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S O N N E T S

A N D

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY THE LATE

THOMAS RUSSELL,

FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE.

O X F O R D :

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M D C C L X X X I X .

T O T H E
R E A D E R .

THE Reverend THOMAS RUSSELL, Author of the Poems here presented to the Public, was the Son of an eminent Attorney at Bridport in Dorsetshire. After spending some years at a Grammar-School in that County he was removed to Winchester, and in 1780 elected Fellow of New College, Oxford. In this situation he was eminently distinguished by his classical knowledge, and an extensive acquaintance with the best Authors in the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German languages. But his progress in literature was checked by a lingering illness, which at length terminated in a consumption

sumption of the lungs, and shortly after in his death. This event took place at Bristol, whither he had retired for the recovery of his health, on the 31st of July 1788, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

Whether the pieces contained in this collection were originally intended for publication, or not, is uncertain, but it is hoped that they will do no discredit to the memory of the Author, and that some allowance will be made for any imperfections which may occur, when it is considered that he was prevented from correcting them by an untimely death.

S O N N E T. I.

IN days of old, ere charm'd at length to rest
 Stern Chivalry her idle spear uphung,
 Sweet mid loud arms the Minstrel's music rung ;
 In each proud castle, at the gorgeous feast,
 Mix'd with bold Chiefs he sat, an honour'd guest ;
 Cheer'd with the genial rites, his lyre he strung,
 War, Love, the Wizard, and the Fay he sung,
 And fir'd with rapture each impassion'd breast :
 Such were the strains, which in her livelier prime
 Bright Fancy pour'd ; but ah ! they're heard no more !
 Yet is not Genius dead : the song sublime
 Might burst in tides as copious as of yore ;
 But WANT, grim Monster, checks the raging rhyme,
 And damps the Poet's wing outstretch'd to soar.

S O N N E T II.

AH! what avails it with adventurous pace
 To scale, fair Poesy, thy heights sublime?
 Tho' many a flower adorn the fragrant clime,
 Oft chilling storms with envious blast deface
 Each opening bloom : meanwhile with lifted mace
 High on the mountain's brow, in garb obscene,
 Sits WANT, a Spectre pale, whose threatening mien
 Oft drives the Bard to quit th' unfinish'd race :
 Yet nobler Some, undaunted at his frown,
 Up the steep hill have trod the rugged way ;
 Such sung the REDCROSS Knight, the TROJAN Town,
 Brave GAMA's toils, and SALEM's bloody fray ;
 Such too, with harder fate, tho' like renown,
 Great ÆLLA's Minstrel pour'd his deathless lay.*

* SPENSER, HOMER, CAMOENS, TASSO, and CHATTERTON are the poets alluded to in the four concluding lines.

S O N N E T III.

OXFORD, since late I left thy peaceful shore,
 Much I regret thy domes with turrets crown'd,
 Thy crested walls with twining ivy bound,
 Thy Gothic fanes, dim isles, and cloysters hoar,
 And treasur'd rolls of Wisdom's ancient lore ;
 Nor less thy varying bells, which hourly sound
 In pensive chime, or ring in lively round,
 Or toll in the flow Curfeu's solemn roar ;
 Much too thy moonlight walks, and musings grave
 Mid silent shades of high-embowering trees,
 And much thy Sister-Streams, whose willows wave
 In whispering cadence to the evening breeze ;
 But most those Friends, whose much-lov'd converse gave
 Thy gentle charms a tenfold power to please.

S O N N E T. IV.

YES, lov'd retreat, those wonted gales I know,
 That shed soft fragrance o'er my drooping frame,
 Sweet, as of old, when first the youthful flame
 Was kindled in my veins ; and now below
 I see thy various length of landscape glow
 With all it's custom'd blooms, it's groves the fame,
 It's verdant lawns, and towers of antique fame,
 And streams that gently murmur as they flow :
 Now too the sounds, that us'd my soul to cheer,
 Thy mingled melodies of hill and plain,
 Melt in faint murmurs on my ravish'd ear :
 But say, will They too bless my eyes again,
 My Friends of yore ? if They no more appear,
 Fair as thou art, thy other charms are vain.

S O N N E T. V.

To the Author of the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

Ἡ θαύματα πολλά,
 Καί που τι καὶ βροτῶν φρένας
 Ἐπὲρ τον ἀληθῆ λόγον
 Δεδαιδαλμένοι ψεύδεσι ποικίλοις
 Ἐξαπατῶντι μῦθοι. Pindar. Olymp. I.

BLEST Child of Genius, whose fantaftic Sprite
 Rides on the vollied lightning's flaſh, or roves
 Thro' flowery valleys, and Elyſian groves,
 Or, borne on venturous pinions, takes it's flight
 To thoſe dread realms, where hid from mortal fight
 Fierce Genii roam, or where in bright alcoves
 Mild Fairies reign, and woo their ſecret loves ;
 Whate'er thy theme, whether the magic might
 Of the ſtern Kings, that dwell mid Ocean's roar,
 Or Sindbad's perils, or the cruel wiles
 Of Afric's curſt Enchanter charm us more,
 Or ought more wondrous ſtill our ear beguiles,
 Well-pleas'd we liſten to thy fabling lore,
 And Truth itſelf with leſs attraction ſmiles.

S O N N E T VI.

