

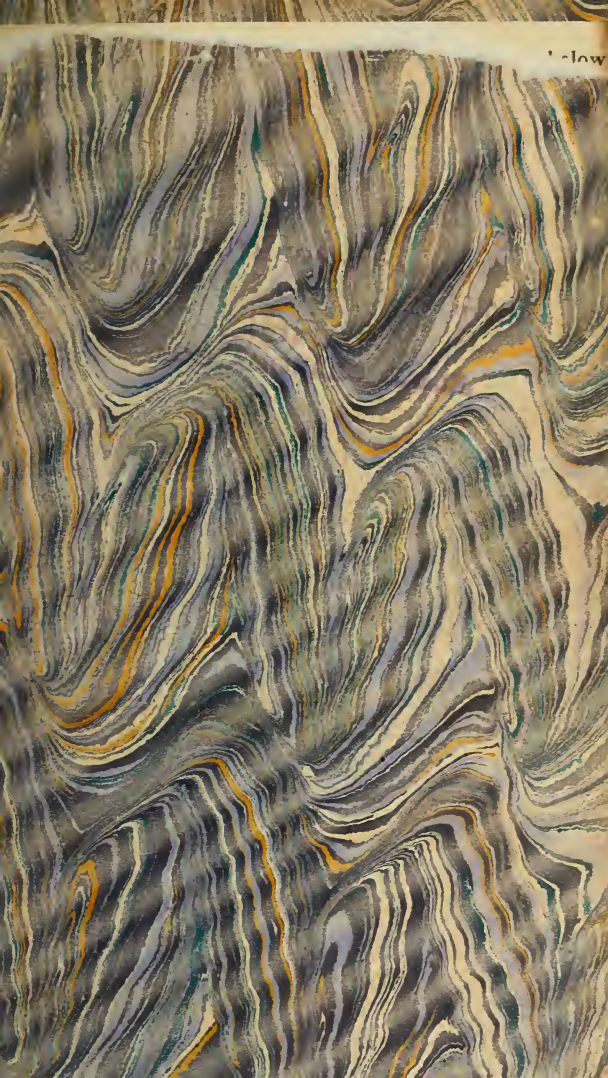
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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-NINTH.

L O N D O N :

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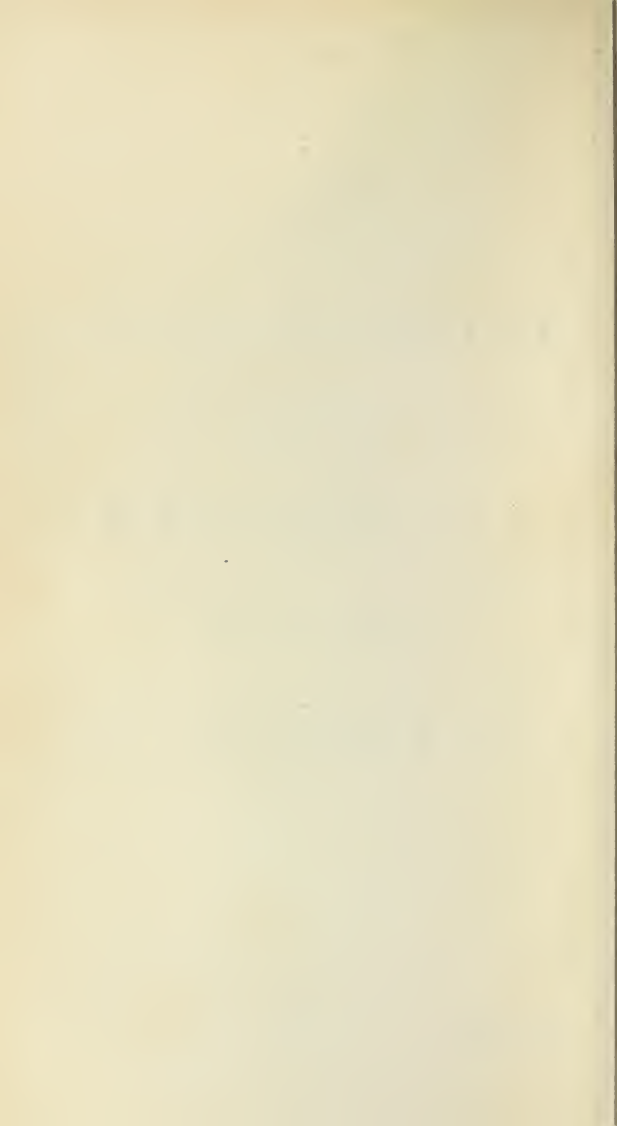
FIFTY-NINTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

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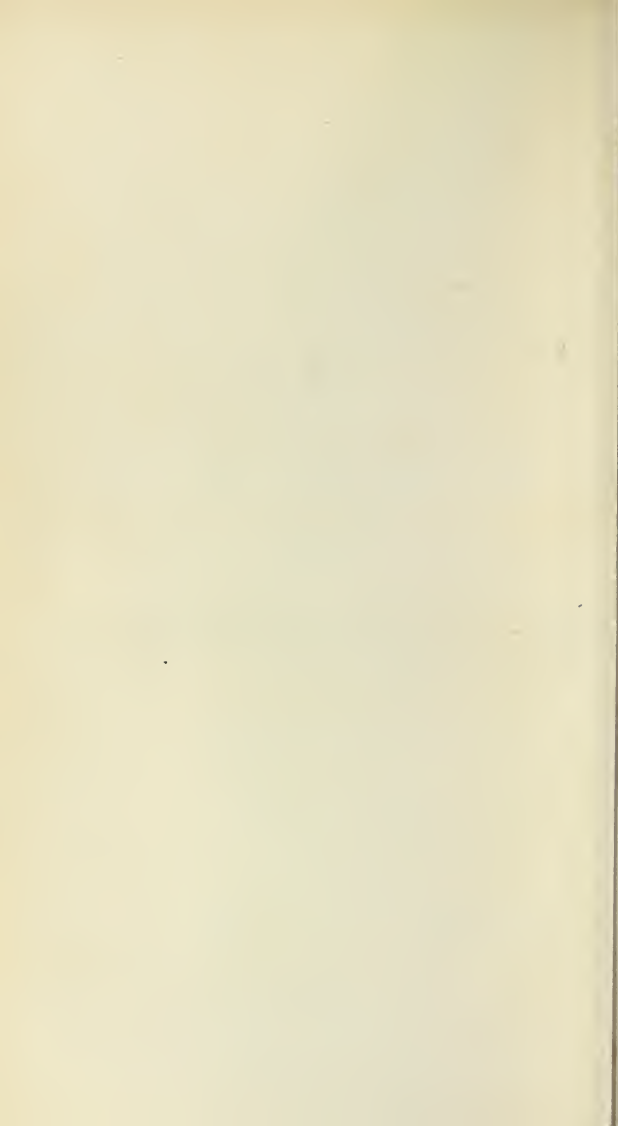
P O E M S

O F

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

VOL. LIX.

B



E L E G I E S,

W R I T T E N O N

M A N Y D I F F E R E N T O C C A S I O N S .

“ Tantùm inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos

“ Assiduè veniebat ; ibi hæc incondita, solus,

“ Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani !”

V I R G .



A PREFATORY ESSAY

O N

E L E G Y.

IT is observable, that discourses *prefixed* to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised in the *first place*, and the measures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of *elegiac* poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own *opinions* with that *denomination*. He would only intimate the great variety of *subjects*, and the different *styles* in which the writers of elegy *have* hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of *their* example.

If we consider the etymology * of the *word*, the epithet which † Horace gives it, or the confession

* ε-λεγεια, ε particulam dolendi.

† “ Miserales elegos.”

HOR.

which * Ovid makes concerning it, I think we may *conclude* thus much however; that *elegy*, in its true and genuine acceptation, *includes* a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon *this* as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as *this* is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects; which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy *stole* over pretty different objects; which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that elegies were written at *first* upon the death of *intimate friends* and *near relations*; *celebrated beauties*, or *favourite mistresses*; *beneficent governors* and *illustrious men*: one may add perhaps, of all those, who are placed by Virgil in the laurel-grove of his Elysium. (See Hurd's Dissertation on Horace's Epistle.)

“ *Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*”

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints; and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself, was the grief of *absent* or *neglected* lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with *this* they were not contented. They had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole

* “ *Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.*”

OVID. de Morte Tibulli.
territory.

territory. They sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings *, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of *elegy* to their pleasantries as well as lamentations; till at last, through their abundant fondness for the *myrtle*, they forgot that the *cypress* was *their* peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of *elegy*; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve *the name*, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may *seem* perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the *use* and *end* of *elegy*. The most important end of *all* poetry is to encourage virtue. *Epic* and *tragedy* chiefly recommend the *public* virtues; *elegy* is of a species which illustrates and endears the *private*. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of *elegy* to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in *melancholy* which we could not find in *mirth*; and has led us with success to the dusty *urn*, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl; as pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of *elegy* to shew the innocence and simpli-

* "Dicite Io Pæan, & Io bis dicite Pæan." OVID.

city of rural life to advantage : and that, in a way distinct from *pastoral*, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in *dignity* and *understanding*. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of *humility*, *disinterestedness*, *simplicity*, and *innocence* : but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement, no way inconsistent with these *rural* virtues ; and that raises *elegy* above that *merum rus*, that *unpolished* rusticity, which has given our *pastoral* writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendor will never want their proper weight : the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that *endears* the honest *delights* of love and friendship, that *celebrates* the *glory* of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it *inculcates*, such a kind of poetry may chance to please ; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the *style* of *elegy*, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It should imitate the voice and language of grief, or if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification therefore is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which *elegy* requires.

Heroic

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniencies appear to lose their weight *in shorter elegies*: and its advantages seem to *acquire an additional importance*. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies *not long since published*; the product of a gentleman * of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can shed.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic: others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages. And, in favour of these last, might be produced the example of Milton in his *Lycidas*, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove *too much*; since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall chuse; though it must be owned also, that the choice *they* make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to *compromise* the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment re-

* Mr. Hammond.

quires that the *sense* should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much *ease* into a couplet as Mr. Pope. But, as an air of *constraint* too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of *elegy*.

The *previous* rhyme in Milton's *Lycidas* is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this seems to be the greatest objection to *that* kind of versification. But then the peculiar *ease* and *variety* it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an *elegy of length*.

The chief exception to which *stanza* of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too *regularly*, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it *is*, I flatter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhyme (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may, at least in *shorter* elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different *kinds* of *elegy*. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The
mind

mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is softened to an *excess*. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and design, and being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies, that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and ardour.

The author of the following elegies entered on his subjects *occasionally*, as particular incidents in life *suggested*, or dispositions of mind *recommended* them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot; and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates. If he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene; who having (whether through choice or necessity, is not material) retired betimes to country-solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are *his own*, and the embellishment of his *farm* his sole amusement. As the sentiments therefore were inspired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance: diffusing at least some *part* of that amusement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There will appear perhaps a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding.

preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow, that men's opinions as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an *entire* ignorance, or to the *least* disesteem, of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient *plan* and *method* in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find: with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid, as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the *metre* also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider *this* as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of elegy.

If

If it should happen to be considered as an object with *others*, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole; it is replied, that he *endeavoured* to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious; or to *risque excluding* the fashionable reader: at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the *blossom* of a *fruit-tree*. Poetry is indeed like that species of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the *former*, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.

E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity. To a FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees, I see my smoke arise;
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius, which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the fordid breast;
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name!
Hence! the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains, the price of fame!

O lov'd simplicity, be thine the prize!
Assiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the power, the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my scorn!
Still may the bard dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flattery sighing, sigh forlorn!

Soft

Soft as the line of love-sick Hammond flows,
 'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
 Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose
 So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards! intent with artful pains
 To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
 Forego your Pindus; and on —— plains
 Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful soul
 Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
 Write from thy bosom—let not art controul
 The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace,
 The forms our pencil, or our pen design'd!
 " Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!
 " Such the soft image of our youthful mind!

Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bowers,
 The Loves and Graces steal unseen away;
 And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flowers,
 We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
 Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
 Paint thy proud scorn of every vulgar care,
 When Hope exalts thee, or when Doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou hast worn the day,
 Near fount or stream, in meditation, rove;
 If in the grove Oenone lov'd to stray,
 The faithful Muse shall meet thee in the grove.

E L E G Y

E L E G Y II.

On posthumous reputation. To a FRIEND.

O GRIEF of griefs! that envy's frantic ire
 Should rob the living virtue of its praise;
 O foolish Muses! that with zeal inspire
 To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays!
 When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
 To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
 Say, will she hear the distant voice of fame?
 Or, hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?
 Perhaps ev'n genius pours a slighted lay;
 Perhaps ev'n friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
 Ev'n Lyttelton but vainly trims the bay,
 And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.
 Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
 Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
 Though near his tomb, Sabæan odours burn,
 The loitering fragrance will it reach the skies?
 No, should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
 Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
 Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
 Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.
 Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
 Can every sense of present joys excel:
 For this, great Hadrian chose laborious days;
 Through this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raise,
 To life's precarious date confine their care?
 O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,
 To plan a work, through latest ages fair!
 Is it small transport, as with curious eye
 You trace the story of each Attic sage,
 To think your blooming praise shall time defy?
 Shall waft like odours through the pleasing page?
 To mark the day, when through the bulky tome,
 Around your name the varying style refines?
 And readers call their lost attention home,
 Led by that index where true genius shines?
 Ah let not Britons doubt their social aim,
 Whose ardent bosom catch this ancient fire!
 Cold interest melts before the vivid flame,
 And patriot ardours, but with life, expire!

E L E G Y III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
 Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies;
 Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
 Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.
 When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
 Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier;
 The faithful Muse with votive song attends,
 And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He

He little knew the fly penurious art;
That odious art which fortune's favourites know;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare;
Virtue he knew; the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wandering sheep;
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep;
And, for his friend, his very crook were sold.

O ye sons of wealth! protect the Muse's train;
From winds protect them, and with food supply;
Ah! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wintery sky?

He lov'd a nymph: amidst his slender store,
He dar'd to love; and Cynthia was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream;

His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows
Revives less lovely from the recent shower;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose;
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flower!

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his timorous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the Muse; although she taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muse, for she was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
 She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
 She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
 Of vice's brothel, forth to virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
 He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain;
 Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
 The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
 Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
 As though the virtues had not warm'd his breast,
 As though the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
 Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply:
 The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
 But power and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!
 Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!

Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons, where?
 Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
 Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

E L E G Y IV.

O P H E L I A ' S U R N . T O M R . G R A V E S .

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
 Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
 What dreary forms has magic fear survey'd!
 What shrouded spectres superstition seen!

But

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,
 Nor dread the meagre phantoms wan array;
 What none but fear's officious hand can paint,
 What none, but superstition's eye, survey.
 The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
 Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
 Constant, as crystal dew's impearl the lawn,
 Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn!
 Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
 Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid:
 Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
 Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.
 Haply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs
 She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
 May see light groups of pleasing visions rise;
 And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.
 There fame, her clarion pendant at her side,
 Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
 "Why has such worth, without distinction, dy'd,
 "Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"
 Then young simplicity, averse to feign,
 Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh:
 And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
 And innocence indulge a wailful cry.
 Then elegance, with coy judicious hand,
 Shall cull fresh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb:
 And beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
 That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
 Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
 For mournful fable all her hues forego,
 And ask sweet solace of the Muse in vain!
 Ah, gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
 Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
 Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
 Your best, your brightest favourite is no more.

E L E G Y V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship. TO MELISSA his Friend.

FROM love, from angry love's inclement reign
 I pass a while to friendship's equal skies;
 Thou, generous maid, reliev'st my partial pain,
 And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.
 'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care:
 How can my will and reason disagree?
 How can my passion live beneath despair!
 How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?
 Ah dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
 My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time;
 Ill can I bear the various clime of love!
 Love is a pleasing, but a various clime!
 So smiles immortal Maro's favourite shore,
 Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd!
 When strait Vesuvio's horrid cauldrons roar,
 And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh blifsful regions! oh unrival'd plains!

When Maro to thefe fragrant haunts retir'd!

Oh fatal realms! and oh accurst domains!

When Pliny, 'mid fulphureous clouds, expir'd!

So fmiles the furface of the treacherous main,

As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;

When foon rude winds their wonted rule regain,

And fky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;

Ev'n hope fubfide amid the billows toft;

Hope, ftill emergent, ftill contemns the wave,

And not a feature's wonted fmile is loft.

E L E G Y VI.

To a Lady on the language of birds.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The fcience of the feather'd choirs explore:

Hear linnets argue, larks defcant of love,

And blame the gloom of folitude no more.

My doubt fubfides—'tis no Italian fong,

Nor fenfelefs ditty, cheers the vernal tree:

Ah! who, that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,

Shall doubt that mufic may with fenfe agree?

And come, my Mufe! that lov'ft the fylvan fhade;

Evolve the mazes, and the mift difpel:

Translate the fong; convince my doubting maid,

No folemn dervife can explain fo well.—

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I fate,
 The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain !
 When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
 And thus I construed the mellifluous strain.
 " Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
 At every note a lover sheds his tear ;
 Sing on, my bird—'tis Damon hears thy song ;
 Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear.
 He the sad source of our complaining knows ;
 A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love !
 He mourns the story of our ancient woes ;
 Ah could our music his complaints remove !
 Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerless maid ;
 And see pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
 A train of lovers court the checquer'd shade ;
 Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.
 Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir'd ;
 No lover blest the glow-worm's pallid ray :
 But ill-star'd birds, that listening not admir'd,
 Or listening envy'd our superior lay.
 Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his power,
 Let such by day unite their jarring strains !
 But let us chuse the calm, the silent hour,
 Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

E L E G Y VII.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance.

“Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c.” VIRG.

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
 Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
 Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
 While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.
 No kind companion led my steps aright;
 No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
 Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
 Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.
 Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound;
 The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;
 In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
 While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.
 As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
 Where towering Wolfey breath'd his native air;
 A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
 The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.
 Instant a grateful form appear'd confess;
 White were his locks with awful scarlet crown'd,
 And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
 That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.
 “Stranger, he said, amid this pealing rain,
 Benighted, lonesome, whither would'st thou stray?
 Does wealth or power thy weary step constrain?
 Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of power ;
 Felt every joy that fair ambition brings ;
 And left the lonely roof of yonder bower,
 To stand beneath the canopies of kings.
 I bade low hinds the towering ardour share ;
 Nor meanly rose, to bless myself alone :
 I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
 And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.
 Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw ;
 I saw proud empires my decision wait ;
 My will was duty, and my word was law,
 My smile was transport, and my frown was fate.''
 Ah me ! said I, nor power I seek, nor gain ;
 Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure ;
 A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
 And, from his friend's condolance, hopes a cure.
 He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
 Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend ;
 Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.
 Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind ;
 The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree ;
 And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
 O how my lonely cot resounds with glee !
 Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
 I wish to bless, I languish to bestow ;
 And though no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,
 Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address ;
 Too mean to think that honours are my due,
 Yet should some patron yield my stores to blefs,
 I fure should deem my boundless thanks were few.
 But tell me, thou ! that, like a meteor's fire,
 Shot'ft blazing forth ; difdaining dull degrees ;
 Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aspire,
 Must I not pafs more rugged paths than these ?
 Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
 Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray ?
 Does not felonious envy bar the road ?
 Or falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way ?
 Say should I pafs through favour's crowded gate,
 Must not fair truth inglorious wait behind ?
 Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
 My best companion no admittance find ?
 Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care,
 Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own ?
 Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
 To spurn an altar, and adore a throne ?
 And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
 And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
 Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend ?
 Oh ! if these ills the price of power advance,
 Check not my speed where social joys invite !
 The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
 And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

E L E G Y VIII.

He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences. To Mr. GRAVES, 1745.

Written after the death of Mr. POPE.

AH me! what envious magic thins my fold?
 What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
 Such lessening fleeces must the swain behold,
 That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.
 I saw my friends in evening circles meet;
 I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
 I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet:
 Ah fool! to credit what I heard them say!
 Ill-fated bard! that seeks his skill to show,
 Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
 Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
 To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.
 Nor could my Graves mistake the critic's laws,
 Till pious friendship mark'd the pleasing way:
 Welcome such error! ever blest the cause!
 Ev'n though it led me boundless leagues astray!
 Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame
 On listening Cherwell's osier banks reclin'd?
 While, foe to fortune, uneduc'd by fame,
 I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

Youth's

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met ?
What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd ?
How shall the Muse those vacant hours forget ?
Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid ?
Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast,
Where love and fancy fix their opening reign ;
How nature shines in livelier colours drest,
To bless their union, and to grace their train.
So first when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd,
Unusual flowers enrich'd the painted green ;
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.
Now sadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bower,
The drooping Muses take their casual way ;
And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour ;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.
Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose ?
The cowslips golden cup no more I see :
Dark and discolour'd every flower that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy ! for thee !—
Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead ;
Ah might we now the pious rage controul ;
Hush'd be my grief ere every smile be fled,
Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul !
If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise ;
But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
And, low on earth, the prostrate ruin lies.

E L E G Y IX.

He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.

I NE'ER must tinge my lip with Celtic wines ;
 The pomp of India must I ne'er display ;
 Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
 Nor, with Italian sounds, deceive the day.
 Down yonder brook my crystal beverage flows ;
 My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring ;
 Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
 And, from my grove, I hear the thistle sing.
 My fellow swains ! avert your dazzled eyes ;
 In vain allur'd by glittering spoils they rove,
 The fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
 Yet gave them ample recompence in love.
 They gave you vigour from your parent's veins ;
 They gave you toils ; but toils your sinews brace ;
 They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous pains,
 And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.
 To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
 See ! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind !
 To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
 See vocal grots, and echoing vales assign'd !
 Would'st thou, my Strephon, love's delighted slave !
 Though sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
 Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
 And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear ?

All fare my peace, but every idle toy,
 If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
 Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
 Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
 When love deplores the tyrant power of gain!
 Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
 I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Oft from the stream, slow wandering down the glade,
 Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
 "Some miser weds, I cry, the captive maid,
 "And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the Muse's friend of old,
 Though now exalted to yon ambient sky,
 So shun'd a soul disdain'd with earth and gold,
 So lov'd the pure, the generous breast, as I.
 Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
 His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self, resigns;
 Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
 And to a ducate's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taste, with science blest,
 Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
 Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
 The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the fordid ore,
 The charms of independence let us sing;
 Blest with thy friendship, can I wish for more?
 I'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king.

E L E G Y X.

To FORTUNE; suggesting his motive for
repining at her dispensations.

ASK not the cause, why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway!
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name, which all obey?
'Tis not, that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That, on this breast, no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.
'Tis not, that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade,
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.
Not, that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear.
"Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
"Nor let yon rising column more aspire;
"Ah! better dwell in ruins, than behold
"Thy fortunes mouldering and thy domes entire.
"Honourio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
"He planted, scornful of my sage commands;
"The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye;
"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See

See the small stream that pours its murmuring tide
 O'er some rough rock that would its wealth display,
 Displays it aught but penury and pride?

Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

“ How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
 Disdainful view the scantling drops distil!

How must * Velino shake his reedy crest!

How every cygnet mock the boastive rill!

Fortune, I yield! and see, I give the sign;

At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;

Collects the square, the level, and the line,

And, with retorted eye, forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;

Can unrepining leave the rising wall:

Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,

“ And my warm hopes, in full pursuit, recall.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile;

Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway;

Contented I, although the gazer smile

To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,

As in the sun regales his wanton herd;

Guiltless of envy, why should I repine,

That his rude voice, his grating reed's prefer'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,

Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;

But ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,

Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

* A river in Italy.

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
 Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
 Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
 The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?
 " Yet sure on Delia seems the ruffet fair;
 " Ye glittering daughters of disguise, adieu!"
 So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
 But will the rural thane decide so true?
 Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
 'Tis thy false glare, O fortune! thine they see:
 'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
 And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

E L E G Y XI.

He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of
 life is over. To Mr. J A G O.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
 This fairy-scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
 The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
 The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.
 Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
 Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
 Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
 And we, delightless, left to wander home!
 Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
 What has the world to bribe our steps astray,
 Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
 The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce

Scarce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,

Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply;
Since, not the miser so carefs'd his gold,

As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!

'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart,
Substantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living stone:

“ Though gold, though splendour, heaven and fate
“ deny,

“ Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!”

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,

I trim'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the prayer.

To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er!

A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul:
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting state, profusely blest!

Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health carest;
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as opening roses fair;
 More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
 Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.
 Not all the force of manhood's active might,
 Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
 Not science shall extort that dear delight,
 Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.
 Adieu soft raptures, transports void of care!
 Parent of raptures, dear deceit adieu!
 And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
 Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!
 Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
 Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
 Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey,
 The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!
 O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
 We start false joys, and urge the devious race:
 A tender prey; that cheats our youthful morn,
 Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chace.

E L E G Y XII.

His recantation.

NO more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise!
 No more with awkward fallacy complain,
 How every fervour from my bosom flies,
 And reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
 No more she paints the breast from passion free ;
 I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive —
 Ah, need I, Florio, name that wish to thee ?
 The star of Venus ushers in the day,
 The first, the loveliest of the train that shine !
 The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
 When other stars their friendly beams resign.
 Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
 Pure as that star, from guilt, from interest free,
 Has gentle Delia trip'd across the plains,
 And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee ?
 While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
 I tune with careless hand my languid lays ;
 Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
 And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.
 I slept not long beneath yon rural bowers ;
 And lo ! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see :
 Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
 And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee ?

E L E G Y XIII.

To a Friend, on some slight occasion estranged
 from him.

H EALTH to my friend, and many a chearful day
 Around his seat may peaceful shades abide !
 Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles away,
 And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!

Loft to our wonted friendship, loft to joy!

Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,

Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,

By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;

Would'st thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?

Would'st thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend dis-
own?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime:

Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?

Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,

Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mold,

See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance!

Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,

Forbid by fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,

Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:

Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?

And guide them to the bosom—of a friend!

Yes, we have met—through rapine, fraud, and wrong:

Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!

Why leave thy friend amid the boisterous throng,

Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away;

For me no more the vernal roses bloom!

I see stern fate his ebon wand display;

And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
 Sad as thou follow'ft my untimely bier;
 " Fool that I was—if friends fo soon muft part,
 " To let fufpicion intermix a fear."

E L E G Y XIV.

Declining an invitation to vifit foreign countries,
 he takes occafion to intimate the advantages of
 his own.

To Lord TEMPLE.

WHILE others, loft to friendship, loft to love,
 Waste their beft minutes on a foreign ftrand,
 Be mine, with British nymph or fwain to rove,
 And court the genius of my native land.
 Deluded youth! that quits thefe verdant plains,
 To catch the follies of an alien foil!
 To win the vice his genuine foul difdains,
 Return exultant, and import the fpoil!
 In vain he boafts of his detefted prize;
 No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
 Cramp'd by the impulfue of ungenial fkies,
 See its frefh vigour in a moment fade!
 Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
 An aukward ftranger, if we waft it o'er;
 Why then thefe toils, this coftly waste of time,
 To fpread foft poifon on our happy fhore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms ;
 In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove ;
 Nor, for the worthless bird of brighter plumes,
 Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.
 No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
 Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play ;
 Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art,
 That steals my lov'd rusticity away .
 'Tis long since freedom fled th' Hesperian clime ;
 Her citron groves, her flower-embroider'd shore ;
 She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
 And soft Campania's olive charms no more.
 Let partial suns mature the western mine,
 To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid ;
 Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine ;
 Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.
 Let Ceylon's envy'd plant * perfume the seas,
 Till torn to season the Batavian bowl ;
 Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
 Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.
 Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
 Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane ;
 The Muse no more by flowery Ladon roves,
 She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.
 Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd ;
 Ah ! hapless realms that war's oppression feel !
 In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
 If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

* The cinnamon.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan ;
 Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade !
 And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
 The mournful types of mighty power decay'd !
 No crescent here displays its baneful horns ;
 No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves ;
 Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
 And poets, not inglorious, chaunt their loves.
 Boast, favour'd Media, boast thy flowery stores ;
 Thy thousand hues by chemic suns refin'd ;
 'Tis not the dress or mien thy soul adores,
 'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.
 While Grenville's breast * could virtue's stores afford,
 What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight ?
 The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
 The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.
 Thee, Grenville, thee with calmest courage fraught,
 Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore !
 Thee by the virtues arm'd, the graces taught,
 When shall we cease to boast, or to deplore ?
 Presumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
 What shall it now in recompence decree ?
 While friends that merit every earthly joy,
 Feel every anguish ; feel the loss of thee !
 Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
 No more the Muse of partial praise arraign ;
 Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
 And, if she glory, glories not in vain.

