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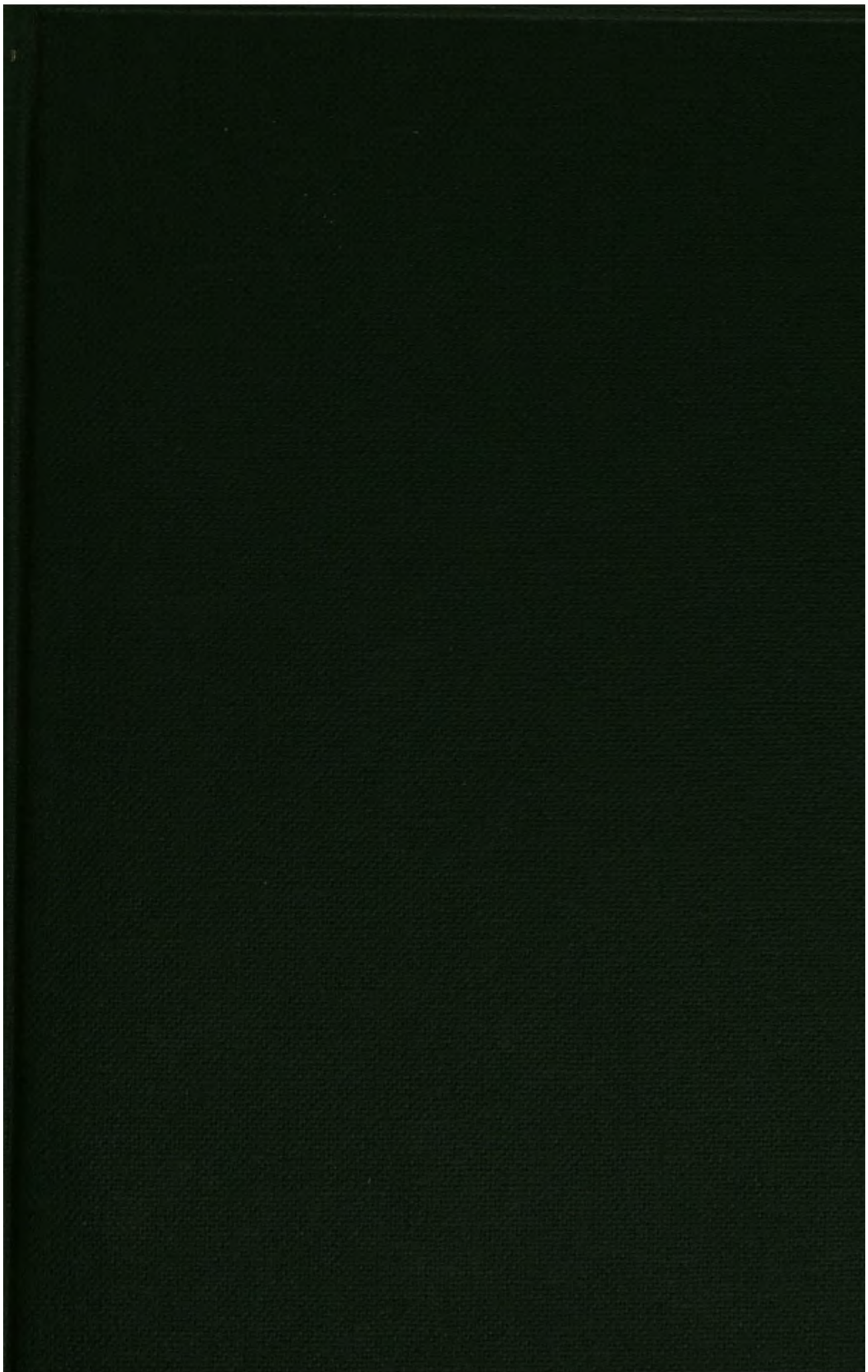
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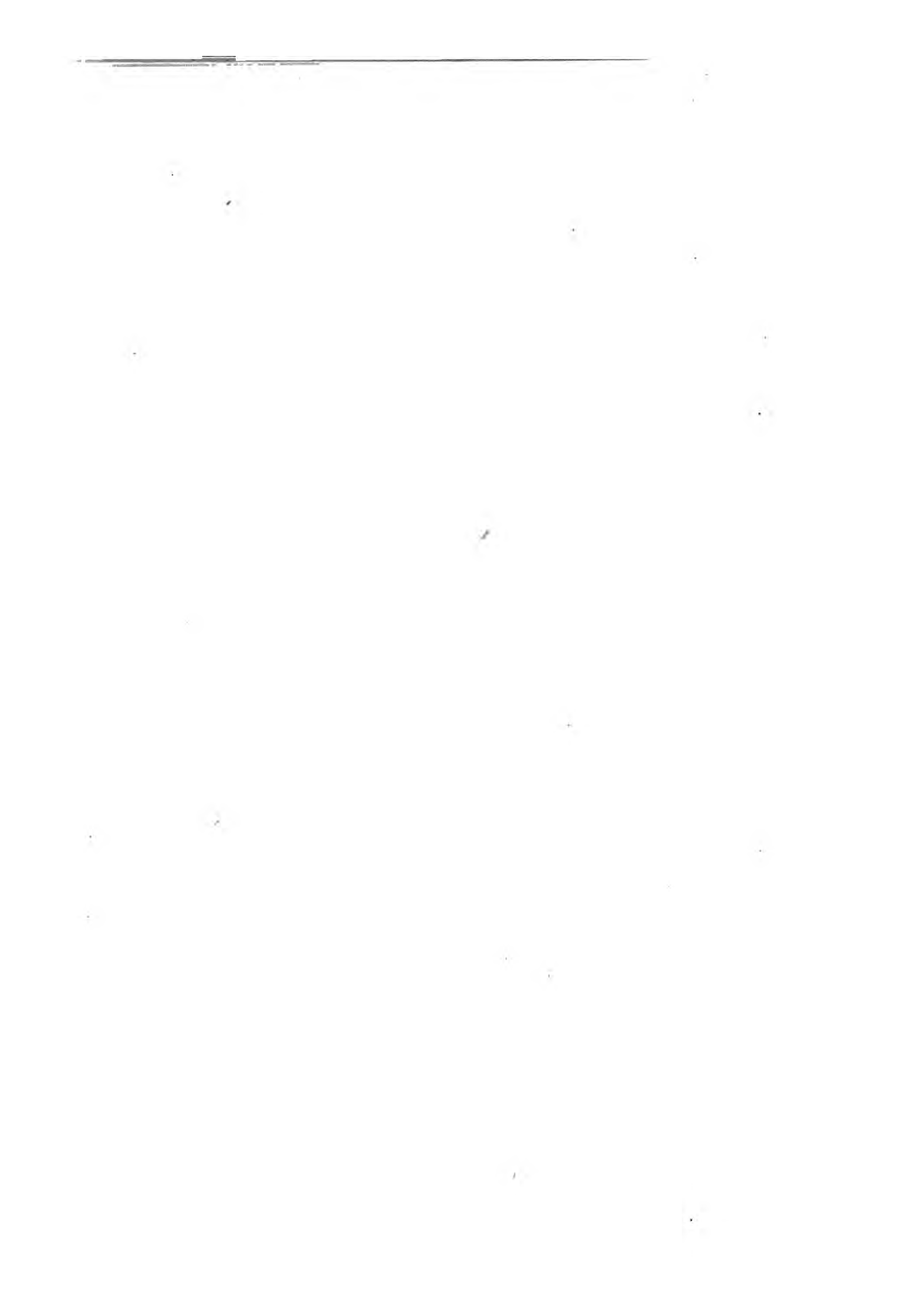
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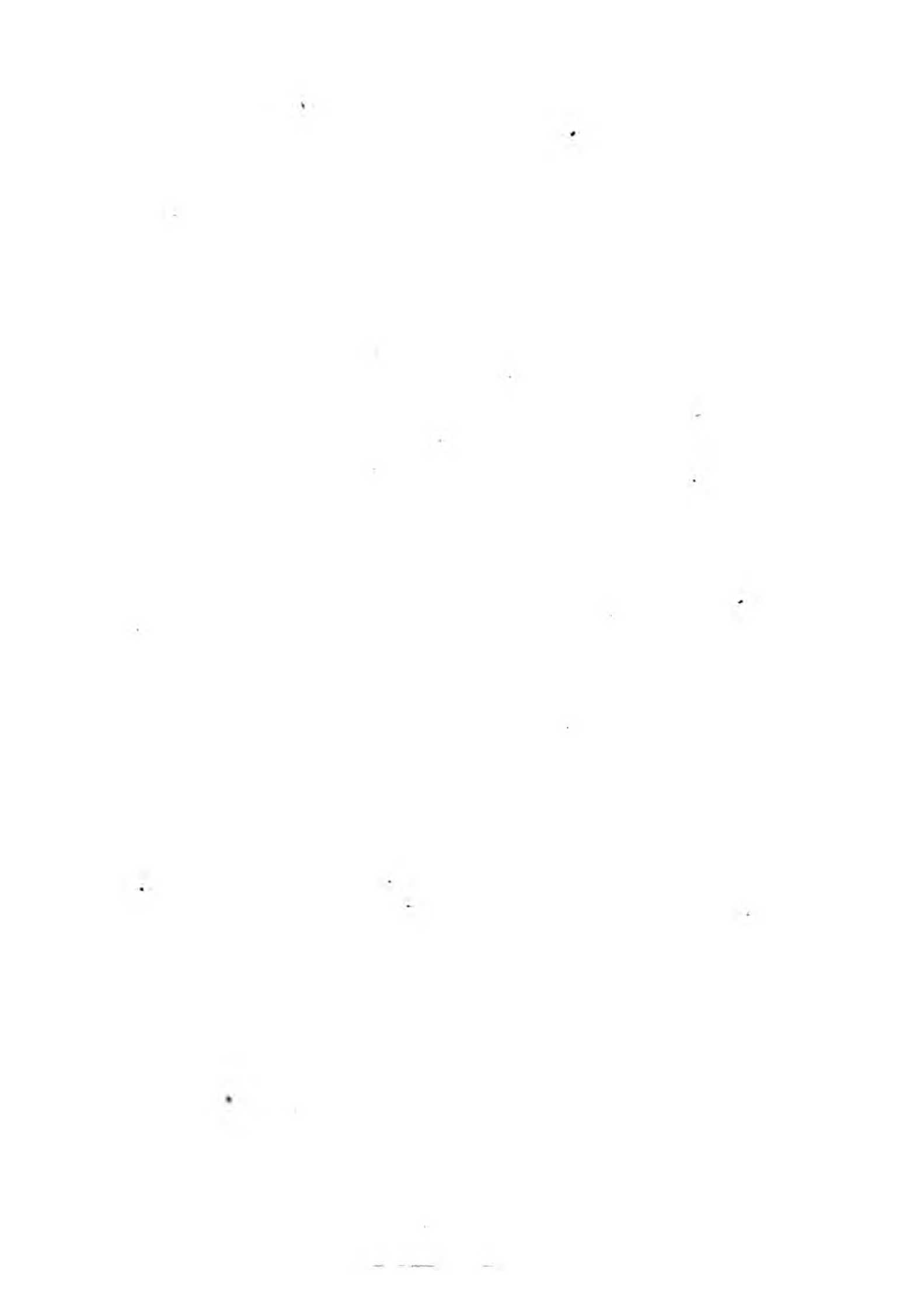
THE ALDINE EDITION  
OF THE BRITISH  
POETS



THE POEMS OF JAMES THOMSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL II



THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
JAMES THOMSON

VOLUME II



LONDON  
BELL AND DALDY YORK STREET  
COVENT GARDEN







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**LIBERTY.**

**B**



ADVERTISEMENT TO "LIBERTY."

THIS poem was originally published in 4to. in five separate parts; the first part appeared at the close of 1734, the second and third in the course of the following year, and the fourth and fifth parts in 1736; it was afterwards revised by Thomson for the 8vo. edition of his works, which was published in 1738, and the text of this edition, as containing the author's last corrections, has been followed in the present reprint. The edition which appeared after the author's death, having been extensively altered, and cut down to three books by Lord Lyttelton, has long ceased to be regarded as authentic.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERICK,  
PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

**W**HEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your Royal Highness received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accom-

plishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highness; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best reward: particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's  
most obedient

and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY COMPARED;

BEING THE FIRST PART OF

LIBERTY,

A POEM.

## THE CONTENTS OF

### PART I.

THE following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterized as British Liberty, to verse 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of Republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory, to verse 112. This contrasted by modern Italy, its valleys, mountains, culture, cities, people; the difference appearing strongest in the capital city, Rome, to verse 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, to verse 256. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples, to verse 287. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baia, how changed, to verse 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain, to verse 344. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitutes the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom and a limited monarchy, she marks, to verse 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.



# LIBERTY

## PART I.

### ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY COMPARED.



MY lamented Talbot!\* while with  
thee  
The Muse gay roved the glad Hesperian round,  
And drew the inspiring breath of  
ancient arts ;  
Ah ! little thought she her returning verse  
Should sing our darling subject to thy Shade.  
And does the mystic veil, from mortal beam,  
Involve those eyes where every virtue smiled,  
And all thy Father's candid spirit shone ?  
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud ;

Charles Richard Talbot, Esq., with whom the poet travelled to Italy ; he was the eldest son of Lord Chancellor Talbot. See Memoir, p. lx.



Full of the generous heart, the mild regard; 10  
 Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,  
 And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.  
 But to the death of mighty nations turn  
 My strain; be there absorbed the private tear.\*

Musing, I lay; warm from the sacred walks,  
 Where at each step imagination burns:  
 While scattered wide around, awful, and hoar,  
 Lies, a vast monument, once glorious Rome,  
 The tomb of empire! ruins! that efface  
 Whate'er, of finished, modern pomp can boast. 20

Snatched by these wonders to that world where  
 Unfettered ranges, Fancy's magic hand [thought  
 Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,  
 Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn dressed:  
 When straight, methought, the fair majestic power  
 Of Liberty appeared. Not, as of old,  
 Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,  
 Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life:  
 But her bright temples bound with British oak,  
 And naval honours nodded on her brow. 30

Sublime of port: loose o'er her shoulder flowed  
 Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.  
 An island-goddess now; and her high care  
 The Queen of Isles, the mistress of the main.  
 My heart beat filial transport at the sight;  
 And, as she moved to speak, the awakened Muse  
 Listened intense. Awhile she looked around,  
 With mournful eye the well-known ruins marked,

\* The lines on his friend Mr. Talbot's death, originally designed by Thomson for the commencement of "Liberty," will be found in his letter to Dr. Cranston, at p. lxviii. of the Memoir.

And then, her sighs repressing, thus began :

“ Mine are these wonders, all thou seest is mine ;  
 But ah, how changed ! the falling poor remains 41  
 Of what exalted once the Ausonian shore.  
 Look back through time : and, rising from the  
 gloom,

Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.

“ The great Republic see ! that glowed, sublime,  
 With the mixed freedom of a thousand states ;  
 Raised on the thrones of kings her curule chair,  
 And by her fasces awed the subject world.  
 See busy millions quickening all the land,  
 With cities thronged, and teeming culture high :  
 For Nature then smiled on her free-born sons, 51  
 And poured the plenty that belongs to men.  
 Behold, the country cheering, villas rise,  
 In lively prospect ; by the secret lapse  
 Of brooks now lost, and streams renowned in song ;  
 In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow  
 Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale :  
 On Baiæ's viny coast ; where peaceful seas,  
 Fanned by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore ;  
 And suns unclouded shine, through purest air : 60  
 Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome ;  
 Far shining upward to the Sabine hills,  
 To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade ;  
 To where Prenestè lifts her airy brow ;  
 Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,  
 Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

“ See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,  
 And o'er the proud arcade\* their tribute pour,

\* The aqueducts, built upon arches, to convey water to the city.

To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,  
 Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way, 70  
 With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads ;  
 By various nations trod, and suppliant kings ;  
 With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

“ Full in the centre of these wondrous works,  
 The pride of earth ! Rome in her glory see !  
 Behold her demigods, in senate met ;  
 All head to counsel, and all heart to act :  
 The commonweal inspiring every tongue  
 With fervent eloquence, unbribed, and bold ;  
 Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd 80  
 To rank obedient to a master’s voice.

“ Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,  
 In trembling wonder hushed, when the two Sires,\*  
 As they the private father greatly quelled,  
 Stood up the public fathers of the state.  
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.  
 Hark ! how with freedom’s voice it thunders high,  
 Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully’s tongue.

“ Her tribes, her census, see ; her generous troops,  
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward 90  
 Free for their country and for me to die ;  
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

“ Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,  
 The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

“ Her festive games, the school of heroes, see ;  
 Her Circus, ardent with contending youth :  
 Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,  
 Full of fair forms, of Beauty’s eldest born,  
 And of a people cast in virtue’s mould :

\* Lucius Junius Brutus, and Virginius.—T.

While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills 100  
 Lend their best stores to heave the pillared dome :  
 All that to Roman strength the softer touch  
 Of Grecian art can join. But language fails  
 To paint this sun, this centre of mankind ;  
 Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,  
 Attracted strong, in heightened lustre met.

“ Need I the contrast mark ? unjoyous view !  
 A land in all, in government and arts,  
 In virtue, genius, earth, and heaven, reversed ;  
 Who but these far famed ruins to behold, 110  
 Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims  
 Soared far above the little selfish sphere  
 Of doubting modern life ; who but inflamed  
 With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes  
 Of men and deeds to trace ; unhappy land,  
 Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway ?

“ Are these the vales, that once, exulting states  
 In their warm bosom fed ? The mountains these,  
 On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,  
 I bred to glory ? These dejected towns, 120  
 Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,  
 The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp ?

“ Come ! by whatever sacred name disguised,  
 Oppression, come ! and in thy works rejoice !  
 See nature’s richest plains to putrid fens  
 Turned by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,  
 See razed the enlivening village, farm, and seat.  
 First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand  
 Robbed of his poor reward, resigned the plough ;  
 And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe : 130  
 ’Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,  
 Who loves at large along the grassy downs

His flocks to pasture, thy drear champaign flies  
 Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,  
 'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey,  
 Grazed by the sullen buffalo alone ;  
 And where the rank uncultivated growth  
 Of rotting ages taints the passing gale,  
 Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,  
 Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns. 140  
 Beneath it mourns the solitary road,  
 Rolled in rude mazes o'er the abandoned waste ;  
 While ancient ways, ingulfed, are seen no more.

“ Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer ! foe  
 To humankind ! thy mountains too, profuse,  
 Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint  
 To raise against thy desolating rod.

There on the breezy brow, where thriving states  
 And famous cities, once, to the pleased sun,  
 Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150  
 Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,  
 Each harvest pines ; the livid, lean produce  
 Of heartless labour : while thy hated joys,  
 Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.  
 Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,  
 Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.  
 Hence drooping art almost to nature leaves  
 The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts  
 Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush  
 Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160  
 To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth  
 (Such as dictators fed\*) the garden pours.  
 Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine ;

\* Referring to Cincinnatus.



Nor juice Cæcubian, nor Falernian, more,  
 Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl.  
 Unseconded by art, the spinning race  
 Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.  
 In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows ;  
 And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.  
 Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines :  
 Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song, 171  
 And long a stranger to the hero's brow. [fields,  
 " Nor half thy triumph this : cast, from brute  
 Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.  
 There buxom plenty never turns her horn ;  
 The grace and virtue of exterior life,  
 No clean convenience reigns ; even sleep itself,  
 Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,  
 Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.  
 Thy horrid walk ! dead, empty, unadorned, 180  
 See streets whose echoes never know the voice  
 Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongued,  
 And art mechanic at his various task,  
 Fervent, employed. Mark the desponding race,  
 Of occupation void, as void of hope ;  
 Hope, the glad ray, glanced from Eternal Good,  
 That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,  
 With views of fortune—madness all to them !  
 By thee relentless seized their better joys,  
 To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly, 190  
 Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,  
 And love and music melt their souls away.  
 From feeble Justice, see how rash Revenge,  
 Trembling, the balance snatches ; and the sword,  
 Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.  
 See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,



With the red touch of dark assassins stained.

“ But chief let Rome, the mighty city ! speak  
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.

Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste, 200

Expiring nature all corrupted round ;

While the lone Tiber, through the desert plain,

Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.

Patched from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,

Mark how the temple glares ; and artful dressed,

Amusive, draws the superstitious train.

Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,

Concealing often, in magnificent jail,

Proud want ; a deep unanimated gloom !

And oft adjoining to the drear abode 210

Of misery, whose melancholy walls

Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.

Within the city bounds the desert see ;

See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,

Indecent, spread ; beneath whose fretted gold

It once, exulting, flowed. The people mark,

Matchless, while fired by me ; to public good

Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,

Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,

Elate with glory, an heroic soul 220

Known to the vulgar breast : behold them now

A thin despairing number, all-subdued,

The slaves of slaves, by superstition fooled,

By vice unmanned and a licentious rule ;

In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.

Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,

Thy sons, Oppression, are ; and such were mine.

“ Even with thy laboured pomp, for whose vain  
show

Deluded thousands starve ; all age-begrimed,  
 Torn, robbed, and scattered in unnumbered sacks,\*  
 And by the tempest of two thousand years 231  
 Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.

These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,  
 Beyond the weak repair of modern toil ;  
 These fractured arches, that the chiding stream  
 No more delighted hear ; these rich remains  
 Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbibed  
 Each parent ray ; these massy columns, hewed  
 From Afric's farthest shore ; one granite all,  
 These obelisks high-towering to the sky, 240  
 Mysterious marked with dark Egyptian lore ;  
 These endless wonders that this sacred way †  
 Illumine still, and consecrate to fame ;  
 These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charged  
 With the fine stores of art-completing Greece.  
 Mine is, besides, thy every later boast :  
 Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios mine ;  
 And mine the fair designs, which Raphael's ‡ soul  
 O'er the live canvas, emanating, breathed. 249

“ What would you say, ye conquerors of earth !  
 Ye Romans ! could you raise the laurelled head ;  
 Could you the country see, by seas of blood,  
 And the dread toil of ages, won so dear ;  
 Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight !  
 For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,  
 You rushed with rapture down the gulf of fate,

\* Alluding to the many occasions when Rome has been sacked by hostile armies.

† Via Sacra.—T.

‡ Michael Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael d'Urbino ; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.—T.

Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,  
 Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,  
 The queen of nations rose; possessed of all  
 Which nature, art, and glory could bestow: 260  
 What would you say, deep in the last abyss  
 Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,  
 Thus to behold her sunk? your crowded plains,  
 Void of their cities; unadorned your hills;  
 Ungraced your lakes; your ports to ships unknown;  
 Your lawless floods, and your abandoned streams;  
 These could you know, these could you love again?  
 Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire,  
 Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,  
 Soon bursting into song: while through the groves  
 Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale, 271  
 In many a tortured stream, you mused along?  
 Yon wild retreat,\* where superstition dreams,  
 Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe?  
 And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,  
 Famed in old song, the ship-forsaken bay,†  
 Your Formian shore? Once the delight of earth,  
 Where art and nature, ever smiling, joined  
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores. 279  
 How changed, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,  
 Would now your Naples seem? disastered less  
 By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast  
 His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,  
 Than by despotic rage,‡ that inward gnaws

\* Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.—T.

† The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulysses and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.—T.

‡ Naples, then under the Austrian government.

A native foe ; a foreign, tears without.  
 First from your flattered Cæsars this began :  
 Till, doomed to tyrants an eternal prey,  
 Thin peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain,\*  
 That the dire soul of Hannibal disarmed ; 289  
 And wrapped in weeds the shore† of Venus lies.  
 There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng ;  
 Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome :  
 No generous vines now bask along the hills,  
 Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main :  
 With baths and temples mixed, no villas rise ;  
 Nor, art-sustained amid reluctant waves,  
 Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep  
 No spreading ports their sacred arms extend :  
 No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,  
 From the calm station, roll resounding back. 300  
 An almost total desolation sits,  
 A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast ;  
 Where,‡ when soft suns and tepid winters rose,  
 Rejoicing crowds inhaled the balm of peace ;  
 Where citted hill to hill reflected blaze ;  
 And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold  
 A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,  
 Even Nature yields ; by fire and earthquake rent :  
 Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt  
 Swallowed at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 310  
 A nest for serpents ; from the red abyss

\* Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.—T.

† The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines ; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.—T.

‡ All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats ; and several populous cities stood.—T.

New hills, explosive, thrown ; the Lucrine lake  
 A reedy pool : and all to Cuma's point,  
 The sea recovering his usurped domain,  
 And poured triumphant o'er the buried dome.

“ Hence, Britain, learn ; my best established, last,  
 And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign ;  
 The land where, King and People equal bound  
 By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow ;  
 And where my jealous unsubmitting soul,       320  
 The dread of tyrants ! burns in every breast :  
 Learn hence, if such the miserable fate  
 Of an heroic race, the masters once  
 Of humankind ; what, when deprived of ME,  
 How grievous must be thine ? in spite of climes,  
 Whose sun-enlivened ether wakes the soul  
 To higher powers ; in spite of happy soils,  
 That, but by labour's slightest aid impelled,  
 With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown ;  
 If there desponding fail the common arts,       330  
 And sustenance of life : could life itself,  
 Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,  
 Subsist with thee ? against depressing skies,  
 Joined to full-spread oppression's cloudy brow,  
 How could thy spirits hold ? where vigour find,  
 Forced fruits to tear from their unnative soil ?  
 Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,  
 To plough the dreadful all-producing wave ? ”

Here paused the Goddess. By the pause assured,  
 In trembling accents thus I moved my prayer ; 340

“ Oh first, and most benevolent of powers !  
 Come from eternal splendours, here on earth,  
 Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,  
 To shield mankind ; to raise them to assert



The native rights and honour of their race :  
 Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal  
 Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,  
 And with a strain from THEE enrich the Muse.  
 As thee alone she serves, her patron, THOU,  
 And great inspirer be ! then will she joy, 350  
 Though narrow life her lot, and private shade :  
 And when her venal voice she barter's vile,  
 Or to thy open or thy secret foes ;  
 May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,  
 By slavish hearts unfelt ! and may her song  
 Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew,  
 Vermin of state, to thy o'erflowing light  
 That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."

Then, condescending kind, the heavenly Power  
 Returned:—"What here, suggested by the scene,  
 I slight unfold, record and sing at home, 361  
 In that blest isle, where (so we spirits move)  
 With one quick effort of my will I am.  
 There Truth, unlicensed, walks ; and dares accost  
 Even kings themselves, the monarchs of the free !  
 Fixed on my rock, there, an indulgent race  
 O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice :  
 And there, to finish what his sires began,  
 A Prince behold ! for me who burns sincere,  
 Even with a subject's zeal. He my great work 370  
 Will parent-like sustain ; and, added, give  
 The touch the Graces and the Muses owe.  
 For Britain's glory swells his panting breast ;  
 And ancient arts he emulous revolves :  
 His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,  
 Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man ;  
 To please his pleasure ; bounty his delight ;

And all the soul of Titus dwells in him.

Hail, glorious theme! but how, alas! shall verse,  
From the crude stores of mortal language drawn, 380  
How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,  
The Goddess flashed at once upon my soul.  
For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods  
Is harmony itself; to every ear  
Familiar known, like light to every eye.  
Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,  
In long succession poured their empires forth;  
Scene after scene, the human drama spread;  
And still the embodied picture rose to sight. 389

Oh  $\tau\eta\sigma\upsilon$ ! to whom the Muses owe their flame;  
Who bidd'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,  
And Hippocrenè flow; with thy bold ease,  
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,  
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound and  
clear;

Oh, gracious Goddess! reinspire my song;  
While I, to nobler than poetic fame  
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.



GREECE;  
BEING THE SECOND PART OF  
LIBERTY,  
A POEM.



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## LIBERTY.

### PART II.—GREECE.



**T**HUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless  
eye ;  
And at her voice, renewed, the Vision  
rose :

“ First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,  
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I lived ;  
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,  
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.  
These, as increasing families disclosed  
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.  
Few were offences, properties, and laws.  
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o’erspread, 10  
The father senate met. There Justice dealt,  
With reason then and equity the same,  
Free as the common air, her prompt decree ;  
Nor yet had stained her sword with subjects’ blood.  
The simpler arts were all their simple wants  
Had urged to light. But instant, these supplied,  
Another set of fonder wants arose,  
And other arts with them of finer aim ;  
Till, from refining want to want impelled,

The mind by thinking pushed her latent powers, 20  
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

“ At first, on brutes alone the rustic war  
Launched the rude spear; swift, as he glared along,  
On the grim lion, or the robber wolf.  
For then young sportive life was void of toil,  
Demanding little, and with little pleased :  
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,  
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fired ;  
Lewd lazy rapine broke primeval peace,  
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear, 30  
From the lone pilgrim, and the wandering swain,  
Seized what he durst not earn. Then brother’s  
First, horrid, smoked on the polluted skies. [blood  
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,  
Led by their tempered sires, on lawless men,  
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,  
Turned the keen arrow, and the sharpened spear.  
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose ;  
Who, scorning coward self, for others lived,  
Toiled for their ease, and for their safety bled. 40  
West, with the living day, to Greece I came :  
Earth smiled beneath my beam : the Muse before  
Sonsorous flew, that low till then in woods  
Had tuned the reed, and sighed the shepherd’s  
pain ;

But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swelled  
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

“ For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook ;  
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss  
Of fabling ages loved to lose their source,  
And with their river traced it from the skies. 50  
While there my laws alone despotic reigned,

And king, as well as people, proud obeyed ;  
 I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts ;  
 By poets, sages, legislators sought ;  
 The school of polished life, and human kind.  
 But when mysterious Superstition came,  
 And, with her Civil Sister\* leagued, involved  
 In studied darkness the desponding mind ;  
 Then Tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloosed :  
 For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave. 60  
 Instead of useful works, like nature's, great,  
 Enormous cruel wonders crushed the land ;  
 And round a tyrant's tomb,† who none deserved,  
 For one vile carcass perished countless lives.  
 Then the great Dragon ‡ couched amid his floods,  
 Swelled his fierce heart, and cried, ' This flood is  
 'Tis I that bid it flow.' But, undeceived, [mine,  
 His frenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt ;  
 Felt that, without my fertilizing power,  
 Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflowed in vain.  
 Nought could retard me : nor the frugal state 71  
 Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,  
 Beyond the pitch of man, and thence reversed  
 Into luxurious waste : nor yet the ports  
 Of old Phœnicia ; first for letters famed,  
 That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight ;  
 Of arts prime source, and guardian ! by fair stars,  
 First tempted out into the lonely deep ;  
 To whom I first disclosed mechanic arts,  
 The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves, 80  
 With all the peaceful power of ruling trade ;

\* Civil Tyranny.—T.

† The Pyramids.—T.

‡ An eastern metaphor used in Scripture to express an Egyptian Tyrant.—T.

Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retained ;  
 Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore  
 The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay  
 The promised Land of Arts, and urged my flight.

“ Hail, Nature’s utmost boast! unrivalled Greece!  
 My fairest reign! where every power benign  
 Conspired to blow the flower of human kind,  
 And lavished all that genius can inspire.

Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main, 90  
 Ionian or Ægean, tempered kind :

Light, airy soils: a country rich, and gay ;  
 Broke into hills with balmy odours crowned,  
 And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales ;  
 Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous  
 flowed ;

Whence deemed by wondering men the seat of  
 gods,

And still the mountains and the streams of song.  
 All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour  
 Of high materials, and my restless arts  
 Frame into finished life. How many states, 100  
 And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,  
 And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds ;  
 From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat  
 By Adria’s here, there by Ægean waves ;  
 To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles  
 In shining prospect rise, and on the shore  
 Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main !

“ O’er all two rival cities reared the brow,  
 And balanced all. Spread on Eurotas’ bank,  
 Amid a circle of soft rising hills, 110  
 The patient Sparta one: the sober, hard,  
 And man-subduing city; which no shape

Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.  
 Lycurgus there built, on the solid base  
 Of equal life, so well a tempered state ;  
 Where mixed each government, in such just poise ;  
 Each power so checking, and supporting each ;  
 That firm for ages, and unmoved, it stood,  
 The fort of Greece ! without one giddy hour,  
 One shock of faction, or of party rage. 120  
 For, drained the springs of wealth, Corruption  
       there

Lay withered at the root. Thrice happy land !  
 Had not neglected art, with weedy vice  
 Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts  
 Loved not the soil ; yet there the calm abode  
 Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,  
 Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase  
 Confined, and pressed into Laconic force.  
 There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,  
 The Public and the Private grew the same. 130  
 The children of the nursing Public all,  
 And at its table fed ; for that they toiled,  
 For that they lived entire, and even for that  
 The tender mother urged her son to die.

“ Of softer genius, but not less intent  
 To seize the palm of empire, Athens strove.  
 Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,  
 Hymettus\* spread, amid the scented sky,  
 His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,  
 And to botanic hand the stores of health ; 140  
 Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,  
 Between Ilissus and Cephissus † glowed

\* A mountain near Athens.—T.

† Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.—T.



This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,  
 Of active arts, and animated arms.  
 There, passionate for me, an easy-moved,  
 A quick, refined, a delicate, humane,  
 Enlightened people reigned. Oft on the brink  
 Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,  
 Enforcing hasty counsel immature,  
 Tottered the rash Democracy; unpoised, 150  
 And by the rage devoured, that ever tears  
 A populace unequal; part too rich,  
 And part or fierce with want, or abject grown.  
 Solon at last, their mild restorer, rose:  
 Allayed the tempest; to the calm of laws  
 Reduced the settling whole; and, with the weight  
 Which the two senates\* to the public lent,  
 As with an anchor fixed the driving state.

"Nor was my forming care to these confined.  
 For emulation through the whole I poured, 160  
 Noble contention! who should most excel  
 In government well poised, adjusted best  
 To public weal: in countries cultured high:  
 In ornamented towns, where order reigns,  
 Free social life, and polished manners fair:  
 In exercise, and arms; arms only drawn  
 For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride:  
 In moral science, and in graceful arts.  
 Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,  
 The prize grew greater, and the prize of all. 170

\* The Areopagus, or Supreme Court of Judicature, which Solon reformed and improved: and the council of Four Hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.— T.

By contest brightened, hence the radiant youth,  
 Poured every beam ; by generous pride inflamed,  
 Felt every ardour burn : their great reward  
 The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa\* gave.

“ Hence flourished Greece ; and hence a race of  
 As gods by conscious future times adored ; [men,  
 In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,  
 Each science shed o’er life a friendly light,  
 Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,  
 At the famed pass,† firm as an isthmus stood ; 180  
 And the whole eastern ocean, waving far  
 As eye could dart its vision, nobly checked.  
 While in extended battle, at the field  
 Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove  
 Before their ardent band an host of slaves.

“ Hence through the continent ten thousand  
 Greeks

Urged a retreat, whose glory not the prime  
 Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,  
 Opposed their course ; and hostile lands, unknown ;  
 And deep rapacious floods, dire banked with death ; 190  
 And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grinned ;  
 Hunger, and toil ; Armenian snows, and storms ;  
 And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.  
 Greece in their view, and glory yet untouched,  
 Their steady column pierced the scattering herds,  
 Which a whole empire poured ; and held its way  
 Triumphant, by the sage-exalted Chief‡  
 Fired and sustained. Oh light and force of mind,

\* Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.—T.

† The Straits of Thermopylæ.—T

‡ Xenophon.—T.



Almost almighty in severe extremes !  
 The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen, 200  
 Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw  
 The soldiers' fond embrace ; o'erflowed their eyes  
 With tender floods, and loosed the general voice  
 To cries resounding loud—' The sea ! The sea !'

“ In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,  
 Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece !  
 And though gay wit and pleasing grace was theirs,  
 All the soft modes of elegance and ease ;  
 Yet was not courage less, the patient touch  
 Of toiling art, and disquisition deep. 210

“ My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,  
 The unfettered thought with energy inspires,  
 Invincible in arts, in the bright field  
 Of nobler science, as in that of arms.  
 Athenians thus not less intrepid burst  
 The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurned  
 The Persian chains : while through the city, full  
 Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,  
 Incessant struggled taste, refining taste,  
 And friendly free discussion, calling forth 220  
 From the fair jewel, Truth, its latent ray.  
 O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,\*  
 And Father of Philosophy : the sun,  
 From whose white blaze emerged, each various sect  
 Took various tints, but with diminished beam.  
 Tutor of Athens ! he, in every street,  
 Dealt priceless treasure : goodness his delight,  
 Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.  
 Deep through the human heart, with playful art,  
 His simple question stole ; as into truth, 230

\* Socrates.—T.

And serious deeds, he smiled the laughing race ;  
 Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,  
 Or grace mankind ; and what he taught he was.  
 Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke  
 In different Schools : the bold poetic phrase  
 Of figured Plato ; Xenophon's pure strain,  
 Like the clear brook that steals along the vale ;  
 Dissecting truth, the Stagyrte's\* keen eye ;  
 The exalted Stoic pride ; the Cynic sneer ;  
 The slow-consenting Academic doubt ;                   249  
 And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease  
 Of Epicurus, seldom understood.

They, ever candid, reason still opposed  
 To reason ; and, since virtue was their aim, -  
 Each by sure practice tried to prove his way .  
 The best. Then stood untouched the solid base  
 Of Liberty, the liberty of mind :  
 For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,  
 Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.           249  
 From priestly darkness sprung the enlightening arts  
 Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.

“ O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of finer arts !  
 Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore ;  
 Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,  
 In these hast led the way, in these excelled,  
 Crowned with the laurel of assenting Time.

“ In thy full language, speaking mighty things ;  
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffused  
 A broad majestic stream, and rolling on  
 Through all the winding harmony of sound :           260  
 In it the power of eloquence, at large,  
 Breathed the persuasive or pathetic soul ;

\* Aristotle.

Stilled by degrees the democratic storm,  
 Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook  
 Flushed at the head of their victorious troops.  
 In it the Muse, her fury never quenched,  
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,  
 Her unconfined divinity displayed ;  
 And, still harmonious, formed it to her will :  
 Or soft depressed it to the shepherd's moan, 270  
 Or raised it swelling to the tongue of gods.

“ Heroic song was thine ; the Fountain Bard,\*  
 Whence each poetic stream derives its course.  
 Thine the dread moral scene, thy chief delight !  
 Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,  
 When Reason spoke august ; the fervent heart  
 Or plained, or stormed ; and in the impassioned  
 man,

Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.  
 This potent school of manners, but when left  
 To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague, 280  
 Was not unworthy deemed of public care,  
 And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every son,  
 Even last mechanic, the true taste possessed  
 Of what had flavour to the nourished soul.