TO BOCCACCIO.*

NOT for thy Gothic Trumpet's martial rage,
 Not for thy Latian Bays, nor that 'twas thine
 The Tufcan's rugged period to refine,
 Nor yet, BOCCACCIO, that thy faithful page
 Reflects the genuine manners of thy Age,
 Nor that, enliven'd at thy fprightlier ftyle,
 Pale Sorrow's Victims fsmooth the brow, and fmile ;
 For nought of worth like this, immortal Sage,
 Haft I to twine this garland round thy tomb ;
 But that I oft have fhar'd NASTAGIO's fears
 At his dread Vifion, oft have wept the doom
 Of fair GHISMONDA, funk in early years,
 I crown thee with this chaplet's fimple bloom,
 The Bard fublime of Terrour, and of Tears.

* Boccaccio wrote the Thefeida an Epic poem in Ottava Rima, and feveral Latin works; but owes his reputation chiefly to the Decamerone, the ftyle of which is ftill confidered as the ftandard of perfection in the Italian language. Among the many humorous and licentious tales, which form this work, are fome of a more ferious character. Such are the two here mention'd, which Dryden has imitated under the names of Theodore and Honoria, Sigifmonda and Guifcardo.

S O N N E T VII.

SICK with the pangs, that prompt the Lover's moan,
 Long tender Taffo pin'd, but pin'd in vain :
 Despair at length and Frenzy fir'd his brain ;
 In silence oft he sat, and wept alone,
 Oft rav'd aloud, and taught wild woods to groan ;
 Oft too in songs, if songs might ease his pain,
 He pour'd his soul, changing the Trumpet's strain
 For rural Reeds, and the Lute's amorous tone :
 I, who like him whole years with tortur'd heart
 Have woo'd, and vainly woo'd, as fair a Dame,
 Feel thro' my boiling veins like madness dart ;
 So could I learn, like him, the lay to frame,
 If She, if haply She, who caus'd my smart,
 Might deign to listen, and relieve my pain !

S O N N E T. VIII.

TO VALCLUSA.

WHAT tho', VALCLUSA, the fond Bard be fled,
 That woo'd his Fair in thy sequester'd bowers,
 Long lov'd her living, long bemoan'd her dead,
 And hung her visionary shrine with flowers !
 What tho' no more he teach thy shades to mourn
 The hapless chances that to Love belong,
 As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn
 He charm'd wild Echo with his plaintive song !
 Yet still, enamour'd of the tender tale,
 Pale PASSION haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
 Yet still soft Music breathes in every gale,
 Still undecay'd the Fairy-garlands bloom,
 Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
 Still PETRARCH'S GENIUS weeps o'er LAURA'S tomb.

S O N N E T IX.

No more, fond Father of a much-lov'd Child,
 Let thy sad heart, big with paternal fears,
 Dread the rude storms, that wait his riper years ;
 A Friend, who knows him generous, brave, and mild,
 By Pride unspoil'd, by Flattery unbeguil'd,
 True to his promise, faithful to his trust,
 Blind to his own, to others merit just,
 Nor stain'd with Folly, nor with Vice defil'd,
 And zealous still in Honour's arduous way
 To emulate the race his Sire has run,
 Tells thee, that if kind Heaven prolong his day
 To mourn thy ashes, when thy life is done,
 Thy fame shall live unconscious of decay,
 And all thy virtues flourish in thy Son.

S O N N E T X.

COULD then the Babes from yon unfhelter'd cot
Implore thy paſſing charity in vain ?
Too thoughtleſs Youth ! what tho' thy happier lot
Infult their life of poverty and pain !
What tho' their Maker doom'd them thus forlorn
To brook the mockery of the taunting throng,
Beneath th' Oppreſſor's iron ſcourge to mourn,
To mourn, but not to murmur at his wrong !
Yet when their laſt late evening ſhall decline,
Their evening chearful, tho' their day diſtreſt,
A Hope perhaps more heavenly-bright than thine,
A Grace by thee unfought, and unpoſſeſt,
A Faith more fix'd, a Rapture more divine
Shall gild their paſſage to eternal Reſt.

S O N N E T XI.

Too long, alas ! thro' Life's tempestuous tide
Heedless of Heaven, my giddy course I steer'd,
Link'd with the scoffing crew, nor ought rever'd
Great NATURE'S GOD : such erring dreams belie'd
My Fancy, swoln with unsubstantial pride :
While, uglier far than have been feign'd or fear'd,
Ten thousand Phantoms to my sight appear'd,
And drew me darkling far from truth aside.
But vigorous now, with eagle-ken restor'd,
By nobler means aiming at nobler ends,
To the mild bosom of it's saving Lord,
Elate with ardent Hope, my Soul ascends,
While o'er the dreadful gulph, yet unexplor'd,
RELIGION'S golden Sun it's evening-beam extends.

S O N N E T XII.

DEAR Babe, whose meaning by fond looks exprest,
Thy only little eloquence, might move
The sternest soul to tenderness and love,
While thus, nor taught by Age to fawn, nor drest
In Treachery's mask, nor Falshood's glistering vest,
Thou sweetly smilest, at the pleasing sight,
Wretch as I am, unwonted to Delight,
A tranfient gleam of gladness cheers my breast :
Yet soon again bursts forth th' unbidden tear,
And inly bleeds my heart, while I divine
What chilling blasts may nip thy riper year,
What blackening storms may cloud thy life's decline ;
What for myself I feel, for Thee I fear :
Nay ! God forbid my woes should e'er be thine !

