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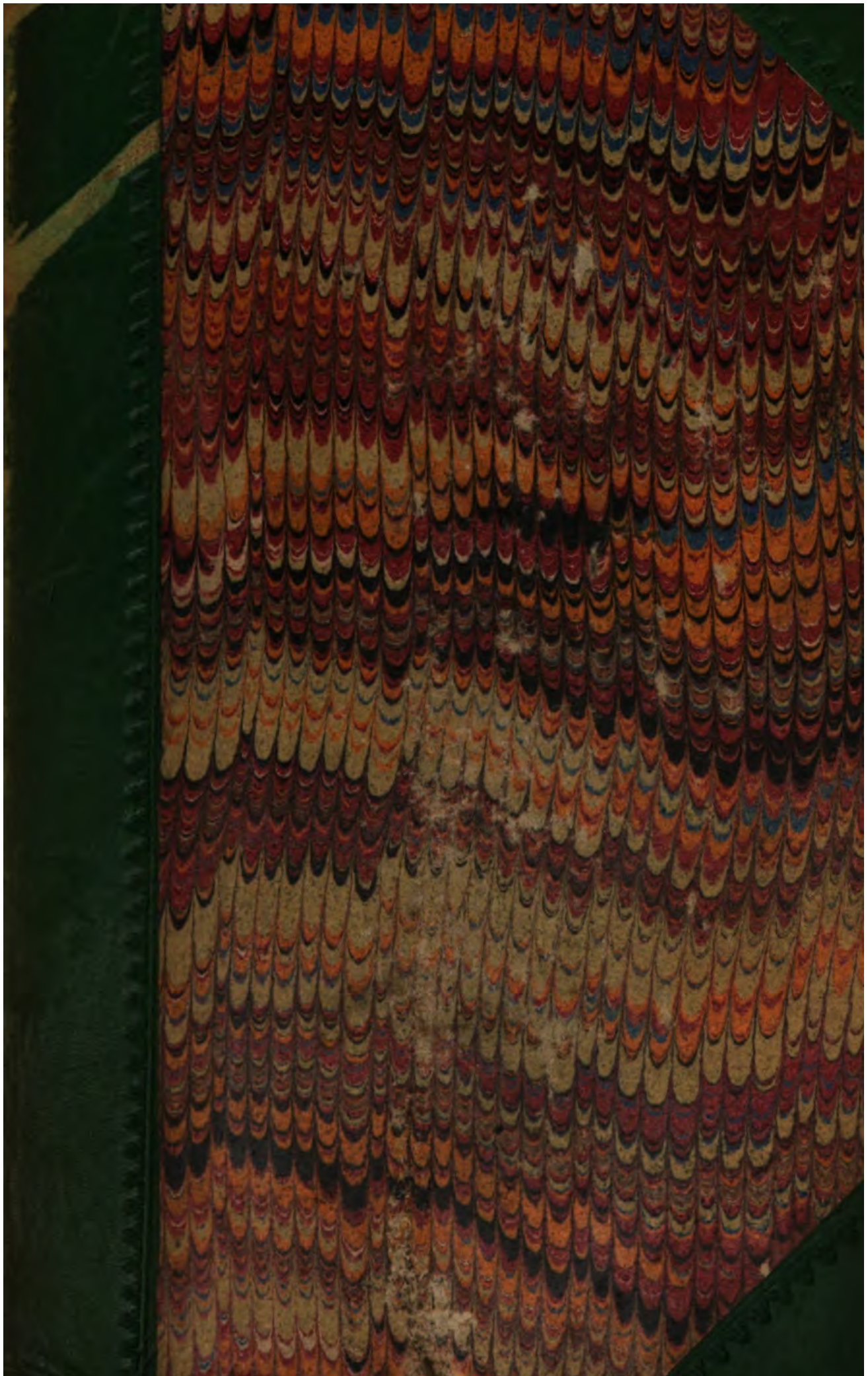
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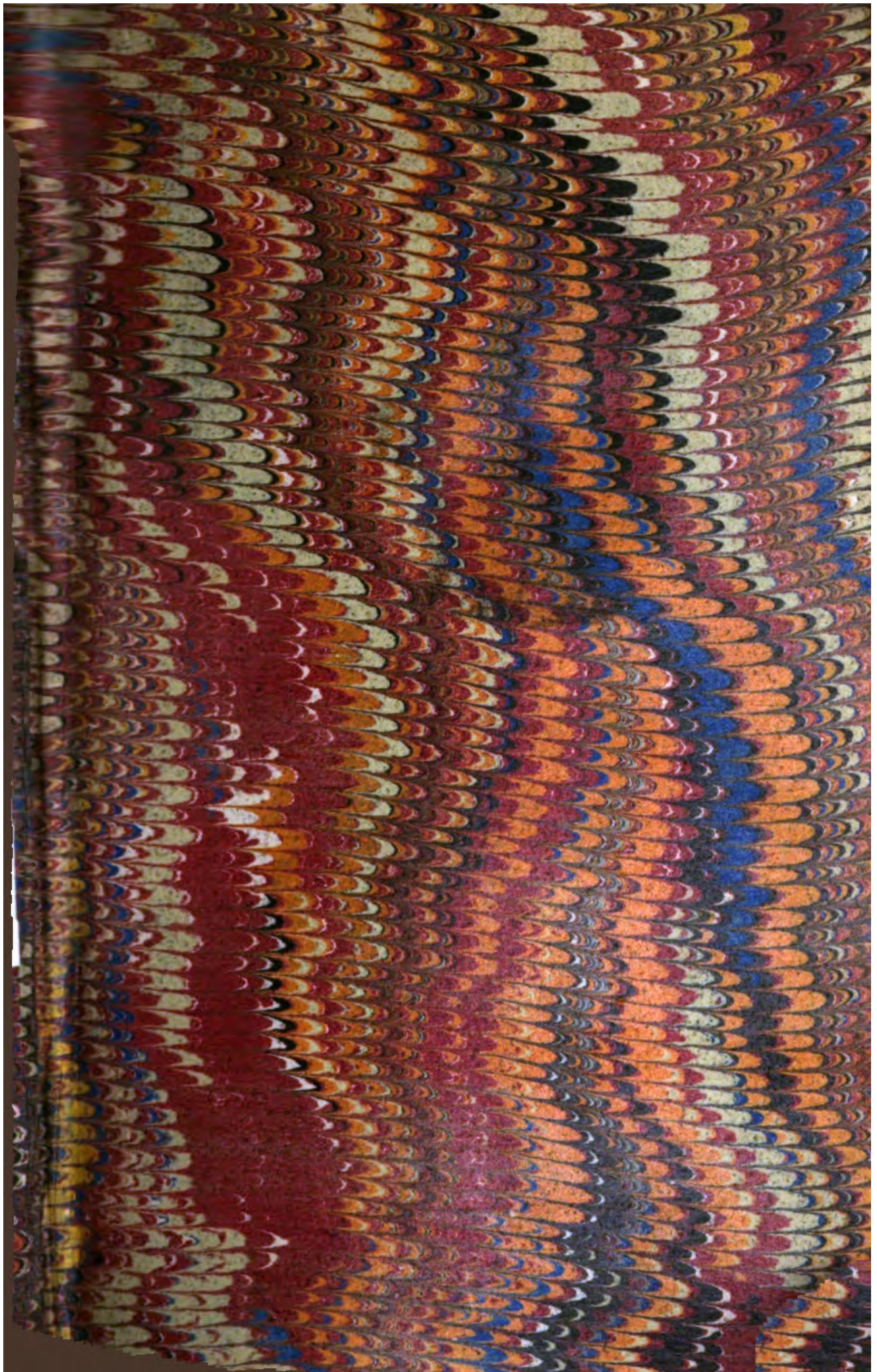
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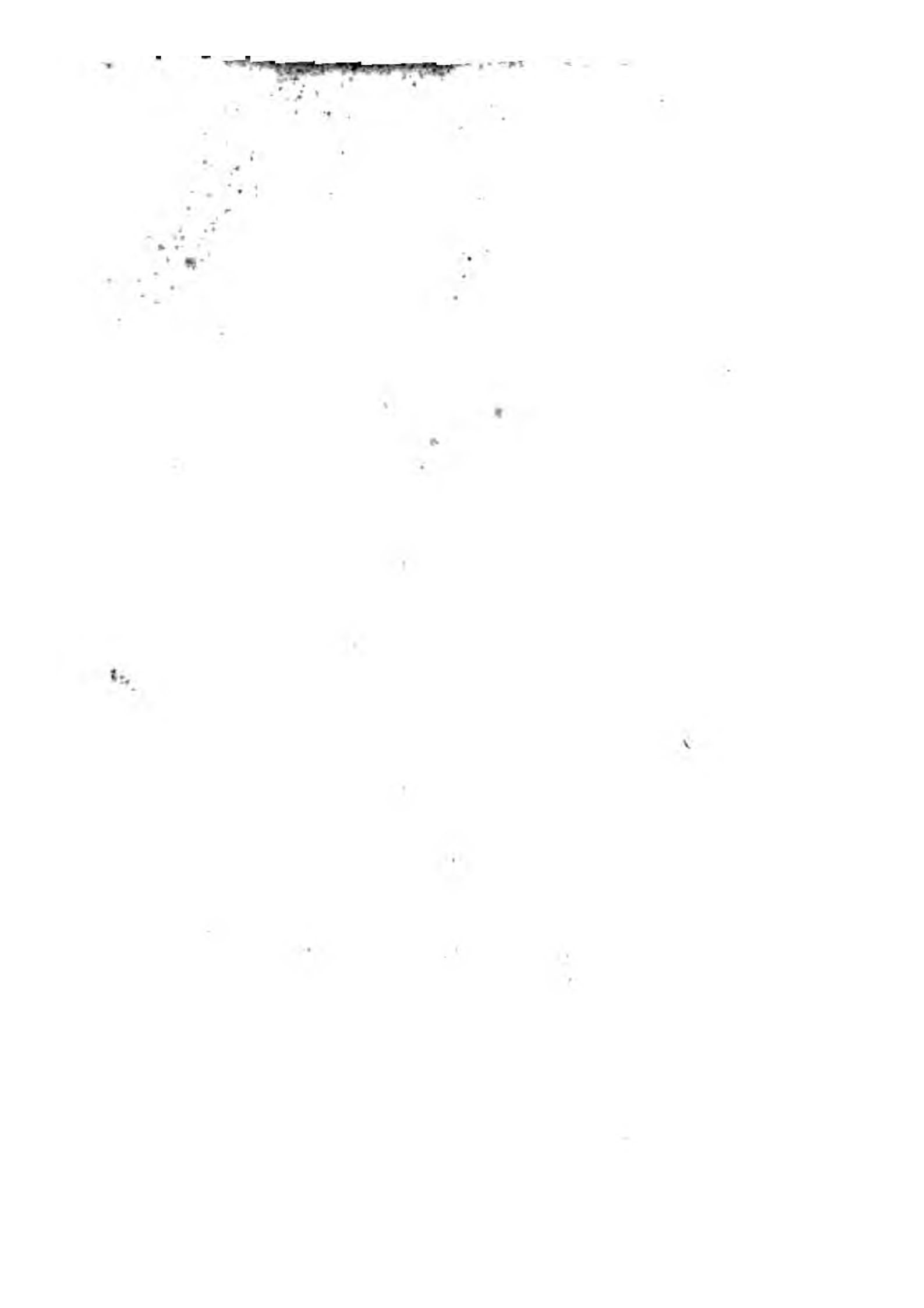






WILSON B 2007/22











**BRITISH POETS.**

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**C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer,**  
*Goswell-Street.*



THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
BRITISH POETS,

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS :

BY  
*THOMAS PARK, F. S. A.*

—  
VOL. XXII.  
—

CONTAINING  
THE TWO VOLUMES  
OF  
*SHENSTONE.*

---

**LONDON:**

PRINTED FOR J. SHARPE, OPPOSITE ALBANY,  
PICCADILLY; AND SOLD BY  
W. SUTT'ABY, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

---

1808.





THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
*WILLIAM SHENSTONE.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY  
*THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.*

—♦—  
VOL. I.

---

LONDON:  
Printed at the Stanhope Press,  
BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,  
*Union Buildings, Leather Lane;*  
FOR JOHN SHARPE, OPPOSITE YORK-HOUSE,  
PICCADILLY.

—♦—  
1806.





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## ENCOMIUMS ON SHENSTONE.

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---

WRITTEN ON A FERME ORNEE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

BY LADY LUXBOROUGH.

'Tis Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,  
And wisely gives them Cynthia to revise ;  
To veil each blemish, brighten every grace,  
Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face.  
How well the Bard obeys each valley tells,  
These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells ;  
Where modest Art in silence lurks conceal'd,  
While Nature shines, so gracefully reveal'd,  
That she triumphant claims the total plan,  
And with fresh pride adopts the work of man.

*TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.*

AT THE LEASOWES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GRAVES.

—  
 ‘ Vellum in amicitia sic erraremus <sup>1</sup>!’

HOR.

—  
**SEE!** the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,  
 To affluence born, and from restraint set free ;  
 Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,  
 The mall, the rout, the playhouse, and the court ;  
 Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame,  
 Or powder'd peeress, counterfeits a flame.  
 Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,  
 Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why,  
 Till by kind Fate restor'd to country air,  
 He marks the roses of some rural fair ;  
 Smit with her unaffected native charms,  
 A real passion soon his bosom warms ;  
 And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,  
 And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus, in the vacant season of the year,  
 Some Templar gay begins his wild career ;  
 From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,  
 Views all with equal wonder and surprise,  
 Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples, grown,  
 He hies fatigued, not satisfied, to Town :

<sup>1</sup> IMITATION.

In friendship thus, O! be we still beguil'd!

---



Yet if some kinder genius point his way  
 To where the Muses o'er thy Leasowes stray,  
 Charm'd with the silvan beauties of the place,  
 Where Art assumes the sweets of Nature's face,  
 Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,  
 Each lake and falling stream, his rapture move.  
 Like the sage captive in Calypso's grot,  
 The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,  
 Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,  
 And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

---

*VERSES RECEIVED BY THE POST.*

FROM A LADY UNKNOWN, 1761.

**H**EALTH to the Bard in Leasowes' happy groves ;  
**H**ealth, and sweet converse with the Muse he loves !  
**T**he humblest votary of the tuneful Nine,  
**W**ith trembling hand, attempts her artless line,  
**I**n numbers such as untaught Nature brings,  
**A**s flow, spontaneous, like thy native springs.  
**B**ut, ah ! what airy forms around me rise !  
**T**he russet mountain glows with richer dyes ;  
**I**n circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,  
**A**nd, hark ! an infant voice salutes my ear !  
 ' **M**ortal ! thy aim we know, thy task approve ;  
**H**is merit honour, and his genius love :  
**F**or us what verdant carpets has he spread,  
**W**here, nightly, we our mystic mazes tread !  
**F**or us each shady grove and rural seat,  
**H**is falling streams and flowing numbers sweet !  
**D**idst thou not mark, amid the winding dell,  
**W**hat tuneful verse adorns the mossy cell ?

There every fairy of our sprightly train  
 Resort, to bless the woodland and the plain :  
 There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,  
 The green turf brightens, and the violets blow ;  
 And there with thoughts sublime we bless the swain,  
 Nor we inspire, nor he attends, in vain.

‘ Go, simple rhymers ! bear this message true ;  
 The truths that fairies dictate none shall rue.  
 Say to the bard in Leasowes’ happy grove,  
 Whom dryads honour, and whom fairies love’—  
 ‘ Content thyself no longer that thy lays,  
 By others foster’d, lend to others praise ;  
 No longer to the favouring world refuse  
 The welcome treasures of thy polish’d muse ;  
 The scatter’d blooms that boast thy valued name,  
 Collect, unite, and give the wreath to Fame ;  
 Ne’er can thy virtues, or thy verse, engage  
 More solid praise than in this happiest age,  
 When sense and merit’s cherish’d by the throne,  
 And each illustrious privilege their own.  
 Though modest be thy gentle Muse, I ween,  
 Oh ! lead her blushing from the daisied green,  
 A fit attendant on Britannia’s queen.’

Ye sportive elves ! as faithful I relate  
 The’ intrusted mandates of your fairy state,  
 Visit these wilds again with nightly care ;  
 So shall my kine, of all the herd, repair  
 In healthful plight to fill the copious pail ;  
 My sheep lie pent with safety in the dale ;  
 My poultry fear no robber in the roost ;  
 My linen more than common whiteness boast :  
 Let order, peace, and housewifery, be mine ;  
 Shenstone ! be fancy, fame, and fortune, thine !

COTSWOULDIA.

*ON THE DISCOVERY OF AN ECHO*

AT EDGBASTON.

HA! what art thou, whose voice unknown  
 Pours on these plains its tender moan?  
 Art thou the nymph in Shenstone's dale,  
 Who dost with plaintive note bewail  
 That he forsakes the' Aonian maids,  
 To court inconstant rills and shades?  
 Mourn not, sweet nymph!—Alas! in vain  
 Do they invite, and thou complain—

Yet while he woo'd the gentle throng,  
 With liquid lay and melting song,  
 The listening herd around him stray'd,  
 In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,  
 And every naiad ceas'd to lave  
 Her azure limbs amid the wave:  
 The Graces danc'd; the rosy band  
 Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand,  
 And purple Pleasures strew'd the way  
 With sweetest flow'rs; and every ray  
 Of each fond Muse with rapture fir'd,  
 To glowing thoughts his breast inspir'd;  
 The hills rejoic'd, the vallies rung,  
 All Nature smil'd while Shenstone sung.

So charm'd his lay; but now no more—  
 Ah! why dost thou repeat—'No more?'  
 Ev'n now he lies to deck the grove,  
 To deck the scene the Muses love,  
 And soon again will own their sway,  
 And thou resound the peerless lay,  
 And with immortal numbers fill  
 Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

*ON HIS FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE  
LEASOWES, 1754.*

BY DODSLEY.

‘ How shall I fix my wandering eye? where find  
The source of this enchantment? Dwelis it in  
The woods? or waves there not a magic wand  
O’er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,  
Some favouring power directs the happy lines  
That sketch these beauties; swells the rising hills,  
And scoops the dales to Nature’s finest forms,  
Vague, undetermin’d, infinite; untaught  
By line or compass, yet supremely fair!  
So spake Philenor, as with raptur’d gaze  
He travers’d Damon’s farm: from distant plains  
He sought his friend’s abode; nor had the fame  
Of that new-form’d Arcadia reach’d his ear.

And thus the swain, as o’er each hill and dale,  
Through lawn or thicket, he pursued his way:—  
‘ What is it gilds the verdure of these meads  
With hues more bright than Fancy paints the flowers  
Of Paradise? What naiad’s guiding hand  
Leads, through the broider’d vale, these lucid rills,  
That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody  
Along their banks, and through the vocal shades  
Improve the music of the woodland choir?  
What pensive dryad rais’d yon solemn grove,  
Where minds contemplative at close of day  
Retiring, muse o’er Nature’s various works,  
Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy?—  
What room for doubt? some rural deity,  
Presiding, scatters o’er the’ unequal lawns,



In beauteous wildness, yon fair-spreading trees,  
 And, mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,  
 And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fowl,  
 And those that swim the lake, sees rising round  
 More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe's vale  
 Penéus water'd. Yes, some silvan god  
 Spreads wide the varied prospect, waves the woods,  
 Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes,  
 While, from the congregated waters pour'd,  
 The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep  
 In foaming fury ; fierce, irregular,  
 Wild, interrupted, cross'd with rocks and roots  
 And interwoven trees ; till, soon absorb'd,  
 An opening cavern all its rage entombs.  
 So vanish human glories ! such the pomp  
 Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,  
 Who fret and strut their hour upon the stage  
 Of busy life, and then are heard no more !

' Yes, 'tis enchantment all—And see ! the spells,  
 The powerful incantations, magic verse,  
 Inscrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn.—  
 Spells !—Incantations !—Ah ! my tuneful Friend !  
 Thine are the numbers, thine the wondrous work !—  
 Yes, great magician ! now I read thee right,  
 And lightly weigh all sorcery but thine.  
 No naiad's leading step conducts the rill,  
 Nor silvan god presiding skirts the lawn  
 In beauteous wildness, with fair-spreading trees,  
 Nor magic wand has circumscrib'd the scene :  
 'Tis thine own taste, thy genius that presides,  
 Nor needs there other deity, nor needs  
 More potent spells than they.'—No more the swain,  
 For, lo ! his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn  
 Advancing, leads him to the social dome.

TO

*MR. ROBERT DODSLEY,*

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHENSTONE.

‘ Thee, Shepherd ! thee the woods and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o’ergrown,  
 And all their echoes, mourn.’ MILT.

’Tis past, my friend ! the transient scene is clos’d !  
 The fairy pile, the’ enchanted vision, rais’d  
 By Damon’s magic skill, is lost in air ! [main ;  
 What though the lawns and pendent woods re-  
 Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract,  
 With lapse incessant echoes through the dale ?  
 Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now ?  
 The charm’s dissolv’d ; the genius of the wood,  
 Alas ! is flown—for Damon is no more.

As when from fair Lycæum, crown’d with pines,  
 Or Mænalus, with leaves autumnal strew’d,  
 The tuneful Pan retires, the vocal hills  
 Resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.

Yet here we fondly dream’d of lasting joys ;  
 Here we had hop’d, from noisy throngs retir’d,  
 To drink large draughts of Friendship’s cordial  
 stream,

In sweet oblivion wrapt, by Damon’s verse,  
 And social converse, many a summer’s day.

Romantic wish ! in vain frail mortals trace  
 The’ imperfect sketch of human bliss—Whilst yet  
 The’ enraptur’d sire his well-plann’d structure views  
 Majestic rising midst his infant groves,

Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,  
Its languid bloom the purple lilac blend,  
Or pale laburnum drop its pensile chain,  
Death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir  
Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.

Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend! to raise  
To moral truths my grovelling song; for, ah!  
Too long, by lawless Fancy led astray,  
Of nymphs and groves I've dream'd, and dancing  
fauns,

Or naïd leaning o'er her tinkling urn.

Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains  
With hymns, like those by tuneful Meyrick sung—  
Or rather catch the melancholy sounds  
From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre—to paint  
The sudden gloom that damps my soul—But see!  
Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe  
With which sad Lyttleton his Lucia mourn'd,  
And plaintive cries, 'My Shenstone is no more!'

R. GRAVES.

## VERSES

WRITTEN IN THE GARDENS OF

*WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.*

NEAR BIRMINGHAM, 1756.

—◆—  
 ‘ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
 Angulus ridet <sup>1</sup>.’

HOR.

—◆—  
 WOULD you these lov'd recesses trace,  
 And view fair Nature's modest face?  
 See her in every field-flower bloom,  
 O'er every thicket shed perfume?  
 By verdant groves, and vocal hills,  
 By mossy grotts, near purling rills,  
 Where'er you turn your wondering eyes,  
 Behold her win without disguise.

What though no pageant trifles here,  
 As in the glare of courts, appear?  
 Though rarely here be heard the name  
 Of rank or title, power or fame?  
 Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,  
 A bliss more pure and unconfi'd  
 Your step attends—Draw freely nigh,  
 And meet the bard's benignant eye:  
 On him no pedant forms await,  
 No proud reserve shuts up his gate;  
 No spleen, no party views, control  
 That warm benevolence of soul

<sup>1</sup> IMITATION.

Whate'er the beauties others boast,  
 That spot of ground delights me most.



Which prompts the friendly generous part,  
Regardless of each venal art,  
Regardless of the world's acclaim,  
And courteous with no selfish aim.  
Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,  
If not the costly, yet the kind.  
Oh! he will lead you to the cells  
Where every Muse and Virtue dwells,  
Where the green Dryads guard his woods,  
Where the blue Naiads guide his floods,  
Where all the sister Graces gay,  
That shap'd his walk's meandering way,  
Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,  
Lie slumbering soft beneath his bowers.

Wak'd by the stock-dove's melting strain,  
Behold them rise! and, with the train  
Of nymphs that haunt the stream or grove,  
Or o'er the flowery champaign rove,  
Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—  
And mark the dance's mystic maze.

'Such is the waving line,' they cry,  
'For ever dear to Fancy's eye!  
Yon stream that wanders down the dale,  
The spiral wood, the winding vale,  
The path which, wrought with hidden skill,  
Slow twining, scales yon distant hill,  
With fir invested—all combine  
To recommend the waving line.

'The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,  
The ringlets of Apollo's hair,  
The wand by Maia's offspring borne,  
The smooth volutes of Ammon's horn,  
The structure of the Cyprian dame,  
And each fair female's beauteous frame,

Show, to the pupils of Design,  
The triumphs of the waving line.'

Then gaze, and mark that union sweet  
Where fair convex and concave meet,  
And while, quick shifting as you stray,  
The vivid scenes on fancy play,  
The lawn, of aspect smooth and mild,  
The forest ground grotesque and wild,  
The shrub that scents the mountain gale,  
The stream rough dashing down the dale,  
From rock to rock in eddies tost,  
The distant lake in which 'tis lost,  
Blue hills gay beaming through the glade,  
Lone urns that solemnize the shade,  
Sweet interchange of all that charms  
In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms!  
If aught the fair confusion please,  
With lasting health and lasting ease,  
To him who form'd the blissful bow'r,  
And gave thy life one tranquil hour,  
Wish peace and freedom—these possess,  
His temperate mind secures the rest.

But if thy soul such bliss despise,  
Avert thy dull incurious eyes ;  
Go, fix them there where gems and gold,  
Improv'd by art, their pow'r unfold ;  
Go, try in courtly scenes to trace  
A fairer form of Nature's face ;  
Go, scorn Simplicity—but know  
That all our heart-felt joys below,  
That all which Virtue loves to name,  
Which Art consigns to lasting fame,  
Which fixes Wit or Beauty's throne,  
Derives its source from her alone.

ARCADIO.

*TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.*

IN HIS SICKNESS.

BY MR. WOODHOUSE.

**YE** flowery plains ! ye breezy woods !  
Ye bowers and gay alcoves !  
Ye falling streams ! ye silver floods !  
Ye grottos, and ye groves !

**Alas !** my heart feels no delight,  
Though I your charms survey,  
While he consumes in pain the night,  
In languid sighs the day.

**The flowers** disclose a thousand blooms,  
A thousand scents diffuse,  
Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,  
In vain display their hues.

**Restrain,** ye flowers ! your thoughtless pride,  
Recline your gaudy heads,  
And sadly drooping, side by side,  
Embrace your humid beds.

**Tall oaks !** that o'er the woodland shade  
Your lofty summits rear,  
Ah ! why, in wonted charms array'd,  
Expand your leaves so fair !

**For, lo !** the flowers as gaily smile,  
As wanton waves the tree,  
And though I sadly 'plain the while,  
Yet they regard not me.

Ah! should the Fates an arrow send,  
And strike the fatal wound ;  
Who, who shall then your sweets defend,  
Or fence your beauties round ?

But hark ! perhaps the plummy throng  
Have learn'd my plaintive tale,  
And some sad dirge or mournful song  
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no ! they chant a sprightly strain  
To soothe an amorous mate,  
Unmindful of my anxious pain,  
And his uncertain fate.

But see ! these little murmuring rills  
With fond repinings rove,  
And trickle wailing down the hills,  
Or weep along the grove.

Oh! mock not if, beside your stream,  
You hear me, too, repine,  
Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,  
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious winds ! the cause display,  
In whispers as ye blow,  
Why did your treacherous gales convey  
The poison'd shafts of woe ?

Did he not plant the shady bower,  
Where you so blithely meet ?  
The scented shrub, and fragrant flower,  
To make your breezes sweet ?



And must he leave the wood, the field,  
The dear Arcadian reign?  
Can neither verse nor virtue shield  
The guardian of the plain?

Must he his tuneful breath resign,  
Whom all the Muses love?  
That round his brow their laurels twine,  
And all his songs approve.

Preserve him, mild Omnipotence!  
Our Father, King, and God!  
Who clear'st the paths of life and sense,  
Or stopp'st them at thy nod.

Bless'd Power; who calm'st the raging deep,  
His valued health restore,  
Nor let the sons of genius weep,  
Nor let the good deplore.

But if thy boundless wisdom knows  
His longer date an ill;  
Let not my soul a wish disclose  
To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,  
For such a godlike mind,  
To go where kindred spirits range,  
Nor leave a wish behind.

And though to share his pleasures here  
Kings might their state forego,  
Yet must he feel such raptures there  
As none can taste below.

*VERSES*

## LEFT ON A SEAT.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,  
 Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee;  
 Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,  
 And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;  
 Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,  
 And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom.  
 Propitious Earth! lie lightly on his head,  
 And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

---



---

*CORYDON, A PASTORAL.*

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

COME, shepherds! we'll follow the herse,  
 And see our lov'd Corydon laid;  
 Though sorrow may blemish the verse,  
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.  
 They call'd him the pride of the plain:  
 In sooth he was gentle and kind:  
 He mark'd in his elegant strain  
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

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

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

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
 No bloom on the blossoms appear ;  
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,  
 And Winter discolour the year.  
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
 (Our hedges, so vocal before)  
 Since he that should welcome the Spring  
 Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,  
 And poets came round in a throng ;  
 They listen'd, and envied his lays,  
 But which of them equall'd his song?  
 Ye shepherds ! henceforward be mute,  
 For lost is the pastoral strain ;  
 So give me my Corydon's flute,  
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

---

FROM

*TICKELL'S WREATH OF FASHION.*

——LET vanquish'd Nature mourn  
 Her lost simplicity o'er Shenstone's urn,  
 With sympathetic sorrows on his tomb  
 Let the pale primrose shed its wild perfume.

The cowslip droop its head ; and all around  
 The with'ring violet strew the hallow'd ground ;  
 For mute the swain, and cold the hand that wove  
 Their simple sweets to wreaths of artless love.  
 Simplicity with Shenstone died !—

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FROM

*PRATT'S TEARS OF GENIUS.*

FULL gentle and sweet was the note  
 That flow'd from his delicate heart ;  
 Simplicity smil'd as he wrote,  
 And Nature was polish'd by art.

Now unseen let the' eglantine blow,  
 Unheeded the hyacinth lie ;  
 Unheard let the rivulets flow,  
 Let the primroses flourish and die—

For the swain who should crop them is gone,  
 He sung, and all Nature admir'd ;  
 He spoke—and all hearts were his own ,  
 He fell—and all pity expir'd.

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## ADVERTISEMENT

### TO THE READER.

*TO this edition is subjoined (for the sake of those readers to whom it may not prove unwelcome) an explanation, or rather, in most places, a liberal imitation, of all the Latin inscriptions and quotations throughout this work by Mr. Hull. That gentleman's well-known friendship for Mr. Shenstone, and willingness to oblige, being his sole inducements to this (as he chooses to have it called) trifling addition, the editor thinks it no more than a just return of gratitude to let his purchasers know to whom they are beholden for it. Be it remembered, however, that it was executed in a country retirement, where our eminent translators of the classics were not at hand to be consulted.*



## *DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES<sup>1</sup>.*

BY ROBERT DODSLEY.

**T**HE Leasowes is situate in the parish of Hales Owen, a small market town in the county of Salop, but surrounded by other counties, and thirty miles from Shrewsbury, as it is near ten to the borders of Shropshire. Though a paternal estate, it was never distinguished for any peculiar beauties till the time of its late owner. It was reserved for a person of his ingenuity both to discover and improve them, which he has done so effectually, that it is now considered as amongst the principal of those delightful scenes which persons of taste, in the present age, are desirous to see. Far from violating its natural beauties, Mr. Shenstone's only study was to give them their full effect; and although the form in which things now appear be indeed the consequence of much thought and labour, yet the hand of Art is no way visible either in the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, or (which are here so numerous and striking) the romantic fall of his cascades.

But I will now proceed to a more particular description. About half a mile short of Hales Owen, in your way from Birmingham to Bewdley, you

<sup>1</sup> This Description was intended to give a friend some idea of the Leasowes—which having been so justly admired by persons of the best taste, and celebrated by the Muse of such an original genius as Mr. Shenstone, it is hoped the public will not be displeased with this slight attempt to perpetuate those beauties, which time, or the different taste of some future possessor, may destroy.

quit the great road, and turn into a green lane on the left hand, where descending in a winding manner to the bottom of a deep valley finely shaded, the first object that occurs is a kind of ruined wall, and a small gate, within an arch, inscribed, 'The Priory Gate.' Here, it seems, the company should properly begin their walk, but generally choose to go up with their horses or equipage to the house, from whence returning, they descend back into the valley. Passing through a small gate at the bottom of the fine swelling lawn that surrounds the house, you enter upon a winding path, with a piece of water on your right. The path and water, overshadowed with trees that grow upon the slopes of this narrow dingle, render the scene at once cool, gloomy, solemn, and sequestered, and form so striking a contrast to the lively scene you have just left, that you seem all on a sudden landed in a subterraneous kind of region. Winding forward down the valley, you pass beside a small root-house, where, on a tablet, are these lines:

' Here in cool grot and mossy cell,  
 We rural Fays and Faeries dwell;  
 Though rarely seen by mortal eye,  
 When the pale moon, ascending high,  
 Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,  
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

' Her beams, reflected from the wave,  
 Afford the light our revels crave;  
 The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,  
 Exceeds, we wot, the Pariau floor;  
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,  
 But listen to the water's fall.

' Would you then taste our tranquil scene,  
 Be sure your bosoms be serene,

Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,  
Devoid of all that poisons life ;  
And much it 'vails you in their place  
To graft the love of human race.

' And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,  
Nor wound the shrubs nor bruise the flowers ;  
So may your path with sweets abound,  
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!  
But harm betide the wayward swain  
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane !'

These sentiments correspond as well as possible with the ideas we form of the abode of Fairies, and, appearing deep in this romantic valley, serve to keep alive such enthusiastic images while this sort of scene continues.