“ The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,  
 Thine was the meaning music of the heart.  
 Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs  
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;  
 But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,  
 To which respondent shakes the varied soul. 290

“ Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,  
 By Love imagined, and the Graces touched,  
 The boast of well pleased Nature ! Sculpture seized.

\* Homer.—T.

And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.  
 Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again  
 Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,  
 Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.  
 From those far different, whose prolific hand  
 Peoples a nation: they for years on years,  
 By the cool touches of judicious toil, 300  
 Their rapid genius curbing, poured it all  
 Through the live features of one breathing stone.  
 There, beaming full, it shone; expressing gods;  
 Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,  
 The fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,  
 Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.  
 Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,  
 And every muscle swelled, as nature taught.  
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble waved;  
 Flowed in loose robes, or thin transparent veils; 310  
 Sprung into motion; softened into flesh;  
 Was fired to passion, or refined to soul.

"Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,  
 Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,  
 Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mixed.  
 And when Apelles, who peculiar knew  
 To give a grace that more than mortal smiled,  
 The soul of beauty! called the Queen of Love,  
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.  
 Even such enchantment then thy pencil poured, 320  
 That cruel-thoughted War the impatient torch  
 Dashed to the ground; and, rather than destroy  
 The patriot picture,\* let the city 'scape.

\* When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes; he chose rather

“ First, elder Sculpture taught her sister art  
 Correct design ; where great ideas shone,  
 And in the secret trace expression spoke :  
 Taught her the graceful attitude ; the turn,  
 And beauteous airs of head ; the native act,  
 Or bold, or easy ; and, cast free behind,  
 The swelling mantle’s well adjusted flow. 330  
 Then the bright Muse, their eldest sister, came ;  
 And bade her follow where she led the way :  
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise ;  
 And copious action on the canvas glow :  
 Gave her gay Fable ; spread Invention’s store ;  
 Enlarged her view ; taught composition high,  
 And just arrangement, circling round one point,  
 That starts to sight, binds and commands the whole.  
 Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,  
 And scorning the soft trade of mere delight, 340  
 O’er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,  
 Heroic deeds she traced, and warm displayed  
 Each moral beauty to the ravished eye.  
 There, as the imagined presence of the god  
 Aroused the mind, or vacant hours induced  
 Calm contemplation, or assembled youth  
 Burned in ambitious circle round the sage,  
 The living lesson stole into the heart,  
 With more prevailing force than dwells in words.  
 These rouse to glory ; while, to rural life, 350  
 The softer canvas oft reposed the soul.  
 There gaily broke the sun-illumined cloud ;  
 The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,  
 Vanished in air ; the precipice frowned, dire ;

to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called *Jasylus*, the masterpiece of that painter.—T.



White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dashed ;  
 The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main ;  
 The tempest foamed, immense ; the driving storm  
 Saddened the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,  
 On the scathed oak the ragged lightning fell ;  
 In closing shades, and where the current strays, 360  
 With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,  
 Piped the lone shepherd to his feeding flock :  
 Round happy parents smiled their younger selves ;  
 And friends conversed, by death divided long.

“ To public virtue thus the smiling arts,  
 Unblemished handmaids, served ; the Graces they  
 To dress this fairest Venus. Thus revered,  
 And placed beyond the reach of sordid care,  
 The high awarders of immortal fame,  
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove ; 370  
 Courted by kings, and by contending states  
 Assumed the boasted honour of their birth.

“ In Architecture too thy rank supreme !  
 What art where most magnificent appears  
 The little builder man ; by thee refined,  
 And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.  
 Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,  
 Who scorned their aid, have only loaded earth  
 With laboured heavy monuments of shame.  
 Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore  
 Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorned, 381  
 And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose ;  
 The Ionic then, with decent matron grace,  
 Her airy pillar heaved ; luxuriant last,  
 The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.  
 The whole so measured true, so lessened off  
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,

Formed to repel the still or stormy waste  
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics looked  
 That from the magic wand aërial rise. 390

“ These were the wonders that illumined Greece,  
 From end to end ”——Here interrupting warm,  
 “ Where are they now ? ( I cried ) say, goddess,  
 where ?

And what the land, thy darling thus of old ? ”

“ Sunk ! ( she resumed ) deep in the kindred gloom  
 Of superstition, and of slavery, sunk !

No glory now can touch their hearts, benumbed  
 By loose dejected sloth and servile fear :  
 No science pierce the darkness of their minds ;  
 No nobler art the quick ambitious soul 400  
 Of imitation in their breast awake.

Even to supply the needful arts of life,  
 Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.  
 Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,  
 Or nodding column on the desert shore,  
 To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.

A faithless land of violence, and death !  
 Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore ;  
 And his wild impulse curious search restrains,  
 Afraid to trust the inhospitable clime. 410

Neglected nature fails ; in sordid want  
 Sunk, and debased their beauty beams no more.  
 The sun himself seems, angry, to regard,  
 Of light unworthy, the degenerate race ;  
 And fires them oft with pestilential rays :  
 While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,  
 Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.  
 But as from man to man, Fate’s first decree,  
 Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,

So states must die and Liberty go round. 420

“ Fierce was the stand, ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,  
 And the soul fired by me (that often, stung  
 With thoughts of better times and old renown,  
 From hydra-tyrants tried to clear the land)  
 Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effaced,  
 And gross o’er all unfeeling bondage spread.  
 Sooner I moved my much reluctant flight,  
 Poised on the doubtful wing: when Greece with  
 Greece

Embroided in foul contention fought no more  
 For common glory, and for common weal: 430  
 But false to Freedom, sought to quell the free;  
 Broke the firm band of Peace, and sacred Love,  
 That lent the whole irrefragable force;  
 And, as around the partial trophy blushed,  
 Prepared the way for total overthrow.

Then to the Persian power, whose pride they  
 scorned,

When Xerxes poured his millions o’er the land,  
 Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sued;  
 Sued to be venal parricides, to spill  
 Their country’s bravest blood, and on themselves  
 To turn their matchless mercenary arms. 441

Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the Great King;\*  
 And by the trick of treaties, the still waste  
 Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,  
 Effected what his steel could ne’er perform.  
 Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,  
 Inflaming all the land: unbalanced wide  
 Their tottering states; their wild assemblies ruled,  
 As the winds turn at every blast the seas:

\* So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.—T.



And by their listed orators, whose breath 450  
 Still with a factious storm infested Greece,  
 Roused them to civil war; or dashed them down  
 To sordid peace—Peace!\* that, when Sparta shook  
 Astonished Artaxerxes on his throne,  
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,  
 Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.  
 What could so base, so infamous a thought  
 In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw  
 Respiring Athens† rear again her walls:  
 And the pale fury fired them, once again 460  
 To crush this rival city to the dust.  
 For now no more the noble social soul  
 Of Liberty my families combined;  
 But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,  
 Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,  
 They mixed severe, and waged eternal war:  
 Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;  
 Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,  
 Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.  
 Long years rolled on, by many a battle stained,‡ 470  
 The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,  
 And military glory shone supreme:  
 But let detesting ages, from the scene  
 Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.  
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds,

\* The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the lesser Asia, to the dominion of the King of Persia.—T.

† Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendour.—T.

‡ The Peloponnesian war.—T.

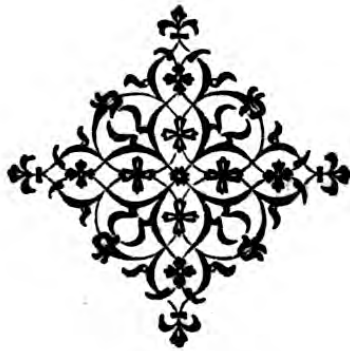
She felt her spirits fail ; and in the dust  
 Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,  
 Agesilaus, and the Theban friends :\*  
 The Macedonian vulture marked his time,  
 By the dire scent of Cheronæa † lured, 480  
 And, fierce descending, seized his hapless prey.

“ Thus tame submitted to the victor’s yoke  
 Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold ;  
 For every grace, and muse, and science born ;  
 With arts of war, of government elate ;  
 To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best ;  
 Whom I myself could scarcely rule : and thus  
 The Persian fetters, that enthralled the mind,  
 Were turned to formal and apparent chains.

“ Unless corruption first deject the pride, 490  
 And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,  
 All crude attempts of violence are vain ;  
 For firm within, and while at heart untouched,  
 Ne’er yet by force was freedom overcome.  
 But soon as independence stoops the head,  
 To vice enslaved, and vice-created wants ;  
 Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste  
 These heightened wants with fatal bounty feeds :  
 From man to man the slackening ruin runs,  
 Till the whole state unnerved in slavery sinks.” 500

\* Pelopidas and Epaminondas.—T.

† The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon  
 utterly defeated the Greeks.—T.



ROME;  
BEING THE THIRD PART OF  
LIBERTY,  
A POEM.

THE CONTENTS OF  
PART III.

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## LIBERTY.

### PART III.—ROME.

**H**ERE, melting, mixed with air the ideal  
forms  
That painted still whate'er the god-  
dess sung.

Then I, impatient.—“ From extinguished Greece,  
To what new region streamed the Human Day ?”  
She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,  
Resigned to Boreas, the declining year,  
Resumed.—“ Indignant, these last scenes I fled ;\*  
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,  
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,  
All Latium stood aroused.      Ages before,      10  
Great mother of republics ! Greece had poured,  
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around.  
On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stooped,  
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore ;  
Where, from Lacinium † to Etrurian vales,  
They rolled increasing colonies along,  
And lent materials for my Roman reign.

\* The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.—T.

† A promontory in Calabria.—T.

With them my spirit spread ; and numerous states,  
 And cities rose, on Grecian models formed ;  
 As its parental policy and arts 20  
 Each had imbibed. Besides, to each assigned,  
 A guardian Genius o'er the public weal,  
 Kept an unclosing eye ; tried to sustain,  
 Or more sublime, the soul infused by me :  
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave,  
 Against the tyrant demons of the land.  
 Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew ;  
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times,  
 But almost all below the proud regard  
 Of story vowed to Rome, on deeds intent 30  
 That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.

“ Not so the Samian sage ;\* to him belongs  
 The brightest witness of recording Fame.  
 For these free states his native isle † forsook,  
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,  
 He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air ;  
 And through Great Greece ‡ his gentle wisdom  
     taught ;  
 Wisdom that calmed for listening years § the mind,  
 Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.  
 His mental eye first launched into the deeps 40  
 Of boundless ether ; where unnumbered orbs,  
 Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky  
 Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.  
 There he the full consenting choir beheld ;

\* Pythagoras.—T.

† Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.—T.

‡ The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.—T.

§ His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.—T.

There first discerned the secret band of love,  
 The kind attraction, that to central suns  
 Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.  
 Instructed thence, he great ideas formed  
 Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,  
 The Sun of beings! beaming unconfined 50  
 Light, life, and love, and ever active power:  
 Whom nought can image, and who best approves  
 The silent worship of the moral heart,  
 That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the  
 joy.

Nor scorned the soaring sage to stoop to life,  
 And bound his reason to the sphere of man.  
 He gave the four yet reigning virtues\* name;  
 Inspired the study of the finer arts,  
 That civilize mankind, and laws devised  
 Where with enlightened justice mercy mixed. 60  
 He even, into his tender system, took  
 Whatever shares the brotherhood of life:  
 He taught that life's indissoluble flame,  
 From brute to man, and man to brute again,  
 For ever shifting, runs the eternal round;  
 Thence tried against the blood-polluted meal,  
 And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,  
 To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!  
 Had he beheld the living chain ascend,  
 And not a circling form, but rising whole. 70

“ Amid these small republics one arose  
 On yellow Tiber's bank, almighty Rome,  
 Fated for me. A nobler spirit warmed  
 Her sons; and, roused by tyrants, nobler still  
 It burned in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chased,

\* The four cardinal virtues.—T.



With all their crimes ; bade radiant eras rise,  
And the long honours of the Consul-line.

“ Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan  
Of Greece I varied ; whose unmixing states,  
By the keen soul of emulation pierced, 80  
Long waged alone the bloodless war of arts,  
And their best empire gained. But to diffuse  
O'er men an empire was my purpose now :  
To let my martial majesty abroad ;  
Into the vortex of one state to draw  
The whole mixed force, and liberty, on earth ;  
To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.

“ Already have I given, with flying touch,  
A broken view of this my amplest reign.  
Now, while its first, last, periods you survey, 90  
Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.

“ When Rome in noon-tide empire grasped the  
And, soon as her resistless legions shone, [world,  
The nations stooped around ; though then appeared  
Her grandeur most ; yet in her dawn of power,  
By many a jealous equal people pressed,  
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then ;  
Then for each Roman I a hero told ;  
And every passing sun, and Latian scene,  
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds, 100  
That or surpass the faith of modern times,  
Or, if believed, with sacred horror strike.

“ For then, to prove my most exalted power,  
I to the point of full perfection pushed,  
To fondness and enthusiastic zeal,  
The great, the reigning passion of the free.  
That godlike passion ! which, the bounds of self  
Divinely bursting, the whole public takes

Into the heart, enlarged, and burning high  
 With the mixed ardour of unnumbered selves; 110  
 Of all who safe beneath the voted laws  
 Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.  
 From this kind sun of moral nature flowed  
 Virtues, that shine the light of humankind,  
 And, rayed through story, warm remotest time.  
 These virtues too, reflected to their source,  
 Increased its flame. The social charm went round,  
 The fair idea, more attractive still,  
 As more by virtue marked; till Romans, all 119  
 One band of friends, unconquerable grew. [voice,  
 " Hence, when their country raised her plaintive  
 The voice of pleading Nature was not heard;  
 And in their hearts the fathers throbbed no more;  
 Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.  
 Hence sweetened Pain, the luxury of toil  
 Patience, that baffled Fortune's utmost rage;  
 High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,  
 When Brennus conquered, and when Cannæ bled,  
 The bravest impulse felt, and scorned despair.  
 Hence Moderation a new conquest gained: 130  
 As on the vanquished, like descending heaven,  
 Their dewy mercy dropped, their bounty beamed,  
 And by the labouring hand were crowns bestowed.  
 Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,  
 Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce.  
 Hence, Independence, with his little pleased,  
 Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god;  
 In whom corruption could not lodge one charm,  
 While he his honest roots to gold preferred;  
 While truly rich, and by his Sabine field, 140  
 The man maintained, the Roman's splendour all

Was in the public wealth and glory placed :  
 Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough ;  
 Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,  
 In long majestic flow, to rule the state,  
 With Wisdom's purest eye ; or, clad in steel.  
 To drive the steady battle on the foe.  
 Hence every passion, even the proudest, stooped  
 To common good : Camillus, thy revenge ;  
 Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence, 150  
 Consuls, Dictators, still resigned their rule,  
 The very moment that the laws ordained.  
 Though Conquest o'er them clapped her eagle  
                   wings,  
 Her laurels wreathed, and yoked her snowy steeds  
 To the triumphal car ; soon as expired  
 The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,  
 (A harder lesson than to command)  
 Into the private Roman sunk the chief.  
 If Rome was served, and glorious, careless they  
 By whom. Their country's fame they deemed  
                   their own ; 160  
 And above envy, in a rival's train,  
 Sung the loud Iôs by themselves deserved.  
 Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,  
 Hence fell the Fabii ; hence the Decii died ;  
 And Curtius plunged into the flaming gulf.  
 Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firmed,  
 By dreadful counsel never given before ;  
 For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.  
 Hence he sustained to dare a death prepared  
 By Punic rage. On earth his manly look 170  
 Relentless fixed, he from a last embrace,  
 By chains polluted, put his wife aside,

His little children climbing for a kiss ;  
 Then dumb through rows of weeping, wondering  
 A new illustrious exile ! pressed along. [friends,  
 Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds  
 Opposing his return, than if, escaped  
 From long litigious suits, he glad forsook  
 The noisy town a while and city cloud,  
 To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air. 180  
 Need I these high particulars recount ?  
 The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame ;  
 Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.  
 Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,  
 When Rome and glory called. But, in one view,  
 Mark the rare boast of these unequalled times.  
 Ages revolved unsullied by a crime :  
 Astrea\* reigned, and scarcely needed laws  
 To bind a race elated with the pride  
 Of virtue, and disdaining to descend 190  
 To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.  
 While war around them raged, in happy Rome  
 All peaceful smiled, all save the passing clouds  
 That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow ;  
 And fair unblemished centuries elapsed,  
 When not a Roman bled but in the field.  
 Their virtue such, that an unbalanced state,  
 Still between Noble and Plebeian tossed,  
 As flowed the wave of fluctuating power,  
 By that kept firm, and with triumphant prow 200  
 Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,  
 That from the first their constitution shook,  
 (A latent ruin, growing as it grew,)  
 Stood on the threatening point of civil war

\* The goddess of Justice.

Ready to rush: yet could the lenient voice  
 Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,  
 These sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts  
 Unpetrified by self, so naked lay  
 And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage  
 Of giddy faction, by oppression swelled, 210  
 Prevailed a simple fable,\* and at once  
 To peace recovered the divided state.  
 But if their often cheated hopes refused  
 The soothing touch; still, in the love of Rome,  
 The dread Dictator found a sure resource.  
 Was she assaulted? was her glory stained?  
 One common quarrel wide inflamed the whole.  
 Foes in the forum, in the field were friends,  
 By social danger bound; each fond for each,  
 And for their dearest country all, to die. 220

" Thus up the hill of empire slow they toiled:  
 Till, the bold summit gained, the thousand states  
 Of proud Italia blended into one;  
 Then o'er the nations they resistless rushed,  
 And touched the limits of the failing world.

" Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.  
 See that which borders wild the western main,  
 Where storms at large resound, and tides immense;  
 From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,  
 And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodged 230  
 Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,  
 Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.†  
 Mark that opposed, where first the springing morn  
 Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews:

\* The fable of the belly and the members, so finely told us  
 by Livy as having been related by Menenius Agrippa to the  
 refractory Roman people.

† The Atlantic Ocean.



From the dire deserts by the Caspian laved,  
 To where the Tigris and Euphrates, joined,  
 Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain ;  
 And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.  
 See that dividing far the watery north,  
 Parent of floods ! from the majestic Rhine, 240  
 Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouthed,  
 In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars ;  
 To where the frozen Tanais\* scarcely stirs  
 The dead Mæotic pool,† or the long Rha,‡  
 In the black Scythian sea,§ his torrent throws.  
 Last, that beneath the burning zone behold :  
 See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains  
 Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,  
 Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste  
 A verdant isle,|| with shade and fountain fresh ; 250  
 And farther to the full Egyptian shore,  
 To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,  
 His never drained ethereal urn, descends.  
 In this vast space what various tongues, and states !  
 What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and  
     seas !  
 What purple tyrants quelled, and nations freed !  
     “ O'er Greece, descended chief, with stealth divine,  
 The Roman bounty in a flood of day :  
 As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp !  
 Her full-assembled youth innumerable swarmed.  
 On a tribunal raised, Flaminius sat : 261  
 A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierced

\* The river Don.

† A large lake near the Black Sea.

‡ The ancient name of the Volga.—T.

§ The Caspian Sea.—T.

|| The great Oasis in which was the celebrated temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Of iron-coated Macedon, and back  
 The Grecian tyrant\* to his bounds repelled.  
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,  
 While sport alone their unambitious hearts  
 Possessed; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse  
 Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign  
 Then thus a herald:—' To the states of Greece  
 The Roman people, unconfined, restore 270  
 Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws:  
 Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.'  
 The crowd astonished half, and half informed,  
 Stared dubious round; some questioned, some  
 exclaimed.

(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,  
 Is lost in anxious joy,) ' Be that again,  
 Be that again proclaimed, distinct, and loud.'  
 Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaimed;  
 And still as midnight in the rural shade,  
 When the gale slumbers, they the words devoured.  
 A while severe amazement held them mute, 281  
 Then bursting broad, the boundless shout to Heaven  
 From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.  
 On every hand rebelled to their joy  
 The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills:  
 Through all her turrets stately Corinth † shook;  
 And, from the void above of shattered air,  
 The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.  
 What piercing bliss, how keen a sense of fame,  
 Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul! 290  
 And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then  
 Escape the fondness of transported Greece!

\* The King of Macedonia.—T.

† The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.—T.



Mixed in a tempest of superior joy,  
 They left the sports ; like Bacchanals they flew,  
 Each other straining in a strict embrace,  
 Nor strained a slave ; and loud acclaims till night  
 Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.  
 Then, crowned with garlands, came the festive  
     hours ;  
 And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,  
 Their raptures waked anew. ' Ye gods ! ' they  
     cried, 300  
 ' Ye guardian gods of Greece ! and are we free ?  
 Was it not madness deemed the very thought ?  
 And is it true ? How did we purchase chains ?  
 At what a dire expense of kindred blood ?  
 And are they now dissolved ? And scarce one drop  
 For the fair first of blessings have we paid ?  
 Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,  
 When rages wide the storm of mingling war,  
 Are rare indeed ; but how to generous ends  
 To turn success and conquest, rarer still : 310  
 That the great gods and Romans only know.  
 Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,  
 A people so magnanimous, to quit  
 Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,  
 And by their blood and treasure, spent for us,  
 Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws !  
 There does ! there does ! Oh saviour, Titus ! Rome !  
 Thus through the happy night they poured their  
     souls,  
 And in my last reflected beams rejoiced.  
 As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow, 320  
 Sits piping to his flocks and gamesome kids ;  
 Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,

Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam :  
 Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,  
 Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain ;  
 To western worlds irrevocable rolled,  
 Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray."

Here interposing I—" Oh, Queen of men !  
 Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights  
 Equal they live ; though placed for common good,  
 Various, or in subjection or command ; 331  
 And that by common choice : alas ! the scene,  
 With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,  
 Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."  
 Thus she pursued :—" Near this great era, Rome  
 Began to feel the swift approach of fate,  
 That now her vitals gained : still more and more  
 Her deep divisions kindling into rage,  
 And war with chains and desolation charged.  
 From an unequal balance of her sons 340  
 These fierce contentions sprung : and, as increased  
 This hated inequality, more fierce  
 They flamed to tumult. Independence failed ;  
 Here by luxurious wants, by real there ;  
 And with this virtue every virtue sunk,  
 As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustained.  
 A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,  
 To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.  
 On one side swelled aristocratic Pride ;  
 With Usury, the villain, whose fell gripe 350  
 Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul ;  
 And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,  
 Mother of vice ! While on the other crept  
 A populace in want, with pleasure fired ;  
 Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,

As the proud feeder bade ; inconstant, blind,  
 Deserting friends at need, and duped by foes ;  
 Loud and seditious, when a chief inspired  
 Their headlong fury, but of him deprived,  
 Already slaves that licked the scourging hand. 360

“ This firm republic, that against the blast  
 Of opposition rose ; that (like an oak,  
 Nursed on ferocious Algidum,\* whose boughs  
 Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe,)  
 By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself,  
 Even force and spirit drew ; smit with the calm,  
 The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pined.  
 Nought now her weighty legions could oppose ;  
 Her terror† once, on Afric’s tawny shore,  
 Now smoked in dust, a stabling now for wolves ;  
 And every dreaded power received the yoke. 371  
 Besides, destructive, from the conquered East,  
 In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,  
 That pestilence of mind, a fevered thirst  
 For the false joys which Luxury prepares.  
 Unworthy joys ! that wasteful leave behind  
 No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,  
 No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;  
 At once involving in one ruin wealth,  
 And wealth-acquiring powers : while stupid self,  
 Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense, 381  
 Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.  
 Hence Roman virtue slackened into sloth ;  
 Security relaxed the softening state ;  
 And the broad eye of government lay closed.  
 No more the laws inviolable reigned,  
 And public weal no more : but party raged ;

\* A town of Latium, near Tusculum. † Carthage.—T.

And partial power, and license unrestrained,  
 Let Discord through the deathful city loose.  
 First, mild Tiberius,\* on thy sacred head 390  
 The fury's vengeance fell; the first, whose blood  
 Had, since the consuls, stained contending Rome.  
 Of precedent pernicious! with thee bled  
 Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,  
 Three thousand more: till, into battles turned  
 Debates of peace, and forced the trembling laws,  
 The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,  
 A scene of bartered power, or reeking gore.  
 When, half-ashamed, corruption's thievish arts,  
 And ruffian force begin to sap the mounds 400  
 And majesty of laws; if not in time  
 Repressed severe, for human aid too strong  
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

" Thus luxury, dissension, a mixed rage  
 Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth,  
 Want-wishing change, and waste-repairing war,  
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,  
 Guilt unatoned, profuse of blood revenge,  
 Corruption all avowed, and lawless force,  
 Each heightening each, alternate shook the state.  
 Meantime Ambition, at the dazzling head 411  
 Of hardy legions, with the laurels heaped  
 And spoil of nations, in one circling blast  
 Combined in various storm, and from its base  
 The broad republic tore. By Virtue built  
 It touched the skies, and spread o'er sheltered  
 earth

An ample roof: by Virtue too sustained,  
 And balanced steady, every tempest sung

\* Tib. Gracchus.—T.

Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.  
 But when, with sudden and enormous change, 420  
 The first of mankind sunk into the last,  
 As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,  
 This universal fabric yielded loose,  
 Before Ambition still; and thundering down,  
 At last, beneath its ruins crushed a world.  
 A conquering people, to themselves a prey,  
 Must ever fall; when their victorious troops,  
 In blood and rapine savage grown, can find  
 No land to sack and pillage but their own.

“ By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first 430  
 Effused the deluge dire of civil blood,  
 Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,  
 (Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue spared,  
 Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;  
 Till Rome, into an human shambles turned,  
 Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earned chains,  
 Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,  
 No Scævola there was, to raise for me  
 A vengeful hand: was there no father, robbed  
 Of blooming youth to prop his withered age? 440  
 No son, a witness to his hoary sire  
 In dust and gore defiled? no friend, forlorn?  
 No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?  
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster’s heart,  
 Who, heaping horror round, no more deserved  
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurned?  
 No:—Sad o’er all profound dejection sat;  
 And nerveless fear. The slave’s asylum theirs:  
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back  
 Turns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt. 450  
 In vain from Sylla’s vanity I drew



An unexampled deed. The power resigned,  
 And all unhop'd the commonwealth restored,  
 Amazed the public, and effaced his crimes.  
 Through streets yet streaming from his murderous  
                   hand

Unarmed he strayed, unguarded, unassailed,  
 And on the bed of peace his ashes laid ;  
 A grace, which I to his demission gave.  
 But with him died not the despotic soul.  
 Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear   460  
 A master, nor had virtue to be free.  
 Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign  
 No certain peace, no spreading prospect knew.  
 Destruction gathered round. Still the black soul,  
 Or of a Cataline, or Rullus,\* swelled  
 With fell designs ; and all the watchful art  
 Of Cicero demanded, all the force,  
 All the state-wielding magic of his tongue ;  
 And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.  
 With these I lingered ; till the flame anew   470  
 Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapped the  
                   world.

The shameful contest sprung ; to whom mankind  
 Should yield the neck : to Pompey, who concealed  
 A rage impatient of an equal name ;  
 Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow  
 O'er daring vice deluding virtue smiled,  
 And who no less a vain superior scorned.

\* Publius Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty : and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.—T.

Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.  
 The venal will be bought, the base have lords.  
 To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves ; 480  
 And from Philippi's field, from where in dust  
 The last of Romans, matchless Brutus ! lay,  
 Spread to the north untamed a rapid wing.

“ What though the first smooth Cæsars arts  
 caressed,

Merit, and virtue, simulating me ?  
 Severely tender ! cruelly humane !  
 The chain to clinch, and make it softer sit  
 On the new-broken still ferocious state.  
 From the dark Third,\* succeeding, I beheld  
 The imperial monsters all.—A race on earth 490  
 Vindictive sent, the scourge of humankind !  
 Whose blind profusion drained a bankrupt world ;  
 Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace ;  
 And whose infernal rage bade every drop  
 Of ancient blood, that yet retained my flame,  
 To that of Pætus,† in the peaceful bath,  
 Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.  
 But almost just the meanly patient death,  
 That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.  
 Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam ; 500  
 More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread  
 Of storm, and horror. The delight of men !  
 He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand  
 Had made no happy heart, concluded lost ;

\* Tiberius.—T.

† Thræsea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death, thus :—“ After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a desire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thræsea,” &c.—T,



Trajan and he, with the mild sire\* and son,  
 His son of virtue! eased awhile mankind;  
 And arts revived beneath their gentle beam.  
 Then was their last effort: what sculpture raised  
 To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole;  
 And mixed with Gothic forms, (the chisel's shame)  
 On that triumphal arch, † the forms of Greece. 511

“ Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep  
 vales

Of gelid Hæmus, I pursued my flight;  
 And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept  
 Sarmatia, ‡ traversed by a thousand streams,  
 A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,  
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,  
 And cruel deserts black with sounding pine;  
 Where nature frowns: though sometimes into  
 smiles

She softens; and immediate, at the touch 520  
 Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe  
 Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.  
 But, cold-compressed, when the whole loaded  
 heaven

Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,  
 Lies undistinguished earth; and, seized by frost,  
 Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans  
 sleep.

Yet there life glows; the furry millions there

\* Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.—T.

† Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.—T.

‡ The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country running all along the north of Europe and Asia.—T.

Deep dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows :  
 And there a race of men prolific swarms,  
 To various pain, to little pleasure used ; 530  
 On whom, keen-parching, beat Riphæan winds ;  
 Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,  
 The nursery of nations !—These I roused,  
 Drove land on land, on people people poured ;  
 Till from almost perpetual night they broke,  
 As if in search of day ; and o'er the banks  
 Of yielding empire, only slave-sustained,  
 Resistless raged ; in vengeance urged by me.

“ Long in the barbarous heart the buried seeds  
 Of Freedom lay, for many a wintry age ; 540  
 And though my spirit worked, by slow degrees,  
 Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appeared.  
 Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.  
 I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes  
 Aërial, warned of rising winter, ride  
 Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne ;  
 So, arts and each good genius in my train,  
 I cut the closing gloom, and soared to Heaven.

“ In the bright regions there of purest day,  
 Far other scenes, and palaces, arise, 550  
 Adorned profuse with other arts divine.  
 All beauty here below, to them compared,  
 Would, like a rose before the midday sun,  
 Shrink up its blossom ; like a bubble break  
 The passing poor magnificence of kings.  
 For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,  
 Calls every splendour forth ; and there his court,  
 Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds :  
 Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,  
 Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds. 560

But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds  
A light too keen for mortals ; wraps a view  
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust  
Must cheerful toil out their appointed years.  
A sense of higher life would only damp  
The schoolboy's task, and spoil his playful hours.  
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble man,  
With vigour through this infant-being drudge ;  
Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss  
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind."

570



BRITAIN;  
BEING THE FOURTH PART OF  
LIBERTY,  
A POEM.

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## LIBERTY.

### PART IV.—BRITAIN.



STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I  
amazed

“ Ah, Goddess, what a change! is  
earth the same?

Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?  
And does the same fair sun and ether spread  
Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?  
Lo! beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms  
Of little pomp, magnificence no more  
Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile:  
While to rapacious interest Glory leaves  
Mankind, and every grace of life is gone.” 10

To this the Power, whose vital radiance calls  
From the brute mass of man an ordered world:

“ Wait till the morning shines, and from the  
depth

Of Gothic darkness springs another day.  
True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taste  
Of Beauty, then fresh blooming in her prime,  
But faintly trembles through the callous soul;  
And Grandeur, or of morals, or of life,  
Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.

Even cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight, 29  
 And aged life to deem the generous deeds  
 Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought  
 Well reasoned, in researches piercing deep  
 Through nature's works, in profitable arts,  
 And all that calm Experience can disclose,  
 (Slow guide, but sure,) behold the world anew  
 Exalted rise, with other honours crowned ;  
 And, where my Spirit wakes the finer powers,  
 Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom.

“ Oblivious ages passed ; while earth, forsook 30  
 By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,  
 And unchained Furies, an abandoned prey.  
 Contention led the van ; first small of size,  
 But soon dilating to the skies she towers :  
 Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread,  
 And high her head above the stormy clouds,  
 She blazed in omens, swelled the groaning winds  
 With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war :  
 From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,  
 And poured her venom through the heart of man.  
 Shook to the pole, the North obeyed her call. 41  
 Forth rushed the bloody power of Gothic war,  
 War against human kind : Rapine, that led  
 Millions of raging robbers in his train :  
 Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword  
 Is reason, honour, law : the foe of arts  
 By monsters followed, hideous to behold,  
 That claimed their place. Outrageous mixed with  
 these

Another species of tyrannic rule ;\*  
 Unknown before, whose cankerous shackles seized

\* Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.—T.



The envenomed soul ; a wilder Fury, she      51  
 Even o'er her Elder Sister\* tyrannized ;  
 Or, if perchance agreed, inflamed her rage.  
 Dire was her train, and loud : the sable band,  
 Thundering ;—' Submit, ye Laity ! ye profane !  
 Earth is the Lord's, and therefore ours ; let kings  
 Allow the common claim, and half be theirs ;  
 If not, behold ! the sacred lightning flies !'  
 Scholastic Discord, with a hundred tongues,  
 For science uttering jangling words obscure,      60  
 Where frightened reason never yet could dwell .  
 Of peremptory feature, cleric Pride,  
 Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears ;  
 And holy Slander, his associate firm,  
 On whom the lying spirit still descends :  
 Mother of tortures ! persecuting Zeal,  
 High flashing in her hand the ready torch,  
 Or poniard bathed in unbelieving blood ;  
 Hell's fiercest fiend ! of saintly brow demure,  
 Assuming a celestial seraph's name,      70  
 While she beneath the blasphemous pretence  
 Of pleasing parent Heaven, the source of Love !  
 Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds  
 Than all the rest combined. Led on by her,  
 And wild of head to work her fell designs,  
 Came idiot Superstition ; round with ears  
 Innumerable strowed, ten thousand monkish forms  
 With legends plied them, and with tenets, meant  
 To charm or scare the simple into slaves,  
 And poison reason ; gross, she swallows all,      80  
 The most absurd believing ever most.

\* Civil tyranny.—T.

Broad o'er the whole her universal night,  
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffused.

“ Nought to be seen, but visionary monks  
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds ;  
Banditti Saints,\* disturbing distant lands ;  
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.  
All lay reversed : the sacred arts of rule  
Turned to flagitious leagues against mankind,  
And arts of plunder more and more avowed ; 90  
Pure plain Devotion† to a solemn farce ;  
To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,  
To murder, and a mockery of oaths ;  
Brave ancient Freedom to the rage of slaves,‡  
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains ;  
Dishonoured Courage to the bravo's trade,§  
To civil broil ; and Glory to romance.  
Thus human life, unhinged, to ruin reeled,  
And giddy Reason tottered on her throne.

“ At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme, 100  
Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smile.  
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,  
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread  
A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mixed  
With indignation, urged her downward flight.  
On Latium first we stooped, for doubtful life  
That panted, sunk beneath unnumbered woes.  
Ah, poor Italia ! what a bitter cup  
Of vengeance hast thou drained ? Goth, Vandals,  
Huns,

\* The Crusaders.—T.

† The corruptions of the church of Rome.—T.

‡ Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.—T.

§ Duelling.—T.

Lombards, barbarians broke from every land, 110  
 How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld?  
 What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone  
 Was all thy frightened ear could comprehend?  
 How frequent by the red inhuman hand,  
 Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,  
 Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen  
 To violation dragged, and mingled death?  
 What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,  
 Have turned thy cities into stony wilds;  
 And succourless, and bare, the poor remains 120  
 Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast?  
 Added to these the still continual waste  
 Of inbred foes\* that on thy vitals prey,  
 And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.  
 Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?  
 These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,  
 Heaped sack on sack, and buried in their rage  
 Wonders of art; whence this grey scene, a mine  
 Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,  
 Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome united glow. 130  
 " Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent  
 From ancient models to restore their arts,  
 Remained. A little trace we how they rose.  
 " Amid the hoary ruins, Sculpture first,  
 Deep digging, from the cavern dark and damp,  
 Their grave for ages, bade her marble race  
 Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,  
 And old remembrance thrilled in every thought,  
 As she the pleasing resurrection saw.  
 In leaning site, respiring from his toils, 140

\* The Hierarchy.—T.

The well known Hero,\* who delivered Greece,  
 His ample chest, all tempested with force,  
 Unconquerable reared. She saw the head,  
 Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,  
 Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck.  
 The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;  
 The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touched  
 Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joyed.  
 The yellow hunter, Meleager, raised  
 His beauteous front, and through the finished  
 whole

150

Shows what ideas smiled of old in Greece.  
 Of raging aspect, rushed impetuous forth  
 The Gladiator:† pitiless his look,  
 And each keen sinew braced, the storm of war,  
 Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.  
 The dying other‡ from the gloom she drew:  
 Supported on his shortened arm he leans,  
 Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate,  
 Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath  
 The suffering feature sullen vengeance lours, 160  
 Shame, indignation, unaccomplished rage  
 And still the cheated eye expects his fall.  
 All conquest-flushed, from prostrate Python, came  
 The quivered God.§ In graceful act he stands,  
 His arm extended with the slackened bow:  
 Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays  
 A manly softened form. The bloom of gods  
 Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:  
 His features yet heroic ardour warms;

\* The Hercules of Farnese.—T. † Fighting Gladiator.—T.  
 ‡ Dying Gladiator.—T. § Apollo of Belvidere.—T.

And sweet subsiding to a native smile, 170  
 Mixed with the joy elating conquest gives,  
 A scattered frown exalts his matchless air.  
 On Flora moved; her full proportioned limbs  
 Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.  
 The Queen of Love\* arose, as from the deep  
 She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.  
 Bashful she bends, her well taught look aside  
 Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix  
 Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense  
 Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love. 180  
 The gazer grows enamoured, and the stone,  
 As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.  
 So turned each limb, so swelled with softening art,  
 That the deluded eye the marble doubts.  
 At last her utmost masterpiece† she found  
 That Maro fired;‡ the miserable sire,  
 Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp:  
 The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds  
 Inextricable tie. Such passion here,  
 Such agonies, such bitterness of pain, 190  
 Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone,  
 That the touched heart engrosses all the view.  
 Almost unmarked the best proportions pass,  
 That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,  
 On the rapt eye the imperious passions seize:  
 The father's double pangs, both for himself  
 And sons convulsed; to Heaven his rueful look,  
 Imploring aid, and half accusing, cast;

\* Venus of Medici.—T.

† The group of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.—T.

‡ See *Æneid* II. ver. 199—227.—T.