S O N N E T XIII.

Suppos'd to be written at Lemnos.*

ON this lone Isle, whose rugged rocks affright
 The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
 Great Pæan's Son, unwonted erst to tears,
 Wept o'er his wound : alike each rolling light
 Of heaven he watch'd, and blam'd it's lingering flight,
 By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave
 Drove slumber from his eyes, the chiding wave,
 And savage howlings chas'd his dreams by night.
 HOPE still was his : in each low breeze, that sigh'd
 Thro' his rude grot, he heard a coming oar,
 In each white cloud a coming fail he spied ;
 Nor feldom listen'd to the fancied roar
 Of Oeta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
 That parts fam'd Trachis from th' Euboic shore.

* See that romantic and interesting tragedy, the Philoctetes of Sophocles.

S O N N E T XIV.

To the Spider.

INGENIOUS Insect, but of ruthless mould,
Whose savage craft, as Nature taught, designs
A mazy web of death, the filmy lines,
That form thy circling labyrinth, enfold
Each thoughtless Fly, that wanders near thy hold,
Sad victim of thy guile ; nor ought avail
His filken wings, nor coat of glossy mail,
Nor varying hues of azure, jet, or gold :
Yet, tho' thus ill the fluttering captive fares,
Whom heedless of the fraud thy toils trepan,
Thy tyrant-fang, that flays the stranger, spares
The bloody brothers of thy cruel clan ;
While MAN against his fellows spreads his snares,
Then most delighted, when his prey is MAN.

S O N N E T X V .

To the Owl.

GRAVE Bird, that shelter'd in thy lonely bower,
On some tall oak with ivy overspread,
Or in some silent barn's deserted shed,
Or mid the fragments of some ruin'd tower,
Still, as of old, at this sad solemn hour,
When now the toiling Sons of Care are fled,
And the freed Ghost slips from his wormy bed,
Complainest loud of Man's ungentle power,
That drives thee from the chearful face of day
To tell thy sorrows to the pale-eyed Night,
Like thee, escaping from the sunny ray,
I woo this gloom, to hide me from the sight
Of that fell Tribe, whose persecuting sway
On Me and Thee alike is bent to light.

S O N N E T · XVI.*

ONCE more return'd to curl the dimpling lake
Auspicious Zephyr waves his downy wing,
Rouz'd at his touch the slumbering flowers awake
With all the smiling Family of Spring :
Again is heard the turtle's amorous tale,
Again the swallow twitters o'er her nest,
Again wild music melts in every vale,
And love rekindling glows in every breast :
Thus they return : but ah ! to me no more
Return the pleasures of the vernal plain,
In vain for me resounds the vocal shore,
And woods renew their verdant robes in vain ;
Nor counsel sweet of Friends can ease my care,
Nor even the sweeter converse of the Fair.

* The Italian reader will perceive a resemblance between this and the 269th Sonnet of Petrarch :

Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena &c.

S O N N E T X V I I .

OH Thou, whose poifon taints life's richeft feaft,
 Thou Fiend, whom Fear on Love begot of yore,
Whom dark Suspicion fofter'd at her breaft,
 And Vengeance tutor'd in his deadlieft lore,
Oh JEALOUSY, whose inly-rankling dart
 Racks the fond bofom with unnumber'd throes,
That now, even now, art bufy at my heart,
 Far hence avaunt, and leave me to refofe!
Go in fome Stygian cave unheard to moan,
 There night and day thy refllefs eye-balls roll —
Ah! fpare me, fpare me, fince thy power I own!
 Nor thus, fo foon returning from controul,
In fize more huge, in fhape more hideous grown,
 With tenfold horrors rufh upon my foul.

S O N N E T XVIII.

From Petrarch.*

IF, here reclining while I weep my woes,
 The Turtle near me tells her plaintive tale,
 Or headlong brook with warbling murmur flows,
 Or green leaves rustle to the sighing gale,
 In each low sound, that makes these rocks reply,
 I seem my Laura's long-lost voice to hear,
 And oft, bright beaming on my raptur'd eye,
 Her charms more lovely than in life appear ;
 A Naiad oft, emerging from the flood,
 Graceful she seems to tread the dimpling wave,
 Oft glides along, a Goddess of the wood,
 Oft sits, the Nymph of this sequester'd cave,
 Oft mounting beckons from a cloud of light,
 Till Heaven at length receives her from my sight.

* Se lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde
 Mover soavemente all' aura estiva,
 O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
 S' ode d' una fiorita, e fresca riva ;
 Là 'v' io feggia d' amor pensoso, e scriva ;
 Lei, che' l Ciel ne mostrò, terra n' asconde,
 Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo. —
 Or' in forma di Ninfa, o d' altra Diva,
 Che del più chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
 E pongasi a feder in su la riva ;
 Or l' ho veduta su per l' erba fresca
 Calcar i fior, com' una donna viva. —

S O N N E T X I X .

From Petrarch. †

FULL twice ten years, pining with fond desire,
 Love's Slave I liv'd, nor broke the galling chain,
 Nor banish'd hope, tho' hope was always vain ;
 Ten more, these eyes, when Death's avenging ire
 Snatch'd the dear Maid, to whom they dar'd aspire,
 Wept o'er her grave, while still my plaintive strain
 Told each sad Echo of these groves my pain :
 But now, since Time has quench'd th' unwilling fire,
 This remnant of my days, with clouds o'ercast,
 To thee, great GOD, whose mercies never cease,
 I meekly vow, to expiate the past ;
 Praying, if prayer may fins like mine release,
 By storms long tost to find a port at last,
 Long bruis'd in war at length to sleep in peace.