* Written a few years after the time of Capt. Grenville's death, which happened in 1747. The earldom of Temple was not created till 1749.

E L E G Y XV.

In memory of a private family * in Worcestershire.

FROM a lone tower with reverend ivy crown'd,
 The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;
 Still, as the village caught the waving sound,
 A swelling tear distream'd from every eye.
 So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
 When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
 For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
 Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support is dead!
 'Twas good Palemon—near a shaded pool,
 A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
 The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,
 This peaceful scene, for their asylum, chose.
 A few small spires to Gothic fancy fair,
 Amid the shades emerging, struck the view;
 'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;
 'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.
 One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care;
 One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:
 In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
 Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.
 But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
 A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky;
 Blasts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,
 And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!

* The Penns of Harborough.

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend ;
 Heart-chill'd with grief—" My thread, he cry'd,
 is spun !

If heaven had meant I should my life extend,
 Heaven had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

Snatch'd in thy prime ! alas, the stroke were mild,
 Had my frail form obey'd the fate's decree !

Blest were my lot, O Cynthia ! O my child !

Had heaven so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five sleepless nights he stem'd this tide of woes ;

Five irksome suns he saw, through tears, forlorn !

On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose ;

From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,

Fought our bold fathers ; rustic, unrefin'd !

Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd !

They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,

Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat ;

War's deadly crimson had forsok the place,

And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,

To swell with empty sounds a spotless name ;

If fostering skies, the sun, the shower were blest,

Their bounty spread ; their fields extent the same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,

They scorn'd to lessen, careles to extend ;

Bade luxury to lavish courts aspire,

And avarice to city-breasts descend.

None,

None, to a virgin's mind, prefer'd her dower ;

To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir :

The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or power,

Assign'd him virtue ; and his lot was fair.

They spoke of fortune, as some doubtful dame,

That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere ;

From lucre's vagrant sons had learnt her fame,

But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,

Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give,

Those wholesome sweets that border virtue's way ;

Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore ;

From their own streams their choicer fare they drew,

To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,

The sole deceit their artless bosom knew !

Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find

The common bosom, like their own, sincere !

'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind ;

'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,

Their suppliant busts implore the reader's prayer :

Ah gentle souls ! enjoy your blisful reign,

And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure, to blisful realms the souls are flown,

That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove ;

The friends of science ! music, all their own ;

Music the voice of virtue and of love !

The journeying peasant, through the secret shade,
 Heard their soft lyres engage his listening ear;
 And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
 No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife!
 Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release!
 Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life:
 To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewel, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,
 The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
 Farewel! the virtues which deserve to live,
 Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, Palemon, now no more
 The modest merit of his line display'd;
 Then pious Hugh Vigornia's mitre wore—
 Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade!

E L E G Y XVI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal splendor glows,
 When title shines with ambient virtues crown'd,
 Like some fair almond's flowery pomp it shews;
 The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then

Then learn, ye fair ! to soften splendor's ray ;
 Endure the swain, the youth of low degree ;
 Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display ;
 'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the scandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy ;
 He sighs to brighten a neglected name ;
 Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
 He mourns his lot ; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly ;
 Ambition there the bowery haunt invades ;
 Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
 But gleam still lovely through the checquer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
 Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove ;
 Should ****'s eyes illumine the desert plain,
 Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind ;
 Though you contemn, the gods respect his vow ;
 Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
 And vengeance, too severe ! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair ;
 The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore :
 Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
 And, on her brow, a flowery wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
 Of every plain ; she pillag'd every grove !
 The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
 And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire ;

From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic stray'd ;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,

When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said :

“ Hear me, dear youth ! oh hear an hapless maid,
Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings !
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid ;

Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

The world is frantic—fly the race profane—

Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move ;

Come friendly let us wander, and complain,

And tell me, shepherd ! hast thou seen my love ?

My love is young—but other loves are young ;

And other loves are fair, and so is mine ;

An air divine discloses whence he sprung ;

He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest,

Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow ;

A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast ;

A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race ?

More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's beam ?

The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debase ?

Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream ?

See through these veins the sapphire current shine !

'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' etherial hue :

Can base plebeian forms contend with mine !

Display the lovely white, or match the blue ?

The

The painter strove to trace its azure ray ;
 He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove ;
 He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay ;
 Poor youth ! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.
 Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told ;
 How amorous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair ;
 How through the race the generous current roll'd,
 And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.
 Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung
 Our sacred race ; through demigods, convey'd ;
 And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
 My god-like boy, must wed their duteous maid.
 Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
 My fire's dread fury murmurs through the sky ;
 And should I yield—his instant rage appears,
 He darts th' up-lifted vengeance—and I die.
 Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll !
 Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare !
 'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul :
 'Twas then—I hardly scap'd the fatal snare.
 'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
 All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain ;—
 Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
 Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.
 But oh ! I faint ! why wastes my vernal bloom,
 In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove ?
 My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
 And I shall die—before I find my love.

When

When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye,
 On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd ;
 Though night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
 The gems that bound his brow, dispell'd the shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the sight !
 Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase !
 Till, on a sudden, these with-held their light—
 All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,
 Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay :
 See, see, he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—
 Ianthe comes ; thy princess hastes away.”

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply
 The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain ;
 The piteous victim of an angry sky !
 Ah me ! the victim of her proud disdain !

E L E G Y XVII.

He indulges the suggestions of spleen :

An Elegy to the winds.

“ Æole, namque tibi divûm pater atque hominum rex
 “ Et mulcere dedit mentes & tollere vento.”

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my prayer !
 A while thy fury check, thy storm confine !
 No trivial blast impells the passive air ;
 But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings !
 The peaceful regions of content invade !
 With deadly poison taint the crystal springs !
 With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade !
 I know their leader, spleen ; and dread the sway
 Of rigid Eurus, his detested fire ;
 Through one my blossoms and my fruits decay ;
 Through one my pleasures and my hopes expire.
 Like some pale stripling, when his icy way
 Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,
 I stand aghast ; and chill'd with fear survey
 How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream !
 Where, by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
 Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore ?
 She flies the sad presage of coming years,
 And forrowing dwells on pleasures now no more !
 Again with patrons and with friends she roves ;
 But friends and patrons never to return !
 She sees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
 But sees them, weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.
 She visits, Isis ! thy forsaken stream,
 Oh ill forsaken for Bœotian air !
 She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,
 No reed so verdant, and no flowers so fair.
 She dreams beneath thy sacred shades were peace,
 Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel ;
 Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,
 And with no chearful accent cries, farewell !

Farewel,

Farewel, with whom to these retreats I stray'd!
 By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd!
 Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,
 And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow;
 Sees every Muse a partial ear incline;
 Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
 Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flattering mirror, form'd to please,
 Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair;
 Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease;
 Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,
 Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!

Alas! there echo will repeat the tale—
 Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone;
 Forbid to please, yet fated to admire;
 Away my friends! my sorrows are my own!
 Why should I breathe around my sick desire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
 Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell!
 There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
 And from the mouldering refuse, build my cell!

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display!
 Trace every dismal proof of fortune's power;
 Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
 Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tower.

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
 Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
 Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn;
 Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
 Towers, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strewn;
 Let banish'd Marius, lowering by thy side,
 Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou monarch of the storms! forbear!
 My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul;
 And scarce a pleasing twilight soothes my care,
 Ere one vast death like darkness shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
 Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile;
 My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
 Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile.

E L E G Y XVIII.

He repeats the song of COLLIN, a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.

“ Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
 “ Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
 “ Avertes : victumque feres.” VIRG.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flowery plain,
 A * tuneful shepherd charm'd the listening wave;
 And sunny Cotfol' fondly lov'd the strain;
 Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

* Mr. Somerville.

Oh!

Oh! lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
 To feel his music with my flames agree!
 To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
 To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee.

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
 I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
 I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
 I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shivering beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
 When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue;
 The more I found his faltering notes decay,
 The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

“ Adieu my flocks, he said! my wonted care,
 By sunny mountain, or by verdant shore!
 May some more happy hand your fold prepare,
 And may you need your Collin's crook no more!

And you, ye shepherds! lead my gentle sheep;
 To breezy hills, or leafy shelters lead;
 But if the sky with showers incessant weep,
 Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
 Long loitering there your fleecy tribes extend—
 But what avail the maxims I bequeath?
 The fruitless gift of an officious friend!

Ah! what avails the timorous lambs to guard,
 Though nightly cares, with daily labours, join?
 If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
 If Gallia's craft the ponderous fleece purloin.

Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,

I met the terrors of an early grave;

For this I led them from the pointed thorn?

For this I bath'd them in the lucid wave?

Ah heedless Albion! too benignly prone

Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth resign!

Shall every other virtue grace thy throne,

But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine?

From the fair natives of this peerless hill

Thou gav'st the sheep that browse Iberian plains:

Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,

Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they stray;

Far from their dams their native guardians far!

Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,

Chaunts his proud mistress to his hoarse guitar.

But Albion's youth her native fleece despise;

Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan;

In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,

Allur'd by every treasure, but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,

Anxious, to see the wintry tempest drive;

Preserve, said I, preserve your fleece, my sheep!

Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.

Ere long she came: ah! woe is me, she came!

Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:

For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,

Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
 Give the rich growth of British hills to fame?
 And let her charms, and her example, own
 That virtue's dress, and beauty's are the same?

Will no fam'd chief support this generous maid?
 Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
 And, comely from his native plains array'd,
 Speak future glory to the British loom?

What power unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?
 I pierce the dreary shade of future days;
 Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,
 To breath my latest breath in ***'s praise.

O might my breath for ***'s praise suffice,
 How gently should my dying limbs repose!
 O might his future glory bless mine eyes,
 My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close!

*** was born to spread the general joy;
 By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd;
 Britons for Britain shall the crook employ;
 Britons for Britain's glory shear the fold."

E L E G Y XIX.

Written in spring 1743.

A GAIN the labouring hind inverts the soil;
 Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave:
 Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
 And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
 The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
 The fordid Alpheus hurry'd through my groves ;
 Yet stop'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold ;
 He blam'd the graces of my favourite bower ;
 My breast, unfully'd by the lust of gold ;
 My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of power.

Yes, Alpheus ! fly the purer paths of fate ;
 Abjure these scenes from venal passions free ;
 Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
 War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
 I dress'd an altar to 'Thalia's name :
 Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flowers,
 Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

Damon, she cry'd, if pleas'd with honest praise,
 Thou court success by virtue or by song,
 Fly the false dictates of the venal race ;
 Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray ;
 Swerve not thy foot with fortune's votaries more ;
 Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day—
 The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,
 " Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial powers !
 Aid me to quell the fordid breast, I said ;
 And threw my javelin tow'rd's their hostile towers*.

* A Roman ceremony in declaring war.

Think not regretful I survey the deed;
 Or added years no more the zeal allow;
 Still, still observant to the grove I speed,
 The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.
 Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
 Such generous hate the Punic champion * bore;
 Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
 And Cannæ's walls, and Trebia's crimson shore.
 But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
 Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;
 Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
 His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—
 Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd;
 Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire:
 Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
 And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.
 But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
 Their gold in pyramidal plenty pil'd,
 He saw th' unutterable grief prevail;
 He saw their tears, and in his fury smil'd.
 Think not, he cry'd, ye view the smiles of ease,
 Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
 I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
 Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain!
 But were it cordial, this detested smile,
 Seems it less timely than the grief ye show?
 O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
 The fordid source of your indecent woe!

* Hannibal.

Why weep ye now! ye saw with tearless eye
 When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave;
 Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
 When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?
 'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd! honour'd shade!
 Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;
 Had freedom shar'd the vow to fortune paid,
 She ne'er, like fortune, had forsook thy shore."
 He ceas'd—abash'd the conscious audience hear;
 Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold;
 Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
 And falling moistens their abandon'd gold.

E L E G Y XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the distress
 of others; and his subjection to DELIA, with
 the miserable servitude of an African slave.

WHY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes
 forlorn,
 Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?
 What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
 What myriads, wish to be as blest as I!
 What though my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
 Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?
 Nor costly art my flowery dales disguise,
 Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?

See

See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
 That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows !
 How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
 Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows !
 Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
 My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear ;
 The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
 The pang she causes, 'tis ev'n bliss to bear.
 See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
 Ah ! not in love's delightful fetters bound !
 No radiant smile his dying peace restores ;
 Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his wound.
 Let vacant bards display their boasted woes,
 Shall I the mockery of grief display ?
 No, let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
 Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away.
 On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
 Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign ;
 He dropt a tear unseen into the flood ;
 He stole one secret moment, to repine.
 Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made ;
 Such moving plaints as nature could inspire ;
 To me the Muse his tender plea convey'd,
 But smooch'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.
 " Why am I ravish'd from my native strand ?
 What savage race protects this impious gain ?
 Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
 And more than sea-born monsters plough the main ?
Here

Here the dire locusts horrid swarms prevail ;

Here the blue asps with livid poison swell ;

Here the dry dipsa with his sinuous mail ;

Can we not here secure from envy dwell ?

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,

When the stern panther fought his midnight prey,

What fate reserv'd me for this christian race ?

O race more polish'd, more severe than they !

Ye prouling wolves, pursue my latest cries !

Thou hungry tiger, leave thy reeking den !

Ye sandy wastes, in rapid eddies rise !

O tear me from the whips and scorns of men !

Yet in their face superior beauty glows ;

Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong ?

Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,

And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,

Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair,

But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes,

Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair ?

No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,

Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,

They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,

And feign these distant regions to repay.

For them our tusky elephant expires ;

For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold ;

Where rove the brutal nations wild desires ?—

Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold !

Yet

Yet shores there are, blest shores for us remain,
 And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd,
 Where tufted flowrets paint the verdant plain,
 Where every breeze shall med'cine every wound.
 There the stern tyrant that embitters life
 Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
 There shall we view the billows raging strife,
 Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

E L E G Y XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement,
 he is led to meditate on the character of the
 ancient Britons. Written at the time of a
 rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

THUS Damon sung—What though unknown to
 praise

Umbrageous coverts hide my Muse and me;
 Or 'mid the rural shepherds, flow my days,
 Amid the rural shepherds, I am free.

To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,
 Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave!
 To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
 Forego the flowery fields my fortune gave?
 Lord of my time my devious path I bend,
 Through fringy woodland, or smooth-shaven lawn;
 Or pensile grove, or airy cliff ascend,
 And hail the scene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks

Thanks be to fate—though nor the racy vine,
 Nor fattening olive cloath the fields I rove,
 Sequester'd shades, and gurgling founts are mine,
 And every silvan grott the Muses love.

Here if my vista point the mouldering pile,
 Where hood and cowl devotion's aspect wore,
 I trace the tottering reliques with a smile,
 To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd if the glowing landscape wave with corn;
 Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise;
 Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thousand vallies borne,
 Discern the Cambria hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful fight
 Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
 Such Caer-caradoc! thy stupendous height,
 Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions! where, by science fir'd,
 Some prying sage his lonely step may bend;
 There, by the love of novel plaints inspir'd,
 Invidious view the clambering goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
 The freeborn Briton left his greenest mead,
 Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
 For here he saw fair liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
 Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
 Above all Persian luxe, or Attic art,
 The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame;

Sires, to his praise, attun'd their children's tongue;
The hoary druid fed the generous flame,
While in such strains the reverend vizard sung.

“ Go forth, my sons!—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
Go forth, my sons! for what is instant death
To souls secure perennial joys to find?

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,
With misletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs;
Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cause you vanquish or expire.

Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves,
What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms;
This is the favour'd moment heaven approves,
Sound the shrill trump; this instant, sound to arms.”

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;
Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
The lifted youth, nor war's loud signal know,
Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then

Then if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
 Inert and silent slept the manly car;
 But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful sleep,
 If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.
 Now the sleek courtier, indolent, and vain,
 Thron'd in the splendid carriage glides supine;
 To taint his virtue with a foreign stain,
 Or at a favourite's board his faith resign.
 Leave them, O luxury! this happy foil!
 Chase her, Britannia, to some hostile shore!
 Or * fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,
 And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

E L E G Y XXII.

Written in the year —, when the rights of
 sepulture were so frequently violated.

SAY, gentle sleep, that lov'st the gloom of night,
 Parent of dreams! thou great magician, say,
 Whence my late vision thus indures the light;
 Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day.
 The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,
 And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;
 A sudden lustre struck my wondering eyes,
 And Silvia stood before my couch confess'd.
 Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
 That led the dance beneath the festive shade!
 But she that, in the morning of her day,
 Intomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast;
 No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame,
 No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpass;
 Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.
 Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face;
 Nor such her voice as charm'd the listening crowd;
 Nor such her dress as heighten'd every grace;
 Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!
 Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same;
 That dear distinction every doubt remov'd;
 Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
 Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.
 "Damon, she said, mine hour allotted flies;
 Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
 Though griev'd to see thy Silvia's pale disguise,
 Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.
 So may thy Muse with virtuous fame be blest!
 So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
 So may thy bones in sacred silence rest,
 Fast by the reliques of some happier maid!
 Thou know'st, how lingering on a distant shore
 Disease invidious nipt my flowery prime;
 And oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
 To think I ne'er must view my native clime!
 No friend was near to raise my drooping head;
 No dear companion wept to see me die;
 Lodge me within my native soil, I said;
 There my fond parents honour'd reliques lie.

Though now debarr'd of each domestic tear;
 Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
 There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier,
 And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.
 I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil;
 Some vernal mourner lent his careless aid;
 And soon they bore me to my native soil,
 Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.
 'Twas then the youths, from every plain and grove,
 Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Silvia's bier;
 'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
 And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.
 But why, alas! the tender scene display?
 Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?
 Ah no! 'twas Damon first attun'd his lay,
 And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.
 Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave;
 My placid ghost no longer wept its doom;
 When savage robbers every sanction brave,
 And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!
 Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
 Lose the cheap portion of my native sands?
 Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
 Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?
 Say, would thy breast no death-like torture feel,
 To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey?
 To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel?
 To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey?

If Pæan's sons these horrid rites require,
 If health's fair science be by these refin'd,
 Let guilty convicts, for their use, expire;
 And let their breathless corse avail mankind.
 Yet hard it seems, when guilt's last fine is paid,
 To see the victim's corse deny'd repose!
 Now, more severe! the poor offenceless maid
 Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.
 Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?
 Where the fond care the wandering manes claim?
 Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
 And sacred be their ashes, and their fame:
 Arise, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls;
 Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey;
 See! see! I lead thee to yon' sacred walls—
 Oh! fly to chase these human wolves away."

E L E G Y XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his situation.

BORN near the scene for Kenelm's fate renown'd
 I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
 And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
 The savage force of empire, and of love.
 Fast by the centre of yon' various wild,
 Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane;
 Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
 There nature urg'd her tenderest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
 Th' ambitious maid could every care employ ;
 Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flowers,
 To deck the cradle of the princely boy ?

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown ;
 Love fires her breast ; the sultry passions rise ;
 A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
 And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, ah ! how just were fate,
 Would fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove !
 How sweet to revel on the couch of state !

To crown at once her lover and her love !

See, garnish'd for the chace, the fraudulent maid
 To these lone hills direct his devious way ;
 The youth all prone the sifter guide obey'd,
 Ill-fated youth ! himself the destin'd prey.

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain,
 Forms the lone refuge of the sylvan game ;
 Since Lyttelton has crown'd the sweet domain
 With softer pleasures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed,
 Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire ;
 And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn, succeed
 The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomson loitering near some limpid well,
 For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare !
 Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell,
 How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair !

See

See * * * * * from civic garlands fly,
 And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!
 Or from yon' summit, with a guardian's eye,
 Observe how freedom's hand attires the plain!
 Here Pope! ah never must that towering mind
 To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return?
 What art! what friendships! oh! what fame resign'd!
 —In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.
 Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
 And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?
 Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
 And think fair freedom well exchang'd for gold?
 Through these soft shades delighted let me stray,
 While o'er my head forgotten suns descend!
 Through these dear valleys bend my casual way,
 Till setting life a total shade extend!
 Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
 I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate:
 Or shrink to find, how much ambition dares,
 To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!
 Canst thou, O sun! that spotless throne disclose,
 Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain?
 Where, shew me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
 Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain?
 Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fear,
 In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;
 There not the parent smile is half sincere;
 Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
 No face is brighten'd, and no bosoms beat;
 Youth, manhood, age, avow one fordid aim,
 And ev'n the beardless lip affays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murderous round;
 The glance, that more than rural blame instills;
 Whispers, that ting'd with friendship doubly wound,
 Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

Their anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
 Caressing brothers part but to revile;
 There all men smile, and prudence warns the wise,
 To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all her rivals! sister, son, and fire,
 With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
 There soft-ey'd maids in murderous plots conspire,
 And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let fervile minds one endless watch endure;
 Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign;
 But lay me, fate! on flowery banks, secure,
 Though my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.

Yes, may my tongue disdain a vassal's care;
 My lyre resound no prostituted lay;
 More warm to merit, more elate to wear
 The cap of freedom, than the crown of bay.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
 I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow;
 Chear'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,
 I scorn the quarry, where no shrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
 His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound;
 He sings his Delia, and if she be true,
 His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.

E L E G Y XXIV.

He takes occasion, from the fate of ELEANOR of
 BRETAGNE, to suggest the imperfect pleasures
 of a solitary life.

WHEN beauty mourns, by fate's injurious doom,
 Hid from the chearful glance of human eye;
 When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
 Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.
 Fair Eleonora! would no gallant mind,
 The cause of love, the cause of justice own?
 Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
 To see them sparkle from their native throne?
 Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
 Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
 Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,
 Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.
 O shame of Britons! in one sullen tower
 She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
 She found keen anguish every rose devour;
 They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

Through one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
 Successive suns a languid radiance threw;
 To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
 To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This, age might bear; then fated fancy palls,
 Nor warmly hopes what splendor can supply;
 Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
 Refrain its listening ear, its curious eye.

Believe me, * * * *, the pretence is vain!

This boasted calm that smooths our early days,
 For never yet could youthful mind restrain
 Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak or limpid spring,
 Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure;
 Some genius whispers, "Life is on the wing,
 And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

What though thy riper mind admire no more—
 The shining cincture, and the broider'd fold,
 Can pierce like lightning through the figur'd ore,
 And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermins, rods, may well attract thy scorn;
 The futile presents of capricious power!
 But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
 And who but envies then the social hour?

Can virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
 Forget how * * * sustains the shepherd's cause?
 Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
 Nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
 See Grenville quit the Muse's favourite ease;
 And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?

Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

Life, says the sage, affords no bliss sincere;
 And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew:
 But ah! where Grenville charms the listening ear,
 'Tis hard to think the chearless maxim true.

The groves may smile; the rivers gently glide;
 Soft through the vale resound the lonesome lay.
 Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside;
 But can they please, when Lyttelton's away?

Pure as the swain's the breait of *** glows,
 Ah! were the shepherd's phrase, like his, refin'd!
 But, how improv'd the generous dictate flows
 Through the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
 Her inmost wish in ***'s periods hear!

Happy that in the radiant circle move,
 Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!

While rural faith, and every polish'd art,
 Each friendly charm, in *** conspire,
 From public scenes all pensive must you part;
 All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream,
 Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun;
 Go dare the light, enjoy its chearful beam,
 And hail the bright procession of the sun.

Then

Then cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
 The silent walk; no more by passion tost:
 Then seek thy rustic haunts; the dreary gloom,
 Where every art, that colours life, is lost."—

In vain! the listening Muse attends in vain!
 Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
 Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,
 When injur'd beauty mourns the Muse's fate.

E L E G Y XXV.

TO DELIA, with some flowers; complaining how
 much his benevolence suffers on account of his
 humble fortune.

W^Hate'er could sculpture's curious art employ,
 Whate'er the lavish hand of wealth can shower,
 These would I give—and every gift enjoy,
 That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies the power.

Blest were my lot to feed the social fires!
 To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
 To give the boon his native taste admires,
 And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Blest too is he, whose evening ramble strays,
 Where droop the sons of indigence and care!
 His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
 And win, at small expence, their fondest prayer!

And.

And oh the joy ! to shun the conscious light,
 To spare the modest blush ; to give unseen !
 Like showers that fall behind the veil of night,
 Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.
 But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve !
 Whose virtue in our cultur'd vales appear !
 For whose sad fate a thousand shepherd's grieve,
 And fading fields allow the grief sincere.
 To call lost worth from its oppressive shade ;
 To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine ;
 To hear it grateful own the generous aid ;
 This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.
 Faint is my bounded bliss ; nor I refuse
 To range where daizies open, rivers roll ;
 While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
 And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.
 A while I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bowers,
 And urge with trivial cares the loitering year ;
 A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flowers,
 Then, unlamented, press an early bier !
 Of those lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may share ;
 Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow :
 The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,
 As when their master smil'd to see them glow.
 The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan quire ;
 The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon ;
 Nature will smile, will wear her best attire ;
 O ! let not gentle Delia smile so soon !

While

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
 And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
 Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay ;
 And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—

O Delia ! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
 I bless the silent path the fates decree ;
 Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,
 To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

E L E G Y XXVI.

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on
 the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

WH Y mourns my friend ! why weeps his down-
 cast eye !

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine ?
 Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh ;
 Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace ?
 Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care ?
 Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace
 That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair ?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain ;
 Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore ;
 Alas ! his very praise awakes my pain,
 And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more..

For oh ! that nature on my birth had frown'd,
 Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell ;
 Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
 Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious blifs admir'd;
In fortune's train the syren flattery fmil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.
Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chase, till Jessy was my prey.
Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.
School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.
Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.
To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.
Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere-while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

“ Henry,

“ Henry, she said, by thy dear form subdued,
 See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
 I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
 I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
 When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
 Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
 But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
 That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
 For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
 And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
 The sportive larks, increase my pensive moan;
 All seem to chase me from the chearful plain,
 And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
 Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
 Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
 For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.

Ye flowers! that well reproach a nymph so frail;
 Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
 The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
 Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
 And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
 Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
 That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye ;
 I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;
 To die I languish, but I dread to die,
 Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.
 Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove,
 And let me silent seek some friendly shore ;
 There only, banish'd from the form I love,
 My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.
 Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;
 Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;
 Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
 That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.
 Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread ;
 Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew ;
 Not such the parent's board at which I fed !
 Not such the precept from his lips I drew !
 Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
 Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;
 Envy may slight a face no longer fair ;
 And pity, welcome, to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race ;
 Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign ;
 Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
 And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.
 I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend ;
 I saw her breast with every passion heave ;
 I left her—torn from every earthly friend ;
 Oh ! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave !

Brief

Brief let me be ; the fatal storm arose ;

The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain ;

O'er the tall mast the circling surges close ;

My Jessy---floats upon the watery plain !

And see my youth's impetuous fires decay ;

Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear ;

But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,

From Jessy floating on her watery bier !

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

An ODE to the late Duchess of SOMERSET.

Written 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
 And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
 Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
 Will aught the Muse inspire !

Oh! Peace to yonder clamorous horn
 That drowns the sacred lyre !

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
 Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
 Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
 Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
 For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
 And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
 The wretched swain your sport survey;
 He finds his faithful fences torn,
 He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
 He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
 Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
 And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
 That nature smiles for you alone;
 Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
 The proud, the selfish boast disown:
 Yours be the produce of the soil:
 O may it still reward your toil!
 Nor ever the defenceless train
 Of clinging infants ask support in vain?

But though the various harvest gild your plains,
 Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
 Or the warm hope of distant gains
 Far other cause of glee supply?
 Is not the red-streak's future juice
 The source of your delight profound,
 Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
 Purpling a whole horizon round?
 Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
 But though, the pebbled shores among,
 It mimic no unpleasing song,
 The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
 Unpleas'd the spring her flowery robe resume;
 Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
 The dappled mead without a smile.
 O let a rural conscious Muse,
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
 And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
 If haply from your haunts ye stray
 To waste with us a summer's day.
 Exclude the taste of every swain,
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
 'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
 To relish her supreme delight;
 She, where she pleases kind or coy,
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.
 Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
 By her auspicious aid refin'd;
 Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
 Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
 For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
 Ev'n thistleless furze detains their wandering flight,
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.
 With what suspicious fearful care
 The fordid wretch secures his claim,
 If haply some luxurious heir
 Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
 What scruples lest some future birth
 Should litigate a span of earth!
 Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
 The towering Muse endures not to disclose;
 Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,
 When, to confirm his lofty plea,
 In nuptial fort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the sea:
 Each laughing Muse derides the vow;
 Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
 Allotted, from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dower.
 His breast to admiration prone
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant every grace,
 And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,
 When Somers set avoids the great;
 When, cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat;
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell?
 When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
 Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear
 Yon throstle chaunt the rising year?
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
 To crop the primrose of the plains?
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
 Lost to the sons of power, unknown to half mankind?
 Ah, can she covet there to see
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,

That

That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place?
 Far happier, if aright I deem,
 When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
 To where the lonely halcyons play,
 Her philosophic step retires:
 While, studious of the moral theme,
 She, to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swain's inglorious day;
 Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey,
 How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
 Who slight the sweetly pensive mind!
 On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
 And every Muse prophetic smil'd,
 Not that the poet's boasted fire
 Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell;
 Or, on the music of his lyre
 Each future age with rapture dwell;
 The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
 Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
 In all that glads the human heart;
 Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
 All nature's charms immense, and heaven's unbound-
 ed love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
 To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,
 And bid Arcadia bloom around:

Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smoothe below the verdant mead;
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or through meandering mazes lead;
 Or in the horrid bramble's room
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flowers, woods and spires, and brighten all
 the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
 O beauties never known to cloy!
 While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bower,
 And every gentle breast partakes the joy!
 While charity at eve surveys the swain,
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear,
 Speed whistling home across the plain;
 See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone,
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her
 own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
 Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
 Search but the garden, or the wood,
 Let yon admir'd carnation own,
 Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
 Not all for needful use alone;
 There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
 'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.

