.

Hail—hail! from this auspicious morn 5  
 Shall British glories rise ;  
 Now are the mighty treasures born  
 That shall Britannia's fame adorn,  
 And lift her to the skies.

### RECITATIVE.

Let George's mighty banners spread, 10  
 His lofty clarions roar,  
 Till warlike Echo fills with dread  
 The hostile Gallic shore.

### AIR.

Mark—how his name with terror fills !  
 The magic sound Rebellion kills, 15  
 And brightens all the northern hills,  
 Where pallid Treasons dwell ;  
 The monster shall no more arise,  
 Upon the ground she panting lies ;  
 Beneath his William's foot she dies, 20  
 And now she sinks to hell.

### RECITATIVE.

Haste—let Ierne's harp be newly strung,  
 And after mighty George be William sung.

### AIR.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,  
 William stands the first in story ; 25

He with British ardour glows :  
 See—the pride of Gallia fading !  
 See—the youthful warrior leading  
 Britons vengeful to their foes ?

## RECITATIVE.

Fair is the olive branch Hibernia boasts,  
 Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts :  
 While Stanhope smiles her sons are blest,  
 In native loyalty confest. 30

## AIR.

See—O see, thrice happy Isle !  
 See what gracious George bestow'd ;  
 Twice\* have you seen a Stanhope smile :  
 These are gifts become a god ! 35

How the grateful island glows !  
 Stanhope's name shall be rever'd,  
 Whilst by subjects and by foes  
 Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd. 40

## CHORUS.

Like Persians, to the rising sun  
 Respectful homage pay ;  
 At George's birth our joys begun ;  
 Salute the glorious day ! 45

## AN ODE

*For the Birth-day of the King of Prussia.*

*Arma virumque cano. Virg.*

## RECITATIVE.

**M**ORE glorious than the comet's blaze  
 That thro' the starry regions strays,  
 From Zembla to the Torrid Zone  
 The mighty name of Prussia's known.

## AIR.

## I.

Be banish'd from the books of Fame  
 Ye deeds in distant ages done !  
 Lost and inglorious is the name  
 Of Hannibal or Philip's son. 5

\* Earl of Chesterfield and Earl of Harrington, both successively Lords  
 Lieutenants of Ireland.

Could Greece or conqu'ring Carthage sing  
A hero great as Prussia's king?

10

## II.

Where restless Envy can't explore,  
Or flatter'd Hope presume to fly,  
Fate bad victorious Fred'rick soar  
For laurels that can never die.  
Could Greece, &c.

## III.

His rapid bolts tremendous break  
Thro' nations arm'd in dread array,  
Swift as the furious blasts that shake  
The bosom of the frighted sea.  
Could Greece, &c.

15

## IV.

In vain to shake the throne of Jove  
With impious rage the Giants try'd ;  
'Gainst Fred'rick's force the nations strove  
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.  
Could Greece, &c.

20

## V.

While Prudence guides his chariot wheels,  
Thro' Virtue's sacred paths they roll ;  
Immortal Truth his bosom steels,  
And guards him glorious to the goal.  
Could Greece, &c.

25

## VI.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields  
In concert with her brave ally,  
Saves her fair Roses in the fields  
Where Gaul's detested Lilies die.  
Wreaths of eternal friendship spring  
'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king.

30

## VII.

The jocund bowl let Briton's raise,  
And crown the jovial board with mirth ;  
Fill—to great Fred'rick's length of days,  
And hail the hero's glorious birth—  
Could Greece or Conqu'ring Carthage sing  
A chieftain fam'd like Prussia's king?

35

38

## AN ODE

*Composed for the Birth-day of the late General Blakeney.*

## I.

THE Muses' harps, by Concord strung,  
Loud let them strike the festal lay,  
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,  
To hail her hero's natal day.  
Arise, paternal Glory! rise,  
And lift your Blakeney to the skies. 5

## II.

Behold his warlike banners wave!  
Like Britain's oak the hero stands  
The shield—the shelter of the brave,  
The guardian o'er the British bands. 10  
Arise, paternal, &c.

## III.

He wrests the wreath from Richlieu's\* brows,  
Which Fraud or Faction planted there:  
France to the gallant hero bows,  
And Europe's chiefs his name revere. 15  
Arise, paternal, &c.

## IV.

With partial conquest on their side,  
The sons of Gaul—a pageant crew!  
Rank but inglorious, in their pride,  
To Blakeney and his vanquish'd few. 20  
Arise, paternal, &c.

## V.

Hibernia\* with maternal care  
His labour'd statue lifts on high:  
Be partial, Time!—the trophy spare,  
That Blakeney's name may never die. 25  
Arise, paternal Glory! rise,  
And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

Richlieu, commander of the expedition against Port-Mahon.

\* A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of General Blakeney  
who was a native of Ireland.

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# SONGS.

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## MAY-EVE:

OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

### I.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
Steals softly thro' the night,  
To wanton with the winding stream,  
And kifs reflected light.

4

To beds of state go, balmy Sleep!  
( 'Tis where you've seldom been, )  
May's vigil while the shepherds keep  
With Kate of Aberdeen.

8

### II.

Upon the green the virgins wait,  
In rosy chaplets gay,  
Till Morn unbar her golden gate,  
And give the promis'd May.

12

Methinks I hear the maids declare  
The promis'd May, when seen,  
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
As Kate of Aberdeen.

16

### III.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,  
We'll rouse the nodding grove;  
The nested birds shall raise their throats,  
And hail the maid I love.

20

And see—the matin lark mistakes,  
He quits the tufted green:  
Fond Bird! 'tis not the morning breaks;  
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

24

### IV.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,  
Where midnight Fairies rove,  
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,  
Or tune the reed to love:

28

For see the rosy May draws nigh;  
 She claims a virgin queen;  
 And, hark! the happy shepherds cry,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

32

## KITTY FELL.

## I.

**T**HE courtly bard in verse sublime  
 May praise the toasted belle;  
 A country maid (in careless rhyme)  
 I sing—my Kitty Fell!

4

## II.

When larks forsake the flow'ry plain,  
 And Love's sweet numbers swell,  
 My pipe shall join their morning strain  
 In praise of Kitty Fell.

8

## III.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,  
 And noontide beams repel,  
 I'll rest me on the tufted mead,  
 And sing of Kitty Fell.

12

## IV.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs  
 That lodge sweet Philomel,  
 I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,  
 And pant for Kitty Fell.

16

## V.

The pale-fac'd pedant burns his books,  
 The sage forsakes his cell,  
 The soldier smooths his martial looks,  
 And sighs for Kitty Fell.

20

## VI.

Were mine, ye Great! your envy'd lot,  
 In gilded courts to dwell,  
 I'd leave them for a lonely cot  
 With Love and Kitty Fell.

24



## PHILLIS :

## A PASTORAL BALLAD.

## I.

I SAID—on the banks by the stream  
 I've pip'd for the shepherds too long ;  
 Oh grant me, ye Muses ! a theme  
 Where glory may brighten my song. 4

But Pan\* bade me stick to my strain,  
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse.  
 Ambition befits not a swain,  
 And Phillis loves pastoral verse. 8

## II.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,  
 Looks faded to Phillis's bloom ;  
 And the breeze from the bean-flower bed  
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume. 12

The dew-drop, so limpid and gay,  
 That loose on the violet lies,  
 Though brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,  
 Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes. 16

## III.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,  
 Its freshness with her's to compare,  
 And foolishly thought (till I try'd)  
 The flow'ret was equally fair. 20

How, Corydon ! could you mistake ?  
 Your fault be with sorrow confest ;  
 You said the white swans on the lake  
 For softness might rival her breast. 24

## IV.

While thus I went on in her praise,  
 My Phillis pass'd sportive along :  
 Ye Poets ! I covet no bays ;  
 She smil'd—a reward for my song ! 28

\* The Author intended the character of Pan for the late Mr. Shensone, who favoured him with a letter or two, advising him to proceed in the Pastoral manner.

I find the god Pan's in the right,  
 No fame's like the fair ones' applause!  
 And Cupid must crown with delight  
 The shepherd that sings in his cause.

32

## FANNY OF THE DALE.

## I.

LET the declining damask rose  
 With envious grief look pale;  
 The summer bloom more freely glows  
 In Fanny of the Dale.

4

## II.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,  
 Or scents the morning gale,  
 Can such a vernal fragrance yield  
 As Fanny of the Dale?

8

## III.

The painted belles, at court rever'd,  
 Look lifeless, cold, and stale:  
 How faint their beauties when compar'd  
 With Fanny of the Dale!

12

## IV.

The willows bind Pastora's brows,  
 Her fond advances fail;  
 For Damon pays his warmest vows  
 To Fanny of the Dale.

16

## V.

Might honest Truth at last succeed,  
 And artless Love prevail,  
 Thrice happy could he tune his reed  
 With Fanny of the Dale.

20

## DAPHNE:

## A SONG.

## I.

NO longer, Daphne! I admire  
 The graces in thine eyes;  
 Continu'd coyness kills desire,  
 And famish'd passion dies.

4

Three tedious years I've sigh'd in vain,  
 Nor could my vows prevail;  
 With all the rigours of disdain  
 You scorn'd my am'rous tale.

8

## II.

When Celia cry'd, "How senseless she  
 " That had such vows refus'd!  
 " Had Damon giv'n his heart to me,  
 " It had been kinder us'd.

