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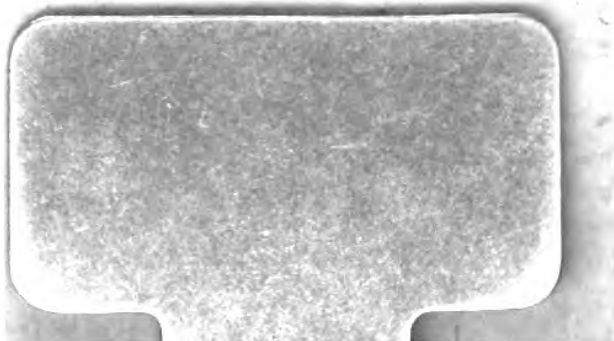
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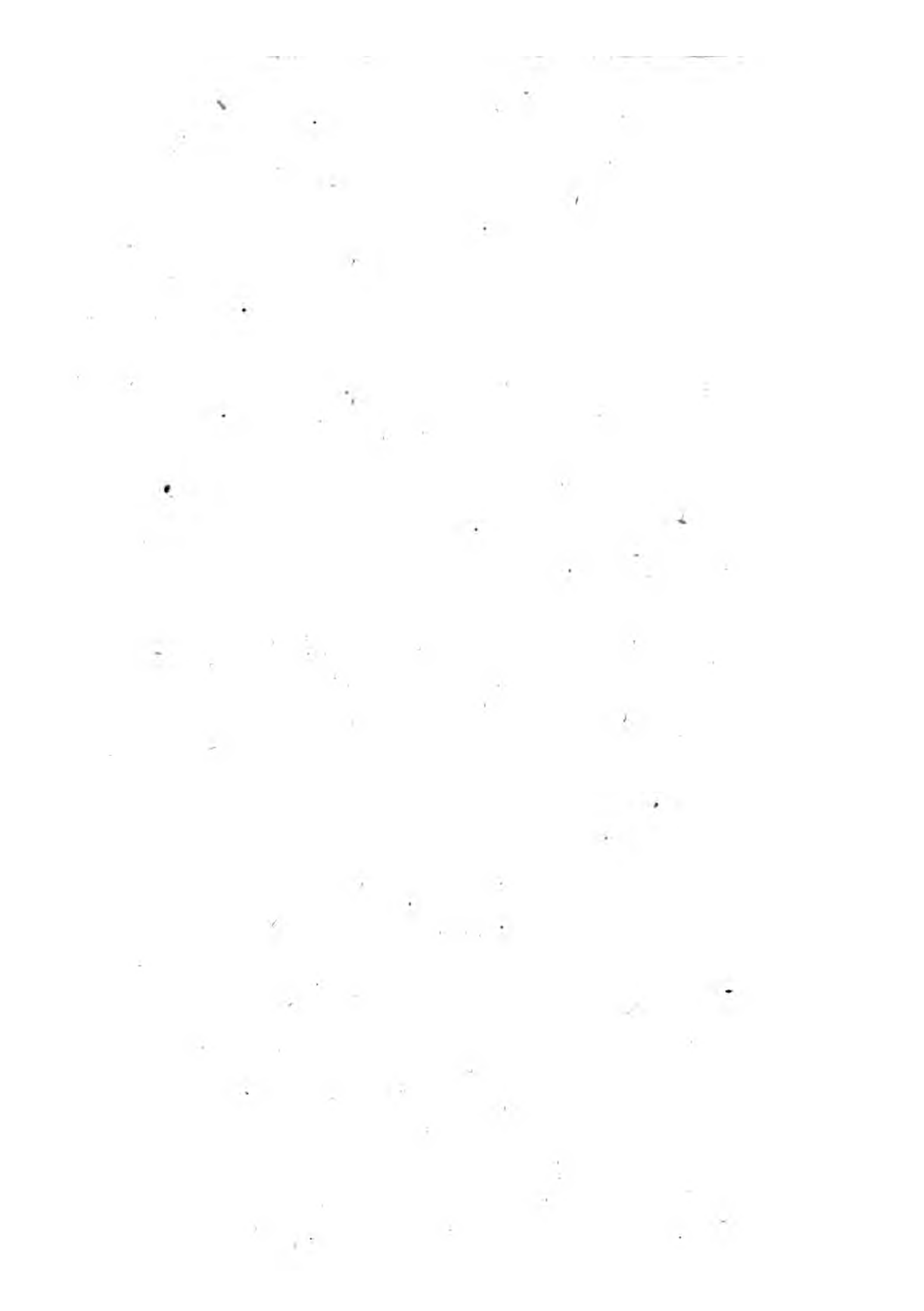


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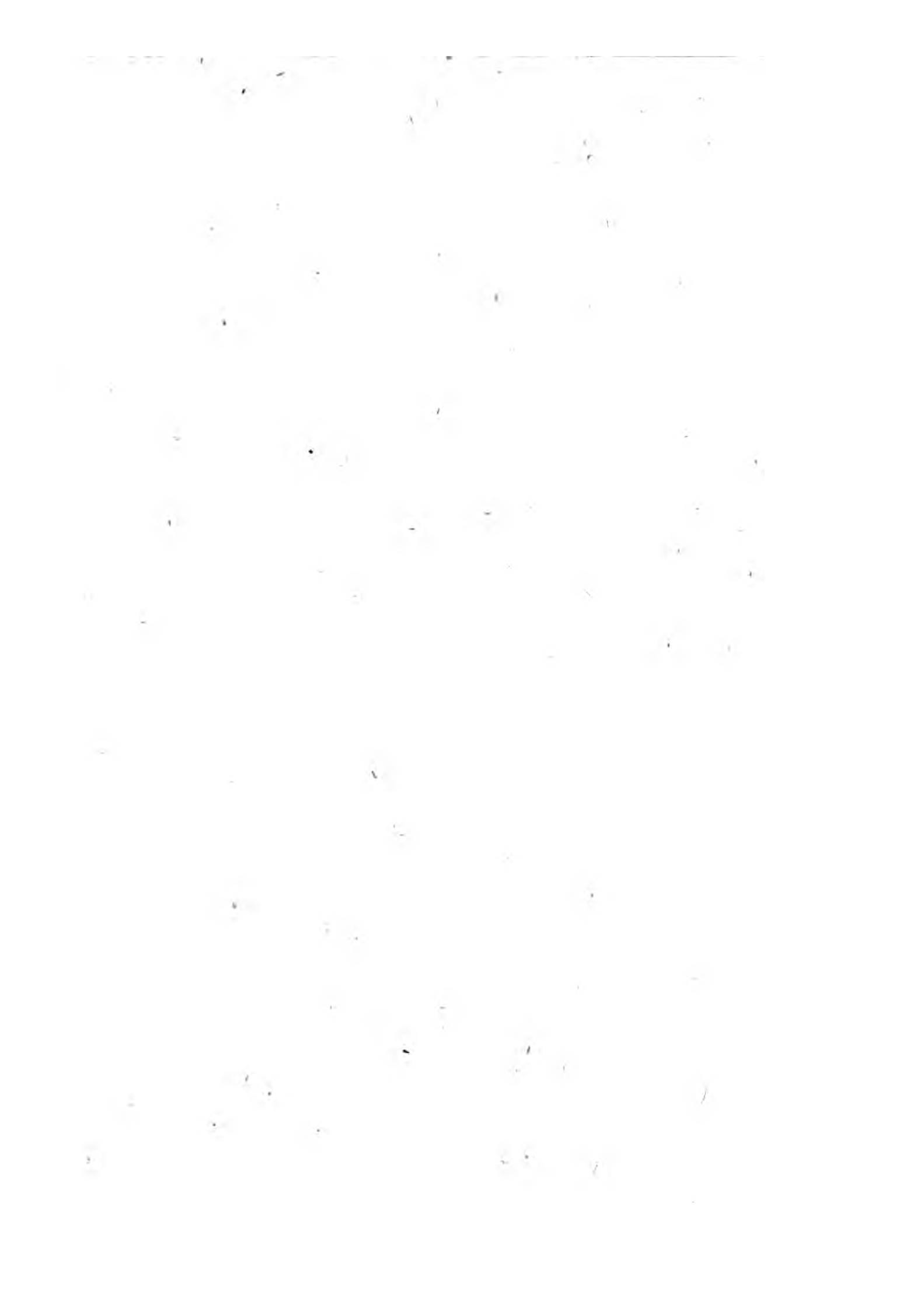
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CONGREVE.