Why

Why knows the nightingale to sing?

Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?

Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?

For sustenance alone? For use?

For preservation? Every sphere

Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.

And sure there seem, of human kind,

Some born to shun the solemn strife;

Some for amusive tasks design'd,

To soothe the certain ills of life;

Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,

New founts of bliss disclose,

Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands; from the view

Of rural nature's blooming face,

Smit by the glare of rank and place,

To courts the sons of fancy flew;

There long had art ordain'd a rival feat;

There had she lavish'd all her care

To form a scene more dazzling fair,

And call'd them from their green retreat

To share her proud control;

Had given the robe with grace to flow,

Had taught exotic gems to glow;

And, emulous of nature's power,

Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flower;

Chang'd the complexion's native hue,

Moulded each rustic limb anew,

And warp'd the very soul.

A while her magic strikes the novel eye,
 A while the fairy forms delight;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions through a purer sky,
 Where all is wondrous, all is bright:
 Now landed on some spangled shore
 A while each dazzled maniac roves
 By sapphire lakes, through emerald groves.
 Paternal acres please no more;
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away!
 'Tis nature only bears perpetual sway.
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,
 Fatigued with splendor's irksome beams.
 Fancy again demands the fight
 Of native groves and wonted streams,
 Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
 Where truth maintains her court, and banishes disguise.
 Then hither oft, ye senators, retire,
 With nature here high converse hold;
 For who like Stamford her delights admire,
 Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
 Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;

Beneath

Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,
 Shall see fair truth, immortal maid,
 Friendship in artless guise array'd,
 Honour and moral beauty shine

With more attractive charms, with radiance more
 divine.

Yes, here alone did highest heaven ordain
 The lasting magazine of charms,
 Whatever wins, whatever warms,
 Whatever fancy seeks to share
 The great, the various, and the fair,
 For ever should remain !

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
 Or whence the joy 'mid columns, towers,
 'Midst all the city's artful trim,

To rear some breathless vapid flowers
 Or shrubs fuliginously grim :

From rooms of silken foliage vain,
 To trace the dun far distant grove,
 Where, smit with undissembled pain,
 The wood-lark mourns her absent love,

Borne to the dusty town from native air,
 To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,
 Should all who taste our joy sincere,
 To virtue, truth, or science dear,
 Forego a court's alluring pale,
 For dimpled brook and leafy grove,

For that rich luxury of thought they love !

Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
 Examples for its giddy bands :
 From these impartial heaven demands
 To spread the flame itself inspires ;
 To sift opinions mingled mafs,
 Imprefs a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
 Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
 Round the gay precincts of a throne,
 With mild effective beams !
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,
 By solemn grot, or shady spring,
 To join their pleasing dreams !
 Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
 They only that deserve, enjoy.
 What though nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,
 Nor naiad near their fountain rove,
 Yet all embody'd to the mental fight,
 A train of smiling virtues bright
 Shall there the wise retreat allow,
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's
 brow.

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
 Art have with nature wag'd presumptuous war ;
 By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
 In whom their gifts united shine,
 No longer shall their counsels jar.
 'Tis her to mediate the peace ;

Near

Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havock and contention cease.

I see the rival powers combine,
And aid each other's fair design ;

Nature exalt the mound where art shall build ;
Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the
field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove !
O warble forth your noblest lay ;
Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
Ye leverets, freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn !

Let no harsh disonance disturb the morn,
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane !
Unless her candour not exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural chear,
Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

O D E to M E M O R Y. 1748.

O Memory ! celestial maid !
Who glean'st the flowerets' cropt by time ;
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime ;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And

And bring that garland to my sight,
 With which my favour'd crook she bound ;
 And bring that wreath of roses bright
 Which then my festive temples crown'd ;
 And to my raptur'd ear convey
 The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muse's bower,
 Where Isis rolls her silver tide ;
 Nor yet omit one reed or flower
 That shines on Cherwell's verdant side ;
 If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
 When polish'd Lycori join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
 But sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
 Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
 Than other banks, than other streams :

Or, by thy softening pencil shewn,
 Assume thy beauties not their own ?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
 When, all beneath the poplar bough,
 My spirits light, my soul serene,

I breath'd in verse one cordial vow :
 That nothing should my soul inspire,
 But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
 On thee the drooping Muse attends ;
 As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
 On thy expressive power depends ;

Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chafe those vows away
Which at ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display

Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raise,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When, pleas'd in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last;
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

The PRINCESS ELIZABETH;

A BALLAD alluding to a story recorded of her,
when she was prisoner at WOODSTOCK, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay?

Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway.

While

While the nymphs and swains delighted
 Tript around in all their pride;
 Envyng joys by others slighted,
 Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

“ Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
 Who would bid those scenes adieu?
 Stranger to the arts of malice,
 Who would ever courts pursue ?

Malice never taught to treasure,
 Censure never taught to bear :
 Love is all the shepherd's pleasure ;
 Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station
 Vainly blame the powers above ?
 Or accuse the dispensation
 Which allows them all to love ?

Love like air is widely given ;
 Power nor chance can these restrain ;
 Truest, noblest gifts of heaven !
 Only purest on the plain !

Peers can no such charms discover,
 All in stars and garters drest,
 As, on Sundays, does the lover
 With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
 Said to fade when Chloe's near ;
 Fops may use the same allusion ;
 But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
 Chearly o'er the brimming pail;
 Cowslips all around her springing
 Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
 Move so sprightly, look so fair;
 Never breast with jewels laden
 Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heaven had granted
 Me some rural damsel's part!
 All the empire I had wanted
 Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
 Free from fetters, might I rove:
 Fearless taste the crystal fountains;
 Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving;
 Partial to my virgin bloom:
 None had envy'd me when living;
 None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

O D E to a young L A D Y,

Somewhat too solicitous about her manner of
 expression.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream,
 Adown the smiling valley stray;
 Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
 To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
 In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow :
 Not all thy art, not all thy care,
 Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
 With native plants enamel'd o'er ;
 Say, can the painter's utmost skill
 Instruct one flower to please us more ?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose ;
 And oh may Laura, ere she try,
 With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
 Can every study'd grace excel ;
 Let art constrain the rambling note,
 And will she, Laura, please so well ?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic law confin'd !
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
 So Laura's words be not unkind.

NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

“ Nerine Galatea ! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ !
 “ Candidior cygnis ! hederâ formosior albâ ! ”

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray :

And flocks reviving felt no more

The sultry heats of day :

When

When from an hazle's artless bower
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.

“ Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 While weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden every grove;

But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Esham's dale!
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
 That floats on Avon's tide;
 Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
 And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom:
 Her eye, all mild to view;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerless bud I found;
And shadowing rock and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet;
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline:
" Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I 'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

ODE to INDOLENCE. 1750.

AH! why for ever on the wing
 Persists my wearied soul to roam?
 Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
 Or pleasure or contentment home?
 Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
 From paradise's honour'd groves,
 Careless fatigues his little frame;
 Nor finds the resting-place he loves.
 Lo! on the rural mossy bed
 My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
 Ah, gentle sloth! indulgent spread
 The same soft bandage o'er my mind.
 For why should lingering thought invade,
 Yet every worldly prospect cloy?
 Lend me, soft sloth, thy friendly aid,
 And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.
 Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
 That never ebbs, that never flows;
 Protected by the circling wood
 From each tempestuous wind that blows?
 An altar on its bank shall rise,
 Where oft thy votary shall be found;
 What time pale autumn lulls the skies,
 And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,
 That haunt ambition's guilty shrine;
 No more perplex the world in vain,
 But offer here your vows with mine.
 And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
 If e'er I shar'd thy balmy power;
 If e'er I sway'd my active mind
 To weave for thee the rural bower;
 Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
 Each unavailing sigh remove;
 And only let me wake to share,
 The sweets of friendship and of love.

ODE to HEALTH. 1730.

HEALTH, capricious maid!
 Why dost thou shun my peaceful bower,
 Where I had hope to share thy power,
 And blest thy lasting aid?
 Since thou, alas! art flown,
 It 'vails not whether Muse or Grace,
 With tempting smile, frequent the place:
 I sigh for thee alone.
 Age not forbids thy stay;
 Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
 Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
 Why speed so swift away?

Thou

Thou scorn'ft the city-air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet haft not thou my wifhes crown'd,
O falfe! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with pureft hand I raife
A rural altar to thy praife,
Thou wilt not deign to fave.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
Why fcorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'ft the sportsman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noife,
To drown the Mufe's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet, 'midft his unremitting fnows,
The poor Laponian's bosom glows;
And fhares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When, though I fcorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor faid a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest than I?
 When the glad school-boy's task was done,
 And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
 To freedom, and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
 What since have all my labours found,
 Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
 That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
 Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
 Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
 Could sink my chearful mind.

Whate'er my stars include;
 What other breasts convert to pain,
 My towering mind shall soon disdain,
 Should scorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
 And blest with objects found at home,
 And envying none their fairer dome,
 How pleas'd my soul should dwell;

Temperance should guard the doors;
 From room to room should memory stray,
 And ranging all in neat array,
 Enjoy her pleasing stores—

There let them rest unknown,
 The types of many a pleasing scene:
 But to preserve them bright or clean,
 Is thine, fair Queen! alone.

T O a L A D Y of Q U A L I T Y*,

Fitting up her LIBRARY. 1738.

AH! what is science, what is art,
 Or what the pleasure these impart?
 Ye trophies, which the learn'd pursue
 Through endless fruitless toils adieu!
 What can the tedious tomes bestow,
 To soothe the miseries they shew?
 What, like the bliss for him decreed,
 Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!
 Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd
 From all that glads the simplest hind,
 How rare that object which supplies
 A charm for too discerning eyes!
 The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
 Endures a deeper sense of pain:
 As each invading blait devours
 The richest fruits, the fairest flowers.
 Sages, with irksome waste of time,
 The steep ascent of knowledge climb;
 Then from the towering heights they scale,
 Behold contentment range—the vale.
 Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
 We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh;
 Why then does reason seem so fair,
 Why learning, then, deserve our care?

* Lady Luxborough.

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,
 While you so fair a proof unfold
 What force the brightest genius draws
 From polish'd wisdom's written laws?
 Where are our humbler tenets flown?
 What strange perfection bids us own
 That bliss with toilsome science dwells,
 And happiest he, who most excells?

Upon a VISIT to the same, in WINTER.
 1748.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
 Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,
 How pleas'd we pass the winter's day;
 And charm the dull-ey'd spleen away!
 No linnet, from the leafless bough,
 Pours forth her note melodious now;
 But all admire Asteria's tongue,
 Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.
 No flowers emit their transient rays:
 Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
 More various tints, more glowing lines,
 And with perennial beauty shines.
 Though rifled groves and fetter'd streams
 But ill befriend a poet's dreams:
 Asteria's presence wakes the lyre;
 And well supplies poetic fire.

The

The fields have lost their lovely dye;
 No chearful azure decks the sky;
 Yet still we bless the loursing day;
 Aleria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the Muse no more presume,
 To blame the winter's dreary gloom;
 Accuse his loitering hours no more;
 But ah! their envious haste deplore!

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,
 The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
 I go—to meet the coming year,
 On savage plains, and deserts drear!

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
 Nor find the spring my loss atone!
 But 'mid the flowery sweets of May
 With pride recal this winter's day.

An Irregular ODE after SICKNESS. 1749.

“ — Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus.”

TOO long a stranger to repose,
 At length from pain's abhorred couch I rose,
 And wander'd forth alone;
 To court once more the balmy breeze,
 And catch the verdure of the trees,
 Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay
 I hail'd once more the chearful day,

The

The sun's forgotten beams :
 O sun ! how pleasing were thy rays,
 Reflected from the polish'd face
 Of yon refulgent streams !

Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue
 Effay'd again the sweets of song :
 And thus, in feeble strains and slow,
 The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

“ Come, gentle air ! my languid limbs restore,
 And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore :
 For sure, I heard the tender sighs,
 I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
 Of hapless youths, who through the myrtle grove
 Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love :

To that unjoyous clime,
 Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies ;
 Debarr'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes ;
 And banish'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air ! and, while the thickets bloom,
 Convey the jasmine's breath divine ;
 Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
 Nor spare the sweet-leaf eglantine.
 And may'st thou shun the rugged storm
 Till health her wonted charms explain,
 With rural pleasure in her train,
 To greet me in her fairest form.
 While from this lofty mount I view
 The sons of earth, the vulgar crew,

Anxious

Anxious for futile gains beneath me stray,
And seek with erring step contentment's obvious way.

Come, gentle air! and thou, celestial Muse,
Thy genial flame infuse;

Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
And gild retirement's gloomy shade;
Enough to rear such rustic lays

As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim;

And, more to cheer my drooping frame,

She mix'd the balm of opening flowers;

Such as the bee, with chemic powers,

From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,

Or scents Sabea's blooming vales.

But ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,

By prescripts more refin'd,

Neglect their votary's anxious moan

Oh, how should they relieve?—the Muses all were
flown.

By flowery plain, or woodland shades,

I fondly sought the charming maids;

By woodland shades, or flowery plain,

I sought them, faithless maids! in vain!

When lo! in happier hour,

I leave behind my native mead,

To range where zeal and friendship lead,

To visit Luxborough's honour'd bower.

Ah foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids .

On other plains, or near less verdant shades;

Scarce

Scarce have my foot-steps prefs'd the favour'd ground,
 When sounds ethereal strike my ear;
 At once celestial forms appear;
 My fugitives are found!
 The Muses here attune their lyres,
 Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
 Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
 The sportive Graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
 Too well at one survey I trace,
 How every Muse, and every Grace,
 Had long employ'd their care.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
 Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
 Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
 Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,
 But, torn methought from native lands or seas,
 From their arrangement, gain fresh power to please.

And some had bent the wildering maze,
 Bedeck'd with every shrub that blows;
 And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
 To shield th' illustrious dame's repose:

Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
 And taught the portrait where to glow;
 Others arrang'd the curious tome;
 Or, 'mid the decorated space,
 Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,

And given to learning all the pomp of show.

And

And now from every task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! woe is me, said I;

And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry,
Have I for this, with labour strove,
And lavish'd all my little store
To fence for you my shady grove,
And scollop every winding shore;
And fringe with every purple rose,
The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treacherous maids!

To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale disease, and torturing pain,
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To swell the song, or plan the shade;

By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while she marks the sage command,
More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
Her lyre resound with nobler lays
Than ever you inspir'd.

Thus I may rage and grief display;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a Grace or Muse return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

To a LADY, with some coloured Patterns of
Flowers, October 7, 1736.

M A D A M !

THOUGH rude the draughts, though artless seem
the lines,

From one unskill'd in verse, or in designs;
Oft has good-nature been the fool's defence,
And honest meaning gilded want of sense.

Fear not, though flowers and beauty grace my lay,
To praise one fair, another shall decay.

No lily, bright with painted foliage, here,
Shall only languish, when Selinda's near:
A Fate revers'd no smiling rose shall know,
Nor with reflected lustre doubly glow.

Praises which languish when apply'd to you,
Where flattering schemes seem obviously true,

Yet sure your sex is near to flowers ally'd,
Alike in softness, and alike in pride:

Foes to retreat, and ever fond to shine,
Both rush to danger, and the shades decline;

Expos'd, the short-liv'd pageants of a day,
To painted flies or glittering fops a prey:

Chang'd with each wind, nor one short day the same,
Each clouded sky affects their tender frame.

In glaring Chloe's man-like taste and mien,
Are the gross splendors of the Tulip seen:

Distant they strike, inelegantly gay,

To the near view no pleasing charms display.

To form the nymph, a vulgar wit must join,
As coarser soils will most the flower refine.
Ophelia's beauties let the Jasmine paint,
Too faintly soft, too nicely elegant.
Around with seeming sanctity endued,
The Passion-flower may best express the Prude.
Like the gay Rose, too rigid Silvia shines,
While, like its guardian thorn, her virtue joins—
Happy the nymph! from all their failures free,
Happy the nymph! in whom their charms agree.

Faint these productions, till you bid disclose,
The Pink new splendors, and fresh tints the Rose:
And yet condemn not trivial draughts like these,
Form'd to improve, and make ev'n trifles please.
A power like yours minuter beauties warms,
And yet can blast the most aspiring charms:
Thus, at the rays whence other objects shine,
The taper sicken, and its flames decline.
When by your art the purple Violet lives,
And the pale Lily sprightlier charms receives:
Garters to me shall glow inferior far,
And with less pleasing lustre shine the star.

Let serious triflers, fond of wealth or fame,
On toils like these bestow too soft a name;
Each gentler art with wise indifference view,
And scorn one trifle, millions to pursue:
More artful I, their specious schemes deride:
Fond to please you, by you in these employ'd;
A nobler task, or more sublime desire,
Ambition ne'er could form, nor pride inspire:

The sweets of tranquil life and rural ease
 Amuse securely, nor less justly please.
 Where gentle pleasure shews her milder power,
 Or blooms in fruit, or sparkles in the flower;
 Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme;
 Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the stream;
 Dawns, with each happier stroke the pencil gives,
 And, in each livelier image, smiling lives;
 Is heard, when Silvia strikes the warbling strings,
 Selinda speaks, or Philomela sings:
 Breathes with the morn; attends, propitious maid,
 The evening ramble, and the noon-day glade;
 Some visionary fair she cheats our view,
 Then only vigorous, when she's seen like you.
 Yet nature some for sprightlier joys design'd,
 For brighter scenes, with nicer care, refin'd.
 When the gay jewel radiant streams supplies,
 And vivid brilliants meet your brighter eyes;
 When dress and pomp around the fancy play,
 By fortune's dazzling beauties borne away:
 When theatres for you the scenes forego,
 And the box bows, obsequiously low:
 How dull the plan which indolence has drawn,
 The mossy grotto, or the flowery lawn!
 Though roseate scents in every wind exhale,
 And sylvan warblers charm in every gale.

Of these be her's the choice, whom all approve;
 And whom, but those who envy, all must love:
 By nature model'd, by experience taught,
 To know and pity every female fault:

Pleas'd

Pleas'd ev'n to hear her sex's virtues shewn,
 And blind to none's perfections but her own:
 Whilst, humble fair! of these too few she knows,
 Yet owns too many for the world's repose:
 From wit's wild petulance serenely free,
 Yet blest in all that nature can decree.
 Not like a fire, which, whilst it burns, alarms;
 A modest flame, that gently shines and warms:
 Whose mind, in every light, can charms display,
 With wisdom serious, and with humour gay;
 Just as her eyes in each bright posture warm,
 And fiercely strike, or languishingly charm:
 Such are your honours—mention'd to your cost,
 Those least can hear them, who deserve them most:
 Yet ah! forgive—the less inventive Muse,
 If e'er she sing, a copious theme must chuse.

Written in a FLOWER Book of my own Colour-
 ing, designed for Lady PLYMOUTH. 1753-4.

“ Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ.” HOR.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
 The pride of all the blooming year;
 And let me, thence, a garland frame,
 To crown this fair, this peerless dame!
 But ah! since envious winter lours,
 And Hewell meads resign their flowers,
 Let art and friendship joint essay
 Diffuse their flowerets, in her way.

Not nature can herself prepare
 A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
 Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
 Whose thoughts and accents form'd to soothe,
 Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,
 Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
 From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
 Deserv'd and won my Plymouth's love.

A N A C R E O N T I C. 1738.

’T WAS in a cool Aonian glade,
 The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
 Had sought refreshment from the shade;
 And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.
 A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
 The subtle traitor fast asleep;
 And is it thine to snore profound,
 She said, yet leave the world to weep?
 But hush—from this auspicious hour,
 The world, I ween, may rest in peace;
 And, robb'd of darts, and stript of power,
 Thy peevish petulance decrease.
 Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,
 And this thy vile artillery hide—
 When the Castalian fount she saw,
 And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
 Shall cause you soon to curse the day
 You dar'd the shafts of love invade;
 And gave his arms redoubled sway.
 For in a stream so wonderful clear,
 When angry Cupid searches round,
 Will not the radiant points appear?
 Will not the furtive spoils be found?
 Too soon they were; and every dart,
 Dipt in the Muse's mystic spring,
 Acquir'd new force to wound the heart;
 And taught at once to love and sing.
 Then farewell, ye Pierian quire;
 For who will now your altars throng?
 From love we learn to swell the lyre;
 And echo asks no sweeter song.

O D E. Written 1739.

“Urit spes animi credula mutui.” HOR.

’T WAS not by beauty’s aid alone,
 That love usurp’d his airy throne,
 His boasted power display’d;
 ’Tis kindness that secures his aim,
 ’Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
 Which beauty first convey’d.
 In Clara’s eyes, the lightnings view;
 Her lips with all the rose’s hue

Have all its sweets combin'd;
 Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
 Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
 To prove the charmer kind—
 Though wit might gild the tempting snare,
 With softest accent, sweetest air,
 By envy's self admir'd;
 If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
 In vain might every Grace adorn
 What every Muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
 He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
 Which love-sick swains endure:
 Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart;
 Since frowns could never wound his heart;
 And smiles—must ever cure.

But ah! how false these maxims prove,
 How frail security from love,
 Experience hourly shows!
 Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
 On every charming lip and eye
 Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair-one's eyes;
 In vain the sage explores the skies,
 To learn from stars his fate:
 'Till, led by fancy wide astray,
 He finds no planet mark his way;
 Convinc'd and wise—too late.

As partial to their words we prove;
 Then boldly join the lists of love,
 With towering hopes supply'd:
 See heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
 Mistook their deity's designs;
 Then took the field—and dy'd.

THE DYING KID.

“ Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
 “ Prima fugit ———” VIRG.

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
 To think yon playful kid must die;
 From crystal spring, and flowery mead,
 Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
 She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
 From rock to rock pursue his way,
 And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
 She saw him climb my rustic cell:
 Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
 And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood,
 To trace his features in the flood:
 Then skip'd aloof with quaint amaze;
 And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
 He flew, to hear my vocal reed ;
 And how with critic face profound,
 And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
 Deserves the gentle Delia's care ;
 And tears bedew her tender eye,
 To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wife,
 How soon this blameless æra flies ?
 While violence and craft succeed ;
 Unfair design, and ruthless deed !

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
 And yield her purple gifts no more ;
 Ah soon, eras'd from every grove
 Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
 Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee ;
 No more those beds of flowerets find,
 Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
 His bosom, now so void of care ;
 And, when they left his ebbing vein,
 What, but insipid age, remain ?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
 That gave his life so short a date ;
 And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
 To think that youth so swiftly flies !

S O N G S,

Written chiefly between the Years 1737 and 1742.

S O N G I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few;
 While faltering accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends I lov'd became unkind,
 She heard, and shed a generous tear;
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for dress;
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
 And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
 Go reap the plenty of your plains;
 Dispoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love sincere.

SONG II. The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers
Ere while I pass'd the day!

Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landkip round!

The river gliding down the dale!
'The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see:
'That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

SONG III.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames,
That rule o'er every British mind;
Be sure ye soothe their amorous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting sighs away:
'To mourn the night's oppressive gloom
And faintly bless the rising day.

And

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
 A British youth, should vainly moan;
 Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
 Submits to yours, and yours alone.
 Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
 Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
 And boast the fetters wrought by you.

S O N G IV. 'The SKY-LARK.

G O, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;
 And there on quivering pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau
 And all his flaunting race with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

S O N G

S O N G V.

“ Ah! ego non aliter tristis evincere morbos
 “ Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.”

O N every tree, in every plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain!
 A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
 And fast my waning vigour flies.
 Nor flowery plain, nor budding tree,
 That smile on others, smile on me;
 Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
 Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
 Or what the needless pride of spring?
 The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
 Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair
 Might claim a while my wonted care;
 My rural store some pleasure yield;
 So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
 Might well expect one parting sigh;
 Might well demand one tender tear;
 For when was Damon unsincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
 Yon setting sun his race renew,
 Inform me, swains; my friends, declare,
 Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

S O N G

S O N G VI.

The Attribute of VENUS.

YES; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
 Has all her bloom, and shape and air:
 But still, to perfect every grace,
 She wants—the smile upon her face.
 The crown majestic Juno wore;
 And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
 An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
 But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.
 Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,
 Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves!
 And from her zone, the nymph may find,
 'Tis beauty's province to be kind.
 Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
 Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
 Or bid her breathe in living stone,
 Shall take their forms from you alone.

S O N G VII. 1744.

THE lovely Delia smiles again;
 That killing frown has left her brow:
 Can she forgive my jealous pain,
 And give me back my angry vow?

Love

Love is an April's doubtful day:

A while we see the tempest lower;
Anon the radiant heaven furvey,
And quite forget the fitting shower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note, express
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

S O N G VIII. 1742.

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green,
In all the pride of dress and mien;
Averse to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day:
None other beauty strikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay;
The scene improves, where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;

Pity

Pity a wild illusive flame,
 That varies objects fill the fame :
 And let their very changes prove
 The never-vary'd force of love.

S O N G IX. 1743. VALENTINE'S DAY.

'T IS said that under distant skies,
 Nor you the fact deny;
 What first attracts an Indian's eyes
 Becomes his deity.
 Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
 That shares the morning's ray,
 May to the waking swain disclose
 The regent of the day.
 Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
 Enrich'd with fragrant power,
 May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
 Where blooms the sovereign flower.
 Perch'd on the cedar's topmast bough,
 And gay with gilded wings,
 Perchance, the patron of his vow,
 Some artless linnet sings.
 The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
 Then low to earth he bends;
 And owns, upon her friendly aid,
 His health, his life, depends.

Vain

Vain futile idols, bird or flower,
 To tempt a votary's prayer !
 How would his humble homage tower,
 Should he behold my fair !
 Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes,
 O'er Flavia's beauty range,
 He there would fix his lasting choice,
 Nor dare, nor wish to change.

S O N G X. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wonderful near,
 That, from these fountains, bear my dear ;
 A little space is given ; in vain :
 She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove
 My boundless flame, my endless love ;
 And, like the train of vulgar hours,
 Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way
 On that I gaze the livelong day ;
 No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
 Shall draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
 And sees his mangled legions die,
 Casts not a more impatient glance,
 To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires
 Far from his native home, requires

To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace—

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair enclose!
Oh! better hadst thou shun'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

S O N G XI. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh;
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is—it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

SONG XII. 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
 And wither'd heaths, I rove;
 Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
 I pass to meet my love.
 But though my path were damask'd o'er
 With beauties e'er so fine;
 My busy thoughts would fly before
 To fix alone—on thine.
 No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
 No palace please mine eye:
 No pyramid's aerial height,
 Where mouldering monarchs lie.
 Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance;
 Could I the pageant see:
 Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
 Not steal one thought from thee.

SONG XIII. The SCHÖLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
 Where whisper'd the beech, and where mur-
 mur'd the rill;
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.
 Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
 And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my
 tongue;

But

But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew:
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

S O N G XIV. The ROSE-BUD.

SEE, Daphne, see, Florelia cry'd,
And learn the sad effects of pride;
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze:
A gale succeeds from Eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the rose, an Eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd—You first, my swain,
 Confine your sonnets to the plain;
 One envious tongue alike disarms,
 You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
 Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
 What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
 Or what the rose's blush, unseen?

S O N G XV. W I N T E R. 1746.

NO more, ye warbling birds, rejoice:
 Of all that cheer'd the plain,
 Echo alone preserves her voice,
 And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-sick limbs I lay,
 To shun the rushing wind,
 Its busy murmurs seem to say,
 "She never will be kind!"

The Naiads, o'er their frozen urns,
 In icy chains repine;
 And each in sullen silence mourns
 Her freedom lost, like mine!