His fell despair with indignation mixed,  
 As the strong curling monsters from his side 200  
 His full extended fury cannot tear.  
 More tender touched, with varied art, his sons  
 All the soft rage of younger passions show.  
 In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppressed;  
 While, yet unpierced, the frightened other tries  
 His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

“ She bore no more, but straight from Gothic  
 rust

Her chisel cleared, and dust\* and fragments drove  
 Impetuous round. Successive as it went  
 From son to son, with more enlivening touch, 210  
 From the brute rock it called the breathing form;  
 Till, in a legislator's awful grace  
 Dressed, Buonaroti bade a Moses† rise,  
 And, looking love immense, a Saviour God.†

“ Of these observant, Painting felt the fire  
 Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffused  
 The canvas, seized the pallet, with quick hand  
 The colours brewed; and on the void expanse  
 Her gay creation poured, her mimic world.  
 Poor was the manner of her eldest race, 220  
 Barren, and dry; just struggling from the taste  
 That had for ages scared, in cloisters dim  
 The superstitious herd: yet glorious then  
 Were deemed their works; where undeveloped lay  
 The future wonders that enriched mankind,

\* It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the most celebrated master in modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.—T.

† Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.—T.



And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.  
 Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this,  
 To each his portion of her various gifts  
 The Goddess dealt, to none indulging all ;  
 No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still 230  
 Perfection stands, like happiness, to tempt  
 The eternal chase. In elegant design,  
 Improving nature : in ideas fair,  
 Or great, extracted from the fine antique ;  
 In attitude, expression, airs divine ;  
 Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.  
 To those of Venice she the magic art  
 Of colours melting into colours gave.  
 Theirs too it was by one embracing mass  
 Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,  
 Or varies tremulous from part to part, 241  
 O'er all a binding harmony to throw,  
 To raise the picture, and repose the sight.  
 The Lombard school,\* succeeding, mingled both.  
 " Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,  
 Reared the magnificent front. Music again  
 Her universal language of the heart  
 Renewed ; and, rising from the plaintive vale,  
 To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.  
 " Even bigots smiled ; to their protection took  
 Arts not their own, and from them borrowed  
 pomp : 251  
 For in a tyrant's garden these awhile  
 May bloom, though freedom be their parent soil.  
 " And now confessed, with gently growing gleam  
 The morning shone, and westward streamed its  
 light.

\* The school of the Caracci.—T.



The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing  
 Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,  
 Untaught and wild, yet warbled through the woods  
 Romantic lays. But as her northern course  
 She, with her tutor Science, in my train, 260  
 Ardent pursued, her strains more noble grew :  
 While Reason drew the plan, the Heart informed  
 The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.

“ Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,  
 I passed not idle to my great sojourn.

“ On Arno’s\* fertile plain, where the rich vine  
 Luxuriant o’er Etrurian mountains roves,  
 Safe in the lap reposed of private bliss,  
 I small republics† raised. Thrice happy they !  
 Had social freedom bound their peace, and arts,  
 Instead of ruling power, ne’er meant for them, 271  
 Employed their little cares, and saved their fate.

“ Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll  
 Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,  
 My path too I with public blessings strowed :  
 Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,  
 In spite of culture negligent and gross,  
 From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,  
 And green o’er all the land a garden spreads.

“ The barren rocks themselves beneath my foot,  
 Relenting bloomed on the Ligurian shore. 281  
 Thick swarming people‡ there, like emmets, seized

\* The river Arno runs through Florence.—T.

† The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a republic.—T.

‡ The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous; but

Amid surrounding cliffs, the scattered spots,  
 Which Nature left in her destroying rage,\*  
 Made their own fields, nor sighed for other lands.  
 There, in white prospect from the rocky hill  
 Gradual descending to the sheltered shore,  
 By me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.  
 And while my genuine spirit warmed her sons,  
 Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she 290  
 Vied for the trident of the narrow seas,  
 Ere Britain yet had opened all the main.

“ Nor be the then triumphant state forgot; †  
 Where, ‡ pushed from plundered earth, a remnant  
 still

Inspired by me, through the dark ages kept  
 Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive:  
 The seeming god-built city! which my hand  
 Deep in the bosom fixed of wondering seas.  
 Astonished mortals sailed, with pleasing awe,  
 Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenced, 300  
 And down the briny street; where on each hand,  
 Amazing seen amid unstable waves,  
 The splendid palace shines; and rising tides,  
 The green steps marking, murmur at the door.  
 To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf,  
 The mart of nations! long, obedient seas

the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the  
 Apennine rocks and mountains.—T.

\* According to Dr. Burnet's system of the Deluge.—T.

† Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with  
 regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the  
 Cape of Good Hope and America was discovered.—T.

‡ Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulf,  
 from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the  
 Huns, first founded there this famous city, about the begin-  
 ning of the fifth century.—T.

Rolled all the treasure of the radiant East.  
 But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse  
 (Whose shared oppression lightens, as diffused,)  
 Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose. 310  
 The least the proudest. Joined in dark cabal,  
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,  
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains :  
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease  
 They likewise added, to secure their sway.  
 Thus Venice fainter shines ; and Commerce thus,  
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.  
 Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took  
 A larger circle :\* found another seat, †  
 Opening a thousand ports, and charmed with toil,  
 Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons. 321  
 “ The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,  
 Confessed my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,  
 By Nature thrown insuperable round,  
 I planted there a league of friendly states, ‡  
 And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.  
 There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,  
 From lakes, and meads, and furrowed fields, her  
 horn,  
 Chief, § where the Lemn pure emits the Rhone,  
 Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise, 330  
 Cities of brothers formed : while equal life,

\* The Main Ocean.—T.

† Great Britain.—T.

‡ The Swiss Cantons.—T.

§ Geneva, situated on the Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty. It is remarkable that since the founding of this Republic not one citizen has been so much as suspected to have been guilty of corruption or public rapine. A virtue this ! meriting the attention of every Briton.—T.

Accorded gracious with revolving power,  
 Maintains them free ; and, in their happy streets,  
 Nor cruel deed, nor misery, is known.  
 For valour, faith, and innocence of life,  
 Renowned, a rough laborious people, there,  
 Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,  
 And press their culture on retiring snows ;  
 But, to firm order trained and patient war,  
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss 340  
 Of mercenary force, how to defend  
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earned,  
 And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

“ Even, cheered by me, their shaggy mountains  
 charm,

More than or Gallic or Italian plains ;  
 And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long  
 Pines\* to behold their Alpine views again :  
 The hollow-winding stream : the vale, fair spread  
 Amid an amphitheatre of hills ;  
 Whence, vapour-winged, the sudden tempest  
 springs : 350  
 From steep to steep ascending, the gay train  
 Of fogs, thick-rolled into romantic shapes :  
 The flitting cloud, against the summit dashed ;  
 And, by the sun illumined, pouring bright  
 A gemmy shower ; hung o'er amazing rocks,  
 The mountain ash, and solemn sounding pine :  
 The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tossed,  
 Down to the clear ethereal lake below .

\* It is reported of the Swiss, that, after having been long absent from their native country, they are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss sickness.—T.

And, high o'ertopping all the broken scene,  
 The mountain fading into sky ; where shines 360  
 On winter, winter shivering, and whose top  
 Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

“ From these descending, as I waved my course  
 O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse  
 Of hardy men, and hearts affronting death,  
 I gave some favoured cities\* there to lift  
 A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,  
 More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,  
 In each contented face to look my soul.

“ Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with  
 storm, 370

To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound ;  
 There, I the manly race,† the parent hive  
 Of the mixed kingdoms, formed into a state  
 More regularly free. By keener air  
 Their genius purged, and tempered hard by frost,  
 Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those  
 Whose‡ only terror was a bloodless death,  
 They, wise and dauntless, still sustain my cause.  
 Yet there I fixed not. Turning to the south,  
 The whispering zephyrs sighed at my delay.” 380

Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy :  
 “ O the dear prospect ! O majestic view !  
 See Britain's empire ! lo ! the watery vast  
 Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.  
 And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,  
 Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn  
 My kindred cliffs ; whence, wafted in the gale,  
 Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.

\* The Hans towns.—T.

† The Swedes.—T.

‡ See note † p. 88.—T.



Goddess, forgive!—My heart, surprised, o'erflows  
 With filial fondness for the land you bless." 390  
 As parents to a child complacent deign  
 Approvance, the celestial brightness smiled,  
 Then thus—"As o'er the wave-resounding deep,  
 To my near reign, the happy isle, I steered  
 With easy wing; behold! from surge to surge,  
 Stalked the tremendous Genius of the Deep.  
 Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;  
 Thick flashing meteors crowned his starry head;  
 And ready thunder reddened in his hand, 399  
 Or from it streamed compressed the gloomy cloud.  
 Where'er he looked, the trembling waves recoiled.  
 He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook  
 From shore to shore, in agitation dire,  
 It works his dreadful will. To me his voice  
 (Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,  
 Mixed with the murmurs of the falling main,)  
 Addressed, began—"By Fate commissioned, go,  
 My Sister-Goddess now, to yon blest isle,  
 Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.  
 All my dread walks to Britons open lie. 410  
 Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,  
 Or yellow evening, flame; those that, profuse,  
 Drunk by equator suns, severely shine;  
 Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise  
 In billows rolling into Alps of ice.  
 Even, yet untouched by daring keel, be theirs  
 The vast Pacific; that on other worlds,  
 Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.  
 Long I maintained inviolate my reign;  
 Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars braved. 420  
 Still, in the crook of shore, the coward sail

Till now low crept; and peddling commerce plied  
 Between near joining lands. For Britons, chief,  
 It was reserved, with star-directed prow,  
 To dare the middle deep, and drive assured  
 To distant nations through the pathless main.  
 Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,  
 Long months from land, while the black stormy  
                   night

Around them rages, on the groaning mast  
 With unshook knee to know their giddy way; 430  
 To sing, unquelled, amid the lashing wave;  
 To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,  
 By deep Invention's keen pervading eye,  
 The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,  
 Each conquered ocean staining with their blood,  
 Instead of treasure robbed by ruffian war,  
 Round social earth to circle fair exchange,  
 And bind the nations in a golden chain.  
 To these I honoured stoop. Rushing to light  
 A race of men behold! whose daring deeds 440  
 Will in renown exalt my nameless plains  
 O'er those of fabling earth, as hers to mine  
 In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart  
 Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul  
 Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb,  
 And might in spite of me my kingdom force.  
 Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy power  
 Eased the dark sky, and to the deeps returned:  
 While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,  
 Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore. 450

“ Of this encounter glad, my way to land  
 I quick pursued, that from the smiling sea  
 Received me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard :



And music, more than mortal, warbling, filled  
 With pleased astonishment the labouring hind,  
 Who for a while the unfinished furrow left,  
 And let the listening steer forget his toil.  
 Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breathed,  
 And her ærial train, these sounds of joy.  
 For of old time, since first the rushing flood, 460  
 Urged by Almighty power, this favoured isle  
 Turned flashing from the continent aside,  
 Indented shore to shore responsive still,  
 Its guardian she—the Goddess, whose staid eye  
 Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.  
 Her tresses, like a flood of softened light  
 Through clouds imbrowned, in waving circles play.  
 Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose.  
 Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace  
 With every motion. Full her rising chest; 470  
 And new ideas, from her finished shape,  
 Charmed Sculpture taking might improve her art.  
 Such the fair Guardian of an isle that boasts,  
 Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.  
 High shining on the promontory's brow,  
 Awaiting me, she stood; with hope inflamed,  
 By my mixed spirit burning in her sons,  
 To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

"The native Genii, round her, radiant smiled.  
 Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm, 480  
 Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provoked,  
 As mild and harmless as the sporting child;  
 But, on just reason, once his fury roused,  
 No lion springs more eager to his prey:  
 Blood is a pastime; and his heart, elate,  
 Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known

By the relenting look, whose equal heart  
 For others feels, as for another self:  
 Of various name, as various objects wake,  
 Warm into action, the kind sense within: 490  
 Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maimed,  
 The lost to reason, the declined in life,  
 The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,  
 And the grey second infancy of age,  
 She gives in public families to live,  
 A sight to gladden Heaven! whether she stands  
 Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,  
 And bids the stranger take repose and joy:  
 Whether, to solace honest labour, she  
 Rejoices those that make the land rejoice: 500  
 Or whether to Philosophy, and Arts,  
 (At once the basis and the finished pride  
 Of government and life) she spreads her hand;  
 Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,  
 Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.  
 Justice to these her awful presence joined,  
 The mother of the state! No low revenge,  
 No turbid passions in her breast ferment:  
 Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,  
 As the last woe that can afflict mankind, 510  
 She punishment awards; yet of the good  
 More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,  
 Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,  
 That, in his judging peers, each on himself  
 Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!  
 Where reigns alone this justice of the free!  
 Mid the bright group, Sincerity his front,  
 Diffusive, reared; his pure untroubled eye  
 The fount of truth. The thoughtful Power, apart,

Now, pensive, cast on earth his fixed regard, 520  
 Now, touched celestial, launched it on the sky.  
 The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,  
 The land of light, and rectitude of mind.  
 He, too, the fire of fancy feeds intense,  
 With all the train of passions thence derived :  
 Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,  
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.  
 Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,  
 And Independence stood : the generous pair,  
 That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove, 530  
 And the still raptures of the free-born soul,  
 To cates prefer by Virtue bought, not earned,  
 Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,  
 And to the heart-embittered joys of slaves.  
 Or should the latter, to the public scene  
 Demanded, quit his silvan friend awhile ;  
 Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce  
 His zeal, still active for the commonweal ;  
 Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,  
 Foul ministers, dark-working by the force 540  
 Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,  
 Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,  
 He greatly scorns ; and, if he must betray  
 His plundered country, or his power resign,  
 A moment's parley were eternal shame :  
 Illustrious into private life again,  
 From dirty levees he unstained ascends,  
 And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,  
 Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.  
 Aloof the bashful virtue hovered coy, 550  
 Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.  
 Rough Labour closed the train : and in his hand

Rude, callous, sinew-swelled, and black with toil,  
 Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,  
 And more than seems, by lawless pride assailed ;  
 Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous ; there  
 No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall ;  
 Even in the very luxury of rage,  
 He softening can forgive a gallant foe ;  
 The nerve, support, and glory of the land !       560  
 Nor be Religion, rational and free,  
 Here passed in silence ; whose enraptured eye  
 Sees Heaven with earth connected, human things  
 Linked to divine : who not from servile fear,  
 By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,  
 The God of Love adores, but from a heart  
 Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe  
 That now astonished swells, now in a calm  
 Of fearless confidence that smiles serene ;  
 That lives devotion, one continual hymn,       570  
 And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty  
   most  
 Is right enjoyed. This ever cheerful Power  
 O'er the raised circle rayed superior day.  
 " I joyed to join the Virtues, whence my reign  
 O'er Albion was to rise. Each cheering each,  
 And, like the circling planets from the sun,  
 All borrowing beams from me, a heightened zeal  
 Impatient fired us to commence our toils,  
 Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time  
 Passed not in mutual hails ; but, through the land  
 Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.       581  
 " The Virtues conquer with a single look.  
 Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,  
 Live in their presence, stream in every glance,

That the soul won, enamoured, and refined,  
 Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.  
 Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,  
 Would still from us deluded mortals wrap ;  
 Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,  
 Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix 590  
 Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense  
 With vain refracted images of bliss.  
 But chief around the court of flattered kings  
 They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall  
 Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade  
 Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den  
 Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,  
 That vex the swain and waste the country round,  
 Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud :  
 Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray. 600  
 As, at the sacred opening of the morn,  
 The prowling race retire ; so, pierced severe,  
 Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,  
 And all their works dissolve—the whispered tale,  
 That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows ;  
 Fair-faced Deceit, whose wily conscious eye  
 Ne'er looks direct ; the tongue that licks the dust,  
 But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting :  
 Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears  
 Ensnare : the Janus-face of courtly Pride ; 610  
 One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,  
 On hapless worth the other scowls disdain ;  
 Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,  
 Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush ; the laugh  
 Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,  
 At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools ;  
 Determined to be broke, the plighted faith ;



Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties :  
 Soft-buzzing Slander ; silky moths, that eat  
 An honest name : the harpy hand, and maw, 620  
 Of avaricious Luxury ; who makes  
 The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,  
 And, by his service, who betrays his king.

“ Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic \*  
 night

To present grandeur how my Britain rose.

“ Bold were those Britons, who, the careless  
 sons

Of Nature, roamed the forest-bounds, at once  
 Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,  
 And the gay circle of their woodland wars :  
 For by the Druid † taught, that death but shifts  
 The vital scene, they that prime fear despised ; 631  
 And, prone to rush on steel, disdained to spare  
 An ill-saved life that must again return.  
 Erect from Nature’s hand, by tyrant force,  
 And still more tyrant custom, unsubdued,  
 Man knows no master save creating Heaven,  
 Or such as choice and common good ordain.  
 This general sense, with which the nations I  
 Promiscuous fire, in Britons burned intense,  
 Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome, 640  
 Who saw’st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,  
 Whose only fort was British hearts, repelled,  
 To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,  
 The blood of ages, bootless to secure,  
 Beneath an empire’s ‡ yoke, a stubborn isle,

\* Great Britain was peopled by the Celtæ or Gauls.—T.

† The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.—T.

‡ The Roman Empire.—T.

Disputed hard, and never quite subdued.  
The North\* remained untouched, where those who  
scorned

To stoop, retired ; and, to their keen effort  
Yielding at last, recoiled the Roman power.  
In vain, unable to sustain the shock, 650  
From sea to sea desponding legions raised  
The wall immense,† and yet, on summer's eve,  
While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's  
gaze.

Continual o'er it burst the northern storm,‡  
As often, checked, receded ; threatening hoarse  
A swift return. But the devouring flood  
No more endured control, when, to support  
The last remains of empire,§ was recalled  
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay  
Unnerved, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660  
Great proof ! how men enfeeble into slaves.  
The sword|| behind him flashed ; before him roared,  
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around  
He rolled his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,

\* Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts ; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.—T.

† The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite across the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway Frith.—T.

‡ Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.—T.

§ The Roman empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.—T.

|| The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition :—" We know not which way to turn us. The Barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us back to the Barbarians ; between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the waves, or butchered by the sword."—T.



As when Caractacus\* to battle led  
 Silurian swains, and Boadicea† taught  
 Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

“ Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast, that  
 hears

The German Ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,  
 And yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon came.  
 He came implored, but came with other aim 671  
 Than to protect. For conquest and defence  
 Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race  
 Poured in a fresh invigorating stream,  
 Blood, where unquelled a mighty spirit glowed.  
 Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;  
 And immature, and red with glorious wounds,  
 Unpeaceful death their choice: deriving thence  
 A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,  
 In Odin’s hall;‡ whose blazing roof resounds 680

\* King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.—T.

† Queen of the Iceni: her story is well known.—T.

‡ It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprises, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in

The genial uproar of those shades, who fall  
 In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;  
 And though more polished times the martial  
       creed

Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.  
 Nor were the surly gifts of war their all.  
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,  
 The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,  
 And matchless order, the deep basis still  
 On which ascends my British reign. Untamed  
 To the refining subtleties of slaves, 690  
 They brought a happy government along;  
 Formed by that freedom, which, with secret voice,  
 Impartial Nature teaches all her sons;  
 And which, of old, through the whole Scythian  
       mass,

I strong inspired. Monarchical their state,  
 But prudently confined, and mingled wise  
 Of each harmonious power: only, too much,  
 Imperious war into their rule infused,  
 Prevailed their General-King, and Chieftain-  
       Thanes.

“ In many a field, by civil fury stained, 700  
 Bled the discordant Heptarchy;\* and long  
 (Educing good from ill) the battle groaned;  
 Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw

bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain;  
 according to the number of whom, every one in these man-  
 sions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.  
 —*Sir William Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue.*—T.

\* The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as  
 being united into one common government, under a general  
 in chief or monarch, and by the means of an assembly general,  
 or wittenagemot.—T.

Egbert\* and Peace on one united throne.

“ No sooner dawned the fair disclosing calm  
 Of brighter days, when lo! the North anew,  
 With stormy nations black, on England poured  
 Woes the severest e'er a people felt.  
 The Danish Raven,† lured by annual prey,  
 Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 710  
 Of barbarous pirates, unremitting tore  
 The miserable coast. Before them stalked,  
 Far seen, the Demon of devouring Flame;  
 Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmeared,  
 Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart:  
 While close behind them marched the sallow power  
 Of desolating Famine, who delights  
 In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;  
 And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom  
 Even Friendship scared, in sickening horror sinks  
 Each social sense and tenderness of life. 721  
 Fixing at last, the sanguinary race  
 Spread, from the Humber's loud resounding shore  
 To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,  
 And with superior arm the Saxon awed.  
 But Superstition first, and monkish dreams,  
 And monk-directed cloister-seeking kings,  
 Had eat away his vigour, eat away  
 His edge of Courage, and depressed the soul  
 Of conquering Freedom, which he once respired.

\* Egbert, King of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.—T.

† A famous Danish standard was called Reafan, or Raven. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this standard clapped its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.—T.

Thus cruel ages passed ; and rare appeared 731  
 White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,  
 As when, with Alfred,\* from the wilds she came  
 To policed cities and protected plains.

Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,  
 Then set entire in Hastings'† bloody field.

“ Compendious war ! (on Britain's glory bent,  
 So fate ordained) in that decisive day,  
 The haughty Norman seized at once an isle,  
 For which, through many a century, in vain, 740  
 The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toiled and bled.  
 Of Gothic nations this the final burst ;  
 And, mixed the genius of these people all,  
 Their virtues mixed in one exalted stream,  
 Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.

“ Awhile my Spirit slept ; the land awhile,  
 Affrighted, drooped beneath despotic rage.  
 Instead of Edward's‡ equal, gentle laws,  
 The furious victor's partial will prevailed.  
 All prostrate lay ; and, in the secret shade, 750  
 Deep stung but fearful Indignation, gnashed  
 His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoiled,  
 And of their bulwark, arms ; with castles crushed,  
 With ruffians quartered o'er the bridled land ;

\* Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.—T.

† The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II, the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.—T.

‡ Edward the Confessor, who reduced the West Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body ; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of “ The Laws of Edward.”—T.

The shivering wretches, at the curfew\* sound,  
 Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,  
 And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times,  
 Mused sad, or dreamt of better: Even to feed  
 A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starved:  
 To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame, 760  
 The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,  
 And the brown forest † roughened wide around.

“ But this so dead, so vile submission, long  
 Endured not. Gathering force, my gradual flame  
 Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.  
 Unused to bend, impatient of control,  
 Tyrants themselves the common tyrant checked.  
 The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,  
 Denied her portion of the plundered state,  
 Or tempted, by the timorous and weak, 770  
 To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.  
 The Barons next a nobler league began,  
 Both those of English and of Norman race,  
 In one fraternal nation blended now,  
 The nation of the Free! pressed by a band ‡  
 Of Patriots, ardent as the summer's noon  
 That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!  
 Mark! how with feigned alacrity he bears  
 His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,

\* The Curfew-Bell (from the French Couvrefeu) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.—T.

† The New Forest in Hampshire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.—T.

‡ On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the Barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.—T.



And gives the Charter, by which life indeed 780  
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

“ Through this, and through succeeding reigns  
affirmed

These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds  
Of Opposition\* hence began to blow,  
And often since have lent the country life.  
Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,  
The darkening clouds of evil counsel fly ;  
Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,  
A pestilential ministry, they purge,  
And ventilated states renew their bloom. 790

“ Though with the tempered Monarchy here  
mixed

Aristocratic sway, the People still,  
Flattered by this or that, as interest leaned,  
No full protection knew. For me reserved,  
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn.  
They crowned my first attempt, in senates† rose  
The fort of Freedom! Slow till then, alone,  
Had worked that general liberty, that soul

\* The league formed by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the King.—T.

† The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires: and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the House of Commons to that era.—T.

Which generous nature breathes, and which, when  
left

By me to bondage, was corrupted Rome, 800  
I through the northern nations wide diffused.  
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rushed  
From the rude iron regions of the North,  
To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm,  
And poured new spirit through a slavish world.  
Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the King and Chiefs  
Retained the high prerogative of war,  
And with enormous property engrossed  
The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore  
Now present, I to raise my reign began 810  
By raising the Democracy, the third  
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.  
Then was the full the perfect plan disclosed  
Of Britain's matchless constitution, mixed  
Of mutual checking and supporting powers,  
King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of free  
Deserving, while the vassal-many drooped:  
For, since the moment of the whole they form,  
So, as depressed or raised, the balance they  
Of public welfare and of glory cast. 820  
Mark from this period the continual proof.

“ When Kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,  
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;  
Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,  
And poorly passive of insulting foes;  
Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,  
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;  
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,  
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;  
Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean, 830



To want rapacious joining shameful waste ;  
 By counsels weak and wicked, easy roused  
 To paltry schemes of absolute command,  
 To seek their splendour in their sure disgrace,  
 And in a broken ruined people wealth :  
 When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,  
 No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,  
 Combined the loose disjointed public, lost  
 To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

“ But when an Edward,\* and a Henry †  
 breathed

840

Through the charmed whole one all-exerting soul:  
 Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,  
 When wide-attracted merit round them glowed :  
 When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,  
 Amid the maze of state, determined kept  
 Some ruling point in view : when, on the stock  
 Of public good and glory grafted, spread  
 Their palms, their laurels ; or, if thence they  
 strayed,

Swift to return, and patient of restraint :  
 When regal state, pre-eminence of place, 850  
 They scorned to deem pre-eminence of ease,  
 To be luxurious drones, that only rob  
 The busy hive : as in distinction, power,  
 Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first ;  
 When they too claimed in virtue, danger, toil,  
 Superior rank ; with equal hand, prepared  
 To guard the subject, and to quell the foe :  
 When such with me their vital influence shed,  
 No muttered grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard :  
 No foul distrust through wary senates ran, 860

\* Edward III.—T.

† Henry V.—T

Confined their bounty, and their ardour quenched :  
 On aid, unquestioned, liberal aid was given :  
 Safe in their conduct, by their valour fired,  
 Fond where they led victorious armies rushed ;  
 And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt\* proclaim  
 What Kings supported by almighty Love,  
 And People fired with Liberty, can do.

“ Be veiled the savage reigns,† when kindred  
 rage

The numerous once Plantagenets devoured, 869  
 A race to vengeance vowed ! and, when oppressed  
 By private feuds, almost extinguished lay  
 My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold !  
 A cautious tyrant‡ lend it oil anew.

“ Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o’er his gold,  
 As how to fix his throne he jealous cast  
 His crafty views around ; pierced with a ray,  
 Which on his timid mind I darted full,  
 He marked the Barons of excessive sway,  
 At pleasure making and unmaking kings ; §  
 And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, planned  
 A law,|| that let them, by the silent waste 881  
 Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,  
 And with that wealth their implicated power.  
 By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,

\* Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.—T.

† During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.—T.

‡ Henry VII.—T.

§ The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the “ King Maker.” —T.

|| Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.—T.

Even working to this day. With streams, deduced  
 From these diminished floods, the country smiled.  
 As when impetuous from the snow-heaped Alps,  
 To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine ;  
 While, undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,  
 He foams along ; but through Batavian meads,  
 Branched into fair canals, indulgent flows ; 891  
 Waters a thousand fields ; and culture, trade,  
 Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mixed,  
 A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.

“ His furious son \* the soul-enslaving chain, †  
 Which many a dotting venerable age  
 Had link by link strong twisted round the land,  
 Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,  
 From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void  
 Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds, 900  
 To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind ;  
 And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea  
 Of blood and horror. The returning light,  
 That first through Wickliff ‡ streaked the priestly  
 gloom,  
 Now burst in open day. Bared to the blaze,  
 Forth from the haunts of Superstition § crawled  
 Her motley sons, fantastic figures all ;  
 And, wide dispersed, their useless fetid wealth  
 In graceful labour bloomed, and fruits of peace.

“ Trade, joined to these, on every sea displayed

\* Henry VIII.—T.

† Of papal dominion.—T.

‡ John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.—T.

§ Suppression of monasteries.—T.

A daring canvas, poured with every tide 911  
 A golden flood. From other worlds\* were rolled  
 The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,  
 By the plain Indian happily despised,  
 Yet worked his woe; and to the blissful groves,  
 Where Nature lived herself among her sons,  
 And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,  
 Drew rage unknown to pagan climes before,  
 The worst the zeal-inflamed barbarian drew.  
 Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine! 920  
 But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

“The Commons thus enriched, and powerful  
 grown,

Against the Barons weighed. Eliza then,  
 Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave  
 The beam to fix. She! like the secret Eye,  
 That never closes on a guarded world,  
 So sought, so marked, so seized the public good,  
 That self-supported, without one ally,  
 She awed her inward, quelled her circling foes.  
 Inspired by me, beneath her sheltering arm, 930  
 In spite of raging universal sway †  
 And raging seas repressed, the Belgic states,  
 My bulwark on the continent, arose.  
 Matchless in all the spirit of her days!  
 With confidence unbounded, fearless love  
 Elate, her fervent people waited gay,  
 Cheerful demanded the long threatened fleet, ‡

\* The Spanish West Indies.—T.

† The dominion of the house of Austria.—T.

‡ The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.—T.

And dashed the pride of Spain around their isle.  
 Nor ceased the British thunder here to rage :  
 The deep, reclaimed, obeyed its awful call ; 940  
 In fire and smoke Iberian ports involved,  
 The trembling foe even to the centre shook  
 Of their new conquered world, and, skulking, stole  
 By veering winds their Indian treasure home.  
 Meantime, Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,  
 With softer laurels crowned her happy reign.

“ As yet uncircumscribed the regal power,  
 And wild and vague prerogative remained ;  
 A wide voracious gulf, where swallowed oft  
 The helpless subject lay. This to reduce 950  
 To the just limit was my great effort.

“ By means that evil seem to narrow man,  
 Superior Beings work their mystic will :  
 From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,  
 At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smiled.

“ The gathering tempest, Heaven-commissioned  
 came,  
 Came in the prince,\* who, drunk with flattery,  
 dreamt  
 His vain pacific counsels ruled the world ;  
 Though scorned abroad, bewildered in a maze  
 Of fruitless treaties ; while at home enslaved, 960  
 And by a worthless crew insatiate drained,  
 He lost his people's confidence and love :  
 Irreparable loss ! whence crowns become  
 An anxious burden. Years inglorious passed :  
 Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoyed :  
 Abandoned Frederick † pined, and Raleigh bled.

\* James I.—T.

† Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen King of



But nothing that to these internal broils,  
 That rancour, he began ; while lawless sway  
 He, with his slavish Doctors, tried to rear  
 On metaphysic,\* on enchanted ground, 970  
 And all the mazy quibbles of the schools :  
 As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,  
 Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.  
 Vain the pretence ! not so the dire effect,  
 The fierce, the foolish discord † thence derived,  
 That tears the country still, by party rage  
 And ministerial clamour kept alive.

In action weak, and for the wordy war  
 Best fitted, faint this prince pursued his claim :  
 Content to teach the subject herd, how great, 980  
 How sacred he ! how despicable they !

“ But his unyielding son ‡ these doctrines drank,  
 With all a bigot's rage ; (who never damps  
 By reasoning his fire) and what they taught,  
 Warm, and tenacious, into practice pushed.  
 Senates, in vain, their kind restraint applied :  
 The more they struggled to support the laws,  
 His justice-dreading ministers the more  
 Drove him beyond their bounds. Tired with the  
 check

Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleased 990  
 Of false designing guilt, the fountain § he

Bohemia, but was stripped of all his dominions and dignities  
 by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-  
 in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to me-  
 diate a peace.—T.

\* The monstrous and till then unheard-of doctrines of  
 divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.  
 —T.

† The parties of Whig and Tory.—T.

‡ Charles I.—T.

§ Parliaments.—T.

Of public wisdom and of justice shut.  
 Wide mourned the land. Straight to the voted aid  
 Free, cordial, large, of never failing source,  
 The illegal imposition followed harsh,  
 With execration given, or ruthless squeezed  
 From an insulted people, by a band  
 Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.  
 Oppression walked at large, and poured abroad  
 Her unrelenting train: informers, spies, <sup>1000</sup>  
 Bloodhounds, that sturdy freedom to the grave  
 Pursue; projectors of aggrieving schemes,  
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas,\*  
 To sell the starving many to the few,†  
 And drain a thousand ways the exhausted land.  
 Even from that place, whence healing peace should  
 flow,

And Gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed  
 Their poison‡ round; and on the venal bench,  
 Instead of justice, party held the scale,  
 And violence the sword. Afflicted years, <sup>1010</sup>  
 Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

“Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear  
 And mingled rage, my Hampden raised his voice,  
 And to the laws appealed; the laws no more  
 In judgment sat, behoved some other ear.  
 When instant from the keen resentive North,  
 By long oppression, by religion roused,  
 The guardian army came. Beneath its wing

\* Ship-money.—T.

† Monopolies.—T.

‡ The raging High-Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.—T.



Was called, though meant to furnish hostile aid,  
 The more than Roman senate. There a flame 1020  
 Broke out, that cleared, consumed, renewed the  
 land.

In deep emotion hurled, nor Greece, nor Rome,  
 Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,  
 While, full of me, each agitated soul  
 Strung every nerve and flamed in every eye,  
 Had e'er beheld such light and heat combined!  
 Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on  
 By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course  
 What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fired  
 With unabating zeal, and aimed sincere 1030  
 To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,  
 And for the future to secure their sway.

“ This then the purpose of my mildest sons.  
 But man is blind. A nation once inflamed  
 (Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow,  
 With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swelled)  
 Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,  
 From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix  
 In heightened blaze; and, ever wise and just,  
 High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.  
 Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt, 1041  
 And by Confusion's lawless sons despoiled,  
 King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the  
 ground,

Successive, rushed—Lo! from their ashes rose,  
 Gay beaming radiant youth, the Phoenix State.\*

“ The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke  
 Of private life, lay by those flames dissolved;  
 And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,†

\* At the Restoration.—T.

† Charles II.—T.

Was purchased that\* which taught the young to  
bend.

Stronger restored, the Commons taxed the whole,  
And built on that eternal rock their power. 1051

The Crown, of its hereditary wealth  
Despoiled, on senates more dependent grew,  
And they more frequent, more assured. Yet lived,  
And in full vigour spread that bitter root,  
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first,  
Opposed ferocious, when they touch themselves.

“ This wild delusive cant ; the rash cabal  
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey ;  
The bigot, restless in a double chain 1060  
To bind anew the land ; the constant need  
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,  
And flattering senates, to supply his waste ;  
These tore some moments from the careless prince,  
And in his breast awaked the kindred plan.  
By dangerous softness long he mined his way ;  
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep ;  
By sharing what corruption showered, profuse ;  
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,  
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

“ At last subsided the delirious joy,  
On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,  
The nation drove too far. A pensioned king,  
Against his country bribed by Gallic gold ;  
The port† pernicious sold, the Scylla since  
And fell Charybdis of the British seas ;  
Freedom attacked abroad,‡ with surer blow

\* Court of Wards.—T.

† Dunkirk.—T.

‡ The war in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.  
—T.

To cut it off at home ; the saviour league\*  
 Of Europe broke ; the progress even advanced  
 Of universal sway,† which to reduce 1080  
 Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost ;  
 The millions, by a generous people given,  
 Or squandered vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,  
 And awe the land with forces‡ not their own,  
 Employed ; the darling church herself betrayed ;  
 All these, broad glaring, oped the general eye,  
 And waked my spirit, the resisting soul.

“ Mild was, at first, and half ashamed, the check  
 Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream  
 Of absolute submission, tenets vile ! 1090  
 Which slaves would blush to own, and which,  
 reduced

To practice, always honest nature shock.  
 Not even the mask removed, and the fierce front  
 Of tyranny disclosed ; nor trampled laws ;  
 Nor seized each badge of freedom § through the  
 land ;

Nor Sidney bleeding for the unpublished page ;  
 Nor on the bench avowed corruption placed,  
 And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form ;  
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,  
 Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm. 1100  
 Distrustful, scattered, of combining chiefs  
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,  
 The patient public turns not, till impelled  
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I roused

\* The Triple Alliance.—T. † Under Lewis XIV.—T.

‡ A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.—T.

§ The charters of corporations.—T.

The bigot king,\* and hurried fated on  
 His measures immature. But chief his zeal,  
 Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scared  
 The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days  
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare  
 Of Smithfield lightened in its eyes anew. 1110  
 Yet silence reigned. Each on another scowled  
 Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage:  
 As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,  
 Awfully still, waiting the high command  
 To spring. Straight from his country, Europe,  
     saved  
 To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,  
 Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!  
 Immortal Nassau came. I hushed the deep  
 By demons roused, and bade the listed winds,†  
 Still shifting as behoved, with various breath, 1120  
 Waft the deliverer to the longing shore.  
 See! wide alive, the foaming channel‡ bright  
 With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,  
 Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword:  
 And mark! diffusing ardent soul around,

\* James II.—T.

† The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.—T.

‡ Rapin, in his History of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war. It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.—T.

And sweet contempt of death, my streaming flag,\*  
 Even adverse navies† blessed the binding gale,  
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joyed.  
 Arrived, the pomp, and not the waste of arms  
 His progress marked. The faint opposing host‡  
 For once, in yielding their best victory found, 1131  
 And by desertion proved exalted faith:  
 While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,  
 Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

“ Then dawned the period destined to confine  
 The surge of wild prerogative, to raise  
 A mound restraining its imperious rage,  
 And bid the raving deep no farther flow.  
 Nor were, without that fence, the swallowed state  
 Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,  
 Sustaining weighty seas. This, often saved 1141  
 By more than human hand, the public saw,  
 And seized the white-winged moment. Pleased §  
 to yield

Destructive power, a wise heroic prince ||  
 Even lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know  
 Their happiness, Britannia’s bounded kings.  
 What though not theirs the boast, in dungeon  
 glooms,  
 To plunge bold freedom; or, to cheerless wilds,

\* The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their highnesses’ arms surrounded with this motto, “The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England;” and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, “Je maintiendrai,” I will maintain.—*Rapin*.—T.

† The English fleet.—T. ‡ The king’s army.—T.

§ By the Bill of Rights and the Act of Succession.—T.

|| William III.—T.



To drive him from the cordial face of friend ;  
 Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour, 1150  
 By mandate blind, not justice, that delights  
 To dare the keenest eye of open day.

What though no glory to control the laws,  
 And make injurious will their only rule,  
 They deem it. What though, tools of wanton  
 power,

Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call.  
 What though they give not a relentless crew  
 Of civil furies, proud oppression's fangs !  
 To tear at pleasure the dejected land,  
 With starving labour pampering idle waste. 1160  
 To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe  
 The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye ;  
 To raise hid merit, set the alluring light  
 Of virtue high to view ; to nourish arts,  
 Direct the thunder of an injured state,  
 Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,  
 Bless humankind, and through the downward depth  
 Of future times to spread that better sun  
 Which lights up British soul : for deeds like these,  
 The dazzling fair career unbounded lies ; 1170  
 While (still superior bliss !) the dark abrupt  
 Is kindly barred, the precipice of ill.