*Caldwell Sculp.*

THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH  
P R E F A C E S,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

---

VOLUME THE TWENTY-NINTH.

---

L O N D O N:

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M D C C L X X I X.





THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
C O N G R E V E  
AND  
F E N T O N.



*Ann Dickson*

*1782*

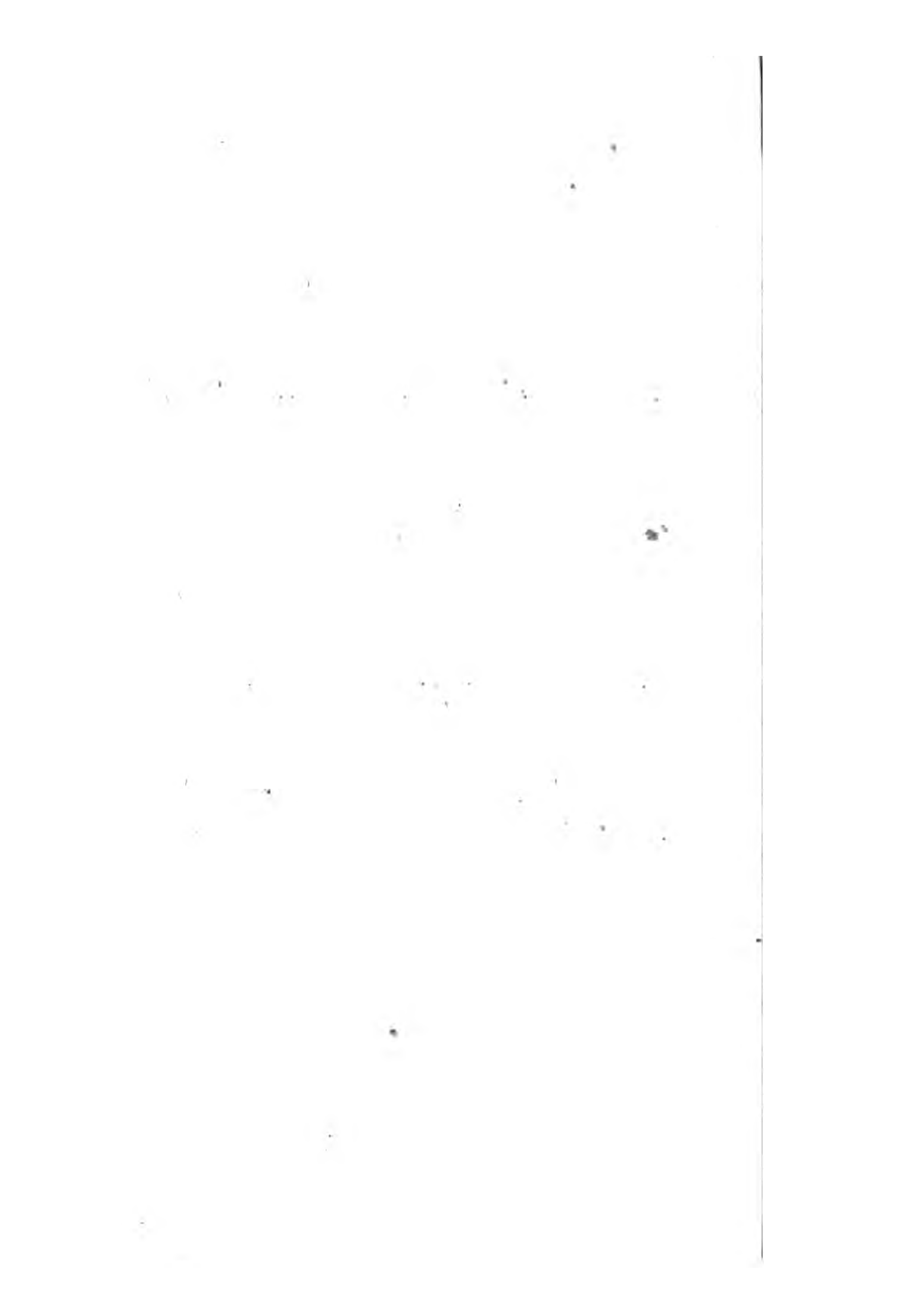
P O E M S

B Y

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

“ — Minuentur atræ  
“ Carminē curæ.” HOR.

B



P O E M S

B Y

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

+++++

E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

**T**O you, my Lord, my Muse her tribute pays  
Of various verse, in various rude essays;  
To you, she first address'd her early voice,  
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;  
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,  
Her few collected lays she now commends.

By no one measure bound, her numbers range,  
And, unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;  
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,  
For, now, she tries the reed, anon, attempts the lyre;  
In high Parnassus she no birthright claims,  
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams;  
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,  
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.  
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,  
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:



Yet, she admires the wing that safely soars,  
 At distance follows, and its track adores.  
 She knows what room, what force, the swan requires,  
 Whose towering head above the clouds aspires,  
 And knows as well, it is your lowest praise,  
 Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.

O had your genius been to leisure born,  
 And not more bound to aid us, than adorn !  
 Albion in verse with ancient Greece had vy'd,  
 And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, seven states divide.  
 But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,  
 Had we the patriot in the poet lost.  
 A true poetic state we had deplor'd,  
 Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.

But still, my Lord, though your exalted name  
 Stands foremost in the fairest list of Fame,  
 Though your ambition ends in public good  
 (A virtue lineal to your house and blood) :  
 Yet think not meanly of your other praise,  
 Nor slight the trophies which the Muses raise.  
 How oft, a patriot's best-laid schemes we find  
 By Party cross'd, or Faction undermin'd !  
 If he succeed, he undergoes this lot,  
 The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.  
 But honours which from verse their source derive,  
 Shall both surmount Detraction, and survive :  
 And Poets have unquestion'd right to claim ;  
 If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

W. CONGREVE.

T H E

[ 5 ]

T H E

MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A P A S T O R A L.

Lamenting the Death of

Q U E E N M A R Y.

“Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.” VIRG.

---

A L E X I S, M E N A L C A S.

M E N A L C A S.

**B**EHOLD, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,  
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter made;  
Where, no glad beams of light can ever play,  
But night succeeding night excludes the day;  
Where never birds with harmony repair,  
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air.  
To welcome day, or bid the Sun farewell,  
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisy, e'er was seen;  
No sweetly-budding flower, nor springing green;  
For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,  
Here, baleful eugh with deadly cypress grows.  
Here then, extended on this wither'd moss,  
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss,

6 CONGREVE'S POEMS.

Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,  
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme which far exceeds  
The lowly lays of humble shepherds reeds!