Soon will the sun's returning rays
 The cheerless frost controul;
 When will relenting Delia chase
 The winter of my soul?

S O N G

S O N G X V I. D A P H N E ' S V I S I T .

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
 With melting lay salute my love:
 My Daphne with your notes detain:
 Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footsteps rise;
 Display at once your brightest dyes;
 That she your opening charms may see:
 Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flower,
 And shed its odours round my bower:
 Or never more, O gentle wind,
 Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair!
 Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine furrounds,
 May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom!
 Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

S O N G X V I I. W r i t t e n i n a C o l l e c t i o n o f

B A C C H A N A L I A N S O N G S .

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
 To plunge old care in floods of wine;
 And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
 Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
 But limpid stream and shady tree
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see through yonder silent grove,
 See yonder does my Daphne rove;
 With pride her footsteps I pursue,
 And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
 I scorn the madness you approve,
 And value reason next to love.

S O N G XVIII.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the green,
 In all the pride of dress and mien;
 Averse to freedom, mirth, and play,
 The lofty rival of the day;
 Methinks to my enchanted eye,
 The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdain'g art, the fair
 Assumes a soft, engaging air:
 Mild as the opening morn of May,
 And as the feather'd warblers gay:
 'The scene improves where'er she goes,
 More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

O lovely

O lovely maid ! propitious hear,
 Nor think thy Damon infincere.
 Pity my wild delufive flame :
 For though the flowers are ftill the fame,
 To me they languifh, or improve,
 And plainly tell me that I love.

S O N G X I X. Imitated from the French.

Y E S, thefe are the fcenes where with Iris I ftay'd,
 But fhort was her fway for fo lovely a maid !
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloyfter fhe run ;
 In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun !
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion muft prove
 So fatal to beauty, fo killing to love !

Yes, thefe are the meadows, the fhrebs, and the plains ;
 Once the fcene of my pleasures, the fcene of my pains ;
 How many foft moments I fpend in this grove !
 How fair was my nymph ! and how fervent my love !
 Be ftill though, my heart ! thine emotion give o'er ;
 Remember, the feafon of love is no more.

With her how I ftay'd amid fountains and bowers,
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flowers !
 Then breathlefs with ardour my fair-one purfued,
 And to think with what kindnefs my garland fhe view'd !
 But be ftill, my fond heart ! this emotion give o'er !
 Fain would'ft thou forget thou muft love her no more.

A P A R O D Y.

WHEN first, Philander, first I came
 Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
 The nymphs—how brisk! the swains—how gay!
 To see Aferia, Queen of May!
 The parsons round, her praises sung!
 The steeples, with her praises rung!—
 I thought—no fight, that e'er was seen,
 Could match the fight of Barel's-green!—

But now, since old Eugenio dy'd—
 The chief of poets, and the pride—
 Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
 To raise their voice, to tune their lyre!
 Their lovely season, now, is o'er!
 Thy notes, Florelia, please no more!
 No more Aferia's smiles are seen!—
 Adieu!—the sweets of Barel's-green!

T H E H A L C Y O N.

WH Y o'er the verdant banks of Ooze
 Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?
 'Tis all because she would not lose
 Her favourite calm that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
 The stream reflects each flowery spray:
 And frugal of her time she flies
 To take her fill of love and play.

See

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
 Warm in some rocky cell remain ;
 To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
 Would only then enhance the pain.
 Descend, she cries, thou hated shower,
 Deform my limpid waves to-day,
 For I have chose a fairer hour
 To take my fill of love and play.
 You too, my Silvia, sure will own
 Life's azure seasons swiftly roll :
 And when our youth or health is flown,
 To think of love but shocks the soul.
 Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
 And thou art Damon's only theme ;
 He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
 As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

O D E.

SO dear my Lucio is to me,
 So well our minds and tempers blend ;
 That seasons may for ever flee,
 And ne'er divide me from my friend ;
 But let the favour'd boy forbear
 To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when every Muse,
 When every Grace benignant smil'd,
 With all a parent's breast could chuse
 To bless her lov'd, her only child :

'Tis thine, so richly grac'd to prove
More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of time,
Together mus'd in search of truth,
O'er learned sage, or bard sublime ;
And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
What wonderful treasure it can show.

Come then, resume thy charming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
Whilst I in fields of soft desire

Consume my fair and fruitless prime ;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come ! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily soothe thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind ;
And Fame sits listening for thy lays
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the sportsmen from her nest,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shews her tortur'd breast :
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

A P A S T O R A L O D E,

To the Honourable Sir RICHARD LYTTELTON.

THE morn dispens'd a dubious light
A fullen milt had stol'n from fight

Each pleasing vale and hill;
When Damon left his humble bowers,
'To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or check his wandering rill:

Though school'd from fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each lowering sky,
Would oft his fate bemoan;

That he in sylvan shades, forlorn!
Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn.
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obstreperous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe:
The pleasures he through choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
And moorcocks shun the day;
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remark the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quit their prey.

But

But see, the radiant sun once more
 The brightening face of heaven restore,
 And raise the doubtful dawn;
 And, more to gild his rural sphere,
 At once the brightest train appear,
 That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
 To think * Bridgewater's honour'd name
 Should grace his rustic cell;
 That she, on all whose motions wait
 Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
 Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
 By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,
 Will nought but vice disdain;
 Nor will the breast where fancy glows
 Deem every flower a weed that blows
 Amid the desert plain.

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
 To deal its lucid beams around,
 Nor equal meed receive:
 At most such garlands from the field,
 As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
 And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find,
 And weave the fairest of the kind,

* The Duchefs, married to Sir R. Lyttelton.

The prime of all the spring ;
If haply thus yon lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien ;
How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the song,
'Mid hazel copfes green ;

Lo, Dartmouth on thofe banks reclin'd,
While bufy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line ;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder fhed,
As through enchantment, fhine.

But who the nymph that guides their way ?
Could ever nymph descend to fray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat ?
Else, by the blooming features fair
The faultlefs make, the matchlefs air,
'Twere Cynthia's form compleat.

So would fome tuberoſe delight,
That ſtruck the pilgrim's wondering fight
'Mid lonely defarts drear ;
All as at eve, the fovereign flower
Diſpenſes round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah,

Ah, now no more, the shepherd cry'd,
 Must I ambition's charms deride,
 Her subtle force difown;
 No more of fawns or fairies dream,
 While fancy, near each crystal stream,
 Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathless mead,
 I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead
 My dazzled eyes astray;
 But who alas! will dare contend,
 If beauty add, or merit blend
 Its more illustrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!
 Since Guernsey saw without disdain,
 Where, hid in woodlands green,
 The * partner of his early days,
 And once the rival of his praise,
 Had stol'n through life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
 Since Stamford left his honour'd bower
 To smile familiar here:
 O form'd by nature to disclose
 How fair that courtsey which flows
 From social warmth sincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
 Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
 Admir'd this rural maze:

* They were school-fellows..

The noblest breast that virtue fires,
The Graces love, the Muse inspires,
Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say Thomson here was known to rest,
For him yon vernal seat I drest,
Ah, never to return!

In place of wit, and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my Lælius, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuse,
That envy'd his impartial Muse
To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd fight,
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays;
Beneath yon ruins moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recal!
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
 Resiftless! through the kindling soul
 Of senates, councils, kings!
 Though form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove
 Inglorious, through the shepherd's grove,
 And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more,
 Than these rude haunts have seen before,
 Each fount and shady tree?
 Have not these trees and fountains seen
 The pride of courts, the winning mien
 Of peerless Aylesbury?

And Grenville, she whose radiant eyes
 Have mark'd by slow gradation rise
 The princely piles of Stow;
 Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
 And smil'd to see the babbling floods
 Through self-worn mazes flow.

Say Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
 Again beneath your caves retir'd,
 Shall grace the pensive shade;
 With all the bloom, with all the truth,
 With all the sprightliness of youth,
 By cool reflection sway'd?

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear,
 Ye sailors, though his name be dear,
 Think him not yours alone:
 Grant him in other spheres to charm,
 'The shepherds' breasts though mild are warm,
 And ours are all his own.

O Lyttelton! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy generous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conspires with fame;
The song should please mankind.

V E R S E S written towards the Close of the
Year 1748, to WILLIAM LYTTELTON, Esq.

HOW blithely pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was every flower!

While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bower!

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne
In quest of joy they steer;
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O pensive Autumn! how I grieve
Thyorrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, Winter, haste; usurp the sky;
Compleat my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
 Yon sickening leaves retain;
 That speak at once of pleasure past,
 And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest, I gaze around,
 My distant scenes require;
 Where all in murky vapours drown'd
 Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Though Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!
 Inspiring Autumn sung;
 Yet how should we the months regard,
 That stopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah luckless months, of all the rest,
 To whose hard share it fell!
 For sure he was the gentlest breast
 That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown
 The roofs they lov'd before;
 Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
 To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
 The sportsman's frantic deed;
 While hounds and horns and yells unite
 To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown,
 Ye skies no longer blue!
 Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
 To bear these frowns from you.

Where

Where is the mead's unfullied green?

The zephyr's balmy gale?

And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,

That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,

And boast her purple store;

Not all the vineyard's rich supplies

Can soothe our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain

Could wit and mirth refine;

He! he is gone, whose social vein

Surpass'd the power of wine.

Faith by the streams he deign'd to praise,

In yon sequester'd grove,

To him a votive urn I raise;

To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend! forlorn and sad,

I grave your Thomson's name;

And there, his lyre; which fate forbade

To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount

Dark themes of hopeless woe;

And faster than the dropping fount,

I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green,

Shall shade the hallow'd ground;

And Spring will there again be seen,

To call forth flowers around.

But no kind furs will bid me share,
 Once more, his social hour;
 Ah Spring! thou never canst repair
 This loss, to Damon's bower.

L O V E A N D M U S I C.

Written at Oxford, when young.

S H A L L Love alone for ever claim
 An universal right to fame,
 An undisputed sway?
 Or has not Music equal charms,
 To fill the breast with strange alarms,
 And make the world obey?

The Thracian Bard, as Poets tell,
 Could mitigate the Powers of hell;
 Ev'n Pluto's nicer ear:
 His arts, no more than Love's, we find
 To deities or men confin'd,
 Drew brutes in crouds to hear.

Whatever favourite passion reign'd,
 The Poet still his right maintain'd
 O'er all that rang'd the plain:
 The fiercer tyrants could assuage,
 Or fire the timorous into rage,
 Whene'er he chang'd the strain.

In milder lays the Bard began;
 Soft notes through every finger ran,

And echoing charm'd the place:
 See! fawning lions gaze around,
 And, taught to quit their savage foud,
 Assume a gentler grace.

When Cymon view'd the fair-one's charms,
 Her ruby lips, and snowy arms,
 And told her beauties o'er:
 When love reform'd his awkward tone,
 And made each clownish gesture known,
 It shew'd but equal power.

The Bard now tries a sprightlier foud,
 When all the feather'd race around
 Perceive the varied strains;
 The soaring lark the note pursues;
 The timorous dove around him cooes,
 And Philomel complains.

An equal power of Love I've seen
 Incite the deer to scour the green,
 And chace his barking foe.
 Sometimes has Love, with greater might,
 To challenge—nay—sometimes—to fight
 Provok'd th' enamour'd beau.

When Silvia treads the smiling plain,
 How glows the heart of every swain,
 By pleasing tumults tost!
 When Handel's solemn accents roll,
 Each breast is fir'd, each raptur'd soul
 In sweet confusion lost.

If she her melting glances dart,
 Or he his dying airs impart,

Our spirits sink away.
 Enough, enough! dear nymph, give o'er;
 And thou, great artist! urge no more
 Thy unresisted sway.

Thus Love or sound affects the mind:
 But when their various powers are join'd,
 Fly, daring mortal, fly!
 For when Selinda's charms appear,
 And I her tuneful accents hear—
 I burn, I faint, I die!

C O M P A R I S O N.

'T IS by comparison we know
 On every object to bestow
 Its proper share of praise:
 Did each alike perfection bear,
 What beauty; though divinely fair,
 Could admiration raise?

Amidst the lucid bands of night,
 See! Hesperus, serenely bright,
 Adorns the distant skies:
 But languishes amidst the blaze
 Of sprightly Sol's meridian rays,—
 Or Silvia's brighter eyes.

Whene'er the nightingale complains,
 I like the melancholy strains,
 And praise the tuneful bird:
 But vainly might she strain her throat,
 Vainly exalt each swelling note,
 Should Silvia's voice be heard.

When, on the violet's purple bed,
 Supine I rest my weary head,
 The fragrant pillow charms:
 Yet soon such languid bliss I'd fly,
 Would Silvia but the loss supply,
 And take me to her arms.

The alabaster's wonderous white,
 The marble's polish strikes my sight,
 When Silvia is not seen:
 But ah! how faint that white is grown,
 How rough appears the polish'd stone,
 Compar'd with Silvia's mien!

The rose, that o'er the Cyprian plains,
 With flowers enamel'd, blooming reigns,
 With undisputed power,
 Plac'd near her cheek's celestial red,
 (Its purple lost, its lustre fled,)
 Delights the sense no more.

O D E T O C Y N T H I A,

On the approach of S P R I N G.

NOW in the cowslip's dewy cell
 The fairies make their bed,
 They hover round the crystal well,
 The turf in circles tread.

The lovely linnet now her song
 Tunes sweetest in the wood;
 The twittering swallow skims along
 The azure liquid flood.

The morning breeze wafts Flora's kifs
 In fragrance to the sense;
 The happy shepherd feels the bliss,
 And she takes no offence.

But not the linnet's sweetest song
 That ever fill'd the wood;
 Or twittering swallow that along
 The azure liquid flood

Skims swiftly, harbinger of spring,
 Or morning's sweetest breath,
 Or Flora's kifs, to me can bring
 A remedy for death.

For death—what do I say? Yes, death
 Must surely end my days,
 If cruel Cynthia flights my faith,
 And will not hear my lays.

No more with festive garlands bound,
 I at the wake shall be;
 No more my feet shall press the ground
 In dance with wonted glee;

No more my little flock I'll keep,
 To some dark cave I'll fly;
 I've nothing now to do but weep,
 To mourn my fate, and sigh.

Ah! Cynthia, thy Damon's cries
 Are heard at dead of night;
 But they, alas! are doom'd to rise
 Like smoke upon the fight.

They

They rise in vain, ah me! in vain
 Are scatter'd in the wind;
 Cynthia does not know the pain
 That rankles in my mind.
 If sleep perhaps my eye-lids close,
 'Tis but to dream of you;
 A while I cease to feel my woes,
 Nay, think I 'm happy too.
 I think I press with kisses pure,
 Your lovely rosy lips;
 And you 're my bride, I think I 'm sure,
 Till gold the mountain tips.
 When wak'd, aghast I look around,
 And find my charmer flown;
 Then bleeds afresh my galling wound,
 While I am left alone.
 Take pity then, O gentlest maid!
 On thy poor Damon's heart:
 Remember what I 've often said,
 'Tis you can cure my smart.

JEMMY DAWSON. A BALLAD;

Written about the Time of his Execution,
 in the Year 1745.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
 Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
 For thou canst weep at every woe ;
 And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
 A brighter never trod the plain ;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd youth astray ;
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,
 O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their fash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found ;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !
 For never yet did Alpine snows
 So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice, she weeping said,
 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart ;
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a prayer for thee,
My orizons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to list the giver's name.

But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did to every heart prefer;
 For though it could its King forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
 She bore this constant heart to see;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew
 The pure, the lasting love I bore;
 Accept, O heaven! of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
 The maid drew back her languid head,
 And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds, is due;
 For seldom shall she hear a tale
 So sad, so tender, yet so true.

A Pastoral BALLAD, in Four Parts. 1743.

“Arbuta humilesque myricæ.” VIRG.

I. A B S E N C E.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The Pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

II. H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:

Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.

Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;

Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire.

To the bower I have labour'd to rear;

Not a shrub that I heard her admire,

But I hasted and planted it there.

O how sudden the jessamine strove

With the lilac to render it gay!

Already it calls for my love,

To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,

What strains of wild melody flow!

How the nightingales warble their loves

From thickets of roses that blow!

And when her bright form shall appear,

Each bird shall harmoniously join

In a concert so soft and so clear,

As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;

I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:

But let me that plunder forbear,

She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.

For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetnefs unfold
 How that pity was due to—a dove :
 That it ever attended the bold ;
 And she call'd it the fifter of love.
 But her words fuch a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her fpeak, and whatever she fay,
 Methinks I fhould love her the more.

Can a bofom fo gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her Corydon fighs !
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 Thefe plains and this valley defpife ?
 Dear regions of filence and fhade !
 Soft fcenes of contentment and eafe !
 Where I could have pleafingly ftray'd,
 If aught, in her abfence, could pleafe.

But where does my Phyllida ftray ?
 And where are her grots and her bowers ?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the fhepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;
 The fwains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?

Why term it a folly to grieve ?

Ere I shew you the charms of my love,

She is fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave ;

With her wit she engages the free ;

With her modesty pleases the grave ;

She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,

Come and join in my amorous lays ;

I could lay down my life for the swain,

That will sing but a song in her praise.

When he sings, may the nymphs of the town

Come trooping, and listen the while ;

Nay on him let not Phyllida frown ;

—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance

Any favour with Phyllis to find,

O how, with one trivial glance,

Might she ruin the peace of my mind !

In ringlets he dresses his hair,

And his crook is bestudded around ;

And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware

Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
 " How her face is as bright as the snow,
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
 How the nightingales labour the strain,
 With the notes of his charmer to vie;
 How they vary their accents in vain,
 Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
 And pillages every sweet;
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays
 He throws it at Phyllis's feet.

" O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
 More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
 What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
 What is eglantine, after a shower?"

Then the lily no longer is white;
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
 Then the violets die with despight,
 And the wood-bines give up their perfume."

Thus glide the soft numbers along,
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
 —Yet I never should envy the song,
 Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phyllis the trophy despise:
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.

The language that flows from the heart,
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue ;
 —Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. D I S A P P O I N T M E N T.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep:
 They have nothing to do but to stray ;
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair—and my passion begun ;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love ;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought :
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so compleat would be fought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! love every hope can inspire ;
 It banishes wisdom the while ;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
 Yet that witness the woes I endure ;
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree :
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair, and how fickle, they be.
 Alas ! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes ?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain :
 The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.
 The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
 High transports are shewn to the sight,
 But we are not to find them our own ;
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,
 As I with my Phyllis had known.
 O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
 'To your deepest recesses I fly ;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chace ;
 I would vanish from every eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
 Was faithless, and I am undone !

L E V I T I E S ;

O R

P I E C E S O F H U M O U R .

F L I R T and P H I L ;

A Decision for the L A D I E S .

A Wit, by learning well refin'd,
 A beau, but of the rural kind,
 To Sylvia made pretences ;
 They both profess'd an equal love ;
 Yet hop'd, by different means to move
 Her judgment, or her senses.

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
 Watch'd the best minutes to be seen ;
 Went—when his glass advis'd him :
 While meagre Phil of books enquir'd ;
 A wight, for wit and parts admir'd ;
 And witty ladies priz'd him.

Sylvia had wit, had spirits too ;
 To hear the one, the other view,
 Suspended held the scales :
 Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its share,
 Let none the preference declare,
 But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS to the Memory of an agreeable
LADY, buried in Marriage to a Person unde-
serving her.

’T WAS always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter,
T’ anticipate a lesser ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
And languishing conditions ;
Who don’t the lesser ills sustain
Of phyfic and—physicians ?

Rather than lose his whole estate,
He that but little wife is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For lost ships not requiting :
This bears our noble king, to shun
The loss of blood—in fighting !

With numerous ills, in single life,
The bachelor’s attended :
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the case is mended !

Poor Gratia in her twentieth year,
Fore-seeing future woe,
Chose to attend a monkey here,
Before an ape below.

C O L E M I R A.

A Culinary ECLOGUE.

“Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.”

NIGHT's fable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
 And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed:
 When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
 Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground;
 The little lares kept their vigils round;
 The fawning cats compassionate his case,
 And pur around, and gently lick his face:

To all his complaints the sleeping curs reply,
 And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
 Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,
 And solitude to them is best society.

Could I (he cry'd) express, how bright a grace
 Adorns thy morning hands, and well-wash'd face;
 Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore,
 And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
 Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
 Her hands out-shine the fire, and redder things;
 Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
 When in meridian lustre shines my fair,

When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distills.

Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I see them thrum the frying-pan!

With her! I should not envy George his queen,
Though she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen:
Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair one's gown,
In ruffet pomp and greasy pride hang down.

Ah! now it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village bell;
Would that but sing, "I like thee passing well!"

When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
How soft! how easy did her accents flow!
"Get out, she cry'd, when strangers come to sup,
"One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute,
Alas! I envy'd even that salute;
'Twas sure misplac'd—Shock said, or seem'd to say,
He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O may'st thou ne'er by Eolus be seen,
For he wou'd sure demand thee for his queen.

But

But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,
 And only gentler med'cines be of use ;
 With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,
 Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

Such arts as these, exalt the drooping fire,
 But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire :
 I burn ! I burn ! O ! give thy puffing o'er ;
 And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips, no more !

With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen,
 When this proud damsel has more humble been,
 When with nice airs she hoist the pan-cake round,
 And drop'd it, hapless fair ! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace ! what winning tricks !
 The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks !
 So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
 Oft have I said,—there were no need of candles.

But thou my fair ! who never wouldst approve,
 Or hear the tender story of my love ;
 Or mind, how burns my raging breast,—a button—
 Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain,
 Revealing to the sable walls his pain :
 But nymphs are free with those they should deny ;
 To those, they love, more exquisitely coy !

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,
 The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
 And smoke in azure folds evaporate and dies.

The RAPE of the TRAP.

A BALLAD, 1737.

T WAS in a land of learning,
 The Muses favourite city,
 Such pranks of late
 Were play'd by a rat,
 As—tempt one to be witty.
 All in a college study,
 Where books were in great plenty ;
 This rat would devour
 More sense in an hour,
 Than I cou'd write—in twenty.
 Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
 Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir ;
 But this, a rat of taste,
 All other rats surpass'd ;
 And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir ;
 His breakfast, half the morning,
 He constantly attended ;
 And when the bell rung
 For evening song,
 His dinner scarce was ended !
 He spar'd not ev'n heroics,
 On which we poets pride us ;

And

And wou'd make no more
Of king Arthur's *, by the score,
Than all the world beside does.
In books of geo-graphy,
He made the maps to flutter :
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea ;
And a kingdom, bread and butter.
But if some mawkish potion
Might chance to over-dose him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic—to compose him—
A trap, in haste and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't ;
And, such was the gin,
Where a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.
With cheese, not books, 'twas baited,
The fact I'll not belye it—
Since none—I'll tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat
Mind books, when he has other diet.
But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why should I sing, or either ?

* By Blackmore.

Since

Since the rat, who knew the flight,
 Came in the dead of night,
 And dragg'd them away together:
 Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
 Through a fracture in the flooring;
 Which, though so trim
 It now may seem,
 Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages!
 Nor deem a man to wrong ye,
 Had the rat which thus did seize on
 'The trap, less claim to reason,
 Than many a scull among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
 Were vermin of condition;
 But this rat who merely learn'd
 What rats alone concern'd,
 Was the greater politician.

That England's topsy-turvy,
 Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
 Since traps we may determine,
 Will no longer take our vermin,
 But vermin * take our traps, Sir.

Let sops, by rats infested,
 Then trust in cats to catch 'em;

* Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

Lest they grow as learn'd as we,
 In our studies; where, d' ye see,
 No mortal fits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
 Good luck betide our cats, Sir:
 And grant that the one
 May quell the Spanish Don,
 And the other destroy our rats, Sir.

On certain PASTORALS.

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
 The weary audience vow,
 'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
 But 'tis his herds that low.

On Mr. C—— of KIDDERMINSTER'S Poetry.

THY verses, friend, are Kidderminster * stuff,
 And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

To the VIRTUOSOS.

HAIL, curious wights! to whom so fair
 The form of mortal flies is!
 Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
 Which common sense despises.

* Famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

Whether o'er hill, morafs, or mound,
 You make your sportsman fallies;
 Or that your prey in gardens found
 Is urg'd through walks and alleys.

Yet, in the fury of the chace,
 No flope could e'er retard you;
 Blest if one fly repay the race,
 Or painted wings reward you.

Fierce as Camilla o'er the plain
 Purfued the glittering franger;
 Still ey'd the purple's pleasing ftain,
 And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you difpenfe the favourite meat
 To nature's filmy people;
 Know what conferves they chufe to eat,
 And what liqueurs to tipple.

And if her brood of infects dies,
 You fage affiftance lend her;
 Can ftoop to pimp for amorous flies,
 And help them to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour;
 And when the birth's at hand,
 Exerting your obftetric power,
 Prevent a mothlefs land.

Yet oh! howe'er your towering view
 Above grofs objects rifes,
 Whate'er refinements you purfue,
 Hear, what a friend advifes:

A friend,

A friend, who, weigh'd with yours, must prize
 Domitian's idle passion;
 That wrought the death of teasing flies,
 But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
 Nor thus your hearts determine,
 To slight dame nature's fairest form
 And sigh for nature's vermin.

And speak with some respect of beaux,
 Nor more as triflers treat 'em:
 'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,
 Than cherish moths, that eat 'em.

The EXTENT of COOKERY.

“ Aliusque et idem.”

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
 A plain brown bob he wore;
 Read much, and look'd as though he meant
 To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
 His resolution flag;
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
 But gets into the house,
 And soon a judge's rank rewards
 His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags, give place!
 Full bottoms come instead!
 Good Lord! to see the various ways
 Of dressing—a calve's head?

The PROGRESS of ADVICE.

A Common CASE.

“ Suade, nam certum est.”

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half afraid)
 “ I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid:
 Now, because Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
 I will do 't if thou bidst me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me;
 For 'faith I'm in earnest, so pr'ythee be free.
 I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,
 But I'd have thy advice, ere I tye myself to her.”

Said Thomas to Richard, “ To speak my opinion,
 There is not such a bitch in king George's dominion,
 And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
 Thou wouldst chuse out a whipping-post, first to be ty'd to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
 And a liar, and a fool, and a flut, and a scold.”
 Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed,
 And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had said.

A BAL-

A B A L L A D.

“ Trahit sua quemque voluptas.”

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,
 To bring down a wife, whom the swains might admire :
 But, in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
 The goddess objected the length of the way !
 To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
 For to view the stag's horns in an old country-hall ;
 To have neither China nor India to see !
 Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she !
 To forsake the dear play-house, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
 Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive ;
 To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,
 O heavens ! she should faint, she should die on the road ;
 To forego the gay fashions and gestures of France,
 And leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,
 And Harlequin too !—’twas in vain to require it ;
 And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.
 She might yield to resign the sweet-fingers of Ruckholt,
 Where the citizen-matron seduces her cuckold ;
 But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall,
 And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.
 To be sure she could breathe no where else but in town,
 Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown ;
 But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
 A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

S L E N-

SLENDER'S Ghost. Vide SHAKESPEAR.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
 Decay'd and worn with age,
 At dusk of eve methought I spy'd
 Poor Slender's ghost, that whimpering cryed,
 O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards! give ear!
 Who talk of amorous rage,
 Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,
 Come learn of me to weep your woes:
 O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Why should such labour'd strains
 Your formal Muse engage?
 I never dream'd of flame or dart,
 That fir'd my breast or pierc'd my heart,
 But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you! whose love-sick minds
 No med'cine can assuage!
 Accuse the leech's art no more,
 But learn of Slender to deplore;
 O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And ye! whose souls are held,
 Like linnets in a cage!
 Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
 Attend and imitate my strains?
 O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And

And you who boast or grieve,
 What horrid wars we wage !
 Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye ;
 Yet mean as I do, when I figh,
 O sweet, O sweet Anne Page !

Hence every fond conceit
 Of shepherd or of sage ;
 'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way
 Expresses all you have to say,
 O sweet, O sweet Anne Page !

The INVIDIOUS. MART.

O Fortune ! if my prayer of old
 Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
 With better grace thou may'st allow
 My suppliant wish, that asks it now.
 Yet think not, goddesses ! I require it
 For the same end your clowns desire it.
 In a well-made effectual string,
 Fain would I see Lividio swing !
 Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
 But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
 Give me, O goddesses ! store of pelf,
 And he will tye the knot himself.

The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

“ Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,

“ Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.” MART.