O luxury divine ! O poor to this,  
 Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones !  
 By this, by this indeed, is imaged Heaven,  
 By boundless good without the power of ill.

“ And now behold ! exalted as the cope  
 That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,  
 And like it free, my fabric stands complete,  
 The palace of the laws. To the four heavens 1180



Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,  
With kings themselves the hearty peasant mixed,  
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks  
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads  
The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,  
And glad contentment echoes round the whole.  
Ye floods, descend! Ye winds, confirming, blow!  
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,  
Nought but the felon undermining hand  
Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve,      1190  
And lay the toil of ages in the dust."



THE PROSPECT;  
BEING THE FIFTH PART OF  
LIBERTY,  
A POEM.

## THE CONTENTS OF

### PART V.

**THE** author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence, to verse 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief Virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there, to verse 374. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, Fine Arts, and Public works; the encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government, to verse 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the author, as it passes in vision before him.



## LIBERTY.

### PART V.—THE PROSPECT.

**H**ERE interposing, as the Goddess  
paused ;—  
“ O blest Britannia ! in thy presence  
blest,  
Thou guardian of mankind ! whence spring, alone,  
All human grandeur, happiness, and fame ;  
For toil, by thee protected, feels no pain ;  
The poor man’s lot with milk and honey flows ;  
And, gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.  
Let other lands the potent blessings boast  
Of more exalting suns. Let Asia’s woods,  
Untended, yield the vegetable fleece : 10  
And let the little insect-artist form,  
On higher life intent, its silken tomb.  
Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose  
The various tinctured children of the sun.  
From the prone beam let more delicious fruits,  
A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste  
Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst  
With floods of joy ; with mild balsamic juice  
The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe  
Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil. 20

Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow ;  
 And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their  
                   maze.

Let Afric vaunt her treasures ; let Peru  
 Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,  
 The yellow traitor that her bliss betrayed,—  
 Unequall'd bliss—and to unequalled rage !  
 Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,  
 Nor, in full prime, that new discovered world,  
 Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise,  
 Shall with Britannia vie ; while, Goddess, she 30  
 Derives her praise from thee, her matchless charms.  
 Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own ;  
 And warm with culture, her thick clustering fields  
 Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns  
 Her meads ; her gardens smile eternal spring.  
 She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,  
 Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase :  
 She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours  
 Unnumbered flocks : she weaves the fleecy robe,  
 That wraps the nations : she, to lusty droves, 40  
 The richest pasture spreads ; and, hers, deep-wave  
 Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.  
 These her delights : and by no baneful herb,  
 No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,  
 No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent rolled  
 In spires immense progressive o'er the land,  
 Disturbed. Enlivening these, add cities, full  
 Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds :  
 Add thriving towns ; add villages and farms,  
 Innumerable sowed along the lively vale, 50  
 Where bold unrivalled peasants happy dwell :  
 Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks

Embosomed high, while kindred floods below  
 Wind through the mead; and those of modern hand  
 More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar.  
 Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,  
 Where swarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O  
 Thames!

On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,  
 Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind?  
 And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell, 60  
 And waves, resounding, imitate the main?  
 Why need I name her deep capacious ports,  
 That point around the world? and why her seas?  
 All ocean is her own, and every land  
 To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.  
 She too the mineral feeds: the obedient lead,  
 The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,  
 Forming of life art-civilized the bond;  
 And that\* the Tyrian merchant sought of old,  
 Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame. 70  
 She rears to freedom an undaunted race:  
 Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,  
 Hers the warm Cambrian: hers the lofty Scot,  
 To hardship tamed, active in arts and arms,  
 Fired with a restless, an impatient flame,  
 That leads him raptured where ambition calls:  
 And English merit hers; where meet, combined,  
 Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,  
 An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,  
 And firm tenacious valour can bestow. 80  
 Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, she!  
 Great nurse of men! by thee, O Goddess, taught,  
 Her old renown I trace, disclose her source

\* Tin.—T.



Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing  
A strain the Muses never touched before."

"But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand?  
On what unyielding base? how finished shine?"

At this her eye, collecting all its fire,  
Beamed more than human; and her awful voice,  
Majestic thus she raised: "To Britons bear 90  
This closing strain, and with intenser note  
Loud let it sound in their awakened ear:

"On virtue can alone my kingdom stand,  
On public virtue, every virtue joined.  
For, lost this social cement of mankind,  
The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,  
Will moulder soft away; till, tottering loose,  
They, prone at last, to total ruin rush.  
Unblessed by virtue, government a league  
Becomes, a circling junto of the great, 100  
To rob by law; religion mild, a yoke  
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state  
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.  
What are, without it, senates, save a face  
Of consultation deep and reason free,  
While the determined voice and heart are sold?  
What boasted freedom, save a sounding name?  
And what election, but a market vile  
Of slaves self-bartered? Virtue! without thee,  
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states; 110  
War has no vigour, and no safety peace:  
Even justice warps to party, laws oppress,  
Wide through the land their weak protection fails,  
First broke the balance, and then scorned the  
sword.

Thus nations sink, society dissolves;

Rapine and guile and violence break loose,  
 Everting life, and turning love to gall ;  
 Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods  
 And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.

“ By those three virtues be the frame sustained  
 Of British freedom ; independent life ; 121  
 Integrity in office ; and, o'er all  
 Supreme, a passion for the commonweal.

“ Hail ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's next best  
 gift,  
 To that of life and an immortal soul !  
 The life of life ! that to the banquet high  
 And sober meal gives taste ; to the bowed roof  
 Fair-dreamed repose, and to the cottage charms.  
 Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source !  
 Whose streams, from every quarter confluent,  
 form 130

My better Nile, that nurses human life.  
 By rills from thee deduced, irriguous, fed,  
 The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth  
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight  
 That nature craves. Its happy master there,  
 The only freeman, walks his pleasing round :  
 Sweet-featured peace attending ; fearless truth ;  
 Firm resolution ; goodness, blessing all  
 That can rejoice ; contentment, surest friend ;  
 And, still fresh stores from nature's book derived,  
 Philosophy, companion ever new. 141  
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,  
 When into action called, his busy hours.  
 Meantime true judging moderate desires,  
 Economy and taste, combined, direct  
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends

Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those  
 Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach  
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,  
 That self-enjoyment springing from within, 150  
 That independence, active or retired,  
 Which make the soundest bliss of man below :  
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,  
 And drained by wants to nature all unknown,  
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily wretched train,  
 Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.

“ Lo ! damned to wealth, at what a gross expense  
 They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.  
 Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,  
 See ! how the hall with brutal riot flows ; 160  
 While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steeped,  
 The country maddens into party rage.  
 Mark ! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone ;  
 Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts be-  
 trimmed,

And nature by presumptuous art oppressed,  
 The woodland genius mourns. See ! the full  
 board

That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy ;  
 No truth invited there, to feed the mind ;  
 Nor wit, the wine-rejoicing reason quaffs.  
 Hark ! how the dome with insolence roounds, 170  
 With those retained by vanity to scare  
 Repose and friends. To tyrant Fashion, mark !  
 The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze  
 Of fools. From still delusive day to day,  
 Led an eternal round of lying hope,  
 See ! self-abandoned, how they roam adrift  
 Dashed o'er the town, a miserable wreck !

Then to adore some warbling eunuch turned,  
 With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz  
 Of masquerade unblushing: or, to show 180  
 Their scorn of nature, at the tragic scene  
 They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.  
 But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,  
 The civil robbers ranged; and even the fair,  
 The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside,  
 As fierce for plunder as all-licensed troops  
 In some sacked city. Thus dissolved their wealth,  
 Without one generous luxury dissolved,  
 Or quartered on it many a needless want,  
 At the thronged levee bends the venal tribe; 190  
 With fair but faithless smiles each varnished o'er,  
 Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,  
 And for their falsehood each despising each;  
 Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,  
 Wide flies the withered shower, and leaves him  
 bare.

O far superior Afric's sable sons,  
 By merchant pilfered, to these willing slaves!  
 And rich, as unsqueezed favourite, to them,  
 Is he who can his virtue boast alone!

“Britons! be firm!—nor let corruption sly 200  
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!  
 The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds  
 By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remained  
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,  
 And other Cæsars rose. Determined, hold  
 Your independence; for, that once destroyed,  
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,  
 That flits aerial from the spreading eye.

“Forbid it, Heaven! that ever I need urge

Integrity in office on my sons ! 210

Inculcate common honour——not to rob——

And whom ?—the gracious, the confiding hand,

That lavishly rewards ? the toiling poor,

Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixed ?

The guardian public ? every face they see,

And every friend ? nay, in effect themselves ?

As in familiar life, the villain's fate

Admits no cure ; so, when a desperate age

At this arrives, I the devoted race

Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away. 220

“ But, ah too little known to modern times !

Be not the noblest passion passed unsung ;

That ray peculiar, from unbounded love

Effused, which kindles the heroic soul ;

Devotion to the public. Glorious flame !

Celestial ardour ! in what unknown worlds,

Profusely scattered through the blue immense,

Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,

Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names

From thee their lustre drew ? since, taught by

thee, 230

Their poverty put splendour to the blush,

Pain grew luxurious, and even death delight ?

O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,

With blaze direct, on this my last retreat ?

“ 'Tis not enough, from self right understood

Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart :

Though virtue not disdains appeals to self,

Dreads not the trial ; all her joys are true,

Nor is there any real joy save hers.

Far less the tepid, the declaiming race, 240

Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,



Or those whom private passions, for a while,  
 Beneath my standard list; can they suffice  
 To raise and fix the glory of my reign?

“ An active flood of universal love  
 Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,  
 The restless spirit roves creation round,  
 And seizes every being: stronger then  
 It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search  
 Of bliss allies: then, more collected still, 250  
 It urges human kind; a passion grown,  
 At last, the central parent public calls  
 Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,  
 The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,  
 This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers  
 Than those of self, this Heaven-infused delight,  
 This moral gravitation, rushing prone  
 To press the public good, my system soon,  
 Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,  
 Will reel to ruin: while for ever shut 260  
 Stand the bright portals of desponding fame.

“ From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,  
 None of those ancient lights, that gladden earth,  
 Give grace to being, and arouse the brave  
 To just ambition, virtue's quickening fire!  
 Life tedious grows, an idly bustling round,  
 Filled up with actions animal and mean,  
 A dull gazette! The impatient reader scorns  
 The poor historic page; till kindly comes  
 Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame. 270  
 Not so the times when, emulation-stung,  
 Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,  
 And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!  
 To live was glory then! and charmed mankind,



Through the deep periods of devolving time,  
Those, raptured, copy; these, astonished, read.

“ True, a corrupted state, with every vice  
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.  
Who can, unshocked, behold the cruel eye?  
The pale inveigling smile? the ruffian front? 280  
The wretch abandoned to relentless self,  
Equally vile if miser or profuse?  
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt?  
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours  
The poor and weak,\* at distance from redress?  
Delirious faction bellowing loud my name?  
The false fair-seeming patriot’s hollow boast?  
A race resolved on bondage, fierce for chains,  
My sacred rights a merchandize alone  
Esteeming, and to work their feeder’s will 290  
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepared,  
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?  
Who these indeed can undetesting see?—  
But who unpitying? to the generous eye  
Distress is virtue; and, though self-betrayed,  
A people struggling with their fate must rouse  
The hero’s throb. Nor can a land, at once,  
Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then!  
Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,  
Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside, 300  
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.  
Posterity, besides,—the young are pure,

\* Lord Molesworth, in his account of Denmark, says, “ It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects; whilst the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.”—T.

And sons may tinge their father's check with  
shame.

“ Should then the times arrive (which Heaven  
avert !)

That Britons bend unnerved, not by the force  
Of arms, more generous and more manly, quelled,  
But by corruption's soul-dejecting arts,  
Arts impudent and gross ! by their own gold,  
In part bestowed, to bribe them to give all ;  
With party raging, or immersed in sloth, 310  
Should they Britannia's well fought laurels yield  
To sily conquering Gaul ; even from her brow  
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,  
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,  
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoiced.  
Or (darker prospect ! scarce one gleam behind  
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague  
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,  
That sits serene within the forest shade ;  
The fevered people fire, inflame their wants, 320  
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,  
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepared  
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught.  
Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead ;  
The hired assassins of the commonweal !  
Deemed the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,  
Should public virtue grow the public scoff,  
Till private, failing, staggers through the land :  
Till round the city loose mechanic want,  
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts  
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds, 331  
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace ;  
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound :

Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop ;  
 The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold ;  
 And those, on whom the vernal showers of Heaven  
 All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,  
 A power to live to nature and themselves,  
 In sick attendance wear their anxious days,  
 With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean. 340  
 Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,  
 The waste of war, without the works of peace ;  
 No mark of millions in the gulf absorbed  
 Of uncreating vice ; none but the rage  
 Of roused corruption still demanding more.  
 That very portion, which (by faithful skill  
 Employed) might make the smiling public rear  
 Her ornamented head, drilled through the hands  
 Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse  
 A locust band within, and in the bud 350  
 Leaves starved each work of dignity and use.

“ I paint the worst. But should these times  
     arrive,  
 If any nobler passion yet remain,  
 Let all my sons all parties fling aside,  
 Despise their nonsense, and together join ;  
 Let worth and virtue scorning low despair,  
 Exerted full, from every quarter shine,  
 Commixed in heightened blaze. Light flashed to  
     light,  
 Moral, or intellectual, more intense  
 By giving glows. As on pure winter’s eve, 360  
 Gradual, the stars effulge ; fainter, at first,  
 They, straggling, rise ; but when the radiant host,  
 In thick profusion poured, shine out immense,  
 Each casting vivid influence on each,

From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,  
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

“ But why to Britons this superfluous strain?—  
Good nature, honest truth even somewhat blunt,  
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,  
A zeal unyielding in their country’s cause, 370  
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—  
Nor only wont—wide o’er the land diffused,  
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

“ To softer prospect turn we now the view,  
To laurelled science, arts, and public works,  
That lend my finished fabric comely pride,  
Grandeur and grace. Of sullen genius he!  
Cursed by the Muses! by the Graces loathed!  
Who deems beneath the public’s high regard  
These last enlivening touches of my reign. 380  
However puffed with power, and gorged with  
wealth,

A nation be; let trade enormous rise,  
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,  
Till, swelled impetuous, the corrupting flood  
Burst o’er the city and devour the land:  
Yet these neglected, these recording arts,  
Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious sunk,  
That nation must another Carthage lie.  
If not by them, on monumental brass,  
On sculptured marble, on the deathless page, 390  
Impressed, renown had left no trace behind:  
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,  
The legislator planned, the hero found  
A beauteous death, the patriot toiled in vain.  
The awarders they of Fame’s immortal wreath,  
They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,

Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,  
Delight the general eye, and, dressed by them,  
The moral Venus glows with double charms.

“ Science, my close associate, still attends 400  
Where'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,  
She walks the furrow with the consul-swain.  
Whispering unlettered wisdom to the heart,  
Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe  
Of fancy dressed, she charms Athenian wits,  
And a whole sapient city round her burns.  
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod:  
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,  
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat\*  
Unequaled glory: with the Theban sage, 410  
Epaminondas, first and best of men!  
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,  
Above the vulgar reach, resistless formed,  
March to sure conquest—never gained before!†  
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state  
Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide  
Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,  
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,  
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,  
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease, 420  
Where, but the Aonian maids, no sirens sing;  
Or should the deep-brewed tempest muttering rise,

\* The famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.—T.

† Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion, at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories.—*Plutarch in Agesilaus*,—T.



While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,  
 With Tully she her wide-reviving light  
 To senates holds, a Catiline confounds,  
 And saves awhile from Cæsar sinking Rome.  
 Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves  
 Each mental fetter, and sets reason free ;  
 For me inspiring an enlightened zeal,  
 The more tenacious as the more convinced 430  
 How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.  
 To Britons not unknown, to Britons full  
 The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul  
 That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts  
 To them the treasures of a balanced world.  
 But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung  
 In daring flight, above all modern wing,)  
 Neglected droop the head ; and public works,  
 Broke by corruption into private gain,  
 Not ornament, disgrace ; not serve, destroy. 440  
 “ Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom ruled  
 Beneath one Royal Head, whose vital power  
 Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole ;  
 In finer arts, and public works, shall they  
 To Gallia yield ? yield to a land that bends  
 Depressed, and broke, beneath the will of one ?  
 Of one who, should the unkingly thirst of gold,  
 Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,  
 Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land :  
 Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of  
     wealth, 450  
 His own insatiate reservoir to fill :  
 To the lone desert patriot-merit frowns,  
 Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,  
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works



All other license scorn but truth's and mine.  
 Oh shame to think! shall Britons, in the field  
 Unconquered still, the better laurel lose?  
 Even in that monarch's reign,\* who vainly dreamt,  
 By giddy power, betrayed, and flattered pride,  
 To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round,  
 His armies dared all Europe to the field; 461  
 To hostile hands while treasure flowed profuse,  
 And, that great source of treasure, subjects' blood,  
 Inhuman squandered, sickened every land;  
 From Britain, chief, while my superior sons,  
 In vengeance rushing, dashed his idle hopes,  
 And bade his agonizing heart be low:  
 Even then, as in the golden calm of peace,  
 What public works, at home, what arts arose!  
 What various science shone! what genius glowed!  
 " 'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot 471  
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining road;  
 The flood-compelling arch; the long canal,†  
 Through mountains piercing and uniting seas;  
 The dome‡ resounding sweet with infant joy,  
 From famine saved, or cruel-handed shame;  
 And that‡ where valour counts his noble scars;  
 The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,  
 Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed;  
 The robber from his farthest forest chased; 480  
 The turbid city cleared, and, by degrees,  
 Into sure peace, the best police, refined,  
 Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.  
 Let Gallic bards record, how honoured arts,  
 And science, by despotic bounty blessed,

\* Lewis XIV.—T. † The Canal of Languedoc.—T

‡ The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.—T.

At distance flourished from my parent-eye.  
 Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose :  
 How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,  
 The trembling stage. In elegant Racine,  
 How the more powerful though more humble  
     voice 490  
 Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breathed  
 The whole awakened heart. How Moliere's scene,  
 Chastised and regular, with well judged wit,  
 Not scattered wild, and native humour, graced,  
 Was life itself. To public honours raised,  
 How learning in warm seminaries\* spread ;  
 And, more for glory than the small reward,  
 How emulation strove. How their pure tongue  
 Almost obtained what was denied their arms.  
 From Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted long,  
 With Poussin came ; ancient design, that lifts 501  
 A fairer front, and looks another soul.  
 How the kind art, † that, of unvalued price,  
 The famed and only picture, easy, gives,  
 Refined her touch, and, through the shadowed  
     piece,  
 All the live spirit of the painter poured.  
 Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deigned  
 A look, and bade her Girardon arise.  
 How lavish grandeur blazed ; the barren waste,  
 Astonished, saw the sudden palace swell, 510  
 And fountains spout amid its arid shades.  
 For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,  
 How forests in majestic gardens smiled.

\* The Academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.—T.

† Engraving.—T.

How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,  
 Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage trained  
 In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,  
 The palace cheered, illumed the storied wall,  
 And with the pencil vied the glowing loom.\*

“ These laurels, Lewis, by the droppings raised  
 Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade, 520  
 And, green through future times, shall bind thy  
 brow ;

While the vain honours of perfidious war  
 Wither abhorred, or in oblivion lost.  
 With what prevailing vigour had they shot,  
 And stole a deeper root, by the full tide  
 Of war-sunk millions fed ? Superior still,  
 How had they branched luxuriant to the skies,  
 In Britain planted by the potent juice  
 Of Freedom swelled ? Forced is the bloom of arts,  
 A false uncertain spring, when bounty gives, 530  
 Weak without me, a transitory gleam.  
 Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies  
 Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow ;  
 Till arts, betrayed, trust to the flattering air  
 Their tender blossom : then malignant rise  
 The blights of Envy, of those insect clouds,  
 That, blasting merit, often cover courts :  
 Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid  
 The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,  
 His wavering ardour fix, and unconfined 540  
 Diffuse his warm beneficence around ;  
 Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants come,  
 Each sprig of genius killing at the root.  
 But when with me imperial bounty joins,

\* The tapestry of the Gobelins.—T.

Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring ;  
 While mingled autumn every harvest pours  
 Of every land ; whate'er Invention, Art,  
 Creating Toil, and Nature can produce."

Here ceased the Goddess ; and her ardent wings  
 Dipped in the colours of the heavenly bow, 550  
 Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight  
 Prepared, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer :

" O forming light of life ! O better sun !  
 Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy north,  
 Sublimed, not envies Languedocian skies,  
 That, unstained ether all, diffusive smile :  
 When shall we call these ancient laurels ours ?  
 And when thy work complete ?" Straight with  
 her hand,

Celestial red, she touched my darkened eyes.  
 As at the touch of day the shades dissolve, 560  
 So quick, methought, the misty circle cleared,  
 That dims the dawn of being here below :  
 The future shone disclosed, and, in long view,  
 Bright rising eras instant rushed to light.

" They come ! great Goddess ! I the times be-  
 hold !

The times our fathers, in the bloody field,  
 Have earned so dear, and, not with less renown,  
 In the warm struggles of the senate fight.  
 The times I see ! whose glory to supply,  
 For toiling ages, Commerce round the world 570  
 Has winged unnumbered sails, and from each land  
 Materials heaped, that, well employed, with Rome  
 Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.

" Lo ! Princes I behold ! contriving still,  
 And still conducting firm some brave design ;

Kings! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,  
 Burst the blockade of false designing men,  
 Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,  
 And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:  
 Their court rejoicing millions; Worth, alone, 580  
 And Virtue dear to them; their best delight,  
 In just proportion, to give general joy;  
 Their jealous care thy kingdom to maintain;  
 The public glory theirs; unsparing love  
 Their endless treasure; and their deeds their  
 praise.

With thee they work. Nought can resist your  
 force:

Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats:  
 Strong spread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art;  
 His bashful bounds disclosing Merit breaks;  
 And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows 590  
 Expansive o'er the land. Another race  
 Of generous youth, of patriot sires, I see!  
 Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze  
 Of court, and ball, and play; those venal souls,  
 Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,  
 That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.

“ I see the fountains purged! whence life de-  
 rives

A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind  
 Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fooled,  
 Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud, 600  
 But filled and nourished by the light of truth.  
 Then, beamed through fancy the refining ray,  
 And pouring on the heart, the passions feel  
 At once informing light and moving flame;  
 Till moral, public, graceful action crowns



The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,  
 In all that mind or body can adorn,  
 And form to life. Instead of barren heads,  
 Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,  
 And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits, 610  
 Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are formed.

“Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,  
 Unpurchased shines on all; and from her beam,  
 Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,  
 That prowl amid the darkness they themselves  
 Have thrown around the laws. Oppression  
 grieves;

See! how her legal furies bite the lip,  
 While Yorkes and Talbots their deep snares detect,  
 And seize swift justice through the clouds they  
 raise.

“See! social Labour lifts his guarded head,  
 And men not yield to government in vain. 621  
 From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,  
 And the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste;  
 Lo! razed their haunts, down dashed their mad-  
 dening bowl,

A nation's poison! beauteous order reigns!  
 Manly submission, unimposing toil,  
 Trade without guile, civility that marks  
 From the foul herd of brutal slaves, thy sons,  
 And fearless peace. Or should affronting war  
 To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,  
 Unfailing fields of freemen I behold! 631  
 That know, with their own proper arm, to guard  
 Their own blest isle against a leaguering world.  
 Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,  
 Dissolved her dream of universal sway:



The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain ;  
And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.

“ Lo ! swarming southward on rejoicing suns  
Gay colonies extend ; the calm retreat  
Of undeserved distress, the better home 640  
Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.  
Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,  
And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey ;  
But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise ;  
Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has formed,  
And, crowding round, the charmed Savannah  
sees.\*

“ Horrid with want and misery, no more  
Our streets the tender passenger afflict.  
Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,  
Or home, or bed to bear his burning load, 650  
Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earned  
Its guiltless pangs, I see ! The stores, profuse,  
Which British bounty has to these assigned,  
No more the sacrilegious riot swell  
Of cannibal devourers ! right applied,  
No starving wretch the land of freedom stains :  
If poor, employment finds ; if old, demands,  
If sick, if maimed, his miserable due ;  
And will, if young, repay the fondest care.  
Sweet sets the sun of stormy life ; and sweet 660  
The morning shines, in Mercy's dews arrayed.  
Lo ! how they rise ! these families of Heaven !  
That ! chief, † (but why—ye bigots !—why so late ?)

\* Georgia, the last of the original thirteen United States, had recently been colonized under the auspices of General Oglethorpe.

† The Foundling Hospital.—T.

Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age ;  
 What smiles of praise ! and, while their song as-  
 The listening seraph lays his lute aside. [cends,

“ Hark ! the gay muses raise a nobler strain,  
 With active nature, warm impassioned truth,  
 Engaging fable, lucid order, notes  
 Of various string, and heart-felt image filled. 670  
 Behold ! I see the dread delightful school  
 Of tempered passions, and of polished life,  
 Restored : behold ! the well dissembled scene  
 Calls from embellished eyes the lovely tear,  
 Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.  
 Lo ! vanished monster-land. Lo ! driven away  
 Those that Apollo’s sacred walks profane :  
 Their wild creation scattered, where a world  
 Unknown to nature, Chaos more confused,  
 O’er the brute scene its Ouran-Outangs pours ;\*  
 Detested forms ! that, on the mind impressed, 681  
 Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

“ Behold ! all thine again the Sister-Arts,  
 Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.  
 Nursed by the treasure from a nation drained  
 Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse  
 Their untamed genius, their unfettered thought ;  
 Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,  
 The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.

“ Lo ! numerous domes a Burlington † confess :

\* A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—  
 See *Dr. Tyson’s Treatise on this animal.*—T.

† Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, K.G., commemorated in Pope’s verse,—

“ Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.”  
 He was the architect of Chiswick and of Burlington House,  
 and died, without male issue, 1753.

For kings and senates fit, the palace see! 691  
 The temple breathing a religious awe;  
 Even framed with elegance the plain retreat,  
 The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,  
 Taste, never idly working, saves expense.

“ See! sylvan scenes, where Art alone pretends  
 To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms:  
 Such as a Pope in miniature has shown;\*  
 A Bathurst o’er the widening forest † spreads;  
 And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.

“ August, around, what public works I see! 701  
 Lo! stately streets, lo! squares that court the  
       breeze,

In spite of those to whom pertains the care,  
 Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways,  
 Lo! rayed from cities o’er the brightened land,  
 Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.

Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor’s stand)  
 With easy sweep bestrides the chasing flood.  
 See! long canals, and deepened rivers join  
 Each part with each, and with the circling main  
 The whole enlivened isle. Lo! ports expand, 711  
 Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering  
       arms.

Lo! streaming comfort o’er the troubled deep,  
 On every pointed coast the lighthouse towers;  
 And, by the broad imperious mole repelled,  
 Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars.”

\* At his Twickenham Villa.—T.

† Okely woods, near Cirencester.—T. Planted by Allen, first Earl Bathurst, the friend of Swift, Atterbury, Pope, Addison, and most other distinguished men of that day; he died, æt. 91, 1775.

As thick to view these varied wonders rose,  
Shook all my soul with transport, unassured,  
The Vision broke; and, on my waking eye,  
Rushed the still ruins of dejected Rome.

720





## JUVENILE POEMS.

The following fourteen pieces were first published in the Aldine Edition of Thomson. They were obtained by Sir H. Nicolas from a manuscript in the poet's own writing, containing as many of his early poems as he could recollect, which he presented to Lord George Graham.

### I.

#### A POETICAL EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM BENNET, BART. OF GRUBBAT.\*

**M**Y trembling muse your honour does  
address,  
That it's a bold attempt most hum-  
bly I confess;  
If you'll encourage her young fagging  
flight,  
She'll upwards soar and mount Parnassus' height.  
If little things with great may be compared,

\* This was written at a very early period of Thomson's life, probably in his fourteenth year, and the reason for inserting it is, that the first productions of genius are objects of rational curiosity.

In Rome it so with the divine Virgil fared ;  
 The tuneful bard Augustus did inspire,  
 Made his great genius flash poetic fire ;  
 But if upon my flight your honour frowns,  
 The muse folds up her wings, and dying—justice  
 owns.

II.

LISY'S PARTING WITH HER CAT.



HE dreadful hour with leaden pace ap-  
 proached,  
 Lashed fiercely on by unrelenting fate,  
 When Lisy\* and her bosom Cat must  
 part :

For now, to school and pensive needle doomed,  
 She's banished from her childhood's undashed joy,  
 And all the pleasing intercourse she kept  
 With her gray comrade, which has often soothed  
 Her tender moments, while the world around  
 Glowed with ambition, business, and vice,  
 Or lay dissolved in sleep's delicious arms ; 10  
 And from their dewy orbs the conscious stars  
 Shed on their friendship influence benign.

But see where mournful Puss, advancing, stood  
 With outstretched tail, casts looks of anxious woe  
 On melting Lisy, in whose eye the tear  
 Stood tremulous, and thus would fain have said,

\* Thomson's second and favourite sister. See Memoir.  
 p. cxxxv



If nature had not tied her struggling tongue :  
 " Unkind, O ! who shall now with fattening milk,  
 With flesh, with bread, and fish beloved, and meat,  
 Regale my taste ? and at the cheerful fire, 20  
 Ah, who shall bask me in their downy lap ?  
 Who shall invite me to the bed, and throw  
 The bedclothes o'er me in the winter night,  
 When Eurus roars ? Beneath whose soothing hand  
 Soft shall I purr ? But now, when Lisy's gone,  
 What is the dull officious world to me ?  
 I loathe the thoughts of life : " thus plained the Cat,  
 While Lisy felt, by sympathetic touch,  
 These anxious thoughts that in her mind revolved,  
 And casting on her a desponding look, 30  
 She snatched her in her arms with eager grief,  
 And mewling, thus began :—" O Cat beloved !  
 Thou dear companion of my tender years !  
 Joy of my youth ! that oft hast licked my hands  
 With velvet tongue ne'er stained by mouse's blood.  
 Oh, gentle Cat ! how shall I part with thee ?  
 How dead and heavy will the moments pass  
 When you are not in my delighted eye,  
 With Cubi playing, or your flying tail.  
 How harshly will the softest muslin feel, 40  
 And all the silk of schools, while I no more  
 Have your sleek skin to soothe my softened sense ?  
 How shall I eat while you are not beside  
 To share the bit ? How shall I ever sleep  
 While I no more your lulling murmurs hear ?  
 Yet we must part—so rigid fate decrees—  
 But never shall your loved idea, dear,  
 Part from my soul, and when I first can mark  
 The embroidered figure on the snowy lawn,

Your image shall my needle keen employ. 50  
 Hark! now I'm called away! O direful sound!  
 I come—I come, but first I charge you all—  
 You—you—and you, particularly you,  
 O, Mary, Mary,\* feed her with the best,  
 Repose her nightly in the warmest couch,  
 And be a Lisy to her!"—Having said,  
 She sat her down, and with her head across,  
 Rushed to the evil which she could not shun,  
 While a sad mew went knelling to her heart!

III.

ON MAY.



**A**MONG the changing months, May stands  
 confest  
 The sweetest, and in fairest colours  
 drest!  
 Soft as the breeze that fans the smiling field;  
 Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield;  
 Fair as the colour lavish Nature paints  
 On virgin flowers free from unodorous taints!—  
 To rural scenes thou tempt'st the busy crowd,  
 Who, in each grove, thy praises sing aloud!  
 The blooming belles and shallow beaux, strange  
 sight!  
 Turn nymphs and swains, and in their sports de-  
 light.

\* The poet's youngest sister. See Memoir, p. cxxxvii.

## IV.

## THE MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

**W**HEN from the opening chambers of the  
east  
The morning springs, in thousand live-  
ries drest,

The early larks their morning tribute pay,  
And, in shrill notes, salute the blooming day.  
Refreshèd fields with pearly dew do shine,  
And tender blades therewith their tops incline.  
Their painted leaves the unblown flowers expand,  
And with their odorous breath perfume the land.  
The crowing cock and chattering hen awakes  
Dull sleepy clowns, who know the morning breaks.  
The herd his plaid around his shoulders throws,  
Grasps his dear crook, calls on his dog, and goes  
Around the fold: he walks with careful pace,  
And fallen clods sets in their wonted place;  
Then opes the door, unfolds his fleecy care,  
And gladly sees them crop their morning fare!  
Down upon easy moss he lays,  
And sings some charming shepherdess's praise.

## V.

## HYMN TO GOD'S POWER.

**H**AIL! Power Divine, who by Thy sole  
command,  
From the dark empty space,  
Made the broad sea and solid land  
Smile with a heavenly grace.

Made the high mountain and firm rock,  
Where bleating cattle stray ;  
And the strong, stately, spreading oak,  
That intercepts the day.

The rolling planets Thou madest move,  
By Thy effective will ;  
And the revolving globes above  
Their destined course fulfil.

His mighty power, ye thunders, praise,  
As through the heavens you roll ;  
And His great name, ye lightnings, blaze,  
Unto the distant pole.

Ye seas, in your eternal roar,  
His sacred praise proclaim ;  
While the inactive sluggish shore  
Reechoes to the same.

Ye howling winds, howl out His praise,  
And make the forests bow ;  
While through the air, the earth, and seas,  
His solemn praise ye blow.

O yon high harmonious spheres,  
Your powerful Mover sing ;  
To Him your circling course that steers,  
Your tuneful praises bring.

Ungrateful mortals, catch the sound,  
And in your numerous lays,  
To all the listening world around,  
The God of nature praise.

## VI.

## PSALM CIV. PARAPHRASED.



O praise thy Author, Soul, do not forget;  
 Canst thou, in gratitude, deny the debt?  
 Lord, Thou art great, how great we  
 cannot know;

Honour and majesty do round Thee flow.  
 The purest rays of primogenial light  
 Compose Thy robes, and make them dazzling bright;  
 The heavens and all the wide spread orbs on high  
 Thou like a curtain stretched of curious dye;  
 On the devouring flood Thy chambers are  
 Established; a lofty cloud's Thy car; 10  
 Which quick through the ethereal road doth fly,  
 On swift winged winds, that shake the troubled sky.  
 Of spiritual substance angels Thou didst frame,  
 Active and bright, piercing and quick as flame.  
 Thou'st firmly founded this unwieldy earth;  
 Stand fast for aye, Thou saidst, at nature's birth.  
 The swelling flood Thou o'er the earth madest creep,  
 And coveredst it with the vast hoary deep:  
 Then hills and vales did no distinction know,  
 But levelled nature lay oppressed below. 20  
 With speed they, at Thy awful thunder's roar,  
 Shrinkèd within the limits of their shore.  
 Through secret tracts they up the mountains creep,  
 And rocky caverns fruitful moisture weep,  
 Which sweetly through the verdant vales doth glide,  
 Till 'tis devoured by the greedy tide.

The feeble sands Thou'st made the ocean's mounds,  
 Its foaming waves shall ne'er repass these bounds,  
 Again to triumph over the dry grounds.

Between the hills, grazed by the bleating kind, 30  
 Soft warbling rills their mazy way do find ;

By Him appointed fully to supply,  
 When the hot dogstar fires the realms on high,  
 The raging thirst of every sickening beast;

Of the wild ass that roams the dreary waste :  
 The feathered nation, by their smiling sides,  
 In lowly brambles, or in trees abides ;

By nature taught, on them they rear their nests,  
 That with inimitable art are dressed.

They for the shade and safety of the wood 40  
 With natural music cheer the neighbourhood.

He doth the clouds with genial moisture fill,  
 Which on the [shr]ivelled ground they bounteously  
 distil,

And nature's lap with various blessings crowd :  
 The giver, God ! all creatures cry aloud.

With freshest green He clothes the fragrant mead,  
 Whereon the grazing herds wanton and feed.

With vital juice He makes the plants abound,  
 And herbs securely spring above the ground,

That man may be sustained beneath the toil 50  
 Of manuring the ill producing soil ;

Which with a plenteous harvest does at last  
 Cancel the memory of labours past ;

Yields him the product of the generous vine,  
 And balmy oil that makes his face to shine :

Fills all his granaries with a loaden crop,  
 Against the bare barren winter his great prop.

The trees of God with kindly sap do swell,



Even cedars tall in Lebanon that dwell,  
 Upon whose lofty tops the birds erect 60  
 Their nests, as careful nature does direct.  
 The long necked storks unto the fir trees fly,  
 And with their crackling cries disturb the sky.  
 To unfrequented hills wild goats resort,  
 And on bleak rocks the nimble conies sport.  
 The changing moon He clad with silver light,  
 To check the black dominion of the night :  
 High through the skies in silent state she rides,  
 And by her rounds the fleeting time divides.  
 The circling sun doth in due time decline, 70  
 And unto shades the murmuring world resign.  
 Dark night Thou makest succeed the cheerful day,  
 Which forest beasts from their lone caves survey :  
 They rouse themselves, creep out, and search their  
     prey.

Young hungry lions from their dens come out,  
 And, mad on blood, stalk fearfully about :  
 They break night's silence with their hideous roar,  
 And from kind heaven their nightly prey implore.  
 Just as the lark begins to stretch her wing,  
 And, flickering on her nest, makes short essays to  
     sing, 80

And the sweet dawn, with a faint glimmering light,  
 Unveils the face of nature to the sight,  
 To their dark dens they take their hasty flight.  
 Not so the husbandman,—for with the sun  
 He does his pleasant course of labours run :  
 Home with content in the cool e'en returns,  
 And his sweet toils until the morn adjourns.  
 How many are Thy wondrous works, O Lord !  
 They of Thy wisdom solid proofs afford :

Out of Thy boundless goodness Thou didst fill, 90  
 With riches and delights, both vale and hill :  
 Even the broad ocean, wherein do abide  
 Monsters that flounce upon the boiling tide,  
 And swarms of lesser beasts and fish beside :  
 'Tis there that daring ships before the wind  
 Do send amain, and make the port assigned :  
 'Tis there that Leviathan sports and plays,  
 And spouts his water in the face of day ;  
 For food with gaping mouth they wait on Thee,  
 If Thou withhold'st, they pine, they faint, they  
 die. 100

Thou bountifully opest Thy liberal hand,  
 And scatter'st plenty both on sea and land.  
 Thy vital Spirit makes all things live below,  
 The face of nature with new beauties glow.  
 God's awful glory ne'er will have an end,  
 To vast eternity it will extend.  
 When He surveys His works, at the wide sight  
 He doth rejoice, and take divine delight.  
 His looks the earth into its centre shakes ;  
 A touch of His to smoke the mountains makes. 110  
 I'll to God's honour consecrate my lays,  
 And when I cease to be I'll cease to praise.  
 Upon the Lord, a sublime lofty theme,  
 My meditations sweet, my joys supreme.  
 Let daring sinners feel Thy vengeful rod,  
 May they no more be known by their abode.  
 My soul and all my powers, O bless the Lord,  
 And the whole race of men with one accord.