† *Tennemi Amor' anni ventuno ardendo
 Lieto nel foco, e nel duol pien di speme :
 Poi che Madonna, e' l mio cor seco insieme
 Saliro al ciel, dieci altri anni piangendo.
 Omai son stanco — Le mie parti estreme,
 Alto Dio, at te divotamente rendo. —
 Sicchè, s' io vissi in guerra, ed in tempesta,
 Mora in pace, ed in porto. —*

S O N E T T O

DI FAUSTINA MARATTI.

DONNA, che tanto al mio bel Sol piacesti,
Che ancor de' pregi tuoi parla fovente,
Lodando ora il bel crine, ora il ridente
Tuo labbro, ed ora i faggi detti onesti ;
Dimmi, quando le voci a lui volgesti,
Tacque egli mai, qual' uom che nulla sente ?
O le turbate luci alteramente,
Come a me volge, a te volger vedesti ?
De' tuoi bei lumi alle due chiare faci
Io so ch' egli arse un tempo, e so che allora —
Ma tu declini al fuol gli occhi vivaci ?
Veggio il rossor, che le tue guance infiora :
Parla, rispondi ; ah ! non risponder, taci,
Taci, se mi vuoi dir, ch' ei t' ama ancora.

S O N N E T XX.

Imitated from the preceding.

Too beauteous Rival, whose enticing charms
Once to my heart's sole Darling seem'd so fair,
That oft he praises still thy ivory arms,
Thy ruby lips, blue eyes, and auburn hair ;
Say, when he heard thy tongue's seducing strain,
Stood he e'er silent, or with scorn replied,
Or turn'd with alter'd brow of cold disdain
From thy soft smiles, as now from mine, aside ?
Once, once, too well I know, he held thee dear,
And then, when captive to thy sovereign will —
But why that look abash'd, that starting tear,
Those conscious blushes which my fears fulfil ?
Speak, answer, speak ; nay answer not, forbear,
If thou must answer, that he loves thee still.

B E L I N D E.

EIN SONNET VON HERR GLEIM.

DAS letztere leichtflatternde gewand

Sank! Welch ein blick! die artige Belinde

Ward um und um ein spiel der sanften winde,

Wo sie, wie Venus einft, auf Ida stand.

Durch ihren reiz, durch ihre zarte hand,

Von der ich noch den sanften scherz empfinde,

Durch alles was an ihr mein auge fand,

Floß in mein herz das süße gift der sünde.

Erstaunt, entzückt, mir selber unbewußt,

Bemächtigte sich die gewalt der sinnen,

Ach! allzubald der tugend meiner brust.

Du, der du sagst; Ich will den sieg gewinnen;

Ach! laß doch nie das süße gift der luft,

Laß es doch nie nach deinem herzen rinnen.

S O N N E T XXI.

Imitated from the preceding.

FROM her fair limbs the last thin veil she drew,
And naked stood in all her charms confess'd,
The wanton gales her ringlets backward blew,
To sport themselves more freely on her breast:
From each warm beauty of th' uncover'd Maid,
Before scarce guess'd at, or but seen in part,
From all, for all was to my eyes display'd,
Delicious poison trickled to my heart:
Since thus I gaz'd (was mine to gaze the blame?)
Nor bliss my soul has tasted, nor repose;
The subtle venom glides thro' all my frame,
And in my brain a fiery deluge glows:
Thou, who my pangs wouldst shun, with wiser care
The spot, where Cynthia bathes at noon, beware.

S O N E T O

DE LUIZ DE CAMOENS.

A fermosura desta fresca ferra,
E a fombra dos verdes castanheiros,
O manso caminhar destes ribeiros,
Donde toda a tristeza se desterra ;
O rouco som do mar, a estranha terra,
O esconder do Sol pelos outeiros,
O recolher dos gados derradeiros,
Das nuvens pelo ar a branda guerra ;
Em fim tudo o que a rara natureza
Com tanta variedade nos oferece,
Me esta, se não te vejo, magoando :
Sem ti tudo me enoja, e me aborrece,
Sem ti perpetuamente estou passando
Nas móres alegrias mór tristeza.

S O N N E T XXII.

Imitated from the preceding.

THESE hills that lift their verdant heads so high,
 These towering palms that form a cooling shade,
 These moss-grown banks for peaceful slumbers made,
 This lingering stream that flows in silence by,
 The distant-murmuring main, the Zephyr's sigh,
 The Sun that sinks behind yon dusky glade,
 The nibbling flocks that crop their evening blade,
 Those glittering clouds that fringe the western sky;
 Each various beauty, which the vernal year
 Pours out profuse on woodland, vale, or plain,
 Each pastoral charm, since thou no more art near,
 Smiles not to these sad eyes, or smiles in vain;
 Even scenes like these a cheerless aspect wear,
 And pleasure sickens, till it turns to pain.

S O N E T O

DE LUIZ DE CAMOENS.

CHORAI, Ninfas, os Fados poderofos

Daquella soberana fermofura,

Onde forao parar na fepultura

Aquelles reaes olhos graciofos.

Oh bens do mundo falfos, e enganofos !