O could I sing in verse of equal strain  
With the Scicilian bard, or Mantuan swain;  
Or melting words and moving numbers chuse,  
Sweet as the British Colin's mourning Muse;  
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,  
And mourn like Stella for her Astrofel;  
Then might I raise my voice (secure of skill)  
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;  
The listening Echo on my song should wait,  
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;  
Each whistling wind and murmuring stream should tell  
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with every bay and laurel crown'd,  
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,  
Yet would not all thy art avail, to show  
Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe:  
But such true passion in thy face appears,  
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,  
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,  
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.  
Then leave this common form of dumb distress,  
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;  
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,  
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS. 7

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,  
Artless as nature's notes, in birds untaught;  
Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,  
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.  
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breast,  
By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comus' feast;  
While in a ring the jolly rural throng  
Have sat and smil'd to hear my chearful song:  
Begone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,  
My pipe, no longer now thy power obeys;  
Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,  
Thy springing laurels all to cypres turn;  
Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air,  
And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow hair;  
Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling chuse,  
Begone, Thalia; sorrow is my Muse.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,  
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

No more, these woods shall with her sight be bless'd,  
Nor with her feet these flowery plains be press'd;  
No more the winds shall with her tresses play,  
And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;  
No more these rivers chearfully shall pass,  
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;  
While on their banks the wondering flocks have stood,  
Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more the nymphs shall with soft tales delight  
Her ears, no more with dances please her sight:

8 CONGREVE'S POEMS.

Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,  
To bless the joyous day that gave her birth;  
Lost is that day, which had from her its light;  
For ever lost with her, in endless night;  
In endless night and arms of death she lies,  
Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament, ye nymphs; and mourn, ye wretched swains;  
Stray, all ye flocks; and desert be, ye plains;  
Sigh, all ye winds; and weep, ye crystal floods;  
Fade, all ye flowers; and wither, all ye woods.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,  
And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,  
All cold she lies upon th' unwholesome ground;  
The marble weeps, and with a silent pace  
Its trickling tears distil upon her face.

Falsely ye weep, ye rocks, and falsely mourn!  
For never will you let the nymph return!  
With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,  
And like the crocodile its prey laments.

O she was heavenly fair, in face and mind!  
Never in nature were such beauties join'd:  
Without, all shining, and within, all white;  
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;  
Like some rare flower, whose leaves all colours yield,  
And opening is with sweetest odours fill'd.  
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,  
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;  
To which excelling height, she bore a mind  
Humble, as osiers bending to the wind.

Thus



## THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS. 9

Thus excellent she was——

Ah wretched fate! she was, but is no more.

Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,  
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

From that blest earth, on which her body lies,  
May blooming flowers with fragrant sweets arise:  
Let Myrrha weeping aromatic gum,  
And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb.  
Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,  
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there:  
Thither let Fairies with their train resort,  
Neglect their revels and their midnight sport.  
There in unusual wailings waste the night,  
And watch her, by the fiery glow-worm's light.

There may no dismal eugh nor cypress grow,  
Nor holly-bush, nor bitter elder's bough;  
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,  
And distant dens receive each howling beast;  
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,  
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.

But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,  
And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;  
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,  
And, sickening at her tomb, make haste to die,  
That they may help to sing her elegy.

Let Echo too, in mimic moan, deplore,  
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,  
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

And }



10      CONGREVE'S POEMS.

And see the heavens to weep in dew prepare,  
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air :  
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,  
Each lily folds its leaves, and hangs its head.  
On every tree the blossoms turn to tears,  
And every bough a weeping moisture bears.  
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,  
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills  
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.  
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,  
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting urn.

The Fawns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the grove,  
And round the plain in sad distractions rove ;  
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,  
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails, themselves the Satyrs wound,  
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the  
ground.

Lo Pan himself beneath a blasted oak  
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.  
See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,  
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yon fading myrtle, where appears  
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears ;  
See how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,  
And tears her useless girdle from her waist :  
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,  
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo,

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS. 11

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress'd !  
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast ;  
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,  
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings ;  
Then, lays his limbs upon the dying grass,  
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,  
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,  
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.  
All nature mourns ; the floods and rocks deplore,  
And cry with me, " Pastora is no more ! "

I mourn Pastora dead ; let Albion mourn,  
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,  
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn ;  
The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,  
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their woes.  
But, oh ! behold that deep and wild despair,  
Which neither winds can shew, nor floods, nor air.

See the great shepherd, chief of all the swains,  
Lord of these woods and wide-extended plains,  
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,  
Scalding with tears th' already-faded grass ;  
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,  
No more within Pastora's arms to rest !

No more ! For those once soft and circling arms  
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms  
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,  
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss ;  
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,  
He us'd, in balmy sleep, to lose the nights.

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?  
 Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?  
 To dust must all that heaven of beauty come!  
 And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!  
 Ah, death! more fierce and unrelenting far,  
 Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are;  
 With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,  
 But ravenous death the shepherds has seiz'd.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,  
 And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

“ But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light,  
 “ With wonder stops my song, and strikes my sight!  
 “ And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,  
 “ Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground.  
 “ While from her tomb, behold, a flame ascends  
 “ Of whitest fire, whose flight to heaven extends!  
 “ On flaking wings it mounts, and quick as light  
 “ Cuts through the yielding air with rays of light;  
 “ Till the blue firmament at last it gains,  
 “ And, fixing there, a glorious star remains:”  
 Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,  
 As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.

T O T H E K I N G,  
ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

I R R E G U L A R O D E .

“ Præfenti tibi maturos largimur honores :

“ Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.”

Hor. ad Auguftum.

I.

O F arms and war my Mufe afpires to fing,  
And ftrike the lyre upon an untry'd ftring :  
New fire informs my foul, unfelt before ;  
And, on new wings, to heights unknowm I foar.  
O power unfeen ! by whose refiftlefs force  
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my courfe :  
For Fancy wild and pathlefs ways will chufe,  
Which Judgment rarely, or with pain, purfues :  
Say, facred nymph, whence this great change proceeds ;  
Why fcorns the lowly fwain his oaten reeds,  
Daring aloud to ftrike the founding lyre,  
And fing heroic deeds ;  
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire ?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raife ;  
What voice fo weak, that cannot fing his praife !  
The liftening world each whisper will befriend  
That breathes his name, and every ear attend.

The

The hovering winds on downy wings shall wait around,  
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying sound.

Ev'n I will in his praise be heard ;

For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.

Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,

High as the spheres, I will his triumph sing ;

High as the head of Fame ; Fame, whose exalted size  
From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted skies :

A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,

A thousand waking eyes, and ever-open ears ;

Hourly she stalks, with huge gigantic pace,  
Measuring the globe, like time, with constant race :

Yet shall she stay, and bend to William's praise :  
Of him, her thousand ears shall hear triumphant lays,  
Of him her tongue shall talk, on him her eyes shall gaze.

### III.

But lo, a change astonishing my eyes !

And all around, behold new objects rise !

What forms are these I see ? and whence ?

Beings substantial ? or does air condense,

To clothe in visionary shape my various thought ?

Are these by fancy wrought !

Can strong ideas strike so deep the sense !

O sacred poesy ! O boundless power !

What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds ex-  
plore !

Through seas, earth, air, and the wide-circling sky,  
What is not sought and seen by thy all-piercing eye !

### IV.



IV.

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the prospect made,  
 And flowing brooks beneath a forest's shade;  
 A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,  
 Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd  
 Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war, to prove  
 The victor worthy of the fair-one's love.

Unthought presage, of what met next my view!

For soon the shady scene withdrew.

And now, for woods, and fields, and springing flowers;  
 Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty  
 towers!

Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,  
 Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd:  
 With eager eyes beholding both from far  
 Namur, the prize and mistress of the war.

V.

Now, thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,  
 Does every chief and soldier's heart inflame.  
 Defensive arms the Gallic forces bear,  
 While hardy Britons for the storm prepare:  
 For fortune had, with partial hand, before  
 Resign'd the rule to Gallia's power.

High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,  
 Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's hands.  
 A wondrous task 'it is th' Ascent to gain,  
 Through craggy cliffs, that strike the fight with pain,  
 And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.