## VII.

## A COMPLAINT ON THE MISERIES OF LIFE.



LOATHE, O Lord, this life below,  
 And all its fading fleeting joys ;  
 'Tis a short space that's filled with  
 woe,

Which all our bliss by far outweighs.  
 When will the everlasting morn  
 With dawning light the skies adorn ?

Fitly this life's compared to night,  
 When gloomy darkness shades the sky ;  
 Just like the morn's our glimmering light  
 Reflected from the Deity.

When will celestial morn dispel  
 These dark surrounding shades of hell ?

I'm sick of this vexatious state,  
 Where cares invade my peaceful hours ;  
 Strike the last blow, O courteous fate,  
 I'll smiling fall like mowed flowers ;  
 I'll gladly spurn this clogging clay,  
 And, sweetly singing, soar away.

What's money but refined dust ?  
 What's honour but an empty name ?  
 And what is soft enticing lust,  
 But a consuming idle flame ?  
 Yea, what is all beneath the sky  
 But emptiness and vanity ?

With thousand ills our life's oppressed,  
 There's nothing here worth living for,  
 In the lone grave I long to rest,  
 And be harassed here no more :  
 Where joy's fantastic, grief's sincere,  
 And where there's nought for which I care.

Thy word, O Lord, shall be my guide,  
 Heaven, where Thou dwellest is my goal ;  
 Through corrupt life grant I may glide  
 With an untainted upward soul.  
 Then may this life, this dreary night,  
 Dispelled be by morning light.

VIII.

A PASTORAL BETWIXT DAVID, THIRSIS, AND  
 THE ANGEL GABRIEL,  
 UPON THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

DAVID.

**W**HAT means yon apparition in the sky,  
 Thirsis, that dazzles every shepherd's  
 eye?  
 I slumbering was when from yon glo-  
 rious cloud  
 Came gliding music heavenly, sweet, and loud,  
 With sacred raptures which my bosom fires,  
 And with celestial joy my soul inspires ;  
 It soothes the native horrors of the night,  
 And gladdens nature more than dawning light.

## THIRSYS.

But hold, see hither through the yielding air  
An angel comes : for mighty news prepare.

## ANGEL GABRIEL.

Rejoice, ye swains, anticipate the morn  
With songs of praise ; for lo ! a Saviour's born.  
With joyful haste to Bethlehem repair,  
And you will find the almighty Infant there ;  
Wrapped in a swaddling band you'll find your King,  
And in a manger laid, to Him your praises bring.

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

To God who in the highest dwells,  
Immortal glory be ;  
Let peace be in the humble cells  
Of Adam's progeny.

## DAVID.

No more the year shall wintry horrors bring ;  
Fixed in the indulgence of eternal spring,  
Immortal green shall clothe the hills and vales,  
And odorous sweets shall load the balmy gales ;  
The silver brooks shall in soft murmurs tell  
The joy that shall their oozy channels swell.  
Feed on, my flocks, and crop the tender grass,  
Let blooming joy appear on every face ;  
For lo ! this blessed, this propitious morn,  
The Saviour of lost mankind is born.


THIRSI8.

Thou fairest morn that ever sprang from night,  
 Or decked the opening skies with rosy light,  
 Well mayst thou shine with a distinguished ray,  
 Since here Emmanuel condescends to stay.  
 Our fears, our guilt, our darkness to dispel,  
 And save us from the horrid jaws of hell.  
 Who from His throne descended, matchless love !  
 To guide poor mortals to blest seats above :  
 But come without delay, let us be gone,  
 Shepherd, let's go, and humbly kiss the Son.

IX.

A PASTORAL BETWEEN THIRSI8 AND CORYDON,  
 UPON THE DEATH OF DAMON,  
 BY WHOM IS MEANT MR. W. RIDDELL.

THIRSI8.

AY, tell me true, what is the doleful  
 cause  
 That Corydon is not the man he was ?  
 Your cheerful presence used to lighten  
 cares,  
 And from the plains to banish gloomy fears.  
 Whene'er unto the circling swains you sung,  
 Our ravished souls upon the music hung ;



The gazing, listening flocks forgot their meat,  
 While vocal grottoes did your lays repeat:  
 But now your gravity our mirth rebukes,  
 And in your downcast and desponding looks  
 Appears some fatal and impending woe;  
 I fear to ask, and yet desire to know.

COR. The doleful news, how shall I, Thirsis, tell!  
 In blooming youth the hapless Damon fell:  
 He's dead, he's dead, and with him all my joy;  
 The mournful thought does all gay forms destroy:  
 This is the cause of my unusual grief,  
 Which sullenly admits of no relief.


THIR. Begone all mirth! begone all sports and  
 play,  
 To a deluge of grief and tears give way.  
 Damon the just, the generous, and the young,  
 Must Damon's worth and merit be unsung?  
 No, Corydon, the wondrous youth you knew  
 How as in years so he in virtue grew;  
 Embalm his fame in never dying verse,  
 As a just tribute to his doleful hearse.

COR. Assist me, mighty grief, my breast inspire  
 With generous heats and with thy wildest fire,  
 While in a solemn and a mournful strain  
 Of Damon gone for ever I complain.  
 Ye muses, weep; your mirth and songs forbear,  
 And for him sigh and shed a friendly tear;  
 He was your favourite, and by your aid  
 In charming verse his witty thoughts arrayed;  
 He had of knowledge, learning, wit, a store,  
 To it denied he still pressed after more.  
 He was a pious and a virtuous soul,  
 And still pressed forward to the heavenly goal;

He was a faithful, true, and constant friend,  
 Faithful, and true, and constant to the end.  
 Ye flowers, hang down and droop your heads,  
 No more around your grateful odour spreads;  
 Ye leafy trees, your blooming honours shed,  
 Damon for ever from your shade is fled;  
 Fled to the mansions of eternal light,  
 Where endless wonders strike his happy sight.  
 Ye birds, be mute, as through the trees you fly,  
 Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.  
 Ye winds, breathe sighs as through the air you rove,  
 And in sad pomp the trembling branches move.  
 Ye gliding brooks, O weep your channels dry,  
 My flowing tears them fully shall supply;  
 You in soft murmurs may your grief express,  
 And yours, you swains, in mournful songs confess.  
 I to some dark and gloomy shade will fly,  
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend does lie;  
 And for his death to lonely rocks complain  
 In mournful accents and a dying strain,  
 While pining echo answers me again.

X.

A PASTORAL ENTERTAINMENT.


 HILE in heroic numbers some relate  
 The amazing turns of wise eternal fate;  
 Exploits of heroes in the dusty field,  
 That to their name immortal honour  
 yield;  
 Grant me, ye powers, fast by the limpid spring



But an untainted spring their thirst allayed,  
 Which in meanders through the valley strayed.  
 Thrice happy swains who spend your golden days  
 In country pastime ; and when night displays  
 Her sable shade, to peaceful huts retire ;  
 Can any man a sweeter bliss desire ?  
 In ancient times so passed the smiling hour,  
 When our first parents lived in Eden's bower,  
 Ere care and trouble were pronounced on . . .  
 Or sin had blasted the creation's blo . . . .

XI.

LINES ON MARLEFIELD.\*



WHAT is the task that to the muse be-  
 longs ?  
 What but to deck in her harmonious  
 songs  
 The beauteous works of nature and of art,  
 Rural retreats that cheer the heavy heart ?  
 Then Marlefield begin, my muse, and sing ;  
 With Marlefield the hills and vales shall ring.  
 O ! what delight and pleasure 'tis to rove  
 Through all the walks and alleys of this grove  
 Where spreading trees a checkered scene display,  
 Partly admitting and excluding day ;  
 Where cheerful green and odorous sweets conspire  
 The drooping soul with pleasure to inspire ;

\* The seat of Sir William Bennet, of Grubbat, Bart.

Where little birds employ their narrow throats  
To sing its praises in unlaboured notes.  
To it adjoined a rising fabric stands,  
Which with its state our silent awe commands.  
Its endless beauties mock the poet's pen ;  
So to the garden I'll return again.  
Pomona makes the trees with fruit abound,  
And blushing Flora paints the enamelled ground.  
Here lavish nature does her stores disclose,  
Flowers of all hue, their queen the bashful rose,  
With their sweet breath the ambient air's perfumed,  
Nor is thereby their fragrant stores consumed  
O'er the fair landscape sportive zephyrs scud,  
And by kind force display the infant bud.  
The vegetable kind here rear their head,  
By kindly showers and heaven's indulgence fed :  
Of fabled nymphs such were the sacred haunts,  
But real nymphs this charming dwelling vaunts.  
Now to the greenhouse let's awhile retire,  
To shun the heat of Sol's infectious fire :  
Immortal authors grace this cool retreat,  
Of ancient times, and of a modern date.  
Here would my praises and my fancy dwell ;  
But it, alas, description does excel.  
O may this sweet, this beautiful abode  
Remain the charge of the eternal God.

XII.

ON BEAUTY.



EAUTY deserves the homage of the  
 muse :  
 Shall mine, rebellious, the dear theme  
 refuse ?

No ; while my breast respire the vital air,  
 Wholly I am devoted to the fair.  
 Beauty I'll sing in my sublimest lays,  
 I burn to give her just immortal praise.  
 The heavenly maid with transport I'll pursue  
 To her abode, and all her graces view.

This happy place with all delights abounds  
 And plenty broods upon the fertile grounds.  
 Here verdant grass their waving . . . . .  
 And hills and vales in sweet confusion lie :  
 The nibbling flock stray o'er the rising hills,  
 And all around with bleating music fills :  
 High on their fronts tall blooming forests nod,  
 Of sylvan deities the blest abode :  
 The feathered minstrels hop from spray to spray,  
 And chant their gladsome carols all the day ;  
 Till dusky night, advancing in her car,  
 Makes with declining light successful war.  
 Then Philomel her mournful lay repeats,  
 And through her throat breathes melancholy sweets.  
 Still higher yet wild rugged rocks arise,  
 That all ascent to human foot denies,  
 And strike beholders with a dread surprise.



This paradise these towering hills surround,  
 That thither is one only passage found.  
 Increasing brooks roll down the mountain's side,  
 And as they pass the opposing pebbles chide.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 But vernal showers refresh the blooming year.  
 Their only season is eternal spring,  
 Which hovers o'er them with a downy wing:  
 Blossoms and fruits at once the trees adorn  
 With glowing blushes, like the rosy morn.

The way that to this stately palace goes  
 Of myrtle trees, lies 'twixt two even rows,  
 Which, towering high, with outstretched arms dis-  
 played,

Over our heads a living arch have made.

To sing, my muse, the bold attempt begin,  
 Of awful beauties you behold within:  
 The Goddess sat upon a throne of gold,  
 Embossed with figures charming to behold;  
 Here new made Eve stood in her early bloom,  
 Not yet obscured with sin's sullen gloom;  
 Her naked beauties do the soul confound,  
 From every part is given a fatal wound;  
 There other beauties of a meaner fame  
 Oblige the sight, whom here I shall not name.  
 In her right hand she did a sceptre sway,  
 O'er all mankind ambitious to obey:  
 Her lovely forehead and her killing eye,  
 Her blushing cheeks of a vermilion dye,  
 Her lip's soft pulp, her heaving snowy breast,  
 Her well turned arm, her handsome slender waist,  
 And all below veiled from the curious eye;

Oh ! heavenly maid ! makes all beholders cry.

Her dress was plain, not pompous as a bride,  
Which would her sweeter native beauties hide.  
One thing I mind, a spreading hoop she wore,  
Than which no thing adorns a lady more.  
With equal rage, could I its beauties sing,  
I'd with the hoop make all Parnassus ring.  
Around her shoulders, dangling on her throne,  
A bright Tartana carelessly was thrown,  
Which has already won immortal praise,  
Most sweetly sung in Allan Ramsay's lays ;  
The wanton Cupids did around her play,  
And smiling loves upon her bosom stray ;  
With purple wings they round about her flew,  
And her sweet lips tinged with ambrosial dew :

Her air was easy, graceful was her mien,  
Her presence banished the ungrateful spleen ;  
In short, her divine influence refined  
Our corrupt hearts, and polished mankind.

Of lovely nymphs she had a smiling train,  
Fairer than those e'er graced Arcadia's plain.  
The British ladies next to her took place,  
Who chiefly did the fair assembly grace.  
What blooming virgins can Britannia boast,  
Their praises would all eloquence exhaust.  
With ladies there my ravished eyes did meet,  
That oft I've seen grace fair Edina's street,  
With their broad hoops cut through the willing air,  
Pleased to give place unto the lovely fair :

Sure this is like those blissful seats above,  
Here is peace, transporting joy, and love.

Should I be doomed by cruel angry fate  
In some lone isle my lingering end to wait,

Yet happy I! still happy should I be!  
 While blest with virtue and a charming she;  
 With full content I'd fortune's pride despise,  
 And die still gazing on her lovely eyes.

May all the blessings mortals need below,  
 May all the blessings heaven can bestow,  
 May every thing that's pleasant, good, or rare,  
 Be the eternal portion of the Fair.

## XIII.

## ON THE HOOP.




HE hoop, the darling justly of the fair,  
 Of every generous swain deserves the  
 care.

It is unmanly to desert the weak,  
 'Twould urge a stone, if possible to speak;  
 To hear stanch hypocrites bawl out, and cry,  
 "This hoop's a whorish garb, fie! ladies, fie!"  
 O cruel and audacious men, to blast  
 The fame of ladies more than vestals chaste;  
 Should you go search the globe throughout,  
 You'll find none so pious and devout;  
 So modest, chaste, so handsome, and so fair,  
 As our dear Caledonian ladies are.  
 When awful beauty puts on all her charms,  
 Nought gives our sex such terrible alarms,  
 As when the hoop and tartan both combine  
 To make a virgin like a goddess shine.  
 Let quakers cut their clothes unto the quick,

And with severities themselves afflict ;  
 But may the hoop adorn Edina's street,  
 Till the south pole shall with the northern meet.

XIV.

AN ELEGY ON PARTING.

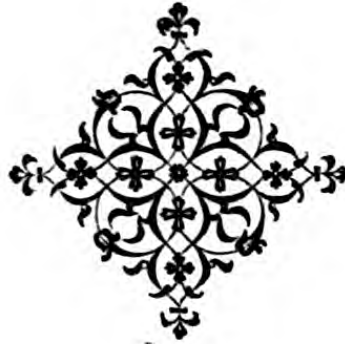
 T was a sad, ay 'twas a sad farewell,  
 I still afresh the pangs of parting feel ;  
 Against my breast my heart impatient  
 beat,

And in deep sighs bemoaned its cruel fate ;  
 Thus with the object of my love to part,  
 My life ! my joy ! 'twould rend a rocky heart.

Where'er I turn myself, where'er I go,  
 I meet the image of my lovely foe ;  
 With witching charms the phantom still appears,  
 And with her wanton smiles insults my tears ;  
 Still haunts the places where we used to walk,  
 And where with raptures oft I heard her talk :  
 Those scenes I now with deepest sorrow view,  
 And sighing bid to all delight adieu.

While I my head upon this turf recline,  
 Officious sun, in vain on me you shine ;  
 In vain unto the smiling fields I hie ;  
 In vain the flowery meads salute my eye ;  
 In vain the cheerful birds and shepherds sing,  
 And with their carols make the valleys ring ;  
 Yea, all the pleasure that the country yield  
 Can't me from sorrow for her absence shield :

With divine pleasure books which one inspire,  
Yea, books themselves I do not now admire.  
But hark! methinks some pitying power I hear,  
This welcome message whisper in my ear:  
“ Forget thy groundless griefs, dejected swain,  
You and the nymph you love shall meet again;  
No more your muse shall sing such mournful lays,  
But bounteous heaven and your kind mistress  
praise.”





## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON THE WORKS AND WONDERS OF ALMIGHTY POWER.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON A SUMMER NIGHT IN A  
GARDEN.\*

**N**OW I surveyed my native faculties,  
And traced my actions to their teeming source.  
Now I explored the universal frame ;  
Gazed nature through, and with interior light  
Conversed with angels and unbodied saints,  
That tread the courts of the Eternal King !  
Gladly would I declare, in lofty strains,  
The power of Godhead to the sons of men.  
But thought is lost in its immensity ;  
Imagination wastes its strength in vain ;

\* This poem, which was written at an early age, was given by Thomson to Aaron Hill, who inserted it in the 46th number of "The Plain Dealer;" it was reprinted by Allan Cunningham in his life of the poet, and is now for the first time inserted in the Aldine Edition.



And fancy tires, and turns within itself,  
Struck with the amazing depths of Deity!

Ah! my loved God! in vain a tender youth  
Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,  
Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter;  
To trace the rules of motion; and pursue  
The phantom Time, too subtile for his grasp!  
Yet may I, from Thy most apparent works,  
Form some idea of their wondrous Author,  
And celebrate Thy praise with rapturous mind!

How can I gaze upon yon sparkling vault,  
And view the planets rolling in their spheres,  
Yet be an atheist? Can I see those stars,  
And think of others far beyond my ken,  
Yet want conviction of Creating Power?  
What but a Being of immense perfection  
Could, through unbounded spaces, thus dispose  
Such numerous bodies, all presumptive worlds?  
The undesigning hand of giddy Chance  
Could never fill, with globes so vast, so bright,  
That lofty concave!  
Where shall I trace the sources of the light?  
What seats assign the element of fire,  
That, unconfined, through all the systems breaks?  
Here could I lie in holy contemplation rapt,  
And pass with pleasure an eternal age!  
But 'tis too much for my weak mind to know:  
Teach me, with humble reverence, to adore  
The mysteries I must not comprehend!

## OF A COUNTRY LIFE.\*



**H**ATE the clamours of the smoky towns,  
 But much admire the bliss of rural  
     clowns ;  
 Where some remains of innocence ap-  
     pear,  
 Where no rude noise insults the listening ear ;  
 Nought but soft zephyrs whispering through the  
     trees,  
 Or the still humming of the painful bees ;  
 The gentle murmurs of a purling rill,  
 Or the unwearied chirping of the drill ;  
 The charming harmony of warbling birds,  
 Or hollow lowings of the grazing herds ;      10  
 The murmuring stockdoves' melancholy coo,  
 When they their lovèd mates lament or woo ;  
 The pleasing bleatings of the tender lambs,  
 Or the indistinct mumbling of their dams ;  
 The musical discord of chiding hounds,  
 Whereto the echoing hill or rock resounds ;  
 The rural mournful songs of love sick swains,  
 Whereby they soothe their raging amorous pains ;  
 The whistling music of the lagging plough,      19  
 Which does the strength of drooping beasts renew.  
 And as the country rings with pleasant sounds,  
 So with delightful prospects it abounds :  
 Through every season of the sliding year,  
 Unto the ravished sight new scenes appear.

\* First printed in 1720, in the *Edinburgh Miscellany*, vol. 1. p. 193, where it is stated to be by "A student in the University," and signed T.

In the sweet Spring the sun's prolific ray  
Does painted flowers to the mild air display ;  
Then opening buds, then tender herbs are seen,  
And the bare fields are all arrayed in green.

In ripening Summer, the full laden vales  
Gives prospect of employment for the flails ;     30  
Each breath of wind the bearded groves makes  
bend,

Which seems the fatal sickle to portend.

In Autumn, that repays the labourer's pains,  
Reapers sweep down the honours of the plains.

Anon black Winter, from the frozen north,  
Its treasures of snow and hail pours forth ;  
Then stormy winds blow through the hazy sky,  
In desolation nature seems to lie ;  
The unstained snow from the full clouds descends,  
Whose sparkling lustre open eyes offends.     40  
In maiden white the glittering fields do shine ;  
Then bleating flocks for want of food repine,  
With withered eyes they see all snow around,  
And with their fore feet paw and scrape the ground :  
They cheerfully do crop the insipid grass,  
The shepherds sighing, cry, Alas ! alas !  
Then pinching want the wildest beast does tame ;  
Then huntsmen on the snow do trace their game ;  
Keen frost then turns the liquid lakes to glass,  
Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass.     50

How sweet and innocent are country sports,  
And, as men's tempers, various are their sorts.

You, on the banks of soft meandering Tweed,  
May in your toils ensnare the watery breed,  
And nicely lead the artificial flee,\*

\* Fly.

Which, when the nimble, watchful trout does see,  
He at the bearded hook will briskly spring ;  
Then in that instant twitch your hairy string,  
And, when he's hooked, you, with a constant hand,  
May draw him struggling to the fatal land. 60

Then at fit seasons you may clothe your hook,  
With a sweet bait, dressed by a faithless cook ;  
The greedy pike darts to't with eager haste,  
And being struck, in vain he flies at last ;  
He rages, storms, and flounces through the stream,  
But all, alas ! his life cannot redeem.

At other times you may pursue the chase,  
And hunt the nimble hare from place to place.  
See, when the dog is just upon the grip,  
Out at a side she'll make a handsome skip, 70  
And ere he can divert his furious course,  
She, far before him, scours with all her force :  
She'll shift, and many times run the same ground ;  
At last, outwearied by the stronger hound,  
She falls a sacrifice unto his hate,  
And with sad piteous screams laments her fate.

See how the hawk doth take his towering flight,  
And in his course outflies our very sight,  
Beats down the fluttering fowl with all his might.

See how the wary gunner casts about, 80  
Watching the fittest posture when to shoot :  
Quick as the fatal lightning blasts the oak,  
He gives the springing fowl a sudden stroke ;  
He pours upon't a shower of mortal lead,  
And ere the noise is heard the fowl is dead.

Sometimes he spreads his hidden subtile snare,  
Of which the entangled fowl was not aware ;  
Through pathless wastes he doth pursue his sport,

Where nought but moor-fowl and wild beasts re-  
sort.

When the noon sun directly darts his beams 90  
Upon your giddy heads, with fiery gleams,  
Then you may bathe yourself in cooling streams;  
Or to the sweet adjoining grove retire,  
Where trees with interwoven boughs conspire  
To form a grateful shade;—there rural swains  
Do tune their oaten reeds to rural strains;  
The silent birds sit listening on the sprays,  
And in soft charming notes do imitate their lays  
There you may stretch yourself upon the grass,  
And, lulled with music, to kind slumbers pass: 100  
No meagre cares your fancy will distract,  
And on that scene no tragic fears will act;  
Save the dear image of a charming she,  
Nought will the object of your vision be.

Away the vicious pleasures of the town;  
Let empty partial fortune on me frown;  
But grant, ye powers, that it may be my lot  
To live in peace from noisy towns remote.

#### UPON HAPPINESS.\*

**W**ARNED by the summer sun's meridian  
ray,  
As underneath a spreading oak I lay  
Contemplating the mighty load of woe,

\* First printed in 1720 in the Edinburgh Miscellany, where it follows "Of a Country Life," is stated to be "by the same hand," and signed T.

In search of bliss that mortals undergo,  
Who, while they think they happiness enjoy,  
Embrace a curse wrapt in delusive joy,  
I reasoned thus: since the Creator, God,  
Who in eternal love has His abode,  
Hath blended with the essence of the soul  
An appetite as fixèd as the pole, 10  
That's always eager in pursuit of bliss,  
And always veering till it point to this,  
There is some object adequate to fill  
This boundless wish of our extended will.  
Now, while my thought round nature's circle runs  
(A bolder journey than the furious sun's)  
This chief and satiating good to find  
The attracting centre of the human mind,  
My ears they deafened, to my swimming eyes  
His magic wand the drowsy god applies, 20  
Bound all my senses in a silken sleep,  
While mimic fancy did her vigils keep;  
Yet still methinks some condescending power  
Ranged the ideas in my mind that hour.

Methought I wandering was, with thousands  
more,

Beneath a high prodigious hill, before,  
Above the clouds whose towering summit rose,  
With utmost labour only gained by those  
Who grovelling prejudices threw away,  
And with incessant straining climbed their way; 30  
Where all who stood their failing breath to gain,  
With headlong ruin tumbled down amain.  
This mountain is through every nation famed,  
And, as I learnèd, Contemplation named.  
O happy me! when I had reached its top



Unto my sight a boundless scene did ope.

First, sadly I surveyed with downward eye,  
 Of restless men below the busy fry,  
 Who hunted trifles in an endless maze,  
 Like foolish boys, on sunny summer days, 40  
 Pursuing butterflies with all their might,  
 Who can't their troubles, in the chase requite.  
 The painted insect, he who most admires,  
 Grieves most when it in his rude hand expires;  
 Or should it live, with endless fears is tossed,  
 Lest it take wing and be for ever lost.

Some men I saw their utmost art employ  
 How to attain a false deceitful joy,  
 Which from afar conspicuously did blaze,  
 And at a distance fixed their ravished gaze, 50  
 But nigh at hand it mocked their fond embrace.  
 When lo! again it flashèd in their eyes,  
 But still, as they drew near, the fond illusion dies.  
 Just so I've seen a water-dog pursue  
 An unflown duck within his greedy view,  
 When he has, panting, at his prey arrived,  
 The coxcomb fooling—suddenly it dived;  
 He, gripping, is almost with water choked,  
 And grief, that all his towering hopes are mocked,  
 Then it emerges, he renews his toil, 60  
 And o'er and o'er again he gets the foil.  
 Yea, all the joys beneath the conscious sun,  
 And softer ones that his inspection shun,  
 Much of their pleasures in fruition fade.  
 Enjoyment o'er them throws a sullen shade.  
 The reason is, we promise vaster things  
 And sweeter joys than from their nature springs:  
 When they are lost, weep the apparent bliss,

And not what really in fruition is ;  
 So that our griefs are greater than our joys, 70  
 And real pain springs from fantastic toys.

Though all terrene delights of men below  
 Are almost nothing but a glaring show ;  
 Yet if there always were a virgin joy,  
 When t'other fades, to soothe the wanton boy,  
 He somewhat might excuse his heedless course,  
 Some show of reason for the same enforce :  
 But frugal nature wisely does deny  
 To mankind such profuse variety ;  
 Has only what is needful to us given, 80  
 To feed and cheer us in the way to Heaven ;  
 And more would but the traveller delay,  
 Impede and clog him in his upward way.

I from the mount all mortal pleasures saw  
 Themselves within a narrow compass draw :  
 The libertine a nauseous circle run,  
 And dully acted what he'd often done.  
 Just so when Luna darts her silver ray,  
 And pours on silent earth a paler day :  
 From Stygian caves the fitting fairies scud, 90  
 And on the margent of some limpid flood,  
 Which by reflected moonlight darts a glance,  
 In midnight circles range themselves and dance.


To-morrow, cries he, will us entertain :  
 Pray what's to-morrow but to-day again ?  
 Deluded youth, no more the chase pursue,  
 So oft deceived, no more the toil renew.  
 But in a constant and a fixed design  
 Of acting well there is a lasting mine  
 Of solid satisfaction, purest joy, 100  
 For virtue's pleasures never, never cloy :

Then hither come, climb up the steep ascent,  
 Your painful labour you will ne'er repent,  
 From Heaven itself here you're but one remove,  
 Here's the præludium of the joys above,  
 Here you'll behold the awful Godhead shine,  
 And all perfections in the same combine ;  
 You'll see that God, who, by His powerful call,  
 From empty nothing drew this spacious all,  
 Made beauteous order the rude mass control, 110  
 And every part subservient to the whole ;  
 Here you'll behold upon the fatal tree  
 The God of nature bleed, expire, and die,  
 For such as 'gainst His holy laws rebel,  
 And such as bid defiance to His hell.  
 Through the dark gulf, here you may clearly pry  
 'Twixt narrow Time and vast Eternity.  
 Behold the Godhead just, as well as good,  
 And vengeance poured on trampers on His blood :  
 But all the tears wiped from His people's eyes, 120  
 And, for their entrance, cleave the parting skies.  
 Then sure you will with holy ardours burn,  
 And to seraphic heats your passion turn ;  
 Then in your eyes all mortal fair will fade,  
 And leave of mortal beauties but the shade ;  
 Yourself to Him you'll solemnly devote,  
 To Him, without Whose providence you're not ;  
 You'll of His service relish the delight,  
 And to His praises all your powers excite ;  
 You'll celebrate His name in heavenly sound, 130  
 Which well pleased skies in echoes will rebound ;  
 This is the greatest happiness that can  
 Possessèd be in this short life by man.  
 But darkly here the Godhead we survey,

Confined and cramped in this cage of clay.  
What cruel band is this to earth that ties  
Our souls from soaring to their native skies?  
Upon the bright Eternal Face to gaze,  
And there drink in the beatific rays :  
There to behold the Good One and the Fair, 140  
A ray from Whom all mortal beauties are ?  
In beauteous nature all the harmony  
Is but the echo of the Deity,  
Of all perfection Who the Centre is,  
And boundless ocean of untainted bliss ;  
For ever open to the ravished view,  
And full enjoyment of the radiant crew  
Who live in raptures of eternal joy,  
Whose flaming love their tuneful harps employ  
In solemn hymns Jehovah's praise to sing, 150  
And make all heaven with hallelujahs ring.


These realms of light no further I'll explore,  
And in these heights I will no longer soar :  
Not like our grosser atmosphere beneath,  
The ether here's too thin for me to breathe.  
The region is unsufferable bright,  
And flashes on me with too strong a light.  
Then from the mountain, lo ! I now descend,  
And to my vision put a hasty end.

VERSES ON RECEIVING A FLOWER  
FROM HIS MISTRESS.\*

 ADAM, the flower that I received from  
you,  
Ere I came home, had lost its lovely  
hue :

As flowers deprived of the genial day,  
Its sprightly bloom did wither and decay :  
Dear, fading flower, I know full well, said I,  
The reason that you shed your sweets and die ;  
You want the influence of her enlivening eye.  
Your case is mine—Absence, that plague of love !  
With heavy pace makes every minute move :  
It of my being is an empty blank,  
And hinders me myself with men to rank ;  
Your cheering presence quickens me again,  
And new-sprung life exults in every vein.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.†

 E fabled muses, I your aid disclaim,  
Your airy raptures, and your fancied  
flame :  
True genuine woe my throbbing breast  
inspires,

\* First printed in the *Edinburgh Miscellany*, vol. 1, 1720 ;  
“By the same hand” as the two preceding poems.

† First published in 1792, in the *Earl of Buchan's Essay on the Life of Thomson*, from the original manuscript in his

Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires ;  
The soul springs instant at the warm design,  
And the heart dictates every flowing line.  
See ! where the kindest, best of mothers lies,  
And death has shut her ever weeping eyes ;  
Has lodged at last in peace her weary breast,  
And lulled her many piercing cares to rest.  
No more the orphan train around her stands,  
While her full heart upbraids her needy hands !  
No more the widow's lonely fate she feels,  
The shock severe that modest want conceals,  
The oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy pride,  
And poverty's unnumbered ills beside.  
For see ! attended by the angelic throng,  
Through yonder worlds of light she glides along,  
And claims the well earned raptures of the sky :  
Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye ;  
She seeks the helpless orphans left behind :  
So hardly left ! so bitterly resigned !  
Still, still ! is she my soul's divinest theme,  
The waking vision, and the wailing dream :  
Amid the ruddy sun's enlivening blaze  
O'er my dark eyes her dewy image plays,  
And in the dread dominion of the night  
Shines out again the sadly pleasing sight.  
Triumphant virtue all around her darts,  
And more than volumes every look imparts—  
Looks, soft, yet awful ; melting, yet serene ;  
Where both the mother and the saint are seen.  
But ah ! that night—that torturing night remains ;

lordship's possession ; it was probably written shortly after Mrs. Thomson's death, which occurred on May 10, 1725  
See Memoir, p. xxii.



May darkness dye it with its deepest stains,  
May joy on it forsake her rosy bowers,  
And screaming sorrow blast its baleful hours,  
When on the margin of the briny flood,\*  
Chilled with a sad presaging damp I stood,  
Took the last look, ne'er to behold her more,  
And mixed our murmurs with the wavy roar ;  
Heard the last words fall from her pious tongue,  
Then, wild into the bulging vessel flung,  
Which soon, too soon, conveyed me from her sight,  
Dearer than life, and liberty, and light !  
Why was I then, ye powers, reserved for this ?  
Nor sunk that moment in the vast abyss ?  
Devoured at once by the relentless wave,  
And whelmed for ever in a watery grave ?—  
Down, ye wild wishes of unruly woe !—  
I see her with immortal beauty glow ;  
The early wrinkle, care-contracted, gone,  
Her tears all wiped, and all her sorrows flown ;  
The exalting voice of Heaven I hear her breathe,  
To soothe her soul in agonies of death.  
I see her through the mansions blest above,  
And now she meets her dear expecting love.  
Heart-cheering sight ! but yet, alas ! o'erspread  
By the damp gloom of grief's uncheerful shade,  
Come then, of reason the reflecting hour,  
And let me trust the kind o'erruling Power,  
Who from the night commands the shining day,  
The poor man's portion, and the orphan's stay.

\* On the shore of Leith when he embarked for London.



TO THE  
MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.\*



HALL the great soul of Newton quit  
this earth,  
To mingle with his stars ; and every  
Muse,  
Astonished into silence, shun the  
weight  
Of honours due to his illustrious name ?  
But what can man ?—Even now the sons of light,  
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,  
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.  
Yet am not I deterred, though high the theme,  
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,  
Ethereal flames ! ambitious, I aspire 10  
In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest !  
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil

\* Sir Isaac Newton died March 20th, 1727, and this poem appeared in the following June in folio ; it was dedicated in very flattering terms to Sir Robert Walpole, but the dedication was omitted in the subsequent editions ; it will be found in page *xlviii.* of the *Memoir.* The text here followed is that of the collected edition of Thomson's Works, 3 vols. 8vo, 1744, the last published in the author's lifetime.

Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,  
 Could trace the secret hand of Providence,  
 Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listened while he bound the suns  
 And planets, to their spheres! the unequal task  
 Of humankind till then. Oft had they rolled  
 O'er erring man the year, and oft disgraced 20  
 The pride of schools, before their course was known  
 Full in its causes and effects to him,  
 All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dreamed  
 Romantic schemes, defended by the din  
 Of specious words, and tyranny of names;  
 But, bidding his amazing mind attend,  
 And with heroic patience years on years  
 Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,  
 And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how  
 strong! 30

And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,  
 By his diminished, but the pride of boys  
 In some small fray victorious! when instead  
 Of shattered parcels of this earth usurped  
 By violence unmanly, and sore deeds  
 Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself  
 Stood all subdued by him, and open laid  
 Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar round  
 First gazing through, he by the blended power 40  
 Of gravitation and projection, saw  
 The whole in silent harmony revolve.  
 From unassisted vision hid, the moons  
 To cheer remoter planets numerous formed,  
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.

He also fixed our wandering Queen of Night,  
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,  
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,  
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.

Her every motion clear-discerning, he 50  
 Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught  
 Why now the mighty mass of waters swells  
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,  
 And the full river turning : till again  
 The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves  
 A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight  
 Through the blue infinite ; and every star,  
 Which the clear concave of a winter's night  
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60  
 Far stretching, snatches from the dark abyss ;  
 Or such as further in successive skies  
 To fancy shine alone, at his approach  
 Blazed into suns, the living centre each  
 Of an harmonious system : all combined,  
 And ruled unerring by that single power,  
 Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine !  
 O wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call  
 From a few causes such a scheme of things, 70  
 Effects so various, beautiful, and great,  
 An universe complete ! And O, beloved  
 Of Heaven ! whose well purged penetrating eye  
 The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scanned  
 The rising, moving, wide-established frame.

He, first of men, with awful wing pursued  
 The comet through the long elliptic curve,  
 As round innumerable worlds he wound his way ;

Till, to the forehead of our evening sky  
 Returned the blazing wonder glares anew,       80  
 And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own ; from the wide rule  
 Of whirling vortices, and circling spheres,  
 To their first great simplicity restored.  
 The schools astonished stood ; but found it vain  
 To combat still with demonstration strong,  
 And, unawakened dream beneath the blaze  
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,  
 With the gay shadows of the morning mixed,  
 When Newton rose, our philosophic sun !       90

The aërial flow of sound was known to him,  
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,  
 Till the touched organ takes the message in.  
 Nor could the darting beam of speed immense  
 Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.  
 Even Light itself, which every thing displays,  
 Shone undiscovered, till his brighter mind  
 Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;  
 And, from the whitening undistinguished blaze,  
 Collecting every ray into his kind,       100  
 To the charmed eye educed the gorgeous train  
 Of parent colours. First the flaming red  
 Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny orange next ;  
 And next delicious yellow ; by whose side  
 Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.  
 Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,  
 Ethereal played : and then, of sadder hue,  
 Emerged the deepened indigo, as when  
 The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.  
 While the last gleamings of refracted light       110  
 Died in the fainting violet away.

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,  
 Shine out distinct adown the watery bow ;  
 While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends  
 Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.  
 Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,  
 And myriads still remain ; infinite source  
 Of beauty, ever flushing, ever new.

Did ever poet image aught so fair,  
 Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse  
 brook !

120

Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends ?  
 Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,  
 Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare  
 How just, how beauteous the refractive law.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down  
 To vast eternity's unbounded sea,

Where the green islands of the happy shine,  
 He stemmed alone ; and to the source (involved  
 Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, raised  
 His lights at equal distances, to guide  
 Historian, wildered on his darksome way.

130

But who can number up his labours ? who  
 His high discoveries sing ? when but a few  
 Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds  
 To what he knew : in fancy's lighter thought,  
 How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

What wonder thence that his devotion swelled  
 Responsive to his knowledge ? For could he,  
 Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw  
 The finished university of things,

140

In all its order, magnitude, and parts,  
 Forbear incessant to adore that Power  
 Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?



Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,  
 Who saw him in the softest lights of life,  
 All unwithheld, indulging to his friends  
 The vast unborrowed treasures of his mind,  
 Oh, speak the wondrous man! how mild, how  
     calm,

How greatly humble, how divinely good;  
 How firmly stablished on eternal truth;      150  
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve  
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,  
 And panting for perfection: far above  
 Those little cares, and visionary joys,  
 That so perplex the fond impassioned heart  
 Of ever cheated, ever trusting man.