Que magoas para ouvir, que tal figura

Jaza fem resplendor na terra dura,

Com tal roftro, e cabellos tao fermofos !

Dos outras que ferá, pois poder teve

A Morte fobre coufa tanto bella,

Que ella eclipsava a luz do claro dia !

Mas o mundo nao era digno della :

Per iffo mais na terra nao esteve,

Ao Ceo fobio, que já fe lhe devia.

S O N N E T XXIII.

Imitated from the preceding.

WEEP, Nymphs of Tagus, weep the hapless doom

Ordain'd by Fate, and Death's severe decree,

Severe to all, but most, alas ! to me,

In Youth's gay pride, in Beauty's early bloom

To sink the lov'd Ophelia to the tomb.

Heavens! that such eyes, whose orbs so sweetly roll'd,

Such lips of rubies, and such locks of gold

So soon should moulder in eternal gloom !

Tremble ye lesser Stars ! if nought could save

Charms, such as her's, from the foul shades of night,

How soon shall fade your glories in the grave !

Yet cease my Soul to grieve ; her Heaven-born Sprite,

Too pure to linger in it's earthly cave,

Wing'd its free passage to the realms of light.

ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΟΥ ΠΑΙΑΝ.

Τίκτει δέ τε θνατοῖσιν Εἰρήνηα μεγάληα
Πλῆτον, καὶ μελιγλώσσων ἀοιδῶν ἄνθεα,

Δαιδαλέων τ' ἐπὶ βωμῶν

Θεῶσιν αἴθεται βοῶν

Ξανθᾶ Φλογὶ μηρία,

Εὐτρίχων τε μήλων·

Γυμνασίων τε νέοις,

Αὐλῶν τε, καὶ κώμων μέλει,

Ἐν δὲ σιδαροδέτοιςι

Πόρπαξιν αἰθᾶν ἀραχνῶν

Ἴστοι πέλονται· ἔγχεά τε λογχωτὰ,

Ξίφεά τ' ἀμφάκεα δάμναται εὐρώς.

Χαλκῆων δ' οὐκ ἔτι σαλπίγγων κτύπος,

Οὐδὲ συλάται μελίφρων

Ἵππος ἀπὸ βλεφάρων,

Ἄμὸν ὅς θάλπει κέαρ·

Συμπεσίων δ' ἐρατῶν βρίθοντ' ἀγυαί,

Παιδικοὶ θ' ὕμνοι φλέγονται.

I M I T A T I O N
OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

HAIL sacred PEACE ! when thus thy fovereign word
Bids hostile Nations sheath the slaughtering sword,
Glad fees the Swain the curling vapours rise,
While altars blaze, and incense fills the skies :
No more at midnight, scar'd with dire alarms,
Pale Watchmen rouze the flumbering Youth to arms :
The lance imbrown'd with rust, and rough with gore,
Flames in the ruddy van of War no more :
In idle helms, and mails of alter'd hue
Well-pleas'd the Spider spreads her subtle clue :
To fighting toils athletic sports succeed,
And to the trumpet's clang the rural reed :
Love, Laughter, Wine the fleeting hours employ,
The dance of triumph, and the song of joy.

O D A

DEL MAESTRO FR. LUIS DE LEON.*

FOLGABA el Rey Rodrigo
Con la hermosa Caba en la ribera
De Tajo sin testigo:
El pecho sacó fuera
El Rio, y le habló de esta manera :

En mal punto te goces
Injusto Forzador, que ya el sonido,
Oyo ya y las voces,
Las armas y el bramido
De Marte, de furor y ardor cenido.

* Don Rodrigo, the last of the Gothic Kings of Spain, having offered violence to Caba the Daughter of Count Julian, that Nobleman to avenge himself of the injury, brought over the Saracens from Africa, who defeated Rodrigo in battle, and made themselves masters of his Kingdom. See Mariana, Hist. de España, l. 6. c. 21, 22, 23. This fine ode is printed in the ninth volume of a selection of Spanish poems published at Madrid in the year 1772 under the title of el Parnaso Español.

Ay esa tu alegría
Que llantos acarrea ! y esa hermosa,
Que vió el Sol en mal día,
A España ay qué llorosa,
Y al ceptro de los Godos qué costosa !

Llamas, dolores, guerras,
Muertes, afolamientos, fieros males
Entre tus brazos cierras,
Trabajos inmortales
A ti, y a tus vasallos naturales.

A los que en Constantina
Rompen el fértil suelo, a los que bana
El Ebro, a la vecina
Sanfuenta, o Lusitana,
A toda la espaciosa y triste España.

Ya dende Cadiz llama
El injuriado Conde, a la venganza
Atento, y no a la fama,
La bárbara pujanza,
En quien para tu dano no hay tardanza.

Oye que al cielo toca
Con temeroso fon la trompa fiera,
Que en Africa convoca
El Moro a la vanderá,
Que al ayre desplegada va ligera.

La lanza ya blandeá
El Arabe cruel, y hiere al vento,
Llamando a la pelea :
Innumerable quento
De esquadras juntas vide in un momento.

Cubre la gente el fuelo :
Debajo de las velas desparece
La mar ; la voz ad cielo
Confusa e varia crece ;
El polvo roba el dia, y le obscurece.

Ay que ya prefurofos
Suben las largas naves ! ay que tienden
Los brazos vigorofos
A los remos, y encienden
Las mares espumofas por dó hienden !