You now pass through The Priory Gate before mentioned, and are admitted into a part of the valley somewhat different from the former; tall trees, high irregular ground, and rugged scars. The right presents you with perhaps the most natural, if not the most striking, of the many cascades here found; the left with a sloping grove of oaks; and the centre with a pretty circular landscape appearing through the trees, of which Hales Owen steeple, and other objects at a distance, form an interesting part. The seat beneath the ruined wall has these lines of Virgil inscribed, suiting well with the general tenor of Mr. Shenstone's late situation:

———' *Lucis habitamus opacis,  
Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis  
Incolimus* <sup>2</sup>.'

You now proceed a few paces down the valley

<sup>2</sup> IMITATION.

———We dwell in shady groves,  
And seek the groves with cooling streams refresh'd,  
And trace the verdant banks.

to another bench, where you have this cascade in front, which, together with the internal arch and other appendages, make a pretty irregular picture. I must observe, once for all, that a number of these pro tempore benches (two stumps with a transverse board) seem chiefly intended as hints to spectators, lest in passing cursorily through the farm they might suffer any of that immense variety the place furnishes to escape their notice. The stream attending us, with its agreeable murmurs, as we descend along this pleasing valley, we come next to a small seat, where we have a sloping grove upon the right, and on the left a striking vista to the steeple of Hales Owen, which is here seen in a new light. We now descend farther down this shady and sequestered valley, accompanied on the right by the same brawling rivulet running over pebbles, till it empties itself into a fine piece of water at the bottom. The path here winding to the left conforms to the water before mentioned, running round the foot of a small hill, and accompanying this semicircular lake into another winding valley, somewhat more open, and not less pleasing than the former: however, before we enter this, it will be proper to mention a seat about the centre of this water-scene, where the ends of it are lost in the two vallies on each side, and in front it is invisibly connected with another piece of water, of about twenty acres, open to Mr. Shenstone, but not his property. This last was a performance of the monks, and part of a prodigious chain of fish-ponds that belonged to Hales Abbey. The back ground of this scene is very beautiful, and exhibits a picture of villages and varied ground finely held up to the eye.



I speak of all this as already finished, but through some misfortune in the mound that pounds up the water it is not completed.

We now leave The Priory upon the left, which is not meant for an object here, and wind along into the other valley: and here I cannot but take notice of the judgment which formed this piece of water; for although it be not very large, yet, as it is formed by the concurrence of three vallies, in which two of the ends are hid, and in the third it seems to join with the large extent of water below, it is, to all appearance, unbounded. I must confess I never saw a more natural bed for water, or any kind of lake that pleased me better; but it may be right to mention, that this water, in its full extent, has a yet more important effect from Mr. Shenstone's house, where it is seen to a great advantage. We now, by a pleasing serpentine walk, enter a narrow glade in the valley, the slopes on each side finely covered with oaks and beeches, on the left of which is a common bench, which affords a retiring place secluded from every eye, and a short respite, during which the eye reposes on a fine amphitheatre of wood and thicket.

We now proceed to a seat beneath a prodigiously fine canopy of spreading oak, on the back of which is this inscription:

' Huc ades, O Melibœe! caper tibi salvus et hædi;  
Et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra<sup>3</sup>."

The picture before it is that of a beautiful home-

### <sup>3</sup> IMITATION.

Hither, O Melibœus! bend thy way;  
Thy herds, thy goats, secure from harm, repose;  
If happy leisure serve a while to stay,  
Here rest thy limbs beneath these shady boughs.



scene ; a small lawn of well-varied ground, encompassed with hills and well-grown oaks, and embellished with a cast of the piping Faunus, amid trees and shrubs on a slope upon the left, and on the right, and nearer the eye, with an urn thus inscribed :

‘ Ingenio et amicitia  
Gvlielmi Somervile.’

And on the opposite side,

‘ G. S. posvit,  
Debita spargens lacrima favillam  
Vatis amici <sup>4</sup>.’

The scene is inclosed on all sides by trees ; in the middle only there is an opening, where the lawn is continued, and winds out of sight.

Here entering a gate, you are led through a thicket of many sorts of willows, into a large root-house, inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford. It seems that worthy peer was present at the first opening of the cascade, which is the principal object from the root-house, where the eye is presented with a fairy vision, consisting of an irregular and romantic fall of water, very unusual, one hundred and fifty yards in continuity ; and a very striking scene it affords. Other cascades may possibly have the advantage of a greater

<sup>4</sup> TRANSLATION.

To the genius and friendship  
of

WILLIAM SOMERVILE,

By W. S.

Sprinkling the ashes of a friendly bard  
With tributary tears.

descent and a larger torrent; but a more wild and romantic appearance of water, and at the same time strictly natural, is what I never saw in any place whatever. This scene, though comparatively small, is yet aggrandized with so much art, that we forget the quantity of water which flows through this close and overshadowed valley, and are so much transported with the intricacy of scene, and the concealed height from whence it flows, that we, without reflection, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. In short, it is not but upon reflection that we find the stream is not a Niagara, but rather a water-fall in miniature; and that the same artifice, upon a larger scale, were there large trees instead of small ones, and a river instead of a rill, would be capable of forming a scene that would exceed the utmost of our ideas. But I will not dwell longer upon this inimitable scene; those who would admire it properly must view it, as surely as those that view it must admire it beyond almost any thing they ever saw.

Proceeding on the right-hand path, the next seat affords a scene of what Mr. Shenstone used to call his Forest-ground, consisting of wild green slopes peeping through dingle, or irregular groupes of trees, a confused mixture of savage and cultivated ground, held up to the eye, and forming a landscape fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

Winding on beside this lawn, which is over-arched with spreading trees, the eye catches, at intervals, over an intermediate hill, the spire of Hales church, forming here a perfect obelisk—the urn to Mr. Somerville, &c.; and now passing

through a kind of thicket, we arrive at a natural bower of almost circular oaks, inscribed in the manner following:

' To Mr. DODSLEY.

Come then, my Friend! thy silvan taste display;  
Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay:  
Ah! rather come, and in these dells disown  
The care of other strains, and tune thine own.'

On the bank above it, amid the fore-mentioned shrubs, is a statue of the piping Faun, which not only embellishes this scene, but is also seen from the court before the house, and from other places: it is surrounded by venerable oaks, and very happily situated. From this bower also you look down upon the fore-mentioned irregular ground, shut up with trees on all sides, except some few openings to the more pleasing parts of this grotesque and hilly country. The next little bench affords the first, but not most striking view of The Priory. It is indeed a small building, but seen as it is beneath trees, and its extremity also hid by the same, it has in some sort the dignity and solemn appearance of a larger edifice.

Passing through a gate, we enter a small open grove, where the first seat we find affords a picturesque view, through trees, of a clump of oaks at a distance, overshadowing a little cottage upon a green hill: we thence immediately enter a perfect dome or circular temple of magnificent beeches, in the centre of which it was intended to place an antique altar, or a statue of Pan. The path serpentizing through this open grove, leads us by an easy ascent to a small bench with this motto,

————— ' Me gelidum nemus  
Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori  
Secernant populo <sup>5</sup>.'

HOR.

which alludes to the retired situation of the grove. There is also seen, through an opening to the left, a pleasing landscape of a distant hill, with a whited farm-house upon the summit; and to the right hand a beautiful round slope, crowned with a clump of large firs, with a pyramidal seat on its centre, to which, after no long walk, the path conducts us.

But we first come to another view of The Priory, more advantageous, and at a better distance, to which the eye is led down a green slope, through a scenery of tall oaks, in a most agreeable manner, the grove we have just passed on one side, and a hill of trees and thicket on the other, conducting the eye to a narrow opening through which it appears.

We now ascend to a small bench, where the circumjacent country begins to open; in particular a glass-house appears between two large clumps of trees, at about the distance of four miles; the glass-houses in this country not ill resembling a distant pyramid. Ascending to the next seat, which is in the Gothic form, the scene grows more and more extended; woods and lawns, hills and vallies, thicket and plain, agreeably intermingled. On the back of this seat is the following inscription, which the Author told me that he chose to

<sup>5</sup> EXPLANATION.

————— May the cool grove,  
And gay assembled nymphs with silvans mix'd,  
Conceal me from the world!

fix here, to supply what he thought some want of life in this part of the farm, and to keep up the spectator's attention till he came to scale the hill beyond.

INSCRIPTION.

' Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain  
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain,  
Joy that suits the rural sphere ?  
Gentle shepherd ! lend an ear.

' Learn to relish calm delight,  
Verdant vales and fountains bright,  
'Trees that nod on sloping hills,  
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

' If thou canst no charm disclose  
In the simplest bud that blows,  
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,  
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

' Tranquil pleasures never cloy ;  
Banish each tumultuous joy ;  
All but love—for love inspires  
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

' Love and all its joys be thine—  
Yet ere thou the reins resign,  
Hear what reason seems to say,  
Hear attentive, and obey :—

' Crimson leaves the rose adorn,  
But beneath them lurks a thorn ;  
Fair and flowery is the brake,  
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

' Think not she, whose empty pride  
Dares the fleecy garb deride,  
Think not she who, light and vain,  
Scorns the sheep can love the swain.

' Artless deed and simple dress  
Mark the chosen shepherdess ;  
Thoughts by decency controll'd,  
Well conceiv'd, and freely told :



' Sense, that shuns each conscious air,  
Wit, that falls ere well aware;  
Generous pity, prone to sigh  
If her kid or lambkin die.

' Let not lucre, let not pride,  
Draw thee from such charms aside;  
Have not those their proper sphere?  
Gentler passions triumph here.

' See! to sweeten thy repose,  
The blossom buds, the fountain flows;  
Lo! to crown thy healthful board,  
All that milk and fruits afford.

' Seek no more—the rest is vain;  
Pleasure ending soon in pain;  
Anguish lightly gilded o'er:  
Close thy wish, and seek no more.'

And now, passing through a wicket, the path winds up the back part of a circular green hill, discovering little of the country till you enter a clump of stately firs upon the summit. Over-arched by these firs is an octagonal seat, the back of which is so contrived as to form a table or pedestal for a bowl or goblet, thus inscribed—

' To all friends round the Wrekin!'

This facetious inscription, being an old Shropshire health, is a commemoration of his country friends, from which this part of Shropshire is divided: add to this that the Wrekin, that large and venerable hill, appears full in front, at the distance of about thirty miles.

The scene is a very fine one, divided by the firs into several compartments, each answering to the octagonal seat in the centre; to each of which is allotted a competent number of striking objects to

make a complete picture. A long serpentine stream washes the foot of this hill, and is lost behind trees at one end, and a bridge thrown over at the other. Over this the eye is carried from very romantic home-scenes to very beautiful ones at a distance. It is impossible to give an idea of that immense variety, that fine configuration of parts, which engage our attention from this place. In one of the compartments you have a simple scene of a cottage, and a road winding behind a farm-house half covered with trees, upon the top of some wild sloping ground; and in another a view of the town, appearing from hence as upon the shelving banks of a large piece of water in the flat. Suffice it to say, that the hill and vale, plain and woodland, villages and single houses, blue distant mountains that skirt the horizon, and green hills romantically jumbled, that form the intermediate ground, make this spot more than commonly striking—nor is there to be seen an acre of level ground through the large extent to which the eye is carried.

Hence the path winds on betwixt two small benches, each of which exhibits a pleasing landscape, which cannot escape the eye of a connoisseur.

Here we wind through a small thicket, and soon enter a cavity in the hill, filled with trees, in the centre of which is a seat, from whence is discovered, gleaming across the trees, a considerable length of the serpentine stream before mentioned, running under a slight rustic bridge to the right; hence we ascend in a kind of Gothic alcove, looking down a slope, sided with large oaks and tall beeches, which

together overarch the scene. On the back of this building is found the following

INSCRIPTION.

' O you that bathe in courtlye blysse,  
Or toyle in Fortune's giddy spheare,  
Do not too rashlye deeme amyse  
Of him, that bydes contented here.

' Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale  
Which o'er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs ;  
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle  
In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

' Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,  
Devoide of worldlye cark, he stray,  
Or all beside some flowerye lawne  
He waste his inoffensive daye.

' So may he pardonne fraud and strife,  
If such in courtlye haunt he see ;  
For faults there beene in busye life  
From whyche these peaceful gleennes are free.'

Below this alcove is a large sloping lawn, finely bounded, crossed by the serpentine water before mentioned, and interspersed with single or clumps of oaks at agreeable distances. Further on the scene is finely varied, the hills rising and falling towards the opposite concavities, by the side of a long winding vale, with the most graceful confusion. Among other scenes that form this landscape, a fine hanging wood, backed and contrasted with a wild heath, intersected with cross roads, is a very considerable object. Near adjoining to this is a seat, from whence the water is seen to advantage in many different stages of its progress; or where (as a poetical friend once observed) the proprietor

has taken the Naiad by the hand, and led her an irregular dance into the valley.

Proceeding hence through a wicket, we enter upon another lawn, beyond which is a new theatre of wild shaggy precipices, hanging coppice ground, and smooth round hills between, being not only different, but even of an opposite character, to the ground from which we passed. Walking along the head of this lawn, we come to a seat under a spreading beech, with this

INSCRIPTION.

' Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,  
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,  
Et paulum sylvæ super hic foret. Auctius atque  
Dii melius fecere<sup>6</sup>. '—

In the centre of the hanging lawn before you is discovered the house, half hid with trees and bushes: a little hanging wood, and a piece of winding water, issues through a noble clump of large oaks and spreading beeches. At the distance of about ten or twelve miles Lord Stamford's grounds appear, and beyond these the Clee hills in Shropshire. The scene here consists of admirably-varied ground, and is, I think a very fine one. Hence passing still along the top of the lawn, we cross another gate, and behind the fence begin to descend into the valley. About half way down is a small bench, which throws

<sup>6</sup> IMITATION.

This was my wish—an humble spot of ground,  
A garden well-dispos'd, and fenc'd around,  
A bubbling fountain, to my dwelling nigh,  
With crystal treasures stor'd, and never dry,  
The whole defended by a modest wood—  
This was my wish—my wish the gods allow'd,  
And ev'n beyond that wish indulgently bestow'd. }



the eye upon a near scene of hanging woods and shaggy wild declivities, intermixed with smooth green slopes and scenes of cultivation.

We now return again into the great lawn at bottom, and soon come to a seat, which gives a nearer view of the water before mentioned, between the trunks of high overshadowing oaks and beeches, beyond which the winding line of trees is continued down the valley to the right. To the left, at a distance, the top of Clent hill appears, and the house upon a swell, amidst trees and bushes. In the centre, the eye is carried by a sideling view down a length of lawn, till it rests upon the town and spire of Hales, with some picturesque and beautiful ground rising behind it.

Somewhat out of the path, and in the centre of a noble clump of stately beeches, is a seat inscribed to Mr. Spence, in these words :

IOSEPHO SPENCE,  
eximio nostro Critoni ;  
cvi dicari vellet  
Mvsarvm omnivm et Gratiarvm chorvs,  
dicat amicitia.  
17587.

We now, through a small gate, enter what is called The Lover's Walk, and proceed immediately to a seat where the water is seen very advantage-

#### 7 EXPLANATION.

Dedicated by friendship  
to JOSEPH SPENCE,  
our most excellent Crito,  
whom  
the unanimous consent  
of every Muse and Grace  
made choice of  
to be so distinguished.



ously at full length ; which, though not large, is so agreeably shaped, and has its bounds so well concealed, that the beholder may receive less pleasure from many lakes of greater extent. The margin on one side is fringed with alders, the other is overhung with most stately oaks and beeches, and the middle beyond the water presents the Hales Owen scene, with a group of houses on the slope behind, and the horizon well fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another small bench, which presents the former scene somewhat varied, with the addition of a whited village among trees upon a hill. Proceeding on, we enter the pleasing gloom of this agreeable walk, and come to a bench beneath a spreading beech that overhangs both walk and water, which has been called The Assignation Seat, and has this inscription on the back of it :

' Nerine Galatea ; thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,  
Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior alba !  
Cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,  
Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito<sup>8</sup>.'

Here the path begins gradually to ascend beneath a depth of shade, by the side of which is a small bubbling rill, either forming little peninsulas, rolling over pebbles, or falling down small cascades, all under cover, and taught to murmur very agreeably. This very soft and pensive scene, very pro-

<sup>8</sup> IMITATION.

O Galatea ! Nereus' lovely child,  
Sweeter than Hybla thyme, more undefil'd  
Than down of swan, or ivy's purest white,  
When the full oxen, warn'd by fading light,  
Home to the stall their sober footsteps bend,  
If Damon's dear, to Damon's call attend.

perly styled The Lover's Walk, is terminated with an ornamented urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age, in the following words on one side :

Peramabili suæ consobrinæ  
M. D.

On the other side :

Ah ! Maria !  
pvellarvm elegantissima !  
ah flore venustatis abrepta,  
vare!  
hev quanto minus est  
cvm reliquis versari,  
quam tvi  
meminisse<sup>9</sup> !

The ascent from hence winds somewhat more steeply to another seat, where the eye is thrown over a rough scene of broken and furzy ground, upon a piece of water in the flat, whose extremities are hid behind trees and shrubs, amongst which the house appears, and makes upon the whole no unpleasing picture. The path still winds under cover up the hill, the steep declivity of which is

<sup>9</sup> EXPLANATION.

—Sacred to the memory  
of  
a most amiable kinswoman.

Ah ! Maria !  
most elegant of nymphs !  
snatched from us  
in thy bloom of beauty,  
ah ! farewell !

—  
How much inferior  
is the living conversation  
of others  
to the bare remembrance  
of thee !

somewhat eased by the serpentine sweep of it, till we come to a small bench, with this line from Pope's *Eloisa* :

' Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care !'

The opening before it presents a solitary scene of trees, thickets, and precipice, and terminates upon a green hill, with a clump of firs on the top of it.

We now find the great use as well as beauty of the serpentine path in climbing up this wood, the first seat of which, alluding to the rural scene before it, has the following lines from *Virgil* :

—' Hic latis otia fundis  
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,  
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni <sup>10</sup>.'

Here the eye looking down a slope beneath the spreading arms of oak and beech trees, passes first over some rough furzy ground, then over water to the large swelling lawn, in the centre of which the house is discovered among trees and thickets : this forms the fore ground. Beyond this appears a swell of waste furzy land, diversified with a cottage, and a road that winds behind a farm-house and a fine clump of trees. The back scene of all is a semicircular range of hills, diversified with woods, scenes of cultivation, and inclosures, to about four or five miles' distance.

<sup>10</sup> IMITATION.

Here tranquil leisures in the ample field,  
Here caves and living lakes their pleasures yield;  
Here vales invite where sports the cooling breeze,  
And peaceful sleep beneath embow'ring trees,  
While lowing herds surround.

Still winding up into the wood, we come to a slight seat, opening through the trees to a bridge of five piers, crossing a large piece of water at about half a mile's distance. The next seat looks down from a considerable height, along the side of a steep precipice, upon irregular and pleasing ground. And now we turn upon a sudden into a long straight-lined walk in the wood, arched over with tall trees, and terminating with a small rustic building. Though the walk, as I said, be straight-lined, yet the base rises and falls so agreeably, as leaves no room to censure its formality. About the middle of this avenue, which runs the whole length of this hanging wood, we arrive unexpectedly at a lofty gothic seat, whence we look down a slope, more considerable than that before mentioned, through the wood on each side. This view is indeed a fine one, the eye first travelling down over well-variegated ground into the valley, where is a large piece of water, whose sloping banks give all the appearance of a noble river. The ground from hence rises gradually to the top of Clent hill, at three or four miles' distance, and the landscape is enriched with a view of Hales Owen, the late Lord Dudley's house, and a large wood of Lord Lyttelton's. It is impossible to give an adequate description of this view, the beauty of it depending upon the great variety of objects and beautiful shape of ground, and all at such a distance as to admit of being seen distinctly.

Hence we proceed to the rustic building before mentioned, a slight and unexpensive edifice, formed of rough unhewn stone, commonly called here The



Temple of Pan, having a trophy of the Tibia and Syrix, and this inscription over the entrance :

‘ Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures  
Edocuit ; Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros <sup>11</sup>.’

Hence mounting once more to the right, through this dark umbrageous walk, we enter at once upon a lightsome, high, natural terrace, whence the eye is thrown over all the scenes we have seen before, together with many fine additional ones, and all beheld from a declivity that approaches as near a precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a seat with this inscription.

Divini gloria raris <sup>12</sup> !

To give a better idea of this, by far the most magnificent scene here, it were, perhaps, best to divide it into two distinct parts—the noble concave in the front, and the rich valley towards the right.—In regard to the former, if a boon companion could enlarge his idea of a punch-bowl, ornamented within with all the romantic scenery the Chinese ever yet devised, it would, perhaps, afford him the highest idea he could possibly conceive of earthly happiness : he would certainly wish to swim in it. Suffice it to say, that the horizon, or brim, is as finely varied as the cavity. It would be idle here to mention the Clee hills, the Wrekin, the Welsh mountains,

<sup>11</sup> IMITATION.

Pan, god of shepherds, first inspir'd our swains  
Their pipes to frame, and tune their rural strains ;  
Pan from impending harm the fold defends,  
And Pan the master of the fold befriends.

<sup>12</sup> EXPLANATION.

\* O glory of the silvan scene divine !



or *Caer Caradoc*, at a prodigious distance: which, though they finish the scene agreeably, should not be mentioned at the *Leasowes*, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon distinguishable scenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, and the opposite side thereof well fringed with woods, and the high hills on one side this long winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows on the other. But these are a kind of objects which, though really noble in the survey, will not strike a reader in description as they would a spectator upon the spot.

Hence returning back into the wood, and crossing *Pan's Temple*, we go directly down the slope into another part of *Mr. Shenstone's* grounds, the path leading down through very pleasing home-scenes of well-shaped ground, exhibiting a most perfect concave and convex, till we come at a seat under a noble beech, presenting a rich variety of fore-ground, and at, perhaps, half a mile's distance, the gothic alcove on a hill well covered with wood, a pretty cottage under trees in the more distant part of the concave, and a farm-house upon the right, all picturesque objects.

The next and the subsequent seat afford pretty much the same scenes a little enlarged, with the addition of that remarkable clump of trees called *Frankly Beeches*, adjoining to the old family-seat of the *Lytteltons*, and from whence the present *Lord Lyttelton* derives his title.

We come now to a handsome gothic screen, backed with a clump of firs, which throws the eye in front full upon a cascade in the valley, issuing from beneath a dark shade of poplars. The house appears in the centre of a large swelling lawn, bushed

with trees and thicket. The pleasing variety of easy swells and hollows, bounded by scenes less smooth and cultivated, affords the most delightful picture of domestic retirement and tranquillity.

We now descend to a seat inclosed with handsome pales, and backed with firs, inscribed to Lord Lyttelton. It presents a beautiful view up a valley contracted gradually, and ending in a group of most magnificent oaks and beeches. The right-hand side is enlivened with two striking cascades, and a winding stream seen at intervals between tufts of trees and woodland. To the left appears the hanging wood already mentioned, with the gothic screen on the slope in the centre.

Winding still downwards, we come to a small seat, where one of the offices of the house, and a view of a cottage on very high ground, is seen over the tops of the trees of the grove in the adjacent valley, giving an agreeable instance of the abrupt inequality of ground in this romantic well-variegated country. The next seat shows another face of the same valley, the water gliding calmly along betwixt two seeming groves without any cascade, as a contrast to the former one, where it was broken by cascades: the scene very significantly alluded to by the motto,

*' Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,  
Flumina amem, silvasque inglorius<sup>13</sup> !'*

We descend now to a beautiful gloomy scene, called Virgil's Grove, where, on the entrance, we

<sup>13</sup> IMITATION.

Woods, vales, and running streams, my mind enchant;  
The woods and streams inglorious let me haunt.

pass by a small obelisk on the right hand, with this inscription :

P. Virgilio Maroni  
Lapis iste cum lupo sacer esto <sup>14</sup>.

Before this is a slight bench, where some of the same objects are seen again, but in a different point of light. It is not very easy either to paint or describe this delightful grove : however, as the former has been more than once attempted, I will hope to apologize for an imperfect description, by the difficulty found by those who have aimed to sketch it with their pencil. Be it, therefore, first observed, that the whole scene is opaque and gloomy, consisting of a small deep valley or dingle, the sides of which are inclosed with irregular tufts of hazel and other underwood, and the whole overshadowed with lofty trees rising out of the bottom of the dingle, through which a copious stream makes its way through mossy banks, enamelled with primroses, and variety of wild wood-flowers. The first seat we approach is thus inscribed :

Celeberrimo Poetæ  
IACOBO THOMSON,  
Prope fontes illi non fastidios  
G. S.  
Sedem hanc ornavit <sup>15</sup>.

<sup>15</sup> EXPLA-

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<sup>14</sup> EXPLANATION.

To  
P. Virgilius Maro,  
This obelisk  
and grove  
is consecrated\*.

\* *Note.*—It was customary with the Romans to give a præ-nomen, or first name, in the manner of our Christian names, accordingly Virgil had that of Publius. He derived the addition of Maro from his father, who was so called.

' Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona ?  
 Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,  
 Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ  
 Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles <sup>16</sup>.'

This seat is placed upon a steep bank on the edge of the valley, from which the eye is here drawn down into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the sound of various cascades, by which the winding stream is agreeably broken. Opposite to this seat the ground rises again in an easy concave to a kind of dripping fountain, where a small rill trickles down a rude nich of rock-work, through fern, liverwort, and aquatic weeds, the green area in the middle, through which the stream winds, being as well shaped as can be imagined. After falling down these cascades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itself into a small lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the scene upon the right; and after these objects have for some time amused the spectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the most beautiful cascades imaginable is seen, by way of

<sup>16</sup> EXPLANATION.

To the  
 much celebrated Poet  
 JAMES THOMSON,  
 This seat was placed  
 near his favourite springs  
 by  
 W. S.

<sup>16</sup> IMITATION.

How shall I thank thy Muse, so form'd to please?  
 For not the whispering of the southern breeze,  
 Nor banks still-beaten by the breaking wave,  
 Nor limpid rills that pebbly vallies lave,  
 Yield such delight.—



incident, through a kind of vista or glade, falling down a precipice overarched with trees, and strikes us with surprise. It is impossible to express the pleasure which one feels on this occasion; for though surprise alone is not excellence, it may serve to quicken the effect of what is beautiful. I believe none ever beheld this grove without a thorough sense of satisfaction; and were one to choose any particular spot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it should, perhaps, be this; although it so well contrasts both with the terrace and with some other scenes, that one cannot wish them ever to be divided. We now proceed to a seat at the bottom of a large root on the side of a slope, with this inscription:

#### INSCRIPTION.

' O let me haunt this peaceful shade,  
Nor let Ambition e'er invade  
The tenants of this leafy bower,  
That shun her paths, and slight her power.

' Hither the peaceful halcyon flies  
From social meads and open skies,  
Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,  
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

' The trout, bedropp'd with crimson stains,  
Forsakes the river's proud domains,  
Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,  
To lurk within this humble stream.

' And sure I hear the Naiad say,  
" Flow, flow, my Stream! this devious way;  
Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,  
Thy waters lovely, cool, and fair.

' Flow, gentle Stream! nor let the vain  
Thy small unsullied stores disdain;  
Nor let the pensive sage repine,  
Whose latent course resembles thine."



The view from it is a calm tranquil scene of water, gliding through sloping ground, with a sketch through the trees of the small pond below.

The scene in this place is that of water stealing along through a rude sequestered vale, the ground on each side covered with weeds and field flowers, as that before is kept close shaven. Farther on we lose all sight of water, and only hear the noise, without having the appearance; a kind of effect which the Chinese are fond of producing in what they call their scenes of enchantment. We now turn, all on a sudden, upon the high cascade which we admired before in vista. The scene around is quite a grotto of native stone running up it, roots of trees overhanging it, and the whole shaded overhead. However, we first approach, upon the left, a chalybeate spring, with an iron bowl chained to it, and this inscription upon a stone :

Fons ferruginevs  
Divæ quæ secessv isto frvi concedit <sup>17</sup>.

Then turning to the right, we find a stone seat, making part of the aforesaid cave, with this well-applied inscription :

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;  
Nympharvm domvs <sup>18</sup>.

<sup>17</sup> EXPLANATION.

To the Goddess  
who bestowed the enjoyment  
of these retreats,  
This chalybeate spring  
is consecrated.

<sup>18</sup> IMITATION.

Within are wholesome springs, and marble seats  
Carv'd in the living rock, of Nymphs the bless'd retreats

which I have often heard Mr. Shenstone term the definition of a grotto. We now wind up a shady path on the left hand, and crossing the head of this cascade, pass beside the river that supplies it in our way up to the house. One seat first occurs under a shady oak as we ascend the hill; soon after we enter the shrubbery, which half surrounds the house, where we find two seats, thus inscribed to two of his most particular friends. The first thus :

Amicitiae et meritis  
RICHARDI GRAVES <sup>19</sup> :

Ipsæ te, Tityre! pinvs,  
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arvsta, vocabant <sup>20</sup>.

and a little further the other, with the following inscription :

Amicitiae et meritis  
RICHARDI JAGO <sup>21</sup>.

From this last is an opening down the valley over a large sliding lawn, well edged with oaks, to a piece of water crossed by a considerable bridge in the flat—the steeple of Hales, a village amid trees, making on the whole a very pleasing picture. Thus winding through flowering shrubs, beside a menagerie for doves, we are conducted to the stables. But

#### <sup>19</sup> EXPLANATION.

To the  
friendship and merits  
of  
RICHARD GRAVES.

<sup>20</sup> Thee, Tityrus! the pines,  
The crystal springs, the very groves, invok'd.

<sup>21</sup> To the  
friendship and merits  
of  
RICHARD JAGO.

let it not be forgot, that on the entrance into this shrubbery the first object that strikes us is a Venus de Medicis, beside a bason of gold-fish, encompassed round with shrubs, and illustrated with the following inscription :

—‘ *Semi-reducta Venus* <sup>22</sup>,’

- ‘ To Venus, Venus here retir’d,  
My sober vows I pay ;  
Not her on Paphian plains admir’d,  
The bold, the pert, the gay.
- ‘ Not her whose amorous leer prevail’d  
To bribe the Phrygian boy ;  
Not her who, clad in armour, fail’d  
To save disastrous Troy.
- ‘ Fresh rising from the foamy tide,  
She every bosom warms,  
While half withdrawn she seems to hide,  
And half reveals her charms.
- ‘ Learn hence, ye boastful sons of Taste!  
Who plan the rural shade,  
Learn hence to shun the vicious waste  
Of pomp, at large display’d.
- ‘ Let sweet Concealment’s magic art  
Your mazy bounds invest,  
And while the sight unveils a part,  
Let Fancy paint the rest.
- ‘ Let coy reserve with cost unite  
To grace your wood or field,  
No ray obtrusive pall the sight,  
In aught you paint or build.
- ‘ And far be driv’n the sumptuous glare  
Of gold, from British groves,  
And far the meretricious air  
Of China’s vain alcoves.
- ‘ ’Tis bashful Beauty ever twines  
The most coercive chain ;  
‘Tis she that sovereign rule declines,  
Who best deserves to reign.’

<sup>22</sup> EXPLANATION.  
Venus half-retired.

## A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

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

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

If we consider the etymology of the word <sup>1</sup>, the epithet which Horace gives it <sup>2</sup>, or the confession which Ovid makes concerning it <sup>3</sup>, I think we may conclude thus much however, that Elegy, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea; that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects,

<sup>1</sup> ε-λεγειν, ε-particulam dolendi.

<sup>2</sup> Miserabiles elegos. *Hor.*

<sup>3</sup> Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.  
*Ovid. de Morte Tibulli.*

which by its manner of treating them it renders its own: it throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects, which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

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

*Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints, and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself was the grief of absent or neglected lovers; and this indulgence might be indeed allowed them, but with this they were not contented: they had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to overrun the whole territory: they sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings<sup>1</sup>, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it: they gave the name of Elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations, till at last, through their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of Elegy, and it should seem that

<sup>1</sup> *Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan. Ovid.*



any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of Love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem, perhaps, introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of Elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and tragedy chiefly recommend the public virtues; Elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of Elegy to enforce: this, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth, and has led us, with success, to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl. As Pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of Elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that in a way distinct from Pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simplicity, and innocence: but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement no way inconsistent with these rural virtues, and that raises Elegy above that *merum rus*, that unpolished rusticity, which has given our Pastoral writers their highest reputation.

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

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

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniences appear to lose their weight in shorter Elegies, and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of Elegies<sup>4</sup> not long since published, the product of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that Elegy can shed.

<sup>4</sup> By Hammond.

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

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained; and this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased, though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together, with so much ease, into a couplet, as Mr. Pope: but as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of Elegy.

The previous rhyme in Milton's *Lycidas* is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner; and this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification: but then the peculiar ease and va-

riety it admits of are, no doubt, sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an Elegy of length.

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

I shall say but little of the different kinds of Elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate is softened to an excess. Love-elegy, therefore, is more negligent of order and design, and being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.

The Author of the following Elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot, and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates: if he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks,



and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene, who having (whether through choice or necessity is not material) retired betimes to country solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments, therefore, were inspired by Nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance, diffusing at least some part of that amusement which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There will appear, perhaps, a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several Elegies, and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight, but will allow that men's opinions, as well as tempers, vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently, that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the Author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to



weave his garland by the best model he could find ; with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the metre also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid ; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of Elegy.

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



# ELEGIES,

## ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina fagas  
Assidue veniebat ; ibi hæc incondita, solus,  
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani !      VIRG.

The spreading beech alone he would explore  
With frequent step ; beneath its shady top,  
(Ah! profitless employ!) to hills and groves  
These indigested lays he wont repeat.

HE ARRIVES AT HIS RETIREMENT IN THE COUNTRY,  
AND TAKES OCCASION TO EXPATiate IN  
PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY.

TO A FRIEND.

For rural virtues, and for native skies,  
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell ;  
Now mid the trees I see my smoke arise,  
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.  
O may that Genius which secures my rest,  
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear !  
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast,  
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere !  
Far from these paths, ye faithless friends ! depart ;  
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name !  
Hence, the faint verse that flows not from the heart,  
But mourns in labour'd strains, the price of fame !