To this, what dangers men can add, by force or skill,  
 (And great is human force and wit in ill)

Are



Are join'd; on every side, wide-gaping engines wait,  
 Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;  
 Ready to hurl destruction from above,  
 In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.  
 Thus fearful does the face of adverse power appear;  
 But British forces are unus'd to fear:  
 Though thus oppos'd, they might, if William were not  
 there.

## VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the storm begin!  
 The trumpet's clangor speaks in loud alarms,  
 Mingling shrill notes, with dreadful din  
 Of cannons burst, and rattling clash of arms.  
 Clamours from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth re-  
 bound,  
 Distinction in promiscuous noise is drown'd,  
 And Echo lost in one continued found.  
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,  
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;  
 Such flames the gulf of Tartarus disgorge,  
 So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;  
 Such were the peals from thence, such the vast blaze that  
 broke,  
 Reddening with horid gloom the dusky smoke,  
 When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder sweat,  
 And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

## VII.

Amidst this rage, behold, where William stands,  
 Undaunted, undismay'd!  
 With face serene, dispensing dread commands;  
 Which

C N T H E T A K I N G O F N A M U R. 17

Which, heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.  
A thousand fiery deaths around him fly ;  
And burning balls his harmless by :  
For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,  
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage  
Of missive fires that fester in each limb,  
Which dire revenge alone has power t' assuage ;  
Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.  
And now, with desperate force, and fresh attack,  
Through obvious deaths, resistless way they make ;  
Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,  
And then ascend ; resembling thus (as far  
As race of men inferior may)  
The fam'd gigantic war.  
When those tall sons of earth did heaven aspire ;  
(A brave, but impious fire !)  
Uprooting hills, with most stupendous hale,  
To form the high and dreadful scale.  
The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down,  
Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent ?  
Mountain on mountain thrown,  
With threatening hurl, that shook th' ætherial firmament !  
Th' attempt did fear in heaven create ;  
Even Jove desponding fate,  
Till Mars, with all his force collected, stood.  
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood ;  
Who, tumbling headlong from th' empyreal skies,  
O'erwhelm'd those hills, by which they thought to rise.

Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,  
 And now in godlike William storms with equal force be-  
 low.

## IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken pace,  
 And hardy breasts oppos'd to Danger's face,  
 With daring feet, on springing mines they tread  
 Of secret sulphur, in dire ambush laid.  
 Still they proceed; though all beneath, the labouring earth  
 Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.  
 Through this, through more, through all they go,  
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.  
 See, how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!  
 See, how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauls!  
 Now from the fort, behold the yielding flag is spread,  
 And William's banner on the breach display'd,

## X.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from every voice!  
 The skies with acclamations ring!  
 Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,  
 And rocks reflected Ios sing!  
 Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd,  
 Heroic harmony prepare,  
 And charm to silence every wind,  
 And glad the late-tormented air.  
 Far is the sound of martial music spread,  
 Echoing through all the Gallic host,  
 Whose numerous troops the dreadful storm survey'd:  
 But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd,  
 Unmov'd beheld the fortrefs lost.

William,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR. 19

William, their numerous troops with terror fill'd,  
Such wondrous charms can godlike valour show!  
Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield  
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe.  
Nor, when on soaring horse he flew, to aid  
And save from monster's rage the beauteous maid;  
Or more heroic was the deed;  
Or she to surer chains decreed,  
Than was Namur, till now by William freed.

XI.

Descend, my Muse, from thy too-daring height,  
Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing;  
For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,  
And dost with pain of triumphs sing.  
More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds;  
For war let more harmonious harps be strung:  
Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds  
To him who sung the Boyne; or him to whom he sung.

## THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

“ Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.” HOR.

**D**ESCEND, celestial Muse! thy son inspire  
 Of thee to sing; infuse thy holy fire.  
 Belov'd of gods and men, thyself disclose;  
 Say, from what source thy heavenly power arose,  
 Which, from unnumber'd years delivering down  
 The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,  
 Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.  
 Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace;  
 At once the rival started to the race:  
 And both at once the destin'd course shall end,  
 Or both to all eternity contend.  
 One to preserve what t' other cannot save,  
 And rescue virtue rising from the grave.  
 To thee, O Montague, these strains are sung,  
 For thee my voice is tun'd, and speaking lyre is strung;  
 For every grace of every Muse is thine  
 In thee their various fires united shine,  
 Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!  
 To thee alone I dare my song commend,  
 Whose nature can forgive, and power defend,  
 And shew by turns the patron and the friend.

Begin,

## THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE. 21

Begin, my Muse, from Jove derive thy song,  
Thy song of right does first to Jove belong :  
For thou thyself art of celestial feed,  
Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed.  
When first the frame of this vast ball was made,  
And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd;  
Vicissitude of things, of men and states,  
Their rise and fall were destin'd by the Fates.  
Then Time had first a name; by firm decree  
Appointed lord of all futurity,  
Within whose ample bosom fates repose  
Causes of things, and secret seeds inclose,  
Which, ripening there, shall one day gain a birth,  
And force a passage through the teeming earth.  
To him they give to rule the spacious light,  
And bound the yet unparted day and night ;  
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,  
To shift the seasons, and conduct the year,  
Duration of dominion and of power  
To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.  
This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,  
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign ;  
For every beauteous birth he brings to light,  
(How good so'er and grateful in his sight,)  
He must again to native earth restore,  
And all his race with iron teeth devour.  
Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,  
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.  
Not yet the loos'n'd earth aloft was flung,  
Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung ;



Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn,  
 Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;  
 Nor yet had Time commission to begin,  
 Or fate the many twisted web to spin;  
 When all the heavenly host assembled came  
 To view the world yet resting on its frame;  
 Eager they press, to see the fire dismiss,  
 And roll the globe along the vast abyss.

When deep revolving thoughts the god retain,  
 Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene,  
 Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,  
 Again inspect Fate's universal book.

Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,  
 And present views the deeds of future days.

A beautiful scene adorns the foremost page,  
 Where Nature's bloom presents the golden age.  
 The golden leaf to silver soon resigns,  
 And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly, shines.  
 Of baser brass, the next denotes the times.  
 An impious page deform'd with deadly crimes.  
 The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,  
 And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He turns the book, and every age reviews,  
 Then all the kingly line his eye pursues:  
 The first of men, and lords of earth design'd,  
 Who under him should govern human-kind.  
 Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,  
 In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;  
 Who empires found, and goodly cities build,  
 And savage men compel to leave the field.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE. 23

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd ;  
 When lo ! but thence a narrow space remov'd,  
 And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,  
 The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste :  
 Together all in common ruins lie,  
 And but anon and ev'n the ruins die.  
 Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,  
 To see great actions in oblivion drown'd ;  
 And forward search'd the roll, to find if Fate  
 Had no reserve to spare the good and great.  
 Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,  
 And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine ;  
 But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,  
 And all her boasted pile a ruin made :  
 Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,  
 But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.  
 The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,  
 And first, and second Cæsar, godlike great,  
 Still on to after-days his eyes descend,  
 And rising heroes still the search attend.  
 Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd ;  
 When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,  
 And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.  
 For rolling years, her happy fortunes smile,  
 And fates propitious bless the beauteous isle ;  
 To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,  
 And wields the trident of the stormy main.  
 Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,  
 While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.