This Conduit from thy rural hours we hope,  
 As, through the pleasing shade where nature pours  
 Her every sweet, in studious ease you walk;  
 The social passions smiling at thy heart,      160  
 That glows with all the recollected sage.\*

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,  
 You who, unconscious of those nobler flights  
 That reach impatient at immortal life,  
 Against the prime endearing privilege  
 Of being dare contend,—say, can a soul  
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,  
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath  
 Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,  
 And then for ever lost in vacant air?      170

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,

\* These five lines referred to an expected Life of Newton by Mr. Conduit, who married Sir Isaac's niece; as it never appeared, the lines were omitted from the poem after Thomson's death.

Solemn as when some awful change is come,  
Sound through the world—" 'Tis done!—the  
    measure's full ;  
And I resign my charge."—Ye mouldering stones,  
That build the towering pyramid, the proud  
Triumphal arch, the monument effaced  
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports  
The worshipped name of hoar antiquity,  
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast  
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,     180  
Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop  
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom  
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,  
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,  
And elegiac song. But Newton calls  
For other notes of gratulation high,  
That now he wanders through those endless worlds  
He here so well descried, and wondering talks,  
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.  
O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou     190  
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blessed,  
Who joy to see the honour of their kind ;  
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,  
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,  
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,  
And grateful adoration, for that light  
So plenteous rayed into thy mind below,  
From light Himself; oh, look with pity down  
On humankind, a frail erroneous race!  
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!     200  
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,  
And be her Genius called! her studies raise,  
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.

For, though depraved and sunk, she brought thee  
    forth,  
And glories in thy name: she points thee out  
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:  
While in expectance of the second life,  
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust  
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.





## BRITANNIA.\*

### A POEM.

—Et tantas audetis tollere moles?  
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.  
Post mihi non simili pœna commissa luctis.  
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:  
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,  
Sed mihi sorte datum.      VIRGIL, *Æneid*, i. 134.



AS on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,  
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,  
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving  
sad:  
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the  
gale,  
That, hoarse and hollow, from the bleak surge  
blew;  
Loose flowed her tresses; rent her azure robe.  
Hung o'er the deep from her majestic brow  
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.  
Nor ceased the copious grief to bathe her cheek;  
Nor ceased her sobs to murmur to the main.      10  
Peace discontented, nigh departing, stretched

\* Written in 1727, but not published till January, 1729.  
See *Memoir*, p. xlvi. note.

Her dove-like wings : and War, though greatly  
     roused,  
 Yet mourns his fettered hands. While thus the  
     queen  
 Of nations spoke ; and what she said the muse  
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.

“ Even not yon sail, that from the sky-mixed  
     wave

Dawns on the sight, and wafts the Royal Youth,\*  
 A freight of future glory to my shore ;  
 Even not the flattering view of golden days,  
 And rising periods yet of bright renown,           20  
 Beneath the Parents, and their endless line  
 Through late revolving time, can soothe my rage ;  
 While, unchastised, the insulting Spaniard dares  
 Infest the trading flood, full of vain war  
 Despise my navies, and my merchants seize ;  
 As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam  
 The world of waters wild ; made, by the toil,  
 And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine :  
 Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.  
 Whence this unwonted patience ? this weak doubt ?  
 This tame beseeching of rejected peace ?           31  
 This meek forbearance ? this unnative fear,  
 To generous Britons never known before ?  
 And sailed my fleets for this ; on Indian tides  
 To float, inactive, with the veering winds ?  
 The mockery of war ! while hot disease,  
 And sloth distempered, swept off burning crowds,  
 For action ardent ; and amid the deep,  
 Inglorious, sunk them in a watery grave.  
 There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,   40

\* Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.—Murdoch.

Far from their friends, and country, unavenged ;  
 And back the drooping war ship comes again,  
 Dispirited and thin ; her sons ashamed  
 Thus idly to review their native shore ;  
 With not one glory sparkling in their eye,  
 One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,  
 The violated merchant comes along ;  
 That far sought wealth, for which the noxious gale  
 He drew, and sweat beneath equator suns,  
 By lawless force detained ; a force that soon 50  
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign,  
 Were once the British lion heard to roar.  
 Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,  
 In their own well asserted element,  
 Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main ?  
 Who told him, that the big incumbent war  
 Would not, ere this, have rolled his trembling ports  
 In smoky ruin ? and his guilty stores,  
 Won by the ravage of a butchered world,  
 Yet unatoned, sunk in the swallowing deep, 60  
 Or led the glittering prize into the Thames ?

“ There was a time (oh let my languid sons  
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought !)  
 When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,  
 Swelled o’er the labouring surge ; like a whole  
     heaven  
 Of clouds, wide rolled before the boundless breeze.  
 Gaily the splendid armament along  
 Exultant ploughed, reflecting a red gleam,  
 As sunk the sun, o’er all the flaming vast ;  
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate ; drunk with the dream 70  
 Of easy conquest ; while their bloated war,  
 Stretched out from sky to sky, the gathered force



Of ages held in its capacious womb.  
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,  
 My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few,  
 With tempests black, the goodly scene deformed,  
 And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate  
 Resistless thundered through their yielding sides ;  
 Fierce o'er their beauty blazed the lurid flame ;  
 And seized in horrid grasp, or shattered wide, 80  
 Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.  
 Then too from every promontory chill,  
 Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,  
 I swept confederate winds, and swelled a storm.  
 Round the glad isle, snatched by the vengeful  
 blast,

The scattered remnants drove; on the blind shelve,  
 And pointed rock, that marks the indented shore,  
 Relentless dashed, where loud the northern main  
 Howls through the fractured Caledonian isles.

“ Such were the dawnings of my watery reign ;  
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute, 91  
 Even in those troubled times, when dreadful Blake  
 Awed angry nations with the British name,  
 Let every humbled state, let Europe say,  
 Sustained, and balanced, by my naval arm.  
 Ah, what must those immortal spirits think  
 Of your poor shifts? Those, for their country's  
 good,

Who faced the blackest danger, knew no fear,  
 No mean submission, but commanded peace,—  
 Ah, how with indignation must they burn? 100  
 (If aught, but joy, can touch ethereal breasts,)  
 With shame? with grief? to see their feeble sons  
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquered seas,

For which their wisdom planned, their councils  
     glowed,  
 And their veins bled through many a toiling age.  
     “ Oh, first of human blessings ! and supreme !  
 Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !  
 By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men  
 Like brothers live, in amity combined  
 And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil      110  
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,  
 Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.  
 Pure is thy reign ; when, unaccursed by blood,  
 Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,  
 Trickling distils into the vernal glebe ;  
 Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,  
 When the blithe sheaves lie scattered o'er the field ;  
 When only shining shares, the crooked knife,  
 And hooks imprint the vegetable wound ;  
 When the land blushes with the rose alone,      120  
 The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.  
 Oh, Peace ! thou source and soul of social life ;  
 Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,  
 Science his views enlarges, Art refines,  
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ;  
 Blest be the man divine who gives us thee !  
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,  
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;  
 Who sheaths the murderous blade ; the deadly gun  
 Into the well piled armoury returns ;      130  
 And every vigour, from the work of death,  
 To grateful industry converting, makes  
 The country flourish, and the city smile.  
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings ;  
 And him the smiling mother to her train.

Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,  
 Chants; and, the treasures of his labour sure,  
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,  
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor soothes,  
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;  
 And the full city, warm, from street to street, 141  
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.

“Nor joys one land alone: his praise extends  
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;  
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace.  
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

“What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for  
 thee?

What painful patience? What incessant care?  
 What mixed anxiety? What sleepless toil?  
 Even from the rash protected what reproach? 150  
 For he thy value knows; thy friendship he  
 To human nature: but the better thou,  
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more  
 Inevitable war; when ruffian force  
 Awakes the fury of an injured state.  
 Then the good easy man, whom reason rules,  
 Who, while unhurt, knew nor offence, nor harm,  
 Roused by bold insult, and injurious rage,  
 With sharp and sudden check the astonished sons  
 Of violence confounds; firm as his cause, 160  
 His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;  
 His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:  
 And, as he charges through the prostrate war,  
 His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more  
 To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

“And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire  
 you more

Than when your well earned empire of the deep  
 The least beginning injury receives?  
 What better cause can call your lightning forth?  
 Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand? 170  
 What better cause, than when your country sees  
 The sly destruction at her vitals aimed?  
 For oh! it much imports you, 'tis your all,  
 To keep your trade entire, entire the force  
 And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,  
 Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.  
 In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,  
 By wisdom polished, and of manners fair;  
 But on the sea be terrible, untamed,  
 Unconquerable still: let none escape, 180  
 Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.  
 Is there the man into the lion's den  
 Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?  
 And is a Briton seized? and seized beneath  
 The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?  
 Then ardent rise! Oh, great in vengeance rise!  
 O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:  
 And as you ride sublimely round the world,  
 Make every vessel stoop, make every state  
 At once their welfare and their duty know. 190  
 This is your glory: this your wisdom; this  
 The native power for which you were designed  
 By fate, when fate designed the firmest state,  
 That e'er was seated on the subject sea;  
 A state, alone, where Liberty should live,  
 In these late times, this evening of mankind,  
 When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,  
 The world almost in slavish sloth dissolved.  
 For this, these rocks around your coast were  
 thrown;

For this, your oaks, peculiar hardened, shoot 200  
 Strong into sturdy growth : for this, your hearts  
 Swell with a sullen courage, growing still  
 As danger grows ; and strength, and toil for this  
 Are liberal poured o'er all the fervent land.  
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,  
 Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,  
 By lavish nature thrust into your hand :  
 And, unencumbered with the bulk immense  
 Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell  
 Self-crushed, extend your reign from shore to  
 shore, 210  
 Where'er the wind your high behests can blow ;  
 And fix it deep on this eternal base.  
 For should the sliding fabric once give way,  
 Soon slackened quite, and past recovery broke,  
 It gathers ruin as it rolls along,  
 Steep rushing down to that devouring gulf,  
 Where many a mighty empire buried lies.  
 And should the big redundant flood of trade,  
 In which ten thousand thousand labours join  
 Their several currents, till the boundless tide 220  
 Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land ;  
 Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point  
 Its course another way, o'er other lands  
 The various treasure would resistless pour,  
 Ne'er to be won again ; its ancient tract  
 Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,  
 With all around a miserable waste.  
 Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,  
 Turned in the pride of flow ; when o'er his rocks,  
 And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach 230  
 Of dizzy vision piled, in one wide flash



An Ethiopian deluge foams amain ;  
 (Whence wondering fable traced him from the sky ;)  
 Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd  
 On untilled harvests, all the teeming year,  
 If of the fat o'erflowing culture robbed,  
 Were then a more uncomfortable wild,  
 Sterile, and void ; than of her trade deprived,  
 Britons, your boasted isle : her princes sunk ;  
 Her high built honour mouldered to the dust ; 240  
 Unnerved her force ; her spirit vanished quite ;  
 With rapid wing her riches fled away ;  
 Her unfrequented ports alone the sign  
 Of what she was ; her merchants scattered wide ;  
 Her hollow shops shut up ; and in her streets,  
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,  
 The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.

“ Oh, let not then waste luxury impair  
 That manly soul of toil which strings your nerves,  
 And your own proper happiness creates ! 250  
 Oh, let not the soft, penetrating plague  
 Creep on the freeborn mind ! and working there,  
 With the sharp tooth of many a new-formed want,  
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart  
 Of liberty ; the high conception blast ;  
 The noble sentiment, the impatient scorn  
 Of base subjection, and the swelling wish  
 For general good, erasing from the mind :  
 While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,  
 And low design, the sneaking passions all 260  
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.  
 Induced at last, by scarce perceived degrees,  
 Sapping the very frame of government,  
 And life, a total dissolution comes ;  
 Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear.



Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes ;  
 The human being almost quite extinct ;  
 And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.  
 Oh, shun that gulf: that gaping ruin shun !  
 And countless ages roll it far away 270  
 From you, ye heaven-beloved ! May liberty,  
 The light of life ! the sun of humankind !  
 Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,  
 Even where the keen depressive north descends,  
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers !  
 While slavish southern climates beam in vain.  
 And may a public spirit from the throne,  
 Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,  
 Live o'er the land ! the finer arts inspire ;  
 Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head, 280  
 Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice,  
 And the rough sons of lowest labour smile.  
 As when, profuse of Spring, the loosened west  
 Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes  
 Youth, life, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.  
 " But haste we from these melancholy shores,  
 Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint  
 Pour weak ; the country claims our active aid ;  
 That let us roam ; and where we find a spark  
 Of public virtue, blow it into flame. 290  
 Lo ! now, my sons, the sons of freedom ! meet  
 In awful senate ; thither let us fly ;  
 Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue  
 In fearless truth ; myself transformed, preside,  
 And shed the spirit of Britannia round."  
 This said ; her fleeting form and airy train  
 Sunk in the gale ; and nought but ragged rocks  
 Rushed on the broken eye ; and nought was heard  
 But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

A

P O E M

TO THE MEMORY OF

M R. C O N G R E V E .

INSCRIBED TO HER GRACE,

H E N R I E T T A ,

D U C H E S S O F M A R L B O R O U G H .

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. MILLAN, and sold at his Shop near the

*Horse-guards, 1729.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author of the following poem, not having had the happiness of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Congreve, is sensible that he has drawn his private character very imperfectly. This all his friends will readily discover: and, therefore, if any one of them had thought fit to do justice to those amiable qualifications, which made him the love and admiration of all that knew him, these verses had never seen the light.

[1729.]



A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF MR.  
CONGREVE.\*



FT has the muse, with mean attempt,  
employed  
Her heaven-born voice to flatter  
prosperous guilt,  
Or trivial greatness; often stooped  
her song

To soothe ambition in his frantic rage,  
The dire destroyer, while a bleeding world  
Wept o'er his crimes. Of this pernicious skill  
Unknowing I, these voluntary lays  
To genuine worth devote; to worth by all  
Confessed and mourned; to Congreve now no more.

First of the fairer kind! by heaven adorned 10  
With every nobler praise; whose smile can lift

\* This unacknowledged poem of Thomson's was first pointed out by the late Rev. H. J. Cary, the accomplished translator of Dante, to Mr. P. Cunningham, who edited it for the Percy Society in 1843, stating in the preface the grounds upon which he assigned it to Thomson. Few will be disposed to doubt the conclusions arrived at by such an authority. Congreve died at his house, Surrey-street, Strand, January 19, 1729.

The muse unknown to fame, indulgent now  
 Permit her strain, ennobled by a name,  
 To all the better few, and chief to thee,  
 Bright Marlborough,\* ever sacred, ever dear.

Lamented shade! in him the comic muse,  
 Parent of gay instruction, lost her loved,  
 Her last remaining hope; and pensive now  
 Resigns to folly, and his mimic rout,  
 Her throne usurped: presage of darker times, 20  
 And deeper woes to come! with taste declined  
 Fallen virtue droops; and o'er the ill-omened age,  
 Unseen, unfeared, impend the thousand ills  
 That wait on ignorance: no Congreve now  
 To scourge our crimes, or laugh to scorn our fools,  
 A new and nameless herd. Nature was his,  
 Bold, sprightly, various; and superior art,  
 Curious to choose each better grace, unseen  
 Of vulgar eyes; with delicacy free, 29  
 Though laboured happy, and though strong refined.  
 Judgment, severely cool, o'erlooked his toil,  
 And patient finished all; each fair design  
 With freedom regular, correctly great,  
 A master's skilful daring. Closely wrought  
 His meaning fable, with deep art perplexed,  
 With striking ease unravelled; no thin plot  
 Seen through at once and scorned; or ill-concealed  
 By borrowed aids of mimicry and farce.  
 His character's strong-featured, equal, just,

\* Henrietta, eldest surviving daughter of the great duke of Marlborough, whom, according to the terms of the peerage, she succeeded in the title. She lived on terms of great intimacy and affection with Congreve, who left her £10,000 in his will, and to whom she erected the monument in Westminster Abbey.

From finer nature drawn ; and all the mind 40  
 Through all her mazes traced ; each darker vice,  
 And darling folly, under each disguise,  
 By either sex assumed, of studied ease,  
 False friendship, loose severity, vain wit,  
 Dull briskness, shallow depth, or coward rage.  
 Of the whole muse possessed, his piercing eye  
 Discerned each richer vein of genuine mirth,  
 Humour or wit ; where differing, where agreed ;  
 How counterfeited, or by folly's grin,  
 Or affectation's air ; and what their force 50  
 To please, to move, to shake the ravished scene  
 With laughter unreprieved. To him the soul,  
 In all her higher workings, too was known ;  
 What passion's tumult there ; whence their prompt  
     spring,  
 Their sudden flood of rage, and gradual fall ;  
 Infinite motion ! source supreme of bliss,  
 Or woe to man ; our heaven, or hell, below !  
     Such was his public name ; nor less allowed  
 His private worth ; by nature made for praise.  
 A pleasing form ; a soul sincere and clear, 60  
 Where all the human graces mixed their charms,  
 Pure candour, easy goodness, open truth,  
 Spontaneous all : where strength and beauty  
     joined,  
 With wit indulgent ; humble in the height  
 Of envied honours ; and, but rarely found,  
 The unjealous friend of every rival worth.  
 Adorned for social life, each talent his  
 To win each heart ; the charm of happy ease,  
 Free mirth, gay learning, ever smiling wit,  
 To all endeared, a pleasure without pain ; 70



What Halifax\* approved, and Marlborough mourns.

Not so the illiberal mind, where knowledge dwells,

Uncouth and harsh, with her attendant, pride

Impatient of attention, prone to blame,

Disdaining to be pleased; condemning all,

By all condemned; for social joys unfit,

In solitude self-cursed, the child of spleen.

Obliged, ungrateful; unobliged, a foe,

Poor, vicious, old; such fierce-eyed Asper was.

Now meaner Cenus,† trivial with design, 80

Courts poor applause by levity of face,

And scorn of serious thought; to mischief prompt,

Though impotent to wound; profuse of wealth

Yet friendless and unloved; vain, fluttering, false,

A vacant head, and an ungenerous heart.

But slighting these ignoble names, the muse

Pursues her favourite son, and sees him now,

From this dim spot enlarged, triumphant soar,

Beyond the walk of Time to better worlds,

Where all is new, all wondrous, and all blest! 90

What art thou death! by mankind poorly feared,

Yet period of their ills. On thy near shore,

Trembling they stand, and see through dreaded mists

The eternal port, irresolute to leave

This various misery, these air-fed dreams

Which men call life, and fame. Mistaken minds!

'Tis reason's prime aspiring, greatly just;

\* Charles Montague, earl of Halifax, Congreve's great friend and patron.

† It is uncertain who are meant by Asper and Cenus; the former has been ascribed to John Dennis, the latter to Aaron Hill.

'Tis happiness supreme, to venture forth  
 In quest of nobler worlds ; to try the deeps  
 Of dark futurity, with Heaven our guide, 100  
 The unerring Hand that led us safe through time ;  
 That planted in the soul this powerful hope,  
 This infinite ambition of new life,  
 And endless joys, still rising, ever new.

These Congreve tastes, safe on the ethereal coast,  
 Joined to the numberless, immortal quire  
 Of spirits blest. High-seated among these,  
 He sees the public fathers of mankind,  
 The greatly good, those universal minds,  
 Who drew the sword, or planned the holy scheme,  
 For liberty and right ; to check the rage 111  
 Of blood-stained tyranny, and save a world.  
 Such, high-born Marlborough, be thy sire divine  
 With wonder named ; fair freedom's champion he,  
 By Heaven approved, a conqueror without guilt,  
 And such, on earth his friend, and joined on high  
 By deathless love, Godolphin's\* patriot worth,  
 Just to his country's fame, yet of her wealth  
 With honour frugal ; above interest great.  
 Hail men immortal ! social virtues hail ! 120  
 First heirs of praise !—But I, with weak essay,  
 Wrong the superior theme ; while heavenly quires,  
 In strains high-warbled to celestial-harps,  
 Resound your names ; and Congreve's added voice  
 In Heaven exalts what he admired below.

With these he mixes, now no more to swerve

\* Sidney Godolphin, earl of Godolphin, the great friend and colleague of the Duke of Marlborough, he died 1712. The Duchess of Marlborough, to whom this Poem is dedicated, married his son, the second Earl.

From reason's purest law ; no more to please  
 Borne by the torrent down, a sensual age.  
 Pardon, loved shade, that I with friendly blame  
 Slight note thy error ; not to wrong thy worth, 130  
 Or shade thy memory, (far from my soul  
 Be that base aim) but haply to deter,  
 From flattering the gross vulgar, future pens,  
 Powerful like thine in every grace, and skilled  
 To win the listening soul with virtuous charms.

If manly thought and wit refined may hope  
 To please an age, in aimless folly sunk,  
 And sliding swift into the depth of vice.\*  
 Consuming pleasure leads the gay and young  
 Through their vain round, and venal faith the old,  
 Or avarice mean of soul ; instructive arts 141  
 Pursued no more ; the general taste extinct,  
 Or all debased ; even sacred liberty  
 The great man's jest, and Britain's welfare named,  
 By her degenerate sons, the poet's dream,  
 Or fancy's air-built vision, gaily vain.  
 Such the lost age ; yet still the muse can find,  
 Superior and apart, a sacred band,  
 Heroic virtues, who ne'er bowed the knee  
 To sordid interest ; who dare greatly claim 150  
 The privilege of men, unfearing truth,  
 And freedom, heaven's first gift ; the ennobling  
 bliss  
 That renders life of price, and cheaply saved  
 At life's expense ; our sum of happiness.  
 On these the drooping Muses fix their eyes ;

\* Mr. P. Cunningham suggests that in order to make sense of these three lines, they should belong to the preceding paragraph.

From these expect their ancient fame restored.  
 Nor will the hope be vain ; the public weal  
 With their's fast linked ; a generous truth concealed  
 From narrow-thoughted power, and known alone  
 To souls of highest rank. With these, the fair 160  
 Be joined in just applause ; the brighter few,  
 Who raised above gay folly, and the whirl  
 Of fond amusements, emulate thy praise,  
 Illustrious Marlborough ; pleased, like thee, to shine  
 Propitious on the muse ; whose charms inspire  
 Her noblest raptures, and whose goodness crowns.

### THE HAPPY MAN.\*



HE'S not the happy man, to whom is given  
 A plenteous fortune by indulgent  
 Heaven ;  
 Whose gilded roofs on shining columns  
 rise,  
 And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes ;  
 Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,  
 And all the various bounty of the year ;  
 Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the  
 Spring,  
 Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing ?  
 For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,

\* First printed in Miscellaneous Poems, edited by Mr. Ralph, 1729 ; it was addressed to Mr. Dodington, to whom he had previously dedicated " Summer ;" see Memoir, p. clxxi.

While his full cellars give their generous wines ;  
 From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours  
 A golden tide into his swelling stores :  
 Whose Winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales  
 Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails ;  
 When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves ;  
 While youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves.  
 Even not all these, in one rich lot combined,  
 Can make the happy man, without the mind ;  
 Where judgment sits clear-sightèd, and surveys  
 The chain of reason with unerring gaze ;  
 Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,  
 Bids fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise ;  
 Where social love exerts her soft command  
 And lays the passions with a tender hand,  
 Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,  
 And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, Dodington, this truth decline,  
 Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

#### HYMN ON SOLITUDE.\*



HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,  
 Companion of the wise and good ;  
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,  
 The herd of fools and villains fly.

\* The first draft of this poem will be found in Thomson's letter to Mallet, dated July 10, 1725 ; for which see vol. I. p. cxliii. It was first printed, with very many alterations, in 1729, in the Miscellaneous Poems, edited by Mr. Ralph, and

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,  
And listen to thy whispered talk,  
Which innocence and truth imparts,  
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,  
And still in every shape you please.  
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,  
A lone philosopher you seem ;  
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,  
And now you sweep the vaulted sky ;  
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,  
And warble forth your oaten strain.  
A lover now, with all the grace  
Of that sweet passion in your face ;  
Then, calmed to friendship, you assume  
The gentle looking Hertford's bloom.  
As, with her Musidora, she  
(Her Musidora fond of thee)  
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,  
Awakes the rivalled nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,  
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;  
And while meridian fervors beat,  
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;  
But chief, when evening scenes decay,  
And the faint landscape swims away,  
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,  
And that best hour of musing thine

the same version occurs in Dodsley's Poems, vol. III. 1748 ;  
the author seems finally to have revised it as here printed, in  
which form it appears in the edition of his works published  
in 1750.




Descending angels bless thy train,  
 The virtues of the sage, and swain ;  
 Plain Innocence in white arrayed  
 Before thee lifts her fearless head ;  
 Religion's beams around thee shine,  
 And cheer thy glooms with light divine :  
 About thee sports sweet Liberty ;  
 And wrapt Urania sings to **thee**.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !  
 And in thy deep recesses dwell ;  
 Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,  
 When meditation has her fill,  
 I just may cast my careless eyes,  
 Where London's spiry turrets rise,  
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,  
 Then shield me in the woods again.

### A PARAPHRASE

ON THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER  
 OF ST. MATTHEW.\*

HEN my breast labours with oppressive  
 care,  
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling  
 tear ;  
 While all my warring passions are at strife,  
 Oh, let me listen to the words of life !

\* First printed in Miscellaneous Poems, edited by Mr.  
 Ralph, in 1729.

Raptures deep-felt His doctrine did impart,  
And thus he raised from earth the drooping heart.

“ Think not, when all your scanty stores afford  
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;  
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,  
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears ;  
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,  
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.  
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?  
And the fair body its investing weed ?

“ Behold ! and look away your low despair—  
See the light tenants of the barren air :  
To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong,  
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;  
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends His eye  
On the least wing that flits along the sky.  
To Him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,  
To Him they cry, in Winter’s pinching reign ;  
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain.  
He hears the gay and the distressful call,  
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

“ Observe the rising lily’s snowy grace ;  
Observe the various vegetable race ;  
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow ;  
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they  
glow !

What regal vestments can with them compare !  
What king so shining ! and what queen so fair !

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven He feeds,  
If o’er the fields such lucid robes He spreads ;  
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say ?  
Is He unwise ? or are ye less than they ?”

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFIC  
DOCTOR.\*

[Dr. Patrick Murdoch. See Memoir, p. lxxxix.]



WEET, sleeky Doctor! dear pacific soul!  
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl!  
Still let the involving smoke around thee  
fly,  
And broad-looking dulness settle in thine eye.  
Ah! soft in down these dainty limbs repose,  
And in the very lap of slumber doze;  
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,  
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face;  
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail—  
And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.  
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,  
And lean on the lethargic book thy head.  
These eyes wipe often with the hallowed lawn  
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.  
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,  
Nor let thy thoughts be distanced by thy tongue;  
If ere the lingerers are within a call,  
Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.  
Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend;  
But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,  
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,  
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.

\* First printed in *Miscellaneous Poems*, edited by Mr. Ralph, in 1729.

So when an ass with sluggish front appears,  
 The horses start, and prick their quivering ears ;  
 But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,  
 The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN.\*




H, could I draw, my friend, thy genuine  
 mind,  
 Just as the living forms by thee designed ;  
 Of Raphael's figures none should fairer  
 shine,  
 Nor Titian's colours longer last than mine.  
 A mind in wisdom old, in lenience young,  
 From fervent truth where every virtue sprung ;  
 Where all was real, modest, plain, sincere ;  
 Worth above show, and goodness unsevere :  
 Viewed round and round, as lucid diamonds throw  
 Still as you turn them, a revolving glow,

\* This poem was written at the time of Mr. Aikman's death, June, 1731 ; see *Memoir*, p. xxx. The last eight lines only were printed in 1750 ; it was first published as it now stands in 1792, from a manuscript belonging to the Earl of Buchan. Mr. Aikman was born in Scotland, and was designed for the profession of the law ; but went to Italy, and returned a painter. He was patronized in Scotland by the Duke of Argyle, and afterwards met with encouragement to settle in London ; but falling into a long and languishing disease, he died at his home in Leicester Fields, aged 50. Boyse wrote a panegyric upon him, and Mallet an epitaph. See *Walpole's Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 41.

So did his mind reflect with secret ray,  
In various virtues, Heaven's internal day;  
Whether in high discourse it soared sublime  
And sprung impatient o'er the bounds of time,  
Or wandering nature through with raptured eye,  
Adored the Hand that turned yon azure sky:  
Whether to social life he bent his thought,  
And the right poise of mingling passions sought,  
Gay converse blest; or in the thoughtful grove  
Bid the heart open every source of love:  
New varying lights still set before your eyes  
The just, the good, the social, or the wise.  
For such a death who can, who would refuse  
The friend a tear, a verse the mournful muse?  
Yet pay we just acknowledgment to heaven,  
Though snatched so soon, that Aikman e'er was given.  
A friend, when dead, is but removed from sight,  
Hid in the lustre of eternal light:  
Oft with the mind he wonted converse keeps  
In the lone walk, or when the body sleeps  
Lets in a wandering ray, and all elate  
Wings and attracts her to another state;  
And, when the parting storms of life are o'er,  
May yet rejoin him in a happier shore.  
As those we love decay, we die in part,  
String after string is severed from the heart;  
Till loosened life at last—but breathing clay  
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.  
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,  
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,  
Dragged lingering on from partial death to death;  
Till dying, all he can resign is breath.

## ON THE REPORT OF A WOODEN BRIDGE

TO BE BUILT AT WESTMINSTER.\*

Y Rufus' hall, where Thames polluted  
                   flows,  
 Provoked, the Genius of the river rose,  
 And thus exclaimed: "Have I, ye  
                   British swains,  
 Have I for ages laved your fertile plains?  
 Given herds, and flocks, and villages increase,  
 And fed a richer than the golden fleece?  
 Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,  
 Poured Afric's treasure in, and India's pride?  
 Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?  
 Made every climate yours, and every soil?  
 Yet, pilfered from the poor, by gaming base,  
 Yet must a wooden bridge my waves disgrace?  
 Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,  
 And be it published in no Gallie vale."  
 He said;—and plunging to his crystal dome,  
 While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

\* First printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1737; and afterwards in Dodsley's Poems, vol. iv. p. 130, 1748.





A POEM,  
TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE LORD TALBOT,\*  
LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[DEDICATED TO HIS SON, "THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
LORD TALBOT."]

**W**HILE with the public, you, my Lord,  
lament  
A friend and father lost; permit the  
Muse,  
The Muse assigned of old a double  
theme,  
To praise dead worth and humble living pride,  
Whose generous task begins where interest ends;  
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay  
This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspired,  
Which means not to bestow but borrow fame.

\* Lord Chancellor Talbot died 14th February, 1737, and this poem was first printed in the following June. The text here followed is that of 1744, as it was left at the Author's death; that of 1750 differs in several ways, and omits seventeen lines; but it is doubtful whether these alterations were made by Thomson.

Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—  
 Unhappy that she may!—But where begin? 10  
 How from the diamond single out each ray,  
 That, though they tremble with ten thousand hues,  
 Effuse one poignant undivided light?

Let the low-minded of these narrow days  
 No more presume to deem the lofty tale  
 Of ancient times, in pity to their own,  
 Romance. In Talbot we united saw  
 The piercing eye, the quick enlightened soul  
 The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,  
 Joined to the virtues and the force of Rome. 20

Eternal Wisdom, that all-quickening sun,  
 Whence every life, in just proportion, draws  
 Directing light and actuating flame,  
 Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams  
 Awakened immortal clay. Hence steady, calm,  
 Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,  
 With instantaneous view, the truth of things;  
 Chief what to human life and human bliss  
 Pertains, that kindest science, fit for man:  
 And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glowed 30  
 His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,  
 In consort foul, agree; each heightening each;  
 While virtue draws from knowledge nobler fire,  
 Is knowledge of true pleasure proved by deeds.

What grand, what comely, and what tender sense,  
 What talent, and what virtue was not his?  
 All that can render man or great, or good,  
 Give useful worth, or amiable grace?  
 Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,  
 In soft retirement, indolently pleased 40  
 With selfish peace. The Syren of the wise,

(Who steals the Aonian song, and in the shape  
 Of Virtue, woos them from a worthless world)  
 Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt  
 His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,  
 As silent night, yet active as the day.  
 The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,  
 Usurp the reins of power, the more behoves,  
 Becomes it virtue, with indignant zeal,  
 To check their conjuration. Shall low views 50  
 Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice,  
 The villain's passions quicken more to toil,  
 And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,  
 Than those that mingled with our truest good,  
 With present honour and immortal fame,  
 Involve the good of all? An empty form  
 Vain is the virtue, that amid the shade  
 Lamenting lies, with future schemes amused,  
 While wickedness and folly, kindred powers,  
 Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far, 60  
 Sprung into action: action, that disdained  
 To lose in death-like sloth one pulse of life,  
 That might be saved; disdained for coward ease,  
 And her insipid pleasures, to resign  
 The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,  
 And those high joys that teach the truly great  
 To live for others, and for others die.  
 Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.  
 Not breathing more beneficence, the spring  
 Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs: 70  
 While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste  
 Of ruffian storms and Winter's lawless rage.  
 In him Astrea, to this dim abode  
 Of ever-wandering men, returned again:

To bless them his delight, to bring them back  
 From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,  
 Into the paths of kind primeval faith,  
 Of happiness and justice. All his parts,  
 His virtues all, collected, sought the good  
 Of humankind. For that he, fervent, felt 80  
 The throb of patriots, when they model states:  
 Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold  
 His still-awakened soul; nor friends had charms  
 To steal, with pleasing guile, an healing hour;  
 Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.  
 The common father such of erring men!  
 A froward race! incessant in pursuit  
 Of flying good, or of fallacious bliss;  
 Still as they thwart and mingle in the chase,  
 Now fraud, now force, now cruelty and crimes, 90  
 Attempting all to seize a brother's prize;  
 He sits superior to the little fray,  
 Detects the legal snares of mazy guile,  
 With the proud mighty bids the feeble cope,  
 And into social life the villain daunts.  
 Be named, victorious ravagers, no more!  
 Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze!  
 Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,  
 As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,  
 You scatter famine, pestilence, and war; 100  
 Vanish! before this vernal sun of fame;  
 Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy.

How the heart listened while he, pleading, spoke!  
 While on the enlightened mind, with winning art,  
 His gentle reason so persuasive stole,  
 That the charmed hearer thought it was his own.  
 Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again

Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?  
 When shall again the darkest truths, perplexed,  
 Be set in ample day? Again the harsh 110  
 And arduous open into smiling ease?  
 The solid mix with elegant delight?  
 To him the purest eloquence indulged  
 Eternal treasure, light and heat combined,  
 At once to pour conviction on the soul,  
 And mould, with lawful flame, the impassioned heat.  
 That dangerous gift, which to the strictly just,  
 And good alone, belongs, lay safe with him  
 Reposed. He sacred to his country's cause,  
 To trampled want and worth, to suffering right, 120  
 To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,  
 Reserved the mighty charm. With equal brow,  
 Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,  
 He all that noblest eloquence effused,  
 Which wakes the tender or exalting tear,  
 When generous passions, taught by reason, speak.  
 Then spoke the man; and over barren art,  
 Prevailed abundant nature. Freedom then  
 His client was, humanity and truth.

Placed on the seat of justice, there he reigned,  
 In a superior sphere of cloudless day, 131  
 A pure intelligence. No tumult there,  
 No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,  
 No passion e'er disturbed the clear serene  
 That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,  
 The love of justice, like the steady sun,  
 Unbating ardour lent; and now and then,  
 Against the sons of violence, of pride,  
 And bold deceit, his indignation gleamed,  
 As intuition quick, he snatched the truth, 140

Yet with progressive patience, step by step,  
 Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,  
 He through the maze of falsehood traced it on,  
 Till, at the last, evolved, it full appeared,  
 And e'en the loser owned the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,  
 Enlightened Freedom, planned salubrious laws,  
 His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,  
 His insight deep into Britannia's weal,  
 Spontaneous seemed from simple sense to flow, 150  
 And the plain patriot smoothed the brow of law.  
 No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words  
 Fell on the cheated ear; no studied maze  
 Of declamation, to perplex the right,  
 He darkening threw around: safe in itself,  
 In its own force, almighty Reason spoke;  
 While on the great the ruling point, at once,  
 He streamed decisive day, and showed it vain  
 To lengthen farther out the clear debate.  
 Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart, 160  
 Poured ardent forth in eloquence unbid,  
 The heart attends: for let the venal try  
 Their every hardening stupifying art,  
 Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,  
 And Nature, skilful touched, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.  
 What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,  
 Such wisdom! such abilities! and joined  
 To virtue so determined, public zeal,  
 And honour of such adamant proof, 170  
 As even corruption, hopeless and o'erawed,  
 Durst not have tempted! yet of manners mild,  
 And winning every heart, he knew to please,



Nobly to please ; while equally he scorned  
 Or adulation to receive, or give.  
 Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye  
 Of such inspection keen, and general care  
 Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,  
 All-trusted, all-revered, and all-beloved,  
 Toil may resign his careless head to rest,           150  
 And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.  
 Ah ! lost untimely ! lost in downward days !  
 And many a patriot-counsel with him lost !  
 Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,  
 Her native foe, from eldest time by fate  
 Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,  
 Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge,  
 Unlike the sons of vanity, that, veiled  
 Beneath the patron's prostituted name,           190  
 Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,  
 And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.  
 Obliged when he obliged, it seemed a debt  
 Which he to merit, to the public, paid,  
 That can alone, by virtue, stationed high,  
 Recover fame ; to his own heart a debt  
 And to the great all-bounteous Source of good !  
 The gracious flood, that cheers the lettered world,  
 Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,  
 Whose sudden current, from the naked root,           200  
 Washes the little soil which yet remained,  
 And only more dejects the blushing flowers :  
 No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,  
 The silent treasures of the vernal year,  
 Indulging deep their stores, the still night long ;  
 Till, with returning morn, the freshened world,

Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

Still let me view him in the pleasing light  
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,  
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen. 210

Not only there most amiable, best,  
But with that truest greatness he appeared,  
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veiled  
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,  
Inspiring social confidence and ease.

As free the converse of the wise and good,  
As joyous, disentangling every power,  
And breathing mixed improvement with delight,  
As when amid the various-blossomed spring,  
Or gentle beaming autumn's pensive shade, 220  
The philosophic mind with nature talks.

Say ye, his sons, his dear remains, with whom  
The father laid superfluous state aside,  
Yet swelled your filial duty thence the more,  
With friendship swelled it, with esteem, with love,  
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,  
The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,  
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,  
In semblance of amusement, through the breast  
Infused. And thou, O Rundle!\* lend thy strain, 230  
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!  
In whom the head and heart their stores unite:  
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,  
Judgment digests, the well tuned bosom feels,  
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,  
The virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.  
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,

\* Dr. Rundle, sometime Bishop of Derry. See Memoir, p. lxxxix.