El Eolo derecho
Hinche la vela en popa, y larga entrada
Per el Herculeo estrecho
Con la punta acerada
El gran Padre Neptuno da a la Armada.

Ay triste y aun te tiene
El mal dulce regazo, ni llamado
Al mal que sobraviene
No acorres : ocupado
No ves ya el porto a Hercules sagrado ?

Acude, acorre, vuela,
Traspasa el alta sierra, ocupa el llano,
No perdones la espuela,
No des paz a la mano,
Menea fulminando el hierro infano.

Ay cuánto de fatiga,
Ay cuánto de dolor está presente
Al que biste loriga,
Al Infante valiente,
A hombres y a caballos juntamente !

Y tú Betis divino,
De fangre agena y tuya amancillado,
Darás al mar vecino
Quánto yelmo quebrado !
Quánto cuerpo de Nobles destrozado !

El furibundo Marte
Cinco luces las haces defordena,
Igual a cada parte :
La fexta ay ! te condena.
O cara patria ! o bárbara cadena !

O D E

Imitated from the preceding.

I.

WHILE on bright Tago's banks reclin'd,
And all to Love's soft joys resign'd,
Rodrigo panted on fair Caba's breast,
Sudden, a Seer of future woes,
The River's awful God arose,
And thus with boding groans the fearless Chief address'd.

II.

In vain, while horrors round thee rise,
Thy arms enfold their ravish'd prize,
The prize so fatal to thy princely line:
Soon shall the Moor, so Fate has said,
Avenge the violated Maid,
And wrest Iberia's throne from Odin's race divine.

III.

In vain, with Gothic pride elate,
To suit thy shadowy dream of fate,
Corduba rears her gilded roof on high :
No Child of thine in years to come
Shall revel in the gorgeous dome :
It's alter'd Echoes now to barbarous tongues reply.

IV.

On Calpe's rocks with threatening hand
I see the injur'd Father stand,
All-torn his beard, and rent his hoary hair :
See, now he points to Libya's coast,
Now hails aloud the turban'd host,
And waves his purple flag of vengeance in the air !

V.

With oars, that sparkle to the Sun,
Swift o'er the level waves they run,
Their broad sails whiten on the crouded main ;
And now their clashing arms I hear,
The trumpet's clang invades my ear,
Loud neigh the fiery steeds, and paw the rattling plain.

VI.

With Ceuta's race, renown'd in fight,
Fierce Barca's swarthy Sons unite ;
Tunis her mooned ensigns wide displays ;
With flaming scymetar and shield
Morocco's squadrons shake the field,
On Alla's name they call, and shout the Prophet's praise.

VII.

O'er her rich meads with lifted lance
Fair Betis sees their ranks advance,
Proud Seville hears, Granada shakes with dread,
Sad Douro listens to the roar,
Ill-fated Minho foams with gore,
And distant Ebro groans with mountains of the dead.

VIII.

To arms, great Chief, to arms with speed !
Let the sword rage, the battle bleed !
Ken'st thou not yet th' approaching storm from far ?
Bid, bid thy Knights their faulchions wave,
Nor thou be slow the day to save,
But like a Comet blaze in the dark van of war !

IX.

Yet ah ! in vain : nor spear, nor spell
The ruthless Saracen can quell,
That crush'd stern Afric with his iron yoke :
He safely sheath'd in ribs of mail
Defies thy sharpest arrowy hail,
Laughs at the javelin's hiss, and mocks the sabre's stroke.

X.

Five bloody Suns with headlong rage
Each host an equal war shall wage,
Each see by turns his doubtful scale ascend ;
The sixth shall view thy flight forlorn,
Thy shatter'd arms, thy banners torn,
While Spain's proud neck beneath the victor's heel shall
bend.

T H E M A N I A C.

THO' Grief had nipp'd her early bloom,
Young JULIA still was fair :
The rose indeed had left her cheek,
The lily still was there.

THO' of all other actions past
Her memory bore no part,
The dear remembrance of her love
Still linger'd in her heart.

Long in that heart had reign'd alone
A swain of equal youth,
Of equal beauty too with her's,
But not of equal truth.

Whole years her yielding breast he footh'd
With passion's tender tale ;
Till Avarice call'd him from her arms
O'er the wide seas to fail.

With many a vow of quick return
He cross'd the briny tide,
But when a foreign shore he reach'd,
Soon found a wealthier bride.

Poor JULIA sicken'd at the news,
Yet never told her pain,
Long on her secret foul it prey'd,
And turn'd at last her brain.

From Brethren, Parents, house, and home
The mourning MANIAC fled ;
The sky was all her roof by day,
A bank by night her bed.

When thirst and hunger griev'd her most,
If any food she took,
It was the berry from the thorn,
The water from the brook.

Now hurrying o'er the heath she hied,
Now wander'd thro' the wood,
Now o'er the precipice she peep'd,
Now stood and eyed the flood.

From every hedge a flower she pluck'd,
And moss from every stone,
To make a garland for her Love,
Yet left it still undone.

Still, as she rambled, was she wont
To trill a plaintive song,
'Twas wild, and full of fancies vain,
Yet suited well her wrong.

All loose, yet lovely, to the wind
Her golden tresses flew,
And now alas! with heat were scorch'd,
And now were drench'd with dew.

No Friend was left the tears to wipe
That dimm'd her radiant eyes,
Yet oft their beams like those would shine
That gleam from watry skies.