12

" The man's a fool that pines and dies  
 " Because a woman's coy:  
 " The gentle bliss that one denies  
 " A thousand will enjoy."

16

## III.

Such charming words, so void of art,  
 Surprising rapture gave;  
 And tho' the maid subdu'd my heart,  
 It ceas'd to be a slave.

20

A wretch condemn'd shall Daphne prove,  
 While, blest without restraint,  
 In the sweet calender of Love,  
 My Celia stands—a saint.

24

## AMPHITRYON.

## RECITATIVE.

**A**MPHITRYON and his Bride, a godlike pair!  
 He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair,  
 On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,  
 With matchless splendour held the nuptial feast;  
 Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,  
 Enraptur'd, thus the happy hero sung:

5

## AIR.

Was mighty Jove, descending  
 In all his wrath divine,  
 Enrag'd at my pretending  
 To call this charmer mine,

10

His shafts of bolted thunder  
 With boldness I'd deride :  
 Not Heav'n itself can sunder  
 The hearts that Love has ty'd. 14

## RECITATIVE.

The Thund'rer heard—he look'd with vengeance down,  
 Till Beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown.  
 The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes 17  
 Compell'd the conquer'd god to quit his skies :  
 He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,  
 And punish'd his presumption in her arms. 20

## AIR.

He deserves sublimest pleasure  
 Who reveals it not when won :  
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;  
 Boast it—and the fool's undone ! 24

Learn by this, unguarded Lover !  
 When your secret sighs prevail,  
 Not to let your tongue discover  
 Raptures that you should conceal. 28

## THYRSIS.

## I.

THE pendent forest seem'd to nod,  
 In drowsy fetters bound,  
 And Fairy elves in circles trod  
 The daisy-painted ground ; 4

When Thyrsis sought the conscious grove,  
 Of slighted vows to tell,  
 And thus (to sooth neglected love)  
 Invok'd sad Philomel : 8

## II.

“ The stars their silver radiance shed,  
 “ And silence charms the plain ;  
 “ But where's my Philomela fled  
 “ To sing her love-lorn strain ? 12

" Hither, ah ! gentle Bird ! in haste  
 " Direct thy hov'ring wing ;  
 " The vernal green's a dreary waste  
 " Till you vouchsafe to sing. 16

## III.

" So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,  
 " (Thy warbling song distressed !)  
 " The tear that tells the lover's woe  
 " Falls cold upon my breast. 20

" To hear sad Philomel complain  
 " Will soften my despair ;  
 " Then quickly swell the melting strain,  
 " And sooth a lover's care." 24

## IV.

" Give up all hopes, unhappy Swain !"  
 A list'ning Sage reply'd,  
 " For what can Constancy obtain  
 " From unrelenting Pride ?" 28

The shepherd droop'd—the tyrant Death  
 Had seiz'd his trembling frame :  
 He bow'd, and with departing breath  
 Pronounc'd Zaphira's name. 32

## A MAN TO MY MIND.

WROTE AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,  
 To all bachelors greeting these lines are premis'd.  
 I'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I find  
 (I wish not for fortune) A Man to my Mind? 4

## II.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and lace ;  
 Not the 'squire, that can wake to no joys but the chase ;  
 Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind :  
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's The Man to my  
 Mind. 8

## III.

Not the ruby fac'd sot, that topos world without end;  
 Not the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend;  
 Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl, that's  
 unkind:

Neither this—that—nor t'other's The Man to my

## IV.

[Mind.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or  
 merit;

Not the flash, that's all fury without any spirit; 14

Not the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind:

Neither this—that—nor t'other's The Man to my

## V.

[Mind.

But the youth in whom merit and sense my conspire,  
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should ad-  
 mire;

In whose heart love and truth are with honour com-  
 bin'd: 19

This—this—and no other's, the Man to my Mind.

## THE MILLER :

## A BALLAD.

## I.

**I**N a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,  
 With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,  
 A well-meaning Miller by labour supplies  
 Those blessings the grandeur to great ones denies: 4  
 No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,  
 His constant companions are Health and Content;  
 Their Lordships' in lace may remark, if they will,  
 He's honest, tho' daub'd with the dust of his Mill. 8

## II.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,  
 He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;  
 He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,  
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair. 12  
 While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,  
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,  
 No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill;  
 Contented he works if there's grist for his Mill. 16



## III.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his home-spun array,  
 At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray.  
 He sits to a dinner of plain English food;  
 Tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good. 20  
 At night, 'when the priest and exciseman are gone,  
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,  
 Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill:  
 No monarch more bless'd than The Man of the Mill. 24

## THE SYCAMORE SHADE:

## A BALLAD.

## I.

**T**'OTHER day, as I sat in the Sycamore Shade,  
 Young Damon came whistling along;  
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!  
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue. 4  
 “Silly Heart!” I cry'd, “fy! what a flutter is here!  
 “Young Damon designs you no ill;  
 “The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear;  
 “Then pry'thee, fond Urchin! lie still.” 8

## II.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet;  
 One kiss he demanded—no more;  
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,  
 I could not begrudge him a score. 12  
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,  
 Many times as we play'd on the hill;  
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,  
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still. 16

## III.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore Shade  
 For shelter I'm sure to repair;  
 And, Virgins! in faith I'm no longer afraid  
 Although the dear shepherd be there. 20  
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,  
 My heart may rebound if it will:  
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,  
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still. 24

## THE SEASON FOR LOVE.

SET IN THE SCOTS STYLE BY MR. SHIELD,

*And Sung at Vauxhall.*

**I**N spring, my dear Shepherds! your flow'rets are gay,  
 They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of May,  
 But hang down their heads when December draws near:  
 The winter of life is like that of the year. 4

The larks, and the linnets, that chaunt o'er the plains,  
 All, all are in love while the summer remains;  
 Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear:  
 The winter of life is like that of the year. 8

The Season for Love is when youth's in its prime:  
 Ye Lads and ye Lasses! make use of your time;  
 The frost of old age will too quickly appear:  
 The winter of life is like that of the year. 12

## THE BIRTH-DAY OF PHILLIS:

A BALLAD.

I.

'TIS the Birth-day of Phillis; hark! how the birds  
 sing!

Their notes are remarkably sweet;  
 The villagers brought all the honours of spring,  
 And scatter'd their pride at her feet. 4

II.

With roses and ribbands her lambkins are crown'd;  
 A while they respectfully stand;  
 Then on the gay land with a frolic they bound,  
 But first take a kiss from her hand. 8

III.

'Mongst shepherds, in all the gay round of the year,  
 This—this is their principal day!  
 It gave Phillis Birth; and pray what can appear  
 More pleasing or lovingly gay? 12

## IV.

Hark ! hark ! how the tabor enlivens the scene !  
 Ye Lads with your Lasses advance !  
 'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-dress'd green,  
 And Phillis shall lead up the dance.

15

## V.

The Sun—and he shines in his brightest array,  
 As if on this festival proud,  
 In order to give us a beautiful day,  
 Has banish'd each travelling cloud.

20

## VI.

The priest pass'd along, and my shepherdes's sigh'd !  
 Sweet Phillis !—I guess'd what she meant :  
 We stole from the pastimes—I made her my bride ;  
 Her sigh was the sigh of content.

24

## THE HAWTHORN BOWER.

## I.

PALEMÓN in the Hawthorn Bow'r  
 With fond impatience lay ;  
 He counted ev'ry anxious hour  
 That stretch'd the tedious day.

4

The rosy dawn Pastora nam'd,  
 And vow'd that she'd be kind ;  
 But, ah ! the setting sun proclaim'd  
 That womens' vows are—wind.

8

## II.

The fickle sex the boy defy'd,  
 And swore in terms profane,  
 That Beauty in her brightest pride  
 Might sue to him in vain.

12

When Delia from the neighb'ring glade  
 Appear'd in all her charms,  
 Each angry vow Palemon made  
 Was lost in Delia's arms.

16

## III.

The lovers had not long reclin'd  
Before Pastora came:

“ Inconstancy,” she cry'd, “ I find

“ In ev'ry heart's the same ;

20

“ For young Alexis sigh'd and prest

“ With such bewitching pow'r,

“ I quite forgot the wishing guest

“ That waited in the Bow'r.”

24

## THE WARNING.

## I.

**Y**OUNG Colin once courted Myrtilla the prude ;  
If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cry'd he was rude ;  
Tho' he begg'd with devotion some ease for his pain,  
The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain.  
Fatigu'd with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,  
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more. 6

## II.

He strove with all caution to 'scape from the net,  
But Chloe soon caught him—a finish'd coquette !  
She glanc'd to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,  
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.  
Alas ! for poor Colin, when put to the test,  
Himself and his passion prov'd both but her jest. 12

## III.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare ;  
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair ;  
When she found he had merit, and Love took his part,  
She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart.  
With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,  
And now are as happy—as happy can be. 18

## IV.

As the rosebud of beauty soon sickens and fades,  
The prude and coquette are two slighted old maids ;  
Now their sweets are all wasted—too late they repent  
For transports untasted, for moments mispent !  
Ye Virgins ! take Warning ; improve by my plan,  
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can. 24

## FANCY:

A SONG IN A PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT.