O lov'd Simplicity! be thine the prize!  
 Assiduous Art correct her page in vain!  
 His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,  
 Contemns the pow'r, the dull resource, to feign!  
 Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears,  
 For lucre's venal meed invite my scorn!  
 Still may the bard, dissembling doubts and fears,  
 For praise, for flattery sighing, sigh forlorn!  
 Soft as the line of love-sick Hammond flows,  
 'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;  
 Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose  
 So fair a fountain or so lov'd a stream.  
 Ye loveless bards! intent with artful pains  
 To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!  
 Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains  
 Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.  
 But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful soul  
 Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,  
 Write from thy bosom—let not Art control  
 The ready pen that makes his edicts known.  
 Pleasing when youth is long expir'd, to trace  
 The forms our pencil or our pen design'd!  
 'Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!  
 Such the soft image of our youthful mind!  
 Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bow'rs,  
 The Loves and Graces steal unseen away,  
 And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,  
 We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!  
 Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;  
 Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;  
 Paint thy proud scorn of every vulgar care,  
 When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

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

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*ON POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION.*

TO A FRIEND.

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



Shall then our youths, who Fame's bright fabric raise,  
 To life's precarious date confine their care?  
 O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,  
 To plan a work through latest ages fair?

Is it small transport, as with curious eye  
 You trace the story of each Attic sage,  
 To think your blooming praise shall time defy?  
 Shall waft, like odours, through the pleasing page?

To mark the day when, through the bulky tome,  
 Around your name the varying style refines?  
 And readers call their lost attention home,  
 Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah! let not Britons doubt their social aim,  
 Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire;  
 Cold interest melts before the vivid flame,  
 And patriot ardours but with life expire.



ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF A CERTAIN  
 LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE.

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,  
 Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies,  
 Whilst heralds loud, with venal voice, proclaim,  
 Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,  
 Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier;  
 The faithful Muse with votive song attends,  
 And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

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

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

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

Ye sons of wealth ! protect the Muses' train ;  
From winds protect them, and with food supply ;  
Ah ! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain,  
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky !

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

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

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

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

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

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

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;  
 Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply:  
 The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,  
 But Pow'r and Wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!  
 Where were ye then, ye powerful Patrons! where?  
 Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,  
 Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

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*OPHELIA'S URN.*

TO MR. G——.

**T**HROUGH the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,  
 Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,  
 What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!  
 What shrouded spectres Superstition seen!

But you, secure, shall pour your sad complaint,  
 Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;  
 What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,  
 What none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn  
 Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:  
 Constant, as crystal dew's impearl the lawn,  
 Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray  
 Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid;  
 Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way  
 Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs  
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,  
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise,  
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Then Fame, her clarion pendent at her side,  
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade ;  
' Why has such worth, without distinction, died ?  
Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade ?'

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,  
Shall, unmolested, breathe her softest sigh,  
And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,  
And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,  
Shall cull fresh flowerets for Ophelia's tomb ;  
And Beauty chide the Fates' severe command,  
That show'd the frailty of so fair a bloom !

And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,  
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain ;  
For mournful sable all her hues forego,  
And ask sweet solace of the Muse in vain !

Ah! gentle forms! expect no fond relief ;  
Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore :  
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—  
Your best, your brightest, favourite is no more.

HE COMPARES THE TURBULENCE OF  
LOVE WITH THE TRANQUILLITY OF  
FRIENDSHIP.

TO MELISSA, HIS FRIEND.

FROM Love, from angry Love's inclement reign  
I pass a while to Friendship's equal skies ;  
Thou, generous Maid! reliev'st my partial pain,  
And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.  
'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care ;  
How can my will and reason disagree ?  
How can my passion live beneath despair !  
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee!  
Ah! dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove,  
My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time ;  
Ill can I bear the various clime of Love!  
Love is a pleasing but a various clime.  
So smiles immortal Maro's favourite shore,  
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd ;  
When straight Vesuvio's horrid caldrons roar,  
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.  
Oh, blissful regions! oh, unrivall'd plains!  
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd !  
Oh, fatal realms! and, oh, accurs'd domains !  
When Pliny mid sulphureous clouds expir'd !  
So smiles the surface of the treacherous main,  
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play,  
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,  
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.  
But let or air contend or ocean rave ;  
Ev'n Hope subside, amid the billows tost ;  
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,  
And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.



## TO A LADY,

## ON THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,  
 The science of the feather'd choirs explore,  
 Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,  
 And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,  
 Nor senseless ditty cheers the vernal tree :  
 Ah! who that hears Dione's tuneful tongue  
 Shall doubt that music may with sense agree ?

And come, my Muse! that lov'st the silvan shade,  
 Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel ;  
 Translate the song ; convince my doubting maid  
 No solemn dervise can explain so well.—

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sate,  
 The slave of hopeless vows and cold disdain !  
 When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,  
 And thus I construed the mellifluent strain :—

' Sing on, my bird!—the liquid notes prolong,  
 At every note a lover sheds his tear ;  
 Sing on, my bird!—'tis Damon hears thy song,  
 Nor doubt to gain applause when lovers hear.

' He the sad source of our complaining knows,  
 A foe to Tereus and to lawless love !  
 He mourns the story of our ancient woes ;  
 Ah ! could our music his complaint remove !

' Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerless maid ;  
 And see! pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,  
 A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade ;  
 Sing on, my bird ! and hear thy mates reply.

‘ Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir’d,  
 No lover bless’d the glow-worm’s pallid ray;  
 But ill-star’d birds that, listening, not admir’d,  
 Or listening, envied our superior lay.

‘ Cheer’d by the sun, the vassals of his pow’r,  
 Let such by day unite their jarring strains,  
 But let us choose the calm, the silent hour,  
 Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns.’

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*HE DESCRIBES HIS VISION*  
 TO AN ACQUAINTANCE.

Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c.      VIRG.  
 All animals beside, o’er all the earth, &c.

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,  
 Pensive I saw the circling shade descend;  
 Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,  
 While the sun vanish’d like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;  
 No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;  
 Ev’n the lone cot refus’d its wonted light,  
 Where Toil in peaceful slumber clos’d the day.

Then the dull bell had giv’n a pleasing sound;  
 The village cur ’twere transport then to hear;  
 In dreadful silence all was hush’d around,  
 While the rude storm alone distress’d mine ear.

As led by Orwell’s winding banks I stray’d,  
 Where towering Wolsey breath’d his native air,  
 A sudden lustre chas’d the flitting shade,  
 The sounding winds were hush’d, and all was fair.

- Instant a grateful form appear'd confest ;  
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,  
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,  
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.
- ' Stranger!' he said, ' amid this pealing rain,  
Benighted, lonesome, whither wouldst thou stray?  
Does wealth or pow'r thy weary step constrain?  
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.
- ' For know, I trod the trophied paths of pow'r,  
Felt every joy that fair Ambition brings,  
And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r  
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.
- ' I bade low hinds the towering ardour share,  
Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone ;  
I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,  
And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.
- ' Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw ;  
I saw proud empires my decision wait ;  
My will was duty, and my word was law,  
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate.'
- ' Ah me !' said I, ' nor pow'r I seek, nor gain ;  
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure ;  
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,  
And from his friend's condolence hopes a cure.
- ' He, the dear youth ! to whose abodes I roam,  
Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend ;  
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,  
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.
- ' Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind ;  
The Spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree ;  
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,  
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee !

- ‘ Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass’d,  
 I wish to bless, I languish to bestow ;  
 And though no friend to Fame’s obstreperous blast,  
 Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.
- ‘ Too proud with servile tone to deign address ;  
 Too mean to think that honours are my due ;  
 Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,  
 I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.
- ‘ But tell me, thou ! that like a meteor’s fire  
 Shot’st blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees,  
 Should I to wealth, to fame, to pow’r aspire,  
 Must I not pass more rugged paths than these ?
- ‘ Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,  
 Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray ?  
 Does not felonious Envy bar the road ?  
 Or Falsehood’s treacherous foot beset the way ?
- ‘ Say, should I pass through Favour’s crowded gate,  
 Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind ?  
 Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,  
 My best companion no admittance find ?
- ‘ Nurs’d in the shades by Freedom’s lenient care,  
 Shall I the rigid sway of Fortune own ?  
 Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare  
 To spurn an altar, and adore a throne ?
- ‘ And when proud Fortune’s ebbing tide recedes,  
 And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,  
 Shall I not weep that e’er I left the meads,  
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend ?
- ‘ Oh ! if these ills the price of pow’r advance,  
 Check not my speed where social joys invite !  
 The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,  
 And, sighing, vanish’d in the shades of night.



**HE DESCRIBES HIS EARLY LOVE OF  
POETRY,**

AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

TO MR. G——, 1745<sup>1</sup>.

**AH** me! what envious magic thins my fold?  
 What matter'd spell retards their late increase?  
 Such lessening fleeces must the swain behold,  
 That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.  
**I** saw my friends in evening circles meet;  
 I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;  
**I** heard them say my vocal reed was sweet:—  
 Ah, fool! to credit what I heard them say.  
**Ill-fated** bard! that seeks his skill to show,  
 Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear;  
**Not** the poor veteran, that permits his foe  
 To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.  
**Nor** could my G—— mistake the critic's laws,  
 Till pious Friendship mark'd the pleasing way:  
**Welcome** such error! ever bless'd the cause!  
 Ev'n though it led me boundless leagues astray.  
**Couldst** thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame  
 On listening Cherwell's osier banks reclin'd?  
**While** foe to Fortune, uneduc'd by Fame,  
 I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.  
**Youth's** gentle kindred, Health and Love, were met;  
 What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd?  
**How** shall the Muse those vacant hours forget?  
 Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid?

<sup>1</sup> Written after the death of Mr. Pope.



Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast  
 Where Love and Fancy fix their opening reign;  
 How Nature shines, in livelier colours drest,  
 To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,  
 And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd,  
 Unusual flowers enrich'd the painted green,  
 And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from Twit'nam's widow'd bow'r  
 The drooping Muses take their casual way,  
 And where they stop a flood of tears they pour,  
 And where they weep no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?  
 The cowslip's golden cup no more I see:  
 Dark and discolour'd every flow'r that blows,  
 To form the garland, Elegy! for thee—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;  
 Ah! might we now the pious rage control!  
 Hush'd be my grief ere every smile be fled,  
 Ere the deep-swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,  
 Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise,  
 But soon too deep it works its baneful way,  
 And low on earth the prostrate ruin lies<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

**HE DESCRIBES HIS DISINTERESTED-  
NESS**

**TO A FRIEND.**

**I NE'ER** must tinge my lip with Celtic wines ;  
 The pomp of India must I ne'er display ;  
 Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,  
 Nor with Italian sounds deceive the day.  
 Down yonder brook my crystal beverage flows ;  
 My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring ;  
 Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,  
 And from my grove I hear the throstle sing.  
 My fellow swains! avert your dazzled eyes ;  
 In vain allur'd by glittering spoils they rove ;  
 The Fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,  
 Yet gave them ample recompence in love.  
 They gave you vigour from your parents' veins ;  
 They gave you toils ; but toils your sinews brace ;  
 They gave you nymphs that own their amorous pains,  
 And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.  
 To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,  
 See ! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind !  
 To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,  
 See vocal grotts, and echoing vales assign'd !  
 Wouldst thou, my Strephon, Love's delighted slave !  
 Though sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,  
 Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,  
 And giving, bade thee in remembrance wear ?  
 Ill fare my peace, but every idle toy,  
 If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,  
 Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,  
 Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,  
 When Love deplores the tyrant pow'r of Gain!  
 Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,  
 I rise superior, and the rich disdain.  
 Oft from the stream, slow-wandering down the glade,  
 Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound ;  
 ' Some miser weds,' I cry, ' the captive maid,  
 And some fond lover sickens at the sound.'  
 Not Somerville, the Muse's friend of old,  
 Though now exalted to yon ambient sky,  
 So shunn'd a soul distain'd with earth and gold,  
 So lov'd the pure, the generous breast, as I.  
 Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,  
 His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self resigns ;  
 Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,  
 And to a ducat's dirty sphere confines.  
 But come, my Friend! with taste, with science blest,  
 Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure ;  
 Restore thy dear idea to my breast,  
 The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.  
 Let others toil to gain the sordid ore,  
 The charms of independence let us sing ;  
 Bless'd with thy friendship, can I wish for more ?  
 I'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king <sup>1</sup>.

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**TO FORTUNE,**

SUGGESTING HIS MOTIVE FOR REPINING AT HER  
 DISPENSATIONS.

Ask not the cause why this rebellious tongue  
 Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway ;  
 Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,  
 Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey ?

<sup>1</sup> Cræsus.

'Tis not, that in my shed I lurk forlorn,  
 Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise ;  
 That on this breast no mimic star is borne,  
 Rever'd, ah ! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not, that on the turf supinely laid,  
 I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze ;  
 And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade  
 My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy stern command,  
 When many an embryo dome is lost in air ;  
 While guardian Prudence checks my eager hand,  
 And ere the turf is broken, cries, ' Forbear :

' Forbear, vain Youth ! be cautious, weigh thy gold,  
 Nor let yon rising column more aspire ;  
 Ah ! better dwell in ruins than behold  
 Thy fortunes mouldering, and thy domes entire.

' Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy ;  
 He planted, scornful of my sage commands ;  
 The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye,  
 The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands.

' See the small stream that pours its murmuring tide  
 O'er some rough rock that would its wealth dis-  
 Displays it aught but penury and pride? [play,  
 Ah ! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

' How would some flood, with ampler treasures  
 Disdainful view the scantling drops distil ! [blest,  
 How must Velino <sup>1</sup> shake his reedy crest !  
 How every cygnet mock the boastive rill !

Fortune ! I yield : and see, I give the sign ;  
 At noon the poor mechanic wanders home,  
 Collects the square, the level, and the line,  
 And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

<sup>1</sup> A river in Italy, that falls 100 yards perpendicular.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains ;  
Can unrepining leave the rising wall ;  
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,  
And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

Descend, ye storms ! destroy my rising pile ;  
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway ;  
Contented I, although the gazer smile  
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,  
As in the sun regales his wanton herd ;  
Guiltless of envy, why should I repine  
That his rude voice, his grating reed's preferr'd ?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supplied,  
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share ;  
But, ah ! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,  
Gods ! must my Delia, must my Delia bear ?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,  
Submit to Marian's dress ? to Marian's gold ?  
Must Marian's robe from distant India please ?  
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold ?

' Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair ;  
Ye glittering daughters of Disguise, adieu !'  
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,  
But will the rural thane decide so true ?

Ah ! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns ?  
'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune ! thine they see ;  
'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,  
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.



HE COMPLAINS HOW SOON THE PLEAS-  
ING NOVELTY OF LIFE IS OVER.

TO MR. J——.

**AH** me! my Friend! it will not, will not last!  
 This fairy scene that cheats our youthful eyes;  
 The charm dissolves; the' aërial music's past;  
 The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.  
 Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,  
 Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?  
 Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,  
 And we, delightless, left to wander home!  
 Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!  
 What has the world to bribe our steps astray?  
 Ere Reason learns by studied laws to reign,  
 The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.  
 Scarce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,  
 Scarce shown the whole that Fortune can supply,  
 Since not the miser so caress'd his gold  
 As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.  
 On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part,  
 To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!  
 'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh, my foolish heart!  
 Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.  
 And you, ye works of Art! allur'd mine eye,  
 The breathing picture and the living stone: [deny,  
 ' Though gold, though splendor, Heav'n and Fate  
 Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!  
 Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil,  
 The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,  
 I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—  
 But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas Nature form'd the pray'r,  
To grace my native scenes, my rural home ;  
To see my trees express their planter's care,  
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er !  
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul ;  
A fond aspiring candidate no more,  
I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting stage, profusely bless'd !  
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind ;  
Of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd,  
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as opening roses fair ;  
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing ;  
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,  
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,  
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,  
Not science shall extort that dear delight,  
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care !  
Parent of raptures, dear deceit! adieu ;  
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,  
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue !

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day !  
Again to trace the wintry tracts of snow !  
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey  
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow !

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn !  
We start false joys, and urge the devious race ;  
A tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,  
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

*HIS RECANTATION.*

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

*TO A FRIEND,*

ON SOME SLIGHT OCCASION ESTRANGED FROM HIM.

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

Ah me ! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom !  
 Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy !  
 Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,  
 Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy !

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,  
 By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone,  
 Wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?  
 Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend  
 disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime ;  
 Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?  
 Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,  
 Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame ?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,  
 See sadly sever'd by the laws of Chance !  
 Myriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,  
 Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance !

But we have met—where ills of every form,  
 Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend ;  
 Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm,  
 And guide them to the bosom—of a friend ?

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

Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore !  
 Why leave thy friend amid the boisterous throng,  
 Ere death divide us, and we part no more ?

For, oh! pale Sickness warns thy friend away ;  
 For me no more the vernal roses bloom !  
 I see stern Fate his ebon wand display,  
 And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.  
 Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,  
 Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier ;  
 ' Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,—  
 To let suspicion intermix a fear.'

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DECLINING AN INVITATION TO VISIT  
 FOREIGN COUNTRIES, HE TAKES OCCA-  
 SION TO INTIMATE THE ADVANTAGES  
 OF HIS OWN.

TO LORD TEMPLE.

WHILE others, lost to friendship, lost to love,  
 Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,  
 Be mine with British nymph or swain to rove,  
 And court the genius of my native land.  
 Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,  
 To catch the follies of an alien soil!  
 To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,  
 Return exultant, and import the spoil!  
 In vain he boasts of his detested prize ;  
 No more it blooms, to British climes convey'd ;  
 Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,  
 See its fresh vigour in a moment fade !  
 The' exotic folly knows its native clime,  
 An aukward stranger, if we waft it o'er ;  
 Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,  
 To spread soft poison on our happy shore ?



I covet not the pride of foreign looms :  
 In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove ;  
 Nor for the worthless bird of brighter plumes  
 Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.  
 No distant clime shall servile airs impart,  
 Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play ;  
 Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art  
 That steals my lov'd rusticity away.  
 'Tis long since Freedom fled the' Hesperian clime,  
 Her citron groves, her flow'r-embroider'd shore ;  
 She saw the British oak aspire sublime,  
 And soft Campania's olive charms no more.  
 Let partial suns mature the western mine,  
 To shed its lustre o'er the' Iberian maid ;  
 Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil ! are thine ;  
 Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.  
 Let Ceylon's envied plant <sup>1</sup> perfume the seas,  
 Till torn to season the Batavian bowl ;  
 Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,  
 Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.  
 Let the proud Soldan wound the' Arcadian groves,  
 Or with rude lips the' Aonian fount profane ;  
 The Muse no more by flowery Ladon roves,  
 She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.  
 Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd ;  
 Ah ! hapless realms ! that war's oppression feel !  
 In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,  
 If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.  
 Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan ;  
 Raptur'd, she once beheld its friendly shade ;  
 And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,  
 The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd !

<sup>1</sup> The cinnamon.

No Crescent here displays its baneful horns ;  
 No turban'd host the voice of Truth reproves ;  
 Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,  
 And poets, not inglorious, chant their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media ! boast thy flowery stores ;  
 Thy thousand hues by chemic suns refin'd ;  
 'Tis not the dress or mien my soul adores,  
 'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While Grenville's<sup>2</sup> breast could virtue's stores afford,  
 What envied flota bore so fair a freight ?  
 The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,  
 The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Grenville ! thee, with calmest courage fraught !  
 Thee, the lov'd image of thy native shore !  
 Thee, by the Virtues arm'd, the Graces taught !  
 When shall we cease to boast or to deplore !

Presumptuous War, which could thy life destroy,  
 What shall it now in recompence decree ?  
 While friends that merit ev'ry earthly joy  
 Feel every anguish ; feel—the loss of thee !

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,  
 No more the Muse of partial praise arraign ;  
 Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,  
 And if she glory, glories not in vain.

<sup>2</sup> Written about the time of Captain Grenville's death.

*IN MEMORY OF A PRIVATE FAMILY<sup>1</sup>*

IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

FROM a lone tow'r with reverend ivy crown'd,  
 The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;  
 Still as the village caught the waving sound,  
 A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,  
 When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;  
 For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,  
 'Our hope,' they cry'd, 'our kind support, is dead!'

'Twas good Palemon!—Near a shaded pool,  
 A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;  
 The flocking rooks, by Instinct's native rule,  
 This peaceful scene for their asylum chose.

A few small spires, to gothic fancy fair,  
 Amid the shades emerging struck the view;  
 'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;  
 'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care;  
 One pious youth his whole affection crown'd;  
 In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,  
 Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,  
 A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky,  
 Blasts the fair crop—the sire is drown'd in tears,  
 And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!

<sup>1</sup> The Penns of Harborough; a place whose name in the Saxon language alludes to an army: and there is a tradition that there was a battle fought on the Downs adjoining, betwixt the Britons and the Romans.

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

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

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

Bless'd were my lot, O Cynthio ! O my child !  
    Had Heav'n so pleas'd, and I had died for thee.'

Five sleepless nights he stemm'd this tide of woes ;  
    Five irksome suns he saw, through tears, forlorn !

On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose ;  
    From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those<sup>2</sup> downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,  
    Fought our bold fathers, rustic, unrefin'd !

Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd !  
    They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their  
    mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,  
    Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat ;

War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,  
    And Freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,  
    To swell with empty sounds a spotless name ;  
If fostering skies, the sun, the show'r, were blest,  
    Their bounty spread ; their fields' extent the  
    same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,  
    They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend ;

Bade Luxury to lavish courts aspire,  
    And Avarice to city breasts descend.

<sup>2</sup> Harborough Down.

None to a virgin's mind preferr'd her dow'r,  
 To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir :  
 'The sire, in place of titles, wealth, or pow'r,  
 Assign'd him virtue ; and his lot was fair.

They spoke of Fortune as some doubtful dame,  
 That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere ;  
 From Lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her fame,  
 But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,  
 Enjoy'd the most that Innocence can give ;  
 Those wholesome sweets that border Virtue's way ;  
 Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore ;  
 From their own streams their choicer fare they  
 To lure the scaly glutton to the shore, [drew ;  
 The sole deceit their artless bosom knew !

Sincere themselves, ah ! too secure to find  
 The common bosom, like their own, sincere !  
 'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind ;  
 'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of the' adjacent fane,  
 Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r :  
 Ah ! gentle souls ! enjoy your blissful reign,  
 And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure to blissful realms the souls are flown  
 'That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove ;  
 The friends of Science ! music all their own ;  
 Music, the voice of Virtue and of Love !

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



For these the sounds that chase unholy Strife!  
 Solve Envy's charm, Ambition's wretch release!  
 Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life,  
 To pity pomp, to be content with peace.  
 Farewell, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,  
 The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;  
 Farewell! the virtues which deserve to live  
 Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.  
 Last of his race, Palemon, now no more  
 The modest merit of his line display'd;  
 Then pious Hough Vigornia's mitre wore—  
 Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

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HE SUGGESTS THE ADVANTAGES OF BIRTH TO A  
 PERSON OF MERIT, AND THE FOLLY OF A SUPER-  
 CILIOUSNESS THAT IS BUILT UPON THAT SOLE  
 FOUNDATION.

WHEN genius, grac'd with lineal splendour, glows,  
 When title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd,  
 Like some fair almond's flowery pomp it shows  
 The pride, the perfume, of the regions round.  
 Then learn, ye fair! to soften splendour's ray;  
 Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;  
 Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display;  
 'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.  
 Pity the sandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;  
 He sighs to brighten a neglected name;  
 Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,  
 He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.

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

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

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

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

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

Erroneous Fancy shap'd her wild attire ;  
 From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic stray'd ;  
 Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,  
 When as wild Fancy taught her, thus she said :

' Hear me, dear youth, oh! hear an hapless maid,  
 Sprung from the sceptred line of ancient kings!  
 Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid ;  
 Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

' The world is frantic—fly the race profane—  
 Nor I nor you shall its compassion move ;  
 Come, friendly let us wander and complain,  
 And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love ?

- ‘ My love is young—but other loves are young!  
And other loves are fair, and so is mine;  
An air divine discloses whence he sprung;  
He is my love who boasts that air divine.
- ‘ No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest;  
Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow;  
A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;  
A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.
- ‘ What, shall I stain the glories of my race, [beam?  
More clear, more lovely bright, than Hesper’s  
The por’lain pure with vulgar dirt debase?  
Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?
- ‘ See through these veins the sapphire current shine!  
’Twas Jove’s own nectar gave the’ ethereal hue:  
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine,  
Display the lovely white, or match the blue?
- ‘ The painter strove to trace its azure ray;  
He chang’d his colours, and in vain he strove:  
He frown’d—I, smiling, view’d the faint essay:  
Poor youth! he little knew it flow’d from Jove.
- ‘ Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told,  
How amorous Jove trepann’d a mortal fair;  
How through the race the generous current roll’d,  
And mocks the poet’s art and painter’s care.
- ‘ Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn sprung  
Our sacred race, through demigods convey’d,  
And he, allied to Phœbus, ever young,  
My godlike boy! must wed their duteous maid.
- ‘ Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ears,  
My sire’s dread fury murmurs through the sky!  
And should I yield—his instant rage appears;  
He darts the’ uplifted vengeance—and I die.

- ' Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll?  
 Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare?  
 'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul;  
 'Twas then—I hardly 'scap'd the fatal snare.
- ' 'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,  
 All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;—  
 Yet such his beauty—would my hirth allow,  
 Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.
- ' But, oh! I faint, why wastes my vernal bloom,  
 In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove?  
 My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,  
 And shall I die—before I find my love?
- ' When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye  
 On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;  
 Though night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,  
 The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.
- ' O how this bosom kindled at the sight!  
 Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase,  
 Till on a sudden these withheld their light—  
 All, all things envy the sublime embrace.
- ' But now no more—behind the distant grove  
 Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:  
 See, see! he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—  
 Ianthe comes; thy princess hastes away.'
- Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply,  
 The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain,  
 The piteous victim of an angry sky!  
 Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain.

## HE INDULGES THE SUGGESTIONS OF SPLEEN:

## AN ELEGY TO THE WINDS.

*Æole! namque tibi divum Pater atque hominum rex,  
Et mulcere dedit mentes et tollere vento.*

O *Æolus!* to thee the Sire supreme  
Of gods and men the mighty pow'r bequeath'd  
To rouse or to assuage the human mind.

**STERN** monarch of the winds! admit my pray'r;  
A while thy fury check, thy storms confine;  
No trivial blast impels the passive air,  
But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.  
What bands of black ideas spread their wings!  
The peaceful regions of content invade!  
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!  
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!  
I know their leader, Spleen, and the dread sway  
Of rigid Eurus, his detested sire;  
Through one my blossoms and my fruits decay;  
Through one my pleasures and my hopes expire.  
Like some pale stripling, when his icy way,  
Relenting, yields beneath the noontide beam,  
I stand aghast, and chill'd with fear, survey  
How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream.  
Where, by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,  
Shall wretched Fancy a retreat explore?  
She flies the sad presage of coming years,  
And sorrowing dwells on pleasures now no more.



Again with patrons and with friends she roves,  
 But friends and patrons never to return ;  
 She sees the Nymphs, the Graces, and the Loves,  
 But sees them weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Isis! thy forsaken stream,  
 Oh! ill forsaken for Bœotian air ;  
 She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,  
 No reed so verdant, and no flowers so fair.

She deems beneath thy sacred shades were peace,  
 Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel ;  
 Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,  
 And with no cheerful accent cries Farewell!

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

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

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

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,  
 Superfluous mortal! let me ever rove ;  
 Alas! there echo will repeat the tale—  
 Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

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

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

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

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

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;  
 Tow'rs, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strown;  
 Let banish'd Marius<sup>1</sup>, louring by thy side,  
 Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> 'Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium toleravit, cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intueus Marium, alter alteri possent esse solatio.' *Liv.*

#### EXPLANATION.

Marius endured a life of poverty under shelter of the Carthaginian ruins; and while he contemplated Carthage, and Carthage beheld him, they might be said mutually to resemble and account for each other.

**HE REPEATS THE SONG OF COLIN,  
A DISCERNING SHEPHERD,  
LAMENTING THE STATE OF THE WOOLLEN MANU-  
FACTORY.**

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

VIRG.

Thou, therefore, in proportion to their lack  
Of human aid, with all thy care defend  
From frozen seasons and inclement blasts,  
And give them timely food.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flowery plain,  
A tuneful shepherd <sup>1</sup> charm'd the listening wave,  
And sunny Cotsol' fondly lov'd the strain,  
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

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

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

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



<sup>1</sup> Mr. Somerville.

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

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

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

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

‘ Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,  
I met the terrors of an early grave?  
For this I led ’em from the pointed thorn?  
For this I bath’d ’em in the lucid wave?

‘ Ah! heedless Albion! too benignly prone  
Thy blood to lavish and thy wealth resign!  
Shall every other virtue grace thy throne,  
But quick-ey’d Prudence never yet be thine?

‘ From the fair natives of this peerless hill  
Thou gav’st the sheep that browse Iberian plains ;  
Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,  
Their fleece adorns an haughty foe’s domains.

‘ Ill-fated flocks ; from cliff to cliff they stray ;  
Far from their dams, their native guardians, far!  
Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,  
Chants his proud mistress to his hoarse guitar.



- ‘ But Albion’s youth her native fleece despise ;  
 Unmov’d they hear the pining shepherd’s moan ;  
 In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,  
 Allur’d by every treasure but their own.
- ‘ Oft have I hurried down the rocky steep,  
 Anxious to see the wintry tempest drive ; [Sheep !  
 “ Preserve,” said I, “ preserve your fleece, my  
 Ere long will Phillis, will my love, arrive.”
- ‘ Ere long she came : ah, woe is me ! she came,  
 Rob’d in the Gallic loom’s extraneous twine ;  
 For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,  
 Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.
- ‘ Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,  
 Give the rich growth of British hills to fame ?  
 And let her charms, and her example, own  
 That Virtue’s dress and Beauty’s are the same ?
- ‘ Will no fam’d chief support this generous maid ?  
 Once more the patriot’s arduous path resume ?  
 And, comely from his native plains array’d,  
 Speak future glory to the British loom ?
- ‘ What pow’r unseen my ravish’d fancy fires ?  
 I pierce the dreary shade of future days ;  
 Sure, ’tis the Genius of the land inspires,  
 To breathe my latest breath in \* \* praise.
- ‘ O might my breath for \* \* praise suffice,  
 How gently should my dying limbs repose !  
 O might his future glory bless mine eyes,  
 My ravish’d eyes ! how calmly would they close !
- ‘ \* \* was born to spread the general joy ;  
 By virtue rapt, by party uncontroll’d ;  
 Britons for Britain shall the crook employ ;  
 Britons for Britain’s glory shear the fold.’



*WRITTEN IN SPRING 1743.*

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

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,  
 The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,  
 The sordid Alpheus hurried through my groves,  
 Yet stopp'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold ;  
 He blam'd the graces of my favourite bow'r ;  
 My breast, unsullied by the lust of gold ;  
 My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

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

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

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

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

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,  
 'Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial Pow'rs!  
 Aid me to quell the sordid breast,' I said;  
 And threw my javelin tow'rs their hostile tow'rs<sup>1</sup>.

Think not regretful I survey the deed,  
 Or added years no more the zeal allow;  
 Still, still observant, to the grove I speed,  
 The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,  
 Such generous hate the Punic champion<sup>2</sup> bore;  
 Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,  
 And Cannæ's walls and Trebia's crimson shore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;  
 Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;  
 Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,  
 His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—

Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd,  
 Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire;  
 Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,  
 And saw the' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,  
 Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,  
 He saw the' unutterable grief prevail;  
 He saw their tears, and in his fury smil'd.

'Think not,' he cried, 'ye view the smiles of ease,  
 Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;  
 I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,  
 Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain.

'But were it cordial, this detested smile,  
 Seems it less timely than the grief ye show?  
 O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile  
 The sordid source of your indecent woe.

<sup>1</sup> The Roman ceremony in declaring war.    <sup>2</sup> Hannibal.

' Why weep ye now? ye saw with tearless eye  
 When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave;  
 Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,  
 When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?  
 'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd, honour'd shade!  
 Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;  
 Had Freedom shar'd the vow to Fortune paid,  
 She ne'er, like Fortune, had forsook thy shore.  
 He ceas'd—Abash'd the conscious audience hear,  
 Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold,  
 Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,  
 And falling, moistens their abandon'd gold<sup>3</sup>.

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HE COMPARES HIS HUMBLE FORTUNE WITH THE  
 DISTRESS OF OTHERS, AND HIS SUBJECTION TO  
 DELIA WITH THE MISERABLE SERVITUDE OF AN  
 AFRICAN SLAVE.

WHY droops this heart with fancied woes forlorn?  
 Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?  
 What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,  
 What myriads wish to be as bless'd as I!  
 What though my roofs devoid of pomp arise,  
 Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?  
 Nor costly art my flowery dales disguise,  
 Where only simple Friendship deigns to stray?  
 See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,  
 That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!  
 How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,  
 Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

<sup>3</sup> By the terms forced upon the Carthaginians by Scipio, they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near two millions sterling.

Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,  
 My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear ;  
 The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,  
 The pang she causes 'tis ev'n bliss to bear.  
 See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,  
 Ah ! not in love's delightful fetters bound !  
 No radiant smile his dying peace restores,  
 Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his wound.  
 Let vacant bards display their boasted woes ;  
 Shall I the mockery of grief display ?  
 No ; let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,  
 Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away !  
 On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,  
 Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign ;  
 He dropp'd a tear unseen into the flood,  
 He stole one secret moment to repine.  
 Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made,  
 Such moving plaints as Nature could inspire ;  
 To me the Muse his tender plea convey'd,  
 But smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre.  
 ' Why am I ravish'd from my native strand ?  
 What savage race protects this impious gain ?  
 Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land, [main ?  
 And more than sea-born monsters plough the  
 ' Here the dire locusts' horrid swarms prevail ;  
 Here the blue asps with livid poison swell ;  
 Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail ;  
 Can we not here secure from envy dwell ?  
 ' When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,  
 When the stern panther sought his midnight prey,  
 What fate reserv'd me for this Christian race <sup>1</sup> ?  
 O race more polish'd, more severe, than they !