With memory conversing, you will pour,  
 As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,  
 Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form, 240  
 And mid their ample round receive the waves,  
 That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush,  
 Impetuous. Though from native sunshine driven,  
 Driven from your friends, the sunshine of the soul,  
 By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,  
 Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,  
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,  
 Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,  
 Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;  
 Nursed, by experience, into slow esteem, 250  
 Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,  
 And the sweet light from mingled minds disclosed,  
 From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that cheerful bowl,  
 Which round his table flowed. The serious there  
 Mixed with the sportive, with the learned the plain;  
 Mirth softened wisdom, candour tempered mirth;  
 And wit its honey lent, without the sting.  
 Not simple nature's unaffected sons,  
 The blameless Indians, round their forest cheer, 260  
 In sunny lawn or shady covert set,  
 Hold more unspotted converse; nor, of old,  
 Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,  
 As on the product of their Sabine farms  
 They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul:  
 Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,  
 Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,  
 More elegant humanity, more grace,  
 Wit more refined, or deeper science reigned.  
 But far beyond the little vulgar bounds 270

Of family, of friends, of country, kind,  
 By just degrees, and with proportioned flame,  
 Extended his benevolence: a friend  
 To humankind, to parent nature's works.  
 Of free access, and of engaging grace,  
 Such as a brother to a brother owes,  
 He kept an open judging-ear for all,  
 And spread an open countenance, where smiled  
 The fair effulgence of an open heart;  
 While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low 280  
 With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:  
 For "nothing human foreign was to him."

Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,  
 And hard to be supported, you succeed:  
 But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gained,  
 It will, through latest time, enrich your race,  
 When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,  
 And with their authors in oblivion sunk  
 Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft  
 Of mean submission, not the meed of worth. 290  
 True genuine honour its large patent holds  
 Of all mankind, through every land and age,  
 Of universal reason's various sons,  
 And even of God himself, sole perfect Judge!  
 Who sees with other eyes than flattering men.  
 Meantime these noblest honours of the mind  
 On rigid terms descend: the high-placed heir,  
 Scanned by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,  
 Malignant seeks out faults, cannot through life,  
 Amid the nameless insects of a court, 300  
 If such to life belong, unheeded, steal.  
 He must be glorious, or he must be base.  
 This truth to you, who merit well to bear

A name to Britons dear, the officious Muse  
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear  
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,  
Our sinking country, humankind enslaved,  
We may lament. But let us, grateful, joy  
That ere such virtues gave our days to shine, 310  
Above the dark abyss of modern time,  
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,  
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise  
Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.  
Be dumb, ye worst of zealots! ye that, prone  
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,  
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,  
And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,  
A Talbot's virtues claim another source  
Than the blind maze of undesigning blood; 320  
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,  
Can they be quenched amid the gelid stream.

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed  
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,  
Its native country: whence to bless mankind,  
Eternal goodness on this darksome spot  
Had rayed it down a while. Behold! approved  
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth  
And to the Almighty Father's presence joined,  
Whose smile creative beams superior life, 330  
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,  
Amid the human worthies. Glad around  
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,  
With noble pride, Britannia's blameless boast.  
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye



Meets thine enraptured?—'Tis the best of sons!  
 The best of friends!—Too soon is realized  
 That hope, which once forbad thy tears to flow!  
 Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land  
 (How'er divided in the fretful days 340  
 Of prejudice and error) mingled now,  
 In one selected never-jarring state,  
 Where God himself their only Monarch reigns,  
 Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still  
 Remains of earthly woes, for us below,  
 And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.  
 But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive  
 To quit this cloudy sphere, that binds thee down:  
 'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes—  
 Scenes, that our gross ideas grovelling cast 350  
 Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.

Forgive, immortal shade! if aught from earth,  
 From dust, low-warbled, to those groves can rise,  
 Where flows unbidden harmony, forgive  
 This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,  
 On every heart impressed, thy deeds themselves  
 Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,  
 And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,  
 The sons of justice and the sons of strife,  
 All that or freedom or that interest prize, 360  
 A deep-divided nation's parties all,  
 Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to Heaven.  
 They catch it there; and, to seraphic lyre,  
 Celestial voices thy arrival hail.  
 How vain this tribute then! this lowly lay,  
 Yet nothing vain which gratitude inspires.  
 The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves



To virtue, to her country, to mankind,  
 To forming nature, that, in glorious charge,  
 As to her priestess, has it given to hymn      370  
 Whatever good and excellent she forms.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE  
 OF WALES.\*

[ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD, THE PRINCESS  
 AUGUSTA, JULY 31, 1737.]



WHILE secret-leaguings nations frown  
 around,  
 Ready to pour the long-expected  
 storm ;  
 While she, who wont the restless Gaul to bound,  
 Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form ;  
 While on our vitals selfish parties prey,  
 And deep corruption eats our soul away :

Yet in the Goddess of the Main appears  
 A gleam of joy, gay-flushing every grace,  
 As she the cordial voice of millions hears,  
 Rejoicing, zealous, o'er thy rising race :  
 Straight her rekindling eyes resume their fire,  
 The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But more enchanting than the Muse's song,  
 United Britons thy dear offspring hail :

\* First printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, Sept. 1737.

The city triumphs through her glowing throng,  
 The shepherd tells his transport to the dale ;  
 The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,  
 And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,  
 And thine, thou friend of liberty ! be born :  
 Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good ;  
 What will, at once, defend us, and adorn ?  
 From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,  
 New Henries, Annas, and Elizas rise.

May fate my fond devoted days extend,  
 To sing the promised glories of thy reign ! [bend ;  
 What though, by years depressed, my Muse might  
 My heart will teach her still a nobler strain :  
 How, with recovered Britain, will she soar,  
 When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more.

### EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY,\*

IN HOLYROOD CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON.

E. S.



ONCE a lively image of human nature,  
 Such as God made it  
 When he pronounced every work of his  
 to be good.

\* This is the lady so feelingly alluded to in "Summer," p. 60. She was daughter of George Stanley, Esq., of Poultons, Hants, by Sarah, eldest daughter of Sir Hans Sloane; she died 1738. The monument is by Rysbrach.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZABETH STANLEY,  
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley ;  
Who to all the beauty, modesty,  
And gentleness of nature,  
That ever adorned the most amiable woman,  
Joined all the fortitude, elevation,  
And vigour of mind,  
That ever exalted the most heroical man ;  
Who having lived the pride and delight of her  
parents,  
The joy, the consolation, the pattern of her friends,  
A mistress not only of the English and French,  
But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman  
learning,  
Without vanity or pedantry,  
At the age of eighteen,  
After a tedious, painful, desperate illness,  
Which, with a Roman spirit,  
And a Christian resignation,  
She endured so calmly, that she seemed insensible  
To all pain and suffering, except that of her friends,  
Gave up her innocent soul to her Creator,  
And left to her mother, who erected this monument,  
The memory of her virtues for her greatest support ;  
Virtues which, in her sex and station of life,  
Were all that could be practised,  
And more than will be believed,  
Except by those who know what this inscription  
relates.

HERE, Stanley, rest ! escaped this mortal strife,  
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life,

Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,  
And sternly try thee with a year of pain ;  
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,  
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief :  
With tender art to save her anxious groan,  
No more thy bosom presses down its own :  
Now well earned peace is thine, and bliss sincere :  
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !

O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm !  
To show us virtue in her fairest form ;  
To show us artless reason's moral reign,  
What boastful science arrogates in vain ;  
The obedient passions knowing each their part ;  
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey ;  
When a few suns have rolled their cares away,  
Tired with vain life, will close the willing eye :  
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.  
Blessed be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,  
Where death-divided friends shall part no more :  
To join thee there,—here with thy dust repose,  
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

TO THE REVEREND PATRICK MURDOCH.

RECTOR OF STRADISHALL, IN SUFFOLK. 1738.



THUS safely low, my friend, thou canst  
not fall:  
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;  
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;  
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.  
Then keep each passion down, however dear;  
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.  
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,  
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;  
That bids defiance to the storms of fate.  
High bliss is only for a higher state!

STANZAS\*

SENT TO GEORGE LYTTTELTON, ESQ. SOON AFTER

THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE,†

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THE "SEASONS."



O, little book, and find our Friend,  
Who nature and the Muses loves,  
Whose cares the public virtues blend  
With all the softness of the groves.

\* Now in the collection of George Daniel, Esq., of Canonbury Square, Islington.

† Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq., Mr. Lyttelton's

A fitter time thou canst not choose,  
 His fostering friendship to repay;  
 Go then, and try, my rural muse,  
 To steal his widowed hours away.

### AN ODE ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.\*

[First printed in 1748, in Dodsley's Collection of Poems,  
 vol. iv. p. 129.]

#### I.

**T**HEREAL race, inhabitants of air!  
 Who hymn your God amid the secret  
 grove;  
 Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,  
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

#### II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,  
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!  
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid  
 Who died of love, these sweet complainings part.

#### III.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,  
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;

first wife, whom he married in June, 1742, and who died in  
 January, 1747.

\* Æolus's harp is a musical instrument which plays with  
 the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its properties are fully  
 described in "The Castle of Indolence."—T



Or he, the sacred Bard,\* who sat alone  
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

## IV.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,  
When by Euphrates' stream they made their  
    plaint ;  
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung  
    Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

## V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,  
Through Heaven's high dome their awful anthem  
    raise ;  
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire  
    To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

## VI.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,  
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,  
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus joined,  
For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

\* Jeremiah.—T.

## TO SERAPHINA



HE wanton's charms, however bright,  
Are like the false illusive light,  
Whose flattering unauspicious blaze  
To precipices oft betrays :

But that sweet ray your beauties dart,  
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,  
Is like the sacred queen of night,  
Who pours a lovely gentle light  
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,  
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,  
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly joined ;  
But Seraphina's eyes dispense  
A mild and gracious influence ;  
Such as in visions angels shed  
Around the heaven-illumined head.  
To love thee, Seraphina, sure  
Is to be tender, happy, pure ;  
'Tis from low passions to escape,  
And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;  
'Tis ecstacy with wisdom joined ;  
And heaven infused into the mind.

## VERSES ADDRESSED TO AMANDA.\*

[First printed in Lord Buchan's Essay on the Life of Thomson.]



H, urged too late ! from beauty's bondage  
 free,  
 Why did I trust my liberty with thee ?  
 And thou, why didst thou, with in-  
 human art,

If not resolved to take, seduce my heart ?  
 Yes, yes, you said, for lovers' eyes speak true ;  
 You must have seen how fast my passion grew :  
 And, when your glances chanced on me to shine,  
 How my fond soul ecstatic sprung to thine !

But mark me, fair one—what I now declare  
 Thy deep attention claims and serious care :  
 It is no common passion fires my breast ;  
 I must be wretched, or I must be blest !  
 My woes all other remedy deny ;  
 Or, pitying, give me hope, or bid me die !

\* Amanda, as is stated in the Memoir, p. cxxxiv. was a Miss Young, who married Vice-Admiral Campbell.

## TO THE SAME.

WITH A COPY OF THE "SEASONS."



ACCEPT, loved Nymph, this tribute due  
 To tender friendship, love, and you:\*  
 But with it take what breathed the  
 whole,

O take to thine the poet's soul.  
 If Fancy here her power displays,  
 And if a heart exalts these lays—  
 You, fairest, in that fancy shine,  
 And all that heart is fondly thine.

## VERSES TO AMANDA.†

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

Huc ades, et teneræ morbos expelle puellæ,  
 Huc ades, intonsâ Phœbe superbe comâ, &c.  
*Tibulli Carmina*, lib. iv. carm. iv.



COME, healing god, Apollo, come and aid,  
 Moved by the tears of love, my tender  
 maid! [eyes  
 No more let sickness dim those radiant  
 Which, never know to cheat or to disguise.

\* In another MS. the first two lines read:—

Accept, dear Nymph! a tribute due  
 To sacred friendship and to you.

† First printed in Phillimore's "Memoirs and Correspondence of George Lord Lyttelton," vol. i. p. 310.

If e'er my verse has pleased thy listening ear,  
O, now be friendly, now propitious hear!  
Bring every virtuous herb, each root and flower,  
Of cooling juice, and salutary power.  
Light is the task:—To touch a hand so fair,  
Divine physician, will repay thy care.

My tears are fled; the god my suit approves;  
He can't be wretched who sincerely loves.  
Protecting Heaven, with more than common care,  
Smiles on his hopes, and guards him from despair.

Raise from the pillow, raise thy languid head,  
Come forth, my love, and quit thy sickly bed!  
Come forth, my love! for thee the balmy Spring  
Breathes every sweet; for thee the zephyrs bring  
Their healing gales; for thee the graces lead  
The smiling hours, and paint the flowery mead  
As nature, drooping long beneath the reign  
Of dreary winter, now revives again,  
Calls all her beauties out, and charms us more  
From what we suffered in their loss before;  
So from thy tedious illness shalt thou rise  
More sweetly fair; and in those languid eyes  
And faded cheeks, returning health shall place  
A fresher bloom, and more attractive grace.  
Then shall my bounding heart forget its woe,  
And think it never more a pain can know;  
Then shall my Muse thy charms more gaily sing,  
And hail thee as the nightingale the Spring.

## ON MRS. MENDEZ' BIRTHDAY.

WHO WAS BORN ON VALENTINE'S DAY.\*



FINE is the gentle day of love,  
 When youths and virgins try their fate;  
 When, deep retiring to the grove,  
 Each feathered songster weds his mate.

With tempered beams the skies are bright,  
 Earth decks in smiles her pleasing face;  
 Such is the day that gave thee light,  
 And speaks as such thy every grace.

## AN ELEGY UPON JAMES THERBURN.

IN CHATTO.



NOW, Chatto, you're a dreary place,  
 Pale sorrow broods on ilka face  
 Therburn has run his race,

\* \* \* \*

And now, and now, ah me, alas!  
 The earl lies dead.

\* Printed in European Magazine, in 1792.



Having his paternoster said,  
 He took a dram and went to bed ;  
 He fell asleep, and death was glad  
                   That he had catched him ;  
 For Therburn was e'en ill bested,  
                   That none did watch him.

For had the carl but been aware,  
 That meagre death, who none does spare,  
 T'attempt sic things should ever dare,  
                   As stop his pipe ;  
 He might have come to flee or skare :  
                   The greedy gipe.

How he'd had but a gill or twae  
 Death wou'd nae got the victory sae,  
 Nor put poor Therburn o'er the brae,  
                   Into the grave ;

.....  
                   ..... \*

The fumbling fellow, some folks say,  
 Should be jobbed on baith night and day ;  
 She had without'en better play,  
                   Remained still,  
 Barren for ever and for aye,  
                   Do what he will.

Therefore they say he got some help  
 In getting of the little whelp ;  
 But passing that, it makes me yelp,  
                   But what remead ?  
 Death lent him sic a cursed skelp,  
                   That now he's dead.

\* The MS. is imperfect in this place.

Therburn, for evermore farewell,  
And be thy grave baith dry and deep;  
And rest thy carcass soft and well,  
Free from . . . . .  
. . . . . no night . . . . .  
Disturb . . . . .





## SONGS.

### A NUPTIAL SONG.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN INSERTED IN THE FOURTH  
ACT OF SOPHONISBA, FIRST PRINTED IN 1729.



COME, gentle Venus! and assuage  
A warring world, a bleeding age.  
For nature lives beneath thy ray,  
The wintry tempests haste away,  
A lucid calm invests the sea

Thy native deep is full of thee:  
The flowering earth where'er you fly,  
Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky.  
A genial spirit warms the breeze;  
Unseen among the blooming trees,  
The feathered lovers tune their throat,  
The desert growls a softened note,  
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,  
And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart  
You strike the dear delicious dart;

You teach us pleasing pangs to know,  
 To languish in luxurious woe,  
 To feel the generous passions rise,  
 Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs ;  
 Each happy moment to improve,  
 And fill the perfect year with love.

    Come, thou delight of heaven and earth !  
 To whom all creatures owe their birth ;  
 Oh, come, sweet smiling ! tender, come !  
 And yet prevent our final doom.  
 For long the furious god of war  
 Has crushed us with his iron car,  
 Has raged along our ruined plains,  
 Has soiled them with his cruel stains,  
 Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,  
 And made the widowed virgin weep.  
 Now let him feel thy wonted charms,  
 Oh, take him to thy twining arms !  
 And, while thy bosom heaves on his,  
 While deep he prints the humid kiss,  
 Ah, then ! his stormy heart control,  
 And sigh thyself into his soul.

    Thy son too, Cupid, we implore  
 To leave the green Idalian shore.  
 Be he, sweet god ! our only foe :  
 Long let him draw the twanging bow,  
 Transfix us with his golden darts,  
 Pour all his quiver on our hearts,  
 With gentler anguish make us sigh,  
 And teach us sweeter deaths to die.\*

\* These last eight lines seem to have been omitted from every edition subsequent to that of 1738.

## TO AMANDA.\*



OME, dear Amanda, quit the town,  
 And to the rural hamlets fly ;  
 Behold ! the wintry storms are gone ;  
 A gentle radiance glads the sky

The birds awake, the flowers appear,  
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;  
 'Tis joy and music all we hear,  
 'Tis love and beauty all we see.

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,  
 How peeps the bud, the blossom blows ;  
 Till Philomel begins to sing,  
 And perfect May to swell the rose.

Even so thy rising charms improve,  
 As life's warm season grows more bright ;  
 And opening to the sighs of love,  
 Thy beauties glow with full delight.

\* This song was obligingly contributed by William Henry, present Lord Lyttelton, from a copy in Thomson's own hand, and was printed for the first time in the Aldine Edition.

## TO AMANDA.

**U**NLESS with my Amanda blest,  
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower ;  
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,  
 In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awakened by the genial year,  
 In vain the birds around me sing ;  
 In vain the freshening fields appear :—  
 Without my love there is no Spring.

## TO FORTUNE.\*

**F**OR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love ;  
 And, when we meet a mutual heart,  
 Come in between, and bid us part :

Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
 And wish, and wish the soul away ,  
 Till youth and genial years are flown  
 And all the life of life is gone ?

\* The Earl of Buchan calls this a " Song written in Thomson's early years, and afterwards shaped for his Amanda."



But busy, busy still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 And join the gentle to the rude.

[For pomp, and noise, and senseless show,  
 To make us Nature's joys forego,  
 Beneath a gay dominion groan,  
 And put the golden fetter on!]

For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,  
 And I absolve thy future care:  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear Amanda mine!\*

### COME, GENTLE GOD.†



OME, gentle god of soft desire,  
 Come and possess my happy breast,  
 Not fury-like in flames and fire,  
 Or frantic folly's wildness drest; ‡

\* The original poem seems to have consisted of the first four verses; when afterwards "shaped for his Amanda," he omitted the fourth verse and substituted the last for it; Lord Buchan possessed the MS. in both forms.

† Printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1736, p. 103.

‡ A MS. copy of this song has the following variations:—

In rapture, rage, and nonsense drest.

These are the vain disguise of love,  
 And, or bespeak dissembled pains;  
 Or else a fleeting fever prove,  
 The frantic passion of the veins,

But come in friendship's angel-guise ;  
 Yet dearer thou than friendship art,  
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,  
 More sweet emotions at thy heart.

O, come with goodness in thy train,  
 With peace and pleasure void of storm,  
 And wouldst thou me for ever gain,  
 Put on Amanda's winning form.

TO HER I LOVE.



ELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
 Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled ;  
 To what delightful world above,  
 Appointed for the happy dead ?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,  
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe ;  
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
 Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?

O ! if thou hoverest round my walk,  
 While, under every well known tree,  
 I to thy fancied shadow talk,  
 And every tear is full of thee :

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
 Beside some sympathetic stream,  
 In slumber find a short relief,  
 Oh, visit thou my soothing dream !

## TO THE GOD OF FOND DESIRE.



NE day the God of fond desire,  
 On mischief bent, to Damon said,  
 " Why not disclose your tender fire,  
 Not own it to the lovely maid ? "

The shepherd marked his treacherous art,  
 And, softly sighing, thus replied :  
 " 'Tis true, you have subdued my heart,  
 But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

" The slave, in private only bears  
 Your bondage, who his love conceals ;  
 But when his passion he declares,  
 You drag him at your chariot-wheels."

## THE LOVER'S FATE.



ARD is the fate of him who loves,  
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
 But to the sympathetic groves,  
 But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,  
 Oh ! when her footsteps next are seen  
 In flowery tracts along the mead,  
 In fresher mazes o'er the green ;


Ye gentle spirits of the vale,  
 To whom the tears of love are dear,  
 From dying lilies waft a gale,  
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh! tell her what she cannot blame,  
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind;  
 Oh! tell her, that my virtuous flame  
 Is, as her spotless soul, refined.

Not her own guardian angel eyes  
 With chaster tenderness his care,  
 Not purer her own wishes rise,  
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But, if at first, her virgin fear  
 Should start at love's suspected name,  
 With that of friendship soothe her ear—  
 True love and friendship are the same.

### SWEET TYRANT LOVE.\*

WEET tyrant Love, but hear me now!  
 And cure while young this pleasing  
 smart;  
 Or rather, aid my trembling vow,  
 And teach me to reveal my heart.

\* From an MS. in Thomson's handwriting formerly in the possession of Mr. Ogle (Chaucer Ogle). It was first printed in Hone's Table Book.

## SONG.

**W**HEN blooming spring  
Arrays the laughing fields in green,  
Then flowers in open air are seen,  
And warbling birds are heard to sing,  
Almighty love  
Doth sweetly move  
All nature through;  
Then tell me, Chloe, why are you  
Averse thereto;  
When blooming charms  
Invite your lover's circling arms?  
O be no longer coy  
. . . . . to love and share of joy



SONGS IN THE MASQUE OF "ALFRED."\*

TO PEACE.



PEACE! the fairest child of Heaven,  
To whom the sylvan reign was given,  
The vale, the fountain, and the  
grove,

With every softer scene of love:  
Return, sweet Peace! and cheer the weeping swain!  
Return, with Ease and Pleasure in thy train.

TO ALFRED.

FIRST SPIRIT.



HEAR, Alfred, father of the state,  
Thy genius Heaven's high will de-  
clare!  
What proves the hero truly great,  
Is never, never to despair:  
Is never to despair.

\* The Masque of Alfred was the joint composition of Thomson and Mallet; hence the authorship of the following songs is somewhat doubtful; it was written in 1740. See Memoir, p. xc.




## SECOND SPIRIT.

Thy hope awake, thy heart expand,  
 With all its vigour, all its fires.  
 Arise! and save a sinking land!  
 Thy country calls, and Heaven inspires.

## BOTH SPIRITS.


Earth calls, and Heaven inspires.

## " SWEET VALLEY, SAY."


 SWEET valley, say, where, pensive lying,  
 For me, our children, England, sighing,  
 The best of mortals leans his head.  
 Ye fountains, dimpled by my sorrow,  
 Ye brooks that my complainings borrow,  
 O lead me to his lonely bed:  
 Or if my lover,  
 Deep woods, you cover,  
 Ah whisper where your shadows o'er him spread.

'Tis not the loss of pomp and pleasure,  
 Of empire or of tinsel treasure,  
 That drops this tear, that swells this groan:  
 No; from a nobler cause proceeding,  
 A heart with love and fondness bleeding,  
 I breathe my sadly pleasing moan,  
 With other anguish,  
 I scorn to languish,  
 For love will feel no sorrows but his own.

## " FROM THOSE ETERNAL REGIONS."


 FROM those eternal regions bright,  
 Where suns, that never set in night,  
 Diffuse the golden day:  
 Where Spring, unfading, pours around,  
 O'er all the dew-impearled ground,  
 Her thousand colours gay:  
 O whether on the fountain's flowery side,  
 Whence living waters glide,  
 Or in the fragrant grove,  
 Whose shade embosoms peace and love,  
 New pleasures all our hours employ,  
 And ravish every sense with every joy!  
 Great heirs of empire! yet unborn,  
 Who shall this island late adorn;  
 A monarch's drooping thought to cheer,  
 Appear! appear! appear!

## CONTENTMENT.


 F those who live in shepherd's bower,  
 Press not the rich and stately bed:  
 The new-mown hay and breathing flower  
 A softer couch beneath them spread.


If those who sit at shepherd's board,  
 Soothe not their taste by wanton art ;  
 They take what Nature's gifts afford,  
 And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,  
 No high and sparkling wines can boast,  
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,  
 And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,  
 Gay dancing on the daisied ground,  
 Have not the splendour of a court ;  
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

### RULE BRITANNIA !\*

WITH VARIATIONS.

HEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain.  
 " Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;  
 Britons never will be slaves."

\* The authorship of this song has been disputed, but it is very generally assigned to Thomson, and was actually published in Edinburgh with his initials in the second edition of a well-known song-book, entitled " The Charmer," during Mallet's lifetime ; and although even then it was popular, and Mallet had several friends in Edinburgh, he did not lay claim to the authorship, or disputed its having been written by Thomson.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
“ Rule,” &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
“ Rule,” &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
But work their woe, and thy renown.  
“ Rule,” &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
All thine shall be the subject main ;  
And every shore it circles, thine.  
“ Rule,” &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair :  
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair :  
“ Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,  
Britons never will be slaves.”



## PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

### EPILOGUE TO AGAMEMNON.\*



OUR bard, to modern epilogue a foe,  
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens  
generous woe ;  
Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,  
And wipes the tender tear from Pity's  
eye :

No more with social warmth the bosom burns ;  
But all the unfeeling selfish man returns.†


Thus he began :—And you approved the strain ;  
Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.  
You checked him there.—To you, to reason just,  
He owns he triumphed in your kind disgust.  
Charmed by your frown, by your displeasure graced,  
He hails the rising virtue of your taste.  
Wide will its influence spread as soon as known :  
Truth, to be loved, needs only to be shown.

\* Produced at Drury Lane, April 6th, 1738.

† Thomson observes, “Another Epilogue was spoken after the first representation of the play, which began with the first six lines of this ; but the rest of that epilogue having been very justly disliked by the audience, this was substituted in its place.”

Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good :  
 (Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude)  
 No petulance shall wound the public ear ;  
 No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear :  
 No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain ;  
 The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.  
 Chastised to decency, the British stage  
 Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage :  
 Both shall attend well-pleased, well-pleased depart ;  
 Or if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

## PROLOGUE TO MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.\*

INCE Athens first began to draw man-  
 kind,  
 To picture life, and show the impassioned  
 mind ;

The truly wise have ever deemed the stage  
 The moral school of each enlightened age.  
 There, in full pomp, the tragic Muse appears,  
 Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.  
 Faint is the lesson reason's rules impart :  
 She pours it strong, and instant through the heart.  
 If virtue is her theme, we sudden glow  
 With generous flame ; and what we feel, we grow.  
 If vice she paints, indignant passions rise ;  
 The villain sees himself with loathing eyes.  
 His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan,  
 And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.

\* Brought out at Drury Lane, 13th February, 1739.



To-night, our meaning scene attempts to show  
 What fell events from dark suspicion flow ;  
 Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,  
 To the false herd of flattering slaves confined,  
 The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state ;  
 Even excellence but serves to feed its hate :  
 To hate remorseless cruelty succeeds,  
 And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.

Behold, our author at your bar appears,  
 His modest hopes depressed by conscious fears.  
 Faults he has many—but to balance these,  
 His aim is honest and he strives to please ;  
 All slighter errors let indulgence spare,  
 And be his equal trial full and fair.  
 For this best British privilege we call,  
 Then, as he merits, let him stand or fall.

PROLOGUE TO TANCRED AND  
 SIGISMUNDA.\*

**B**OLD is the man ! who, in this nicer age,  
 Presumes to tread the chaste corrected  
 stage.  
 Now, with gay tinsel arts, we can no  
 more  
 Conceal the want of Nature's sterling ore.  
 Our spells are vanished, broke our magic wand,  
 That used to waft you over sea and land.

\* Brought out at Drury Lane, 18th March, 1745.

Before your light the fairy people fade,  
 The demons fly—the ghost itself is laid.  
 In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms,  
 'The mighty prompter thundering out to arms,  
 The playhouse posse clattering from afar,  
 The close-wedged battle, and the din of war.  
 Now, even the senate seldom we convene ;  
 The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.  
 Your taste rejects the glittering false sublime,  
 To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.  
 High rant is tumbled from his gallery throne :  
 Description, dreams, nay, similes, are gone.

What shall we then ? to please you how devise,  
 Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes ?  
 Thrice happy could we catch great Shakespeare's  
     art,  
 To trace the deep recesses of the heart ;  
 His simple plain sublime, to which is given  
 To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven ;  
 Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe,  
 The pomp of verse and golden lines of Rowe.

We to your hearts apply ; let them attend ;  
 Before their silent candid bar we bend.  
 If warmed, they listen, 'tis our noblest praise ;  
 If cold, they wither all the Muse's bays.

## EPILOGUE TO TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.



RAMMED to the throat with wholesome  
moral stuff,

Alas! poor audience! you have had  
enough.

Was ever hapless heroine of a play  
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?  
Was ever woman so by love betrayed?  
Matched with two husbands, and yet—die a maid!  
But bless me!—hold—What sounds are these I  
hear?—

I see the Tragic Muse herself appear.

The back scene opens, and discovers a romantic sylvan  
landscape; from which Mrs. Cibber, in the character  
of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and  
speaks the following lines:—

Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries  
To wipe the virtuous tear from British eyes;  
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,  
With strains—at best, unsuited, light, and vain.  
Hence from the pure unsullied beams that play  
In yon fair eyes where virtue shines—Away!

Britons, to you from chaste Castalian groves,  
Where dwell the tender, oft unhappy loves;  
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,  
And court my aid to rise again to fame;

To you I come, to Freedom's noblest seat,  
And in Britannia fix my last retreat.

In Greece and Rome, I watched the public weal,  
The purple tyrant trembled at my steel :  
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,  
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.  
On France and you then rose my brightening star,  
With social ray ; the arts are ne'er at war.  
O, as your fire and genius stronger blaze,  
As yours are generous Freedom's bolder lays,  
Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind,  
In decent manners and in life refined ;  
Banish the motley mode to tag low verse,  
The laughing ballad to the mournful hearse.  
When through five acts your hearts have learnt to  
    glow,  
Touched with the sacred force of honest woe ;  
O keep the dear impression on your breast,  
Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest.



THE  
CASTLE  
OF  
INDOLENCE:  
AN  
ALLEGORICAL POEM

Written in  
IMITATION *of* SPENSER

BY  
JAMES THOMSON.

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**ADVERTISEMENT.**

**THIS** poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to all allegorical Poems writ in our language; just as in French, the style of Marot, who lived under Francis the First, has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis the Fourteenth.



## THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

### CANTO I.

The Castle hight of Indolence,  
And its false luxury ;  
Where for a little time, alas !  
We lived right jollily.

I.



**O** MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;  
That like an emmet thou must ever  
    moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date :  
And, certes, there is for it reason great ; [wail,  
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and  
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,  
Withouten that would come a heavier bala,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

## II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,  
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.  
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;  
 And there a season atween June and May,  
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-  
     browned,  
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

## III.

Was nought around but images of rest :  
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;  
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,  
 From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,  
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
 Mean-time, unnumbered glittering streamlets  
     played,  
 And hurled every where their waters sheen ;  
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,  
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur  
     made.

## IV.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills  
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :  
 And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,  
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;  
 Yet all these sounds yblent, inclined all to sleep.

## V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;  
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to  
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood : [move,  
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,  
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;  
 And where this valley winded out, below, [to flow.  
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,

## VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-hed it was,  
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;  
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
 Forever flushing round a summer-sky :  
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
 And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ;  
 But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,  
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

## VII.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,  
 Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard hight)  
 Close-hid his castle, mid embowering trees,  
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,  
 And made a kind of checkered day and night.  
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,  
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
 Was placed ; and, to his lute, of cruel fate [estate.  
 And labour harsh complained, lamenting man's

## VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,  
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by :

For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring  
 hill,  
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,  
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;  
 Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,  
 Ymolten with his syren melody ;  
 While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,  
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses  
 sung :

## IX.

' Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !  
 See all but man with unearned pleasure gay :  
 See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
 Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May.  
 What youthful bride can equal her array ?  
 Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?  
 From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

## X.

' Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,  
 The swarming songsters of the careless grove,  
 Ten thousand throats ! that, from the flowering  
 thorn,  
 Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love ;  
 Such grateful, kindly raptures them emove :  
 They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,  
 E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove :  
 Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale ;—  
 Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

## XI.

' Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall  
 Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,

Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,  
 And of the vices, an inhuman train,  
 That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :  
 For when hard-hearted interest first began  
 To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;  
 Guile, violence, and murder seized on man, [ran.  
 And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers

## XII.

‘ Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life  
 Push hard up hill ; but, as the farthest steep  
 You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
 Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,  
 And hurls your labours to the valley deep,  
 Forever vain ; come, and withouten fee,  
 I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,  
 Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea  
 Of full delight : Oh ! come, ye weary wights, to me.

## XIII.

‘ With me, you need not rise at early dawn  
 To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;  
 Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,  
 And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;  
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds,  
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay ;  
 Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;  
 Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,  
 In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

## XIV.

‘ No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,  
 From village on to village sounding clear ;  
 To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall ;  
 No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;  
 No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith sear,



Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,  
 With sounds that are a misery to hear :  
 But all is calm, as would delight the heart  
 Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

## XV.

‘ Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,  
 Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down :  
 They who are pleased themselves must always  
     please ;  
 On others’ ways they never squint a frown,  
 Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.  
 Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,  
 With milky blood the heart is overflown,  
 Is soothed and sweetened by the social sense ;  
 For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banished  
     hence.

## XVI.

‘ What, what is virtue, but repose of mind ?  
 A pure ethereal calm that knows no storm ;  
 Above the reach of wild ambition’s wind,  
 Above those passions that this world deform,  
 And torture man, a proud malignant worm !  
 But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
 And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
 A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray  
 Across the enlivened skies, and make them still  
     more gay.

## XVII.

‘ The best of men have ever loved repose :  
 They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;  
 Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,  
 Imbittered more from peevish day to day.  
 Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,

The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,  
 From a base world at last have stolen away ·  
 So Scipio,<sup>1</sup> to the soft Cumæan shore  
 Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

## XVIII.

‘ But if a little exercise you choose,  
 Some zest for ease, ’tis not forbidden here :  
 Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,  
 Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;  
 Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,  
 Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry  
 You may delude : the whilst, amused, you hear  
 Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr’s sigh,  
 Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

## XIX.

‘ O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,  
 Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;  
 When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,  
 And gives the untasted portion you have won  
 With ruthless toil and many a wretch undone,  
 To those who mock you, gone to Pluto’s reign,  
 There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :  
 But sure it is of vanities most vain,  
 To toil for what you here, untoiling, may obtain.’

## XX.

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained  
 The deep vibrations of his witching song ;  
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrained  
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.  
 Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipt along  
 In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam  
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,

Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,  
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream.

## XXI.

By the smooth demon so it ordered was,  
And here his baneful bounty first began :  
Though some there were who would not further  
pass,  
And his alluring baits suspected han.  
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man ;  
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye.  
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;  
For do their very best they cannot fly,  
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

## XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,  
With sudden spring he leaped upon them straight ;  
And, soon as touched by his unhallowed paw,  
They found themselves within the cursed gate ;  
Full hard to be repassed, like that of fate.  
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,  
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state ;  
Though feeble wretch he seemed, of sallow hue :  
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

## XXIII.

For whomso'er the villain takes in hand,  
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace ;  
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,  
And of their vanished force remains no trace :  
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,  
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,  
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,  
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,  
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose  
 A comely, full-spread porter, swoln with sleep :  
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed  
     repose ;  
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,  
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;  
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran, [peep ;  
 Through which his half-waked soul would faintly  
 Then, taking his black staff, he called his man,  
 And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leaped lightly at his master's call :  
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,  
 Save sleep and play, who minded nought at all ;  
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.  
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,  
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,  
 But ill becoming his grave personage,  
 And which his portly paunch would not permit ;  
 So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Meantime, the master-porter wide displayed  
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,  
 Wherewith he those who entered in arrayed,  
 Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,  
 And waves the summer woods when evening  
     frowns.  
 O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,  
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns, [fain,  
 And heightens ease with grace. This done, right  
 Sir porter sat him down, and turned to sleep again.

## XXVII.

Thus easy-robed, they to the fountain sped  
 That in the middle of the court up-threw  
 A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,  
 And falling back again in drizzly dew ;  
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,  
 It was a fountain of nepenthe rare ; [drew ;  
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce  
                   grew,  
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ;  
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams  
                   more fair.

## XXVIII.

This rite performed, all inly pleased and still,  
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made :  
 ‘ Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will,  
 And wander where you list, through hall or glade ;  
 Be no man’s pleasure for another stayed ;  
 Let each as likes him best his hours employ,  
 And cursed be he who minds his neighbour’s trade.  
 Here dwells kind ease and unreproving joy :  
 He little merits bliss who others can annoy.’

## XXIX.

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming  
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray, [round  
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found ;  
 But every man strolled off his own glad way.  
 Wide o’er this ample court’s blank area,  
 With all the lodges that thereto pertained,  
 No living creature could be seen to stray ;  
 While solitude and perfect silence reigned ;  
 So that to think you dreamt, you almost was con-  
                   strained.

## XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,<sup>2</sup>  
 Placed far amid the melancholy main,  
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,  
 Or that aërial beings sometimes deign  
 To stand, embodied, to our senses plain),  
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,  
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,  
 A vast assembly moving to and fro ;  
 Then, all at once, in air dissolves the wondrous show.

## XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !  
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,  
 And all the widely silent places round,  
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays  
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.  
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string ?  
 I, who have spent my nights and nightly days,  
 In this soul-deadening place loose-loitering :  
 Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing ?

## XXXII.

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,  
 Thou imp of Jove, touched by celestial fire ;  
 Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,  
 Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire ;  
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre ;  
 Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,  
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,  
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage, [age.  
 Dashing corruption down through every worthless

## XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,  
 No cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,



Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell  
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,  
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?  
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,  
 And couches stretch around in seemly band;  
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head;  
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

## XXXIV.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,  
 With wines high-flavoured and rich viands  
 crowned;  
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food  
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,  
 And all old ocean genders in his round:  
 Some hand unseen these silently displayed,  
 Even undemanded by a sign or sound;  
 You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,  
 Fair-ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses  
 played.