FANCY leads the fetter'd senses  
 Captives to her fond controul:  
 Merit may have rich pretences,  
 But 'tis Fancy fires the soul. 4

## II.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning  
 Fancy flies, a Fairy queen!  
 Fancy, wit and worth disdain'g,  
 Gives the prize to Harlequin. 8

## III.

If the virgin's false, forgive her;  
 Fancy was your only foe.  
 Cupid claims the dart and quiver,  
 But 'tis Fancy twangs the bow. 12

## NEWCASTLE BEER.

## I.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great-Britain's  
 And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat, [success,  
 Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express  
 To summon the deities all to a treat:  
 Blithe Comus was plac'd 5  
 To guide the gay feast,  
 And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer,  
 Yet vow'd, to his thinking,  
 For exquisite drinking,  
 Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer. 10

## II.

The great god of War, to encourage the fun,  
 And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,  
 Sent a message that moment to Moor's\* for a tun  
 Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best.  
 No gods—they all swore, 15  
 Regal'd so before,

\* Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.



C. S. SINGHLEAS.

If the Virgin's fall, forgive her,  
Fancy was your only foe;  
Cupid claims the dart and quiver,  
But his fancy brings the bow.

MS. B. 1. 1. 1.





With liquor so lively, so potent and clear;  
 And each deify'd fellow  
 Got jovially mellow  
 In honour, brave Boys! of our Newcastle Beer. 20

## III.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,  
 Repents he drank Helicon water so long;  
 He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,  
 And gave the gay board an extempore song;  
 But ere he began 25  
 He tofs'd off his cann;  
 There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear;  
 Then sang, with great merit,  
 The flavour and spirit  
 His Godship had found in our Newcastle Beer. 30

## IV.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold;  
 It brac'd up his nerves and enliven'd his pow'rs;  
 And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,  
 Was nothing, my Lads! but such liquor as ours.  
 The horrible crew 35  
 That Hercules slew  
 Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear:  
 Such a club wou'd you borrow,  
 To drive away sorrow,  
 Apply for a jorum of Newcastle Beer. 40

## V.

Ye Youngsters! so diffident, languid, and pale,  
 Whom love like the colic so rudely infests,  
 Take a cordial of this, 'twill *probatum* prevail,  
 And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts.  
 Dull whining despise, 45  
 Grow rosy and wise,  
 No longer the jest of good fellows appear;  
 Bid adieu to your folly,  
 Get drunk and be jolly,  
 And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle Beer. 50

## VI.

Ye fanciful Folk! for whom Physic prescribes,  
 Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death;  
 Ye wretches! whom Law, and her ill-looking tribes,  
 Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath;  
 Here's shelter and ease, 55  
 No craving for fees,  
 No danger—no doctor—no bailiff—is near;  
 Your spirits this raises,  
 It cures your diseases;  
 There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer. 60

## HOLYDAY GOWN.

## I.

**I**N Holyday Gown and my new-fangled hat  
 Last Monday I tripp'd to the fair:  
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,  
 Brisk Roger I guess'd wou'd be there. 4  
 He woos me to marry whenever we meet;  
 There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!  
 He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,  
 I'd wed—if I were not too young. 8

## II.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,  
 (The vixen would fain be his bride:)  
 Some tokens she claim'd, either ribband or toy,  
 And swore that she'd not be deny'd. 12  
 A top-knot he bought me, and garters of green;  
 Pert Susan was cruelly stung:  
 I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,  
 I'd wed—if I were not too young. 16

## III.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear,  
 He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore;  
 Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,  
 That trust me—my pockets run o'er. 20  
 Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,  
 And sweetly their burthen he sung:  
 Good faith he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,  
 I'd wed—if I were not too young. 24

## IV.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire ;  
 (Our cottage was distant a mile ;)   
 I rose to be gone—Roger bow'd like a squire,  
 And handed me over the stile. 28

His arms he threw round me—Love laugh'd in his eye ;  
 He led me the meadows among,  
 There press'd me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,  
 To wed—for I was not too young. 32

## AN ELECTION BALLAD.

## I.

NOT an hundred years since, when Elections went  
 round,  
 Old Honour and Truth were in Burgundy drown'd ;  
 The sons of Great Britain, both thirsty and wise,  
 Wide open'd their stomachs, but clos'd up their eyes.  
 Derry down, &c. 5

## II.

They were blind to true merit, let Party prevail,  
 And Judgment no longer right ballanc'd her scale ;  
 In wine was fair Freedom remember'd no more,  
 And Cash kick'd old Liberty out of the door.  
 Derry down, &c. 10

## III.

When the Candidate offer'd, they snatch'd at the coin,  
 Nor spar'd the brown bumper nor venal firloin :  
 Ate and drank when they could : 'twas concluded, my  
 Friends !  
 They might fast when the Candidate compass'd his  
 Derry down, &c. [ends. 10

## IV.

Let the case now be alter'd ; let talents be try'd, 16  
 Let national virtue alone be your guide ;  
 Let us scorn to be bias'd by party or pelf,  
 And vote for our country, forgetful of self.  
 Derry down, &c. 20

## V.

Let honour, let honesty, stand in your view;  
 To freedom be constant, to liberty true.  
 Let me tell you, my Friends! the right nail you have  
 hit,  
 If you fix on the man that's a friend to old Pitt.  
 Derry down, &c.

25

## VI.

Let no low-minded motives your principles shake,  
 But weigh the case well, for your safety's at stake.  
 For him that has honour and truth for his plan  
 Give your voices, my Boys! and its S——'s the  
 Derry down, &c.

[man.

## ANOTHER.

## I.

LET the half-famish'd poet find fault with good cheer,  
 And, forc'd to drink water, despise our brown beer:  
 That there's truth in full bumpers it can't be deny'd;  
 Then tofs of your glasses—let Truth be our guide.  
 Derry down, &c.

5

## II.

Poor Lewis the Little full fatally knows  
 That beef gives us courage to batter our foes;  
 And the Sirloin, now knighted, that smokes on the  
 board,  
 May in times of preferment be titled my Lord.  
 Derry down, &c.

10

## III.

Let the scribblers exclaim; they're a finical tribe!  
 May not we, like our betters, sometimes take a bribe?  
 If cash does not circulate properly—trade  
 Grows lazy, and lags like a founder'd old jade.  
 Derry down, &c.

15

## IV.

But to banter no longer—Our Candidates seem  
 Men of honour, of worth, and of public esteem:  
 It were well for Dame Britain, her freedom and laws,  
 If such, and such only, e'er handled her cause,  
 Derry down, &c.

20

## V.

Let their free open spirits be right understood,  
 Their contest is meant for their countrymen's good :  
 When danger alarms us, or glory commands,  
 Our lives and our honours are safe in such hands.

Derry down, &c.

25

## VI.

That they both have their merits it must be allow'd ;  
 But, sons of cool Reason! step forth from the crowd :  
 If weighty experience can balance the day,  
 Give your voices, my Boys! 'tis for S——e. Huzza!

Derry down, &c.

30

## ANOTHER.

## I.

WHERE the rich Wear\* with wand'ring grace  
 In gay profusion runs,  
 The guardian Genius of the place  
 Harangu'd his freeborn sons :  
 The burthen of his sacred strain  
 Was " Shaftoe live! live, gen'rous Vane !

6

## II.

" Where Durham lifts her sacred piles,  
 " Rever'd in Gothic pride,  
 " And Wisdom with meridian smiles  
 " Expands on every side,  
 " Distinguish'd in bright Honor's train,  
 " Stand Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.

12

## III.

" The noble heart that truth refines,  
 " (With conscious worth replete,)  
 " More useful than Peruvian mines,  
 " Adds virtue to the state ;  
 " Such patriot virtues as remain  
 " With Shaftoe and illustrious Vane

18

## IV.

" Confirm, my Sons! confirm my choice,  
 " And call my fav'rites forth,  
 " Since Fame approves the gen'ral voice,  
 " And merit stamps their worth.

\* The river Wear, that runs through the City of Durham.



“ None can your sacred rights maintain

“ Like Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.”

24

## V.

The Genius ceas'd—from ev'ry part

Applause like lightning ran ;

Conviction fir'd each glowing heart,

And catch'd from man to man.

Loud echoes fill'd the gladd'ning plain,

With Shaftoe live!—live, gen'rous Vane!

30

## A SONG.

## I.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly prest

While rapture fill'd each vein,

And as I touch'd her downy breast

Its tenant slept serene.

4

## II.

So soft a calm in such a part

Betrays a peaceful mind,

Whilst my uneasy flutt'ring heart

Would scarcely be confin'd.

8

## III.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees

Unmov'd when storms descend ;

But ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze

The myrtle bough must bend.

12

## A SONG,

SENT TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

*Tunc—The Lads of Patie's Mill.*

## I.

YES, ev'ry flow'r that blows

I pass'd unheeded by,

Till this enchanting Rose

Had fix'd my wand'ring eye.

4

It scented ev'ry breeze  
That wanton'd o'er the stream,  
Or trembled thro' the trees  
To meet the morning beam.

8

## II.

To deck that beauteous maid  
Its fragrance can't excel;  
From some celestial shade  
The damask charmer fell:

12

And as her balmy sweets  
On Chloe's breast she pours,  
The queen of Beauty greets  
The gentle queen of Flow'rs.

16

## A SONG.

HE that Love hath never try'd,  
Nor had Cupid for his guide,  
Cannot hit the passage right  
To the palace of Delight

4

## II.

What are honours, regal wealth,  
Florid Youth, and rosy health?  
Without Love his tribute brings,  
Impotent unmeaning things!