14 CONGREVE'S POEMS.

But soon a lowering sky comes on apace,  
 And fate revers'd shews an ill-omen'd face.  
 The void of heaven a gloomy horror fills ;  
 And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;  
 Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,  
 Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.  
 She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame  
 Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name :  
 Conscious, she seeks from day to throw her head,  
 And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.  
 Thus far, the sacred leaves Britannia's woes  
 In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose.  
 Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,  
 And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold ! of radiant light an orb arise,  
 Which, kindling day, restores the darken'd skies :  
 And see ! on seas the beamy ball descends,  
 And now its course to fair Britannia bends :  
 Along the foamy main the billows bear  
 The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.  
 Hail, happy omen ! Hail, auspicious sight !  
 Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.  
 For see a prince, whom dazzling arms array,  
 Pursuing closely, plows the watery way,  
 Tracing the glory through the flaming sea.

Britannia, rise ; awake, O fairest isle,  
 From iron sleep ; again thy fortunes smile.  
 Once more look up, the mighty man behold,  
 Whose reign renews the former age of gold.

The

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE. 25

The Fates at length the blisful web have spun,  
And bid it round in endless circles run.  
Again shall distant lands confess thy sway,  
Again the watery world thy rule obey ;  
Again thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,  
And win in foreign fields a deathless name ;  
For William's genius every soul inspires,  
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.  
Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,  
And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate.  
Already routed foes his fury feel,  
And fly the force of his unerring steel.  
The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might boast  
A matchless sword and unresisted host,  
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes ;  
His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.  
His towering ensigns long had aw'd the plain,  
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main ;  
A gathering storm he seem'd, which from afar  
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,  
Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,  
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.  
So from the radiant sun retires the night,  
And western clouds shot through with orient light.  
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,  
To all the warring winds at once gives way,  
The frantic brethren ravage all around,  
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage resound ;  
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep  
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep.

But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,  
 His trident shakes, and shews his awful head;  
 The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,  
 And every rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landskip wears,  
 Where, heaven serene, and air unmov'd appears.  
 The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,  
 And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes.  
 The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,  
 And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.  
 The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whispering breeze  
 With fragrant breath remurmurs through the trees.  
 The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,  
 In wanton measures wing their airy flight.

Above the floods the finny race repair,  
 And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;  
 They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,  
 And scorn to skim the level of the streams.  
 Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,  
 And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the labouring hind regrets his toil,  
 But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;  
 Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,  
 And golden Ceres grace the waving field.  
 Th' adventurous man, who durst the deep explore,  
 Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelvy shore,  
 Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,  
 Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,  
 Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE. 27

No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,  
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.  
No more the widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries,  
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies ;  
But peaceful joys the prosperous times afford,  
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.

And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,  
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle ;  
By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,  
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,  
With equal sway will virtue's laws maintain,  
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign ;  
For his example still the rule shall give,  
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds  
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds ;  
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,  
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.

Th' Eternal paus'd——  
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore ;  
Enough he saw besides the coming store.  
Enough the hero had already done,  
And round the wide extent of glory run :  
Nor further now the shining path pursues,  
But like the sun the same bright race renews.

And shall remorseless Fates on him have power !  
Or Time unequally such worth devour !  
Then, wherefore shall the brave for fame contest ?  
Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest ?

Whose

Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,  
 And deathless fame the due reward requires.  
 Approving Heaven th' exalted virtue views,  
 Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.

The great Creator soon the grant resolves,  
 And in his mighty mind the means revolves.  
 He thought; nor doubted once, again to chuse,  
 But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse,  
 Ne'er did his power produce so bright a child,  
 On whose creation infant Nature smil'd.  
 Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,  
 And youth perpetual in her face appears.  
 Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,  
 With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,  
 And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd.  
 Nor did the fire himself his joy disguise,  
 But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes,  
 Intent a space, at length he silence broke,  
 And thus the god the heavenly fair bespoke.

“ To thee, immortal Maid, from this blest'd hour,  
 “ O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded power,  
 “ Thou from Oblivion shalt the hero save;  
 “ Shalt rise, revive, immortalize the brave.  
 “ To thee, the Dardan Prince shall owe his fame;  
 “ To thee, the Cæsars their eternal name.  
 “ Eliza, sung by thee with Fate shall strive,  
 “ And long as Time in sacred verse survive.  
 “ And yet, O Muse, remains the noblest theme;  
 “ The first of men, mature for endless fame,

“ Thy



## THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE. 29

“ Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,  
“ Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William’s praise.  
“ On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise ;  
“ Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.  
“ Through him thy songs shall more sublime aspire ;  
“ And he, through them, shall deathless fame acquire :  
“ Nor Time nor Fate his glory shall oppose,  
“ Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows.”

This said ; no more remain’d. Th’ ethereal host  
Again impatient crowd the crystal coast.

The Father, now, within his spacious hands,  
Encompass’d all the mingled mass of seas and lands ;  
And, having heav’d aloft the ponderous sphere,  
He launch’d the world to float in ambient air.

## ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

### I R R E G U L A R O D E.

#### I.

**L**ET all be hush’d, each softest motion cease,  
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,  
And every ruder gasp of breath  
Be calm, as in the arms of death.  
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,  
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,  
Be still ; gently, ah leave,  
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.  
Stir not a pulse ; and let my blood,  
That turbulent, unruly flood,

Be softly stay'd :

Let me be all, but my attention, dead.  
Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,  
Leave your officious toil and strife ;  
For I would hear her voice, and try  
If it be possible to die.

II.

Come, all ye love-sick maids and wounded swains,  
And listen to her healing strains.  
A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,  
Of sovereign force to soften cares ;  
And this through every ear she can impart,  
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to every heart.  
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,  
And to the tender grief soft air applies,  
Which, warbling mystic sounds,  
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.  
But ah ! beware of clamorous moan :  
Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,  
Your flighted loves declare :  
Your very tenderest moving sighs forbear,  
For even they will be too boisterous here.  
Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,  
And let all faucy praise be dumb.

III.

And lo ! Silence himself is here ;  
Methinks I see the midnight god appear,  
In all his downy pomp array'd,  
Behold the reverend shade :  
An ancient sigh he sits upon,

Whose

ON MRS. HUNT, SINGING. 31

Whose memory of sound is long since gone,  
And purposely annihilated for his throne :  
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,  
In which he seems to sink his softer feet.  
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,  
Stol'n from a lover in despair,  
Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap  
In fluid folds his visionary shape.  
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,  
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs :  
While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,  
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark ! the heavenly sphere turns round,  
And Silence now is drown'd  
In ecstasy of sound.  
How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,  
As if all harmony were just alarm'd !  
And every soul with transport fill'd,  
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.  
See how the heavenly choir  
Come flocking to admire,  
And with what speed and care  
Descending angels cull the thinnest air !  
Haste then, come all th' immortal throng ;  
And listen to her song ;  
Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,  
And hither, quickly hither fly.  
Your loss of heaven nor shall you need to fear ;  
While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

V. See



## V.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs skip!

While others sit around her mouth, and sip

Sweet Hallelujahs from her lip,

Those lips, where in surprize of blifs they rove ;

For ne'er before did angels taste

So exquisite a feast,

Of music and of love.

Prepare then, ye immortal choir,

Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,

And with her voice in chorus join ;

Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.

Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays,

And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,

Which only breath inspir'd can reach,

To notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach :

While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,

Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness

Of all, of all, but of the present happiness :

Wishing for ever in that state to lie,

For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

P R I A M ' S  
L A M E N T A T I O N A N D P E T I T I O N  
T O  
A C H I L L E S,  
F O R T H E B O D Y O F H I S S O N H E C T O R.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Iliad ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον  
Ἑρμείας·————

Argument introductory to this Translation.

Hector's body (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles; for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him; and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles' tent; and how he should there ransom the body of his son. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and, preparing rich presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot unobserved through the guards, and to the door of

D Achilles'

Achilles' tent; which having performed, he discovered himself a god, and giving him a short instruction how to move Achilles to compassion, flew up to heaven.