Oft too a smile, but not of joy,
Play'd on her brow o'ercaft;
It was the faint cold smile of Spring,
Ere Winter yet is past.

Those forrows, which her tongue conceal'd,
Her broken sighs confest;
Her cloak was too much torn to hide
The throbbings of her breast.

From all, who near her chanc'd to stray,
With wild affright she ran;
Each voice that reach'd her scar'd her breast,
But most the voice of Man.

To me alone, when oft we met,
Her ear she would incline,
And with me weep, for well she knew
Her woes resembled mine.

One morn I fought her ; but too late —
Her wound had bled so fore —
God rest thy Spirit, gentle Maid !
Thou'rt gone for evermore !

T O C E R V A N T E S.

GREAT SAGE, whose wand at one commanding stroke
 Each antique pile of Elfin fabric broke,
 From midnight Spectres purg'd the Sorcerer's cell,
 And burst stern Chivalry's fantastic spell,
 Tho' on thy toil applauding Truth has smil'd,
 And Reason hails thee as her favorite Child,
 Romantic FANCY still, that lov'd to roam
 Thro' the drear desert, and enchanted dome,
 To view the perils of adventurous Knight
 In stately tournament, or hardy fight,
 To hear of Giants gorg'd with human blood,
 Of Dragons lurking in the charmed wood,
 Of Paynim-Foes in fable steel array'd,
 The Dwarf attendant, and the Warriour-Maid,
 Of herbs unblest that drug the witching bowl,
 And talismans that earth and air controul,

Of chryſtal globes which future fates unfold,
 And amber ſtreams that roll o'er ſands of gold,
 Of fragrant iſles which diamond rocks ſurround,
 Of wailing Ghoſts in iron durance bound,
 Of fiery walls to Demon-Guards aſſign'd,
 Of laboring Fiends to hollow mines confin'd,
 Of warning voices ſent from opening graves,
 Of gaudy pageants ſeen in twilight caves,
 Of viewleſs harps that breathe from airy bowers,
 Of golden bridges rais'd by Goblin-Powers,
 Of winged ſteeds thro' fields of air that ſoar,
 And magic barks that ſpeed from ſhore to ſhore ;
 FANCY, that erſt on dreams like theſe repos'd,
 Unwilling ſees the Fairy Viſion clos'd ;
 Sighs, while diſſolving fades the wondrous ſhow,
 To ſee bright Fiction's robe no longer glow ;
 And weeping blames the ruthleſs hand that tore
 The myſtic veil by Genius weav'd of yore.

S T A N Z A S

Address'd to a young Man who was disgusted with

OXFORD.

SAY thou, whom OXFORD doom'd thy prime to waste

A prey to Melancholy's moping power,

What envious spell forbad thy lips to taste

The sweets that bloom'd profusely round thy bower ?

Say, o'er this vale when blackening mists were spread,

Did ne'er the golden Sun bring back the day,

With kindlier verdure cloathe the fragrant mead,

And each dark grove in livelier tints array ?

Did no gay landscapes deck fair CHERWELL'S shore ?

Were no wild warblings echoed on her stream ?

Did ne'er the whitening fail, or sparkling oar

On the bright waves of beauteous ISIS gleam ?

And ah! had ART no charms to sooth thy breast?

Could heavenly Music never ease thy pain?

Did Attic domes upheave the glittering crest,

And the warm marble breathe for thee in vain?

Say didst thou never, never haply pass

Where Wykeham rear'd his gorgeous fane on high,

To gaze with rapture on the storied glass,

Whose hues with TITIAN'S or with NATURE'S vie?

Did LEARNING vainly spread her various page

To lure thine eyes, which Scorn had turn'd aside?

Could nor the Wit delight thee, nor the Sage,

Nor Truth with Fancy, Taste with Sense allied?

Did chance ne'er give thee, if not choice, a FRIEND,

Whose social converse might thy cares beguile,

Whose mild reproof thy follies might amend,

Whose mirth might teach thee 'twas no crime to smile?

Did no fair DAMSEL lull thy vacant mind

(As mine is lull'd) to think on her alone ?

That charm had driven thy forrows to the wind :

For LOVE can cure all troubles but his own.

If nought of this thy Soul from Spleen could save,

Back, penfive Youth, back to thy cell forlorn !

Go, sadly seek it, as a Ghost his grave ;

For where is Joy, if here be cause to mourn ?

T O S I L E N C E.

OH SILENCE, Maid of pensive mien,
That liv'ft unknown, unheard, unfeen,
 Within thy fecret cell,
A pilgrim to thy fhine I come ;
Oh lead me to thy hallow'd home,
 That I with thee may dwell !

Say, doft thou love to drink the dew
That trickles from the church-yard yew
 At midnight's stilleft hour ;
Or wrapt in melancholy fit
In fome dear charnel-houfe to fit,
 Or fome difmantled tower ?

Ah no ! the hoarfe night-raven's fong
Forbids thee there to linger long,
 When darknefs fhrouds the coaft ;
'There too complains the wakeful owl,
With many a yelling Demon foul,
 And many a fhrieking Ghofl.

Or with thy Sister Solitude
Dwell'ft thou, mid Afia's deserts rude,
 Beneath fome craggy rock,
Where nor the roving robber hies,
Nor Arab fees his tent arife,
 Nor shepherd folds his flock ?