8

## III.

Gentle Shepherd! persevere;  
Still be tender, still sincere;  
Love and Time united, do  
Wonders, if the heart be true.

12

## A THREE-PART CATCH.

'TIS in view—(the rich blessings kind Nature bestow'd  
To conquer our sorrows or lighten the load)—  
A full flask! the rich nectar this bottle contains 3  
In a flood of fresh rapture shall roll thro' our veins.  
Let it bleed—and, carousing this liquor divine,  
Sing an hymn to the god that first cultur'd the vine. 6

## THE TOAST.

A CATCH.

**G**IVE the Toast—my good Fellow! be jovial and  
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away. [gay,  
 Here's the King—Take your bumpers, my brave  
 British souls!

Who guards your fair Freedom should crown your full  
 bowls.

Let him live—long and happy, see Lewis brought down,  
 And taste all the comforts, no cares, of a crown. 6

## A SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO MISS S——.

I.

**W**HEN Flora decks the mantling bow'rs  
 In elegant array,  
 And scatters all her op'ning flow'rs  
 A compliment to May, 4

II.

With glowing joy my bosom beats,  
 I gaze delighted round,  
 And wish to see the various sweets  
 In one rich nosegay bound. 8

III.

'Tis granted—and their bloom display'd  
 To bless my wand'ring view.  
 I see them all—my beauteous Maid!  
 I see them all in—you. 12



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## EPISTLES.

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### TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

**L**ET bashful virgins, nicely coy,  
Exalted rapture lose,  
And, timid at untasted joy,  
Thro' fearfulness refuse. 4

Will you—the pleasing conflict try'd,  
Tho' sure to conquer—fly?  
If you—the sacred zone unty'd,  
'Tis peevish to deny. 8

But if, my Fair! the Widow's name  
Hold gracious with you still,  
The god of Love has form'd a scheme  
Obsequious to your will. 12

Take, take me to thy twining arms,  
(Opprest with warm desire,)  
Where, conquer'd by such mighty charms,  
A monarch might expire. 16

Thou'lt be a Widow ev'ry night,  
(Thy wondrous pow'r confess!)  
And, as I die in dear delight,  
My tomb shall be thy breast. 20

### TO DELIA.

**S**AY, my Charmer! right or wrong,  
Say it from your heart or tongue;  
Be sincere, or else deceive;  
Say you love—and I'll believe. 4

## TO CHLOE,

ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

HOW can Chloe think it strange  
Time should make a lover change?

Time brings all things to an end;  
Courage can't the blow defend.

See! the proud aspiring oak

Falls beneath the fatal stroke: 6

If on Beauty's cheek he preys,

Straight the rosy bloom decays;

Joy puts out his lambent fires,

And at Time's approach—expires.

How can Chloe think it strange  
Time should make a lover change? 12

## TO CHLOE,

IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

I.

CONSIDER, sweet Maid! and endeavour  
To conquer that pride in thy breast;  
It is not an haughty behaviour  
Will set off thy charms to the best. 4

II.

The ocean when calm may delight you,  
But should a bold tempest arise,  
The billows enrag'd wou'd affright you,  
Loud objects of awful surprise. 8

III.

'Tis thus when good humour diffuses  
Its beams o'er the face of a fair,  
With rapture his heart a man loses,  
While frowns turn his love to despair. 12

## TO Mr. —.

I.

YES, Colin, 'tis granted you flutter in lace,  
You whisper and dance with the fair;  
But Merit advances, 'tis yours to give place;  
Stand off, and at distance revere: 4

Nor tease the sweet maid with your jargon of chat,  
 By her side as you saunter along, [that,  
 Your taste—your complexion—your this—and your  
 Nor lisp out the end of your song. 8

## II.

For folly and fashion you barter good sense,  
 (If sense ever fell to your share.)  
 'Tis enough you could pert *petit maitre* commence,  
 Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air. 12

No end you can answer; affections you've none;  
 Made only for prattle and play:  
 Like a butterfly, bask'd for a while in the sun,  
 You'll die undistinguish'd away. 16

## TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS

WRITTEN BY NOBODY.

ADVANCE to fame—advance reveal'd;  
 Let conscious worth be bold:  
 Why have you lain so long conceal'd,  
 And hid Peruvian gold? 8

Dan Phœbus did with joy discern  
 Your genius brought to light;  
 And many a Somebody shall learn  
 From Nobody to write. 4

## APOLLO

TO THE COMPANY AT HARROWGATE.

FROM my critical court at a quarterly meeting,  
 To my Harrowgate subjects this embassy greeting.  
 Whereas from the veteran poets complaint is,  
 Their Works are no longer consider'd as dainties, 4  
 And Shakespear, and Congreve, Farquhar, and others,  
 The tragical—comical—farcical—brothers,  
 Petition us oft' for some gents and some ladies,  
 (Our subjects no doubt, since dramatic their trade is.)  
 We govern their stational stage by direction,  
 And send 'em to you for your friendly protection; 10



'Tis Apollo invites, with some ladies, (the Muses;) We denounce him immensely ill-bred that refuses.

Be it known by the bye, from our Helicon fountain,  
Enrich'd by the soil of Parnassus's mountain,  
Your Harrowgate water directly proceeding, 15  
Produces fine sense, with true taste, and good breeding.  
Talk of Taste—none but Heathens will call it in ques-  
tion:

Yet some insolent wits might advance a suggestion,  
While our deputies daily invite all the neighbours,  
But find no Mæcnas to smile on their labours. 20  
Thus far we've proceeded your favour to curry,  
And could tell ye much more—but we write in a hurry.

APOLLO TO MR. C—— F——,

ON HIS BEING SATIRIZED BY AN IGNORANT PERSON.

**W**HETHER he's worth your spleen or not  
You've ask'd me to determine:

I wish my friend a nobler lot  
Than that of trampling vermine. 4

A blockhead can't be worth our care,  
Unless that we'd befriend him:

As you've some common sense to spare,  
I'll pay you what you lend him. 8

APOLLO.



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# PROLOGUES.

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## A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke at the opening of the Theatre at York, after it  
was elegantly enlarged.*

ONCE on a time, his earthly rounds patrolling,  
(Your Heathen gods were always fond of strolling,)  
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,  
When night attended by a tempest came on,  
And as the rain fell pattering helter skelter, 5  
The deity implor'd the hind for shelter.

Philemon plac'd his Godship close beside him,  
While Goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him :  
With more benevolence than one that's richer,  
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher ; 10  
And fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure,  
Sung a rough song in his rude country measure.

Jove was so pleas'd with these good-natur'd fallies,  
Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.

Taste, like great Jupiter, came here to try us ; 15  
(Of't from the boxes we perceiv'd her spy us ;)   
Whether she lik'd us and our warm endeavours,  
Whether she found that we deserv'd her favours,  
I know not ; but 'tis certain she commanded  
Our humble Theatre should be expanded. 20

The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended,  
But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended ;  
And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye,  
'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the boxes*] she designs to  
meet ye.

Pedants would fix her residence with Heathens,  
But she prefers old York to Rome or Athens. 26

## A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke at the opening an elegant little Theatre at Whitby.*

FROM Shakespeare—Jonson—Congreve—Rowe—  
and others—

The laurell'd list, the true Parnassian brothers,

Hither we're sent, by their supreme direction,  
To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our hopes are flatter'd with the fair's compliance ; 5  
Beauty and Wit were always in alliance ;  
Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,  
And Taste's determin'd by their approbation.

The Tragic Muse presents a stately mirror,  
Where Vice surveys her ugly form with terror ; 10  
And as the fiend departs—abash'd—discarded—  
Imperial Virtue's with the palm rewarded.

The Comic glass from modern groupes collected,  
Shews fops and fools of every class—dissected ;  
It marks the fair coquette's unfaithful dealings, 15  
And proves that haughty prudes may have their fail-  
ings.

For faults that flow from habit more than nature  
We'll blend with honest mirth some wholesome satire.

Now for our bark—The vessel's tight and able,  
New built—new rigg'd [*pointing to the scenes*] with  
canvass—mast—and cable. 20

Let her not sink—or be unkindly stranded,  
Before the moral freight be fairly landed :  
For tho' with heart and hand we heave together,  
'Tis your kind plaudit must command the weather.  
Nor halcyon seas, nor gentle gales, attend us  
Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us. 26

### A PROLOGUE,

*On the opening the Theatre at Whitby the ensuing Season.*

O'ER the wild waves unwilling more to roam,  
And by his kind affections call'd for home,  
When the bold youth, that ev'ry climate tries,  
'Twixt the blue bosoms—'twixt the seas and skies—  
When he beholds his native Albion near, 5  
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,  
What glowing ecstasies, by Fancy drest,  
What filial sentiments, expand his breast !  
In the full happiness he forms on shore,  
Doubts—dangers—and fatigues, are felt no more. 10

Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn,  
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return;  
With such warm ardours you behold us meet,  
To lay once more our labours at your feet.

Not without hopes your patronage will last, 15  
We bend with gratitude for favours past,  
That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,  
Rode ev'ry gale—nor started e'en a splinter,  
We bow to Beauty—'twas those smiles secur'd her;  
Still—still—extend your gentle cares to save her,  
That she may winter long in Whitby's—favour. 22

### A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke in the Character of a Sailor, on opening the New  
Theatre at North-Shields.*

**H**OLLOW! my Masters! where d'ye mean to stow  
us? [Without.

We're come to see what pastime ye can shew us.  
Sall, step aloft—you sha'n't be long without me;  
I'll walk their quarter-deck, and look about me.