**S**O spake the god, and heavenward took his flight;  
 When Priam from his chariot did alight;  
 Leaving Idæus there, alone he went  
 With solemn pace into Achilles' tent.

Heedless he pass'd through various rooms of state,  
 Until approaching where the hero fate;  
 There, at a feast, the good old Priam found  
 Jove's best-belov'd, with all his chiefs around;  
 Two only were t' attend his person plac'd,  
 Automedon and Alcymus; the rest  
 At greater distance, greater state express'd.

Priam, unseen by these, his way pursued,  
 And first of all was by Achilles view'd.  
 About his knees his trembling arms he cast,  
 And agonizing grasp'd and held them fast;  
 Then caught his hands, and kiss'd and press'd them close,  
 Those hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;  
 Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost  
 Much of his blood (for many sons he lost).

But, as a wretch who has a murder done,  
 And, seeking refuge, does from justice run,  
 Entering some house, in haste, where he's unknown,  
 Creates amazement in the lookers-on:  
 So did Achilles gaze, surpriz'd to see  
 The godlike Priam's royal misery;

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION. 35

All on each other gaz'd, all in surprize,  
 And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes,  
 Till he at length the solemn silence broke ;  
 And thus the venerable suppliant spoke :

“ Divine Achilles, at your feet behold  
 “ A prostrate King, in wretchedness grown old :  
 “ Think on your father, and then look on me,  
 “ His hoary age and helpless person see ;  
 “ So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,  
 “ Such, and so many, his declining years ;  
 “ Could you imagine (but that cannot be)  
 “ Could you imagine such, his misery !  
 “ Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,  
 “ And neighbouring princes lay his country waste ;  
 “ Ev'n at this time, perhaps, some powerful foe,  
 “ Who will no mercy, no compassion show,  
 “ Entering his palace, sees him feebly fly,  
 “ And seek protection where no help is nigh.  
 “ In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,  
 “ And wish, in vain, for your delay'd return ;  
 “ Yet, that he hears you live, is some relief ;  
 “ Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief ;  
 “ It glads his soul to think, he once may see  
 “ His much-lov'd son ; would that were granted me !  
 “ But I, most wretched I ! of all bereft !  
 “ Of all my worthy sons how few are left !  
 “ Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,  
 “ When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast :  
 “ Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,  
 “ Are now, alas ! a mournful tribute to one tomb.

" Merciless war this devastation wrought,  
 " And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.  
 " Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,  
 " My age's comfort, and his country's prop;  
 " Hector, my darling, and my last defence,  
 " Whose life alone, their deaths could recompense;  
 " And, to complete my store of countless woe,  
 " Him you have slain — of him bereav'd me too!  
 " For his sake only, hither am I come;  
 " Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endless sum;  
 " All to redeem that fatal prize you won,  
 " A worthless ransom for so brave a son.  
 " Fear the just gods, Achilles; and on me  
 " With pity look, think you your father see;  
 " Such as I am, he is; alone in this,  
 " I can no equal have in miseries;  
 " Of all mankind most wretched and forlorn,  
 " Bow'd with such weight as never has been borne;  
 " Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom  
 " The spring and source of all my sorrows come;  
 " With gifts, to court mine and my country's bane,  
 " And kiss those hands which have my children slain."  
 He spake.——

Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,  
 Priam he views, and for his father fears;  
 That, and compassion melt him into tears.  
 Then, gently with his hand he put away  
 Old Priam's face; but he still prostrate lay,  
 And there, with tears and sighs, afresh begun  
 To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son.

But

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION. 37

But passion different ways Achillés turns,  
Now, he Patroclus, now, his father mourns :  
Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,  
Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.

T H E  
L A M E N T A T I O N S  
O F  
HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN,  
O V E R T H E  
D E A D B O D Y O F H E C T O R.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Iliad *ω*.

Beginning at this Line,

Ἦὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλοῖ ἐκίδναλο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἴαν.

Connection of this with the former Translation.

Priam, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and, after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp : he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise,



chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

**N**OW did the saffron morn her beams display,  
 Gilding the face of universal day;  
 When mourning Priam to the town return'd;  
 Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;  
 The mules, beneath the mangled body go,  
 As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe,  
 To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,  
 Thence she afar the sad procession spies:  
 Her father and Idæus first appear,  
 Then Hector's corpse extended on a bier;  
 At which, her boundless grief loud cries began,  
 And, thus lamenting, through the street she ran:  
 "Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!  
 "Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!  
 "If e'er you went with joy, to see him come  
 "Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels home,  
 "Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,  
 "What once was all your joy, now all your misery!"  
 She spake, and strait the numerous crowd obey'd,  
 Nor man, nor woman, in the city stay'd;  
 Common consent of grief had made them one,  
 With clamorous moan to Scæa's gate they run,  
 There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,  
 Which they, with loud and fresh lamentings, greet.  
 His reverend mother, and his tender wife,  
 Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION. 39.

In sorrow they no moderation knew,  
But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew ;  
There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each  
Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach ;  
Aloud they beat their breasts, and tore their hair,  
Rending around with shrieks the suffering air.

Now had the throng of people stopt the way,  
Who would have there lamented all the day ;  
But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake,  
“ Trojans, enough; truce with your sorrows make ;  
“ Give way to me, and yield the chariot room :  
“ First let me bear my Hector's body home,  
“ Then mourn your fill.” At this the crowd gave way,  
Yielding, like waves of a divided sea.

Idæus to the palace drove, then laid  
With care the body on a sumptuous bed,  
And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,  
Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd  
Their moan ; all in a Chorus did agree  
Of universal mournful Harmony,  
When first Andromache her passion broke,  
And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke :

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

O my lost husband! let me ever mourn  
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn :  
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,  
And thou in ashes must with them be laid.



Why is my heart thus miserably torn  
 Why am I thus distress'd! why thus forlorn!  
 Am I that wretched thing a widow left?  
 Why do I live, who am of thee bereft!  
 Yet I were blest, were I alone undone;  
 Alas, my child! where can an infant run?  
 Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;  
 Why were you born? --- I am with blessings curs'd!  
 For long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,  
 Wide desolation will lay waste this town:  
 Who is there now that can protection give,  
 Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live?  
 Who of her reverend matrons will have care?  
 Who save her children from the rage of war?  
 For he to all father and husband was,  
 And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loss.  
 Soon will the Grecians, now, insulting come,  
 And bear us captives to their distant home;  
 I, with my child, must the same fortune share,  
 And all alike, be prisoners of the war;  
 'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,  
 And be to some inhuman lord a slave.  
 Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,  
 Or for an only son or father kill'd  
 By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,  
 And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage;  
 For many fell by his relentless hand,  
 Biting that ground, with which their blood was stain'd.  
 Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,  
 And never did his foes in battle spare;

Thence

## HECUBA'S LAMENTATION. 41

Thence come these sufferings, which so much have cost,  
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.  
I saw him not, when in the pangs of death,  
Nor did my lips receive his latest breath;  
Why held he not to me his dying hand?  
And why receiv'd not I his last command?  
Something he would have said had I been there,  
Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;  
For I could never, never words forget,  
Which night and day I should with tears repeat.  
She spake, and wept afresh, when all around  
A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.  
Then, Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd  
With boiling passions in her aged breast,  
Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun  
A lamentation for her darling son.

## HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

Hector, my joy, and to my soul more dear  
Than all my other numerous issue were;  
O my last comfort, and my best-belov'd!  
Thou, at whose fall even Jove himself was mov'd,  
And sent a god his dread commands to bear,  
So far thou wert high heaven's peculiar care!  
From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpse was freed;  
So kind a fate was for none else decreed:  
My other sons, made prisoners by his hands,  
Were sold like slaves, and shipt to foreign lands.