<sup>1</sup> Spoken by a savage.



- ‘ Ye prowling wolves ! pursue my latest cries ;  
Thou hungry tiger ! leave thy reeking den ;  
Ye sandy wastes ! in rapid eddies rise ;  
O tear me from the whips and scorns of men !
- ‘ Yet in their face superior beauty glows ;  
Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong ?  
Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,  
And ev’n religion dwells upon their tongue.
- ‘ Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,  
Where gentle minds, convey’d by Death, repair ;  
But stain’d with blood, and crimson’d o’er with  
crimes,  
Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair ?
- ‘ No ; careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,  
Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,  
They ply our labours and enhance our pains,  
And feign these distant regions to repay.
- ‘ For them our tusky elephant expires ;  
For them we drain the mine’s embowell’d gold ;  
Where rove the brutal nations’ wild desires ?—  
Our limbs are purchas’d and our life is sold !
- ‘ Yet shores there are, bless’d shores for us remain,  
And favour’d isles, with golden fruitage crown’d,  
Where tufted flowerets paint the verdant plain,  
Where every breeze shall med’cine every wound.
- ‘ There the stern tyrant that embitters life  
Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand ;  
There shall we view the billows’ raging strife,  
Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land.’



**TAKING A VIEW OF THE COUNTRY FROM HIS RETIREMENT, HE IS LED TO MEDIATE ON THE CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS. WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF A RUMOURED TAX UPON LUXURY, 1746.**

**THUS Damon sung—‘ What though unknown to  
praise**

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

**‘ To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,  
Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave ?  
To find thy tints, O Titian ! grace my wall,  
Forego the flowery fields my fortune gave ?**

**‘ Lord of my time, my devious path I bend  
Through fringy woodland or smooth-shaven lawn,  
Or pensile grove or airy cliff ascend,  
And hail the scene by Nature’s pencil drawn.**

**‘ Thanks be to Fate—though nor the racy vine,  
Nor fattening olive clothe the fields I rove,  
Sequester’d shades and gurgling founts are mine,  
And every silvan grot the Muses love.**

**‘ Here if my vista point the mouldering pile,  
Where hood and cowl Devotion’s aspect wore,  
I trace the tottering reliques with a smile,  
To think the mental bondage is no more.**

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

‘ And see Plinlimmon ! ev’n the youthful sight  
Scales the proud hill’s ethereal cliffs with pain !  
Such, Caer-Caradoc ! thy stupendous height,  
Whose ample shade obscures the’ Iernian main.

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

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

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

‘ Progressive ages caroll’d forth his fame,  
Sires to his praise attun’d their children’s tongue,  
The hoary druid fed the generous flame,  
While in such strains the reverend wizard sung :

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

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

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

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

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

‘ Now for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,  
 For some false Florimel's impure disguise,  
 The listed youth nor War's loud signal know,  
 Nor Virtue's call, nor Fame's imperial prize.

‘ Then, if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,  
 Inert and silent slept the manly car,  
 But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep,  
 If Freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

‘ Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain,  
 Thron'd in the splendid carriage, glides supine,  
 To taint his virtue with a foreign strain,  
 Or at a favourite's board his faith resign.

‘ Leave then, O Luxury ! this happy soil ;  
 Chase her, Britannia ! to some hostile shore ;  
 Or fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil <sup>1</sup>,  
 And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more.’

<sup>1</sup> Alludes to a tax upon luxury, then in debate.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR ——— WHEN THE RIGHTS  
OF SEPULTURE WERE SO FREQUENTLY VIOLATED.

SAY, gentle Sleep ! that lov'st the gloom of night,  
Parent of dreams ! thou great magician ! say,  
Whence my late vision thus endures the light,  
Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day.

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,  
And anxious Care resign'd my limbs to rest ;  
A sudden lustre struck my wondering eyes,  
And Silvia stood before my couch confest.

Ah ! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,  
That led the dance beneath the festive shade,  
But she that in the morning of her day  
Entomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast,  
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame ;  
No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpast,  
Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face,  
Nor such her voice as charm'd the listening crowd ;  
Nor such her dress as heighten'd every grace ;  
Alas ! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud !

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same ;  
That dear distinction every doubt remov'd ;  
Perish the lover whose imperfect flame  
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd !

' Damon,' she said, ' mine hour allotted flies ;  
Oh ! do not waste it with a fruitless tear !  
Though griev'd to see thy Silvia's pale disguise,  
Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.



- ‘ So may thy Muse with virtuous fame be blest !  
 So be thy love with mutual love repaid !  
 So may thy bones in sacred silence rest !  
 Fast by the reliques of some happier maid !
- ‘ Thou know’st how, lingering on a distant shore,  
 Disease invidious nipt my flowery prime ;  
 And, oh ! what pangs my tender bosom tore,  
 To think I ne’er must view my native clime !
- ‘ No friend was near to raise my drooping head,  
 No dear companion wept to see me die ;  
 Lodge me within my native soil, I said,  
 There my fond parents’ honour’d reliques lie.
- ‘ Though now debarr’d of each domestic tear,  
 Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow ;  
 There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier,  
 And many a sigh shall rise and tear shall flow.
- ‘ I spoke, nor Fate forebore his trembling spoil ;  
 Some venal mourner lent his careless aid,  
 And soon they bore me to my native soil,  
 Where my fond parents’ dear remains were laid.
- ‘ ’Twas then the youths from every plain and grove  
 Adorn’d with mournful verse thy Silvia’s bier ;  
 ’Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,  
 And strew’d the fragrance of the youthful year.
- ‘ But why, alas ! the tender scene display ?  
 Could Damon’s foot the pious path decline ?  
 Ah, no ! ’twas Damon first attun’d his lay,  
 And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.
- ‘ Thus was I bosom’d in the peaceful grave,  
 My placid ghost no longer wept its doom,  
 When savage robbers every sanction brave,  
 And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb.



- ‘ Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey’d,  
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands?  
Or, in my kindred’s dear embraces laid,  
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?
- ‘ Say, would thy breast no deathlike torture feel,  
To see my limbs the felon’s gripe obey?  
To see them gash’d beneath the daring steel?  
To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey?
- ‘ If Pæan’s sons these horrid rites require,  
If Health’s fair science be by these refin’d;  
Let guilty convicts for their use expire,  
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.
- ‘ Yet hard it seems, when Guilt’s last fine is paid,  
To see the victim’s corse denied repose;  
Now, more severe, the poor offenceless maid  
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.
- ‘ Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?  
Where the fond care the wandering manes claim?  
Nature, instinctive, cries, “ Protect the dead,  
And sacred be their ashes and their fame !”
- ‘ Arise, dear youth ! ev’n now the danger calls ;  
Ev’n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey :  
See ! see ! I lead thee to yon sacred walls—  
Oh ! fly to chase these human wolves away.’

## REFLECTIONS

SUGGESTED BY HIS SITUATION.

BORN near the scene for Kenelm's <sup>1</sup> fate renown'd,  
 I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,  
 And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound  
 The savage force of empire and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon various wild,  
 Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane,  
 Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;  
 There Nature urg'd her tenderest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,  
 The' ambitious maid could every care employ,  
 Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flow'rs,  
 To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

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

How kind were Fortune! ah! how just were Fate!  
 Would Fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove!  
 How sweet to revel on the couch of state!  
 To crown at once her lover and her love!

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

<sup>1</sup> Kenelm, in the Saxon heptarchy, was heir to the kingdom of Mercia, but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together. The body was found in a piece of ground near the top of Clent hill, exactly facing Mr. Shenstone's house, near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, still used for divine worship, and called St. Kenelm's. See Plot's History of Staffordshire.

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

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

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

See \*\*\* from civic garlands fly,  
 And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!  
 Or from yon summit, with a guardian's eye,  
 Observe how Freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here Pope!—ah! never must that towering mind  
 To his lov'd haunts or dearer friend return!  
 What art, what friendships! oh, what fame resign'd!  
 —In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,  
 And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?  
 Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,  
 And think fair Freedom well exchang'd for gold?

Through these soft shades delighted let me stray,  
 While o'er my head forgotten suns descend!  
 Through these dear vallies bend my casual way,  
 Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,  
 I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate;  
 Or shrink to find how much Ambition dares,  
 To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!

Can'st thou, O Sun ! that spotless throne disclose,  
Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain?  
Where, show me where, the lineal sceptre glows,  
Pure as the simple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp ! where hate, distrust, and fear,  
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie ;  
There not the parent's smile is half sincere,  
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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HE TAKES OCCASION, FROM THE FATE OF ELEANOR  
 OF BRETAGNE <sup>1</sup>, TO SUGGEST THE IMPERFECT  
 PLEASURES OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

WHEN Beauty mourns, by Fate's injurious doom,  
 Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye ;  
 When Nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,  
 Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

Fair Eleonora! would no gallant mind  
 The cause of Love, the cause of Justice, own?  
 Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd  
 To see them sparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair Freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,  
 Well might such brows the regal gem resign ;  
 Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,  
 Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons ! in one sullen tow'r  
 She wet with royal tears her daily cell ;  
 She found keen anguish every rose devour :  
 They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

<sup>1</sup> Eleanor of Bretagne, the lawful heiress of the English crown, upon the death of Arthur, in the reign of King John. She was esteemed the beauty of her time ; was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol castle.



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

This Age might bear; then sated Fancy palls,  
 Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;  
 Fond Youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls  
 Restrain its listening ear, its curious eye.

Believe me \*\* the pretence is vain!  
 This boasted calm that smooths our early days;  
 For never yet could youthful mind restrain  
 The' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

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

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

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

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

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

- ‘ Life,’ says the sage, ‘ affords no bliss sincere,  
 And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew ;  
 But, ah ! where Grenville charms the listening ear,  
 ’Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.
- ‘ The groves may smile, the rivers gently glide,  
 Soft through the vale resound the lonesome lay ;  
 Ev’n thickets yield delight, if taste preside,  
 But can they please when Lyttelton’s away ?
- ‘ Pure as the swain’s the breast of \*\* glows ;  
 Ah ! were the shepherd’s phrase like his refin’d !  
 But how improv’d the generous dictate flows  
 Through the clear medium of a polish’d mind !
- ‘ Happy the youths who, warm with Britain’s love,  
 Her inmost wish in \*\* periods hear !  
 Happy that in the radiant circle move,  
 Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!
- ‘ While rural faith, and ev’ry polish’d art,  
 Each friendly charm, in \*\*\* conspire,  
 From public scenes all pensive must you part ;  
 All joyless to the greenest fields retire !
- ‘ Go, plaintive youth ! no more by fount or stream,  
 Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun ;  
 Go, dare the light ; enjoy its cheerful beam ;  
 And hail the bright procession of the sun.
- ‘ Then, cover’d by thy ripen’d shades, resume  
 The silent walk, no more by passion tost ;  
 Then seek thy rustic haunts, the dreary gloom,  
 Where every art that colours life is lost.’——
- In vain ! the listening Muse attends in vain !  
 Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—  
 Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,  
 When injur’d Beauty mourns the Muse’s fate.

*TO DELIA, WITH SOME FLOWERS ;*

COMPLAINING HOW MUCH HIS BENEVOLENCE SUFFERS ON ACCOUNT OF HIS HUMBLE FORTUNE.

WHATE'ER could Sculpture's curious art employ,  
 Whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can show'r,  
 These would I give—and every gift enjoy  
 That pleas'd my fair—but Fate denies my pow'r.

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

Bless'd, too, is he whose evening ramble strays  
 Where droop the sons of Indigence and Care !  
 His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,  
 And win, at small expense, their fondest pray'r !

And, oh ! the joy, to shun the conscious light ;  
 To spare the modest blush ; to give unseen !  
 Like show'rs that fall behind the veil of night,  
 Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they who drooping realms relieve !  
 Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear !  
 For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,  
 And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost Worth from its oppressive shade,  
 To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine,  
 To hear it grateful own the generous aid ;  
 This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine !

Faint is my bounded bliss ; nor I refuse  
To range where daisies open, rivers roll,  
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,  
And soothe the fond impatience of my soul.  
Awhile I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bow'rs,  
And urge with trivial cares the loitering year ;  
Awhile I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,  
Then, unlamented, press an early bier !  
Of those lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may share,  
Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow ;  
The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,  
As when their master smil'd to see them glow.  
The sequent morn shall wake the silvan quire ;  
The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon ;  
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire ;  
O ! let not gentle Delia smile so soon !  
While the rude herse conveys me slow away,  
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,  
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,  
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—  
O Delia ! cheer'd by thy superior praise,  
I bless the silent path the Fates decree ;  
Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days  
To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

DESCRIBING THE SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS MIND  
ON THE MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A LICENTIOUS  
AMOUR.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast  
eye?

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

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?  
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?  
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in every grace  
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair!

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

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

'But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,  
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;  
In Fortune's train the siren Flattery smil'd,  
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

'Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,  
Ah, vices gilded by the rich and gay!  
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,  
Nor dropp'd the chase till Jessy was my prey.

'Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name  
Expense, and art, and toil, united strove;  
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,  
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.



- ' School'd in the science of Love's mazy wiles,  
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;  
I spoke of jealous doubts and fickle smiles,  
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.
- ' Then while the fancied rage alarm'd her care,  
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove,  
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,  
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.
- ' To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?  
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?  
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune press'd,  
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.
- ' Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame,  
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day,  
When, scorn'd of Virtue, stigmatiz'd by Fame,  
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.'
- " Henry," she said, " by thy dear form subdued,  
See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!  
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd;  
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.
- " Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,  
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?  
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,  
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!
- " Alas! no more that joyous morn appears  
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame,  
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,  
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.
- " The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,  
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;  
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,  
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

- “ If through the garden’s flowery tribes I stray,  
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,  
‘ Hope not to find delight in us,’ they say,  
‘ For we are spotless, Jessy ; we are pure.’
- “ Ye flowers ! that well reproach a nymph so frail,  
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare ?  
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale  
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.
- “ Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,  
And all my fame’s abhorr’d contagion flee ;  
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,  
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.
- “ Thus for your sake I shun each human eye,  
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;  
To die I languish, but I dread to die,  
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.
- “ Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove,  
And let me, silent, seek some friendly shore ;  
There only, banish’d from the form I love,  
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.
- “ Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;  
Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;  
Nor could it heal my peace or chase my shame,  
That Pity gave what Love refus’d to share.
- “ Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,  
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew ;  
Not such the parent’s board at which I fed !  
Not such the precept from his lips I drew !
- “ Haply, when age has silver’d o’er my hair,  
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;  
Envy may slight a face no longer fair,  
And Pity welcome to my native soil.”—

- ‘ She spoke—nor was I born of savage race ;  
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign,  
Grateful she clasp’d me in a last embrace,  
And vow’d to waste her life in prayers for mine.
- ‘ I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,  
I saw her breast with every passion heave ;  
I left her—torn from every earthly friend ;  
Oh ! my hard bosom ! which could bear to leave !
- ‘ Brief let me be ; the fatal storm arose ;  
The billows rag’d, the pilot’s art was vain ;  
O’er the tall mast the circling surges close ;  
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain !
- ‘ And—see my youth’s impetuous fires decay ;  
Seek not to stop Reflection’s bitter tear ;  
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,  
From Jessy floating on her watery bier !’

**LEVITIES :**  
**OR,**  
**PIECES OF HUMOUR.**

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***FLIRT AND PHIL :***

**A DECISION FOR THE LADIES.**

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

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

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

*TO THE MEMORY OF AN AGREEABLE  
LADY,*

BURIED IN MARRIAGE

TO A PERSON UNDESERVING HER.

'Twas always held, and ever will  
By sage mankind, discreeter  
To' anticipate a lesser ill,  
Than undergo a greater.

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

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

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

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

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



*COLEMIRA.*

A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

*Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.*

Insensible of soft desire,  
Behold Colemira prove  
More partial to the kitchen fire  
Than to the fire of Love.

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

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

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

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

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

‘ But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,  
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,  
When warm’d with dinner’s toil, in pearly rills,  
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distils.

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

‘ With her I should not envy G— his queen,  
Though she in royal grandeur deck’d be seen;  
Whilst rags, just sever’d from my fair-one’s gown,  
In russet pomp and greasy pride hang down.

‘ Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,  
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!  
How would that voice exceed the village bell,  
Wouldst thou but sing, “ I like thee passing well!”

‘ When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,  
How soft, how easy, did her accents flow!  
“ Get out,” she cried; “ when strangers come to sup,  
One ne’er can raise those snoring devils up.”

‘ Then, full of wrath, she kick’d each lazy brute,  
Alas! I envied even that salute:  
’Twas sure misplac’d—Shock said, or seem’d to say,  
“ He had as lief I had the kick as they.”

‘ If she the mystic bellows take in hand,  
Who like the fair can that machine command!  
O may’st thou ne’er by Æolus be seen,  
For he would sure demand thee for his queen!

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

‘ Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,  
 But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire :  
 I burn ! I burn ! O ! give thy puffing o’er,  
 And swell thy cheeks and pout thy lips no more !  
 ‘ With all her haughty looks, the time I’ve seen  
 When this proud damsel has more humble been,  
 When with nice airs she hoist the pancake round,  
 And dropt it, hapless fair ! upon the ground.  
 ‘ Look, with what charming grace, what winning  
     tricks,  
 The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks !  
 So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,  
 Oft have I said—“ there were no need of candles.”  
 ‘ But thou, my fair ! who never would’st approve,  
 Or hear the tender story of my love,  
 Or mind how burns my raging breast—a button—  
 Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.’  
 Thus said, and wept, the sad desponding swain,  
 Revealing to the sable walls his pain :  
 But nymphs are free with those they should deny ;  
 To those they love more exquisitely coy.  
 Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,  
 The lambent flames in languid streams arise,  
 And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies. }

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**ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.**

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,  
 The weary audience vow  
 ‘Tis not the’ Arcadian swain that sings,  
 But ‘tis his herds that low.

*THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.*

'Twas in a land of learning,  
 The Muses' favourite city,  
 Such pranks of late  
 Were play'd by a rat,  
 As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college study,  
 Where books were in great plenty,  
 This rat would devour  
 More sense in an hour  
 Than I could write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,  
 Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir ;  
 But this, a rat of taste,  
 All other rats surpass'd,  
 And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfast half the morning  
 He constantly attended ;  
 And when the bell rung  
 For evening song  
 His dinner scarce was ended !

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,  
 On which we poets pride us,  
 And would make no more  
 Of King Arthurs <sup>1</sup> by the score,  
 Than—all the world beside does.

<sup>1</sup> By Sir Richard Blackmore.

In books of geo-graphy,  
 He made the maps to flutter ;  
 A river or a sea  
 Was to him a dish of tea,  
 And a kingdom bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion  
 Might chance to overdose him,  
 To check its rage  
 He took a page  
 Of logic—to compose him.

A Trap, in haste and anger,  
 Was bought, you need not doubt on't,  
 And such was the gin,  
 Were a lion once got in,  
 He could not, I think, get out on't.

With chesse, not books, 'twas bated ;  
 The fact—I'll not belie it—  
 Since none—I tell you that—  
 Whether scholar or rat,  
 Minds books when he has other diet.

But more of Trap and bait, Sir,  
 Why should I sing, of either ?  
 Since the rat, who knew the sleight,  
 Came in the dead of night,  
 And dragg'd 'em away together.

Both Trap and bait were vanish'd  
 Through a fracture in the flooring,  
 Which though so trim  
 It now may seem,  
 Had then—a dozen or more in.



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

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

That England's topsyturvy  
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir ;  
Since 'Traps, we may determine,  
Will no longer take our vermin,  
But vermin <sup>2</sup> take our Traps, Sir.

Let sophs, by rats infested,  
Then trust in cats to catch 'em,  
Lest they grow as learn'd as we  
In our sudies, where, d'ye see,  
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

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

<sup>2</sup> Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

ON MR. C——  
OF KIDDERMINSTER'S POETRY.

THY verses, Friend ! are Kidderminster <sup>1</sup> stuff,  
And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

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TO THE VIRTUOSOS.

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

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,  
You make your sportsman-sallies,  
Or that your prey, in gardens found,  
Is urg'd through walks and allies ;

Yet in the fury of the chase  
No slope could e'er retard you,  
Bless'd if one fly repay the race,  
Or painted wing reward you.

Fierce as Camilla <sup>2</sup> o'er the plain  
Pursued the glittering stranger,  
Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,  
And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you dispense the favourite meat  
To Nature's filmy people ;  
Know what conserves they choose to eat,  
And what liqueurs to tipple.

<sup>1</sup> Kidderminster, famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

<sup>2</sup> See Virgil.

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And if her brood of insects dies,  
 You sage assistance lend her ;  
 Can stoop to pimp for amorous flies,  
 And help 'em to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour ;  
 And, when the birth's at hand,  
 Exerting your obstetric pow'r,  
 Prevent a mothless land.

Yet, oh ! howe'er your tow'ring view  
 Above gross objects rises,  
 Whate'er refinements you pursue,  
 Hear what a friend advises :

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

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

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

**THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.**

—◆—  
Alisque et idem.  
Another and the same.  
—◆—

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

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

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

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags! give place;  
Full bottoms come instead:  
Good L—d! to see the various ways  
Of dressing a calf's head!

**THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE.**

**A COMMON CASE.**

—  
Suade, nam certum est.

Advise it, for 'tis fix'd.  
—

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

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

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

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



A BALLAD.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas. HOR.  
 Every one to his liking.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young  
 squire, [mire ;  
 To bring down a wife whom the swains might ad-  
 But in spite of whatever the mortal could say,  
 The goddess objected the length of the way.  
 To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,  
 For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall ;  
 To have neither China nor India to see,  
 Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she !  
 To forsake the dear playhouse, Quin, Garrick, and  
 Clive,  
 Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive ;  
 To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,  
 O heavens! she should faint, she should die on the  
 road!  
 To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France,  
 And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,  
 And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it,  
 And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.  
 She might yield to resign the sweet singers of Ruck-  
 holt,  
 Where the citizen matron seduces her cuckold ;  
 But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall,  
 And the music, the lamps, and the glare, of Vauxhall.

To be sure she could breathe no where else than in  
Town;—

Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;  
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,  
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

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*SLENDER'S GHOST.*

VIDE SHAKSPEARE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### *THE INVIDIOUS.*

FROM MARTIAL.

O FORTUNE! if my pray'r of old  
 Was ne'er solicitous for gold,  
 With better grace thou may'st allow  
 My suppliant wish, that asks it now:  
 Yet think not, goddess! I require it  
 For the same end your clowns desire it.

In a well-made effectual string  
 Fain would I see Lividio swing;  
 Hear him from Tyburn's height haranguing;  
 But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.  
 Give me, O goddess! store of pelf,  
 And he will tie the knot himself.

*THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.*

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,  
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere. MART.

'If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,  
Believe me thou no master need'st to have.'

I ASK'D a friend, amidst the throng,  
Whose coach it was that trail'd along?  
'The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?  
That with the footmen stuck behind.'  
'O Sir!' says he, 'what! ha'n't you seen it?  
'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.  
'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot  
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!  
Your old acquaintance Damon!'—'True;  
But faith his Equipage is new.'  
'Bless me,' said I, 'where can it end?  
What madness has possess'd my friend?  
Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest,  
Their stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest!  
Can Damon's revenue maintain,  
In lace and food, so large a train?  
I know his land—each inch o' ground—  
'Tis not a mile to walk it round—  
If Damon's whole estate can bear  
To keep his lad and one-horse chair,  
I own 'tis past my comprehension.'—  
'Yes, Sir, but Damon has a pension.'—  
Thus does a false ambition rule us,  
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;  
To keep a race of flickering knaves,  
He grows himself the worst of slaves.

*HINT FROM VOITURE.*

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

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

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*TO A FRIEND.*

HAVE you ne'er seen, my gentle squire !  
 The humours of your kitchen fire?—

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

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

Methinks, old Friend ! 'tis wondrous true  
 That verse is but a game at loo :

---



While many a bard, that shews so clearly  
 He writes for his amusement merely,  
 Is known to study, fret, and toil,  
 And play for nothing all the while,  
 Or praise at most, for wreaths of yore  
 Ne'er signified a farthing more,  
 Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,  
 He sees your flying pen obtain it.

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

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

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

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

'Tis all by luck that things are carried—  
He'll suffer for it when he's married.'

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

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

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

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

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

*THE POET AND THE DUN, 1741.*

—◆—

These are messengers  
That feelingly persuade me what I am. SHAKSPEARE.

—◆—

COMES a Dun in the morning and raps at my door—  
 ‘ I made bold to call—’tis a twelvemonth and more—  
 I’m sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir—  
 But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer.’  
 ‘ My friend, have but patience’—‘ Ay, these are  
     your ways.’  
 ‘ I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—  
 But, Sir—prithee take it, and tell your attorney  
 If I ha’n’t paid your bill I have paid for your journey.’  
 Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,  
 And calmly consider—Consider? vexation!  
 What whore that must paint, and must put on false  
 And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox! [locks,  
 What beggar’s wife’s nephew, now starv’d, and now  
     beaten,  
 Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!  
 What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!  
 Or what Dun boast of patience that thinks of a Bard!  
 Well, I’ll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be  
     poorer,  
 Turn shoeboy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;  
 Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,  
 And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.  
 One’s credit, however, of course will grow better,  
 Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

‘ Dear Sir! I receiv’d your obliging epistle,  
 Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.  
 I read over with wonder the poem you sent me,  
 And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent  
 The audience, believe me, cried out every line [me.  
 Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine ;  
 All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and  
                   beauty,

And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.  
 I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted :  
 Sir Richard for much a less genius was knighted.  
 Adieu, my good friend ! and for high life prepare ye ;  
 I could say much more, but you’re modest, I spare  
                   ye.’

Quite fir’d with the flattery, I call for my paper,  
 And waste that and health, and my time, and my  
                   taper :

I scribble ’till morn, when with wrath no small store,  
 Comes my old friend the mercer and raps at my door.

‘ Ah, friend ! ’tis but idle to make such a pother,  
 Fate, Fate has ordain’d us to plague one another.’

---

*WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.*

To thee, fair Freedom ! I retire  
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and din ;  
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher  
 Than the low cot or humble Inn.

’Tis here with boundless pow’r I reign,  
 And every health which I begin  
 Converts dull port to bright champagne ;  
 Such freedom crowns it at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!  
 I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!  
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
 And choose my lodgings at an Inn.  
 Here waiter! take my sordid ore,  
 Which lackeys else might hope to win;  
 It buys, what courts have not in store,  
 It buys me freedom at an Inn.  
 Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
 Where'er his stages may have been,  
 May sigh to think he still has found  
 The warmest welcome at an Inn.

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*A SIMILE.*

WHAT village but has sometimes seen  
 The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,  
 Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,  
 Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear?  
 He from his dam, the learn'd agree,  
 Receiv'd the curious form you see,  
 Who with her plastic tongue alone  
 Produc'd a visage—like her own—  
 And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,  
 The powerful force of education<sup>1</sup>,—  
 Perhaps yon crowd of swains is viewing  
 Ev'n now, the strange exploits of Bruin,  
 Who plays his antics, roars aloud,  
 The wonder of a gaping crowd!  
 So have I known an aukward lad,  
 Whose birth has made a parish glad,

<sup>1</sup> Of a fond matron's education.



Forbid for fear of sense, to roam,  
 And taught by kind mamma at home,  
 Who gives him many a well-tried rule,  
 With ways and means—to play the fool.  
 In sense the same, in stature higher,  
 He shines, ere long, a rural squire,  
 Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,  
 And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares:  
 His tenants of superior sense  
 Carouse and laugh at his expense,  
 And deem the pastime I'm relating  
 To be as pleasant as bear-baiting.

---

### *THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.*

#### A TALE.

‘ Sir, will you please to walk before?’  
 ‘ —No, pray, Sir—you are next the door.’  
 ‘ —Upon mine honour I’ll not stir—’  
 ‘ Sir, I’m at home; consider, Sir—’  
 ‘ Excuse me, Sir; I’ll not go first,’  
 ‘ Well, if I must be rude, I must—  
 But yet I wish I could evade it—  
 ’Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—’  
 Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!  
 Nor scruple each what each admires.  
 Life squares not, friends! with your proceeding,  
 It flies while you display your breeding;  
 Such breeding as one’s granam preaches,  
 Or some old dancing-master teaches.  
 O for some rude tumultuous fellow,  
 Half crazy, or at least, half mellow,

---

To come behind you unawares,  
And fairly push you both down stairs!  
But Death's at hand—let me advise ye,  
Go forward, friends! or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!  
Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,  
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,  
And all for this—to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove,  
That though we drink, or game, or love,  
As that or this is most in fashion,  
Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college-students take degrees,  
And pay the beadles' endless fees,  
What moves that scientific body,  
But the first cutting at a gaudy?  
And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,  
That starve and languish as physicians,  
Content to trudge the streets, and stare at  
The fat apothecary's chariot?  
But that, in Charlotte's chamber (see  
Moliere's *Médecin malgré lui*)  
The leech, howe'er his fortunes vary,  
Still walks before the' apothecary.

Flavia in vain has wit and charms,  
And all that shines, and all that warms;  
In vain all human race adore her,  
For—Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia! gentle Celia! tell us,  
You who are neither vain nor jealous!  
The softest breast, the mildest mien!  
Would you not feel some little spleen,  
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,  
If Florimel, your equal now,

Should one day gain precedence of ye?  
 First serv'd— though in a dish of coffee?  
 Plac'd first, although where you are found  
 You gain the eyes of all around?  
 Nam'd first, though not with half the fame  
 That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inspire  
 Our fix'd esteem and fond desire!  
 Barely, where'er you go, to prove  
 The source of universal love—  
 Yet be content, observing this,  
 Honour's the offspring of caprice;  
 And worth, howe'er you have pursued it,  
 Has now no power—but to exclude it:  
 You'll find your general reputation  
 A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,  
 He tells us, hope to rise a peer;  
 So, to supply it, wrote for fame,  
 And well the wit secur'd his aim.  
 A common patriot has a drift  
 Not quite so innocent as Swift;  
 In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;  
 'He's honest, faith.'—Have patience, neighbours,  
 For patriots may sometimes deceive,  
 May beg their friends' reluctant leave  
 To serve them in a higher sphere,  
 And drop their virtue to get there.—

As Lucian tells us, in his fashion,  
 How souls put off each earthly passion,  
 Ere on Elysium's flowery strand  
 Old Charon suffer'd 'em to land;  
 So, ere we meet a court's caresses,  
 No doubt our souls must change their dresses;

And souls there be who, bound that way,  
Attire themselves ten times a-day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,  
And saints alike and sinners love it;  
If place, for which our courtiers throng  
So thick, that few can get along,  
For which such servile toils are seen,  
Who's happier than a king?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,  
'Tis properly a female passion:  
Women and beaux, beyond all measure,  
Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.

' Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,  
You'd hint a beau were not a man : '—  
Say women then are fond of places;  
I wave all disputable cases.

A man, perhaps, would something linger,  
Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;  
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,  
He might deliberate once or twice on't,  
Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on't;  
And many, as their frame grows old,  
Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women wish Precedence ever;  
'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;  
It fires their youth with jealous rage,  
And strongly animates their age:  
Perhaps they would not sell outright,  
Or maim a limb—that was in sight;  
Yet on worse terms they sometimes choose it,  
Nor ev'n in punishments refuse it.

' Pre-eminence in pain!' you cry,  
All fierce and pregnant with reply:

But lend your patience and your ear,  
 An argument shall make it clear.  
 But hold, an argument may fail,  
 Beside, my title says,—a tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding stream,  
 Avon! the Muses' favourite theme;  
 Avon! that fills the farmers' purses,  
 And decks with flow'rs both farms and verses,  
 She visits many a fertile vale—

Such was the scene of this my tale;  
 For 'tis in Ev'sham's Vale, or near it,  
 That folks with laughter tell and hear it.

The soil, with annual plenty bless'd,  
 Was by young Corydon possess'd.  
 His youth alone I lay before ye,  
 As most material to my story;  
 For strength and vigour too, he had 'em,  
 And 'twere not much amiss to add 'em.

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain  
 Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,  
 In russet robes of clover deep,  
 Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep;  
 Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,  
 Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,  
 Might well with bright allusion store me;—  
 But happier bards have been before me;

Amongst the various year's increase  
 The stripling own'd a field of pease,  
 Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,  
 Were haunted by some female neighbours.  
 Each morn discover'd to his sight  
 The shameful havock of the night;  
 Traces of this they left behind 'em,  
 But no instructions where to find 'em.



The devil's works are plain and evil,  
But few or none have seen the devil.  
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit  
The words of Echard, who has said it,  
Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us,  
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;  
But then old Noll was one in ten,  
And sought him more than other men:  
Our shepherd, too, with like attention,  
May meet the female fiends we mention.  
He rose one morn at break of day,  
And near the field in ambush lay;  
When, lo! a brace of girls appears,  
The third a matron much in years.  
Smiling amidst the pease, the sinners  
Sat down to cull their future dinners,  
And caring little who might own 'em,  
Made free as though themselves had sown 'em.

'Tis worth a sage's observation  
How love can make a jest of passion.  
Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,  
His early dues to love unpaid!  
And Love, a god that keeps a pother,  
And will be paid one time or other,  
Now banish'd Anger out o' door,  
And claim'd the debt withheld before.  
If Anger bid our youth revile,  
Love form'd his features to a smile;  
And knowing well 'twas all grimace  
To threaten with a smiling face,  
He in few words express'd his mind—  
And none would deem them much unkind.

The amorous youth, for their offence,  
Demanded instant recompence;

That recompence from each, which shame  
 Forbids a bashful Muse to name :  
 Yet, more this sentence to discover,  
 'Tis what Bett \* \* grants her lover,  
 When he, to make the strumpet willing,  
 Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood a while, as 'twere suspended,  
 And loth to do what—each intended.

At length, with soft pathetic sighs,  
 The matron, bent with age, replies :  
 ' 'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,  
 And our ill stars, will have it so—  
 But let my tears your wrath assuage,  
 And show some deference for age :  
 I from a distant village came,  
 Am old, G— knows, and something lame ;  
 And if we yield, as yield we must,  
 Dispatch my crazy body first.'