## XXXV.

Here freedom reigned without the least alloy;  
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,  
 Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,  
 And with envenomed tongue our pleasures pall.  
 For why? there was but one great rule for all;  
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,  
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,  
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,  
 And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

## XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,  
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;  
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,

Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :  
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,  
 Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart ;  
 Or, looking tender passion, swelled the gale,  
 And taught charmed echo to resound their smart ;  
 While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and  
 peace impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,  
 Depainted was the patriarchal age ;  
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,  
 And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,  
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.  
 Toil was not then : of nothing took they heed,  
 But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,  
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :  
 Blessed sons of nature they ! true golden age indeed !

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,  
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,  
 Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :  
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes ;  
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;  
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,  
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;  
 Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening  
 hue,  
 Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound too here to languishment inclined  
 Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease :  
 Aërial music in the warbling wind,  
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,

Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees  
 It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,  
 As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :  
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,  
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

## XL.

A certain music, never known before,  
 Here lulled the pensive, melancholy mind ;  
 Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,  
 But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,  
 To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined ;  
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,  
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,  
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight :  
 Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.<sup>3</sup>

## XLI.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?  
 Who up the lofty diapason roll  
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
 Then let them down again into the soul :  
 Now rising love they fanned ; now pleasing dole  
 They breathed, in tender musings, thro' the heart ;  
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
 As when seraphic hands a hymn impart :  
 Wild warbling nature all ; above the reach of art !

## XLII.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,  
 Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,  
 In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,  
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies store ;  
 And verse, love, music, still the garland wore :  
 When sleep was coy, the bard,<sup>4</sup> in waiting there,  
 Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore ;

Composing music bade his dreams be fair,  
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran  
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,  
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began  
(So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,  
As heaven and earth they would together mell :  
At doors and windows, threatening, seemed to call  
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,  
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;  
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,  
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;  
O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,  
That played, in waving lights, from place to place,  
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.  
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,  
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space ;  
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,  
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !  
My muse will not attempt your fairy land :  
She has no colours that like you can glow :  
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.  
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band  
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,  
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,  
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,  
And blessed them oft besides with more refined  
delights.

## XLVI.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,  
 Even feigning virtue ; skilful to unite  
 With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.  
 But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight ;  
 Who hurl the wretch as if to hell outright,  
 Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,  
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night  
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ; [keep.  
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to

## XLVII.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,  
 From these foul demons shield the midnight  
 Angels of fancy and of love, be near, [gloom :  
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :  
 Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,  
 And let them virtue with a look impart :  
 But chief, awhile, oh ! lend us from the tomb  
 Those long lost friends for whom in love we smart,  
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixed woe the heart.

## XLVIII.

Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth  
 Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days  
 Of innocence, simplicity, and truth ;  
 To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways :  
 What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,  
 Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied ;  
 The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze  
 Of the wild brooks !—but, fondly wandering wide,  
 My muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

## XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was  
 In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,

Still as you turned it, all things that do pass  
 Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly  
 Of idly busy men the restless fry  
 Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,  
 In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,  
 Or which, obtained, the caitiffs dare not taste :  
 When nothing is enjoyed, can there be greater  
 waste ?

## L.

‘ Of vanity the mirror,’ this was called :  
 Here, you a muckworm of the town might see.  
 At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stalled,  
 Eat up with carking care and penury ;  
 Most like to carcase parched on gallow-tree.  
 ‘ A penny saved is a penny got.’  
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,  
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,  
 Till it has quenched his fire, and banished his pot.

## LI.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold !  
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,  
 All glossy gay, enamelled all with gold,  
 The silly tenant of the summer air ;  
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;  
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,  
 And thieving tradesmen him among them share ;  
 His father’s ghost from limbo lake, the while,  
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

## LII.

This globe pourtrayed the race of learned men,  
 Still at their books, and turning o’er the page,  
 Backwards and forwards. Oft they snatch the pen,  
 As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage ;



Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage :  
 Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?  
 To lose the present, gain the future age,  
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,  
 And much enriched with fame, when useless  
 worldly store.

## LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,  
 With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all :  
 Wide-poured abroad behold the prowling crew :  
 See how they dash along from wall to wall !  
 At every door, hark how they thundering call !  
 Good lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?  
 Why ? On each other with fell tooth to fall ;  
 A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,  
 And make new tiresome parties for the coming  
 night ?

## LIV.

The puzzling sons of party next appeared,  
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met ; [reared  
 And now they whispered close, now shrugging  
 The important shoulder ; then, as if to get  
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.  
 No sooner Lucifer<sup>5</sup> recalls affairs,  
 Than forth they various rush in mighty fret ;  
 When lo ! pushed up to power, and crowned  
 their cares,  
 In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

## LV.

But what most showed the vanity of life,  
 Was to behold the nations all on fire,  
 In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife :  
 Most christian kings, inflamed by black desire,

With honourable ruffians in their hire,  
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour  
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,  
They sit them down just where they were before,  
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force  
restore.

## LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,  
An useless were, and eke an endless task ;  
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,  
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.  
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,  
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,  
With tape-tied trash and suits of fools that ask  
For place or pension, laid in decent row ;  
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moc.

## LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,  
There was a man of special grave remark ;<sup>6</sup>  
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,  
Pensive, not sad ; in thought involved, not dark ;  
As soot this man could sing as morning lark,  
And teach the noblest morals of the heart :  
But these his talents were yburied stark ;  
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,  
Which or boon nature gave, or nature painting art.

## LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,  
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound ;  
Or, when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,  
Amid the broom he basked him on the ground,  
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found :  
There would he linger, till the latest ray

Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound ;  
 Then homeward through the twilight shadows  
     stray,  
 Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

## LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past :  
 For oft the heavenly fire, that lay concealed  
 Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,  
 And all its native light anew revealed :  
 Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,  
 And marked the clouds that drove before the wind,  
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,  
 Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind ;  
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no tract behind.

## LX.

With him was sometimes joined, in silent walk,  
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)  
 One shyer still,<sup>7</sup> who quite detested talk :  
 Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,  
 To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak ;  
 There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,  
 And on himself his pensive fury wroke,  
 Ne ever uttered word, save when first shone  
 The glittering star of eve—' Thank heaven! the day  
     is done.'

## LXI.

Here lurked a wretch, who had not crept abroad  
 For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;<sup>8</sup>  
 In chamber brooding like a loathly toad :  
 And sure his linen was not very clean.  
 Through secret loophole, that had practised been  
 Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;  
 Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,

Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,  
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chanced into these halls to rove  
A joyous youth,<sup>9</sup> who took you at first sight;  
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,  
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:  
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,  
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,  
Turning the night to day and day to night:  
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,  
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even pleasure to excess is good:  
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low:  
When springtide joy pours in with copious flood,  
The higher still the exulting billows flow,  
The farther back again they flagging go,  
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:  
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;  
Who, whilst he staid, he kept in gay uproar  
Our maddened castle all, the abode of sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnished fly,  
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,  
Cheered by the breathing bloom and vital sky,  
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,  
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:  
And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drowned,  
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,  
And scares their tender sleep, with trump pro-  
found;  
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

## LXV.

Another guest<sup>10</sup> there was, of sense refined,  
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;  
 Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,  
 As little touched as any man's with bad :  
 Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,  
 To him the sacred love of nature lent,  
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;  
 Whenas we found he would not here be pent,  
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent :

## LXVI.

' Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue, come !  
 But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade  
 To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,  
 Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade ;  
 Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid  
 Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,  
 Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,  
 There to indulge the muse, and nature mark :  
 We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park.'

## LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd the Esopus of the age ;<sup>11</sup>  
 But, called by fame, in soul ypricked deep,  
 A noble pride restored him to the stage,  
 And roused him like a giant from his sleep.  
 Even from his slumbers we advantage reap :  
 With double force the enlivened scene he wakes,  
 Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep  
 Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,  
 And now with well urged sense the enlightened  
 judgment takes.

## LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems ;  
 Who,<sup>12</sup> void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,  
 On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,  
 Poured forth his unpremeditated strain :  
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain,  
 Here laughed he careless in his easy seat ;  
 Here quaffed, encircled with the joyous train ;  
 Oft-moralizing sage ! his ditty sweet  
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

## LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,  
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.  
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God,<sup>13</sup>  
 Was one I chiefly marked among the fry :  
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,  
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,  
 If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by ;  
 Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,  
 And straight would recollect his piety anew.

## LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought  
 (Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs :  
 They looked, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;  
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares ;  
 The world by them is parcelled out in shares,  
 When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,  
 And the sage berry, sun-burnt Mocha bears,  
 Has cleared their inward eye: then, smoke-  
     enrolled,  
 Their oracles break forth, mysterious as of old.



## LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court :  
 Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,  
 From every quarter hither made resort ;  
 Where, from gross mortal care and business free,  
 They lay, poured out in ease and luxury.  
 Or should they a vain shew of work assume,  
 Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?  
 To knot, to twist, to 'range the vernal bloom ;  
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

## LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;  
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe.  
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;  
 Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,  
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :  
 This soon too rude an exercise they find ;  
 Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,  
 Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,  
 And court the vapoury god, soft breathing in the  
 wind.

LXXIII.<sup>14</sup>

Now must I mark the villany we found,  
 But ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.  
 A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;  
 Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,  
 Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown :  
 Far from the light of heaven, they languished there,  
 Unpitied uttering many a bitter groan ;  
 For of these wretches taken was no care :  
 Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses  
 were.

## LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,  
To this dark den, where sickness tossed alway.  
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppressed,  
Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,  
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;  
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,  
And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway;  
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,  
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the  
breath.

## LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,  
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:  
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,  
For ever fed with watery supply;  
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.  
And here a moping mystery did sit,  
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,  
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;  
And some her frantic deemed, and some her deemed  
a wit.

## LXXVI.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,  
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:  
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,  
All the diseases which the spittles know,  
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,  
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,  
Her humour ever wavering to and fro:  
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes  
cry,  
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

## LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,  
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;  
Pale, bloated, cold, she seemed to hate mankind,  
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.  
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;  
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,  
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;  
Whilst Apoplexy crammed Intemperance knocks  
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.<sup>15</sup>



## CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,  
 And his achievements fair;  
 That, by this Castle's overthrow,  
 Secured, and crowned were.

## I.

**F**LESCAPED the castle of the sire of sin,  
 Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling  
 find?  
 For all around, without, and all within,  
 Nothing save what delightful was and kind,  
 Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,  
 E'er rose to view. But now another strain,  
 Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:  
 I now must sing of pleasure turned to pain,  
 And of the false enchanter INDOLENCE complain.

## II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,  
 And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?  
 To every labour its reward accrues,  
 And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;  
 But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,  
 As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:  
 Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,  
 Ne for the Muses other meed decree,  
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

## III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :  
 You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 And I their toys to the great children leave :  
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

## IV.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song ;  
 Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,  
 Dragging the lazy languid line along,  
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,  
 Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth :  
 Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,  
 Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,  
 To sweep away this human lumber came,  
 Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

## V.

In fairy land there lived a knight of old,  
 Of feature stern, Selvaggio well ycleped,  
 A rough unpolished man, robust and bold,  
 But wondrous poor: he neither sowed nor reaped,  
 Ne stores in summer for cold winter heaped ;  
 In hunting all his days away he wore ;  
 Now scorched by June, now in November steeped,  
 Now pinched by biting January sore,  
 He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

## VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,  
 Pricked through the forest to dislodge his prey,

Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,  
 With wood wild fringed, he marked a taper's ray,  
 That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,  
 Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy ;  
 There, up to earn the needments of the day,  
 He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy :  
 Her he compressed, and filled her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,  
 And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,  
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,  
 The Knight of Arts and Industry by name :  
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame ;  
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;  
 His tasteful well earned food the sylvan game,  
 Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem :  
 The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

VIII.

So passed his youthly morning, void of care,  
 Wild as the colts that through the commons run :  
 For him no tender parents troubled were,  
 He of the forest seemed to be the son,  
 And, certes, had been utterly undone ;  
 But that Minerva pity of him took,  
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,  
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook ;  
 Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtured well,  
 In every science, and in every art,  
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,  
 That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,  
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart :



Ne were the goodly exercises spared,  
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert.  
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard :  
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him  
 compared.

## X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay  
 The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,  
 And drew the roseate breath of orient day ;  
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,  
 Yelad in steel, and bright with burnished mail,  
 He strained the bow, or tossed the sounding spear,  
 Or darting on the goal, outstripped the gale,  
 Or wheeled the chariot in its mid career, [peer.  
 Or, strenuous, wrestled hard with many a tough com-

## XI.

At other times he pried through nature's store,  
 Whate'er she in the ethereal round contains,  
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor ;  
 The vegetable and the mineral reigns ;  
 Or else he scanned the globe, those small domains,  
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,  
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;  
 But more he searched the mind, and roused from  
 sleep  
 Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

## XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits  
 Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught .  
 Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits !  
 Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,  
 Forth calling all with which boon earth is fraught ;  
 Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,

Or reared the fabric from the finest draught ;  
 And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,  
 Fighting with winds and waves on the vexed ocean  
 pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried  
 To touch the kindling canvass into life ;  
 With nature his creating pencil vied,  
 With nature joyous at the mimic strife :  
 Or, to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife  
 He hewed the marble ; or, with varied fire,  
 He roused the trumpet and the martial fife,  
 Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,  
 Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplished thus, he from the woods issued,  
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;  
 The work, which long he in his breast had brewed,  
 Now to perform he ardent did devise ;  
 To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.  
 Earth was till then a boundless forest wild ;  
 Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies ;  
 No cities nourished arts, no culture smiled,  
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man ;  
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, preyed :  
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran ;  
 In every country mighty robbers swayed,  
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.  
 Life was not life, but rapine, want, and woe ;  
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made  
 To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow ;  
 For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so !

## XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song  
 To say how this best sun, from orient climes,  
 Came beaming life and beauty all along,  
 Before him chasing indolence and crimes.  
 Still as he passed, the nations he sublimes,  
 And calls forth arts and virtue with his ray :  
 Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden times,  
 Successive, had ; but now in ruins grey  
 They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

## XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread  
 The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.  
 A silvan life till then the natives led,  
 In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,  
 All careless, rambling where it liked them most :  
 Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the  
     glade ;  
 They lodged at large, and lived at nature's cost ;  
 Save spear and bow, withouten other aid ;  
 Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismayed.

## XVIII.

He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,  
 He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains :  
 ' Be this my great, my chosen isle, (he cries)  
 This, whilst my labours liberty sustains,  
 This queen of ocean all assault disdains.'  
 Nor liked he less the genius of the land,  
 To freedom apt and persevering pains,  
 Mild to obey, and generous to command, [hand.  
 Tempered by forming Heaven with kindest firmest

## XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,  
 Whatever arts and industry can frame :

Whatever finished agriculture knows,  
 Fair queen of arts ! from heaven itself who came,  
 When Eden flourished in unspotted fame ;  
 And still with her sweet innocence we find,  
 And tender peace, and joys without a name,  
 That, while they rapture, tranquillize the mind :  
 Nature and art at once ; delight and use combined.

## XX.

Then towns he quickened by mechanic arts,  
 And bade the fervent city glow with toil ;  
 Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,  
 Join land to land, and marry soil to soil ;  
 Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil  
 Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores ;  
 Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,  
 Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores, [roars.  
 While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder

## XXI.

The drooping muses then he westward called,  
 From the famed city by Propontis sea,<sup>1</sup>  
 What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian thrall'd ;  
 Thence from their cloistered walks he set them  
 And brought them to another Castalie, [free,  
 Where Isis many a famous nursling breeds ;  
 Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea  
 In pensive mood, and tunes his doric reeds,  
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd  
 feeds,

## XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finished least.  
 For why ? They are the quintessence of all,  
 The growth of labouring time, and slow increased ;  
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall

That mighty patrons the coy sisters call  
 Up to the sunshine of uncumbered ease, [thrall,  
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may  
 And where they nothing have to do but please :  
 Ah ! gracious God ! thou know'st they ask no other  
 fees.

## XXIII.

But now, alas ! we live too late in time :  
 Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,  
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme ;  
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,  
 Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame.  
 Unbroken spirits, cheer ! still, still remains  
 The eternal patron, Liberty ; whose flame,  
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains :  
 The best and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

## XXIV.

When as the knight had framed, in Britain-land,  
 A matchless form of glorious government,  
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,  
 Laws stablished by the public free consent,  
 Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent ;  
 When this great plan, with each dependent art,  
 Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,  
 Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,  
 And let life's vacant eye breathe quiet through the  
 heart.

## XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,  
 Where his long alleys peeped upon the main :  
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,  
 Commixed the chief, the patriot, and the swain.  
 The happy monarch of his silvan train,





A happy place ; where, free and unafraid,  
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature  
strayed.

## XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye ?  
That soul-enfeebling wizard, Indolence,  
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay :  
Spread far and wide was his cursed influence ;  
Of public virtue much he dulled the sense,  
Even much of private ; eat our spirit out,  
And fed our rank luxurious vices : whence  
The land was overlaid with many a lout ; [stout.  
Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and

## XXX.

A rage of pleasure maddened every breast,  
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran :  
To his licentious wish each must be blessed,  
With joy be fevered ; snatch it as he can.  
Thus vice the standard reared ; her arrier-ban  
Corruption called, and loud she gave the word.  
' Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar  
man,  
The laquey, be more virtuous than his lord ?  
Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford.'

## XXXI.

The tidings reached to where, in quiet hall,  
The good old knight enjoyed well earned repose :  
' Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy children on thee  
call ;  
Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close !  
The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows.'  
On this the noble colour stained his cheeks,  
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows

Of venerable eld ; his eye full-speaks [breaks.  
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he

XXXII.

‘ I will, (he cried) so help me, God ! destroy  
That villain Archimage.’—His page then straight  
He to him called ; a fiery-footed boy,  
Benempt Dispatch :—‘ My steed be at the gate ;  
My bard attend ; quick, bring the net of fate.’  
This net was twisted by the sisters three ;  
Which, when once cast o’er hardened wretch, too  
Repentance comes : replevy cannot be [late  
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid wight,  
Of withered aspect ; but his eye was keen,  
With sweetness mixed. In russet brown bedight,  
As is his sister of the copses green,  
He crept along, unpromising of mien.  
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,  
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen !  
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,  
Dwells in the mine : all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

‘ Come (quoth the Knight), a voice has reached  
The demon Indolence threats overthrow [mine ear ;  
To all that to mankind is good and dear :  
Come, Philomelus ; let us instant go,  
O’erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.  
Those men, those wretched men, who will be  
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe : [slaves,  
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,  
Shall raise.’ Thrice happy he who without rigour  
saves !

## XXXV.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,  
 Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star  
 Shone blazing bright : sprung from the generous  
 That whirl of active day the rapid car, [breed  
 He pranced along, disdaining gate or bar.  
 Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode ;  
 An honest sober beast, that did not mar  
 His meditations, but full softly trode :  
 And much they moralized as thus yfere they yode.

## XXXVI.

They talked of virtue, and of human bliss.  
 What else so fit for man to settle well ?  
 And still their long researches met in this,  
 This truth of truths, which nothing can refel :  
 ‘ From virtue’s fount the purest joys outwell,  
 Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul ;  
 While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,  
 The which, howe’er disguised, at last with dole  
 Will through the tortured breast their fiery torrent  
 roll.

## XXXVII.

At length it dawned, that fatal valley gay,  
 O’er which high wood-crowned hills their sum-  
 mits rear :  
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,  
 And spite even of themselves their senses cheer ;  
 Then to the wizard’s wonne their steps they steer.  
 Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,  
 With gardens round, and wandering currents  
 clear,  
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,  
 Sweet airs and song ; and without hurry all seemed  
 glad.

## XXXVIII.

‘As God shall judge me, Knight, we must forgive  
 (The half-enraptured Philomelus cried)  
 The frail good man deluded here to live,  
 And in these groves his musing fancy hide.  
 Ah, nought is pure! It cannot be denied  
 That virtue still some tincture has of vice,  
 And vice of virtue. What should then betide,  
 But that our charity be not too nice?  
 Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.’

## XXXIX.

‘Ay, sicker, (quoth the Knight) all flesh is frail,  
 To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;  
 But let not brutish vice of this avail,  
 And think to ’scape deserved punishment.  
 Justice were cruel weakly to relent;  
 From mercy’s self she got her sacred glaive:  
 Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;  
 But penance, long and dreary, to the slave,  
 Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave.’

## XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where  
 The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;  
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,  
 In witching wise, as I before have said.  
 But when he saw, in goodly geer arrayed,  
 The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,  
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,  
 His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye  
 Marked them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

## XLI.

Nathless, with feigned respect, he bade give back  
 The rabble rout, and welcomed them full kind;

Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack  
His orders to obey, and fall behind.

Then he resumed his song ; and, unconfined,  
Poured all his music, ran through all his strings :  
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,  
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.  
What pity base his song who so divinely sings !

## XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,  
They listened so intent with fixed delight :  
But they instead, as if transmewed to stone,  
Marvelled he could with such sweet art unite  
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.  
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,  
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the Knight  
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,  
Who backening shunned his touch, for well he knew  
its power.

## XLIII.

As in thronged amphitheatre, of old,  
The wary Retiarius<sup>2</sup> trapped his foe ;  
Even so the Knight, returning on him bold,  
At once involved him in the Net of Woe,  
Whereof I mention made not long ago.  
Enraged at first, he scorned so weak a jail,  
And leaped, and flew, and flounced to and fro ;  
But when he found that nothing could avail,  
He sat him felly down, and gnawed his bitter nail.

## XLIV.

Alarmed, the inferior demons of the place  
Raised rueful shrieks and hideous yells around ;  
Black ruptured clouds deformed the welkin's face,  
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,

As of infernal sprights in cavern bound ;  
 A solemn sadness every creature strook,  
 And lightnings flashed, and horror rocked the  
                   ground :                                   [ished look,  
 Huge crowds on crowds outpoured, with blem-  
 As if on Time's last verge this frame of things had  
                   shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-lived tempest was yspent,  
 Steamed from the jaws of vexed Avernus' hole,  
 And hushed the hubbub of the rabblement,  
 Sir Industry the first calm moment stole :  
 ' There must, (he cried) amid so vast a shoal,  
 Be some who are not tainted at the heart,  
 Not poisoned quite by this same villain's bowl :  
 Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart ;  
 Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start.'

XLVI.

The bard obeyed ; and taking from his side,  
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,  
 His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,  
 The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,  
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.  
 Then, as he felt the Muses come along,  
 Light o'er the chords his raptured hand he flung,  
 And played a prelude to his rising song :  
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands  
                   round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—' Ye hapless race,  
 Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,  
 That lights our Maker's image in our face,  
 And gives us wide o'er earth unquestioned sway ;



What is the adored Supreme Perfection, say?  
 What, but eternal never resting soul,  
 Almighty power, and all-directing day;  
 By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;  
 Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

## XLVIII.

‘ Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!  
 Draw from its fountain life! ’Tis thence, alone,  
 We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,  
 To seraphs burning round the Almighty’s throne,  
 Life rising still on life, in higher tone,  
 Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.  
 In universal nature this clear shown,  
 Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,  
 To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

## XLIX.

‘ Is not the field, with lively culture green,  
 A sight more joyous than the dead morass?  
 Do not the skies, with active ether clean,  
 And fanned by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass  
 The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass  
 With which sad nature veils her drooping face?  
 Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,  
 Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?  
 The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

## L.

‘ It was not by vile loitering in ease  
 That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art;  
 That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,  
 To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart:  
 In all supreme! complete in every part!  
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,  
 And o’er the nations shook her conquering dart:



Who in the public breach devoted stood,  
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

## LIV.

‘ But should to fame your hearts impervious be,  
If right I read, you pleasure all require :  
Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,  
How best enjoyed this nature's wide desire.  
Toil and be glad ! let Industry inspire  
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath !  
Who does not act is dead ; absorpt entire  
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath :  
Lead en-hearted men, to be in love with death !

## LV.

‘ Better the toiling swain, oh, happier far !  
Perhaps the happiest of the sons of men !  
Who vigorous plies the plough, the team, or car ;  
Who houghs the field, or ditches in the glen,  
Delves in his garden, or secures his pen :  
The tooth of avarice poisons not his peace ;  
He tosses not in sloth's abhorred den ;  
From vanity he has a full release ;  
And, rich in nature's wealth, he thinks not of increase.

## LVI.

‘ Good Lord ! how keen are his sensations all !  
His bread is sweeter than the glutton's cates ;  
The wines of France upon the palate pall,  
Compared with what his simple soul elates,  
The native cup whose flavour thirst creates ;  
At one deep draught of sleep he takes the night ;  
And for that heart-felt joy which nothing mates,  
Of the pure nuptial bed the chaste delight,  
The losel is to him a miserable wigh.

## LVII.

‘ But what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,  
 When sickening health and spirits go amiss ?  
 How tasteless then whatever can be given !  
 ✕ Health is the vital principle of bliss, ✓  
 And exercise, of health. In proof of this,  
 Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,  
 Soon swallowed in disease’s sad abyss ;  
 While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,  
 Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear  
 as day.

## LVIII.

‘ Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of health !  
 Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind :  
 The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,  
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.  
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find :  
 See, how the younglings frisk along the meads,  
 As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind ;  
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :  
 Yet what save high-strung health this dancing  
 pleasaunce breeds ?

## LIX.

‘ But here, instead, is fostered every ill,  
 Which or distempered minds or bodies know.  
 Come then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill  
 Your talents here : this place is but a show,  
 Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.  
 Come, follow me, I will direct you right,  
 Where pleasure’s roses, void of serpents, grow,  
 Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good Knight,  
 And you will bless the day that brought him to  
 your sight.

## LX.

‘ Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;  
 To senates some, and public sage debates,  
 Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,  
 The world is poised, and managed mighty states;  
 To high discovery some, that new creates  
 The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;  
 Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;  
 To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart:  
 All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

## LXI.

‘ There are, I see, who listen to my lay,  
 Who, wretched, sigh for virtue, but despair:  
 “ All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)  
 Even death despised by generous actions fair;  
 All, but for those who to these bowers repair,  
 Their every power dissolved in luxury,  
 To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,  
 And from the powerful arms of sloth get free:  
 ’Tis rising from the dead. Alas! It cannot be!”

## LXII.

‘ Would you then learn to dissipate the band  
 Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,  
 That in the weak man’s way like lions stand,  
 His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?  
 Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.  
 Exert that noblest privilege, alone,  
 Here to mankind indulged; control desire:  
 Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,  
 Speak the commanding word “ I will!” and it  
 is done.

## LXIII.

‘ Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful  
 wise,

Your few important days of trial here?  
 Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise  
 Through endless states of being, still more near  
 To bliss approaching, and perfection clear;  
 Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,  
 Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,  
 And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and  
 slime?

No! no!—Your heaven-touched hearts disdain the  
 piteous crime!’

LXIV.

‘Enough! enough!’ they cried. Straight, from  
 the crowd,  
 The better sort on wings of transport fly:  
 As when, amid the lifeless summits proud  
 Of Alpine cliffs, where, to the gelid sky,  
 Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,  
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;  
 The awakened heaps, in streamlets from on high,  
 Roused into action, lively leap away,  
 Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being  
 gay.

LXV.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,  
 That lighted up these new created men,  
 Than that which wings the exulting spirit clean,  
 When, just delivered from this fleshly den,  
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen:  
 How light its essence! how unclogged its powers!  
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen:  
 Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers;  
 Even such enraptured life, such energy was ours.



## LXVI.

But far the greater part, with rage inflamed,  
 Dire muttered curses, and blasphemed high Jove:  
 'Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaimed)  
 What brought you to this seat of peace and love?  
 While with kind nature, here amid the grove,  
 We passed the harmless sabbath of our time,  
 What to disturb it could, fell men, emove  
 Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?  
 Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon Heaven sublime.'

## LXVII.

'Ye impious wretches, (quoth the Knight in wrath)  
 Your happiness behold!' Then straight a wand  
 He waved, an anti-magic power that hath,  
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.  
 Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;  
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;  
 On baleful heaths the groves all blackened stand;  
 And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,  
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathly creature crawls  
 around.

## LXVIII.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scathed,  
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;  
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bathed,  
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung  
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung  
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rolled:  
 These, by distempered blood to madness stung,  
 Had doomed themselves; whence oft, when night  
 controlled  
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits howled.

## LXIX.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid :  
 That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay  
 Depainted have, its horrors deep displayed,  
 And gave unnumbered wretches to the day,  
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.  
 Soon as of sacred light the unwonted smile  
 Poured on these living catacombs its ray,  
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,  
 The sick upraised their heads, and dropped their  
 woes awhile.

## LXX.

‘ O Heaven ! (they cried) and do we once more  
 see  
 Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair ?  
 Are we from noisome damp of pesthouse free ?  
 And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air ?  
 O thou ! or Knight, or God ? who holdest there  
 That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains !  
 But what for us, the children of despair,  
 Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains ?  
 Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.’

## LXXI.

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,  
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.  
 ‘ Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace  
 To undo the past, and eke your broken years :  
 Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,  
 With humble hope, her eye ; to her is given  
 A power the truly contrite heart that cheers ;  
 She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven :  
 She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

## LXXII.

‘Then patient bear the sufferings you have earned,  
 And by these sufferings purify the mind ;  
 Let wisdom be by past misconduct learned :  
 Or pious die, with penitence resigned ;  
 And to a life more happy and refined,  
 Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.  
 Till then, you may expect in me to find  
 One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,  
 One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to  
 the skies.’

## LXXIII.

They silent heard, and poured their thanks in  
 tears :  
 ‘ For you (resumed the Knight with sterner tone)  
 Whose hard dry hearts the obdurate demon sears,  
 That villain’s gifts will cost you many a groan ;  
 In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan  
 His fatal charms, and weep your stains away ;  
 Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,  
 You feel a perfect change : then, who can say  
 What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven’s eter-  
 nal day?’

## LXXIV.

This said, his powerful wand he waved anew :  
 Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,  
 The charities, to wit, of rosy hue :  
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,  
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.  
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly :  
 When lo ! a goodly hospital ascends,  
 In which they bade each human aid be nigh,  
 That could the sick-bed smooth of that unhappy fry.

## LXXV.

It was a worthy, edifying sight,  
 And gives to human kind peculiar grace,  
 To see kind hands attending day and night,  
 With tender ministry, from place to place.  
 Some prop the head ; some, from the pallid face  
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds ;  
 Some reach the healing draught : the whilst, to  
 chase

The fear supreme, around their softened beds,  
 Some holy man, by prayer, all-opening Heaven  
 dispreds.

## LXXVI.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train  
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,  
 Then turned the Knight ; and, to his hall again  
 Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell :  
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,  
 To see the helpless wretches that remained,  
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell ;  
 Amazed, their looks with pale dismay were stained,  
 And, spreading wide their hands, they meek re-  
 pentance feigned.

## LXXVII.

But ah ! their scorned day of grace was past :  
 For (horrible to tell !) a desert wild  
 Before them stretched, bare, comfortless, and vast ;  
 With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defiled.  
 There nor trim field, nor lively culture smiled ;  
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair ;  
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely piled,

Through which they floundering toiled with  
 painful care,  
 Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fired the cloud  
 less air.

## LXXVIII.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,  
 The saddened country a gray waste appeared,  
 Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs  
 For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard ;  
 Or else the ground, by piercing Caurus seared,  
 Was jagged with frost, or heaped with glazed snow ;  
 Through these extremes a ceaseless round they  
 By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro, [steered,  
 Gaunt beggary and scorn, with many hell-hounds  
 moe.

## LXXIX.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,  
 Tainting the gale, in which they fluttered light ;  
 Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad ;  
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light ;  
 And o'er his lank jawbone, in piteous plight,  
 His black rough beard was matted rank and vile ;  
 Direful to see ! a heart-appalling sight !  
 Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile ;  
 And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the  
 while.

## LXXX.

The other was a fell despightful fiend ;  
 Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below :  
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keened ;  
 Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe :  
 With nose upturned, he always made a show  
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye

Was cold and keen, like blast from boreal snow ;  
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.  
Such were the twain that off-drove this ungodly fry.

LXXXI.

Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,  
A herd of bristly swine is pricked along ;  
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,  
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous  
    song ;  
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :  
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,  
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng  
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ,  
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.





## NOTES.

### CANTO I.

**P**UBLIUS Æmilianus Scipio, who retired from public life to Gaeta.

2. Those Islands on the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides.—T.

3. This is not an imagination of the Author; there being in fact such an instrument called Æolus's Harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.—T.

4. The Arabian Caliphs had poets among the officers of their Court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.—T.

5. The Morning Star.—T.

6. William Paterson,—who was Thomson's amanuensis and succeeded him in the office of surveyor general in the Leeward Isles.

7. Conjecture has applied this to Dr. Armstrong the Poet.—*Nicolas.*

8. Henry Welby, Esq. See Granger, iii. 132, 5th edition.

9. John Forbes, son of Duncan Forbes, of Culloden.

10. George, Lord Lyttelton.

11. Mr. Quin, the celebrated actcr.

12. The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the Author.—T. They are generally ascribed to Lord Lyttelton, and were designed to portray the character of the poet.

13. The Rev. Patrick Murdoch, Thomson's friend and biographer.

14. This stanza is said by Sir H. Nicolas to have appeared in an edition of the "Castle of Indolence" published in 1746, and is supposed to describe Lady Lyttelton:—

One nymph there was, methought, in bloom of May,  
 On whom the idle fiend glanced many a look,  
 In hopes to lead her down the slippery way  
 To taste of pleasure's deep deceitful brook:  
 No virtues yet her gentle mind forsook;  
 No idle whims, no vapours filled her brain,  
 But prudence for her youthful guide she took,  
 And goodness, which no earthly vice could stain,  
 Dwelt in her mind; she was ne proud I ween or vain.

Now the earliest edition of this poem that I can find is the 4to. edition of 1748, and this is proved to be the first by an 8vo. edition having been published during the same year with *second* edition on the title-page. This stanza is not in either of these editions, nor in Lord Lyttelton's edition of 1750, nor in Murdoch's edition of 1762. It may have been *handed about in MS.* as early as 1746, but through Lord Lyttelton's or some other influence never *published* either by the author or his friends.

15. The four concluding stanzas were written by Dr. Armstrong, and appear in his *Miscellanies*, 1770, under the title, "*An Imitation of Spenser, written at Mr. Thomson's desire to be inserted into the Castle of Indolence.*"

## CANTO II.

1. Constantinople.—T.

2. A Gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.—T.

3. The river of Italy which takes its rise in the lake Di Gardi, flows through the lake which surrounds Mantua, and empties itself into the river Po.

## EXPLANATION OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS

### USED IN THE POEM.

<i>Apaid</i> , paid.	<i>Eke</i> , also.
<i>Appal</i> , fright.	<i>Emove</i> , for move.
<i>Archimage</i> , the chief or greatest of musicians or enchanters.	<i>En</i> , was frequently added to a word by Spenser to lengthen it a syllable.
<i>Atween</i> , between.	<i>Eyne</i> , eyes.
<i>Auster</i> , the south wind.	<i>Fand</i> , proved.
<i>Ay</i> , always.	<i>Fays</i> , fairies.
<i>Bale</i> , sorrow, trouble, misfortune.	<i>Felly</i> , fiercely.
<i>Benempt</i> , named.	<i>Fone</i> , foes.
<i>Bickered</i> , moved unsteadily.	<i>Gear</i> or <i>geer</i> , furniture, equipage, dress.
<i>Blazon</i> , painting, displaying.	<i>Glaive</i> , sword.
<i>Breme</i> , cold, raw.	<i>Glee</i> , joy, pleasure.
<i>Carcking</i> , anxious.	<i>Han</i> , have.
<i>Carle</i> , churl.	<i>Hight</i> , is named, called.
<i>Carol</i> , to sing songs of joy.	<i>Idless</i> , idleness.
<i>Gatis</i> , dainties.	<i>Imp</i> , child or offspring, (from the Saxon <i>impan</i> , to graft or plant.)
<i>Caurus</i> , the north-east wind.	<i>Kest</i> , for cast.
<i>Certes</i> , certainly.	<i>Lad</i> , for led.
<i>Coil</i> , a buzzing noise.	<i>Lea</i> , a piece of land or meadow.
<i>Dan</i> , for Don, Dominus.	<i>Libbard</i> , leopard.
<i>Delves</i> , for dell.	<i>Lig</i> , to lie.
<i>Deftly</i> , skilfully.	<i>Limber</i> , qy. active.
<i>Depainted</i> , painted.	<i>Lithe</i> , loose, lax.
<i>Dole</i> , sadness.	<i>Loathly</i> , loathsome.
<i>Drowsy-hed</i> , drowsiness.	
<i>Eath</i> , easy.	
<i>Eftsoons</i> , immediately, often, afterwards.	

318 EXPLANATION OF OBSOLETE WORDS.

*Losel*, a loose, idle fellow.  
*Louting*, bowing, bending.

*Mell*, mingle.  
*Moe*, more.  
*Moil*, to labour.  
*Mote*, might.  
*Muchel*, or *mochel*, much,  
great.

*Nathless*, nevertheless.  
*Ne*, nor.  
*Needments*, necessaries.  
*Nepenthe*, a medicine which  
relieves pain.  
*Noursling*, a nurse, or what  
is nursed.  
*Noyance*, harm.

*Palmer*, pilgrim.  
*Plain*, to mourn.  
*Prankt*, coloured, adorned  
gaily.  
*Perdie*, (for par Dieu,) an old  
oath.  
*Pricked through the forest*,  
rode through the forest.

*Repel*, disprove.  
*Ruth*, compassion.

*Sear*, dry, burnt up.  
*Sheen*, bright, shining.  
*Sicker*, sure, surely.  
*Smackt*, savoured.  
*Soot*, sweet or sweetly.  
*Sooth*, true or truth.

*Stound*, misfortune, pang.  
*Sweltry*, sultry, consuming  
with heat.  
*Swink*, to labour.

*Thrall*, slave.  
*Transmewed*, transformed.

*Unkempt*, (Lat. *incomptus*,)  
unadorned.

*Vild*, vile.

*Ween*, to think, be of opinion  
*Weet*, *wot*, to know, to *weet*,  
to wit.  
*Whilom*, erewhile, formerly.  
*Wight*, man.  
*Wis* for *Wist*, to know, think,  
understand.  
*Wonne*, (a noun,) dwelling.  
*Wroke*, wreaked.

N.B. The letter *y* is frequently  
placed in the beginning  
of a word by Spenser to  
lengthen it a syllable.

*Yblent* or *blent*, blended, min-  
gled thereby.  
*Yborn*, born.  
*Yclad*, clad.  
*Ycleped*, called, named.  
*Yfere*, together.  
*Yhung*, hung.  
*Ymolten*, melted.  
*Yode*, (preter tense of *yede*,)  
went.