Yet even in that fequefter'd fphere
The ferpent's his affails thy ear,
 And fills thee with affright,
While lions, loud in angry mood,
And tigers, roaming for their food,
 Rage dreadful thro' the night.

Or doft thou near the frozen pole,
Where flumbering feas forget to roll,
 Brood o'er the ftagnant deep,
Where nor is heard the dashing oar,
Nor wave, that murmurs on the fhore,
 To break thy charmed fleep ?

Yet there each bird of harhest cry,
That bravely wings the wintry sky,
Screams to the northern blast,
While on each ice-built mountain hoar,
That parting falls with hideous roar,
Grim monsters howl aghast.

Then where, ah tell me ! shall I find
Thy haunt untrodden by mankind,
And undisturb'd by noise,
Where, hush'd with thee in calm repose,
I may forget life's transient woes,
And yet more transient joys ?

V E R S E S

On hearing a Lady sing to her two Daughters who
were dancing a minuet.

YE feeling few, who joys refin'd can prove,
And taste the elegant delights of love,
Who oft, when scenes of heart-felt bliss appear,
Heave the soft sigh, and shed the silent tear,
See what alone might vice itself controul,
And wake to virtuous extasy the soul!
See the fond Parent with officious care
To measur'd motion form her darling pair!
Her voice attempering leads th' obedient pace,
Guides the just air, and moulds the infant grace,
While as they move unbidden beauties rise,
Bloom on their cheeks, and lighten in their eyes.

And Thou, whom realms unkind beyond the main
From such an Offspring, such a Spouse detain,
How would thy throbbing heart at once unite
The Husband's love, the Father's fond delight,
To see such beauties in one groupe combine,
And all the Mother in the Daughters shine !
For Me meanwhile, who, tho' to thee unknown,
Can in thy kindred virtues love thy own,
Can the fond Husband in the Wife admire,
And in the Children venerate the Sire,
Enough such charms with silent joy to praise,
Retire at distance, and with reverence gaze.

T O D E L I A.

'Tis not a cheek that boasts the ruby's glow,
The neck of ivory, or the breast of snow,
'Tis not a dimple known so oft to charm,
The hand's soft polish, or the tapering arm,
'Tis not the braided lock of golden hue,
Nor reddening lip that swells with vernal dew,
'Tis not a smile that blooms with young desire,
'Tis not an eye that sheds celestial fire,
No Delia, these are not the spells that move
My heart to fold thee in eternal love,
But 'tis that Soul which from so fair a frame
Looks forth, and tells us 'twas from Heaven it came.

T O Z E P H Y R.

If loitering thro' the noon-tide hour
Young Zephyr near my Delia's bower
Thou haply chance to rove,
Pass not, as erst, unheeding by,
But waft at least one gentle sigh
To tell her of my love.

So from each bank where violets bloom
Still mayst thou steal a new perfume
To scent thy spicy gale,
So mayst thou foon in amorous play
Incline thy own coy favorite MAY
To listen to thy tale.

T O D E L I A.

SINCE thought but adds to my regret,

To sleep my eyelids I resign,

If haply so I may forget

That first enchanting smile of thine :

In vain ; the same enchanting smile

In every fleeting dream appears,

And still more surely to beguile

Each charm that haunts me waking wears :

Ah then, in pity to my pain,

And all my doubts at once to smother,

Take back that one dear smile again,

Or oh ! confirm it by another.

A N E I N V E I L C H E N .

Von C. F. WEISSE.

MEIN Veilchen, laß die schmeicheleyen
Des jungen Zephyrs dich nicht reuen,
Du unfrer gärten erste Zier !
Dich soll ein schöner loos beglücken ;
Den schönsten busen sollst du schmücken,
Und alle Grazien mit dir.

Ja, an dem busen von Selinden
Sollst du den stolzen wohnplatz finden ! —
Vor freuden, seh ich, zitterst du :
Hier laß dich stolzre blumen neiden,
Und duft ihr dankbar alle freuden
Der süßesten gerüche zu !

Geh hin zu ihren schönen händen!

Durch dich, mein glücke zu vollenden,

Sey ihr mein treues herz erklärt! —

Umsonst! wie könnte dies geschehen?

Wie bald, wie bald wirst du vergehen,

Da ewig meine liebe währt!

T O A V I O L E T.

Imitated from the two first stanzas of the preceding

P O E M.

Tho' from thy bank of velvet torn,
Hang not, fair Flower, thy drooping crest ;
On Delia's bosom shalt thou find
A softer sweeter bed of rest,

Tho' from mild Zephyr's kifs no more
Ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale,
Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,
Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But Thou be grateful for that bliss
For which in vain a thousand burn,
And, as thou stealest sweets from her,
Give back thy choicest in return.

T H E F A R E W E L.

ADIEU ! thou darling of my heart,

Whom never more these eyes shall view ;

Yet once again, before we part,

Nymph of my soul, again adieu !

Yet one kiss more : this kiss, the last

That I will ask, or thou shalt give,

Tho' on my lips it dies too fast,

Shall always in my memory live.

But thou each tender thought of me :

Blot out for ever from thy breast,

Nor heed what pangs I feel for thee,

While with another thou art blest.

To him, whom Heaven has made thy mate,

Thus, thus thy beauties I resign ;

He boasts, alas ! a happier fate,

But not a purer flame than mine.

Yet let him make thy bliss his care,

As I, thou know'st it, would have done,

My love for thy sake he shall share,

My envy only for his own.

T H E E N D.



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