[Enters.

Tom and Dick Topfail are above—I hear 'em; 5  
Tell 'em to keep a birth; and, Sall—sit near 'em.  
Sall's a smart lass—I'd hold a butt of stingo  
In three weeks time she'd learn the playhouse lingo.  
She loves your plays, she understands their meaning:  
She calls 'em—Moral Rules made entertaining. 10  
Your Shakespeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle;  
And I myself (at sea) have read—a little.

At London, Sirs! when Sall and I were courting,  
I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting.  
Mafs! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus, 15  
But for their fiddlers and their damn'd sonatas.  
Give me the merry sons of guts and rosin,  
That play—"God save the King," and "Nancy  
"Dawson."

Well—tho' the frigate's not so much bedizen'd,  
[Looking about.  
'Tis snug enough!—'tis clever for the size on't 20

And they can treat with all that's worth regarding  
On board the Drury-Lane or Common-Garden.

*Bell rings.*] Avaft!—a fignal for the launch, I fancy;  
What fay you, Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy?  
Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barge fo tightly,  
Sha'n't you, and I, and Sall, come fee them nightly?  
The jolly crew will do their beft endeavours; 27  
They'll grudge no labour to deserve your favours:  
A luckier fate they fwear can ne'er behap 'em,  
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you—clap 'em.

## A PROLOGUE,

TO LOVE AND FAME;

*Spoke at Scarborough.*

WHERE is this author? [*Entering.*]—Bid the  
wretch appear;

Let him come in, and wait for judgment—here;  
This awful jury all impatient wait:

Let him come in, I fay, and meet his fate.

Strange, very ftrange, if fuch a piece fucceeds! 5

(Punifh the culprit for his vile mifdeeds.)

Know ye to-night that his prefumptuous works

Have turn'd good Chriftians into—Heathen Turks?

And if the genius an't corrected foon,

In his next trip he'll mount us to the moon. 10

Methinks I hear him fay—"For mercy's fake

"Hold your rash tongue—my Love and Fame's at

"When you behold me—diffident—diftreff, [*ftake.*

"'Tis cruelty to make my woes a jeft.

"Well—if you will—but why fhould I diftruff? 15

"My judges are as merciful as juft;

"I know them well, have oft' their friendship try'd,

"And their protection is my boaft—my pride."

Hoping to please, he form'd this buffling plan;

Hoping to please! 'tis all the Moderns can. 20

Faith! let him 'fcape, let Love and Fame furvive;

With your kind fanktion keep his fcenes alive:

Try to approve (applaud we will exempt)

Nor crush the bardling in this hard attempt.

Could he write up to an illuftrious theme, 25

There's mark'd upon the register of Fame

A subject—but beyond the warmest lays ;  
 Wonder must paint when 'tis a G—nby's praise. 28

## A PROLOGUE,

*On opening the New Theatre in Newcastle, 1766.*

IF to correct the follies of mankind,  
 To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,  
 To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,  
 With honest mirth to kill an ev'ning's care :  
 If these kind motives can command applause, 5  
 For these the motley stage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet, that exists by praise,  
 Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays ?  
 Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)  
 Pleas'd when he grasps a glitt'ring thousand more ?  
 Cheer not the mariner propitious seas ? 11  
 Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees ?  
 Lives not the lover but in hopes of blifs ?  
 To ev'ry question we'll reply with—Yes.

Suppose them gratify'd—their full delight 15  
 Falls short of ours on this auspicious night,  
 When rich in happiness—in hopes elate,  
 Taste has receiv'd us to our fav'rite seat.

O that the soul of action were but ours,  
 And the vast energy of vocal pow'rs! 20  
 That we might make a grateful off'ring, fit  
 For these kind judges that in candour sit.

Before such judges we confess with dread  
 These new dominions we presume to tread ;  
 Yet if you smile we'll boldly do our best,  
 And leave your favours to supply the rest. 26

## A PROLOGUE,

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN,

*A little Piece adapted to the Stage from the celebrated  
 Poem of Ossian, the Son of Fingal, spoke at Edinburgh.*

TO form a little work of nervous merit,  
 To give the sleepy stage a nobler spirit,  
 To touch a sacred Muse and not defile her,  
 This was the plan propos'd by our Compiler.



Tho' Caution told him—the presumption's glaring,  
 Dauntless, he cry'd, “ It is but nobly daring !  
 “ Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,  
 “ Nor wish the golden measure stamp'd dramatic ?  
 “ Here are no lines—in measur'd pace that trip it,  
 “ No modern scenes—so lifeless ! so insipid !  
 “ Wrought by a Muse—(no sacred fire debarr'd her,)  
 “ 'Tis nervous ! noble ! it's true northern ardour !”  
 Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,  
 (The Grecian bards ! no longer worth the naming,)  
 “ In song the northern tribes so far surpass us,  
 “ One of their Highland hills they'll call Parnassus,  
 “ And from the sacred mount decrees shall follow  
 “ That Ossian was himself—the true Apollo.”  
 Spite of this flash—this high poetic fury,  
 He trembles for the verdict of his jury.  
 As from his text he ne'er presum'd to wander,  
 But gives the native Ossian to your candour,  
 To an impartial judgment we submit him ;  
 Condemn—or rather (if you can) acquit him.

## A PROLOGUE,

TO RULE A WIFE.

*Spoken at Edinburgh.*

'TIS an odd portrait that the poet drew ;  
 A strange irregular he sets in view !  
 'Mongst us—thank Heav'n—the character's unknown,  
 (Bards have creative faculties we own,)  
 And this appears a picture from his brain,  
 Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.  
 Should we the portrait with the sex compare,  
 'Twould add new honours to the northern fair ;  
 Their merit's by the foil conspicuous made,  
 And they seem brighter from contrasting shade.  
 Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,  
 Nor should such antiquated maxims hold.  
 Shall subject man assert superior sway,  
 And dare to bid the angel-sex obey ?

Or, if permitted to partake the throne,  
 Despotie call the reins of pow'r his own?  
 Forbid it all that's gracious—that's polite!  
 (The fair to liberty have equal right,)  
 Nor urge the tenet, tho' from Fletcher's school,  
 That ev'ry husband has a right to rule. 20  
 A matrimonial medium may be hit  
 Where neither governs, but where both submit.  
 The nuptial torch with decent brightness burns  
 Where male and female condescend by turns:  
 Change then the phrase, the horrid text amend,  
 And let the word Obe<sup>y</sup>—be Condescend. 26

## A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke by Mr. Diggs, on opening the Edinburgh Theatre  
 in 1763.*

**T**O rectify some errors that of late  
 Had crept into the bosom of our state;  
 To court Propriety, a matron chaste!  
 To make strong leagues 'twixt Novelty and Taste;  
 To alter—to adapt—to plan—revive, 5  
 To spare no pains to make the drama thrive;  
 These are the labours that to-night commence,  
 By Beauty\* 'sanction'd, and approv'd by Sense. †  
 Suppose some Corydon—some country swain,  
 Enamour'd of some Phillis of the plain, 10  
 At early dawn should seek the dappled glade  
 To form a nosegay for the fav'rite maid;  
 When he had cropt the beauties of the banks,  
 And cull'd the fairest from the flow'ry ranks,  
 He'd range in order ev'ry blooming sweet, 15  
 And lay the little chaplet at her feet.  
 So the fair fields of fancy we'll explore,  
 And search the gardens of dramatic lore,  
 Of choicest fragrance and of various hue,  
 To form those chaplets we compose for you. 20  
 Now to attack you in a martial strain!  
 We hope to gather laurels this campaign;

\* The Boxes.

† The Pit.

And that our plan of action may succeed,  
 Have march'd fresh forces from beyond the Tweed.  
 Yet, as young soldiers may be damp'd by fear, 25  
 (Tho' universal patronage be here,  
 Let me bespeak before the curtain rise  
 Some kind impressions for our new supplies. 28

## A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke at Edinburgh, on Mrs. Bellamy's first Appearance there.*

IN early days, when Error sway'd mankind,  
 The scene was censur'd and the stage confin'd :  
 As the fine arts a nobler taste supply'd  
 Old Prejudice grew fainter—droop'd—and dy'd.  
 Merit from sanction must deduce her date 5  
 If she'd arrive at a meridian height :  
 From sanction is the English stage become  
 Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.  
 If from that stage an actress, fill'd with fears,  
 New to this northern scene, to-night appears, 10  
 Intent—howe'er unequal to the flight,  
 To hit—what critics call—the *bappy right* :  
 She builds not on your sister's\* fond applause,  
 But timidly to you submits her cause:  
 For taste refin'd may as judicial sit 15  
 Here—as she found her in an English pit.

Your plaudit must remove the stranger's fear ;  
 The sons of Genius are the least severe.  
 Some favour from the fair she's sure to find ;  
 So sweet a circle cannot but be kind. 20  
 Then to your candid patronage she'll trust,  
 And hopes you gracious—as we know you just. 22

## A PROLOGUE,

*On reviving The Merchant of Venice, at the Time the Bill had passed for Naturalizing the Jews.*

TWIXT the sons of the stage, without pensions or  
 places,  
 And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases ;

\* London.