I Ask'd a friend amidst the throng,
 Whose coach it was that trail'd along:
 “ The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
 That with the footmen stuck behind.”

O Sir! says he, what! han't you seen it?
 'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
 'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
 Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
 Your old acquaintance Damon! — “ True;
 But faith his equipage is new.”

“ Bless me, said I, where can it end?
 What madness has possess'd my friend?
 Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest,
 Their stomachs doubtless not the smallest!
 Can Damon's revenue maintain
 In lace and food, so large a train?
 I know his land—each inch of ground—
 'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
 If Damon's whole estate can bear
 To keep his lad and one-horse chair,
 I own 'tis past my comprehension.”
 Yes, Sir, but Damon has a pension—

Thus

Thus does false ambition rule us,
 Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;
 To keep a race of flickering knaves,
 He grows himself the worst of slaves.

HINT from VOITURE.

LET Sol his annual journeys run,
 And when the radiant task is done,
 Confess, through all the Globe, 'twould pose him,
 To match the charms that Celia shews him.

And should he boast he once had seen
 As just a form, as bright a mien,
 Yet must it still for ever pose him,
 To match—what Celia never shews him.

I N S C R I P T I O N,

To the memory
 Of A. L. Esquire,
 Justice of the peace for this county;
 Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage
 Through a trifling ridiculous world,
 Maintaining his proper dignity,
 Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill-disposed persons,
 And wits of the age,
 That ridiculed his behaviour,
 Or censured his breeding;

Following the dictates of nature,
 Desiring to ease the afflicted,
 Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
 Without having for his end
 The noise, or report such things generally cause
 in the world,
 (As he was seen to perform them of none)
 But the sole relief and happiness
 Of the party in distress;
 Himself resting easy,
 When he could render that so;
 Not griping, or pinching himself,
 To hoard up superfluities;
 Not coveting to keep in his possession
 What gives more disquietude, than pleasure;
 But charitably diffusing it
 To all round about him:
 Making the most sorrowful countenance
 To smile
 In his presence;
 Always bestowing more than he was asked,
 Always imparting before he was desired;
 Not proceeding in this manner
 Upon every trivial suggestion,
 But the most mature and solemn deliberation;
 With an incredible presence and undauntedness
 of mind;
 With an inimitable gravity and œconomy
 of face;

Bidding

Bidding loud defiance
To politeness and the fashion,
Dared let a f—t.

To a F R I E N D.

H A V E you ne'er seen, my gentle squire,
The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says Ned to Sal, " I lead a spade,
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
Play something—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to pass the time away—
Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
As though she play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?—
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
It's not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought, and thought, and miss'd her aim,
And Ned, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wondrous true,
That verse is but a game at loo.
While many a bard, that shews so clearly
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil;
And play for nothing, all the while:
Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signify'd a farthing more:

Till, having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Through fragrant scenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves:
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic flames the God bestows.
You now none other flame require,
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verses—to defy the scorners,
In thit-houses and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain—
The cards are cut—come deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?—why, still the same—
For Sal has lost another game.

“ I've done; (she mutter'd) I was saying,
It did not argufy my playing.
Some folks will win, they cannot chuse,
But think or not think—some must lose.
I may have won a game or so—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a baby then—
Give me an ace of trumps and see,
Our Ned will beat me with a three.

'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
He'll suffer for it, when he's marry'd."

Thus Sal, with tears in either eye;
While victor Ned sat tittering by.

Thus I, long envying your success,
And bent to write and study less,
Sate down, and scribbled in a trice,
Just what you see—and you despise.

You, who can frame a tuneful song,
And hum it as you ride along;
And, trotting on the king's high-way,
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay;
Accept this verse, howe'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair!
Which many wish, and few must wear?
Which some men's indolence can gain,
And some men's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what must Sal or poet sue,
Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verse, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And Ned, through skill, secures the game.

The POET and the DUN. 1741.

“ These are messengers

“ That feelingly persuade me what I am.” SHAKESP.

COMES a dun in the morning and raps at my door—
 “ I made bold to call—’tis a twelvemonth and more—
 I’m sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,—
 But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer.”
 My friend have but patience—“ Ay these are your ways.”
 I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—
 But Sir—pr’ythee take it, and tell your attorney,
 If I han’t paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,
 And calmly consider—consider? vexation!

What whore that must paint, and must put on false locks,
 And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!

What beggar’s wife’s nephew, now starv’d, and now
 beaten,

Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!

What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!

Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a bard!

Well, I’ll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,

Turn shoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;

Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,

And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.

One’s credit, however, of course will grow better;

Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

“ Dear Sir! I receiv’d your obliging epistle,
 Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.

I read

I read over with wonder the poem you sent me ;
 And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent me.
 'The audience, believe me, cry'd out every line
 Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine ;
 All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,
 And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.
 I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted :
 Sir Richard, for much a less genius, was knighted.
 Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye ;
 I could say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye."'
 Quite fir'd with the flattery, I call for my paper,
 And waste that, and health, and my time, and my taper :
 I scribble till morn, when, with wrath no small store,
 Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.
 " Ah ! friend, 'tis but idle to make such a pother,
 Fate, fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

Written at an Inn at HENLEY.

TO thee, fair freedom ! I retire
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and din ;
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher
 Than the low cott, or humble inn.
 'Tis here with boundless power I reign ;
 And every health which I begin,
 Converts dull port to bright champaigne ;
 Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate !
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin !
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter ! take my fordid ore,
 Which lacqueys else might hope to win ;
 It buys, what courts have not in store ;
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome, at an inn.

A S I M I L E.

WHAT village but has sometime seen
 The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
 Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
 Of that grim brute yclept a bear ?
 He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
 Receiv'd the curious form you see ;
 Who, with her plastic tongue alone,
 Produc'd a visage—like her own—
 And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,
 The powerful force of education * —
 Perhaps yon crowd of swains is viewing
 E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin ;

* Of a fond matron's education.

Who plays his antics, roars aloud ;
The wonder of a gaping crowd !

So have I known an aukward lad,
Whose birth has made a parish glad,
Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home ;
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool,
In sense the same, in stature higher,
He shines, ere long, a rural squire,
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares :
His tenants of superior sense
Carouze, and laugh, at his expence ;
And deem the pastime I 'm relating,
To be as pleasant, as bear-baiting.

The CHARMS of PRECEDENCE.

A T A L E.

“SIR, will you please to walk before ?”
—No, pray Sir—you are next the door.
—“ Upon mine honour, I 'll not stir—”
Sir, I 'm at home, consider, Sir—
“ Excuse me, Sir, I 'll not go first.”
Well, if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it—
'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—

Go forward, cits ! go forward, squires !
 Nor scruple each, what each admires.
 Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding ;
 It flies, while you display your breeding ;
 Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
 Or some old dancing-master teaches.
 O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
 To come behind you unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs !
 But death's at hand—let me advise ye,
 Go forward, friends ! or he'll surprize ye.

Besides, how insincere you are !
 Do ye not flatter, lye, forswear,
 And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
 And all for this—to lead the way ?

Such is my theme, which means to prove,
 That though we drink, or game, or love,
 As that or this is most in fashion,
 Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college-students take degrees,
 And pay the beadle's endless fees,
 What moves that scientific body,
 But the first cutting at a gawdy ?
 And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
 That starve and languish as physicians,
 Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
 The fat apothecary's chariot ?
 But that, in Charlot's chamber (see
 Moliere's " Medicin malgre lui")

The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before th' apothecary.

Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that shines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
*For—Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
You who are neither vain nor jealous!
The softest breast, the mildest mien!
Would you not feel some little spleen,
Nor bite your lip nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now,
Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
First serv'd—though in a dish of coffee?
Plac'd first, although, where you are found,
You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd first, though not with half the fame,
That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inspire
Our fix'd esteem, and fond desire!
Barely, where'er you go, to prove
The source of universal love!—
Yet be content, observing this,
Honour 's the offspring of caprice:
And worth, howe'er you have pursued it,
Has now no power—but to exclude it.
You 'll find your general reputation
A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a Peer;

So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
 And well the wit secur'd his aim.
 A common patriot has a drift,
 Not quite so innocent as Swift:
 In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
 "He's honest, faith"—have patience, neighbours,
 For patriots may sometimes deceive,
 May beg their friends' reluctant leave,
 To serve them in a higher sphere;
 And drop their virtue, to get there.—

As Lucian tells us, in his fashion,
 How souls put off each earthly passion,
 Ere on Elysium's flowery strand
 Old Charon suffer'd them to land;
 So ere we meet a court's caresses,
 No doubt our souls must change their dresses:
 And souls there be, who, bound that way,
 Attire themselves ten times a day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
 And saints alike and sinners love it;
 If place, for which our courtiers throng
 So thick, that few can get along;
 For which such fervile toils are seen,
 Who's happier than a king?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
 'Tis properly a female passion:
 Women, and beaux, beyond all measure
 Are charm'd with rank's extatic pleasure.

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
 You'd hint a beau was not a man:

Say, women then are fond of places;
I wave all disputable cases.

A man perhaps would something linger,
Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on 't,
He might deliberate once or twice on 't;
Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on 't,
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women wish precedence ever;
'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And strongly animates their age.
Perhaps they would not sell out-right,
Or maim a limb—that was in sight;
Yet on worse terms they sometimes chuse it;
Nor ev'n in punishments refuse it.

Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!
All fierce and pregnant with reply.
But lend your patience, and your ear,
An argument shall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail,
Beside my title says, a tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
Avon, the Muses' favourite theme!
Avon, that fills the farmers' purses,
And decks with flowers both farms and verses,
She visits many a fertile vale—
Such was the scene of this my tale.

For 'tis in Evesham's vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.

The soil with annual plenty blest
Was by young Corydon possess'd.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As most material to my story:
For strength and vigour too, he had them,
And 'twere not much amiss, to add them.

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
In russet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
Might well with bright allusion store me;
—But happier bards have been before me!

Amongst the various year's increase,
The stripping own'd a field of pease;
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by some female neighbours.
Each morn discover'd to his sight
The shameful havock of the night:
Traces of this they left behind them,
But no instructions where to find them.
The Devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have seen the Devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of Echard, who has said it,
Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us;
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;

But then old Noll was one in ten,
And fought him more than other men.
Our shepherd too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He rose one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambush lay:
When lo! a brace of girls appears,
The third, a matron much in years.
Smiling, amidst the pease, the sinners
Sate down to cull their future dinners;
And, caring little who might own them,
Made free as though themselves had sown them.

'Tis worth a sage's observation
How love can make a jest of passion.
Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid!
And love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now banish'd anger out of door;
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a smile:
And knowing well 'twas all grimace,
To threaten with a smiling face,
He in few words express'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.

The amorous youth, for their offence,
Demanded instant recompence:

That recompence from each, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name.

Yet, more this sentence to discover,
'Twas what Bet * * grants her lover,
When he, to make the strumpet willing,
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood a while, as 'twere suspended,
And loth to do, what—each intended.

At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
'The matron, bent with age, replies

'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,
And our ill stars, will have it so—
But let my tears your wrath assuage,
And shew some deference for age!

I from a distant village came,
Am old, God knows, and something lame;
And if we yield, as yield we must,
Dispatch my crazy body first.

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,
When circled round on Ida's plain
With goddesses he stood suspended,
And Pallas's grave speech was ended,
Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty;
But paid the compliment to beauty.

ODE to be performed by Dr. BRETTLER, and
a Chorus of HALES-OWEN CITIZENS.

The Instrumental Part, a Viol d' Amour.

AIR by the DOCTOR.

A WAKE! I say, awake good people!
And be for once alive and gay;
Come let's be merry; stir the tipples;
How can you sleep,
Whilst I do play? how can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great musician!

On drowsy souls some pity take!

For wondrous hard is our condition,

To drink thy beer,

Thy strains to hear;

To drink,

To hear,

And keep awake!

SOLO by the DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,

A wight of skill, and judgment deep!

Zooners they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—

No, here is one, and he's asleep.

D U E T T E.

Dr.—How could they go Soft music.

Whilst I do play?

Sal.—How could they go! Warlike music.

How should they stay?

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

WHEN Celia, Love's eternal foe,
 To rich old Gomez first was marry'd;
 And angry Cupid came to know,
 His shafts had err'd, his bow miscarry'd;

He sigh'd, he wept, he hung his head,
 On the cold ground, full sad, he laid him;
 When Plutus, there by fortune led,
 In this desponding plight survey'd him.

And sure, he cry'd, you'll own at last
 Your boasted power by mine exceeded:
 Say, wretched boy, now all is past,
 How little she your efforts heeded.

If with success you would assail,
 Gild, Youngster, doubly gild your arrows:
 Little the feather'd shafts avail,
 Though wing'd from Mamma's doves and sparrows.

What though each reed, each arrow grew,
 Where Venus bath'd herself; depend on't,
 'Twere more for use, for beauty too,
 A diamond sparkled at the end on't.

Peace, Plutus, peace!—the boy reply'd;
 Were not my arts by your's infested,
 I could each other power deride,
 And rule this circle, unmolested.

See yonder pair ! no worldly views
 In Chloe's generous breast resided :
 Love bade her the spruce valet chuse,
 And she by potent love was guided.
 For this ! she quits her golden dreams,
 In her gilt coach no more she ranges :
 And her rich crimson, bright with gems,
 For cheeks impearl'd with tears, she changes.
 Though fordid Celia own'd your power,
 Think not so monstrous my disgrace is :
 You gain'd this nymph—that very hour
 I gain'd a score in different places.

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of CLEONE.

WELL, ladies—so much for the tragic stile—
 And now the custom is to make you smile.
 To make us smile !—methinks I hear you say—
 Why, who can help it, at so strange a play ?
 The Captain gone three years !—and then to blame
 The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame !
 My stars !—what gentle belle would think it treason,
 When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason ?
 Out of my house !—this night, forsooth depart ?
 A modern wife had said—“ With all my heart—
 But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone !
 Order your coach—conduct me safe to town—
 Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
 And pray take care my pin-money be paid.”

Such is the language of each modish fair ;
 Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
 The time has been when modesty and truth
 Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth :
 When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
 Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places,
 Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces :
 Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
 And wives ne'er dreamt of happiness abroad ;
 They lov'd their children, learnt no flaunting airs,
 But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
 Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
 For marriage triumph'd in those golden days :
 By chaste decorum they affection gain'd ;
 By faith and fondness what they won, maintain'd.

'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days again,
 And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men ;
 Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
 And give the soul, as well as sense, delight ;
 Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
 That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
 Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
 The marriage chain with transport shall be worn ;
 Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride
 Shall double all their joys, their cares divide ;
 Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
 And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

M O R A L

M O R A L P I E C E S.

The J U D G M E N T of H E R C U L E S.

WHILE blooming spring descends from genial skies,
 By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;
 From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow;
 The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
 Will Lyttelton the rural landskip range,
 Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
 Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
 And learn a moral from the rising greens?
 There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening power,
 The weed, aspiring, emulates the flower:
 The drooping flower, its fairer charms display'd,
 Invites, from grateful hands, their generous aid:
 Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
 The lively lustre of these scenes declines!

'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
 Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife.
 Then passion riots, reason then contends;
 And, on the conquest, every bliss depends:
 Life, from the nice decision, takes its hue:
 And blest those judges who decide like you!
 On worth like theirs shall every bliss attend:
 The world their favourite, and the world their friend.

There are, who, blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
 As fortune gives examples, urge their way:
 Nor virtues foes, though they her paths decline,
 And scarce her friends, though with her friends they join,
 In her's, or vice's casual road advance
 'Thoughtless, the finners or the fainsts of chance!
 Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice;
 With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
 When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
 Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
 While passion's lawless tides, at their command,
 Glide through more useful tracts, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
 By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,
 In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest powers;
 Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with flowers.
 The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings:
 The fittest to adorn each art she brings:
 Lov'd by that prince whom every virtue fires:
 Prais'd by that bard whom every Muse inspires:
 Blest in the tuneful art, the social flame;
 In all that wins, in all that merits fame:

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
 When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
 Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
 Resign'd to thought, with lingering steps he stray'd;
 Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys:
 Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.
 Dubious he stray'd, with wavering thoughts possess'd,
 Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;

The

The various arts which human cares divide,
 In deep attention all his mind employ'd :
 Anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd ;
 Or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.
 The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
 'The fount that murmur'd, and the flowers that blow'd ;
 The silver flood that in meanders led
 His glittering streams along th' enliven'd mead ;
 The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
 Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind,
 In vain ! while distant, on a summit rais'd,
 Th' imperial towers of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd through fancy's puzzling maze
 The separate sweets of pleasure and of praise ;
 Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
 And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade.
 At once, before his wondering eyes were seen
 Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.
 Various their charms ; and in their dress and face,
 Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
 This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
 'The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.
 Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
 Shew'd native merit, mix'd with modesty.
 Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
 Severely sweet, and innocently gay.
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
 In artless folds of virgin white array'd !
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
 Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn.

Her

Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,
 Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles.
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less ;
 She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress ;
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,
 Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine.
 One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
 And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore.
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
 And match'd the awful honours of her face.
 The shrubs, the flowers, that deck'd the verdant ground,
 Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.
 Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd ;
 She pleas'd, while distant ; but, when near, she charm'd.
 So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam
 That glittering quivers o'er a distant stream :
 But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
 And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd ;
 And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
 A fluttering robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
 And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd.
 Its form, contriv'd her faulty size to grace ;
 Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her face.
 Her plaited hair disguis'd with brilliants glar'd ;
 Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring lustre shar'd ;
 The gawdy topaz lent its gay supplies,
 And every gem that strikes less curious eyes ;
 Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd ;
 And, round her brow, a roseate garland bloom'd.

Soft

Soft smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles ;
 Yet, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.

Oft-gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair
 Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care :
 Her thoughts, to others charms malignly blind,
 Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd :
 And if on others eyes a glance were thrown,
 'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.

Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
 When for her warrior she refines her mien ;
 Or when, to bless her Delian favourite's arms,
 The radiant fair invigorates her charms.

Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
 Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
 When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
 And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
 Such shone the vision ; nor forbore to move
 The fond contagious airs of lawless love.

Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
 And amorous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.
 Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,
 She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain ;
 Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd the
 swain. }

So glaring draughts, with taudry lustre bright,
 Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight :
 More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
 Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrap'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd
 The various charms of each attractive maid :

Alternate

Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
 And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.
 Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
 When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

“Hither, dear boy, direct thy wandering eyes;
 'Tis here the lovely vale of pleasure lies.
 Debate no more, to me thy life resign;
 Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine,
 For me the nymph diversifies her power,
 Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flower;
 To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains;
 To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
 To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows;
 To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose;
 Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
 And swells the vegetable world, for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
 Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
 Where chance from courage claims the boasted prize:
 Where, though she give, your country oft denies.
 Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
 And ever gently fight his soft campaign.
 His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
 Yet only suffer, to enjoy the cure.
 Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,
 And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes.
 Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
 A brighter lily on their necks appear;

Where

Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,
Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest!
While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains:
Whilst, with each accent, sweetest odours flow;
And spicy gums round every bosom glow.
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
At sloth let war's victorious sons exclaim;
In vain! for pleasure is my real name;
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'er-grown;
No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own:
For well each opening scene, that claims my care,
Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy soul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his labouring tree,
And, guarding, gives its clustering sweets to me.
For my lov'd train, Apollo's piercing beam
Darts through the passive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
Nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd!
For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;
For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane;
Some costly tribute every clime shall pay;
Some charming treasure every wind convey;
Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield;
Art built thy dome, while nature decks thy field;

Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise;
 'The spiring turrets glitter through the skies;
 Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays;
 Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
 Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
 Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes, and sweetly-sounding lyres
 Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;
 Or, in th' Ionian dance, some favourite maid
 Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
 Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
 To feed on virtue's visionary charms;
 Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,
 For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
 To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
 And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
 And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.
 She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,
 You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
 In whose endearments years, like moments, flew;
 For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
 She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
 And tread with her the flowery tract of time;
 Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
 On some cold lover, or insulting foe.
 Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
 Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell;

What

What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!

See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
Where breathing jasmin screens the sleeping maid:
And such her charms, as to the vain may prove,
Ambition seeks more humble joys than love!
There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor sciences perplex thy labouring brain:
Or none, but what with equal sweets invite;
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;
To fix the dress that suits each varying mien;
To shew where best the clustering gems are seen;
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love!
Nor fear to find a coy disdainful Muse;
Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse.
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
Soft scenes of leisure! suit th' harmonious maids;
And all the wise, and all the grave decree
Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse:
To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;

The plant, which nature, less diffusely kind,
 Has to few climes with partial care confin'd:
 The shell she scatters with more careless air,
 And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair;
 The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
 Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
 Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms;
 Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
 Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
 The watery nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
 And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,
 For thy repose, inform, with rival joy,
 Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
 Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,
 Till lost in bliss thou breath'st thy soul away:
 Till the t' Elysian bowers of joy repair,
 Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
 Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
 One tender hand her drooping head sustains;
 One points, expressive, to the flowery plains.
 Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll,
 Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul:
 As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
 And each fair fabric of the frost decays.
 Soon, to his breast, the soft harangue convey'd
 Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
 He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame;
 Yet, sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame,

And

And, oft as virtue caught his wandering eye,
 A crimfon blush condemn'd the rifing figh.
 'Twas fuch the lingering Trojan's shame betray'd,
 When Maia's fon the frown of Jove difplay'd :
 When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,
 For the foft reign of Dido, and of love.

Thus ill with arduous glory love confpires ;
 Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires !

Some hovering doubts his anxious bofom mov'd,
 And virtue, zealous fair ! thofe doubts improv'd.

“ Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,
 Nor err, by fuch fantaftic fcenes betray'd.
 Though in my path the rugged thorn be feen,
 And the dry turf difclofe a fainter green ;
 Though no gay rofe or flowery product fhine,
 The barren furface ftill conceals the mine.
 Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
 In virtue's path, fuperior fweets beftows—
 Yet fhould thofe boasted, fpecious toys allure,
 Whence could fond floth the flattering gifts procure ?
 The various wealth that tempts thy fond defire,
 'Tis I alone, her greateft foe, acquire.
 I from old ocean rob the treafur'd ftore ;
 I through each region, latent gems explore ;
 'Twas I the rugged brilliant firft reveal'd,
 By numerous frata deep in earth conceal'd,
 'Tis I the furface yet refine, and fhew
 The modeft gem's intrinsic charms to glow.
 Nor fwells the grape, nor fpires its feeble tree
 Without the firm fupports of induftry.

But grant we stoth the scene herself has drawn,
 The mossy grotto, and the flowery lawn;
 Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
 And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
 Let gay Pomona flight the plains around,
 And chuse, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;
 To bless the fertile vale should virtue cease,
 Nor mossy grotts, nor flowery lawns could please;
 Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
 The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.

Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
 Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
 Those fields, whence Phœbus all their moisture drains,
 And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
 When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
 Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.
 The form thou view'st, to every scene with ease
 Transfers its charms, and every scene can please.
 When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd;
 And the lone wanderer with my presence chear'd;
 Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
 And call'd that desert blissful solitude!

Nor I alone to such extend my care:
 Fair-blooming health surveys her altars there.
 Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
 And with reflected lustre gild the plains.
 With her, in flower of youth, and beauty's pride,
 Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.
 One ready offering suits each neighbouring shrine;
 And all obey their laws, who practise mine.

But

But health averſe from ſloth's ſmooth region flies;
And, in her abſence, pleaſure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, reſoſe,
Smile where ſhe ſmiles, and ficken when ſhe goes.
A galaxy of powers! whoſe forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

Nor will ſoft ſleep to ſloth's requeſt incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.

Vain is the ſparkling bowl, the warbling ſtrain,
Th' incentive ſong, the labour'd viand vain!
Where ſhe relentleſs reigns without control,
And checks each gay excuſion of the ſoul:
Unmov'd, though beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and ſpread the ſoſteſt arms:
Till joyleſs indolence ſuggeſts deſires;
Or drugs are ſought to furniſh languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliſs, but fertile of decay.
As artful heats, apply'd to thirſty lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debaſe the ſands.

But let fair health her chearing ſmiles impart,
How ſweet is nature, how ſuperfluous art!
'Tis ſhe the fountain's ready draught commends,
And ſmooths the flinty couch which fortune lends.
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay boſom with unuſual fires,
And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine ſweets of love.
His faireſt proſpect riſing trophies frame;
His ſweeteſt muſic is the voice of fame;

Pleasures to sloth unknown! she never found
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the found.

See fame's gay structure from yon summit charms,
And fires the manly breast to arts or arms;
Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise
From groveling vales to towers which reach the skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire;
'The smiling offspring of a rigid fire!
'To fix the friend, your service must be shewn;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
'That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,
'That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
'That books may praise, or coins record your name,
Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view
'The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.

'Twas slow experience, tedious mistress! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive schools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whose generous warmth extends
'T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.
On active worth the laurel war bestows:
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows:
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies:
Nor heaven, its showers without a sacrifice.

See far below such groveling scenes of shame,
As lull to rest Ignavia's slumbering dame.

Her friends, from all the toils of fame secure,
 Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.
 Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage
 A youth enervate, and a painful age;
 A sickly sapless mass, if reason flies;
 And, if she linger, impotently wise!
 A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, and gay,
 Invite old age, and revel youth away;
 From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
 And idly place it where they least can bear.
 When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
 What kind reflection shall the mind supply?
 When, with lost health, what should the loss allay,
 Peace, peace is lost: a comfortless decay!
 But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies,
 And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
 Through death's dark vista flowery tracts are seen,
 Elysian plains, and groves for ever green.
 If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,
 Their's is the present who can praise the past.
 Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,
 As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
 How calm they glide into the port of age!
 Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;
 More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd,
 For health on age, 'tis temperance must bestow;
 And peace from piety alone can flow;
 And all the incense bounteous Jove requires,
 Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires —

Sloth views the towers of fame with envious eyes;
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.

Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful towers,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some sylvan music, or some scented breeze:
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
And all the short liv'd resolution dies.

Thus some fond insect's faltering pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its favourite sweets, a lasting slave:
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease:
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

But shun her snares: nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd;
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.
Let generous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,
To latest times shall generous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:
'Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians join;
Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine.

Thine,

Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;
 Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.
 Dulness perhaps, through want of sight, may blame,
 And spleen, with odious industry, defame;
 And that, the honours given, with wonder view,
 And this, in secret sadness, own them due:
 Contempt and envy were by fate design'd
 The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
 Contempt, which none, but who deserve, can bear;
 While envy's wounds the smiles of fame repair.
 For know, the generous thine exploits shall fire,
 Thine every friend it suits thee to require,
 Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I shew,
 Lov'd by the good their images below."

Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies!
 My guide! my queen! th' extatic youth replies.
 In thee I trace a form design'd for sway;
 Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey.
 And, by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
 Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
 Lead me! O lead me where whole hosts of foes
 Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose!
 Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,
 While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
 Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,
 And crush the fetters of an injur'd land:
 To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
 And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!
 Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
 And none, but envy, riot unsubdued,

In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
 Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell !
 And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
 Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools :
 Yet such in vain thy favouring smiles pretend ;
 For he is thine, who proves his country's friend.
 Thus when my life well-spent the good enjoy,
 And the mean envious labour to destroy ;
 When, strongly lur'd by fame's contiguous shrine,
 I yet devote my choicer vows to thine ;
 If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
 O lead thy favourite through the gates of fame !

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
 He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair.
 But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
 The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more :
 Convinc'd, her spurious charms of dress and face
 Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.
 Fantastic power ! whose transient charms allur'd,
 While error's mist the reasoning mind obscur'd :
 Not such the victress, virtue's constant queen,
 Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen.
 Her brightening form and features seem'd to own,
 'Twas all her wish, her interest, to be known :
 And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
 Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendor crown'd,
 While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround.

But

But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the sickening splendor fades away.

}

The P R O G R E S S of T A S T E.

O R,

The F A T E of D E L I C A C Y.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of the AUTHOR;
and how great a Misfortune it is, for a Man of small
Estate to have much TASTE.

P A R T the F I R S T.

P E R H A P S some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay.

“ The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean sail :

For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end !

Yet, ah ! the scenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms dispers'd in air,

Still dancing near disorder'd eyes ;
And weakest his, who best descries !

Yet let me not my birth-right barter,
(For wishing is the poet's charter ;

All bards have leave to wish what 's wanted,

Though few e'er found their wishes granted ;

Extensive

Extensive field; where poets pride them
In finging all that is deny'd them.)