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,  
 When circled round on Ida's plain  
 With goddesses, he stood suspended,  
 And Pallas's grave speech was ended,  
 Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty,  
 But paid the compliment to beauty.

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That independence from each other stands

Yet, more the sentence is to be

Than that Best of great

Who, to make up

Has spent his fortune

Each stood a while,

And loth to do what

At length with

The nation, as it

'Tis you to

And out of

But let my

and show some

I want a

quod J. G. knows

and some

and some

and some

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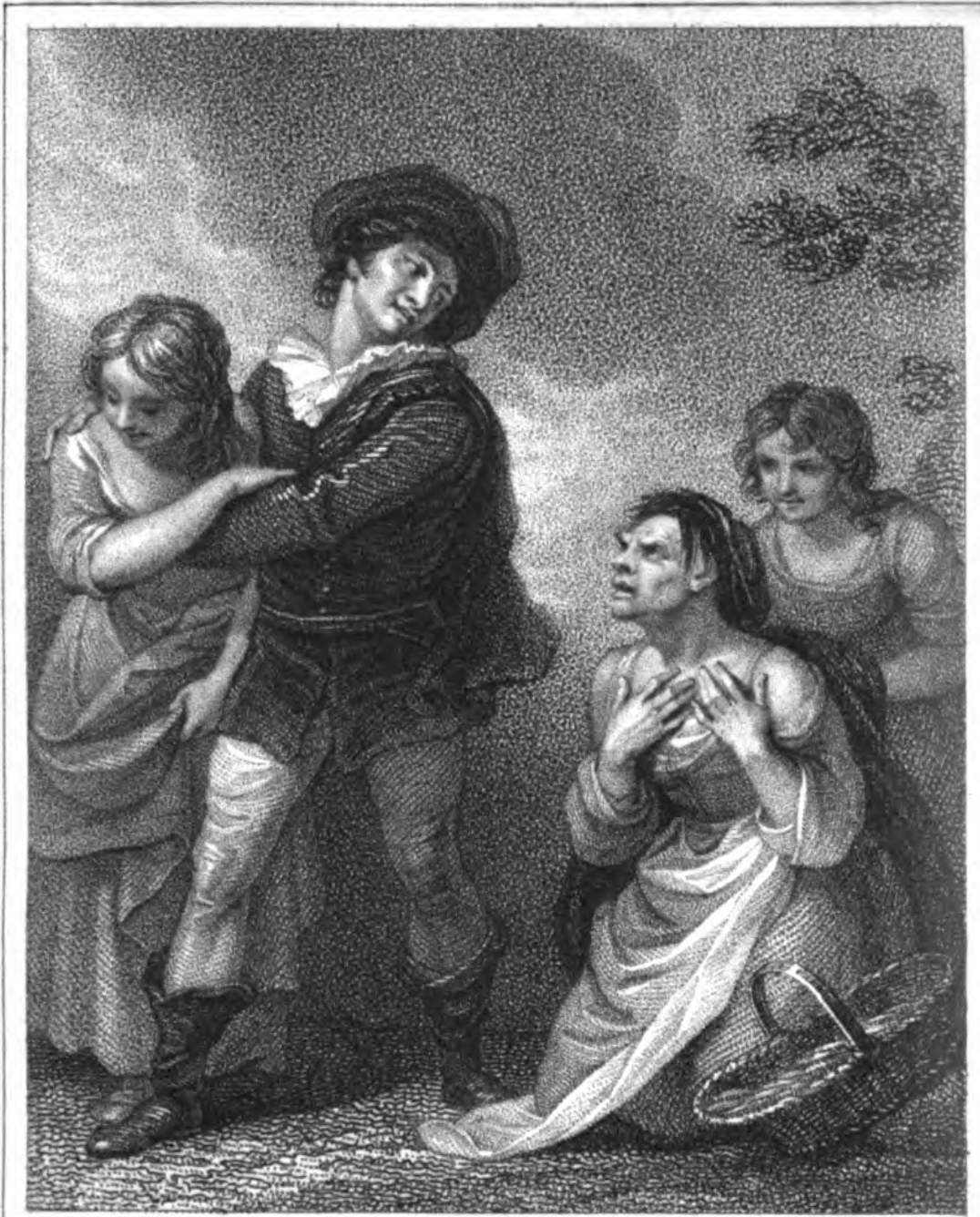
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and some



SHENSTONE.

Ow'd what the ask'd might be his duty  
But paid the compliment to beauty.

*Vol. I. Drama of Precedence*

*Painted by Rob<sup>t</sup>. Smirke, R.A.*

*Engraved by J. Schlar*





*ODE.*

TO BE PERFORMED BY DR. BRETTLER, AND A CHORUS OF HALES-OWEN CITIZENS.

The instrumental part a Viol d'Amour.

AIR BY THE DOCTOR.

**AWAKE!** I say, awake, good people!  
And be for once alive and gay;  
Come, let's be merry; stir the tipples;  
How can you sleep  
Whilst I do play? How can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great musician!  
On drowsy souls some pity take,  
For wondrous hard is our condition,  
To drink thy beer,  
Thy strains to hear;  
To drink,  
To hear,  
And keep awake!

SOLO BY THE DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,  
A wight of skill and judgment deep!  
Zooners, they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—  
No; here is one, and he's asleep.

DUETTE.

DR.—How could they go  
Whilst I do play?

[*Soft music.*

SAL.—How could they go?  
How should they stay?

[*Warlike music.*

END OF VOL. I.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

*WILLIAM SHENSTONE.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

*THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.*

—◆—  
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—◆—  
1806.





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# ODES.

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*TO HEALTH, 1730.*

O HEALTH! capricious maid!  
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,  
Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,  
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,  
It 'vails not whether Muse or Grace,  
With tempting smile, frequent the place;  
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;  
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;  
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;  
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city-air;  
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,  
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,  
O false! O partial Fair!

I plunge into the wave;  
And though with purest hands I raise  
A rural altar to thy praise,  
Thou wilt not deign to save.

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

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim,  
Enabling him, with idle noise,  
To drown the Muse's melting voice,  
And fright the timorous game.

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

Is it the clime you flee?  
Yet midst his unremitting snows  
The poor Laponian's bosom glows,  
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,  
When though I scorn'd thy guardian care,  
Nor made a vow nor said a pray'r,  
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more bless'd than I?  
When the glad schoolboy's task was done,  
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run  
To freedom and to joy?

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

*TO A LADY OF QUALITY,*

FITTING UP HER LIBRARY, 1738.

AH! what is science, what is art,  
 Or what the pleasure these impart?  
 Ye trophies which the learn'd pursue  
 Through endless fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,  
 To soothe the miseries they show?  
 What like the bliss for him decreed  
 Who tends his flock and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd  
 From all that glads the simplest hind,  
 How rare that object which supplies  
 A charm for too discerning eyes!



The polish'd bard, of genius vain,  
Endures a deeper sense of pain ;  
As each invading blast devours  
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,  
The steep ascent of knowledge climb,  
Then from the towering heights they scale,  
Behold Contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why  
We scorn the crowd when you are nigh ?  
Why then does reason seem so fair,  
Why learning then deserve our care ?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,  
While you so fair a proof unfold  
What force the brightest genius draws  
From polish'd wisdom's written laws ?

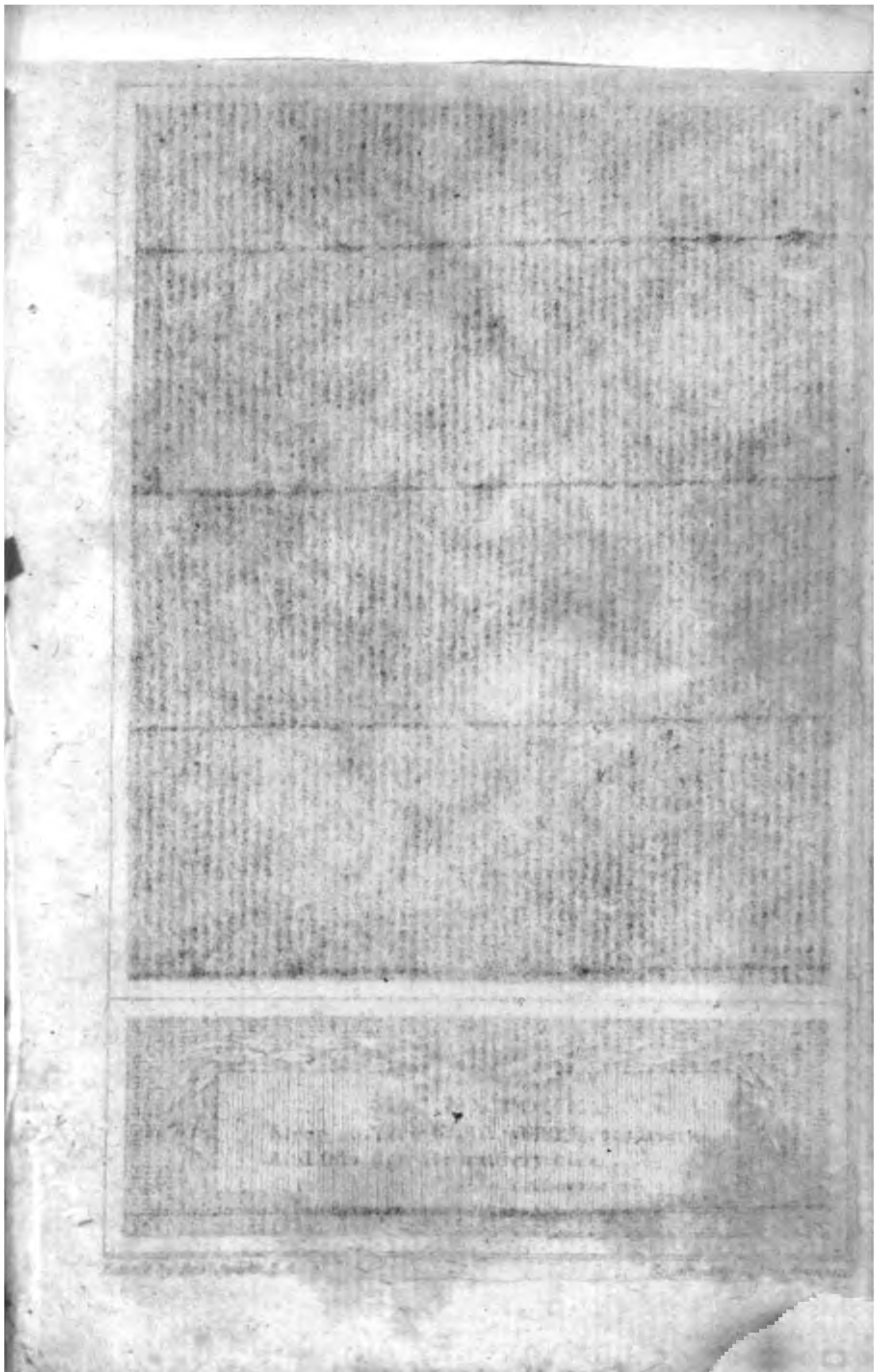
Where are our humbler tenets flown ?  
What strange perfection bids us own  
That bliss with toilsome science dwells,  
And happiest he who most excels ?

---

*ANACREONTIC, 1738.*

'Twas in a cool Aonian glade  
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,  
Had sought refreshment from the shade,  
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found  
The subtle traitor fast asleep ;  
' And is it thine to snore profound,'  
She said, ' yet leave the world to weep ?



The world's a stage, / And all men players,  
That have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time / plays many parts,  
His acts being seven times each day;  
He is first a child, then a school-boy,  
Then a soldier, a lover, a judge,  
A king, a tyrant, a beggar, a clown,  
A madman, a drunkard, a fool;  
And, last of all, a beggar, a clown,  
A madman, a drunkard, a fool;  
And, last of all, a beggar, a clown,  
A madman, a drunkard, a fool;  
And, last of all, a beggar, a clown,  
A madman, a drunkard, a fool;

AMICURENTIC, 17. 18.

Twas in a cool April morn  
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,  
Had sought refreshment from the shade,  
And stretch'd him on the grassy soil.  
A stork, that drew nigh, and found  
The boy asleep, his bill on him  
Did light, and with his beak profound  
Did pierce his side, and then he went  
To leave the victim in ween;





SHEENSTONE.  
Sleep on, poor Child, whilst I withdraw,  
And this thy vile artillery hide —  
*Vol. II. Anacreontic, 178.*

*Painted by Rob<sup>t</sup>. Smirke, R.A.*

*Engraved by L. Sch*





‘ But hush—from this auspicious hour  
The world, I ween, may rest in peace,  
And robb’d of darts, and stript of pow’r,  
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

‘ Sleep on, poor child ! whilst I withdraw,  
And this thy vile artillery hide—’  
When the Castalian fount she saw,  
And plung’d his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid !  
Shall cause you soon to curse the day  
You dar’d the shafts of Love invade,  
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wondrous clear,  
When angry Cupid searches round,  
Will not the radiant points appear ?  
Will not the furtive spoils be found ?

Too soon they were ; and every dart,  
Dipp’d in the Muses’ mystic spring,  
Acquir’d new force to wound the heart,  
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire !  
For who will now your altars throng ?  
From love we learn to swell the lyre,  
And echo asks no sweeter song.

WRITTEN 1739.

Urit spes animi creduli mutui ?

HOR.

Fond hope of a reciprocal desire  
Inflames the breast.

'Twas not by Beauty's aid alone  
That Love usurp'd his airy throne,  
His boasted pow'r display'd ;  
'Tis kindness that secures his aim,  
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,  
Which Beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes the lightnings view ;  
Her lips, with all the rose's hue  
Have all its sweets combin'd ;  
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,  
Till lips at once, and eyes, conspire  
To prove the charmer kind——

Though wit might gild the tempting snare  
With softest accent, sweetest air,  
By Envy's self admir'd ;  
If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,  
In vain might every Grace adorn  
What every Muse inspir'd.

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

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

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

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



UPON A VISIT

*TO A LADY OF QUALITY,*

IN WINTER 1748.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,  
 Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,  
 How pleas'd we pass the winter's day,  
 And charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away!

No linnet, from the leafless bough,  
 Pours forth her note melodious now,  
 But all admire Asteria's tongue,  
 Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flowers emit their transient rays ;  
 Yet sure Asteria's wit displays  
 More various tints, more glowing lines,  
 And with perennial beauty shines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd streams  
 But ill befriend a poet's dreams,  
 Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,  
 And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye,  
 No cheerful azure decks the sky,  
 Yet still we bless the louring day ;  
 Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

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

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

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

---

**TO MEMORY, 1748.**

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

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

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

The song it 'vails not to recite——  
But, sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,  
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright  
Than other banks, than other streams ;  
Or by thy softening pencil shown,  
Assume they beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly-vacant scene  
When, all beneath the poplar bough,  
My spirits light, my soul serene,  
I breathed in verse one cordial vow,  
That nothing should my soul inspire  
But friendship warm and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,  
On thee the drooping Muse attends,  
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,  
On thy expressive pow'r depends,  
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,  
To live the lord of all that shines



But let me chose those vows away  
 Which at Ambition's shrine I made,  
 Nor ever let thy skill display  
 Those anxious moments, ill repaid :  
 Oh! from my breast that season rase,  
 And bring my childhood in its place.

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

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

---

WRITTEN TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1748.

TO WILLIAM LYTTELTON, ESQ.

How blithly pass'd the summer's day !  
 How bright was every flow'r !  
 While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,  
 To visit Damon's bow'r !

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Where is the mead's unsullied green?  
The zephyr's balmy gale?  
And where sweet Friendship's cordial mien,  
That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,  
And boast her purple store?  
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies  
Can soothe our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain  
Could wit and mirth refine;  
He! he is gone, whose social vein  
Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,  
In yon sequester'd grove,  
To him a votive urn I raise,  
To him and friendly Love.

Yes, there, my friend! forlorn and sad,  
I grave your Thomson's name,  
And there his lyre, which fate forbade  
To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount  
Dark themes of hopeless woe,  
And faster than the dropping fount  
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green,  
 Shall shade the hallow'd ground,  
 And Spring will there again be seen,  
 To call forth flowers around.

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

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*AN IRREGULAR ODE,*

AFTER SICKNESS, 1749.

—Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus.

His wish'd-for presence will improve the song.

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

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay  
 I hail'd once more the cheerful day,  
 The sun's forgotten beams :  
 O Sun! how pleasing were thy rays,  
 Reflected from the polish'd face  
 Of yon refulgent streams !  
 Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue  
 Essay'd again the sweets of song,

And thus in feeble strains, and slow,  
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

' Come, gentle Air! my languid limbs restore,  
And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore,  
For sure I heard the tender sighs,  
I seem'd to join the plaintive cries  
Of hapless youths, who through the myrtle grove  
Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love;  
To that unjoyous clime,  
Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies,  
Debar'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes,  
And banish'd in their prime.

' Come, gentle Air! and, while the thickets bloom,  
Convey the jasmine's breath divine,  
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,  
Nor spare the sweet-leaf'd eglantine;  
And may'st thou shun the rugged storm  
Till Health her wonted charms explain,  
With Rural Pleasure in her train,  
To greet me in her fairest form;  
While from this lofty mount I view  
The sons of Earth, the vulgar crew,  
Anxious for futile gains, beneath me stray, [way.  
And seek with erring step Contentment's obvious

' Come, gentle Air! and thou, celestial Muse!  
Thy genial flame infuse,  
Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,  
And gild Retirement's gloomy shade;  
Enough to rear such rustic lays  
As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise.'



The gentle Air allow'd my claim,  
 And, more to cheer my drooping frame,  
 She mix'd the balm of opening flowers,  
 Such as the bee, with chemic powers,  
 From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,  
 Or scents Sabæa's blooming vales :  
 But, ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,  
 By prescripts more refin'd,  
 Neglect their votary's anxious moan : [flown.  
 Oh! how should they relieve?—the Muses all were

By flowery plain or woodland shades  
 I fondly sought the charming maids ;  
 By woodland shades or flowery plain  
 I sought them, faithless maids! in vain ;  
 When, lo! in happier hour,  
 I leave behind my native mead,  
 To range where Zeal and Friendship lead,  
 To visit L\*\*\*'s honour'd bower.  
 Ah! foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids  
 On other plains, or near less verdant shades !

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

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

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

And some had bent the wildering maze,  
 Bedeck'd with every shrub that blows,  
 And some entwin'd the willing sprays,  
 To shield the' illustrious dame's repose ;  
 Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,  
 And taught the portrait where to glow ;  
 Others arrang'd the curious tome,  
 Or mid the decorated space  
 Assign'd the laurell'd bust a place,  
 And given to learning all the pomp of show ;  
 And now from every task withdrawn,  
 They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

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

Ah ! lovely treacherous maids !  
 To quit unseen my votive shades,  
 When pale Disease and torturing Pain  
 Had torn me from the breezy plain,  
 And to a restless couch confin'd,  
 Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.

She needs not your officious aid  
 To swell the song or plan the shade ;  
 By genuine Fancy fir'd,  
 Her native genius guides her hand,  
 And while she marks the sage command,  
 More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,  
 Her lyre resound with nobler rays  
 Than ever you inspir'd.

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

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*RURAL ELEGANCE,*

TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET. 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,  
 And dew-drops catch the lucid ray,  
 Amid the sprightly scenes of morn  
 Will aught the Muse inspire?  
 Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn  
 That drowns the sacred lyre!

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

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn,  
 The wretched swain your sport survey ;  
 He finds his faithful fences torn,  
 He finds his labour'd crops a prey ;  
 He sees his flock—no more in circles feed,  
 Haply beneath your ravage bleed,  
 And with no random curses loads the deed.  
 Nor yet, ye swains! conclude  
 That Nature smiles for you alone ;  
 Your bounded souls and your conceptions crude,  
 The proud, the selfish, boast disown :  
 Yours be the produce of the soil ;  
 O may it still reward your toil !  
 Nor ever the defenceless train  
 Of clinging infants ask support in vain !

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

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,  
 Unpleas'd the Spring her flowery robe resume ;  
 Unmov'd the mountains airy pile,  
 The dappled mead without a smile.

O let a rural conscious Muse,  
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse :  
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,  
 And span the massy trunk before you cry—'Tis fair.

Nor yet, ye learn'd! nor yet, ye courtly train!  
 If haply from your haunts ye stray  
 To waste with us a summer's day,  
 Exclude the taste of every swain,  
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain :  
 'Tis Nature only gives exclusive right  
 To relish her supreme delight ;  
 She, where she pleases kind or coy,  
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,  
 By her auspicious aid refin'd.  
 Lo ! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,  
 Or humble harebell paints the plain,  
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,  
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain :  
 For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,  
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides ;  
 Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,  
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with de-  
 [light.

With what suspicious fearful care  
 The sordid wretch secures his claim,  
 If haply some luxurious heir  
 Should alienate the fields that wear his name !  
 What scruples lest some future birth  
 Should litigate a span of earth ! [prose,  
 Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for  
 The towering Muse endures not to disclose :



Alas! her unrevers'd decree,  
 More comprehensive and more free,  
 Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

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

Fatigued with Form's oppressive laws,  
 When Somerset avoids the great,  
 When cloy'd with merited applause,  
 She seeks the rural calm retreat,  
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,  
 And feel the truth my numbers tell?  
 When, deafen'd by the loud acclaim  
 Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,  
 Could she not more delighted hear  
 Yon throstle chant the rising year?  
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,  
 To crop the primrose of the plains?  
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,  
 Lost to the sons of Pow'r, unknown to half man-  
 kind?

Ah! can she covet there to see  
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,  
 That oil the tongue and bow the knee,  
 That slight her merit, but adore her place?  
 Far happier, if aright I deem,  
 When from gay throngs and gilded spires,  
 To where the lonely halcyons play,  
 Her philosophic step retires;  
 While, studious of the moral theme,  
 She to some smooth sequester'd stream  
 Likens the swains' inglorious day,  
 Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey [away.  
 How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides

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

And, oh! the transport most allied to song,  
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound,  
 To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,  
 And bid Arcadia bloom around;

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

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!  
 O beauties never known to cloy!  
 While Worth and Genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,  
 And every gentle breast partakes the joy;  
 While Charity at eve surveys the swain,  
 Enabled by these toils to cheer  
 A train of helpless infants dear,  
 Speed whistling home across the plain;  
 See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,  
 For half her graceless deeds atone,  
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her  
 [own.

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

Why knows the nightingale to sing?  
 Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?  
 Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?  
 For sustenance alone? for use?

For preservation? Every sphere  
Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear ;  
And sure there seem, of human kind,  
Some born to shun the solemn strife ;  
Some for amusive tasks design'd,  
To sooth the certain ills of life ;  
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,  
New founts of bliss disclose,  
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate re-  
pose.

From plains and woodlands, from the view  
Of rural Nature's blooming face,  
Smit with the glare of rank and place,  
To courts the sons of Fancy flew ;  
There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat,  
There had she lavish'd all her care  
To form a scene more dazzling fair,  
And call'd them from their green retreat  
To share her proud control ;  
Had given the robe with grace to flow,  
Had taught exotic gems to glow ;  
And, emulous of Nature's pow'r,  
Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r ;  
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,  
Moulded each rustic limb anew,  
And warp'd the very soul.

Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye,  
Awhile the fairy forms delight ;  
And now aloof we seem to fly  
On purple pinions through a purer sky,  
Where all is wondrous, all is bright :

Now, landed on some spangled shore,  
 Awhile each dazzled maniac roves,  
 By sapphire lakes through emerald groves:  
 Paternal acres please no more;  
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight —  
 The habitual scene of hill and dale,  
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,  
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,  
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,  
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,  
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away!  
 'Tis Nature only bears perpetual sway.  
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,  
 Fatigu'd with splendour's irksome beams;  
 Fancy again demands the sight  
 Of native groves and wonted streams;  
 Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,  
 Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes Dis-  
 guise.

Then hither oft, ye Senators! retire;  
 With Nature here high converse hold;  
 For who like Stamford her delights admire,  
 Like Stamford shall with scorn behold  
 The' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;  
 Beneath the British oak's majestic shade  
 Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid!  
 Friendship in artless guise array'd,  
 Honour and moral beauty shine  
 With more attractive charms, with radiance more di-  
 vine.



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

Her impulse nothing may restrain—  
Or whence the joy mid columns, tow'rs,  
'Midst all the city's artful trim,  
To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,  
Or shrubs fuliginously grim?  
From rooms of silken foliage vain,  
To trace the dun far-distant grove,  
Where, smit with undissembled pain,  
The woodlark mourns her absent love,  
Borne to the dusty town from native air,  
To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair?

But how must faithless Art prevail,  
Should all who taste our joy sincere,  
To virtue, truth, or science, dear,  
Forego a court's alluring pale,  
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,  
For that rich luxury of thought they love!  
Ah, no! from these the public sphere requires  
Example for its giddy bands;  
From these impartial Heav'n demands  
To spread the flame itself inspires;  
To sift Opinion's mingled mass,  
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,  
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone  
Round the gay precincts of a throne

With mild effective beams!  
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,  
 By solemn grot or shady spring,  
 To join their pleasing dreams!  
 'Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy;  
 They only that deserve enjoy.

What though nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,  
 Nor naiad near their fountains rove?  
 Yet all embodied to the mental sight,  
 A train of smiling Virtues bright  
 Shall there the wise retreat allow, [brow.  
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,  
 Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous war,  
 By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,  
 In whom their gifts united shine,  
 No longer shall their councils jar.  
 'Tis her's to mediate the peace;  
 Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,  
 The rebel seeks her lawful queen,  
 And havock and contention cease.  
 I see the rival pow'rs combine,  
 And aid each other's fair design;  
 Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build,  
 Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the  
 field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!  
 O warble forth your noblest lay;  
 Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,  
 Ye leverets! freely sport and play.  
 —Peace to the strepent horn!  
 Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn;

No sounds inelegant and rude  
 Her sacred solitudes profane,  
 Unless her candour not exclude  
 The lowly shepherd's votive strain,  
 Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,  
 Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

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*TO INDOLENCE, 1750.*

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

An altar on its bank shall rise,  
 Where oft thy votary shall be found,  
 What time pale Autumn lulls the skies,  
 And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race! ye factious train!  
 That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine,  
 No more perplex the world in vain,  
 But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:  
 If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r,  
 If e'er I sway'd my active mind  
 To weave for thee the rural bow'r;  
 Dissolve in sleep each anxious care,  
 Each unavailing sigh remove,  
 And only let me wake to share  
 The sweets of friendship and of love.



### *TO A YOUNG LADY,*

SOMEWHAT TOO SOLICITOUS ABOUT HER MANNER  
 OF EXPRESSION.

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

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

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

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

Hark how the woodlark's tuneful throat  
Can every studied grace excel ;  
Let Art constrain the rambling note,  
And will she, Laura, please so well?

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



*WRITTEN IN A FLOWER BOOK*  
 OF MY OWN COLOURING,  
 DESIGNED FOR LADY PLYMOUTH, 1753-4

Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ.

HOR.

Constructor of the tributary wreath  
 For rural maids.

**BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,  
 The pride of all the blooming year,  
 And let me thence a garland frame  
 To crown this fair, this peerless, dame!**

But, ah! since envious Winter lours,  
 And Hewell meads resign their flow'rs,  
 Let Art and Friendship's joint essay  
 Diffuse their flowerets in her way.

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

*THE DYING KID.*

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

Ah! wretched mortals we!—our brightest days  
On fleetest pinion fly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## O D E.

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

O Lycon! born when every Muse,  
 When every Grace, benignant smil'd,  
 With all a parent's breast could choose  
 To bless her lov'd, her only child;  
 'Tis thine, so richly grac'd, to prove  
 More noble cares than cares of love.

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

Come, then, resume thy charming lyre,  
 And sing some patriot's worth sublime,  
 Whilst I in fields of soft desire  
 Consume my fair and fruitless prime;  
 Whose reed aspires but to display  
 The flame that burns me night and day.

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

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

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*A PASTORAL ODE,*

TO THE HONOURABLE SIR RICHARD LYTTELTON.

**T**HE morn dispens'd a dubious light,  
 A sullen mist had stolen from sight  
 Each pleasing vale and hill,  
 When Damon left his humble bowers  
 To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,  
 Or check his wandering rill.

Though school'd from Fortune's paths to fly,  
 The swain beneath each louring sky  
 Would oft his fate bemoan,  
 That he, in silvan shades forlorn,  
 Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn,  
 Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

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



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

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

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,  
 To think Bridgewater's <sup>1</sup> honour'd name  
 Should grace his rustic cell ;  
 That she, on all whose motions wait  
 Distinction, titles, rank, and state,  
 Should rove where shepherds dwell.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Bridgewater, married to Sir Richard Lyttelton.

Yet strive, ye shepherds ! strive to find,  
And weave the fairest of the kind,  
The prime of all the spring,  
If haply thus yon lovely fair  
May round her temples deign to wear  
The trivial wreaths you bring.

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

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclin'd,  
While busy fancy calls to mind  
The glories of his line !  
Methinks my cottage rears its head,  
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,  
As through enchantment, shine.

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

So would some tuberosse delight,  
That struck the pilgrim's wondering sight  
Mid lonely deserts drear,  
All as at eve the sovereign flower  
Dispenses round its balmy power,  
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah! now no more, the shepherd cried,  
 Must I Ambition's charms deride,  
     Her subtle force disown ;  
 No more of fauns or fairies dream,  
 While Fancy, near each crystal stream,  
     Shall paint these forms alone.

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

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!  
 Since Guernsey saw, without disdain,  
     Where, hid in woodlands green,  
 'The partuer of his early days<sup>2</sup>,  
 And once the rival of his praise,  
     Had stol'n through life unseen.

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

Nor yet have many moons decay'd  
 Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,  
     Admir'd this rural maze :  
 The noblest breast that Virtue fires,  
 The Graces love, the Muse inspires,  
     Might pant for Pollio's praise.

<sup>2</sup> They were school-fellows.

Say, Thomson here was known to rest ;  
For him yon vernal seat I drest,  
    Ah ! never to return !  
In place of wit and melting strains,  
And social mirth, it now remains  
    To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my Lelius ! come once more,  
And fringe the melancholy shore  
    With roses and with bays,  
While I each wayward Fate accuse,  
That envied his impartial Muse,  
    To sing your early praise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# SONGS AND BALLADS.

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## A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS.

1733.

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Arbusta humilesque myricæ.  
Groves and lowly shrubs.

VIRG.

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### I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds! so cheerful and gay,  
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,  
Should Corydon's happen to stray,  
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.  
Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
Nor talk of the change that ye find;  
None once was so watchful as I;  
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

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

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

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

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

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

## II. HOPE.

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

Not a pine in my grove is there seen  
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;  
 Not a beech's more beautiful green  
 But a sweetbriar entwines it around :  
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
 More charms than my cattle unfold ;  
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire  
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;  
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 But I hasted and planted it there.  
 O how sudden the jessamine strove  
 With the lilac to render it gay !  
 Already it calls for my love  
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,  
 What strains of wild melody flow !  
 How the nightingales warble their loves  
 From thickets of roses that blow !

And when her bright form shall appear,  
Each bird shall harmoniously join  
In a concert so soft and so clear,  
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;  
But let me that plunder forbear,  
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:  
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;  
And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
How that pity was due to—a dove;  
That it ever attended the bold,  
And she call'd it the sister of Love.  
But her words such a pleasure convey,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain  
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs?  
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
These plains and this valley despise?  
Dear regions of silence and shade!  
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!  
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,  
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?  
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?  
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,  
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 And the face of the vallies as fine;  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

### III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?  
 Why term it a folly to grieve?  
 Ere I show you the charms of my love,  
 She is fairer than you can believe.  
 With her mien she enamours the brave,  
 With her wit she engages the free,  
 With her modesty pleases the grave;  
 She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,  
 Come and join in my amorous lays!  
 I could lay down my life for the swain  
 That will sing but a song in her praise.  
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town  
 Come trooping, and listen the while;  
 Nay on him let not Phyllida frown,  
 —But I cannot allow her to smile

For when Paridel tries in the dance  
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,  
 O how with one trivial glance  
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!  
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,  
 And his crook is bestudded around;  
 And his pipe—oh! may Phyllis beware  
 Of a magic there is in the sound!



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

To the grove or the garden he strays,  
 And pillages every sweet,  
 Then suiting the wreath to his lays,  
 He throws it at Phyllis's feet.  
 ' O Phyllis!' he whispers, ' more fair,  
 More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r!  
 What are pinks in a morn to compare?  
 What is eglantine after a show'r?

' Then the lily no longer is white,  
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,  
 Then the violets die with despight,  
 And the woodbines give up their perfume.'  
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer;  
 —Yet I never should envy the song,  
 Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
 So Phyllis the trophy despise;  
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
 So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.  
 The language that flows from the heart  
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;  
 —Yet may she beware of his art,  
 Or sure I must envy the song.

## IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

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

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

She is faithless and I am undone ;  
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,  
 Let reason instruct you to shun  
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.  
 Beware how you loiter in vain  
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree ;  
 It is not for me to explain  
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met  
 What hope of an end to my woes?  
 When I cannot endure to forget  
 The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain :  
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,  
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,  
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,  
 The sound of a murmuring stream,  
 The peace which from solitude flows,  
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.  
 High transports are shown to the sight,  
 But we are not to find them our own ;  
 Fate never bestow'd such delight  
 As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods ! spread your branches apace,  
 To your deepest recesses I fly,  
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase,  
 I would vanish from every eye.  
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove  
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;  
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love !  
 Was faithless, and I am undone !

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## *THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH,*

A BALLAD.

ALLUDING TO A STORY RECORDED OF HER WHEN  
 SHE WAS PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK, 1554.

Will you hear how once repining  
 Great Eliza captive lay,  
 Each ambitious thought resigning,  
 Foe to riches, pomp, and sway ?