Since time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much by  
slander,

Both lawless alike have been sentenc'd to wander ;  
Then faith it's full time we appeal to the nation 5  
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on.

Lard ! that word's so uncouth !——'tis so irksome to  
speak it !

But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that's taste, as I  
take it.

Well—now to the point—I'm sent here with com-  
mission

To present this fair circle our humble petition ; 10

But conscious what hopes we should have of succeeding,

Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding,

And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we can  
rake up, 13

Like our good fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,

We must frankly confess we have nought to present ye

But Shakespear's old Sterling—Pray let it content ye.

This Shylock the Jew, whom we mean to restore ye,  
Was nat'raliz'd oft' by your fathers before ye ;

Then take him to-night to your kindest compassion ;

For to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion. 20

### A PROLOGUE,

*For some Country Lads performing The Devil of a Wife  
in the Christmas Holidays.*

**I**N days of yore, when round the jovial board,

With harmless mirth and social plenty stor'd,

Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,

And carols sung, or told the Christmas tale, 4

In struts St. George, Old England's champion knight,

With hasty steps, impatient to recite

How he had kill'd the dragon once in fight.

From ev'ry side—from Troy—from ancient Greece,

Princes pour in to swell the motley piece,

And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse, 10

The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.

Intent to raise this ev'ning's cordial mirth,

Like theirs our simple stage-play comes to birth.

Our want of art we candidly confess,  
 But give you Nature in her homespun dress : 15  
 No heroes here—no martial men of' might ;  
 A cobbler is the champion of to-night :  
 His strap more fam'd than George's lance of old,  
 For it can tame that dragoness, a scold.  
 Indulgent then support the cobbler's cause,  
 And tho' he may'n't deserve it, smile applause. 21

## PROLOGUE,

TO THE RECRUITING OFFICER.\*

FROM the fair mansions of illustrious shades,  
 From groves of bliss, poetic painted meads,  
 Should Farquhar, deck'd with deathless laurels, come  
 Obedient to his own recruiting drum ;  
 Conscious to-night of the superior grace, 5  
 The nobler beauties, that adorn this place,  
 Here would he fix—enraptur'd here abide,  
 And change Elysium for the Severn's side.

Let boasting Rome of one Mæcenus tell,  
 Countless are those that by the Severn dwell ; 10  
 Parnassus' Mount let future bards disclaim,  
 Hark ! how the Wrekin's† hospitable name  
 Swells in the voice of Farquhar and of Fame.

Sabrina †‡ softest nymph that glides along,  
 Winding and various as her Farquhar's song, 15  
 Indulgent smil'd to bless the Poet's toil,  
 And straight his bays bloom'd fresh, and own'd the  
 gen'rous foil.

Here—Beauty beams, with social sweetness mix'd !  
 Here—true Politeness has her standard fix'd !  
 Here—let the Muse her sacred numbers swell, 20  
 And here let sportive Wit and gay-drest Humour dwell !

O, may our secondary labours find  
 The brave propitious and the beauteous kind !  
 So may Salopian plains, that bloom so gay,  
 Ne'er know a blast, but wear perpetual May ! 25

\* Mr. Farquhar dedicated his play of the Recruiting Officer to his friends.

† The Wrekin, a remarkable mountain in the county of Salop, not far from Shrewsbury.

‡ The poetical name for the river Severn.

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# EPILOGUES.

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## AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoke at Edinburgh, by Mrs. Bellamy, to the Tragedy  
of Antony and Cleopatra.*

THE flame our hero felt for his Egyptian  
Is finely drawn ; it glows in the description :  
But modern love can ne'er maintain its station,  
So many different *gouts* divide the nation.  
The man of sense disdains the soft'ning passion ; 5  
The coxcomb is enamour'd of—the fashion ;  
The *bon vivant* prefers the feast conviv'al ;  
And Phillis in a turtle finds a rival ;  
Besides the gentle race—the *petit-maitres* !  
The set insensible of happy *creturs* ; 10  
So coy—so cold—that Beauty ne'er can warm 'em ;  
So nice, that nothing but themselves can charm 'em.  
But hold—I run too fast without reflection,  
(Each gen'ral rule admits of some exception.)  
Here\* 'tis allow'd imperial Beauty governs, 15  
And there† the conquer'd sex adore their sov'reigns.  
Let me—to wave this *bagatelle*—declare  
The grateful homage of a heart sincere :  
I feel your favours with refin'd delight,  
And glory in my patrons of to-night. 20

## AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoke at Edinburgh, in the Character of Lady Fanciful.*

FANCY, we're told, of parentage Italic,  
And Folly, whose original is Gallic,  
Set up to sale their vast misshapen daughter,  
And Britain by a large subscription bought her.  
The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic, 5  
And nurs'd her till her pow'r became despotic ;

\* Boxes.

† Pit.



Till every would-be beauty of the nation  
 Did homage at the shrine of Affectation:  
 But Common Sense will certainly dethrone her,  
 And (like the fair ones of this place) disown her. 10  
 If she attempts the dimpled smile delightful,  
 The dimpled smile of Affectation's frightful.  
 Mark but her *bagatelles*—her whine—her whimper—  
 Her loll—her lisp—her saunter—stare—her simper:  
 All *outrés*, all—no native charm about her, 15  
 And Ridicule would soon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;  
 If Beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it;  
 So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,  
 To Insipidity she gives—grimaces. 20

Without her dear coquettish arts to aid 'em,  
 Fine ladies would be just as—Nature made 'em;  
 Such sensible—sincere—domestic creatures,  
 The jest of modern *belles* and *petit-maitres*.  
 Safe with good sense this circle's not in danger, 25  
 But as the foreign phantom's—here a stranger,  
 I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,  
 And if they meet, be ready to forego her;  
 For trust me, Ladies! she'd deform your faces,  
 And with a single glance destroy the Graces. 30

### AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoke at Norwich in the Character of Mrs. Deborah  
 Woodcock, in Love in a Village.*

AFTER the dangers of a long probation,  
 When, Sibyl-like, she's skill'd in penetration;  
 When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,  
 And rides above the rocks that others dash on;  
 When deeply mellow'd with reserve and rigour, 5  
 When decent gravity adorns her figure,  
 Why an old maid, I wish the wise would tell us,  
 Should be the standing jests of flirts and fellows.  
 In maxims sage, in eloquence how clever!  
 Without a subject, she can talk—for ever! 10

Rich in old saws, can bring a sentence pat in,  
And quote upon occasion lawyers' Latin.

Set up that toast, that culprit, *nobis corum* ;  
'Tis done—and she's demolish'd in *turrorum*.

If an old maid's a dragons on duty, 15

To guard the golden fruit of rip'ning beauty,  
'Tis right, for fear the giddy sex should wander,  
To keep them in restraint by decent slander.

When slips are made, 'tis easy sure to find 'em ;  
We can detect before the fair design'd 'em. 20

As for the men, whose satire oft hath stung us,  
Many there are that may be rank'd among us.

Law, with long suits and busy mischiefs laden,  
In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.

'Tis undeny'd, and the assertion's common, 25  
That modern Physic is a mere old woman.

The puny fop, that simpers o'er his tea dish,  
And cries—Indeed—Miss Deb'rah's—quite old—  
Of doubtful sex, of undetermin'd nature, [maidish !  
In all respects, is but a virgin *creature*. 30

Jesting apart, and moral truths adjusting,  
There's nothing in the state itself disgusting :  
Old maids as well as matrons bound in marriage,  
Are valued from propriety of carriage :

If gentle sense, if sweet discretion, guide 'em, 35

It matters not tho' coxcombs may deride 'em :  
And virtue's virtue, be she maid or wedded ;  
A certain truth! say—Deb'rah Woodcock said it. 38

## AN EPILOGUE,

*To The Muse of Ossian, spoke at Edinburgh.*

IN fond romance let Fancy reign creative ;  
Valour among the northern hills is native :  
The northern hills, 'tis prov'd by Ossian's story,  
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory ;  
Nor could the stormy clime, with all its rigour, 5  
Repel in love or war the hero's vigour.

When Honour call'd, the youth disdain'd to ponder,  
And as he fought the fav'rite maid grew fonder.

The brave by Beauty were rejected never,  
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever. 10

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,  
The bard at home had ev'ry pow'r descriptive;  
He swell'd the sacred song, enhanc'd the story,  
And rais'd the warrior to the skies of glory.

That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows, 15  
The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us.

The sway of northern beauty, if disputed,  
Look round, ye Infidels! and stand confuted.  
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known 'em;  
They're such—the sacred Ossian cann't disown 'em.

To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,  
And that your usual candour reigns among you, 22  
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,  
And stamp it with the sanction of your favour. 24.

### AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoke in the Character of Lady Townley, in The  
Provok'd Husband.*

AT Lady—Let me recollect—whose night is't?  
No matter—at a circle the politest,  
Taste summons all the satire she is able,  
And canvasses my conduct to the table.

“ A wife reclaim'd, and by a husband's rigour, 5

“ A wife with all her appetites in vigour,

“ Lard! she must make a lamentable figure!

“ Where was her pride? of ev'ry spark divested,

“ To mend because a prudish husband press'd it!

“ What! to prefer his dull domestic quiet 10

“ To the dear scenes of hurricane and riot?

“ Parties disclaim'd, the happy rout rejected,

“ Because at ten she's by her spouse expected?

“ Oh hideous! how immensely out of nature!

“ Don't you, my Dears! despise the servile creature?”