For humble ease, ye powers! I pray;
That plain warm suit for ev'ry day!
And pleasure, and brocade, bestow;
To flaunt it—once a month, or so.
The first for constant wear we want;
The first, ye powers! for ever grant;
But constant wear the last bespatters,
And turns the tiffue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
Let me secure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public scenes, request
A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd:
And, if I must' not hope such favour,
A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas! that wisdom ever shuns
To congregate her scatter'd sons;
Whose nervous forces well combin'd
Would win the field, and sway mankind.
The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in sight;
The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
Attract whole flights of fops and beaux;
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the sight; carefs, and own him;
But ill-starr'd sence, nor gay nor loud,
Steals soft on tip-toe, through the crowd:

Conveys

Conveys his meagre form between;
And slides, like pervious air, unseen:
Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere ev'n a crime, to be:
Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,
And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,
You scarce are conscious he is there:
Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
Occurs his face's thin profile.
Still seeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bath'd, to fly.
Yet, while reluctant he displays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath, in its center, plac'd.
His tawdry stock of painted paste.
Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill;
Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill;
His pensive manner, dulness deem'd.
His modesty, reserve esteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train.

And those who, mutually known,
In friendship's fairest list had shone,
Less prone, than pebbles, to unite,
Retire to shades from public sight;
Grow savage, quit their social nature;
And starve, to study mutual satire.

But friends, and favourites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, seas between them:

Meet

Meet once a year, then part, and then
Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide,
Some human form to grace my side;
At hand, where'er I shape my course;
An useful, pliant, stalking-horse!

No gesture free from some grimace;
No seam, without its share of lace;
But, mark'd with gold or silver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What though Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting, but his mind:
Before, a solitaire; behind,
A twisted ribbon, like the track
Which nature gives an ass's back.
Silent as midnight! pity 'twere
His wisdom's slender wealth to share!
And, whilst in flocks our fancies stray,
To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting every eye,
I stroll all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of every kind,
As an umbrella fun or wind;
Or, like a sponge, absorbs the fallies,
And pestilential fumes of malice;
Or, like a splendid shield, is fit
To screen the templar's random wit;

Or what some gentler cit lets fall,
As wool-packs quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force,
And apter still the stalking-horse!

O let me wander all unseen,
Beneath the sanction of his mien!
As lilies soft, as roses fair!
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air!
With steady eye and pace remark
The speckled flock that haunts the park*;
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies flocking there to feed:
And, as my satire bursts amain,
See, feather'd foppery strew the plain.

But when I seek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane.
Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend,
To the soft-winding vales descend;
And love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings,
And check me, when my bosom burns
For statues, paintings, coins, and urns.
For I in Damon's prayer could join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine—
But all dispers'd! the wish, the prayer,
Are driven to mix with common air.

* St. James's.

PART THE SECOND.

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
 While yet romantic schemes were not!
 Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes,
 To plan frail castles in the skies;
 Forfaking pleasures cheap and common,
 To court a blaze, still flitting from one.

Ah happy Damon! thrice and more,
 Had taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore!

Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd
 The couples jingled at his side;
 And Damon swore he would not barter
 The sportsman's girdle, for a garter!

Whoever came to kill an hour,
 Found easy Damon in their power;
 Pure social nature all his guide,
 "Damon had not a grain of pride."

He wish'd not to elude the snares
 Which knavery plans, and craft prepares;
 But rather wealth to crown their wiles;
 And win their universal smiles:
 For who are chearful, who at ease,
 But they who cheat us as they please?

He wink'd at many a gross design,
 The new-fallen calf might countermine:
 Thus every fool allow'd his merit;
 "Yes! Damon had a generous spirit!"

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
 Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile :
 That coxcomb ne'er denied him sense ;
 For why ? it prov'd his own pretence :
 All own'd, were modesty away,
 Damon could shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in season,
 Damon ne'er strove to save his reason ;
 Obnoxious to the mad uproar :
 A spy upon a hostile shore !
 'Twas this his company endear'd :
 Mirth never came till he appear'd :
 His lodgings—every drawer could show them ;
 The slave was kick'd, who did not know them.

Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
 And pleasing all, whom mirth could please ;
 Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
 To shew a softer word than folly.
 Since wisdom's gorgon-shield was known
 To stare the gazer into stone ;
 He chose to trust in folly's charm,
 To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave learning's sober train
 Remark'd the trifler with disdain ;
 The sons of taste contemn'd his ways,
 And rank'd him with the brutes that graze ;
 While they to nobler heights aspir'd,
 And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
 His old companions lost their merit :

And every kind well-natur'd sot
 Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;
 Where every yawning guest agrees,
 The willing creature strives to please:
 But temper never could amuse;
 It barely led us to excuse;
 'Twas true, conversing they aver'd,
 All they had seen, or felt or heard:
 Talents of weight! for wights like these,
 The law might chuse for witnesses:
 But sure th' attesting dry narration
 Ill suits a judge of conversation.

* What were their freedoms? mere excuses
 To vent ill-manners, blows, and bruises.
 Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
 At form, at form, incessant railing,
 Would they examine each offence,
 Its latent cause, its known pretence,
 Punctilio ne'er was known to breed them,
 So sure as fond prolific freedom.
 Their courage! but a loaded gun;
 Machine the wife would wish to shun;
 Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
 Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure,
 Through much contempt, and slender pleasure,
 His sense of dignity returns;
 His native pride his bosom burns;

* Boisterous mirth.

He

He seeks respect—but how to gain it?
 Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it:
 And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
 Discards and dissipates respect.

The man who bravely bows, enjoys it;
 But shaking hands, at once, destroys it.
 Precarious plant, which, fresh and gay,
 Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!

Come then, reserve! yet from thy train
 Banish contempt, and curst disdain.
 Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art,
 To act the decent distant part:
 To husband well my complaisance,
 Nor let ev'n wit too far advance;
 But chuse calm reason for my theme,
 In these her royal realms supreme;
 And o'er her charms, with caution shown,
 Be still a graceful umbrage thrown;
 And each abrupter period crown'd,
 With nods, and winks, and smiles profound,
 Till, rescued from the crowd beneath,
 No more with pain to move or breathe,
 I rise with head elate, to share
 Salubrious draughts of purer air.
 Respect is won by grave pretence
 And silence, surer ev'n than sense—

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs
 Of Eastern—and of other kings,
 Or whence this awe to virtue due,
 While virtue's distant as Peru?

The sheathless sword the guard displays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays:
The stately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Less screens the body, than controls,
And wards contempt from royal souls.

The crowns they wear but check the eye,
Before it fondly pierce too nigh;
That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
Around the surface of—the void.
O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound
To scatter his amusements round!
To tempt us from the conscious breast,
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest.
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd
So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,
'That the frog people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a distance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's assistance:
Nay—had addresses from his nation,
In praise of log-administration.

PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
Productive of that general stare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear!
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement sent its invitation.

Romantic

Romantic scenes of pendent hills,
 And verdant vales, and falling rills,
 And mossy banks, the fields adorn,
 Where Damon, simple swain, was born.

The Dryads rear'd a shady grove;
 Where such as think, and such as love,
 May safely sigh their summer's day:
 Or muse their silent hours away.

The Oreads lik'd the climate well;
 And taught the level plain to swell
 In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
 Might all their larger works descry.

The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
 From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
 They form'd their streams to please the view,
 And bade them wind, as serpents do:
 And having shewn them where to stray,
 Threw little pebbles in their way.

These Fancy, all-sagacious maid,
 Had at their several tasks survey'd:
 She saw and smil'd; and oft would lead
 Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
 There, with descriptive finger, trace
 The genuine beauties of the place;
 And when she all its charms had shewn,
 Prescribe improvements of her own.

“ See yonder hill, so green, so round,
 Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
 'Twould well become thy gentle care
 To raise a dome to Venus there:

Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey;
 And Venus, in their arms, repay.
 'Twas such a shade, and such a nook,
 In such a vale, near such a brook;
 From such a rocky fragment springing;
 That fam'd Apollo chose, to sing in.
 There let an altar wrought with art
 Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.
 How charming there to muse and warble
 Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
 With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
 That crown a poet's vast desire.
 Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
 Where Music's * charming maids may dwell;
 Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
 And make thee many an assignation.
 Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
 Be plac'd Minerva's sacred seat;
 There let her awful turrets rise,
 (For wisdom flies from vulgar eyes:)
 There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
 Distinctly strike thy listening ear:
 And who would shun the pleasing labour,
 To have Minerva for his neighbour?"

In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,
 Its truth was little call'd in question:
 And Damon dreamt he saw the fawns,
 And Nymphs, distinctly, skim the lawns;

* The Muses.

Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
 Lost in the circling shades again.
 With leer oblique their lover viewing—
 And Cupid—panting—and pursuing—
 Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,
 Be thou my goddess! thou my guide!
 For thy bright visions I despise
 What foes may think, or friends advise.
 The feign'd concern, when folks survey
 Expence, time, study, cast away;
 The real spleen, with which they see:
 I please myself, and follow thee.

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd;
 And thus the fairy landskip charm'd.
 But moit he hop'd his constant care
 Might win the favour of the fair;
 And, wandering late through yonder glade,
 He thus the soft design betray'd.

“Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
 With melting lays salute my love!
 My Delia with your notes detain,
 Or I have rear'd the grove in vain!
 Ye flowers! which early spring supplies,
 Display at once your brightest dyes!
 That she your opening charms may see;
 Or what were else your charms to me?
 Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flower,
 And shed its odours round my bower;
 Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
 Shall I, in thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair;
 Or, oh, 'twill deepen my despair!
 Be sure, ye willows! you be seen
 Array'd in liveliest robes of green;
 Or I will tear your slighted boughs,
 And let them fade around my brows.
 And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine surrounds!
 May she admire thy peaceful gloom,
 Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd;
 Loud laugh'd the 'squires, the rabble star'd.

"See, neighbours, what our Damon's doing!
 I think some folks are fond of ruin!
 I saw his sheep at random stray—
 But he has thrown his crook away—
 And builds such huts, as in foul weather,
 Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

Whence came the sober swain misled?
 Why, Phœbus put it in his head.
 Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
 And Phœbus coins bright tons of gold.
 'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't,
 I think he'll never touch a grain on't.
 And if, from Phœbus, and his Muse,
 Mere earthly laziness ensues;
 'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,
 The Devil inspires, as well as they.

So they—while fools of groffer kind,
 Less weeting what our bard design'd,
 Impute his schemes to real evil ;
 That in these haunts he met the Devil.

He own'd, though their advice was vain,
 It suited wights who trod the plain :
 For dulness—though he might abhor it—
 In them he made allowance for it.
 Nor wonder'd, if, beholding mottos,
 And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,
 Folks, little dreaming of the Muses,
 Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the Muses haunt his cell ?
 Or in his dome did Venus dwell ?
 Did Pallas in his counsels share ?
 The Delian god reward his prayer ?
 Or did his zeal engage the fair ?
 When all the structures shone compleat ;
 Not much convenient, wondrous neat ;
 Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
 And the fair guests alone were wanting ;
 Ah, me ! ('twas Damon's own confession)
 Came poverty and took possession.

P A R T T H E F O U R T H.

W H Y droops my Damon, whilst he roves
 Through ornamented meads and groves ?
 Near columns, obelisks, and spires,
 Which every critic eye admires ?

Q 4

'Tis

'Tis poverty, detested maid,
 Sole tenant of their ample shade !
 'Tis she, that robs him of his ease ;
 And bids their very charms displease.
 But now, by fancy long controul'd,
 And with the sons of taste enroll'd,
 He deem'd it shameful to commence
 First minister to common sense :
 Far more elated, to pursue
 The lowest task of dear vertu.

And now behold his lofty soul,
 That whilom flew from pole to pole,
 Settle on some elaborate flower ;
 And, like a bee, the sweets devour !
 Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove
 The wild sollicitudes of love !
 Now, in a lily's cup enshrin'd,
 Forego the commerce of mankind !

As in these toils he wore away
 The calm remainder of his day ;
 Conducting fun, and shade, and shower,
 As most might glad the new-born flower,
 So fate ordain'd before his eye—
 Starts up the long-sought butterfly !
 While, fluttering round, her plumes unfold
 Celestial crimson, dropt with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flowrets fair !
 The living beauty claims his care,
 For this he strips—nor bolt, nor chain,
 Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.

See him o'er hill, morafs, or mound,
Where'er the fpeckled game is found,
Though bent with age, with zeal purfue;
And totter towards the prey in view.

Nor rock, nor fream, his fteps retard,
Intent upon the bleft reward!

One vaffal fly repays the chace!

A wing, a film, reward the race!

Rewards him, though difeafe attend,

And in a fatal fuffeit end.

So fierce Camilla fkim'd the plain,

Smit with the purple's pleafing ftain,

She ey'd intent the glittering ftranger,

And knew, alas! nor fear, nor danger:

'Till deep within her panting heart,

Malicious fate impell'd the dart!

How ftudious he what favourite food

Regales dame nature's tiny brood?

What junkets fat the filmy people!

And what liqueurs they chufe to tipp!e!

Behold him, at fome crife, prefcribe,

And raife with drugs the fickening tribe!

Or haply, when their fpirits fau'ter,

Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.

When nature's brood of infects dies,

See how he pimps for amorous flies!

See him the timely fuccour lend her,

And help the wantons to engender!

Or fee him guard their pregnant hour;

Exert his foft obftetric power:

And,

And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land!

* O Wilks! what poet's loftiest lays
Can match thy labours, and thy praise?
Immortal sage! by fate decreed
'To guard the moth's illustrious breed;
Till fluttering swarms on swarms arise,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

And must we praise this taste for toys?
Admire it then in girls and boys.
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,
Resign your moths—the season's o'er.
'Tis time more social joys to prove;
'Twere now your nobler task—to love.
Let * * * *'s eyes more deeply warm;
Nor, slighting nature's fairest form,
The bias of your souls determine
Towards the mean love of nature's vermin.

But, ah! how wondrous few have known,
To give each stage of life its own!

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To please the child; whose glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes:
And few, but with regret, assume
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.

* Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expensive proposals.

Ah!

Ah! let not me by fancy steer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays
Consume my fairest, fruitless days:
Like him, who should in armour spend
'The sums that armour should defend.

A while, in pleasure's myrtle bower,
We share her smiles, and bless her power:
But find at last, we vainly strive
To fix the worst coquette alive.

O you! that with assiduous flame
Have long pursued the faithless dame;
Forfake her soft abodes a while,
And dare her frown, and slight her smile.
Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,
The foot-path road, the king's high-way.
No more the scrupulous charmer teize,
But seek the roofs of honest ease;
The rival fair, no more pursued,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her every art essay,
To win you to her slighted sway;
And grant your scorn a glance more fair
'Than e'er she gave your fondest prayer.

But would you happiness pursue?
Partake both ease, and pleasure too?
Would you, through all your days, dispense
'The joys of reason, and of sense?

Or give to life the most you can,
 Let social virtue shape the plan.
 For does not to the virtuous deed
 A train of pleasing sweets succeed?
 Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
 Did social pleasures ever tire?

Yet midst the groupe be some preferr'd,
 Be some abhorr'd—for Damon err'd:
 And such there are—of fair address—
 As 't were unsocial to cares.
 O learn by reason's equal rule
 To shun the praise of knave, or fool!
 Then, though you deem it better still
 To gain some rustic 'squire's good will;
 And souls, however mean or vile,
 Like features, brighten by a smile;
 Yet reason holds it for a crime,
 The trivial breast should share thy time:
 And virtue, with reluctant eyes,
 Beholds this human sacrifice!

Through deep reserve, and air erect,
 Mistaken Damon won respect;
 But could the specious homage pass,
 With any creature, but an ass?
 If conscious, they who fear'd the skin,
 Would scorn the sluggish brute within.
 What awe-struck slaves the towers enclose,
 Where Persian monarchs eat and doze!

What

What prostrate reverence all agree,
 To pay a prince they never see !
 Mere vassals of a royal throne !
 The sopher's virtues must be shewn,
 To make the reverence his own.

As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her
 Thy bride without a portion ? — take her,
 She will with duteous care attend,
 And all thy duteous hours befriend ;
 Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain ;
 With thee rejoice, with thee complain ;
 Will smooth thy pillow, pleat thy bowers ;
 And bind thy aching head with flowers.
 But be this previous maxim known,
 If thou canst feed on love alone :
 If, blest with her, thou canst sustain
 Contempt, and poverty, and pain :
 If so—then rifle all her graces—
 And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too soon, by caitiff-spleen inspir'd,
 Sage Damon to his groves retir'd :
 The path disclaim'd by sober reason ;
 Retirement claims a later season ;
 Ere active youth and warm desires
 Have quite withdrawn their lingering fires.
 With the warm bosom, ill agree,
 Or limpid stream, or shady tree.
 Love lurks within the rosy bower,
 And claims the speculative hour ;
 Ambition finds his calm retreat,
 And bids his pulse too fiercely beat !

Ev'n social friendship duns his ear,
 And cites him to the public sphere,
 Does he resist their genuine force?
 His temper takes some froward course;
 Till passion, misdirected, sighs
 For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies!

Far happiest he, whose early days
 Spent in the social paths of praise,
 Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
 A train of virtuous deeds behind:
 From this rich fund, the memory draws
 The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid
 To people their sequester'd shade.
 Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fauns,
 That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.
 If, where his devious ramble strays,
 He virtue's radiant form surveys;
 She seems no longer now to wear
 The rigid mien, the frown severe*;
 To shew him her remote abode;
 To point the rocky arduous road:
 But from each flower, his fields allow,
 She twines a garland for his brow.

* Alluding to—the allegory in Cebes's tablet.

O E C O N O M Y,

A RHAPSODY, addressed to young POETS.

“ Infanis; omnes gelidis quæcunque lacernis

“ Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgilioſque vides.” MART.

P A R T the F I R S T.

TO you, ye bards ! whoſe lavish breaſt requires
 This monitory lay, the ſtrains belong ;
 Nor think ſome miſer vents his ſapient ſaw,
 Or ſome dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
 That tempt profuſion, ſings ; while friendly zeal,
 To guard from fatal illſ the tribe he loves,
 Inſpires the meaneſt of the Muſes’ train !
 Like you I loath the groveling progeny,
 Whoſe wily arts, by creeping time matur’d,
 Advance them high on power’s tyrannic throne :
 To lord it there in gorgeous uſeſſneſs,
 And ſpurn ſucceſſleſs worth that pines below !

See the rich churl, amid the ſocial ſons
 Of wine and wit, regaling ! hark he joins
 In the free jeſt delighted ! ſeems to ſhew
 A meliorated heart ! he laughs ! he ſings !
 Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
 And drunken anthems ſet agape the board.
 Like Demea, in the play, benign and mild.

And

And pouring forth benevolence of soul,
 Till Micio wonders : or, in Shakespear's line,
 Obstreperous Silence ; drowning Shallow's voice,
 And startling Falstaff, and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
 To smooth his careful brow ! to let his purse
 Ope to a sixpence's diameter !

He likes our ways ; he own the ways of wit
 Are ways of pleasaunce, and deserve regard.

True we are dainty good society,

But what art thou ? alas ! consider well,

Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.

Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp

Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian caves,

Destroy the lamp of mirth ; the lamp which we

Its flamens boast to guard : we know not how,

But at thy sight the fading flame assumes

A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

True, thou seem'st chang'd ; all fainted, all ensky'd

The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes

Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind,

But all is false ! an intermitting sigh

Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,

And deems those only lost, thou dost not lose.

Ev'n for a demi groat, this open'd soul,

This boon companion, this elastic breast

Revibrates quick ; and sends the tuneful tongue

To lavish music on the rugged walls

Of some dark dungeon. Hence thou caitiff, fly !

Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,

Monster, ingrate ! beneath one common sky
 Why shouldst thou breathe ? beneath one common roof
 Thou ne'er shalt harbour ; nor my little boat
 Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.
 Go to thy bags, thou recreant ! hourly go,
 And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
 Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
 Admit thy presence ! not a soul that glows
 With social purport, bid or ev'n or morn
 Invest thee happy ! but when life declines,
 May thy sure heirs stand tittering round thy bed,
 And, ushering in their favourites, burst thy locks,
 And fill their lamps with gold ; till want and care
 With joy depart, and cry, " We ask no more."

Ah never never may th' harmonious mind
 Endure the worldly ! poets, ever void
 Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,
 And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.
 Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye
 The rival scale of interest kicks the beam,
 Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store
 The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks
 The kind propensity ; remarks and smiles,
 And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.
 Him we deride, and in our comic scenes
 Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn.
 We loath with justice ; but alas the pain
 To bow the knee before this calf of gold ;
 Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown !

But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whose heart
 Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind
 Is senseless as his gold, the slighted Muse
 Intensely loaths. 'Tis sure no equal task
 To pardon him, who lavishes his wealth
 On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all
 But human merit; who with gold essays
 All, but the noblest pleasure, to remove
 The want of genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal
 Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame;
 Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay;
 Permit him not, in distant solitudes,
 To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
 Of active youth! then virtue pants for praise
 That season unadorn'd, the careless bard
 Quits your worn threshold, and like honest Gay
 Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.
 Your favors then, like trophies given the tomb,
 Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,
 Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile
 Which bade his vigorous bloom, to treacherous hopes
 And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!—

Two lawless powers, engag'd by mutual hate
 In endless war, beneath their flags enroll
 The vassal world. This avarice is nam'd,
 That luxury; 'tis true their partial friends
 Assign them softer names; usurpers both;
 That share by dint of arms the legal throne
 Of just œconomy; yet both betray'd.

By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief,
 Listening to want, all faithless, and prepar'd
 To join each moment in his rival's train,
 His conduct models by the needless fears
 The slave inspires; while luxury, a chief
 Of amplest faith, to plenty's rule resigns
 His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flattering sounds
 Engross his ear; 'tis plenty's smiling form
 Moves still before his eyes. Discretion strives,
 But strives in vain, to banish from the throne
 The perjur'd minion. He, secure of trust,
 With latent malice to the hostile camp
 Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.

Ye towering minds! ye sublimated souls!
 Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
 Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
 Than fops take snuff! whose œconomic care
 Your green-silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,
 To see gold sparkle through the subtle folds;
 Lovely, as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
 Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope
 Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
 Who scatter wealth, as though the radiant crop
 Glitter'd on every bough; and every bough
 Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd
 Were by a splendid successor supply'd
 Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays.
 For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase
 Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease
 The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,

Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul
 Clenches their coin, and what electrical fire
 Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?
 'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence
 Of health! of treasure! stimulates the soul:
 These, with officious care, and fatal art,
 Improve the vinous flavour; these the smile
 Of Cloe soften; these the glare of dress
 Illume; the glittering chariot gild anew,
 And add strange wisdom to the furs of power.

Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
 That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
 Should with unsated appetite demand,
 And vainly court the pleasure it procures!
 When fancy's vivid spark impels the soul
 To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
 Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
 Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale
 Of balmy medicine's various field, aspires
 The blest refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope
 Of future peace, this orgasm uncontrol'd!
 Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
 Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill
 A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
 Incessant rapture; life, a tedious load
 Deny'd its continuity of joy.
 But whence obtain? philosophy requires
 No lavish cost; to crown its utmost prayer
 Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,
 The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.

Ev'n mild stupidity rewards her train
 With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires
 Entire profusion ! Days and nights, and hours,
 Thy voice, hydropic fancy ! calls aloud
 For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
 Rivers of rich regalement ! seas of blifs !
 Seas without shore ! infinity of sweets !

And yet, unless sage reason join her hand
 In pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure :
 And yet, unless œconomy's consent
 Legitimate expence, some graceless mark,
 Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,
 Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide
 Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease,
 Amidst the bloom of shew. The scanty stream
 Slow-loitering in its channel, seems to vie
 With Vaga's depth ; but should the sedy power
 Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn
 O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams
 Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill !

I not aspire to mark the dubious path
 That leads to wealth, to poet's mark'd in vain !
 But, ere self-flattery sooth the vivid breast
 With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,
 Reflect how few, who charm'd the listening ear
 Of satrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd !
 Consider well, what meagre alms repay'd
 The great Mæonian, sire of tuneful song,
 And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,
 And left dull cares below ; what griefs impell'd

The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign
 To swell with tears his Mulla's parent stream,
 And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run,
 "To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."
 Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive Muse
 Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
 Which of your boasted race might hope reward
 Like loyal Butler, when the liberal Charles,
 The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page,
 Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
 The poet's parasite; but learn alone
 To spare the scanty boon the fates decree.
 Poet and rich! tis solœcism extreme!
 'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
 In every nerve and fibre of his soul,
 The latent seeds and principles of want
 Has nature wove; and fate confirm'd the clue.

Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
 Of penury; with nice precision learn
 A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
 That marks th' expence of each revolving year,
 Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
 Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
 To slight frugality, assure thine heart
 That danger's near. This perishable coin
 Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
 It fetters misers, but it must alone
 Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world,
 Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;

Nor,

Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.

Oeconomy ! thou good old aunt ! whose mien
Furrow'd with age and care the wife adore,
The wits contemn ! reserving still thy stores
To chear thy friends at last ! why with the cit,
Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside ?
And, shunning all who by thy favours crown'd
Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind
Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill ?

Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childless, love to dwell ; yet leave the breast
Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd ?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Where doubly kind ? for sure to youthful eyes
(How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted ; fair on either side
The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child
Profusely smiling ; well might you essay
'The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the live-long day,
But Fate assents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glittering seeds of care !

O that the Muse's voice might pierce the ear
Of generous youth ! for youth deserves her song,
Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then
Requires the pruner's hand ; the sequent stage,
It barely vegetates : nor long the space

Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display
 Fell winter's total reign. O lovely source
 Of generous foibles, youth! when opening minds
 Are honest as the light, lucid as air,
 As fostering breezes kind, as linnets gay,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!
 Yet, hapless state of man! his earliest youth
 Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
 The social bias. Life's extensive page
 What does it but unfold repeated proofs
 Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,
 Sickening beneath its ray, enervate some,
 And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
 A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems.
 With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moistening the shroud,
 Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
 Of short duration; soon in fortune's beams
 Alert, and wondering at the tears they shed.

But who shall save by tame prosaic strain
 That glowing breast, where wit with youth conspires
 To sweeten luxury? The fearful Muse
 Shall yet proceed, though by the faintest gleam
 Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

PART THE SECOND.

IN some dark season, when the misty shower
 Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky;
 When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream
 Invites thee forth, to sport thy drooping Muse;

Seize

Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign
 To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor coy
 Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;
 She smiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth recede,
 And not a Grace, and not a Muse will hear.
 Then, from majestic Maro's awful strain,
 Or towering Homer, let thine eye descend
 To trace, with patient industry, the page
 Of income and expence. And oh! beware
 Thy breast, self-flattering, place no courtly smile,
 No golden promise of your faithless Muse,
 Nor latent mine which fortune's hand may shew,
 Amid thy solid store. The syren's song
 Wrecks not the listening sailor, half so sure.
 See by what avenues, what devious paths,
 The foot of want detested, steals along,
 And bars each fatal pass. Some few short hours
 Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year
 On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the Muse
 To sing intrepid many a chearful day.

But if too soon before the tepid gales
 Thy resolution melt; and ardent vows,
 In wary hours preferr'd, or dye forgot,
 Or seem'd the forc'd effect of hazy skies;
 Then, ere surprize, by whose impetuous rage
 The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast
 I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminish'd law,
 Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
 Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all!

Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law
 Alone in matter; soul alike with soul
 Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,
 In each idea it imbibes, is found
 The kind propensity. And when they meet,
 And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
 Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith:
 That, should the world's disjointed frame once more
 To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
 Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
 By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
 Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial base
 Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.
 Let soft profusion's fair idea join
 Her hand with poverty; nor here desist,
 Till, o'er the group that forms their various train
 Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
 Of outward shew in lasting leagues combine
 With shame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face
 Of rash intemperance, be discreetly pair'd
 With fallow hunger; the licentious joy,
 With mean dependence; ev'n the dear delight
 Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,
 Thy breast, sagacious prudence! shall connect
 With filth and beggary; nor disdain to link
 With black insolvency. Thy soul alarm'd
 Shall shun the fyren's voice; nor boldly dare
 To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
 With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye fordid race! ye groveling minds!
I frame the song for you! for you, the Muse
Could other rules impart; the friendly strain,
For gentler blossoms plann'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever Colchos bore; and in your breast
Compassion, love, and friendship, all destroy!

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores
Increase apace, by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise!
It much avails, to seize the present hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the small remaining store
Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,
As gold improv'd by many a fierce assay.
'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs
His narrow stream, if, o'er its wonted banks
By sudden rains impeli'd, it proudly swell;
His timely hand through better tracts conveys
The quick decreasing tide; ere borne along
Or through the wild morafs, or cultur'd field,
Or bladed grafs mature, or barren sands,
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!
But happiest he who sanctifies expence
By present pay! who subjects not his fame
To tradesmens varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of base mechanic, fordid, unsincere!
There haply, while thy Muse sublimely soars

Beyond this earthly sphere, in heaven's abodes,
 And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,
 Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
 The punctual record; till nor Phœbus self,
 Nor sage Minerva's art, can aught avail
 To soothe the ruthless dun's detested rage.
 Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane
 He loads the gentle Muse; then hurls thee down
 To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.