While the nymphs and swains delighted  
Tripp'd around in all their pride,  
Envyng joys by others slighted,  
Thus the royal maiden cried :

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

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

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

' Love, like air, is widely giv'n;  
Pow'r nor Chance can these restrain;  
Truest, noblest gifts of Heav'n!  
Only purest on the plain!

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

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

' Hark to yonder milkmaid singing  
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail,  
Cowslips all around her springing  
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

- ‘ Never yet did courtly maiden  
Move so sprightly, look so fair ;  
Never breast with jewels laden  
Pour a song so void of care.
- ‘ Would indulgent Heav’n had granted  
Me some rural damsel’s part !  
All the empire I had wanted  
Then had been my shepherd’s heart.
- ‘ Then with him o’er hills and mountains,  
Free from fetters, might I rove ;  
Fearless taste the crystal fountains,  
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.
- ‘ Rustics had been more forgiving,  
Partial to my virgin bloom ;  
None had envied me when living,  
None had triumph’d o’er my tomb.’



**NANCY OF THE VALE.****A BALLAD.**

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!  
Candidior cygnis! hederæ formosior alba!

O Galatea! Nerens' blooming child,  
More sweet than thyme by Hybla bees exhal'd,  
Fairer than swans, more beauteous to behold  
Than ivy's purest white.

**T**HE western sky was purpled o'er  
With every pleasing ray,  
And flocks reviving felt no more  
The sultry heats of day;  
When from an hazel's artless bower  
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;  
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,  
While Nancy's praise he sung.  
' Let fops with fickle falsehood range  
The paths of wanton love,  
While weeping maids lament their change,  
And sadden every grove:  
' But endless blessings crown the day  
I saw fair Esham's dale!  
And every blessing find its way  
To Nancy of the Vale.  
' 'Twas from Avona's banks the maid  
Diffus'd her lovely beams,  
And every shining glance display'd  
The naiad of the streams.

- ‘ Soft as the wild-duck’s tender young  
That float on Avon’s tide,  
Bright as the water-lily, sprung,  
And glittering near its side :
- ‘ Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom,  
Her eye all mild to view ;  
The little halcyon’s azure plume  
Was never half so blue.
- ‘ Her shape was like the reed so sleek,  
So taper, straight, and fair ;  
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,  
How charming sweet they were !
- ‘ Far in the winding vale retir’d,  
This peerless bud I found,  
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir’d  
To fence her beauties round.
- ‘ That Nature in so lone a dell  
Should form a nymph so sweet !  
Or Fortune to her secret cell  
Conduct my wandering feet !
- ‘ Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,  
But she would ne’er incline :
- “ Prove to your equals true, (she cried)  
As I will prove to mine.
- “ ’Tis Strephon, on the mountain’s brow,  
Has won my right good will ;  
To him I gave my plighted vow,  
With him I’ll climb the hill.”
- ‘ Struck with her charms and gentle truth,  
I clasp’d the constant fair ;  
To her alone I gave my youth,  
And vow my future care.

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

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*JEMMY DAWSON,*

A BALLAD.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS EXECUTION, IN  
THE YEAR 1745.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

' Yet might sweet mercy find a place,  
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,  
O George ! without a pray'r for thee  
My orisons should never close.

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

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

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

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

Distorted was that blooming face  
Which she had fondly lov'd so long,  
And stifled was that tuneful breath  
Which in her praise had sweetly sung :  
And sever'd was that beauteous neck  
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd,  
And mangled was that beauteous breast  
On which her love-sick head repos'd :  
And ravish'd was that constant heart  
She did to every heart prefer,  
For though it could its king forget,  
'Twas true and loyal still to her.  
Amid those unrelenting flames  
She bore this constant heart to see,  
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
' Yet, yet,' she cried, ' I follow thee.  
' My death, my death alone can show  
The pure, the lasting love I bore :  
Accept, O Heav'n! of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more.'  
The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;  
The maid drew back her languid head,  
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.  
Though justice ever must prevail,  
The tear my Kitty sheds is due,  
For seldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, yet so true.



SONG <sup>1</sup>.

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> The following Songs were written chiefly between the year 1737 and 1742.

*THE LANDSCAPE.*

How pleas'd within my native bow'rs  
 Erewhile I pass'd the day!  
 Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs?  
 Were ever flow'rs so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,  
 And all the Landscape round!  
 The river gliding down the dale,  
 The hill with beeches crown'd!

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

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

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*SONG.*

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames  
 That rule o'er every British mind!  
 Be sure ye soothe their am'rous flames,  
 Be sure your laws are not unkind:  
 For hard it is to wear their bloom  
 In unremitting sighs away,  
 To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,  
 And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,  
A British youth, should vainly moan,  
Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,  
Submits to yours and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,  
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,  
Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,  
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

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*THE SKYLARK.*

Go, tuneful bird! that gladd'st the skies,  
To Daphne's window speed thy way,  
And there on quivering pinions rise,  
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy matin song,  
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear  
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
The bird from Indian groves may shine;  
But ask the lovely partial maid  
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,  
And all his flaunting race, with scorn;  
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,  
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

## SONG.

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

Why should I wish to banish sore disease,  
Unless returning health my Delia please?

ON every tree, in every plain,  
I trace the jovial spring in vain;  
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,  
And fast my waning vigour flies.  
Nor flowery plain nor budding tree  
That smile on others, smile on me;  
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,  
Nor shed a tear before they close.  
What bliss to me can seasons bring;  
Or what the needless pride of spring?  
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,  
Retains its verdure all the year.  
'Tis true, my vine, so fresh and fair,  
Might claim awhile my wonted care;  
My rural store some pleasure yield,  
So white a flock, so green a field!  
My friends, that each in kindness vie,  
Might well expect one parting sigh;  
Might well demand one tender tear;  
For when was Damon insincere?

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

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*THE ATTRIBUTE OF VENUS.*

YES; Fulvia is like Venus fair,  
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air;  
But still, to perfect every grace,  
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore,  
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,  
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,  
But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of Smiles and Loves,  
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves:  
And from her zone the nymph may find  
'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair! and all whose aim  
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,  
Or bid her breathe in living stone,  
Shall take their forms from you alone.



*SONG, 1742.*

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

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

O lovely maid! propitious hear,  
 Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;  
 Pity a wild illusive flame,  
 That varies objects still the same,  
 And let their very changes prove  
 The never-varied force of love.

*VALENTINE'S DAY, 1743.*

'Tis said that under distant skies  
 (Nor you the fact deny)  
 What first attracts an Indian's eyes  
 Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily or a rose,  
That shares the morning's ray,  
May to the waking swain disclose  
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,  
Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r,  
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove  
Where blooms the sovereign flow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,  
And gay with gilded wings,  
Perchance, the patron of his vow,  
Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid  
Then low to earth he bends,  
And owns upon her friendly aid  
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird, or flow'r,  
To tempt a votary's pray'r!——  
How would his humble homage tow'r  
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes  
O'er Flavia's beauty range,  
He there would fix his lasting choice,  
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

## SONG, 1743.

**T**HE fatal hours are wondrous near,  
That from these fountains bear my dear ;  
A little space is giv'n ; in vain ;  
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

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

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

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

Not more the schoolboy, that expires  
Far from his native home, requires  
To see some friend's familiar face,  
Or meet a parent's last embrace——

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

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

## SONG, 1744.

**T**HE lovely Delia smiles again!  
 That killing frown has left her brow;  
 Can she forgive my jealous pain,  
 And give me back my angry vow?  
 Love is an April's doubtful day;  
 Awhile we see the tempest lour,  
 Anon the radiant heav'n survey,  
 And quite forget the flitting show'r.  
 The flowers, that hung their languid head,  
 Are burnish'd by the transient rains;  
 The vines their wonted tendrils spread,  
 And double verdure gilds the plains.  
 The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less  
 Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,  
 In every raptur'd note express  
 The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

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 SONG, 1744.

**P**ERHAPS it is not love, said I,  
 That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh;  
 Where wit and sense like her's agree,  
 One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.  
 The beauties of her polish'd mind  
 It needs no lover's eye to find;  
 The hermit freezing in his cell  
 Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

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

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

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SONG, 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,  
 And wither'd heaths I rove ;  
 Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,  
 I pass to meet my love.

But though my path were damask'd o'er  
 With beauties e'er so fine,  
 My busy thoughts would fly before  
 To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,  
 No palace please mine eye ;  
 No pyramid's aërial height,  
 Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance,  
 Could I the pageant see ;  
 Splendour might catch one scornful glance,  
 Not steal one thought from thee.



*WINTER, 1746.*

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

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

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

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

*THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.*

By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,  
 Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the  
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care, [rill,  
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,  
 And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my  
 tongue;

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

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

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

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### *THE ROSE-BUD.*

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

' The sun with warm attractive rays  
 Tempts it to wanton in the blaze ;  
 A gale succeeds from eastern skies,  
 And all its blushing radiance dies.

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

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

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

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

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*DAPHNE’S VISIT.*

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

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

Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flow’r,  
And shed its odours round my bow’r;  
Or never more, O gentle wind!  
Shall I from thee refreshment find.

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

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

WRITTEN IN A

*COLLECTION OF BACCHANALIAN SONGS.*

ADIEU, ye jovial youths! who join  
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine,  
 And as your dazzled eyeballs roll,  
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,  
 Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,  
 But limpid stream and shady tree  
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

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

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

*IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.*

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,  
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!  
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run,  
 In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!  
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove,  
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!





Pity my wild delusive flame ;  
 For though the flow'rs are still the same,  
 To me they languish or improve,  
 And plainly tell me that I love.'

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*SONG.*

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

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

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*THE HALCYON.*

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

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

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,  
Warm in some rocky cell remain ;  
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,  
Would only then enhance the pain.

‘ Descend,’ she cries, ‘ thou hated show’r,  
Deform my limpid waves to-day,  
For I have chose a fairer hour  
To take my fill of love and play?’

You, too, my Sylvia, sure will own  
Life’s azure seasons swiftly roll,  
And when our youth or health is flown,  
To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,  
As thou art Damon’s only theme,  
He’d fly as quick to Delia’s arms  
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

# MORAL PIECES.

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## *THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.*

WHILE blooming Spring descends from genial skies,  
By whose mild influence instant wonders rise,  
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow,  
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe,  
Will Lyttelton the rural landscape range,  
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change ?  
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,  
And learn a moral from the rising greens ?  
'There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening pow'r,  
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r ;  
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms display'd,  
Invites from grateful hands their generous aid :  
Soon, if none check the' invasive foe's designs,  
The lively lustre of these scenes declines !

'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,  
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife :  
Then passion riots, reason then contends,  
And on the conquest every bliss depends :  
Life from the nice decision takes its hue,  
And bless'd those judges who decide like you !  
On worth like theirs shall every bliss attend,  
The world their favourite, and the world their friend.

There are who, blind to thought's fatiguing ray,  
As Fortune gives examples urge their way ;

Not Virtue's foes, though they her paths decline,  
 And scarce her friends, though with her friends they  
 In her's or Vice's casual road advance, [join ;  
 Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of Chance !  
 Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice,  
 With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,  
 When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,  
 Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein ;  
 While passion's lawless tides, at their command,  
 Glide through more useful tracts, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,  
 By learning strengthen'd and by taste refin'd,  
 In Virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs, [flow'rs.  
 Chose Virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with  
 The first alarm'd, if Freedom waves her wings,  
 The fittest to adorn each art she brings ;  
 Lov'd by that prince whom every virtue fires,  
 Prais'd by that bard whom every Muse inspires ;  
 Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame ;  
 In all that wins, in all that merits fame !

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,  
 When great Alcides to a grove retir'd :  
 Through the lone windings of a devious glade,  
 Resign'd to thought, with lingering steps he stray'd,  
 Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys,  
 Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.  
 Dubious he stray'd, with wavering thoughts possest,  
 Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast ;  
 The various arts which human cares divide,  
 In deep attention all his mind employ'd ;  
 Anxious, if Fame an equal bliss secur'd,  
 Or silent Ease with softer charms allur'd.  
 The silvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,  
 The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd ;

The silver flood that in meanders led  
 His glittering streams along the' enliven'd mead ;  
 The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,  
 Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind ;  
 In vain ! while distant, on a summit rais'd,  
 The' imperial tow'rs of Fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd through Fancy's puzzling maze  
 The separate sweets of pleasure and of praise,  
 Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,  
 And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade :  
 At once before his wondering eyes were seen  
 Two female forms, of more than mortal mien :  
 Various their charms, and in their dress and face  
 Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.  
 This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,  
 The simple sweets of innocence endear'd :  
 Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,  
 Show'd native merit mix'd with modesty :  
 Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,  
 Severely sweet, and innocently gay.  
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid,  
 In artless folds of virgin white array'd.  
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,  
 Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn :  
 Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,  
 Or studied gestures, or well-practis'd smiles :  
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less ;  
 She prov'd the' engaging chastity of dress ;  
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,  
 Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay, more than seem'd divine.  
 One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,  
 And in her hand the' imperial sword she bore.  
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,  
 And match'd the awful honours of her face.



The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant  
ground,

Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.  
Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd ;  
She pleas'd while distant, but when near she  
charm'd.

So strikes the gazer's eye the silver gleam  
That, glittering, quivers o'er a distant stream ;  
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,  
And in its crystal bosom trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd,  
And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.  
A fluttering robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,  
And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd :  
Its form contriv'd her faulty size to grace,  
Its hue to give fresh lustre to her face.  
Her plaited hair disguis'd, with brilliants glar'd ;  
Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring lustre shar'd ;  
The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,  
And every gem that strikes less curious eyes ;  
Expos'd her breast, with foreign sweets perfum'd,  
And round her brow a roseate garland bloom'd.  
Soft smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles,  
Yet, ah ! the blushes artful as the smiles.  
Oft gazing on her shade, the' enraptur'd fair  
Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care ;  
Her thoughts, to others' charms malignly blind,  
Centred in that, and were to that confin'd ;  
And if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,  
'Twas but to watch the' influence of her own :  
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,  
When for her warrior she refines her mien ;  
Or when, to bless her Delian favourite's arms,  
The radiant fair invigorates her charms :

Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,  
 Her dress expressive, and her air the same,  
 When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,  
 And all the' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.  
 Such shone the vision, nor forbore to move  
 The fond contagious airs of lawless love ;  
 Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,  
 And amorous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.  
 Lifeless her gait, and slow ; with seeming pain,  
 She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain, }  
 Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd }  
     the swain.

So glaring draughts, with tawdry lustre bright,  
 Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight ;  
 More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,  
 Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrapt in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd  
 The various charms of each attractive maid ;  
 Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,  
 And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd ;  
 Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,  
 When she, who first approach'd him, first began :  
 ' Hither, dear boy ! direct thy wandering eyes,  
 'Tis here the lovely Vale of Pleasure lies :  
 Debate no more, to me thy life resign ;  
 Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine :  
 For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r,  
 Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r ;  
 To please my ear she tunes the linnet's strains ;  
 To please my eye with lilies paints the plains ;  
 To form my couch in mossy beds she grows ;  
 To gratify my smell perfumes the rose ;  
 Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,  
 And swells the vegetable world for me.

‘ Let the gull’d fool the toils of war pursue,  
 Where bleed the many to enrich the few ; [prize ;  
 Where Chance from Courage claims the boasted  
 Where, though she give, your country oft denies.  
 Industrious thou shalt Cupid’s wars maintain,  
 And ever gently fight his soft campaign ;  
 His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,  
 Yet only suffer to enjoy the cure.

Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise  
 And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish’d eyes :  
 Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,  
 A brighter lily on their necks appear ;  
 Where fondly thou thy favour’d head shalt rest,  
 Soft as the down that swells the cygnet’s nest :  
 While Philomel in each soft voice complains,  
 And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains ;  
 Whilst with each accent sweetest odours flow,  
 And spicy gums round every bosom glow.  
 Not the fam’d bird Arabian climes admire  
 Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.

At Sloth let War’s victorious sons exclaim,  
 In vain ! for Pleasure is my real name :  
 Nor envy thou the head with bays o’ergrown ;  
 No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own ;  
 For well each opening scene that claims my care  
 Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

‘ Let others prune the vine ; the genial bowl  
 Shall crown thy table and enlarge thy soul.  
 Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,  
 So the gay produce glitter still on thine.  
 Indulgent Bacchus loads his labouring tree,  
 And, guarding, gives its clustering sweets to me.  
 For my lov’d train Apollo’s piercing beam  
 Darts through the passive glebe, and frames the gem.

See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,  
 Nor slight these gods, their blessings unenjoy'd.  
 For thee the poplar shall its amber drain ;  
 For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane ;  
 Some costly tribute every clime shall pay,  
 Some charming treasure every wind convey ;  
 Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield,  
 Art build thy dome, while Nature decks thy field :  
 Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise,  
 The spiring turrets glitter through the skies ;  
 Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays,  
 Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze ;  
 Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,  
 Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.

‘ When melting flutes and sweetly-sounding lyres  
 Wake the gay Loves, and cite the young Desires ;  
 Or in the' Ionian dance some favourite maid  
 Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd ;  
 Think, can'st thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,  
 To feed on Virtue's visionary charms ?  
 Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,  
 For the faint honour of a frozen sage ?  
 To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,  
 And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace ?

‘ O ! think that beauty waits on thy decree,  
 And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me,  
 She whose soft smile or gentler glance to move,  
 You vow'd the wild extremities of love ;  
 In whose endearments years like moments flew ;  
 For whose endearments millions seem'd too few ;  
 She, she implores ; she bids thee seize the prime,  
 And tread with her the flowery tracts of time,  
 Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow  
 On some cold lover or insulting foe.



Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,  
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell,  
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs !  
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes !

‘ See Nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,  
Where breathing jassmine screens the sleeping maid,  
And such her charms, as to the vain may prove.  
Ambition seeks more humble joys than Love !  
There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,  
Nor sciences perplex thy labouring brain,  
Or none but what with equal sweets invite,  
Nor other arts but to prolong delight.  
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,  
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring ;  
To fix the dress that suits each varying mien ;  
To show where best the clustering gems are seen ;  
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,  
And tell the charms, the sweet effects, of love !  
Nor fear to find a coy disdainful Muse,  
Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse :  
Cool grotts, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,  
Soft scenes of leisure, suit the' harmonious maids ;  
And all the wise and all the grave decree  
Some of that sacred train allied to me.

‘ But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,  
And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,  
Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,  
And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse.  
To thee all Nature's curious stores I'll bring,  
Explain the beauties of an insect's wing ;  
The plant which Nature, less diffusely kind,  
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd ;  
The shell she scatters with more careless air,  
And in her frolics seems supremely fair ;



The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,  
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

' Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,  
Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms,  
Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,  
Or care, my most destructive foe prevail.  
The watry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,  
And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,  
For thy repose inform, with rival joy,  
Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.  
Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,  
Till, lost in bliss, thou breathe thy soul away ;  
Till she to' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair,  
Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there.'

She ceas'd ; and on a lili'd bank reclin'd,  
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind ;  
One tender hand her drooping head sustains,  
One points, expressive, to the flowery plains.  
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll  
Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul ;  
As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,  
And each fair fabric of the frost decays.  
Soon to his breast the soft harangue convey'd  
Resolves too partial to the specious maid.  
He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame,  
Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame,  
And oft as Virtue caught his wandering eye,  
A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.  
'Twas such the lingering Trojan's shame betray'd,  
When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd ;  
When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,  
For the soft reign of Dido and of love.  
Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires,  
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires !

Some hovering doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,  
And Virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd:

' Fly, fly, fond youth! the too indulgent maid,  
Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.  
Though in my path the rugged thorn be seen,  
And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;  
Though no gay rose or flowery product shine,  
The barren surface still conceals the mine.  
Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows  
In Virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—  
Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,  
Whence could fond Sloth the flattering gifts procure?  
The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,  
'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.  
I from old Ocean rob the treasur'd store;  
I through each region latent gems explore:  
'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,  
By numerous strata deep in earth conceal'd;  
'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show  
The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow;  
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,  
Without the firm supports of industry.

' But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,  
The mossy grotto and the flowery lawn;  
Let Philomela tune the' harmonious gale,  
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;  
Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,  
And choose, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;  
To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,  
Nor mossy grots nor flowery lawns could please,  
Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,  
The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.

' Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,  
Whose rugged cliffs deform the' encircling skies?

Those fields, whence Phœbus all their moisture  
 And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains? [drains,  
 When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,  
 Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.  
 The form thou view'st to every scene with ease  
 Transfers its charms, and every scene can please.  
 When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,  
 And the lone wanderer with my presence cheer'd,  
 Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,  
 And call'd that desert—blissful solitude!

‘ Nor I alone to such extend my care,  
 Fair-blooming Health surveys her altars there ;  
 Brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns,  
 And with reflected lustre gild the plains :  
 With her, in flow'r of youth and beauty's pride,  
 Her offspring, calm Content and Peace, reside ;  
 One ready offering suits each neighbouring shrine,  
 And all obey their laws who practise mine. [flies,

‘ But Health averse, from Sloth's smooth region  
 And in her absence Pleasure droops and dies ;  
 Her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repose,  
 Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes ;  
 A galaxy of pow'rs! whose forms appear  
 For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

‘ Nor will soft Sleep to Sloth's request incline,  
 He from her couches flies unbid to mine.

‘ Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,  
 The' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain !  
 Where she, relentless, reigns without control,  
 And checks each gay excursion of the soul ;  
 Unmov'd though Beauty, deck'd in all its charms,  
 Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms ;  
 Till joyless indolence suggests desires,  
 Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires ;

Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,  
 Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay :  
 As artful heats, applied to thirsty lands,  
 Produce no flow'rs, and but debase the sands.

‘ But let fair Health her cheering smiles impart;  
 How sweet is Nature, how superfluous Art !  
 'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,  
 And smooths the flinty couch which Fortune lends;  
 And when my hero from his toils retires,  
 Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,  
 And while no checks the' unbounded joy reprove,  
 Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.  
 His fairest prospect rising trophies frame,  
 His sweetest music is the voice of fame ;  
 Pleasures to Sloth unknown! she never found  
 How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

‘ See Fame's gay structure from yon summit  
 charms,  
 And fires the manly breast to arts or arms ;  
 Nor dread the steep ascent by which you rise  
 From grovelling vales to tow'rs which reach the  
 skies.

‘ Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire,  
 The smiling offspring of a rigid sire !  
 To fix the friend your service must be shown ;  
 All ere they lov'd your merit lov'd their own.  
 That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,  
 That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,  
 That books may praise, or coins record your name,  
 Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim !  
 And the same column which displays to view  
 The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.

‘ 'Twas slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught  
 All that e'er nobly spoke or bravely fought :



'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,  
 In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.  
 Not the vain visions of inactive schools,  
 Not Fancy's maxims, not Opinion's rules,  
 E'erform'd the man whose generous warmth extends  
 'To' enrich his country or to serve his friends.  
 On active worth the laurel War bestows ;  
 Peace rears her olive for industrious brows ;  
 Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies,  
 Nor Heav'n its showers, without a sacrifice.  
 ' See, far below such grovelling scenes of shame  
 As lull to rest Ignavia's slumbering dame ;  
 Her friends, from all the toils of Fame secure,  
 Alas ! inglorious, greater toils endure ;  
 Doom'd all to mourn who in her cause engage,  
 A youth enervate, and a painful age ;  
 A sickly sapless mass if Reason flies,  
 And if she linger, impotently wise !  
 A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, and gay,  
 Invite old age, and revel youth away ;  
 From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,  
 And idly place it where they least can bear :  
 When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,  
 What kind reflection shall the mind supply ?  
 When with lost health, what should the loss allay,  
 Peace, peace is lost ; a comfortless decay !  
 But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies,  
 And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,  
 Through death's dark vista flowery tracts are seen,  
 Elysian plains, and groves for ever green :  
 If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,  
 Their's is the present who can praise the past :  
 Life has its bliss for these when past its bloom,  
 As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.



‘ Serene, and safe from passion’s stormy rage,  
 How calm they glide into the port of age !  
 Of the rude voyage less depriv’d than eas’d ;  
 More tir’d than pain’d, and weaken’d than diseas’d ;  
 For health on age ’tis temperance must bestow,  
 And peace from piety alone can flow ;  
 And all the incense bounteous Jove requires  
 Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.

‘ Sloth views the towers of Fame with envious eyes,  
 Desirous still, still impotent to rise.

Oft, when resolv’d to gain those blissful tow’rs,  
 The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,  
 Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,  
 Some silvan music, or some scented breeze ;  
 She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,  
 And all the short-liv’d resolution dies.

Thus some fond insect’s faltering pinions wave,  
 Clasp’d in its favourite sweets, a lasting slave ;  
 And thus in vain these charming visions please  
 The wretch of glory and the slave of ease,  
 Doom’d ever in ignoble state to pine,  
 Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

‘ But shun her snares ; nor let the world exclaim  
 Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov’d thy shame.  
 With early hope thine infant actions fir’d,  
 Let manhood crown what infancy inspir’d ;  
 Let generous toils reward with health thy days,  
 Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.  
 The bold exploit that charms the’ attesting age,  
 To latest times shall generous hearts engage ;  
 And with that myrtle shall thy sbrine be crown’d,  
 With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound,  
 Till Time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,  
 And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

' Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians join,  
 Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine :  
 Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire ;  
 Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.  
 Dulness, perhaps, through want of sight, may blame,  
 And Spleen, with odious industry, defame ;  
 And that the honours giv'n with wonder view,  
 And this in secret sadness own them due.  
 Contempt and Envy were by Fate design'd  
 The rival tyrants which divide mankind ;  
 Contempt, which none but who deserve can bear,  
 While Envy's wounds the smiles of Fame repair :  
 For know, the generous thine exploits shall fire,  
 Thine every friend it suits thee to require ;  
 Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I show,  
 Lov'd by the good, their images below.'

' Cease, lovely maid ! fair daughter of the skies :  
 My guide ! my queen !' the' ecstatic youth replies !  
 ' In thee I trace a form design'd for sway,  
 Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey ;  
 And by thy bright immortal friends I swear,  
 Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.  
 Lead me, O lead me where whole hosts of foes  
 Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose.  
 Welcome all toils the' inequal Fates decree,  
 While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.  
 Such be my cares, to bind the' oppressive hand,  
 And crush the fetters of an injur'd land ;  
 To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,  
 And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind !  
 Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,  
 And none but Envy riot unsubdued.  
 In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,  
 Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell !

And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,  
 Far less the friends of Virtue than the fools ;  
 Yet such in vain thy favouring smiles pretend,  
 For he is thine who proves his country's friend.  
 Thus when my life, well-spent, the good enjoy,  
 And the mean envious labour to destroy ;  
 When, strongly lur'd by Fame's contiguous shrine,  
 I yet devote my choicer vows to thine ;  
 If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,  
 O lead thy favourite through the gates of Fame !'

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,  
 He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair :  
 But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,  
 The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more ;  
 Convinc'd her spurious charms of dress and face  
 Claim'd a quick conquest or a sure disgrace.  
 Fantastic pow'r ! whose transient charms allur'd,  
 While Error's mist the reasoning mind obscur'd ;  
 Not such the victress, Virtue's constant queen,  
 Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen ;  
 Her brightening form and features seem'd to own  
 'Twas all her wish, her interest, to be known ;  
 And when his longing view the fair declin'd,  
 Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour  
 crown'd,  
 While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround ;  
 But let the source of light its beams display,  
 Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,  
 And all the sickening splendour fades away. }

# THE PROGRESS OF TASTE :

OR,

## THE FATE OF DELICACY.

A POEM ON THE TEMPER AND STUDIES OF THE AUTHOR ;  
AND HOW GREAT A MISFORTUNE IT IS FOR A MAN OF  
SMALL FORTUNE TO HAVE MUCH TASTE.

### *PART THE FIRST.*

PERHAPS some cloud eclips'd the day,  
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay :—  
' The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—  
On life's extended ocean sail ;  
For happiness our course we bend,  
Our ardent cry, our general end !  
Yet, ah ! the scenes which tempt our care  
Are, like the forms dispers'd in air,  
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes,  
And weakest his who best descries !'

Yet let me not my birthright barter,  
(For wishing is the poet's charter ;  
All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,  
Though few e'er found their wishes granted ;  
Extensive field ! where poets pride them  
In singing all that is denied them.)

For humble ease, ye Pow'rs ! I pray ;  
That plain warm suit for every day :  
And pleasure, and brocade, bestow,  
To flaunt it—once a month, or so.  
The first for constant wear we want ;  
The first, ye Pow'rs ! for ever grant ;

But constant wear the last bespatters,  
And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,  
Let me secure one faithful friend.  
Let me, in public scenes, request  
A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd ;  
And if I must not hope such favour,  
A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas ! that Wisdom ever shuns  
To congregate her scatter'd sons,  
Whose nervous forces, well combin'd,  
Would win the field, and sway mankind.  
The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,  
To fix his follies full in sight ;  
The note he strikes, the plume he shows,  
Attract whole flights of fops and beaux,  
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,  
Flock at the sight, caress, and own him ;  
But ill-starr'd Sense, nor gay nor loud,  
Steals soft on tiptoe through the crowd ;  
Conveys his meagre form between,  
And slides, like pervious air, unseen ;  
Contracts his known tenuity,  
As though 'twere ev'n a crime to be ;  
Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,  
And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,  
You scarce are conscious he is there,  
Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,  
Occurs his face's thin profile,  
Still seeming from the gazer's eye,  
Like Venus, newly bathed, to fly :  
Yet while reluctant he displays  
His real gems before the blaze,



The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd  
 His tawdry stock of painted paste.  
 Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill,  
 Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill ;  
 His pensive manner dulness deem'd,  
 His modesty reserve esteem'd ;  
 His wit unknown, his learning vain,  
 He wins not one of all the train :  
 And those who, mutually known,  
 In friendship's fairest list had shone,  
 Less prone than pebbles to unite,  
 Retire to shades from public sight,  
 Grow savage, quit their social nature,  
 And starve to study mutual satire.

But friends and favourites, to chagrin them,  
 Find counties, countries, seas between them ;  
 Meet once a-year, then part, and then  
 Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide  
 Some human form to grace my side ;  
 At hand, where'er I shape my course,  
 An useful, pliant, stalking-horse.

No gesture free from some grimace,  
 No seam without its share of lace,  
 But, mark'd with gold or silver either,  
 Hint where his coat was piec'd together.  
 His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,  
 And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.  
 What, though Vandyck had other rules,  
 What had Vandyck to do with fools ?  
 Be nothing wanting but his mind ;  
 Before a solitaire, behind  
 A twisted ribbon, like the track  
 Which Nature gives an ass's back.

Silent as midnight! pity 'twere,  
 His wisdom's slender wealth to share!  
 And whilst in flocks our fancies stray,  
 To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting every eye,  
 I stroll all unregarded by:  
 This wards the jokes of every kind,  
 As an umbrella sun or wind;  
 Or, like a sponge, absorbs the sallies  
 And pestilential fumes of malice;  
 Or, like a splendid shield, is fit  
 To screen the templar's random wit;  
 Or, what some gentler cit lets fall,  
 As woolpacks quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force,  
 And apter still the stalking-horse.

O let me wander all unseen,  
 Beneath the sanction of his mien!  
 As lilies soft, as roses fair!  
 Empty as airpumps drain'd of air!  
 With steady eye and pace remark  
 The speckled flock that haunts the Park<sup>1</sup>;  
 Level my pen with wondrous heed  
 At follies, flocking there to feed;  
 And as my satire bursts amain,  
 See feather'd foppery strew the plain.

But when I seek my rural grove,  
 And share the peaceful haunts I love;  
 Let none of this unhallow'd train  
 My sweet sequester'd paths profane.  
 Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend  
 To these soft-winding vales descend,

<sup>1</sup> St. James's.

And love with me inglorious things,  
 And scorn with me the pomp of kings ;  
 And check me when my bosom burns  
 For statues, paintings, coins, and urns :  
 For I in Damon's pray'r could join,  
 And Damon's wish might now be mine—  
 But all dispers'd! the wish, the pray'r,  
 Are driv'n to mix with common air.



*PART THE SECOND.*

How happy once was Damon's lot,  
 While yet romantic schemes were not,  
 Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes  
 To plan frail castles in the skies !  
 Forsaking pleasures cheap and common,  
 To court a blaze, still flitting from one.  
 Ah! happy Damon! thrice and more,  
 Had Taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.

Oh days! when to a girdle tied  
 The couples jingled at his side,  
 And Damon swore he would not barter  
 The sportsman's girdle for a garter.

Whoever came to kill an hour,  
 Found easy Damon in their pow'r,  
 Pure social Nature all his guide,  
 ' Damon had not a grain of pride.'

He wish'd not to elude the snares  
 Which Knavery plans, and Craft prepares,  
 But rather wealth to crown their wiles,  
 And win their universal smiles ;  
 For who are cheerful, who at ease,  
 But they who cheat us as they please?

He wink'd at many a gross design  
 The new-fall'n calf might countermine :  
 Thus every fool allow'd his merit ;  
 ' Yes ; Damon had a generous spirit.'

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,  
 Was sure at least of Damon's smile ;  
 That coxcomb ne'er denied him sense ;  
 For why ? it prov'd his own pretence :  
 All own'd, were modesty away,  
 ' Damon could shine as much as they.'

When wine and folly came in season,  
 Damon ne'er strove to save his reason ;  
 Obnoxious to the mad uproar,  
 A spy upon a hostile shore !  
 'Twas this his company endear'd ;  
 Mirth never came till he appear'd.  
 His lodgings—every draw'r could show 'em ;  
 The slave was kick'd who did not know 'em.

Thus Damon, studious of his ease,  
 And pleasing all whom mirth could please,  
 Defied the world, like idle Colley,  
 To shew a softer word than folly.  
 Since Wisdom's gorgon-shield was known  
 To stare the gazer into stone,  
 He chose to trust in Folly's charm,  
 To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave Learning's sober train  
 Remark'd the trifler with disdain ;  
 The sons of Taste contemn'd his ways,  
 And rank'd him with the brutes that graze,  
 While they to nobler heights aspir'd,  
 And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,  
 His old companions lost their merit,

And every kind well-natur'd sot  
 Seem'd a dull play without a plot,  
 Where every yawning guest agrees  
 The willing creature strives to please :  
 But temper never could amuse ;  
 It barely led us to excuse ;  
 'Twas true, conversing they averr'd  
 All they had seen, or felt, or heard ;  
 Talents of weight ! for wights like these  
 The law might choose for witnesses ;  
 But sure the' attesting dry narration  
 Ill suits a judge of conversation.