Thou

Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barbarous doom,  
 And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,  
 His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain :  
 And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,  
 Since all could not restore his life again.  
 Now fresh and glowing, ev'n in death thou art,  
 And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart.  
 Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,  
 And universal moan again was made ;  
 When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,  
 And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

}

## HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,  
 No brother there had half so large a part !  
 Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er,  
 Since first I landed on the Trojan shore ;  
 Since I with godlike Paris fled from home ;  
 (Would I had dy'd before that day had come !)  
 In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)  
 I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind ;  
 Not one untender word, or look of scorn,  
 Which I too often have from others borne.  
 But you from their reproach still set me free,  
 And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty ;  
 If by my sisters or the Queen revil'd,  
 (For the good King, like you, was ever mild)  
 Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.

}

Ever

Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,  
 Who had no friend alive but you alone :  
 All will reproach me now where'er I pass,  
 And fly with horror from my hated face.  
 This said, she wept ; and the vast throng was mov'd,  
 And with a general sigh her grief approv'd.  
 When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)  
 Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud :

“ Cease your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,  
 “ And fell-down trees to build a funeral pile ;  
 “ Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,  
 “ For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.”

He spake ; and all obey'd as with one mind,  
 Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd ;  
 Forth from the city all the people went,  
 And nine days space was in that labour spent ;  
 The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,  
 And on the top the manly Hector laid,  
 Then gave it fire ; while all, with weeping eyes,  
 Beheld the rolling flames and smoke arise.  
 All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd ;  
 But when the rosy morn with day return'd,  
 About the pile the thronging people came,  
 And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.  
 His brothers then and friends search'd every where,  
 And gathering up his snowy bones with care,  
 Wept o'er them ; when an urn of gold was brought,  
 Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,  
 In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,  
 Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.

Mean

Mean time, strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,  
 To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprize.  
 The work once ended, all the vast resort  
 Of mourning people went to Priam's court;  
 There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,  
 Ending the funeral with a solemn feast.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

“ Mater fœva Cupidinum, &c.”

I.

**T**HE tyrant Queen of soft desires;  
 With the resistless aid of sprightly Wine  
 And wanton Ease, conspires  
 To make my heart its peace resign,  
 And re-admit Love's long-rejected fires.  
 For beauteous Glyceria I burn,  
 The flames so long repell'd with double force return.  
 Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright  
 Than polish'd marble when reflecting light:  
 Her very coyness warms;  
 And with a grateful fullness she charms:  
 Each look darts forth a thousand rays,  
 Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays;  
 My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins!  
 At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!

Cyprus



PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE. 45

Cyprus no more with her abode is blest,  
I am her palace, and her throne my breast.  
Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,  
Of Parthian archers, who in flying fight,  
    And make rough war their sport ;  
    Such idle themes no more can move,  
Nor any thing but what 's of high import :  
    And what 's of high import, but love ?  
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare ;  
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd :  
    After our sacrifice and prayer,  
The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

S T A N Z A S

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

“ Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,  
“ Labuntur anni, &c.”

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,  
This pious artifice.

Not all these prayers and alms can buy  
One moment tow'rd Eternity.  
Eternity! that boundless race,  
Which Time himself can never run

(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd pace) :  
Which, when ten thousand, thousand years are done,  
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Fix'd

Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe  
 A short extent to the most lasting breath;  
 And though thou could'st for sacrifice lay down  
 Millions of other lives to save thy own,  
 'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe  
 One supernumerary gasp from death.

## II.

In vain 's thy inexhausted store  
 Of wealth, in vain thy power;  
 Thy honours, titles, all must fail,  
 Where Piety itself can nought avail.  
 The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,  
 Must all be huddled to the grave,  
 With the most vile and ignominious slave,  
 And undistinguish'd lie in dust.  
 In vain the fearful flies alarms,  
 In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,  
 In vain avoids the faithless seas,  
 And is confin'd to home and ease,  
 Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.  
 In vain are all those arts we try,  
 All our evasions, and regret to die:  
 From the contagion of mortality,  
 No clime is pure, no air is free:  
 And no retreat  
 Is so obscure, as to be hid from fate

## III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my friend;  
 (The very hour thou now dost spend  
 In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)

Thou

Thou must forego the dearest joys of life ;  
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,  
 And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,  
 To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.

All must be left, and all be lost ;  
 Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,  
 Shall not afford  
 Room for the stinking carcase of its lord.  
 Of all thy pleasant gardens, grotts, and bowers,  
 Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flowers,  
 Nought shalt thou save ;  
 Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,  
 To wither with thee in the grave :  
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid  
 Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir  
 A joyful mourning wear :  
 And riot in the waste of that estate  
 Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.  
 All thy hid stores he shall unfold,  
 And set at large thy captive gold.  
 That precious wine, condemn'd by thee,  
 To vaults and prisons, shall again be free :  
 Bury'd alive though now it lies,  
 Again shall rise ;  
 Again its sparkling surface show,  
 And free as element profusely flow.

With



48 CONGREVE'S POEMS.

With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,  
That cardinals shall wish to be his guests;  
And pamper'd prelates see  
Themselves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE

ODE IX. LIB. I.

“ Vides ut alta, &c.”

I.

**B**LESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!  
How naked does the world appear!  
But see (big with the offspring of the north)  
The teeming clouds bring forth:  
A shower of soft and fleecy rain  
Falls, to new-cloath the earth again.  
Behold the mountain-tops around,  
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;  
And lo! how by degrees  
The universal mantle hides the trees,  
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,  
As if it were the Autumn of the sky:  
Trembling, the groves sustain the weight, and bow  
Like aged limbs, which feebly go  
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,  
Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,  
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.

Let's

H O R A C E I M I T A T E D. 49

Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air ;

Let chearful fires Sol's feeble beams repair ;

Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine ;

Let's drink 'till our own faces shine,

Till we like suns appear,

To light and warm the hemisphere.

Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,

They are with wine incorporate :

That powerful juice, with which no cold dares mix,

Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix ;

Let that but in abundance flow,

And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,

'Tis heaven's concern ; and let it be

The care of heaven still for me :

Those winds, which rend the oaks and plough the seas ;

Great Jove can, if he please,

With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom ;

That is not ours, which is to come.

The present moment's all our store :

The next, should heaven allow,

Then this will be no more :

So all our life is but one instant now.

Look on each day you've past

To be a mighty treasure won :

And lay each moment out in haste ;

We're sure to live too fast,

And cannot live too soon.

E

Youth

Youth doth a thousand pleasures bring,  
 Which from decrepit age will fly ;  
 The flowers that flourish in the spring,  
 In winter's cold embraces die.

## IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy, invites  
 To revel while you may, in soft delights :  
 Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,  
 Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.  
 Slowly she promises at night to meet,  
 But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet.  
 To gloomy groves and shades obscure she flies,  
 There veils the bright confession of her eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,  
 Would more unwillingly depart,  
 And in soft sighs conveys  
 The whispers of her heart.  
 Still she invites and still denies,  
 And vows she 'll leave you if you 're rude ;  
 Then from her ravisher she flies,  
 But flies to be pursu'd :

If from his sight she does herself convey,  
 With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,  
 And cunningly instruct him in the way.

SONG.



## S O N G.

## I.

I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,  
 And very fain would have been at her;  
 But when I strove most my great passion to break,  
 Still then I said least of the matter.

## II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try  
 Some way my poor heart to recover;  
 But that was all vain, for I sooner could die,  
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

## III.

Dear Cælia, be kind then; and since your own eyes  
 By looks can command adoration.  
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise  
 Those oglings that tell you my passion.

## IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and though neither should  
 speak,  
 The pleasure we'll still be pursuing;  
 And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make  
 A very good end of this wooing.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

**F**AIR Cælia love pretended,  
 And nam'd the myrtle bower,  
 Where Damon long attended  
 Beyond the promis'd hour.  
 At length impatient growing  
 Of anxious expectation,  
 His heart with rage o'erflowing,  
 He vented thus his passion.