Each public place, the glittering haunts of men,
 With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
 Why fondly linger on a hostile shore,
 Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread
 The precipice? or why alas to breathe
 A moment's space, where every breeze is death?
 Death to thy future peace! Away, collect
 Thy dissipated mind; contract thy train
 Of wild ideas o'er the flowery fields
 Of shew diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.
 Oeconomy presents her glass, accept
 The faithful mirror: powerful to disclose
 A thousand forms, unseen by careless eyes,
 That plot thy fate. Temptation, in a robe
 Of Tyrian dye, with every sweet perfum'd,
 Besets thy sense; extortion follows close
 Her wanton step, and ruin brings the rear.
 These and the rest shall her mysterious glass
 Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,
 When to her labouring son, the vengeful powers

That

That urg'd the fall of Ilium, she display'd,
 He, not imprudent, at the fight declin'd
 The unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
 The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.
 For here to drain thy swelling purse await
 A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend,
 " The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff-boxes
 " The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
 " With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste
 " Its melting stores, and in the dreary void
 " Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhaust
 Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,
 Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
 Nor seen nor seeing, thou mayst vent thy scorn
 Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold!
 There of the farded fop, and essenc'd beau,
 Ferocious with a stoic's frown disclose
 Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp;
 And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul
 Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,
 Where dress is merit! where thy graver friend
 Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly fair
 Demand embellishment! ev'n Delia's eye,
 As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
 Inquirent, curious? Fly the curst domain;
 These are the realms of luxury and shew;
 No classic soil: away! the bloomy spring
 Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
 Fly to thy native shades, and dread ev'n there,

Left busy fancy tempt thy narrow state
 Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelio's mien.
 Why treads my friend with melancholy step
 That beauteous lawn? why pensive strays his eye
 O'er statues, grottoes, urns, by critic art
 Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,
 Bright glittering through the grove, returns his eye
 Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it love,
 Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes
 Of all their beauty? centering all in her
 His soul adores? or from a blacker cause
 Springs this remorseful gloom? is conscious guilt
 The latent source of more than love's despair?
 It cannot be within that polish'd breast
 Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour there;
 No! 'tis the sad survey of present want,
 And past profusion! Lost to him the sweets
 Of yon pavilion, fraught with every charm
 For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs
 Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange
 Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
 How glad some once he rang'd your native turf,
 Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere expence
 Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
 Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
 Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease.
 Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,
 To fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
 Nobly superior! but let caution guide

The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
 And prudence be our almoner! Alas!
 The pilgrim wandering o'er some distant clime,
 Sworn foe of avarice! not disdains to learn
 Its coin's imputed worth; the destin'd means
 To smoothe his passage to the favour'd throne.
 Ah let not us, who tread this stranger-world,
 Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,
 Forget the land is mercenary; nor waste
 His fare, ere landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult Palladio's rules;
 Let never bard, O Burlington! survey
 Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd,
 Dangerous incentive! nor with lingering eye
 Survey the window Venice calls her own.
 Better for him, with no ingrateful Muse,
 To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
 Who plann'd the sky-light; which to lavish bards
 Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray.
 For garrets him, and squalid walls await,
 Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain,
 He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

P A R T the T H I R D.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
 The trembling Muse consigns thee. Ere contempt,
 Or want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
 Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold!

The

The poet's rooks, the careless poet's, his
Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The play-thing of comparison, arriv'd
Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes
Projected, studious of the public weal;
'Mid these, one subtler artist he describ'd,
Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement
The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarchs on such fatal purpose smile,
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons
The Melksham weavers! Here in every nook
Their webs they spun; here revel'd uncontroul'd;
And, like the flags from Westminster's high roof
Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd.
Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!
Cell ever squalid! where the the sneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,
That comes to all! o'er whose quiescent walls
Arachne's unmolested care has drawn
Curtains subsusk, and save th' expeuce of art.

Survey those walls, in sady texture clad,
Where wandering snails in many a slimy path,
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl;
Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! such the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!

Mean

Mean time, thus silver'd with meanders gay,
 In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,
 Perchance of tabby, or of harateen,
 Not ill expressive ! such the power of snails.

Behold the chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm
 An aged cushion hides ! replete with dust
 The foliag'd velvet ; pleasing to the eye
 Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
 Of weary guest that on the specious bed
 Sits down confiding. Ah ! disastrous wight !
 In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust
 The fraudulent couch ! for, though in velvet cas'd,
 Thy fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
 The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
 Hath shap'd his way ; on beds profuse of flowers,
 Cowslip, or primrose, or the circular eye
 Of daisie fair, decrees to bask supine.
 And see ! delighted, down he drops, secure
 Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
 Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd,
 Much suffering pilgrim ! thou nor noon-day nap,
 Nor sweet repose shalt find ; the false morals
 In quivering undulations yields beneath
 Thy burden, in the miry gulph enclos'd !
 And who would trust appearance ? cast thine eye
 Where 'mid machines of heterogeneous form
 His coat depends ; alas ! his only coat,
 Eldest of things ! and napless, as an heath
 Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.

Not different have I seen in dreary vault
 Display'd, a coffin ; on each fable side
 The texture unmolested seems entire.
 Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away !
 And leaves the wondering swain to gape, or stare,
 And with expressive shrug, and piteous sigh,
 Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
 Or dire extent of frail mortality.
 This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux,
 And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd)
 Both on its sleeve and on its skirt, retains
 Full many a pin wide-sparkling : for, if e'er
 Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,
 Though wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,
 He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,
 And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
 Indenting fix them ; nor, when arm'd with these,
 The cure of rents and separations dire,
 And chasms enormous, did he view dismay'd
 Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate
 To breeches, coat and hose ! had any wight
 Of vulgar skill, the tender texture own'd ;
 But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint
 Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Cloe's fan,
 Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
 Alas ! by frequent use decays the force
 Of mortal art ! the refractory robe
 Eludes the taylor's art, eludes his own ;
 How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd !

See

See near his bed (his bed too falsely call'd
 The place of rest, while it a Bard sustains;
 Pale, meagre, Muse-rid wight! who reads in vain
 Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,
 Radiant machine, when from the plastic hand
 Of Mulciber, the mayor of Birmingham,
 The engine issued; now alas disguis'd
 By many an unctuous tide, that wandering down
 Its sides congeal; what he, perhaps, essays
 With humour forc'd, and ill-disssembled smile,
 Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
 When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
 In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree.
 Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,
 When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost
 Pervasive, radiant icicles depend?

How shall I sing the various ill that waits
 The careful sonneteer? or who can paint
 The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms
 To patch his paneless window; to cement
 His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase?
 To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
 Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
 Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen
 Invades his chattels; ruin will invade;
 Will claim his whole invention to repair,
 Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,
 Allow one part to decorate his song.
 While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand
 Conscious of every shift, of every shift

Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,
 Points to the nook, which he his study calls
 Pompous and vain ! for thus he might esteem
 His chest, a wardrobe ; purse, a treasury ;
 And shews, to crown her full display, himself.
 One whom the powers above, in place of health,
 And wonted vigour ; of paternal cot,
 Or little farm ; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
 Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,
 A poet fram'd ; yet fram'd not to repine,
 And with the cobbler's loftiest site his own ;
 Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the fates,
 Who to the humbler mechanism, join'd
 Goods so superior, such exalted bliss !

See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace,
 He, hapless hypocrite ! refines his nail,
 His chief amusement ! then how feign'd, how forc'd,
 That care-defying sonnet, which implies
 His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown
 In full possession, uncontested right
 And property ! Yet ah ! who'er this wight
 Admiring view, if such there be, distrust
 The vain pretence ; the smiles that harbour grief
 As lurks the serpent deep in flowers unwreath'd.
 Forewarn'd, 'be frugal ; or with prudent rage
 Thy pen demolish ; chuse the trustier flail,
 And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd.
 But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
 Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,
 Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,

Prescient of future dignities, salute
 Sheriff, or mayor, in comfortable furs
 Enwraapt, secure : nor yet the laureat's crown
 In thought exclude him ! He perchance shall rise
 To nobler heights than foresight can decree.

When, fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues display'd
 In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove
 Vow'd fare destruction to the tuneful race ;
 Appeas'd by suppliant Phœbus, " Bards, he said,
 Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,
 But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
 Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
 Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.

THE RUIN'D ABBEY ;

O R,

THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

AT length fair peace with olive crown'd regains
 Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
 Of wood or fount the frighted Muse returns.

Happy the Bard, who, from his native hills,
 Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys
 His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos'd !
 Or o'er the glassy surface, with his friend,
 Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green
 Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts,
 Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew
 That ape confusion from the realms they rule !

Fearless of these ; who shares the gentler voice
 Of peace and music ; birds of sweetest song
 Attune from native boughs their various lay,
 And cheer the forest ; birds of brighter plume
 With busy pinion skim the glittering wave,
 And tempt the sun ; ambitious to display
 Their several merit, while the vocal flute,
 Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
 Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.

If solitude his wandering steps invite
 To some more deep recess (for hours there are,
 When gay, when social minds to friendship's voice,
 Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer) ;
 How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,
 Her solemn courts ! the centre of the grove !
 The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks
 Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul !
 If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands
 The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals
 Of bigot minds, religion dwells not here,
 Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires :
 Yet here may wisdom, as she walks the maze,
 Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
 And serious truths of mightier weight than gold !

I ask not wealth ; but let me hoard with care,
 With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
 A few fix'd principles ; in early life,
 Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd.
 Then, like old Latimer, when age impairs
 My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack

My

My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
 Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
 And this mine answer : " Thus, 'twas thus I thought ;
 " My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire ;
 " Thus will I think, averse to listen more
 " To intricate discussion, prone to stray.
 " Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
 " My settled faith ; my mind, with age impair'd,
 " Too sure its own infirmities declare.
 " But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
 " And early foresight ; now the winds may rise,
 " The tempest whistle, and the billows roar ;
 " My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
 " Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns
 " Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
 " Sees the strong vessel fluctuate less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes
 Suggest instruction, and instructing please.
 And see betwixt the grove's extended arms
 An abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
 Gilt by the mid-day sun : with lingering step
 Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy
 Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
 Too long deliberate) with timorous hand
 Remove th' obstructive bough ; nor yet refuse,
 Though sighing, to destroy that favourite pine,
 Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
 Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.
 Aggriev'd but constant as the Roman fire,

The rigid Manlius, when his conquering son
 Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed
 Of virtuous ardour, timelessly display'd;
 Nor cease till, through the gloomy road, the pile
 Gleam unobstructed; thither oft thine eye
 Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, soothe
 With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
 O superstition! hence the dire disease,
 (Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest
 Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain
 Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale
 Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
 Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she,
 Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their power,
 And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth to sanctify the page
 Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,
 The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks,
 And fiends to snatch at the departing soul
 With hellish emulation. If a friend,
 High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
 Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted
 faith?

The sovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact,
 To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain,
 By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll
 Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, * Plantagenet from civil broils
 The land a while respir'd, and all was peace.
 Then Becket rose, and, impotent of mind,
 From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
 The churches blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave;
 Bid murderous priests the sovereign frown contemn,
 And with unhallow'd crozier bruise'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince
 Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
 Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul
 Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,
 And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.
 In vain! let one faint malady diffuse
 The pensive gloom which superstition loves,
 And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
 Rein the proud palfrey whilst the priest ascends †

Was † Cœur-de-lion blest with whiter days?
 Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
 Urg'd the crusade; and see, of half his stores
 Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose
 To bless his friends, his race, his native land.

Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race,
 Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
 While haughty † Longchamp, 'mid his livery'd files
 Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
 Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide
 A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.

* Henry II.

† Richard I.

‡ Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Oh dear-bought trophies ! when a prince deserts
His drooping realm, to pluck the barren sprays !

When faithless John usurp'd the sully'd crown,
What ample tyranny ! the groaning land
Deem'd earth, deem'd heaven its foe ! six tedious years
Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd
The papal interdict ; and who obey'd,
The sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days !
When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
And durst invade ; be such inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain !

Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard
Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead
To every purpose, men nor wish'd to live,
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.
Thence journeying home, in every cloud he sees
A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll
He reads damnation ; sees its sable train
Of grim attendants, pencil'd by despair !

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful steps arriv'd ; his home, his friends,
His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine
Of some far-honour'd saint his costly stores,
Inverts his footstep ; sickens at the sight
Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch whose hope by stern oppression chas'd
From every earthly bliss, still as it saw

Triumphant wrong, took wing, and flew to heaven,
 And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost
 And wanted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,
 And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
 To supplicate remission, smok'd no more;
 While the green weed luxuriant round uprose.
 Some from the death-bed, whose delirious faith
 Through every stage of life to Rome's decrees
 Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
 Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
 In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
 The last loud clarion sound, and heaven's decree
 With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.
 Nor light the grief, by superstition weigh'd,
 That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
 Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
 Must sleep with brutes their vassals; on the field;
 Unneath some path, in marle unexorcis'd!
 No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
 No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure!
 Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest! alas, so boundless was the ill!
 He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;
 The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,
 And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
 Of half his flock: emaciate, groan'd beneath
 Superior pride, and mightier lust of power!
 'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre hand
 Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads

With

With nice precision, felt the deeper wound
As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for power,
Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
Sunk helpless in the dreary gulph involv'd;
And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure? in towering stations born,
In flattery nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,
Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;
As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow
Of some proud cliff, surveys his lessening flock
In snowy groups diffusive, scud the vale.

A while the furious menace John return'd,
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too soon
Allegiance sickening saw its sovereign yield,
An angry prey to scruples not his own.
The loyal soldier, girt around with strength,
Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And seiz'd the fauchion, resolute to guard
His sovereign's right, impalsy'd at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd.
For foul desertion; drops the lifted steel,
And quits fame's noble harvest, to expire
The death of Monks, of surfeit, and of sloth!

At length fatigued with wrongs, the servile king
Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores
To buy remission. But could these obtain?
No! resolute in wrongs the priests obdur'd;
Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave.

His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave.
Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhorr'd before!

And now, appeas'd by delegated sway,
The wily pontiff scorns not to recall
His interdictions. Now the sacred doors
Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes
Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine
Of fainted villainy! the pompous tomb
Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land
That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flower,
And sheds its odours; while the flocks around
Hungry and faint the barren sands explore
In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil;
Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,
And furnish luxury.—Yet in vain
Britannia strove; and whether artful Rome
Carefs'd or curs'd her, superstition rag'd
And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length some murderous monk, with poisonous art
Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet surceas'd with John's disastrous fate
Pontific fury! English wealth exhaust,
The sequent reign * beheld the beggar'd shore
Grim with Italian usurers; prepar'd
To lend, for griping unexampled hire,

* Henry III. who cancel'd the Magna Charta.

To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontrol'd.

For now with more extensive havoc rag'd
 Relentless Gregory, with a thousand arts,
 And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
 Nor shall the Muse repeat, how oft he blew
 The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold
 Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
 Swell the gross hoards of Henry, or his own.
 Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal
 The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tie
 Of British kings by legal oath restrain'd.
 Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
 From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd,
 Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!
 Oh irksome day! when wicked thrones combine
 With papal craft, to gull their native land!

Such was our fate, while Rome's director taught
 Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey,
 To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
 For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
 For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!
 O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
 From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
 Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
 To wield the peaceful sword, by John ere while
 Forc'd from his scabbard; and with burnish'd lance
 Essay the savage cure, domestic war!

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist
 Of general darkness. Ghosted * now adorn'd

* Bishop of Lincoln, called *Malleus Romanorum*.

The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword
 Staggering delusion's frauds; at length beneath
 Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd
 No vulgar soul that dar'd to heaven appeal!
 But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
 Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands
 Of monks libidinous; ere Edward's care
 The lavish hand of death-bed fear restrain'd.
 Yet was he clear of superstition's taint?
 He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,
 Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold
 To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the third Edward's breast, to papal sway
 So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,
 Could superstition quell! before the towers
 Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
 He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the night by Romish art diffus'd
 Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes,
 When, by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
 Bold Wickliff rose: and while the bigot power
 Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
 The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
 So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old
 The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
 Secure a while his recreant life sustain'd;
 Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
 Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail, honour'd Wickliff! enterprizing sage!
 An Epicurus in the cause of truth!

For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours
 Of youthful spring, an æther all serene,
 Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
 Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,
 The light, the radiance that pervades the soul,
 And sheds its beams on heav'ns mysterious sway!
 As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
 Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd
 Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,
 And seek affection by the dreadful boon
 Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,
 The most extended breast, the royal Hal!
 All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry
 Burst from the centre of remorseless flames;
 Their shrieks endur'd! Oh stain to martial praise!
 When Cobham, generous as the noble peer
 That wears his honours, pay'd the fatal price
 Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
 Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
 The pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,
 Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!
 Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
 Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!
 Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
 No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
 The first fair pattern of the female frame,
 All nature's beauties in one form display'd,
 And centering there, in wild amaze he stood;

Then

'Then only envying heaven's creative hand :
Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled every snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,
Till power accede : till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cause ; Tudor, whose tyrant reign
With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own !
Then Wolfey rose, by nature form'd to seek
Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its towering height with horrid sound
Rush'd the proud abbey. Then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene
Of monkish chastity ! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, muttering low
An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks
That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest
To play some image on the gaping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light ; and expose
Obvious the fraudulent enginery of Rome.

As though this opening earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd :
And, conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The pest gigantic ; whose revengeful stroke

Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign.
When from the tenderest breast each wayward priest
Could banish mercy and implant a fiend !
When cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,
And bound religion there, and fir'd the base !
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face
Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.
O blest Eliza ! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome ;
Driven to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
Then with her James receding, cast behind
One angry frown, and fought more servile climes.
Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued task
Of righteous havock, covering distant fields
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile.
While through the land the musing pilgrim sees
A tract of brighter green, and in the midst
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd ;
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days !
Now but of use to grace a rural scene ;
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times !

L O V E A N D H O N O U R.

“ Sed neque Medorum fylvæ, ditiffima terra
 “ Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
 “ Laudibus Angligenûm certent: non Baçtra, nec Indi,
 “ Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.”

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
 Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,
 These let Iberia boast; but if in vain,
 To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile,
 The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
 Our constant bosoms, these, the dazzled world
 May view with envy; these, Iberian dames
 Survey with fixt esteem and fond desire.

Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
 May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn
 The British lyre; then chiefly, if the Muse,
 Nor vain, nor partial, from the simple guise
 Of ancient record catch the pensive lay;
 And in less groveling accents give to fame.
 Elvira! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm
 Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,
 No race more splendid, and no form so fair.
 Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid
 In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
 Of British victors, victory's noblest pride!
 She, she alone, amid the wailful train
 Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care;
 Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!

He, generous youth, with no penurious hand,
 The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
 Where freedom's chearful radiance shines no more,
 Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang
 That beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
 In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
 Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
 Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
 Himself had worn: the frowns of angry seas,
 Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
 Than storm or foe: if haply she might find
 Her cares diminish'd; fruitless fond essay!
 Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe
 The tender lute he gave: she not averse
 Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
 Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt
 Of gratitude, she paid; whose just commands
 Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
 Her vocal art; harmonious, as the strain
 Of some imprison'd lark, who, daily chear'd
 By guardian cares, repays them with a song:
 Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint
 Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws
 Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair
 Lov'd only one: nor dar'd that love reveal!
 How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
 The damask rose full-blown; a fever came;

And

And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.
 Then, swift as light, he fought the love-lorn maid,
 But vainly fought her; torn by swifter fate
 To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,
 Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as fancy spoke the pleasing task,
 She taught her artful needle to display
 The various pride of spring: then swift upsprung
 Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
 There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
 A train of busy loves; some pluck the flower,
 Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
 Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.
 'Twas paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes
 The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the generous chief with joy perus'd
 The royal scroll, which to their native home
 Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
 Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
 To glad his fair Elvira's ear, he sprung;
 Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;
 But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,
 His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face
 Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
 Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flower!
 Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,
 "Well may my native shore, she said, resound
 "Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
 "Of thine forgetful, flowers shall cease to feel
 "The fostering breeze, and nature change her laws."

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
 The British host. Around the smiling youths
 Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
 Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love
 That wed's each bosom to its native soil.
 The patriot passion strong in every clime,
 How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets
 To dissipate their loves, or match their own.

Not so Elvira! she, disastrous maid,
 Was doubly captive! power nor chance could loose
 The subtle bands; she lov'd her generous foe.
 She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil'd,
 Could term her native shore; her native shore
 By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
 Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
 The swelling sails, the glittering transports wav'd
 Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure wing
 With flight auspicious skimm'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
 And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,
 And wish'd a storm as merciless, as tore
 Her labouring bosom. Fondly now she strove
 To banish passion; now the vassal days,
 The captive moments, that so smoothly past,
 By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
 With trembling fingers call'd the favourite sounds
 Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd
 With mimic chains of silken fillets wove
 To paint her captive state; if any fraud

Might

Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd ; prepar'd to launch
On ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
To his fair prisoner. She, soon as she heard
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame ; but, with a spreading blush
And rising sigh, the latent pang disclos'd.

“ Yes, generous youth ! I see thy bosom glow
With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
To solve my chains ; and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, restore
A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey !
But know, my soldier, never youthful mind,
Torn from the lavish joys of wild expence
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languish out his bloom, could catch the pains
This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

What call I freedom ? is it that these limbs,
From rigid bolts secure, may wander far
From him I love ? Alas ! ere I may boast
That sacred blessing, some superior power
To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul.
Ev'n that I loath ; all liberty I loath !
But most the joyless privilege to gaze
With cold indifference, where desert is love.

True, I was born an alien to those eyes
I ask alone to please ; my fortune's crime !
And ah ! this flatter'd form by dress endear'd

To Spanish eyes, by drefs may thine offend,
 Whilst I, ill-fated maid ! ordain'd to strive
 With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
 To vanquish me ; his form, howe'er disguis'd,
 'To me were fatal ! no fantastic robe
 That e'er caprice invented, custom wore,
 Or folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.

Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd
 Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
 Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires ;
 My tenderest glances, but the specious flowers
 That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
 And can the trembling candidate of love
 Awake thy fears ? and can a female breast,
 By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare ?
 Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile
 For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown ?
 Heaven search my soul, and if through all its cells
 Lurk the pernicious drop of poisonous guile ;
 Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath
 May fate exhaust ; and for my happiest hour
 Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee !

Ah me ! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
 On thee I gaz'd, and reason soon dispell'd
 Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
 Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.
 Oh ! lovely region to the candid eye !
 'Twas there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,
 The Loves, the Graces play ; and blest the soil

That

That nurtur'd thee! for sure the Virtues form'd
 Thy generous breast; the Loves, the Graces, plann'd
 Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth, essay'd
 Their partial power in vain: again I gaz'd,
 And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a tract
 Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
 And thou by nature form'd, by fate assign'd,
 To paint the genius of thy native shore.

'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling scene
 Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
 Iberia glows: but ah! the genial sun,
 That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flower,
 On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
 Beams forth ungentle influences. There
 Sits jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
 Exultant lights his slow consuming fires.
 Not such thy charming region; long before
 My sweet experience taught me to decide
 Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.
 Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,
 Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
 The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes;
 First, best supports of liberty and love!
 No, let subjected India, while she throws
 O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
 Long as I heard, or ere in story read
 Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast
 Wish'd them success, and, happiest she, I cry'd,
 Of woman happiest she, who shares the love,
 The fame, the virtues, of an English lord!

And

And now what shall I say? blest be the hour
 Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shore:
 Blest did I say the time? if I may blest
 That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.
 Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
 Forego its nobler conquest? will he flight
 The soft endearments of the lovlier spoil?
 And yet Iberia's sons, with every vow
 Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
 Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
 And love her just desert, who sues for love;
 But sues to thee, while natives fight in vain.

Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
 Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain
 On honest fame, amid his train to bear
 A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
 Not love himself, with all the pointed pains
 That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
 From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
 A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies,
 When elements discordant vex the sky,
 Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.

Yet if the specious wish, the vulgar voice
 Has titled prudence, sways a soul like thine,
 In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
 Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms
 Or hair-breadth scapes that haunt the boundless deep,
 And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
 When memory to the pensive maid suggests,
 In full contrast, the safe domestic scene

For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind,
When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way
Beholds not danger, or beholding scorns.

Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love."

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient watch'd the language of his eye:
There pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.

"Forgive me, generous maid, the youth return'd,
If, by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!
'Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid blifs, or happiest love bestow.

But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
'To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glittering treasure, and the laurel wreath;
Enjoying conquest then, and fame, and spoil,
If fortune frown'd adverse, and death forbade
The blifsful union, with my latest breath
'To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul
No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.
Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,

Who

Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love ?
 Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone
 Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return ?
 And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
 Shall swell her breast with extasies, convey
 Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul ?
 No ! may the deep my villain-corse devour,
 If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
 If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
 If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all !

'Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
 Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies.'

“ Oh ! happy she, rejoin'd the pensive maid,
 Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love !
 And be she happy ! thy distinguish'd choice
 Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
 Farewel my luckless hopes, my flattering dreams
 Of rapturous days ! my guilty suit, farewell !
 Yet, fond how'er my plea, or deep the wound
 That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
 Of censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames :
 They love with caution, and with happier stars.
 And oh ! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts
 Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame ;
 By merit rais'd ; by gratitude approv'd ;
 By hope confirm'd ; with artless truth reveal'd ;
 Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
 Of happier birth, with mutual ardor crown'd.

These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,
 But mock misfortune, to thy favourite's hand

With

With care convey. And well may such adorn
 Her chearful front, who finds in thee alone
 The source of every transport; but disgrace
 My pensive breast, which doom'd to lasting woe,
 In thee the source of every bliss resigns.

And now farewell, thou darling youth! the gem
 Of English merit! peace, content, and joy,
 And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell!
 Attend, ye smiling train, this gallant mind
 Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth
 His evening pillow; dance around his groves;
 And, where he treads, with violets paint his way.
 But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
 Your frail companion! in the sacred cells
 Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame:
 There, to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
 My constant orisons. The wanton Loves,
 And gay Desires, shall spy the glimmering towers,
 And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,
 That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude
 Her shortest prayer, ere Henry's dear success
 The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind
 Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem
 By native customs; dress, and face, and air,
 And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.
 He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
 Given and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave
 A tender tear; then with that kind adieu

Esteem could warrant, weary'd heaven with prayers
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shap'd her solitary way.

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In Imitation of SPENSER.

“ Auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,
“ Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.” VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the Author's imitation on *this occasion*, are his *language*, his *simplicity*, his manner of *description*, and a peculiar *tenderness* of *sentiment* remarkable throughout his works.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we school-mistress name ;
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;
 They griev'd fore, in piteous durance pent,
 Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame ;
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are forely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchin tree,
 Which learning near her little dome did stowe ;
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow ;
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low ;
 And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd ;
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast ;
 Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambles do display;
 And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
 Left weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do learning's little tenement betray:
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
 And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
 The childish faces of old Eol's train;
 Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A ruffet

A ruffet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
 A ruffet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
 'Twas simple ruffet, but it was her own;
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
 And, 'footh to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
 Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on
 ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
 'Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere;
 'For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
 Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
 Such favour did her past deportment claim:
 And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
 That in her garden sip'd the silvery dew;
 Where no vain flower disclos'd a gawdy streak;
 But herbs for use, and phyfic, not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and mary-gold of chearful hue;
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
 And more I fain would sing, disdain'g here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left un Sung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
 And pungent radish, biting infants tongue;
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
 And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
 Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
 A sacred shelter for its branches here;
 Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.
 Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
 Simplicity then fought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.
 Here

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
 But in her garden found a summer-seat:
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,
 All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
 And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
 The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;
 And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
 And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny fairs in smouldering flames did burn:
 Ah! dearest lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
 By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sovereign prince and liefast liege is plac'd,
 The matron fate; and some with rank she grac'd,
 (The source of children's and of courtiers pride!)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;
 To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise ;
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command !
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are ;
 To save from finger wet the letters fair :
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
 St. George's high atchievments does declare ;
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween !

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
 Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !
 As erst the * bard by Mulla's silver stream,
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !
 And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,
 Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

* Spenser.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure,
 His little sister doth his peril see :
 All playful as she fate, she grows demure ;
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
 She meditates a prayer to set him free :
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
 'To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
 And wings her so that all for pity she could dye.