Prudence, altho' the company be good, 16

Is often heard, and sometimes understood.

Suppose, to justify my reformation,

She'd give the circle this concise oration.

" Ye giddy group of fashionable Wives !  
 " That in continu'd riot waste your lives,  
 " Did ye but see the demons that descend,  
 " The cares convulsive that on cards attend,  
 " The midnight spectres that surround your chairs,  
 " (Rage reddens here—there Avarice despairs) 25  
 " You'd rush for shelter where contentment lies,  
 " To the domestic blessings you despise.  
 " Or if you've no regard to moral duty, [ty."  
 " ('Tis trite, but true)—Quadrille will murder Beau-  
 Taste is abash'd, (the culprit!) I'm acquitted; 30  
 They praise the character they lately pity'd:  
 They promise to reform—relinquish play,  
 So break the tables up at break of day. 33

## AN EPILOGUE,

*Designed to be spoke at Alnwick, on resigning the Playhouse  
to a Party detached from the Edinburgh Theatre.*

**T**O Alnwick's lofty seat, a sylvan scene !  
 To rising hills from distance doubly green,  
 Go—says the god of Wit, my standard bear,  
 These are the mansions of the great and fair ;\*  
 'Tis my Olympus now ; go spread your banners there.  
 Led by fond Hope, the pointed path we trace, 6  
 And thank'd our patron for the flow'ry place.  
 Here—we behold a gently waving wood,  
 There—we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood.  
 The landscape smiles—the fields gay fragrance wear ;  
 Soft scenes are all around—refreshful air : 11  
 Slender repast indeed, and but chamelion fare.  
 A troop, at certain times compell'd to shift,  
 And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift,  
 By tyrant managers awhile consign'd 15  
 To fatten on what forage they can find,  
 With lawless force our liberty invades,  
 And fain would thrust us from these fay'rite shades ;

\* The Earl and Countess of Northumberland, Lord and Lady Warkworth, &c.

But we (since Prejudice erects her scale,  
And puffs and petty artifice prevail) 20  
To stronger holds with cool discretion run,  
And leave the conquerors to be—undone.

With gratitude still we'll acknowledge the favours  
So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours: 24  
To the great and the fair we rest thankfully debtors,  
And wish we could say we gave place to our betters.

## AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoke by Mrs. G——, at her Benefit.*

UNTAUGHT to tread the Muse's various maze,  
And quite unpractis'd in poetic lays,  
I'll tell my simple tale in plain familiar phrase.

In farmer's yard I've seen a housewife stand,  
Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand, 5  
Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,  
Whilst all the neighb'ring poultry gathers round.

Bold Chanticleer, in shining plumage gay,  
Struts on before, and leads the well-known way;  
His consort next, she guides his chatt'ring train, 10  
Impatient to devour the golden grain;  
Next stalks the turkey-cock above the rest,  
With rosy gills and elevated chest;  
The screaming goose and waddling duck come last,  
Alike partakers of the free repast. 15

The breakfast done, behold each thankless guest,  
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jest,)  
With insolence and pamper'd pride elate,  
Presumes his merit should provide him meat, [eat.  
And thinks the hostess thank'd that he vouchsaf'd to  
A linnet perching on a neighb'ring tree 21  
The well-provided banquet chanc'd to see;  
She lights, and, mingling with the motley crew,  
Feasted, as most at free expence will do;  
Then singling from the mercenary throng, 25  
Repaid the gen'rous donor with a song.

Could well-wrought numbers with my wish agree,  
The grateful linnet you'd behold in me;  
But doom'd to silence from my want of skill,  
Accept, kind Patrons! of a warm good will. 30

## AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoke by a Child of Nine Years old.*

AS the wise ones within have assur'd me its common  
 For chits of my age to be aping the woman,  
 To prove that I've talents as well as another,  
 Good Folks!—I ran forward—in spite of my mother.  
 Don't tell me, says I—they shall know how the case is;  
 I'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces: 6  
 I was born a coquette—and by Godes I'm not idle;  
 I can ogle already—look peevish, and bridle;  
 And I'll practise new gestures each night and each  
 morning

'Gainst I reach to my teens—so I give ye fair warning.  
 Tho' I move ye at present with nothing but laughter,  
 Look well to your hearts, Beaux!—I'll swinge ye  
 hereafter. [bolder,

Have patience then, pray; and, by practice grown  
 I'll promise to please if I live to grow older. 14





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## EPIGRAMS.

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### AN EPIGRAM.

A MEMBER of the modern great  
Pass'd Sawney with his budget ;  
The peer was in a car of state,  
The tinker forc'd to trudge it. 4

But Sawney shall receive the praise  
His Lordship would parade for ;  
One's debtor for his dapple greys,  
And th' other's shoes are paid for. 8

### ANOTHER.

TO Wasteall, whose eyes were just closing in death,  
Doll counted the chinks on the door ; [breath,  
" In peace," cry'd the wretch, " let me give up my  
" And Fate will soon rub out my score." 4

" Come, Bailiffs," cries Doll, " (how I'll hamper this  
" Let the law be no longer delay'd ; [cheat !)  
" I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,  
" And by G—d he sha'n't die till I'm paid." 8

### ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

SAYS Tom to Richard, " Churchill's dead."  
Says Richard, " Tom, you lie :  
" Old rancour the report hath spread ;  
" But Genius cannot die." 4

### EPIGRAM.

COULD Kate for Dick compose the Gordian string,  
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring !  
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,  
Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse. 4

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# IMITATIONS.

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ANACREON,

ODE V. IMITATED.

THE ROSE.

**S**HED Roses in the sprightly juice  
Prepar'd for ev'ry social use,  
So shall the earthly nectar prove  
A draught for all-imperial Jove.

Ourselfs, with rosy chaplets bound,  
Shall sing, and set the goblet round.

Thee, ever gentle Rose! we greet;  
We worship thee, delicious Sweet!  
For tho' by mighty gods carest,  
You deign to make us mortals blest.

The Cupids and the Graces fair  
With myrtle sprigs adorn their hair,  
And nimbly strike celestial ground,  
Eternal Roses blooming round.

Bring us more sweets ere these expire,  
And reach me that harmonious lyre;  
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial son,  
Shall lead us to his fav'rite tun:

Among the sporting youths and maids,  
Beneath the vine's auspicious shades,

For ever young—for ever gay,  
We'll dance the jovial hours away.

5

10

15

20

22



## ANACREON,

ODE IX. IMITATED.

## THE DOVE.

- " TELL me," said I, " my beauteous Dove!  
 " (If an embassadrefs from Love,)  
 " Tell me on what soft errand sent  
 " Thy gentle flight is this way bent?  
 " Ambrosial sweets thy pinions shed 5  
 " As in the quiv'ring breeze they spread."  
 " A message," says the Bird, " I bear  
 " From fond Anacreon to the fair;  
 " A virgin of celestial grace,  
 " The Venus of the human race! 10  
 " Me for an hymn or amorous ode  
 " The Paphian Venus once bestow'd  
 " To the sweet bard, for whom I'd fly  
 " Unweary'd to the farthest sky.  
 " Thro' the soft air he bade me glide, 15  
 " (See to my wing his billet's ty'd,)  
 " And told me 'twas his kind decree  
 " When I return'd to set me free.  
 " 'Twould prove me but a simple bird  
 " To take Anacreon at his word. 20  
 " Why should I hide me in the wood,  
 " Or search for my precarious food,  
 " When I've my master's leave to stand  
 " Cooing upon his friendly hand?  
 " When I can be profusely fed 25  
 " With crumbs of his ambrosial bread,  
 " And, welcom'd to his nectar bowl,  
 " Sip the rich drops that fire the soul,  
 " Till in fantastic rounds I spread  
 " My flutt'ring pinions o'er his head? 30  
 " Or if he strike the trembling wire,  
 " I perch upon my fav'rite lyre,  
 " Till, lull'd into luxuriant rest,  
 " Sleep steals upon my raptur'd breast,  
 " Go, Stranger!—to your bus'ness—go; 35  
 " I've told you all you wish'd to know:  
 " Go, Stranger!—and I think you'll say,  
 " This prattling Dove's an arrant jay." 38

## ANACREON,

## ODE XIV. IMITATED.

**W**HY did I with Love engage?  
 Why provoke his mighty rage?  
 True, it is the wand'ring child  
 Met me with an aspect mild,  
 And besought me like a friend  
 At his gentle shrine to bend: 5  
 True, from my mistaken pride  
 Due devotion was deny'd,  
 Till (because I would not yield)  
 Cupid dar'd me to the field. 10  
 Now I'm in my armour clasp'd,  
 Now the mighty lance is grasp'd;  
 But an Achillian spear  
 Would be ineffectual here,  
 While the poison'd arrows fly 15  
 Hot as lightning from the sky.  
 Wounded, thro' the woods I run,  
 Follow'd still by Beauty's son;  
 Arrows in malignant show'rs  
 Still the angry urchin pours, 20  
 Till exhausting all his store  
 (When the quiver yields no more)  
 See the gods—a living dart!  
 Shoots himself into my heart.  
 Freedom I must now resign; 25  
 Victory, oh Love! is thine.  
 What can outward actions win  
 When the battle burns within? 28

## ANACREON,

## ODE XIX. IMITATED.

**O**LD Earth, when in a tippling vein,  
 Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,  
 Which the tall trees, by heat oppress'd,  
 Drink from her kind maternal breast.