What were their freedoms <sup>2</sup>? mere excuses  
 To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises.  
 Yet freedom, gallant freedom ! hailing,  
 At form, at form, incessant railing,  
 Would they examine each offence,  
 Its latent cause, its known pretence,  
 Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,  
 So sure as fond prolific freedom.  
 Their courage? but a loaded gun ;  
 Machine the wise would wish to shun,  
 Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,  
 Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure,  
 Through much contempt and slender pleasure,  
 His sense of dignity returns ;  
 With native pride his bosom burns ;  
 He seeks respect—but how to gain it?  
 Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it ;  
 And laughter where it reigns uncheck'd,  
 Discards and dissipates respect :

<sup>2</sup> Boisterous mirth.



The man who gravely bows enjoys it,  
 But shaking hands at once destroys it :  
 Precarious plant! which, fresh and gay,  
 Shrinks at the touch, and fades away !

Come, then, Reserve! yet from thy train  
 Banish Contempt and curs'd Disdain.

'Teach me,' he cried, ' thy magic art,  
 To act the decent distant part ;  
 To husband well my complaisance,  
 Nor let ev'n Wit too far advance ;  
 But choose calm Reason for my theme,  
 In these her royal realms supreme,  
 And o'er her charms, with caution shown,  
 Be still a graceful umbrage thrown,  
 And each abrupter period crown'd  
 With nods, and winks, and smiles profound,  
 'Till, rescued from the crowd beneath,  
 No more with pain to move or breathe ;  
 I rise with head elate, to share  
 Salubrious draughts of purer air.  
 Respect is won by grave pretence  
 And silence, surer ev'n than sense—

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs  
 Of Eastern—and of other kings,  
 Or whence this awe to virtue due,  
 While Virtue's distant as Peru ?  
 The sheathless sword the guard displays,  
 Which round emits its dazzling rays ;  
 The stately fort, the turrets tall,  
 Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,  
 Less screens the body than controls,  
 And wards contempt from royal souls.

The crowns they wear but check the eye  
 Before it fondly pierce too nigh,

That dazzled crowds may be employ'd  
Around the surface of—the void.

O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound  
To scatter his amusements round,  
To tempt us from their conscious breast,  
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest;  
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd,  
So deeply as each vice conceal'd.

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,  
That the frog people might adore,  
With guards to keep them at a distance,  
Had reign'd, nor wanted Wit's assistance;  
Nay—had addresses from his nation,  
In praise of log-administration.



*PART THE THIRD.*

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,  
And fame and finery pleas'd no more,  
Productive of that general stare,  
Which cool reflection ill can bear,  
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,  
Retirement sent its invitation.

Romantic scenes of pendent hills,  
And verdant vales and falling rills,  
And mossy banks the fields adorn,  
Where Damon, simple swain! was born.

The dryads rear'd a shady grove,  
Where such as think, and such as love,  
May safely sigh their summer's day,  
Or muse their silent hours away.

The orreads lik'd the climate well,  
 And taught the level plain to swell  
 In verdant mounds, from whence the eye  
 Might all their larger works descry.

The naiads pour'd their urns around,  
 From nodding rocks o'er vales profound ;  
 They form'd their streams to please the view,  
 And bade them wind as serpents do,  
 And having shown them where to stray,  
 Threw little pebbles in their way.

These Fancy, all-sagacious maid !  
 Had at their several tasks survey'd :  
 She saw and smil'd ; and oft would lead  
 Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead,  
 There, with descriptive finger, trace  
 The genuine beauties of the place,  
 And when she all its charms had shown,  
 Prescribe improvements of her own.

' See yonder hill, so green, so round,  
 Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd !  
 'Twould well become thy gentle care  
 To raise a dome to Venus there ;  
 Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey,  
 And Venus in their arms repay.  
 'Twas such a shade and such a nook,  
 In such a vale, near such a brook,  
 From such a rocky fragment springing,  
 That fam'd Apollo chose to sing in ;  
 There let an altar wrought with art  
 Engage thy tuneful patron's heart :  
 How charming there to muse and warble  
 Beneath his bust of breathing marble !  
 With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,  
 That crown a poet's vast desire.:

Then near it scoop the vaulted cell  
 Where Music's charming maids<sup>1</sup> may dwell,  
 Prone to indulge thy tender passion,  
 And make thee many' an assignation.  
 Deep in the grove's obscure retreat  
 Be plac'd Minerva's sacred seat ;  
 There let her awful turrets rise,  
 (For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes)  
 There her calm dictates shalt thou hear  
 Distinctly strike thy listening ear ;  
 And who would shun the pleasing labour,  
 To have Minerva for his neighbour ?

In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,  
 Its truth was little call'd in question ;  
 And Damon dream'd he saw the fauns  
 And nymphs distinctly skim the lawns ;  
 Now trac'd amid the trees, and then  
 Lost in the circling shades again,  
 With leer oblique their lover viewing—  
 And Cupid—panting—and pursuing—  
 ' Fancy, enchanting Fair !' he cried,  
 ' Be thou my goddess, thou my guide ;  
 For thy bright visions I despise  
 What foes may think or friends advise.  
 The feign'd concern, when folks survey  
 Expense, time, study, cast away ;  
 The real spleen with which they see ;  
 I please myself, and follow thee.'

Thus glow'd his breast, by Fancy warm'd,  
 And thus the fairy landscape charm'd :  
 But most he hop'd his constant care  
 Might win the favour of the fair ;

<sup>1</sup> The Muses.

And, wandering late through yonder glade,  
He thus the soft design betray'd.

' Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,  
With melting lays salute my love!  
My Delia with your notes detain,  
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain.  
Ye flow'rs! which early spring supplies,  
Display at once your brightest dyes,  
That she your opening charms may see,  
Or what were else your charms to me?  
Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,  
And shed its odours round my bow'r,  
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!  
Shall I in thee refreshment find.  
Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,  
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,  
May each soft murmur soothe my fair,  
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.  
Be sure, ye willows! you be seen  
Array'd in liveliest robes of green,  
Or I will tear your slighted boughs,  
And let them fade around my brows.  
And thou, my grôt! whose lonely bounds  
The melancholy pine surrounds,  
May she admire thy peaceful gloom,  
Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb.'

And now the lofty domes were rear'd,  
Loud laugh'd the 'squires, the rabble star'd.

' See, neighbours! what our Damon's doing;  
I think some folks are fond of ruin!  
I saw his sheep at random stray—  
But he has thrown his crook away—  
And builds such huts as, in foul weather,  
Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither.'



Whence came the sober swain misled?  
 Why, Phœbus put it in his head:  
 Phœbus befriends him, we are told;  
 And Phœbus coins bright tuns of gold.  
 'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't,  
 I think he'll never touch a grain on't.  
 And if from Phœbus and his Muse  
 Mere earthly laziness ensues,  
 'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,  
 The dev'l inspires as well as they.  
 So they—while fools of grosser kind,  
 Less weeting what our bard design'd,  
 Impute his schemes to real evil,  
 That in these haunts he met the devil.

He own'd, though their advice was vain,  
 It suited wights who trod the plain;  
 For dulness—though he might abhor it,  
 In them he made allowance for it;  
 Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottos,  
 And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,  
 Folks, little dreaming of the Muses,  
 Were plagued to guess their proper uses.

But did the Muses haunt his cell?  
 Or in his dome did Venus dwell?  
 Did Pallas in his counsels share?  
 The Delian god reward his pray'r?  
 Or did his zeal engage the fair?  
 When all the structure shone complete,  
 Not much convenient, wondrous neat,  
 Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,  
 And the fair guests alone were wanting;  
 Ah, me! ('twas Damon's own confession)  
 Came Poverty, and took possession.

*PART THE FOURTH.*

WHY droops my Damon, whilst he roves  
 Through ornamented meads and groves?  
 Near columns, obelisks, and spires,  
 Which every critic eye admires?  
 'Tis Poverty, detested maid!  
 Sole tenant of their ample shade;  
 'Tis she that robs him of his ease,  
 And bids their very charms displease.

But now, by Fancy long controll'd,  
 And with the sons of Taste enroll'd,  
 He deem'd it shameful to commence  
 First minister to Common-sense;  
 Far more elated to pursue  
 The lowest talk of dear vertû.

And now, behold his lofty soul,  
 That whilom flew from pole to pole,  
 Settle on some elaborate flow'r,  
 And, like a bee, the sweets devour!  
 Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove  
 The wild solitudes of love!  
 Now in a lily's cup enshrin'd,  
 Forego the commerce of mankind!

As in these toils he wore away  
 The calm remainder of his day,  
 Conducting sun, and shade, and show'r,  
 As most might glad the new-born flow'r,  
 So Fate ordain'd—before his eye—  
 Starts up the long-sought butterfly,  
 While fluttering round, her plumes unfold  
 Celestial crimson dropp'd with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flowerets fair !  
 The living beauty claims his care ;  
 For this he strips—nor bolt nor chain  
 Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.

See him o'er hill, morass, or mound,  
 Where'er the speckled game is found,  
 Though bent with age, with zeal pursue,  
 And totter tow'rd's the prey in view.

Nor rock nor stream his steps retard,  
 Intent upon the bless'd reward !  
 One vassal fly repays the chase !  
 A wing, a film, rewards the race !  
 Rewards him, though disease attend,  
 And in a fatal surfeit end.

So fierce Camilla skimm'd the plain,  
 Smit with the purple's pleasing stain ;  
 She ey'd intent the glittering stranger,  
 And knew, alas ! nor fear nor danger,  
 Till deep within her panting heart  
 Malicious Fate impell'd the dart.

How studious he what favourite food  
 Regales dame Nature's tiny brood !  
 What junkets fat the filmy people !  
 And what liqueurs they choose to tipple !

Behold him, at some crise, prescribe,  
 And raise with drugs the sickening tribe !  
 Or haply, when their spirits fau'ter,  
 Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.

When Nature's brood of insects dies,  
 See how he pimps for amorous flies !  
 See him the timely succour lend her,  
 And help the wantons to engender !

Or see him guard their pregnant hour,  
 Exert his soft obstetric pow'r,

And, lending each his lenient hand,  
With new-born grubs enrich the land!

O Wilks<sup>3</sup>! what poet's loftiest lays  
Can match thy labours and thy praise?  
Immortal sage! by fate decreed  
To guard the moth's illustrious breed!  
Till fluttering swarms on swarms arise,  
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

And must we praise this taste for toys?  
Admire it then in girls and boys.  
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more!  
Resign your moths—the season's o'er;  
'Tis time more social joys to prove;  
'Twere now your nobler task—to love.  
Let \* \* \*'s eyes more deeply warm,  
Nor slighting Nature's fairest form,  
The bias of your souls determine  
Tow'rd's the mean love of Nature's vermin.

But, ah! how wondrous few have known  
To give each stage of life its own.

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,  
With radiant purple edg'd around,  
To please the child, whose glowing dyes  
Too long delight maturer eyes;  
And few, but with regret, assume  
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.  
Ah! let not me by fancy steer,  
When life's autumnal clouds appear;  
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays  
Consume my fairest, fruitless days;  
Like him who should in armour spend  
The sums that armour should defend.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to moths and butterflies, delineated by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expensive proposals.

Awhile in Pleasure's myrtle bow'r  
 We share her smiles and bless her pow'r,  
 But find at last we vainly strive  
 To fix the worst coquette alive.

O you! that with assiduous flame  
 Have long pursued the faithless dame,  
 Forsake her soft abodes awhile,  
 And dare her frown, and slight her smile;  
 Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,  
 The footpath road, the king's highway:  
 No more the scrup'lous charmer teaze,  
 But seek the roofs of honest Ease;  
 The rival fair, no more pursued,  
 Shall there with forward pace intrude;  
 Shall there her every art essay,  
 To win you to her slighted sway,  
 And grant your scorn a glance more fair  
 Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.

But would you happiness pursue?  
 Partake both ease and pleasure too?  
 Would you, through all your days, dispense  
 The joys of reason and of sense?  
 Or give to life the most you can?  
 Let social virtue shape the plan:  
 For does not to the virtuous deed  
 A train of pleasing sweets succeed?  
 Or, like the sweets of wild desire,  
 Did social pleasures ever tire?

Yet midst the group be some preferr'd,  
 Be some abhorr'd—for Damon err'd;  
 And such there are—of fair address—  
 As 'twere unsocial to caress.  
 O learn by reason's equal rule  
 To shun the praise of knave or fool;



Then though you deem it better still  
 To gain some rustic 'squire's good will,  
 And souls, however mean or vile,  
 Like features, brighten by a smile,  
 Yet Reason holds it for a crime  
 The trivial breast should share thy time ;  
 And Virtue with reluctant eyes  
 Beholds this human sacrifice !

Through deep reserve and air erect,  
 Mistaken Damon won respect,  
 But could the specious homage pass  
 With any creature but an ass ?  
 If conscious, they who fear'd the skin  
 Would scorn the sluggish brute within.  
 What awe-struck slaves the tow'rs enclose  
 Where Persian monarchs eat and doze !  
 What prostrate reverence all agree  
 To pay a prince they never see !  
 Mere vassals of a royal throne ;  
 The Sophi's virtues must be shown  
 To make the reverence his own. }

As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her  
 Thy bride without a portion?—take her :  
 She will with duteous care attend,  
 And all thy pensive hours befriend ;  
 Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain,  
 With thee rejoice, with thee complain ;  
 Will smooth thy pillow, plait thy bow'rs,  
 And bind thine aching head with flow'rs.  
 But be this previous maxim known—  
 If thou canst feed on Love alone,  
 If, bless'd with her, thou canst sustain  
 Contempt, and poverty, and pain ;  
 If so—then rifle all her graces—  
 And fruitful be your fond embraces !

Too soon, by caitiff-spleen inspir'd,  
 Sage Damon to his groves retir'd,  
 The path disclaim'd by sober reason ;  
 Retirement claims a later season,  
 Ere active youth and warm desires  
 Have quite withdrawn their lingering fires.  
 With the warm bosom ill agree  
 Or limpid stream or shady tree ;  
 Love lurks within the rosy bow'r,  
 And claims the speculative hour ;  
 Ambition finds his calm retreat,  
 And bids his pulse too fiercely beat ;  
 Ev'n social Friendship duns his ear,  
 And cites him to the public sphere.  
 Does he resist their genuine force ?  
 His temper takes some froward course,  
 Till passion, misdirected, sighs  
 For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies !

Far happiest he whose early days,  
 Spent in the social paths of praise,  
 Leave fairly printed on his mind  
 A train of virtuous deeds behind :  
 From this rich fund the memory draws  
 The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid  
 To people the sequester'd shade :  
 Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fauns,  
 That haunt his floods or cheer his lawns.  
 If, where his devious ramble strays,  
 He Virtue's radiant form surveys,  
 She seems no longer now to wear  
 The rigid mien, the frown severe <sup>4</sup> ;

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the allegory in Cebe's Tablet.

To show him her remote abode,  
 To point the rocky arduous road ;  
 But from each flower his fields allow  
 She twines a garland for his brow.

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## ECONOMY,

A RHAPSODY.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG POETS.

Insanis ; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis  
 Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgiliosque vides. MART.

—Thou know'st not what thou say'st ;  
 In garments that scarce fence them from the cold  
 Our Ovids and our Virgils you behold.

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### *PART THE FIRST.*

To you, ye Bards ! whose lavish breast requires  
 This monitory lay, the strains belong ;  
 Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,  
 Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms  
 That tempt profusion, sings ; while friendly Zeal,  
 To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,  
 Inspires the meanest of the Muse's train !  
 Like you I loath the grovelling progeny,  
 Whose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,  
 Advance them high on Pow'r's tyrannic throne,  
 To lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,  
 And spurn successful Worth that pines below !

See the rich churl, amid the social sons  
 Of wine and wit regaling ! hark, he joins  
 In the free jest delighted ! seems to show  
 A meliorated heart ! he laughs, he sings.

Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,  
 And drunken anthems, set agape the board,  
 Like Demea<sup>1</sup>, in the play, benign and mild,  
 And pouring forth benevolence of soul,  
 Till Micio wonder; or, in Shakspeare's line,  
 Obstreperous Silence<sup>2</sup>, drowning Shallow's voice,  
 And startling Falstaff and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,  
 To smooth his careful brow, to let his purse  
 Ope to a sixpence's diameter.  
 He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit  
 Are ways of pleasance, and deserve regard.  
 True, we are dainty good society,  
 But what art thou? Alas! consider well,  
 Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself:  
 Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp  
 Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian  
 caves,  
 Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we,  
 Its flamens, boast to guard: we know not how,  
 But at thy sight the fading flame assumes  
 A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.  
 True, thou seem'st chang'd; all sainted, all ensky'd:  
 The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes  
 Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind:  
 But all is false! an intermitting sigh  
 Condemns each hour, each moment, giv'n to smiles,  
 And deems those only lost thou dost not lose.  
 Ev'n for a demi-groat this open'd soul,  
 This boon companion, this elastic breast,  
 Revibrates quick, and sends the tuneful tongue  
 To lavish music on the rugged walls.

<sup>1</sup> In Terence's *Adelphi*.

<sup>2</sup> Justice Silence, in Shakspeare's *Henry IV.* 2d part.

Of some dark dungeon. Hence, thou caitiff! fly ;  
 Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,  
 Monster ingrate ! beneath one common sky  
 Why should thou breathe ! beneath one common  
 Thou ne'er shalt harbour, nor my little boat [roof  
 Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.  
 Go to thy bags, thou recreant ! hourly go,  
 And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,  
 Be conversation. Not a face that smiles  
 Admit thy presence ! not a soul that glows  
 With social purport, bid, or ev'n or morn,  
 Invest thee happy ! but when life declines,  
 May thy sure heirs stand tittering round thy bed,  
 And, ushering in their favourites, burst thy locks,  
 And fill their laps with gold, till Want and Care  
 With joy depart, and cry, ' We ask no more.'

Ah ! never, never may the' harmonious mind  
 Endure the worldly ! Poets, ever void  
 Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,  
 And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.  
 Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye  
 The rival scale of interest kicks the beam,  
 Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store  
 The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks  
 The kind propensity ; remarks and smiles,  
 And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.  
 Him we deride, and in our comic scenes  
 Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn :  
 We loath with justice ; but, alas ! the pain  
 To bow the knee before this calf of gold,  
 Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown !

But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whose heart  
 Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind  
 Is senseless as his gold, the slighted Muse



Intensely loaths. 'Tis sure no equal task  
 To pardon him who lavishes his wealth  
 On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all  
 But human merit; who with gold essays  
 All but the noblest pleasure, to remove  
 The wants of Genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal  
 Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame,  
 Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay,  
 Permit him not in distant solitudes  
 To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours  
 Of active youth; then Virtue pants for praise.  
 That season unadorn'd, the careless bard  
 Quits your worn threshold, and, like honest Gay,  
 Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.  
 Your favours then, like trophies giv'n the tomb,  
 The' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,  
 Or scorns perceiv'd, and execrates the smile  
 Which bade his vigorous bloom, to treacherous hopes  
 And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!—

Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate  
 In endless war, beneath their flags enrol  
 The vassal world; this Avarice is nam'd,  
 That Luxury: 'tis true their partial friends  
 Assign them softer names; usurpers both!  
 That share by dint of arms the legal throne  
 Of just Economy, yet both betray'd  
 By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief  
 Listening to want, all faithless, and prepar'd  
 To join each moment in his rival's train,  
 His conduct models by the needless fears  
 The slave inspires; while Luxury, a chief  
 Of amplest faith, to Plenty's rule resigns  
 His whole campaign. 'Tis Plenty's flattering sounds

Engross his ear, 'tis Plenty's smiling form  
 Moves still before his eye. Discretion strives,  
 But strives in vain, to banish from the throne  
 The perjur'd minion : he, secure of trust,  
 With latent malice to the hostile camp  
 Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.

Ye towering minds! ye sublimated souls!  
 Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,  
 Set, let, contract, acquit with easier mien  
 Than fops take snuff! whose economic care  
 Your green silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,  
 To see gold sparkle through the subtle folds,  
 Lovely as when the' Hesperian fruitage smil'd  
 Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope  
 Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!  
 Who scatter wealth, as though the radiant crop  
 Glitter'd on every bough; and every bough,  
 Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd  
 Were by a splendid successor supplied  
 Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays,  
 For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase  
 Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease  
 The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,  
 Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul  
 Clenches their coin, and what electral fire  
 Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?  
 'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expense  
 Of health, of treasure, stimulates the soul:  
 These with officious care and fatal art  
 Improve the vinous flavour; these the smile  
 Of Chloe soften; these the glare of dress  
 Illume, the glittering chariot gild anew,  
 And add strange wisdom to the furs of Pow'r.

Alas! that he, amid the race of men,  
 That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,  
 Should with unsated appetite demand,  
 And vainly court the pleasure it procures!  
 When Fancy's vivid spark impels the soul  
 'To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss  
 Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose  
 Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale  
 Of balmy Med'cine's various field aspires  
 The bless'd refrigerant? Vain, ah! vain the hope  
 Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroll'd!  
 Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind  
 Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill  
 A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands  
 Incessant rapture; life a tedious load  
 Denied its continuity of joy.

But whence obtain? philosophy requires  
 No lavish cost; to crown its utmost pray'r  
 Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,  
 The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.  
 Ev'n mild Stupidity rewards her train  
 With cheap contentment. 'Taste alone requires  
 Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours,  
 Thy voice, hydropic Fancy! calls aloud  
 For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,  
 Rivers of rich regalement, seas of bliss,  
 Seas without shore! infinity of sweets!

And yet, unless sage Reason join her hand  
 In Pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure:  
 And yet, unless Economy's consent  
 Legitimate expense, some graceless mark,  
 Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,  
 Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide

Of acid blood, proclaiming Want's disease  
 Amidst the bloom of show. The scanty stream,  
 Slow-loitering in its channel, seems to vie  
 With Vaga's depth; but should the sedgy pow'r,  
 Vain-glorious, empty his penurious urn  
 O'er the routh rock, how must his fellow streams  
 Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill!

I not aspire to mark the dubious path  
 That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!  
 But ere self-flattery soothe the vivid breast  
 With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,  
 Reflect how few who charm'd the listening ear  
 Of satrap or of king her smiles enjoy'd!  
 Consider well what meagre alms repay'd  
 The great Mæonian, sire of tuneful song,  
 And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,  
 And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd  
 The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign  
 To swell with tears his Mulla's parent stream,  
 And mourn aloud the pang 'to ride, to run,  
 'To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.'  
 Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive Muse,  
 Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!  
 Which of your boasted race might hope reward  
 Like loyal Butler, when the liberal Charles,  
 The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page,  
 'Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,  
 The poet's parasite; but learn alone  
 To spare the scanty boon the Fates decree.  
 Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!  
 'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,  
 In every nerve and fibre of his soul,  
 The latent seeds and principles of want  
 Has Nature wove, and Fate confirm'd the clue.



Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe  
 Of Penury: with nice precision learn  
 A dollar's value. Foremost in the page  
 That marks the' expense of each revolving year  
 Place inattention. When the lust of praise,  
 Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul  
 To slight frugality, assure thine heart  
 That danger's near. This perishable coin  
 Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty;  
 It fetters misers, but it must alone  
 Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world,  
 Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;  
 Nor, pidling with a tea-spoon's slender form,  
 See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.

Economy! thou good old aunt! whose mien,  
 Furrow'd with age and care, the wise adore,  
 The wits contemn! reserving still thy stores  
 To cheer thy friends at last! why with the cit  
 Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,  
 Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside?  
 And shunning all who by thy favours crown'd  
 Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind,  
 Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?  
 Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,  
 And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast  
 Of youth unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?  
 Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice  
 Were doubly kind? for sure to youthful eyes,  
 (How short soe'er it prove) the road of life  
 Appears protracted; fair on either side  
 The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child  
 Profusely smiling; well might youth essay  
 The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,  
 Source of their favour all the live-long day,



But Fate assents not. Age alone contracts  
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane  
Of all his peace, the glittering seeds of care!

O that the Muse's voice might pierce the ear  
Of generous youth! for youth deserves her song.  
Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then  
Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage  
It barely vegetates; nor long the space  
Ere, robb'd of warmth, its arid trunk display  
Fell Winter's total reign. O lovely source  
Of generous foibles, youth! when opening minds  
Are honest as the light, lucid as air,  
As fostering breezes kind, as linnets gay,  
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!  
Yet, hapless state of man! his earliest youth  
Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade  
The social bias. Life's extensive page,  
What does it but unfold repeated proofs  
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,  
Sickening beneath its ray, enervate some,  
And others dead, whose putrid name exhales  
A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems:  
With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moistening the  
shroud,

Or honouring the grave, with specious grief  
Of short duration, soon in Fortune's beams  
Alert, and wondering at the tears they shed.

But who shall save, by tame prosaic strain,  
That glowing breast where wit with youth conspires  
To sweeten luxury? The fearful Muse  
Shall yet proceed, though by the faintest gleam  
Of hope inspir'd to warn the train she loves.

*PART THE SECOND.*

**IN** some dark season, when the misty show'r  
**Obscures** the sun, and saddens all the sky,  
**When** linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream  
**Invites** thee forth to sport thy drooping Muse,  
**Seize** the dull hour, nor with regret assign  
**To** worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy,  
**Accepts** the tribute of a joyless day :  
**She** smiles well-pleas'd when wit and mirth recede,  
**And** not a Grace and not a Muse will hear.  
**Then** from majestic Maro's awful strain,  
**Or** towering Homer, let thine eye descend  
**To** trace, with patient industry, the page  
**Of** income and expense : and, oh ! beware  
**Thy** breast, self-flattering ; place no courtly smile,  
**No** golden promise of your faithless Muse,  
**Nor** latent mine which Fortune's hand may show,  
**Amid** thy solid store : the Siren's song  
**Wrecks** not the listening sailor half so sure.  
**See** by what avenues, what devious paths,  
**The** foot of Want, detested, steals along,  
**And** bars each fatal pass ! Some few short hours  
**Of** punctual care, the refuse of thy year,  
**On** frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the Muse  
**To** sing intrepid many a cheerful day.

**But** if too soon before the tepid gales  
**Thy** resolution melt, and ardent vows,  
**In** wary hours preferr'd, or die forgot,  
**Or** seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies,  
**Then,** ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage  
**The** massy fort, with which thy gentler breast  
**I** not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by Nature's undiminished law,  
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts  
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all,  
Attract and are attracted: nor prevails the law  
Alone in matter: soul alike with soul  
Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,  
In each idea it imbibes is found  
The kind propensity; and when they meet  
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,  
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith;  
That should the world's disjointed frame once more  
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck  
Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,  
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,  
Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial base  
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.  
Let soft Profusion's fair idea join  
Her hand with Poverty; nor here desist,  
Till o'er the group that forms their various train  
Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride  
Of outward show in lasting leagues combine  
With shame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face  
Of rash Intemperance be discreetly pair'd  
With sallow Hunger; the licentious joy  
With mean dependence; ev'n the dear delight  
Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,  
Thy breast, sagacious Prudence! shall connect  
With filth and beggary, nor disdain to link  
With black Insolvency. Thy soul, alarm'd,  
Shall shun the siren's voice, nor boldly dare  
To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,  
With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye sordid race! ye grovelling minds!  
I frame the song for you; for you the Muse  
Could other rules impart. The friendly strain,  
For gentler bosoms plann'd, to yours would prove  
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed  
Whatever Colchos bore, and in your breast  
Compassion, love, and friendship, all destroy.

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores  
Increase apace by periodic days  
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,  
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise!  
It much avails to seize the present hour,  
And, undeliberating, call around  
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage  
When once appeas'd, the small remaining store  
Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,  
As gold improv'd by many a fierce assay.  
'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs  
His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks,  
By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;  
His timely hand through better tracks conveys  
The quick-decreasing tide, ere borne along  
Or through the wild morass, or cultur'd field,  
Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,  
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!  
But happiest he who sanctifies expense  
By present pay; who subjects not his fame  
To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name,  
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page  
Of base mechanic, sordid, unsincere!  
There haply, while thy Muse sublimely soars  
Beyond this earthly sphere, in heaven's abodes,  
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,



Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er  
 The punctual record, till nor Phœbus' self,  
 Nor sage Minerva's art, can aught avail  
 To sooth the ruthless dun's detested rage:  
 Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane  
 He loads the gentle Muse, then hurls thee down  
 To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.

Each public place, the glittering haunts of men  
 With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—  
 Why fondly linger on a hostile shore  
 Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread  
 The precipice? or why, alas! to breathe  
 A moment's space where every breeze is death?  
 Death to thy future peace! Away, collect  
 Thy dissipated mind: contract thy train  
 Of wild ideas, o'er the flowery fields  
 Of show diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.  
 Economy presents her glass, accept  
 The faithful mirror, powerful to disclose  
 A thousand forms unseen by careless eyes,  
 That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe  
 Of Tyrian dye, with every sweet perfum'd,  
 Besets thy sense; Extortion follows close  
 Her wanton step, and Ruin brings the rear.  
 These and the rest shall her mysterious glass  
 Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,  
 When to her labouring son the 'vengeful pow'rs  
 That urg'd the fall of Ilium she display'd:  
 He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd  
 The' unequal conflict, and decreed to raise  
 The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.  
 For here to drain thy swelling purse await  
 A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend:  
 'The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff-  
 boxes,



The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,  
 With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste  
 Its melting stores, and in the dreary void  
 Leave not a doit behind.' Ere yet exhaust  
 Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye  
 Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,  
 Nor seen nor seeing, thou may'st vent thy scorn  
 Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold!  
 There of the farded fop and essenc'd beau,  
 Ferocious, with a stoic's frown disclose  
 Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp,  
 And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul  
 Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,  
 Where dress is merit! where thy graver friend  
 Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly fair  
 Demand embellishment! ev'n Delia's eye,  
 As in a garden, roves, of hues alone  
 Inquirent, curious? Fly the curs'd domain;  
 These are the realms of luxury and show,  
 No classic soil; away! the bloomy spring  
 Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;  
 Fly to thy native shades, and dread, ev'n there,  
 Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state  
 Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelia's mien:  
 Why treads my friend with melancholy step  
 That beauteous lawn? why, pensive, strays his eye  
 O'er statues, grottos, urns, by critic art  
 Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,  
 Bright glittering through the grove, returns his eye  
 Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it love,  
 Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes  
 Of all their beauty? centering all in her  
 His soul adores? or from a blacker cause  
 Springs this remorseful gloom? Is conscious guilt  
 The latent source of more than love's despair?

It cannot be within that polish'd breast  
 Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour  
 No; 'tis the sad survey of present want [there.  
 And past profusion! lost to him the sweets  
 Of yon pavilion, fraught with every charm  
 For other eyes; or if remaining, proofs  
 Of criminal expense! Sweet interchange  
 Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!  
 How gladsome once he rang'd your native turf,  
 Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere Expense  
 Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught  
 Convenience to perplex him, Art to pall,  
 Pomp to deject, and Beauty to displease!

Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,  
 To Fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,  
 Nobly superior! but let Caution guide  
 The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,  
 And Prudence be our almoner. Alas!  
 The pilgrim wandering o'er some distant clime,  
 Sworn foe of avarice! not disdains to learn  
 Its coin's imputed worth, the destin'd means  
 To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine.  
 Ah! let not us, who tread this stranger world,  
 Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,  
 Forget the land is merc'nary, nor waste  
 His fare ere landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult Palladio's rules;  
 Let never bard, O Burlington! survey  
 Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd;  
 Dangerous incentive! nor with lingering eye  
 Survey the window Venice calls her own.  
 Better for him with no ingrateful Muse  
 To sing a requiem to that gentle soul  
 Who plann'd the skylight, which to lavish bards

Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray ;  
 For garrets him, and squalid walls, await,  
 Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain  
 He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

◆◆◆◆◆

*PART THE THIRD.*

**Y**ET once again, and to thy doubtful fate  
 The trembling Muse consigns thee. Ere Contempt,  
 Or Want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,  
 Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold !  
 The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his  
 Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,  
 The plaything of comparison, arriv'd  
 Where learned bosoms their aërial schemes  
 Projected, studious of the public weal,  
 'Mid these one subtler artist he descried,  
 Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement  
 The spider's web, injurious, to supplant  
 Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may  
 Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile,  
 And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons,  
 The Melsham weavers! Here in every nook  
 Their wefts they spun, here revell'd uncontroll'd,  
 And, like the flags from Westminster's high roof  
 Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd.  
 Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!  
 Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid  
 Will not fatigue her hand, broom never comes,  
 That comes to all, o'er whose quiescent walls  
 Arachne's unmolested care has drawn  
 Curtains subfusk, and save the' expense of art.

Survey those walls, in fady texture clad,  
 Where wandering snails in many a slimy path,  
 Free, unrestrain'd, their various journies crawl;  
 Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths  
 Confus'd, inextricable! such the clue  
 Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!  
 Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!  
 Meantime, thus silver'd with meanders gay,  
 In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,  
 Perchance of tabby, or of harrateen,  
 Not ill expressive; such the power of snails!

Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm  
 An aged cushion hides! replete with dust  
 The foliag'd velvet, pleasing to the eye  
 Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare  
 Of weary guest that on the specious bed  
 Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight!  
 In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust  
 The fraudulent couch! for though in velvet cas'd,  
 The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.  
 The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains  
 Hath shap'd his way, on beds profuse of flowers,  
 Cowslip, or primrose, or the circular eye  
 Of daisy fair, decrees to bask supine.  
 And see! delighted, down he drops, secure  
 Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,  
 Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah! much deceiv'd,  
 Much suffering pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap  
 Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morass  
 In quivering undulations yields beneath  
 Thy burden, in the miry gulf enclos'd!  
 And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye  
 Where mid machines of heterogeneous form  
 His coat depends; alas! his only coat,



Eldest of things! and napless, as an heath  
 Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.  
 Not different have I seen in dreary vault  
 Display'd a coffin; on each sable side  
 The texture unmolested seems entire;  
 Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away,  
 And leaves the wondering swain to gape, to stare,  
 And with expressive shrug and piteous sigh  
 Declare the fatal force of rolling years,  
 Or dire extent of frail mortality.