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;
 And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
 The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain ?
 When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke
 proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay,
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
 By turns, astoni'd, every twig survey,
 And, from their fellows' hateful wounds, beware;
 Knowing, I twilt, how each the same may share;
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
 And ginger-bread y-rare; now certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
 And in befeemly order sitten there;
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he,
 Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair;
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare
 His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be carest'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
 His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal shower.
 O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower, shall claim,
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
 Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth aught,
 But to the wind all merriment resigns;
 And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines;
 And many a fullen look ascance is sent,
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
 The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
 Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
 Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
 All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
 Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
 Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellour in embryo,
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall dye!
 Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
 Wiseth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
 Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline,
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
 And, four'd by age, profound he shall appear,
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
 Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is
 " here?"

But now Dan Phœbus 'gains the middle skie,
 And liberty unbars her prison-door;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
 With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
 For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the fun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles or in ladies bowers.
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
 But most in courts where proud ambition towers;
 Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
 Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
 These rudely carol most incondite lay ;
 Those fauntering on the green, with jocund leer
 Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
 Think to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been ;
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
 Galling full fore th' unmone'y'd wight, are seen ;
 And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green ;
 And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :
 O may no wight e'er pennylefs come there,
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
 Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside ;
 And must be bought, though penury betide.
 The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
 And here each season do those cakes abide,
 Whose honour'd names * th' inventive city own,
 Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

* Shrewsbury cakes.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
 Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
 A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
 Who chearless o'er her darkling region stray;
 Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

E P I T A P H †.

HER E, here she lies a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom,
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose
 Beyond that flower's perfume.
 To those who for her death are griev'd,
 This consolation's given;
 She 's from the storms of life reliev'd
 To them more bright in Heaven.

† In Halesowen church-yard, on Miss Anne Powell.

I N S C R I P T I O N S.

I. On a Tablet against a Root-House.

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
 We rural fays and faeries dwell;
 Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
 When the pale moon, ascending high,
 Darts through yon lines her quivering beams,
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
 Afford the light our revels crave;
 The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
 Be sure your bosoms be serene;
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
 Devoid of all that poisons life:
 And much it 'vails you in their place,
 To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,
 Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;

So may your path with sweets abound;
 So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
 But harm betide the wayward swain,
 Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

II. On an URN.

INGENIO ET AMICITIAE
 GUILIEMI SOMERVILE.

And on the opposite side,

G. S. POSVIT,

Debitâ spargens lacrymâ favillam

Vatis amici.

III. To Mr. DODSLEY.

COME then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display,
 Come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay;
 Ah, rather come, and in these dells disown
 The care of other strains, and tune thine own.

IV. On the Back of a Gothic Seat.

SHEPHERD, would'st thou here obtain
 Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?
 Joy that suits the rural sphere?
 Gentle Shepherd, lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
 Verdant vales and fountains bright;
 Trees that nod on sloping hills,
 Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
 In the simplest bud that blows ;
 Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
 Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy ;
 Banish each tumultuous joy :
 All but love—for love inspires
 Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
 Yet, ere thou the reins resign,
 Hear what Reason seems to say,
 Hear attentive, and obey.

“ Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
 “ But beneath them lurks a thorn ;
 “ Fair and flowery is the brake,
 “ Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

“ Think not she, whose empty pride
 “ Dares the fleecy garb deride,
 “ Think not she, who, light and vain,
 “ Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

“ Artless deed and simple dress
 “ Mark the chosen shepherds ;
 “ Thoughts by decency control'd,
 “ Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

“ Sense, that shuns each conscious air,
 “ Wit, that falls ere well aware ;
 “ Generous pity, prone to sigh
 “ If her kid or lambkin die.

- " Let not lucre, let not pride,
 " Draw thee from such charms aside;
 " Have not those their proper sphere?
 " Gentler passions triumph here.
 " See, to sweeten thy repose,
 " The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
 " Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
 " All that milk and fruits afford.
 " Seek no more—the rest is vain;
 " Pleasure ending soon in pain:
 " Anguish lightly gilded o'er:
 " Close thy wish, and seek no more."

V. On the Back of a Gothic Alcove.

O You that bathe in courtly blyffe,
 Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare;
 Do not too rashly deem amyffe
 Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the ruffet stoale,
 Which o'er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs:
 Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
 In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
 Devoide of worldlye cark he stray:
 Or all beside some flowerye lawne,
 He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
 If such in courtlye haunt he see:
 For faults there beene in busye life,
 From whyche these peaceful glennes are free.

VI. On a SEAT, under a Spreading Beech.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
 Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
 Dii melius fecere.—

VII. On a SEAT.

IOSEPHO SPENCE,
 EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;
 CUI DICARI VELLET
 MVSARVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARVM CHORVS,
 DICAT AMICITIA.
 MDCCLVIII.

VIII. On the Affignation Seat.

NERINE Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
 Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior alba!
 Cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,
 Si quæ tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

IX. On

IX. On an ornamented URN, inscribed to Miss DOLMAN, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. SHENSTONE's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age.

PERAMABILI SVAE CONSOBRINAE

M. D.

On the other side :

AH MARIA

PVELLARVM ELEGANTISSIMA,

AH FLORE VENUSTATIS ABREPTA,

VALE!

HEV QVANTO MINVS EST

CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,

QVAM TVI

MEMINISSE!

X. On a SEAT.

CELEBERRIMO POETAE

IACOBO THOMSON

PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS

G. S.

SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
 Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
 Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
 Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

XI. On

XI. On a Seat at the Bottom of a large Root,
on the Side of a Slope.

O Let me haunt this peaceful shade ;
Nor let Ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower
That shun her paths, and flight her power !
Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies
From social meads and open skies ;
Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.
The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
Forfakes the river's proud domains ;
Forfakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.
And sure I hear the Naiad say,
Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way ;
Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely cool and fair.
Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain
Thy small unfully'd stores disdain :
Nor let the pensivè sage repine,
Whose latent course resembles thine.

XII. On a small Obelisk in VIRGIL'S GROVE.

P. VIRGILIO MARONI

LAPIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

XIII. On a Stone, by a Chalybeat Spring.

FONS FERRUGINEVS.

DIVAE QUAE SECESSV ISTO FRVI CONCEDIT.

XIV. On a Stone Seat, making part of a Cave.

INTVS AQVAE DULCIS, VIVOQVE SEDILIA SAXO;
NYMPHARVM DOMVS.

XV. On two Seats, to two of his most particular
Friends. The first thus,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS

RICHARDI GRAVES:

IPSAE TE, TITYRE, PINVS,

IPSI TE FONTES, IPSA HAEC ARBVSTA VOCABANT.

The other,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS

RICHARDI IAGO.

XVI. On a Statue of Venus de Medicis.

—“Semi educta Venus.”

“**T**O Venus, Venus here retir'd,
“ My sober vows I pay:
“ Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
“ The bold, the pert, the gay.

“ Not

- “ Not her whose amorous leer prevail’d
 “ To bribe the Phrygian boy ;
 “ Not her who, clad in armour, fail’d
 “ To save disastrous Troy.
- “ Fresh rising from the foamy tide,
 “ She every bosom warms ;
 “ While half withdrawn she seems to hide,
 “ And half reveals, her charms.
- “ Learn hence, ye boastful sons of taste,
 “ Who plan the rural shade ;
 “ Learn hence to shun the vicious waste
 “ Of pomp, at large display’d.
- “ Let sweet concealment’s magic art
 “ Your mazy bounds invest ;
 “ And while the sight unveils a part,
 “ Let fancy paint the rest.
- “ Let coy reserve with cost unite
 “ To grace your wood or field ;
 “ No ray obtrusive pall the sight,
 “ In aught you paint, or build.
- “ And far be driven the sumptuous glare
 “ Of gold, from British groves ;
 “ And far the meretricious air
 “ Of China’s vain alcoves.
- “ ’Tis bashful beauty ever twines
 “ The most coercive chain ;
 “ ’Tis she, that sovereign rule declines,
 “ Who best deserves to reign.”

XVII. Intended to be written at the Beginning of a Collection of Flowers, which Mr. SHENSTONE coloured for Mrs. JAGO.

ELEGANTISSIMAE PVELLAE
 DOROTHEAE FANCOVRT
 QVAE PERDILECTI SVI CONDISCIPVLA
 RICHARDI IAGO
 AMORES MERVIT,
 D. D.
 GVLIELMVS SHENSTONE;
 DEBITAE NYMPHIS OPIFEX CORONAE.

XVIII. Propofed to Mr. GRAVES by Mr. SHENSTONE, as a proper Infcription for himfelf.

AMICITIAE G. S.
 QVI,
 NAIADAS PARITER AC MVSAS
 EXCOLENDO,
 SIMUL ET VILLAM EIVS ELEGANTISSIMAM
 NOMENQVE SVVM
 ILLVSTRAVIT.
 “ (FORTVNATVS ET ILLE DEOS QVI NOVIT
 “ AGRESTES)
 “ PANAQVE, SYLVANVMQVE, SENEM, NYM-
 “ PHASQVE SORORES.” VIRG.

VERSES

V E R S E S

T O

MR. S H E N S T O N E.

Written on a Ferme Ornée, near Birmingham.

By the late Lady LUXBOROUGH.

'TIS Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,
 And wisely gives them Cynthio to revise:
 To veil each blemish; brighten every grace;
 Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face.
 How well the Bard obeys, each valley tells;
 These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells;
 Where modest Art in silence lurks conceal'd,
 While Nature shines so gracefully reveal'd,
 That she triumphant claims the total plan,
 And, with fresh pride, adopts the work of man.

To WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq. at the LEASOWES.

By Mr. GRAVES.

" Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus ! " HOR.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,
 To affluence born, and from restraint set free.
 Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
 The mall, the rout, the play-house, and the court:

Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peerefs, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,
Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;
Till, by kind fate restor'd to country air,
He marks the roses of some rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected native charms,
A real passion soon his bosom warms:
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he take a wife,
And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career.
From feat to feat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and surprize;
Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigued, not satisfied, to town.
Yet if some kinder Genius point his way
To where the Muses o'er thy Leafowes stray,
Charm'd with the sylvan beauties of the place,
Where Art assumes the sweets of Nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling stream, his rapture move.
Like the sage captive in Calypso's grott,
The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

VERSES received by the post, from a LADY
unknown, 1761.

HEALTH to the Bard in Leafowes' happy groves;
Health, and sweet converse with the Muse he
loves!

The humblest votary of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artless line,
In numbers such as untaught nature brings;
As flow, spontaneous, like thy native springs.

But ah! what airy forms around me rise?
The russet mountain glows with richer dyes;
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
And hark! an infant voice salutes my ear:

* Mortal, thy aim we know, thy task approve;
* His merit honour, and his genius love:
* For us what verdant carpets has he spread,
* Where nightly we our mystic mazes tread!
* For us, each shady grove and rural seat,
* His falling streams and flowing numbers sweet!
* Didst thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
* What tuneful verse adorns the mossy cell?
* There every fairy of our sprightly train
* Resort, to bless the woodland and the plain.
* There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
* The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
* And there with thoughts sublime we bless the swain,
* Nor we inspire, nor he attends, in vain.

‘ Go, simple rhymers ! bear this message true ;
 ‘ The truths that fairies dictate none shall rue.
 ‘ Say to the Bard in Leafowes’ happy grove,
 Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—
 “ Content thyself no longer that thy lays,
 “ By others foster’d, lend to others praise ;
 “ No longer to the favouring world refuse
 “ The welcome treasures of thy polish’d Muse ;
 “ The scatter’d blooms, that boast thy valued name,
 “ Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame :
 “ Ne’er can thy virtues, or thy verse, engage
 “ More solid praise than in this happiest age,
 “ When sense and merit ’s cherish’d by the throne,
 “ And each illustrious privilege their own.
 “ Though modest be thy gentle Muse, I ween,
 “ Ch, lead her blushing from the daisy’d green,
 “ A fit attendant on Britannia’s Queen.” }

Ye sportive elves, as faithful I relate
 Th’ intrusted mandates of your fairy state,
 Visit these wilds again with nightly care ;
 So shall my kine, of all the herd, repair
 In healthful plight to fill the copious pail !
 My sheep lie pent with safety in the dale :
 My poultry fear no robber in the roost,
 My linen more than common whiteness boast :
 Let order, peace, and housewifry be mine ;
 Shenstone, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOULDIA.

On the discovery of an Echo at EDGBASTON.

By — —.

HA! what art thou, whose voice unknown
Pours on these plains its tender moan?

Art thou the nymph in Shenston's dale,
Who dost with plaintive note bewail
That he forsakes th' Aonian maids,
To court inconstant rills and shades?

Mourn not, sweet nymphs—alas, in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—

Yet, while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,

The listening herd around him stray'd,
In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,

And every Naiad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave.

The Graces danc'd; the rosy band
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand;

And purple Pleasures strew'd the way
With sweetest flowers: and every ray

Of each fond Muse, with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thought his breast inspir'd.

The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,
All nature smil'd, while Shenstone sung.

So charm'd his lay; but now no more—
Ah! why dost thou repeat—"no more?"

Ev'n now he hies to deck the grove,
To deck the scene the Muses love;

And

And soon again will own their sway,
 And thou resound the peerless lay,
 And with immortal numbers fill
 Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

VERSES by Mr. DODSLEY, on his first arrival
 at the LEASOWES, 1754.

“ H O W shall I fix my wandering eye? Where find
 “ The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in
 “ The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
 “ O’er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,
 “ Some favouring power directs the happy lines
 “ That sketch these beauties; swells the rising hills,
 “ And scoops the dales, to Nature’s finest forms,
 “ Vague, undetermin’d, infinite; untaught
 “ By line or compass, yet supremely fair.”

So spake Philenor, as with raptur’d gaze
 He travers’d Damon’s farm. From distant plains
 He sought his friend’s abode: nor had the fame
 Of that new-form’d Arcadia reach’d his ear.

And thus the swain, as o’er each hill and dale,
 Through lawn or thicket he pursued his way:
 “ What is it gilds the verdure of these meads
 “ With hues more bright than fancy paints the flowers
 “ Of Paradise? What Naiad’s guiding hand
 “ Leads, through the broider’d vale, the lucid rills,
 “ That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
 “ Along their banks; and through the vocal shades,
 “ Improve the music of the woodland choir?

“ What

“ What penfive Dryad rais’d yon solemn grove,
“ Where minds contemplative, at clofe of day
“ Retiring, mufe o’er Nature’s various works,
“ Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy—
“ What room for doubt? Some rural deity,
“ Prefidings fcatters o’er th’ unequal lawns,
“ In beauteous wildnefs, yon fair-fpreading trees;
“ And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
“ And herds and bleating flocks, domeftic fowl,
“ And thofe that swim the lake, fees rifing round
“ More pleafing landfkips than in Tempe’s vale
“ Penéus water’d. Yes, fome fylvan god
“ Spreads wide the varied profpect; waves the woods,
“ Lifts the proud hills, and clears the fhining lakes;
“ While, from the congregated waters pour’d,
“ The burfting torrent tumbles down the fteep
“ In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
“ Wild, interrupted, crofs’d with rocks and roots
“ And interwoven trees; till, foon abforb’d,
“ An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
“ So vanifh human glories! Such the pomp
“ Of fwelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
“ Who fret and strut their hour upon the ftage
“ Of busy life, and then are heard no more!
“ Yes, ’tis enchantment all—And fee, the fells,
“ The powerful incantations, magic verfe,
“ Infcrib’d on every tree, alcove, or urn.—
“ Spells!—Incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!
“ Thine are the numbers! thine the wondrous work!—
“ Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,
“ And

“ And lightly weigh all forcery but thine.
 “ No Naiad’s leading step conducts the rill;
 “ Nor sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn
 “ In beauteous wildness, with fair-spreading trees;
 “ Nor magic wand has circumscrib’d the scene.
 “ ’Tis thine own taste, thy genius that presides,
 “ Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
 “ More potent spells than they.”—No more the swain,
 For lo, his Damon, o’er the tufted lawn
 Advancing, leads him to the social dome.

TO MR. R. D. ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHENSTONE.

“ Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods and desert caves,
 “ With wild thyme and the gadding vine o’ergrown,
 “ And all their echoes mourn.” MILT.

TIS past! my friend; the transient scene is clos’d!
 The fairy pile, th’ enchanted vision rais’d
 By Damon’s magic skill, is lost in air!

What though the lawns and pendant woods remain,
 Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract,
 With lapse incessant echoes through the dale?
 Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now?
 The charm’s dissolv’d; the genius of the wood,
 Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.

As when from fair Lyceum crown’d with pines,
 Or Mænalus with leaves autumnal strew’d,
 The tuneful Pan retires; the vocal hills
 Resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.

Yet

Yet here we fondly dreamt of lasting joys :

Here we had hop'd, from noisy throngs retir'd,
To drink large draughts of friendship's cordial stream;
In sweet oblivion wrapt, by Damon's verse,
And social converse, many a summer's day.

Romantic wish! In vain frail mortals trace
Th' imperfect sketch of human bliss—whilst yet
Th' enraptur'd fire his well-plann'd structure views,
Majestic rising 'midst his infant groves :
Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,
Its languid bloom the purple lilach blend,
Or pale laburnum drop its pensile chain:
Death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir
Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.

Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend, to raise
To moral truths my groveling song; for, ah!
Too long, by lawless fancy led astray,
Of nymphs and groves I've dreamt, and dancing fawns
Or Naiad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains
With hymns, like those by tuneful Meyrick sung—
Or rather catch the melancholy sounds
From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre—to paint
The sudden gloom that damps my soul—But see!
Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe,
With which sad Lyttelton his Lucia mourn'd;
And plaintive cries, My Shenstone is no more!

R. GRAVES.

V E R S E S

V E R S E S written at the Gardens of WILLIAM
SHENSTONE, Esquire, near Birmingham, 1756.

“ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes

“ Angulus ridet.”

HOR.

WOULD you these lov'd recesses trace,
And view fair Nature's modest face?
See her in every field-flower bloom?
O'er every thicket shed perfume?
By verdant groves, and vocal hills,
By mossy grotts, near purling rills,
Where'er you turn your wondering eyes,
Behold her win without disguise.

What though no pageant trifles here,
As in the glare of courts, appear;
Though rarely here be heard the name
Of rank, or title, power, or fame;
Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
A bliss more pure and unconfin'd
Your step attends—Draw freely nigh,
And meet the Bard's benignant eye:
On him no pedant forms await,
No proud reserve shuts up his gate;
No spleen, no party views control
That warm benevolence of soul,
Which prompts the friendly generous part,
Regardless of each venal art;

Re-

Regardless of the world's acclaim ;
 And courteous with no selfish aim.
 Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,
 If not the costly, yet the kind.
 Oh, he will lead you to the cells
 Where every Muse and Virtue dwells,
 Where the green Dryads guard his woods,
 Where the blue Naiads guide his floods ;
 Where all the Sister-Graces gay,
 That shap'd his walk's meandering way,
 Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
 Lie slumbering soft beneath his bowers.

Wak'd by the stock-dove's melting strain,
 Behold them rise ! and, with the train
 Of nymphs that haunt the stream or grove,
 Or o'er the flowery champain rove,
 Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—
 And mark the dance's mystic maze.

“ Such is the waving line,” they cry,
 “ For ever dear to Fancy's eye !
 “ Yon stream that wanders down the dale,
 “ The spiral wood, the winding vale,
 “ The path which, wrought with hidden skill,
 “ Slow twining scales yon distant hill
 “ With fir invested—all combine
 “ To recommend the waving line.

“ The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,
 “ The ringlets of Apollo's hair,
 “ The wand by Maia's offspring borne,
 “ The smooth volutes of Ammon's horn,

“ The

“ The structure of the Cyprian dame,
 “ And each fair female’s beauteous frame,
 “ Shew, to the pupils of design,
 “ The triumphs of the waving line.”

Then gaze, and mark that union sweet,
 Where fair convex and concave meet ;
 And while, quick shifting as you stray,
 The vivid scenes on fancy play ;
 The lawn, of aspect smooth and mild ;
 The forest-ground grotesque and wild ;
 The shrub that scents the mounting gale ;
 The stream rough dashing down the dale,
 From rock to rock, in eddies tost ;
 The distant lake in which ’tis lost ;
 Blue hills gay beaming though the glade ;
 Lone urns that solemnize the shade ;
 Sweet interchange of all that charms
 In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms !
 If aught the fair confusion please,
 With lasting health, and lasting ease,
 To him who form’d the blissful bower,
 And gave thy life one tranquil hour ;
 With peace and freedom—these possess,
 His temperate mind secures the rest.

But if thy soul such bliss despise,
 Avert thy dull incurious eyes ;
 Go fix them there, where gems and gold,
 Improv’d by Art, their power unfold ;
 Go try in courtly scenes to trace
 A fairer form of Nature’s face :

Go scorn Simplicity—but know,
 That all our heart-felt joys below,
 That all which virtue loves to name,
 Which art consigns to lasting fame,
 Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
 Derives its source from Her alone.

ARCADIO.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq. in his Sickness.

By Mr. WOODHOUSE.

YE flowery plains, ye breezy woods,
 Ye bowers and gay alcoves,
 Ye falling streams, ye silver floods,
 Ye grottoes, and ye groves !

Alas ! my heart feels no delight,
 Though I your charms survey ;
 While he consumes in pain the night,
 In languid sighs the day.

The flowers disclose a thousand blooms,
 A thousand scents diffuse ;
 Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,
 In vain display their hues.

Restrain, ye flowers, your thoughtless pride,
 Recline your gaudy heads ;
 And sadly drooping, side by side,
 Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland shade,
Your lofty summits rear!

Ah, why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves so fair!

For lo, the flowers as gayly smile,
As wanton waves the tree;

And though I sadly plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, should the Fates an arrow send,
And strike the fatal wound,

Who, who shall then your sweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the plummy throng
Have learnt my plaintive tale,
And some sad dirge, or mournful song,
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no! they chant a sprightly strain
To soothe an amorous mate;
Unmindful of my anxious pain
And his uncertain fate.

But see, these little murmuring rills
With fond repinings rove;
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh, mock not if, beside your stream,
Ye hear me too repine;
Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious winds, the cause display,
In whispers as ye blow,
Why did your treacherous gales convey
The poison'd shafts of woe ?

Did he not plant the shady bower,
Where you so blithely meet ?
The scented shrub, and fragrant flower,
To make your breezes sweet ?

And must he leave the wood, the field,
The dear Arcadian reign ?
Can neither verse nor virtue shield
The guardian of the plain ?

Must he his tuneful breath resign,
Whom all the Muses love ?
That round his brow their laurels twine,
And all his songs approve.

Preserve him, mild Omnipotence !
Our Father, King, and God,
Who clear'ft the paths of life and sense,
Or stop'ft them at thy nod.

Blest power, who calm'ft the raging deep,
His valued health restore,
Nor let the sons of Genius weep,
Nor let the good deplore.

But if thy boundless Wisdom knows
His longer date an ill,
Let not my soul a wish disclose
To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,
 For such a God-like mind,
 To go where kindred spirits range,
 Nor leave a wish behind.

And though, to share his pleasures here,
 Kings might their state forego :
 Yet must he feel such raptures there,
 As none can taste below.

VERSES left on a SEAT, the Hand unknown.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
 Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee !
 Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,
 And chear'd with tinkling rills each silent glade ;
 Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
 And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom.
 Propitious earth ! lie lightly on his head,
 And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread !

C O R Y D O N, A P A S T O R A L.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

C O M E, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 And see our lov'd Corydon laid :
 Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the pride of the plain ;
 In sooth, he was gentle and kind ;
 He mark'd in his elegant strain,
 The Graces that glow'd in his mind.

On

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.
 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.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear ;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And Winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing
 (Our hedges so vocal before,)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng ;
 They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song ?
 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.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

M. S. GULIELMI SHENSTONE!

Ah! Gulielme,
 Hominum dignissime,
 Amicorum integerrime,
 Indole optimâ,
 Moribus gratissimis,
 Eruditione diffusâ,
 Ac corde quam maxime benigno
 Prædite,
 Morte, eheu! præmaturâ obrepte,
 Ah! Gulielme,
 Vale!

“ Quanto minus est,

“ Cum aliis versari,

“ Quam tui meminisse !”

T. H.

Extract from Mr. MASON'S ‘English Garden,’
 Book I.

— Nor, Shenstone, thou
 Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
 Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades,
 Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
 Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
 To pastoral plaint, or tale of flighted love.

C O N-

C O N T E N T S.

I. ELEGIES on several Occasions.

A	Prefatory Essay on Elegy.	-	Page 5
ELEGY I.	He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity.		
	'To a friend.	- - -	15
II.	On posthumous reputation. To a Friend.		17
III.	On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.	- - -	18
IV.	Ophelia's urn. To Mr. Graves.	-	20
V.	He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship To Melissa his friend.		22
VI.	To a lady, on the language of birds.		23
VII.	He describes his vision to an acquaintance.		25
VIII.	He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences. To Mr. Graves, 1745.	-	28
IX.	He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.		30
X.	To fortune, suggesting his motive for repining at her dispensations.	- - -	32
XI.	He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over. To Mr. Jago.	- - -	34
XII.	His recantation.	- - -	36
XIII.	To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him.	- - -	37
XIV.	Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own. To Lord Temple.	- - -	39
XV.	In memory of a private family in Worcester-shire.	- - -	42
			XVI.

- XVI. He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation. - - 45
- XVII. He indulges the suggestions of spleen: an elegy to the winds. - - - 49
- XVIII. He repeats the song of Collin, a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory. - - - 52
- XIX. Written in spring, 1743. - - - 55
- XX. He compares his humble fortune with the distresses of others; and his subjection to Delia, with the miserable servitude of an African slave. - 58
- XXI. Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury. 1746. - - - 61
- XXII. Written in the year —, when the rights of sepulture were so frequently violated. - 64
- XXIII. Reflections suggested by his situation. 67
- XXIV. He takes occasion, from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life. - - - 71
- XXV. To Delia, with some flowers; complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune. - - - 74
- XXVI. Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour. 76

II. ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

- Rural elegance: an ode to the late duchess of Somerset. Written 1750. - - - 81
- Ode to memory, 1748. - - - 91
- The Princess Elizabeth: a ballad alluding to a story recorded of her, when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554. - - - 93
- Ode to a young lady, somewhat too solicitous about her manner of expression. - - - 95

Nancy of the vale. A ballad.	96
Ode to indolence. 1750.	99
Ode to health. 1730.	100
To a lady of quality, fitting up her library, 1738.	103
Upon a visit to the same, in winter. 1748.	104
An irregular ode after sickness. 1749.	105
To a lady, with some coloured patterns of flowers, October 7, 1736.	110
Written in a flower book of my own colouring, de- signed for lady Plymouth. 1753-4.	113
Anacreontic. 1738.	114
Ode. Written 1739.	115
The dying kid.	117
Songs, written chiefly between the years 1737 and 1742.	119—133
A parody.	134
The halcyon.	ibid.
Ode.	135
A pastoral ode, to the honourable sir Richard Lyt- telton.	137
Verfes, written towards the close of the year 1748, to William Lyttelton, Esq.	143
Love and music, written at Oxford, when young.	146
Comparifon.	148
Ode to Cynthia, on the approach of fpring.	149
Jemmy Dawson, a ballad; written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745.	151
A pastoral ballad, in four parts. Written 1743.	154—162

III. LEVITIES, or PIECES of HUMOUR.

Flirt and Phil; a decifion for the ladies.	163
Stanzas to the memory of an agreeable lady, buried in marriage to a person undeferving her.	164
Colemira. A culinary eclogue.	165
The rape of the trap. A ballad. 1737.	168
On certain pastorals.	171

On Mr. C—— of Kidderminster's poetry.	171
To the virtuofos. - - -	ibid.
The extent of cookery. - - -	173
The progress of advice. A common case.	174
A Ballad. - - -	175
Slender's ghost. - - -	176
The Invidious. - - -	177
The price of an equipage. - - -	178
Hint from Voiture. - - -	179
Inscription. - - -	ibid.
To a friend. - - -	181
The poet and the dun. 1741. - - -	184
Written at an inn at Henley. - - -	185
A simile. - - -	186
The charms of precedence. A tale. - - -	187
Ode. - - -	195
Cupid and Plutus. - - -	196
Epilogue to the tragedy of Cleone. - - -	197

IV. M O R A L P I E C E S.

The judgment of Hercules. - - -	199
The progress of taste: or the fate of delicacy.	207
Oeconomy, a rhapsody, addressed to young poets.	239
The ruin'd abbey; or, the effects of superstition	261
Love and honour. - - -	275
The school-mistress. - - -	286
Epitaph. - - -	298

V. I N S C R I P T I O N S. 299—308

VI. V E R S E S to Mr. SHENSTONE. 309—326







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15

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