Left angry Ocean should be dry,  
 The River-gods their stores supply:  
 The monarch of the glowing Day  
 Drinks large potations from the sea;

3

And the pale empress of the Night  
 Drinks from his orb propitious light:  
 All—all things drink—Abstemious Sage!  
 Why should not we our thirst assuage?

12

## ANACREON,

ODE XXXIII. IMITATED.

TO THE SWALLOW.

SOON as Summer glads the sky,  
 Hither, gentle Bird! you fly,  
 And, with golden sunshine blest,  
 Build your pretty plaster'd nest.  
 When the seasons cease to smile  
 (Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)  
 Charming Bird! you disappear  
 Till the kind succeeding year.

5

Like the Swallow, Love! depart;  
 Respite for a while my heart.

10

No: he'll never leave his nest,  
 Tyrant tenant of my breast!  
 There a thousand wishes try  
 On their callow wings to fly;  
 There you may a thousand tell,  
 Pertly peeping thro' the shell;  
 In a state unfinish'd rise  
 Thousands of a smaller size.

15

Till their noisy chirpings cease,  
 Never shall my heart have peace.  
 Feather'd ones the younglings feed  
 Till mature they're fit to breed;  
 Then, to swell the crowded store,  
 They produce their thousands more;  
 Nor can mighty numbers count  
 In my breast their vast amount.

20

26

## ANACREON,

## ODE LVIII. IMITATED.

**A**S I wove with wanton care  
 Fillets for a virgin's hair,  
 Culling for my fond design  
 What the fields had fresh and fine,  
 Cupid—and I mark'd him well, 5  
 Hid him in a cowslip bell,  
 While he plum'd a pointed dart,  
 Fated to inflame the heart.

Glowing with malicious joy,  
 Sudden I secur'd the boy, 10  
 And, regardless of his cries,  
 Bore the little frighted prize  
 Where the mighty goblet stood  
 Teeming with a rosy flood.

"Urchin!" in my rage I cry'd,  
 15  
 "What avails thy saucy pride?  
 "From thy busy vengeance free,  
 "Triumph now belongs to me:  
 "Thus—I drown thee in my cup;  
 Thus—in wine I drink thee up." 20  
 Fatal was the nectar'd draught  
 That to murder Love I quafft:  
 O'er my bosom's fond domains  
 Now the cruel tyrant reigns,  
 On my heart's most tender strings 25  
 Striking with his wanton wings.  
 I'm for ever doom'd to prove  
 All the insolence of Love. 28





## IMITATION,

FROM ANACREON.

**F**ILL me that capacious cup,  
 Fill it to the margin up :  
 From my veins the thirsty Day  
 Quaffs the vital strength away. 4  
 Let a wreath my temples shield  
 Fresh from the enamell'd field ;  
 These declining roses bow,  
 Blasted by my sultry brow. 8  
 Flow'rets by their friendly aid  
 From the sunbeams form a shade ;  
 Let me from my heart require,  
 (Glowing with intense desire,) 12  
 Is there in the deepest grove  
 Shelter from the beams of Love ? 14

## THE DANCE,

ANACREONTICK.

**H**ARK! the speaking strings invite,  
 Music calls us to delight :  
 See! the maids in measures move,  
 Winding like the maze of love:  
 As they mingle, madly gay, 5  
 Sporting Hebe leads the way.  
 On each glowing cheek is spread  
 Rosy Cupid's native red,  
 And from ev'ry sparkling eye  
 Pointed darts at random fly. 10  
 Love and active Youth advance  
 Foremost in the sprightly dance.  
 As the magic numbers rise  
 Thro' my veins the poison flies ;  
 Raptures not to be express 15  
 Revel in my throbbing breast :  
 Jocund as we beat the ground  
 Love and harmony go round.

Every maid (to crown his bliss)  
 Gives her youth a rosy kiss ;  
 Such a kiss as might inspire  
 Thrilling raptures—soft desire ;  
 Such Adonis might receive,  
 Such the queen of Beauty gave  
 When the conquer'd goddess strove  
 (In the conscious myrtle grove)  
 To inflame the boy with love.

Let not pride our sports restrain ;  
 Banish hence the prude Disdain !  
 Think—ye Virgins ! if you're coy,  
 Think—ye rob yourselves of joy ;  
 Every moment you refuse  
 So much ecstasy you lose ;  
 Think—how fast these moments fly ;  
 If you should too long deny  
 Love and Beauty both will die.

## HORACE,

## ODE X. BOOK IV. IMITATED.

CHLOE, my most tender care,  
 Always coy and always fair !  
 Should unwish'd-for languor spread  
 O'er that beauteous white and red ;  
 Should these locks, that sweetly play  
 Down these shoulders, fall away,  
 And that lovely bloom, that glows  
 Fairer than the fairest rose,  
 Should it fade, and leave thy face  
 Spoil'd of every killing grace ;  
 Should your glass the charge betray,  
 Thus, my Fair ! you'd weeping say,  
 " Cruel Gods ! does beauty fade,  
 " Now warm desires my breast invade ?  
 " And why, while blooming youth did glow,  
 " Was this heart as cold as snow ?"

## SAPPHO'S HYMN

TO VENUS,

IMITATED.

## I.

**H**AIL! (with eternal beauty blest,  
 O'er heav'n and earth ador'd!)  
 Hail, Venus! 'tis thy slave's request  
 Her peace may be restor'd:  
 Break the fond bonds, remove the rankling smart,  
 And bid thy tyrant son from Sappho's soul depart. 6

## II.

Once you descended, queen of Love!  
 At Sappho's bold desire,  
 From the high roofs of sacred Jove,  
 Thy ever glorious fire!  
 I saw thy dusky pinion'd sparrows bear  
 Thy chariot, rolling light thro' the rejoicing air. 12

## III.

No transient visit you design'd,  
 Your wanton birds depart,  
 And with a look divinely kind,  
 That sooth'd my flutt'ring heart,  
 "Sappho," say you, "what sorrow breaks thy rest?  
 "How can I give relief to thy conflicting breast? 18

## IV.

"Is there a youth severely coy  
 "My fav'rite wou'd subdue?  
 "Or has she lost some wand'ring boy,  
 "To plighted vows untrue?  
 "Spread thy soft nets, the rambler shall return,  
 "And with new-lighted flames more fond more fiercely  
 "burn. 24

## V.

"Thy proffer'd gifts tho' he deride,  
 "And scorn thy glowing charms,  
 "Soon shall his ev'ry art be try'd  
 "To win thee to his arms:  
 "Tho' he be now as cold as virgin snow,  
 "The victim in his turn shall like rous'd Ætna glow." 24

## VI.

Thee, Goddess! I again invoke,  
 These mad desires remove!  
 Again I've felt the furious stroke  
 Of irresistible Love:  
 Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breast return,  
 Or make the youth she loves with mutual ardour burn.

## MOSCHUS, IDYLLIUM VII.

AS TRANSLATED BY DR. BROOME.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

**H**AIL, golden Star! of ray serene!  
 Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen!  
 O Hesper! glory of the night,  
 Diffusing thro' the gloom delight,  
 Whose beams all other stars outshine  
 As much as silver Cynthia thine;  
 O! guide me, speeding o'er the plain,  
 To him I love, my shepherd swain;  
 He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon  
 Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.  
 Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,  
 Nor the lone traveller of gold:  
 Love is my crime: O! lend thy ray  
 To guide a lover on her way.  
 May the bright Star of Venus prove  
 The gentle harbinger of Love!



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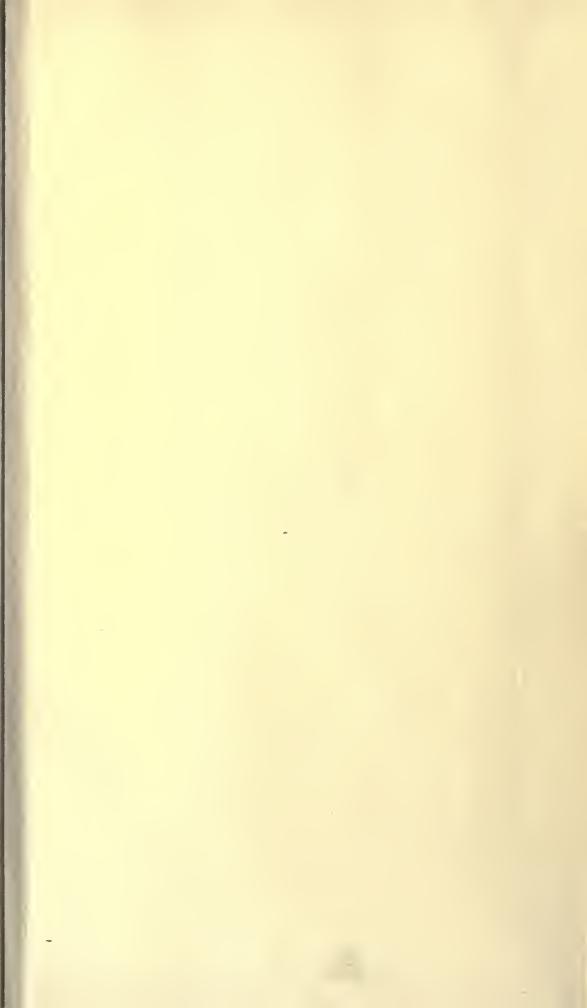
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