This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux  
 And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd)  
 Both on its sleeve and on its skirt retains  
 Full many a pin wide-sparkling; for if e'er  
 Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,  
 Though wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,  
 He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,  
 And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,  
 Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these,  
 The cure of rents and separations dire,  
 And chasms enormous, did he view dismay'd  
 Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate  
 To breeches, coat, and hose! had any wight  
 Of vulgar skill the tender texture own'd;  
 But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint  
 Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's fan,  
 Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.

Alas! by frequent use decays the force  
 Of mortal art! the refractory robe  
 Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own;  
 How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!

See near his bed (his bed, too falsely call'd  
 The place of rest, while it a bard sustains,  
 Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain



Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,  
 Radiant machine! when from the plastic hand  
 Of Mulciber, the may'r of Birmingham,  
 The engine issued; now, alas! disguis'd  
 By many an unctuous tide, that wandering down  
 Its sides congeal; what he, perhaps, essays,  
 With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,  
 Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk  
 When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound  
 In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree;  
 Or suits him more the winter's candied thorn,  
 When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost  
 Pervasive, radiant icicles depend?

How shall I sing the various ill that waits  
 The careful sonneteer? or who can paint  
 The shifts enormous that in vain he forms  
 To patch his paneless window; to cement  
 His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase!  
 To war with ruin? anxious to conceal  
 Want's fell appearance, of the real ill  
 Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen  
 Invades his chattels; Ruin will invade,  
 Will claim his whole invention to repair,  
 Nor of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,  
 Allow one part to decorate his song;  
 While Ridicule, with ever-pointing hand,  
 Conscious of every shift, of every shift  
 Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,  
 Points to the nook, which he his Study calls,  
 Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem  
 His chest a wardrobe, purse a treasury;  
 And shows, to crown her full display, himself;  
 One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health

And wonted vigour, of paternal cot  
 Or little farm ; of bag, or scrip, or staff,  
 Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,  
 A poet fram'd ; yet fram'd not to repine,  
 And wish the cobbler's loftiest site his own ;  
 Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the Fates,  
 Who to the humbler mechanism join'd  
 Goods so superior, such exalted bliss !

See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace,  
 He, hapless hypocrite ! refines his nail,  
 His chief amusement ! then how feign'd, how forc'd,  
 That care-defying sonnet which implies  
 His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown  
 In full possession, uncontested right  
 And property. Yet, ah ! whoe'er this wight  
 Admiring view, if such there be, distrust  
 The vain pretence ; the smiles that harbour grief,  
 As lurks the serpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd.  
 Forewarn'd, be frugal ; or with prudent rage  
 Thy pen demolish ; choose the trustier flail,  
 And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd.  
 But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight  
 Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,  
 Him envy, him admire, him from thy breast,  
 Prescient of future dignities, salute  
 Sheriff, or may'r, in comfortable furs  
 Enwrapt, secure ; nor yet the laureat's crown  
 In thought exclude him ! he perchance shall rise  
 To nobler heights than foresight can decree.

When fir'd with wrath for his intrigues display'd  
 In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove  
 Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race,  
 Appeas'd by suppliant Phœbus ; ' Bards,' he said,

‘ Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp, debarr’d,  
 But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay  
 Secure of thunder.’—Low the Delian bow’d,  
 Nor at the’ invidious favour dar’d repine.

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## THE RUINED ABBEY:

OR,

### THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

AT length fair Peace, with olive crown’d, regains  
 Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts  
 Of wood or fount the frighted Muse returns.

Happy the bard who, from his native hills,  
 Soft musing on a summer’s eve, surveys  
 His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos’d,  
 Or o’er the glassy surface with his friend,  
 Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green  
 Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts  
 Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew,  
 That ape confusion from the realms they rule;  
 Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice  
 Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song  
 Attune from native boughs their various lay,  
 And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume  
 With busy pinion skim the glitt’ring wave,  
 And tempt the sun, ambitious to display  
 Their several merit, while the vocal flute  
 Or number’d verse, by female voice endear’d,  
 Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.

If Solitude his wandering steps invite  
 To some more deep recess, (for hours there are  
 When gay, when social minds to Friendship’s voice  
 Or Beauty’s charm her wild abodes prefer)

How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,  
 Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!  
 The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks  
 Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul!  
 If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands  
 The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals  
 Of bigot minds, Religion dwells not here,  
 Yet Virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires:  
 Yet here may Wisdom, as she walks the maze,  
 Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,  
 And serious truths of mightier weight than gold!

I ask not wealth; but let me hoard with care,  
 With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,  
 A few fix'd principles, in early life,  
 Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd;  
 Then like old Latimer, when age impairs  
 My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack  
 My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,  
 Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,  
 And this mine answer: 'Thus, 'twas thus I thought,  
 My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire;  
 Thus will I think, averse to listen more  
 To intricate discussion, prone to stray.  
 Perhaps my reason may but ill defend  
 My settled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,  
 Too sure its own infirmities declare.  
 But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,  
 And early foresight: now the winds may rise,  
 The tempest whistle, and the billows roar;  
 My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,  
 Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns  
 The' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,  
 Sees the strong vessel fluctuate, less secure.'

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes



Suggest instruction, and instructing please :  
 And see betwixt the grove's extended arms  
 An Abbey's rude remains attract thy view,  
 Gilt by the mid-day sun: with lingering step  
 Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy  
 Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast  
 Too long deliberate) with timorous hand  
 Remove the' obstructive bough ; nor yet refuse,  
 Though sighing, to destroy that favourite pine,  
 Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime  
 Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.  
 Aggriev'd, but constant as the Roman sire,  
 The rigid Manlius, when his conquering son  
 Bled by a parent's voice, the cruel meed  
 Of virtuous ardour timelessly display'd ;  
 Nor cease till, through the gloomy road, the pile  
 Gleam unobstructed: thither oft thine eye  
 Shall sweetly wander ; thence returning, sooth  
 With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,  
 O Superstition ! hence the dire disease  
 (Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest  
 Were a short headach, were the trivial pain  
 Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale  
 Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats  
 Of tyrant Rome ; but futile all, till she,  
 Rome's abler legate, magnified their pow'r,  
 And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth to sanctify the page  
 Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,  
 The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks  
 And fiends to snatch at the departing soul  
 With hellish emulation : if a friend,



High o'er his roof exultant angels tune  
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted  
faith?

The sovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact,  
To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain,  
By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll  
Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, Plantagenet <sup>1</sup>! from civil broils  
The land awhile respir'd, and all was peace.  
Then Becket rose, and, impotent of mind,  
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd  
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave,  
Bid murderous priests the sovereign frown contemn,  
And with unhallow'd crosier bruis'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a priace  
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,  
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul,  
Firm and erect, the peevish priest exil'd,  
And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.  
In vain! let one faint malady diffuse  
The pensive gloom which Superstition loves,  
And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,  
Rein the proud palfrey while the priest ascends!

Was Cœur-de-Lion <sup>2</sup> bless'd with whiter days?  
Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries  
Urg'd the crusade; and see! of half his stores  
Despoil'd the wretch whose wiser bosom chose  
To bless his friends, his race, his native land.

Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race,  
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;  
While haughty Longchamp <sup>3</sup>, 'mid his liveried files

<sup>1</sup> Henry II.

<sup>2</sup> Richard I.

<sup>3</sup> Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,  
 Battling in foreign fields ; collecting wide  
 A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh! dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts  
 His drooping realm to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless John usurp'd the sullied crown,  
 What ample tyranny! the groaning land  
 Deem'd earth, deem'd Heav'n, its foe! Six tedious  
 Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd [years  
 The papal interdict; and who obey'd  
 The sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!  
 When the French tyrant, by the futile grant  
 Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,  
 And durst invade: be such inglorious days  
 Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortur'd ear, dejected, heard  
 Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead  
 To every purpose, men nor wish'd to live  
 Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind  
 Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand  
 Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain;  
 Thence journeying home, in every cloud he sees  
 A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll  
 He reads damnation; sees its sable train  
 Of grim attendants pencil'd by Despair!

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes  
 By painful steps arriv'd, his home, his friends,  
 His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine  
 Of some far-honour'd saint his costly stores,  
 Inverts his footstep, sickens at the sight  
 Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch, whose hope by stern Oppression  
 From every earthly bliss, still as it saw [chas'd  
 Triumphant wrong, took wing and flew to Heav'n,

And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost  
 And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,  
 And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd  
 To supplicate remission, smok'd no more ;  
 While the green weed, luxuriant, round uprose.  
 Some from their deathbed, whose delirious faith  
 Through every stage of life to Rome's decrees  
 Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,  
 Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt  
 In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard  
 The last loud clarion sound, and Heaven's decree  
 With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.  
 Nor light the grief, by Superstition weigh'd,  
 That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge  
 Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,  
 Must sleep with brutes, their vassals, on the field,  
 Unneath some path, in marle unexorcis'd !  
 No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear !  
 No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure,  
 Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd !

The priest, alas ! so boundless was the ill !  
 He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn ;  
 The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,  
 And his big paunch, distended with the spoils  
 Of half his flock, emaciate, groan'd beneath  
 Superior pride and mightier lust of pow'r !  
 'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre  
 Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads [hand  
 With nice precision, felt the deeper wound,  
 As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare ? for wealth, for pow'r,  
 Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,  
 Sunk helpless, in the dreary gulf involv'd,  
 And one capricious curse envelop'd all !

Were kings secure? in towering stations born,  
 In flattery nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,  
 Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;  
 As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow  
 Of some proud cliff surveys his lessening flock  
 In snowy groups diffusive scud the vale.

Awhile the furious menace John return'd,  
 And breathed defiance loud. Alas! too soon  
 Allegiance, sickening, saw its sov'reign yield  
 An angry prey to scruples not his own.  
 The loyal soldier, girt around with strength,  
 Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,  
 And seiz'd the faulchion, resolute to guard  
 His sovereign's right, impalsy'd at the news,  
 Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd  
 For foul desertion, drops the lifted steel,  
 And quits Fame's noble harvest, to expire  
 The death of monks, of surfeit and of sloth!

At length, fatigued with wrongs, the servile king  
 Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores  
 To buy remission. But could these obtain?  
 No! resolute in wrongs the priest obdur'd,  
 Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave  
 His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave.  
 Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhorr'd, before!

And now, pleas'd by delegated sway,  
 The wily pontiff scorns not to recall  
 His interdictions. Now the sacred doors  
 Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd  
 To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes  
 Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine  
 Of sainted villany! the pompous tomb  
 Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud



Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land  
 That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove  
 Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flower,  
 And sheds its odours, while the flocks around,  
 Hungry and faint, the barren sands explore  
 In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil,  
 Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,  
 And furnish luxury—Yet, yet in vain  
 Britannia strove; and whether artful Rome  
 Caress'd or curs'd her, Superstition rag'd,  
 And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length some murderous monk, with poisonous  
 Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace. [art,

Nor yet surceas'd with John's disastrous fate  
 Pontific fury: English wealth exhaust,  
 The sequent reign<sup>3</sup> beheld the beggar'd shore  
 Grim with Italian usurers, prepar'd  
 To lend, for griping unexampled hire,  
 To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd.

For now with more extensive havoc rag'd  
 Relentless Gregory, with a thousand arts,  
 And each rapacious, born to drain the world!  
 Nor shall the Muse repeat how oft he blew  
 The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold  
 Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm  
 Swell the gross hoards of Henry or his own:  
 Nor shall she tell how pontiffs dar'd repeal  
 The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tie  
 Of British kings, by legal oath restrain'd:  
 Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold  
 From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd,

<sup>4</sup> Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.



Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!  
 Oh, irksome days! when wicked thrones combine  
 With papal craft to gull their native land!

Such was our fate while Rome's director, taught  
 Of subjects born to be their monarch's prey,  
 To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,  
 For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,  
 For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!  
 O doctrine breathed from Stygian caves! exhal'd  
 From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!  
 Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand  
 To wield the peaceful sword, by John erewhile  
 Forc'd from its scabbard, and with burnish'd lance  
 Essay the savage cure, domestic war!

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist  
 Of general darkness. Grosted<sup>5</sup> now adorn'd  
 The mitred wreath he wore, with Reason's sword  
 Staggering Delusion's frauds; at length beneath  
 Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd  
 No vulgar soul, that dar'd to Heaven appeal!  
 But, ah! this fertile glebe, this fair domain,  
 Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands  
 Of monks libidinous, ere Edward's care  
 The lavish hand of deathbed Fear restrain'd.  
 Yet was he clear of Superstition's taint?  
 He, too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,  
 Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold  
 To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the Third Edward's breast, to papal sway  
 So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,  
 Could Superstition quell! before the tow'rs

<sup>5</sup> Bishop of Lincoln, called *Malleus Romanorum*.

Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice  
 He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace !  
 But still the night, by Romish art diffus'd,  
 Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes ;  
 When, by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,  
 Bold Wickliff rose ; and while the bigot pow'r  
 Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,  
 The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.  
 So from his bosom Cacus breathed of old  
 The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke  
 Secure, awhile his recreant life sustain'd,  
 Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles  
 Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.  
 Hail, honour'd Wickliff ! enterprising sage !  
 An Epicurus in the cause of truth !  
 For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours  
 Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,  
 Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,  
 Can chase religious gloom ! 'Tis reason, thought,  
 The light, the radiance, that pervades the soul,  
 And sheds its beams on Heav'n's mysterious way !  
 As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again  
 Error prevail'd ; while kings, by force uprais'd,  
 Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,  
 And seek affection by the dreadful boon  
 Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,  
 The most extended breast, the royal Hal !  
 All unrelenting heard the Lollards' cry  
 Burst from the centre of remorseless flames ;  
 Their shrieks endur'd ! O stain to martial praise !  
 When Cobham, generous as the noble peer  
 That wears his honours, paid the fatal price  
 Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid !

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame  
 Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye  
 The pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,  
 Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!  
 Her verdant vallies and her fertile plains,  
 Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!  
 Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd  
 No labours bore proportion to the prize.  
 So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,  
 The first fair pattern of the female frame,  
 All Nature's beauties in one form display'd,  
 And centring there, in wild amaze he stood;  
 Then only envying Heaven's creative hand,  
 Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts  
 Might win this prize, and doubled every snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,  
 Till pow'r accede; till Tudor's wild caprice  
 Smile on their cause; Tudor! whose tyrant reign  
 With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings  
 Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!  
 Then Wolsey rose, by Nature form'd to seek  
 Ambition's trophies, by address to win,  
 By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth  
 Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its towering height with horrid sound  
 Rush'd the proud Abbey: then the vaulted roofs,  
 Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene  
 Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar  
 Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, muttering low  
 An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks  
 That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest  
 To play some image on the gaping crowd  
 Imbibe the novel day-light, and expose,  
 Obvious, the fraudulent engin'ry of Rome.

As through this opening earth to nether realms  
Should flash meridian day, the hooded race  
Shudder, abash'd to find their cheats display'd,  
And, conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave  
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd  
The pest gigantic, whose revengeful stroke  
Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign,  
When from the tenderest breast each wayward priest  
Could banish mercy and implant a fiend!  
When Cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,  
And bound Religion there, and fir'd the base!  
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb  
Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face  
Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope. ●  
O bless'd Eliza! from thy piercing beam  
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;  
Driv'n to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,  
Then with her James receding, cast behind  
One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.  
Henceforth they plied the long-continued task  
Of righteous havoc, covering distant fields  
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile,  
While through the land the musing pilgrim sees  
A tract of brighter green, and in the midst  
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd,  
Or gothic turret, pride of ancient days!  
Now but of use to grace a rural scene,  
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons  
Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times!



## LOVE AND HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra  
 Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,  
 Laudibus Angligenum certent; non Bactra, nec Indi,  
 Totaque turriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

Yet let not Median woods (abundant tract!)  
 Nor Ganges<sup>1</sup> fair, nor Hæmus<sup>2</sup>, miser-like,  
 Proud of his hoarded gold, presume to vie  
 With Britain's boast and praise; nor Persian Bactra<sup>3</sup>,  
 Nor India's coasts, nor all Panchaia's<sup>4</sup> sands,  
 Rich, and exulting in their lofty towers.

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;  
 Her tawny citron and her orange groves,  
 These let Iberia boast; but if in vain  
 To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile  
 The Briton labours, yet our native minds,  
 Our constant bosoms, these the dazzled world  
 May view with envy; these Iberian dames  
 Survey with fix'd esteem and fond desire.

Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate  
 May well this truth explain, nor ill adorn  
 The British lyre; then chiefly, if the Muse,  
 Nor vain nor partial, from the simple guise

<sup>1</sup> *Ganges*—the greatest river, which divides the Indies in two parts.

<sup>2</sup> *Hæmus*—an high mountain, dividing Thrace and Thessaly.

<sup>3</sup> *Bactra*—the Bactrians, provincials of Persia.

<sup>4</sup> *Panchaia*—a country of Arabia Felix, fruitful in frankincense and various spices; remarkable also for its many towers and lofty buildings.



Of ancient record catch the pensive lay,  
 And in less grovelling accents give to fame.  
 Elvira ! loveliest maid ! the' Iberian realm  
 Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,  
 No race more splendid, and no form so fair.  
 Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid,  
 In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil  
 Of British victors, victory's noblest pride !  
 She, she alone, amid the wailful train  
 Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care,  
 Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame !

He, generous youth ! with no penurious hand  
 The tedious moments that unjoyous roll  
 Where Freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more  
 Essay'd to soften ; conscious of the pang  
 That Beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours  
 In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,  
 Far from the haunts of men or eye of day !

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,  
 Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils  
 Himself had worn ; the frowns of angry seas,  
 Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell  
 Than storm or foe ; if haply she might find  
 Her cares diminish'd ; fruitless, fond essay !  
 Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe,  
 The tender lute he gave ; she, not averse,  
 Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand  
 Call'd forth angelic strains ; the sacred debt  
 Of gratitude, she said, whose just commands  
 Still might her hand with equal pride obey !

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd  
 Her vocal art ; harmonious as the strain  
 Of some imprison'd lark, who, daily cheer'd

By guardian cares, repays them with a song,  
Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint  
Disastrous passion ; how by tyrant laws  
Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair  
Lov'd only one, nor dar'd that love reveal !  
How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek  
'The damask rose full-blown ; a fever came,  
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale ;  
Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,  
But vainly sought her, torn by swifter fate  
'To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,  
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as Fancy spoke the pleasing task,  
She taught her artful needle to display  
The various pride of spring ; then swift upsprung  
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose :  
There might you see, on gentle toils intent,  
A train of busy Loves ; some pluck the flow'r,  
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace  
Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.  
'Twas paint, 'twas life ! and sure to piercing eyes  
The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the generous chief with joy perus'd  
The royal scroll, which to their native home,  
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,  
Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste  
To glad his fair Elvira's ear he sprung,  
Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey ;  
But fir'd in vain ! Ah ! what was his amaze,  
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face  
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand  
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r !  
Speechless she stood ; at length with accents faint,

‘ Well may my native shore,’ she said, ‘ resound  
Thy monarch’s praise ; and ere Elvira prove  
Of thine forgetful, flowers shall cease to feel  
The fostering breeze, and Nature change her laws !’

And now the grateful edict wide alarm’d  
The British host. Around the smiling youths,  
Call’d to their native scenes, with willing haste  
Their fleet unmoor, impatient of the love  
That weds each bosom to its native soil.

The patriot passion ! strong in every clime,  
How justly theirs who find no foreign sweets  
To dissipate their loves or match their own.

Not so Elvira ! she, disastrous maid !  
Was doubly captive ; pow’r nor chance could loose  
The subtle bands ; she lov’d her generous foe :  
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil’d,  
Could term her native shore ; her native shore  
By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,  
Strange, bleak, forlorn ! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet careen’d, the wind propitious fill’d  
The swelling sails, the glittering transports wav’d  
Their pennants gay, and halcyons’ azure wing,  
With flight auspicious, skimm’d the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,  
And chid the’ officious wind, the tempting sea,  
And wish’d a storm as merciless as tore  
Her labouring bosom. Fondly now she strove  
To banish passion ; now the vassal days,  
The captive moments, that so smoothly past,  
By many an art recall’d ; now from her lute  
With trembling fingers call’d the favourite sounds  
Which Henry deign’d to praise : and now essay’d,  
With mimic chains of silken fillets wove,  
To paint her captive state ; if any fraud

Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,  
And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd, prepar'd to launch  
On Ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu  
To his fair prisoner. She, soon as she heard  
The hated errand, now no more conceal'd  
The raging flame, but with a spreading blush  
And rising sigh the latent pang disclos'd.

' Yes, generous youth! I see thy bosom glow  
With virtuous transport, that the task is thine  
To solve my chains, and to my weeping friends,  
And every longing relative, restore  
A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!  
But know, my soldier! never youthful mind,  
Torn from the lavish joys of wild expense  
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound  
To languish out his bloom, could match the pains  
This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

' What call I freedom? is it that these limbs,  
From rigid bolts secure, may wander far  
From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast  
That sacred blessing, some superior pow'r  
To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,  
Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul:  
Ev'n that I loath; all liberty I loath!  
But most the joyless privilege to gaze  
With cold indifference where desert is love.

' True, I was born an alien to those eyes  
I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!  
And, ah! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd  
To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,  
Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive  
With custom's load beneath its weight expire.

' Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb



To vanquish me ; his form, howe'er disguis'd,  
 To me were fatal! no fantastic robe  
 That e'er Caprice invented, Custom wore,  
 Or Folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.

' Perhaps by birth decreed, by Fortune plac'd  
 Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea.  
 Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires ;  
 My tenderest glances but the specious flow'rs,  
 That shade the viper while she plots her wound.  
 And can the trembling candidate of love  
 Awake thy fears? and can a female breast,  
 By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?  
 Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile  
 For Love to wear, to dark Deceit unknown?  
 Heav'n search my soul! and if through all its cells  
 Lurk the pernicious drop of poisonous guile,  
 Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath  
 May Fate exhaust, and for my happiest hour  
 Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!

' Ah me! nor Henry's nor his country's foe,  
 On thee I gaz'd, and Reason soon dispell'd  
 Dim Error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle  
 Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.  
 Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!  
 'Twas there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,  
 The Loves, the Graces play; and bless'd the soil  
 That nurtur'd thee! for sure the Virtues form'd  
 Thy generous breast, the Loves, the Graces, plann'd  
 Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth, essay'd  
 Their partial pow'r in vain; again I gaz'd,  
 And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a tract  
 Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!  
 And thou by Nature form'd, by Fate assign'd,  
 To paint the genius of thy native shore.



'Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling scene  
Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,  
Iberia glows ; but, ah! the genial sun  
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flow'r,  
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast !  
Beams forth ungentle influences. There  
Sits Jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray  
Exultant lights his slow-consuming fires.  
Not such thy charming region ; long before  
My sweet experience taught me to decide  
Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.  
Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,  
Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms  
The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes ;  
First, best supports of liberty and love !  
No, let subjected India, while she throws  
O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.  
Long as I heard, or ere in story read  
Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast  
Wish'd them success; and happiest she, I cry'd,  
Of women happiest she, who shares the love,  
The fame, the virtues, of an English lord.  
And now, what shall I say? Bless'd be the hour  
Your fair-built vessels touch'd the' Iberian shores :  
Bless'd, did I say, the time? if I may bless  
That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.  
Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth  
Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight  
The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil?  
And yet Iberia's sons, with every vow  
Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms  
Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,  
And love her just desert, who sues for love,  
But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

‘ Perhaps in Henry’s eye (for vulgar minds  
 Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain  
 On honest Fame amid his train to bear  
 A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth !  
 Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains  
 That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul  
 From honour’s laws. Elvira once denied  
 A consort’s name, more swift than lightning flies  
 When elements discordant vex the sky,  
 Shall, blushing, from the form she loves retire.

‘ Yet if the specious wish the vulgar voice  
 Has titled Prudence, sways a soul like thine,  
 In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame  
 Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms [depp,  
 Or hair-breadth ’scapes that haunt the boundless  
 And force from tender eyes the silent tear ;  
 When Memory to the pensive maid suggests  
 In full contrast the safe domestic scene  
 For these resign’d. Beyond the frantic rage  
 Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind,  
 When steel’d by love, in Love’s most horrid way  
 Beholds not danger, or beholding, scorns.  
 Heav’n take my life, but let it crown my love !’

She ceas’d, and ere his words her fate decreed,  
 Impatient, watch’d the language of his eye :  
 There Pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere  
 Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir’d.

‘ Forgive me, generous maid !’ the youth return’d,  
 ‘ If by thy accents charm’d, thus long I bore  
 To let such sweetness plead, alas ! in vain !  
 Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield  
 Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow :  
 But ere from native shores I plough’d the main,  
 To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms

Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave,  
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait  
My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,  
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour  
The glittering treasure, and the laurel wreath,  
Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil:  
If Fortune frown'd adverse, and Death forbade  
The blissful union, with my latest breath  
To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.  
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul  
No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd  
To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.  
Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,  
Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love?  
Her shall I leave, who now, perchance, alone  
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return?  
And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails  
Shall swell her breast with ecstasies, convey  
Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?  
No! may the deep my villain corse devour,  
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,  
If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,  
If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all!  
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast  
Demand what honour, faith, and love, denies.'  
'Oh! happy she,' rejoin'd the pensive maid,  
'Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!  
And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice  
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.  
Farewell my luckless hopes! my flattering dreams  
Of rapturous days! my guilty suit, farewell!  
Yet fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound  
That waits my fame, let not the random shaft

Of Censure pierce with me the' Iberian dames ;  
 They love with caution, and with happier stars.  
 And, oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts  
 Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame ;  
 By merit rais'd, by gratitude approv'd,  
 By hope confirm'd, with artless truth reveal'd,  
 Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid  
 Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd.

' These radiant gems, which burnish Happiness,  
 But mock Misfortune, to thy favourite's hand  
 With care convey ; and well may such adorn  
 Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone  
 The source of every transport, but disgrace  
 My pensive breast, which, doom'd to lasting woe,  
 In thee the source of every bliss resigns.

' And now, farewell, thou darling youth! the gem  
 Of English merit! Peace, content, and joy,  
 And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell!  
 Attend, ye smiling train! this gallant mind  
 Back to his native shores ; there sweetly smooth  
 His evening pillow, dance around his groves,  
 And where he treads with violets paint his way :  
 But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more  
 Your frail companion! in the sacred cells  
 Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame ;  
 There to the matin bell, obsequious, pour  
 My constant orisons. The wanton Loves  
 And gay Desires shall spy the glimmering tow'rs,  
 And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,  
 That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude  
 Her shortest pray'r ere Henry's dear success  
 The warmest accent of her zeal employ.'

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind,

Impartial, scorn'd to model her esteem  
By native customs, dress, and face, and air,  
And manners, less ; nor yet resolv'd in vain.  
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow  
Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave  
A tender tear ; then with that kind adieu  
Esteem could warrant, wearied Heav'n with pray'rs  
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd ; and to the cloister's pensive scene  
Elvira shap'd her solitary way,



## THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,  
Infantumque animæ fientes in limine primo.      VIRG.

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,  
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender ear.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

*What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the Author's imitation on this occasion are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.*

**AH** me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
 To think how modest worth neglected lies,  
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn  
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,  
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise :  
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try  
 To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,  
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy  
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,  
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
 There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,  
 A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;  
 They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,  
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
 Which Learning near her little dome did stow,  
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow,  
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low,  
 And as they look'd they found their horror grew,  
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)  
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,  
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave  
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;  
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast ;  
 Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy  
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !  
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,  
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
 On which the tribe their gambols do display,  
 And at the door imprisoning board is seen,  
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,  
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !  
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
 Do Learning's little tenement betray,  
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
 And eyes her airy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;  
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,  
 As is the harebell that adorns the field ;  
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield  
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwinn'd,  
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,  
 And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,  
 And fury uncontrol'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,  
 The childish faces of old Æol's train,  
 Libs, Notus, Auster<sup>1</sup>: these in frowns array'd,  
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main, <sup>o</sup>  
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?  
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell  
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order  
 dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,  
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;  
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;  
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,  
 Through pious awe did term it passing rare,  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on  
 ground.

<sup>1</sup> The south-west wind, south, &c. &c.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,  
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,  
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;  
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear ;  
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove  
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere ;  
For never title yet so mean could prove,  
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,  
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,  
Such favour did her past deportment claim ;  
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;  
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she  
found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak  
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,  
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak,  
But herbs for use and physic, not a few  
Of gray renown, within those borders grew ;  
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,  
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,  
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,  
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,  
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound<sup>r</sup>

And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy found,  
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,  
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom, [fume.  
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare per-

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd  
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,  
 Ere, driven from its envied site, it found  
 A sacred shelter for its branches here,  
 Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.  
 Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!  
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;  
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell, [dwell.  
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,  
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;  
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,  
 But in her garden found a summer-seat:  
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat  
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,  
 While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,  
 All for the nonce untuning every string, [sing.  
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;  
 And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore  
 The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,  
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;  
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,  
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;  
 And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:  
 Ah! dearest Lord! forefend, thilk days should e'er  
 return.



In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,  
 By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,  
 In which, when he receives his diadem,  
 Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,  
 The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,  
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)  
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,  
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,  
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,  
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise,  
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:  
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command!  
 Eftsoons the urclins to their tasks repair,  
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,  
 To save from finger wet the letters fair;  
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen  
 St. George's high achievements does declare,  
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been  
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
 Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!  
 As erst the bard<sup>2</sup> by Mulla's silver stream,  
 Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,

<sup>2</sup> Spenser.

Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite ;  
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !  
 And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,  
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure  
 His little sister doth his peril see ;  
 All playful as she sat she grows demure,  
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;  
 She meditates a prayer to set him free :  
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,  
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye,  
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,  
 And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,  
 To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand,  
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.  
 On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear !  
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)  
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,  
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ;  
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?  
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?  
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?  
 The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain ?  
 When he in abject wise implores the dame,  
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain,  
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
 And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke  
 proclaim.

'The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay  
 Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care ;  
 By turns, astonied, every twig survey,  
 And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware,  
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;  
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,  
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair,  
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,  
 And gingerbread y-rare, now certes doubly sweet !

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,  
 And in beseemly order sitten there,  
 All but the wight of bum y'galled, he  
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair,  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, and rends his hair)  
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare  
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,  
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,  
 His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,  
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smear'd and sullied by a vernal show'r.  
 O the hard bosoms of despotic Pow'r !  
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,  
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour ; [ claim,  
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth the fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines,  
 Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,  
 But to the wind ail merriment resigns,

And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;  
 And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;  
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,  
 The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past  
 resent.

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !  
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,  
 Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see  
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :  
 Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valour's generous heat ;  
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires, ●  
 Like Vernon's patriot soul ; more justly great  
 'Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !  
 Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show  
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
 And there a chancellor in embryo,  
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
 As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die !  
 Though now he crawl along the ground so low,  
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,  
 Wisheth, poor starvelling elf, his paper kite may fly.

And this, perhaps, who censuring the design,  
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
 Shall Dennis be ! if rigid Fates incline,  
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield,  
 And many a poet quit the' Aonian field ;  
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,  
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd



Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,  
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What stuff  
 is here?'

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,  
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door,  
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er  
 With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;  
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore !  
 For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,  
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

●  
 Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,  
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,  
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,  
 For never may ye taste more careless hours  
 In knightly castles or in ladies bowers.  
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !  
 But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers ;  
 Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring  
 Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !  
 These rudely carol, most incondite lay ;  
 Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer  
 Salute the stranger passing on his way ;  
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay,  
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,  
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;  
 Think to the huckster's savoury cottage tend,  
 In pastrykings and queens the' allotted mite to spend.



Here, as each season yields a different store,  
 Each season's stores in order ranged been,  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
 Galling full sore the' unmoney'd wight, are seen,  
 And gooseberry, clad in livery red or green ;  
 And here of lovely dye the catherine pear,  
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween ;  
 O may no wight e'er pennyles come there, [care !  
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread so white in tempting posies tied,  
 Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,  
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,  
 And must be bought, though penury betide ;  
 The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,  
 And here, each season, do those cakes abide  
 Whose honour'd names the' inventive city own,  
 Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises  
 known<sup>1</sup>.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride  
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,  
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried,  
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :  
 Ah ! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave  
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !  
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,  
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,  
 Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

<sup>1</sup> Shrewsbury cakes.

*EPILOGUE TO CLEONE.*

WELL, Ladies—so much for the tragic style—  
 And now the custom is to make you smile.  
 To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—  
 Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?  
 The captain gone three years!—and then to blame  
 The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!  
 My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,  
 When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?  
 Out of my house!—this night, forsooth, depart!  
 A modern wife had said—‘With all my heart—  
 But think not, haughty Sir! I’ll go alone;  
 Order your coach—conduct me safe to Town—  
 Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—  
 And, pray, take care my pin-money be paid.’

Such is the language of each modish fair;  
 Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare  
 The time has been when modesty and truth  
 Were deem’d additions to the charms of youth;  
 When women hid their necks, and veil’d their faces,  
 Nor romp’d, nor rak’d, nor star’d, at public places,  
 Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:  
 ’Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,  
 And wives ne’er dream’d of happiness abroad;  
 They lov’d their children, learn’d no flaunting airs,  
 But with the joys of wedlock mix’d the cares.  
 Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,  
 For marriage triumph’d in those golden days;

By chaste decorum they affection gain'd ;  
By faith and fondness what they won maintain'd.  
'Tis yours, ye fair ! to bring those days again,  
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men ;  
Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,  
And give the soul as well as sense delight ;  
Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,  
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.  
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,  
The marriage chain with transport shall be worn ;  
Each blooming virgin, rais'd into a bride,  
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide ;  
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,  
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

FINIS.