## O D E.

To all the sex deceitful,  
 A long and last adieu ;  
 Since women prove ungrateful  
 As oft as men prove true.  
 The pains they cause are many,  
 And long and hard to bear,  
 The joys they give (if any)  
 Few, short, and unsincere.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

But Cælia now, repenting  
 Her breach of assignation,  
 Arriv'd with eyes consenting,  
 And sparkling inclination.  
 Like Citherea smiling,  
 She blush'd, and laid his passion ;  
 The shepherd ceas'd reviling,  
 And sung this recantation :

THE RECONCILIATION. 53

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,  
Is a Lover's pain and care!  
And what joy the nymph's appearing,  
After absence or despair!  
Women wise increase desiring,  
By contriving kind delays;  
And advancing, or retiring,  
All they mean is more to please.

A B S E N C E.

**A**LAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,  
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!  
In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,  
And think on hours that will no more return!  
Oh let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,  
Save me from absence, Love, or let me die.

S O N G.

**F**ALSE though she be to me and Love,  
I'll ne'er pursue Revenge;  
For still the Charmer I approve,  
Though I deplore her change.  
In hours of bliss we oft have met,  
They could not always last;  
And though the present I regret,  
I'm grateful for the past.

SONG IN DIALOGUE,  
FOR TWO WOMEN.

1.

I Love, and am belov'd again,  
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;  
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,  
And all my coyness bid adieu.

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,  
Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;  
I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,  
But when I yield, I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting :

2. And both will tire with often tasting,  
When they find the bliss not lasting.

1. Love is compleat in kind possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we consent,  
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;

'Tis ignorance makes men admire :

And granting desire

We feed not the fire,

But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.



## S O N G.

## I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd ;  
 That Chloe 's false and common :  
 I always knew (at least believ'd)  
 She was a very woman ;  
 As such, I lik'd, as such, carefs'd,  
 She still was constant when possess'd,  
 She could do more for no man.

## II.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,  
 And, that, you think a hard thing ;  
 Perhaps, she fancy'd you the man,  
 And what care I one farthing?  
 You think she 's false, I 'm sure she 's kind ;  
 I take her body, you her mind,  
 Who has the better bargain ?

## T H E P E T I T I O N.

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,  
 One dear blessing ere I die ;  
 Long I 've borne excess of pain,  
 Let me now some bliss obtain.

Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,  
 When angry thus the god reply'd,

Blessings greater none can have,  
 Art thou not Amynta's slave?  
 Cease fond mortal, to implore,  
 For Love, ev'n Love himself's no more.

## S O N G.

**C**RUEL Amynta, can you see  
 A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?  
 Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,  
 But through your eyes the conquest made.

## II.

In ambush their the traitor lay,  
 Where I was led by faithless smiles:  
 No wretches are so lost as they,  
 Whom much security beguiles.

## S O N G.

## I.

**S**EE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!  
 And now the sun begins to rise;  
 Less glorious is the morn that breaks  
 From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

## II.

With light united, day they give,  
 But different fates ere night fulfil:  
 How many by his warmth will live!  
 How many will her coldness kill!

Occasioned

Occasioned by a LADY's having writ VERSES in  
Commendation of a POEM which was written in  
Praise of another LADY.

**H**ARD is the task, and bold th' adventurous flight,  
Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write;  
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,  
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.  
And he, who, praising beauty, does no wrong,  
May boast to be successful in his song:  
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,  
And one excepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,  
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,  
Nor can his Muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

E P I G R A M.

Written after the Decease of Mrs. ARABELLA  
HUNT, under her Picture drawn playing on a  
Lute.

**W**ERE there on earth another voice like thine,  
Another hand so blest with skill divine!  
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,  
And Harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

## I.

**P**IOUS Selinda goes to prayers,  
 If I but ask the favour;  
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,  
 When she believes I'll leave her.

## II.

Would I were free from this restraint,  
 Or else had hopes to win her!  
 Would she could make of me a faint,  
 Or I of her a sinner!

## A H Y M N T O H A R M O N Y,

IN H O N O U R O F

S T. C E C I L I A ' S D A Y, M D C C I.

Set to M U S I C by M r. J O H N E C C L E S.

## I.

**O** Harmony, to thee we sing,  
 To thee the grateful tribute bring  
 Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;  
 Thy aid invoking while thy Power we praise.

All hail to thee,  
 All powerful Harmony!

## H Y M N T O H A R M O N Y.

59

Wise Nature owns thy undisputed sway,  
Her wondrous works resigning to thy care :  
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,  
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,  
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

### C H O R U S.

All hail to thee,  
All-powerful Harmony !

### II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound  
Could penetrate th' abyfs profound,  
Explore the realms of ancient night,  
And search the living source of unborn light.  
Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,  
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.  
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth  
To this fair form of heaven and earth ;  
Then all those shining worlds above  
In mystic dance began to move  
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,  
A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

### C H O R U S.

Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,  
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.

### III.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell  
The mighty charms in numbers found ;  
And didst to heavenly minds reveal  
The secret force of tuneful sound.

When

When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,  
 Thou didst the god inspire ;  
 When first the vocal shell he strung,  
 To which the Muses sung :

Then first the Muses sung ; melodious strains Apollo  
 play'd,  
 And Music first began by thy auspicious aid.

Hark, hark ! again Urania sings !  
 Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings !  
 And see, the listening deities around  
 Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

## C H O R U S.

Hark, hark, again Urania sings !  
 Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings !  
 And see, the listening deities around  
 Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

## IV.

Descend, Urania, heavenly fair !  
 To the relief of this afflicted world repair ;  
 See how, with various woes oppress'd,  
 The wretched race of men is worn ;  
 Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,  
 Or by conflicting passions torn.

Reason in vain employs her aid,  
 The furious will on fancy waits ;  
 While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,  
 Too late advances, or too soon retreats.  
 Music alone with sudden charms can bind  
 The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

H Y M N T O H A R M O N Y. 61

C H O R U S.

Mufic alone with fudden charms can bind  
The wandering fenfe, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the powerful fong, ye facred Nine,  
Your instruments and voices join ;  
Harmony, peace, and fweet defire,  
In every breaft infpire.

Revive the melancholy drooping heart,  
And foft refofe to reftlefs thoughts impart.

Appeafe the wrathful mind,  
To dire revenge and death inclin'd :  
With balmy founds his boiling blood affuage,  
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.  
'Tis done ; and now tumultuous paffions ceafe ;  
And all is hufh'd, and all is peace.  
The weary world with welcome eafe is bleft,  
By mufic lull'd to pleafing reft.

C H O R U S.

'Tis done ; and now tumultuous paffions ceafe ;  
And all is hufh'd, and all is peace.  
The weary world with welcome eafe is bleft,  
By mufic lull'd to pleafing reft.

VI.

Ah, fweet refofe, too foon expiring !  
Ah, foolifh man, new toils requiring !  
Curs'd ambition, ftrife purfuing,  
Wakes the world to war and ruin.

See,



62      CONGREVE'S POEMS.

See, see, the battle is prepar'd !

Behold, the hero comes !

Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard ;

And hoarse resounding drums.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,

The harmony of peace destroys.

C H O R U S.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,

The harmony of peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes

Her parting lover mourn ;

She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,

And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,

Bewailing past delights

That may no more, no never more return.

O sooth her cares

With softest, sweetest airs,

Till victory and peace restore

Her faithful lover to her tender breast,

Within her folding arms to rest,

Thence never to be parted more,

No never to be parted more.

C H O R U S.

Let victory and peace restore

Her faithful lover to her tender breast,

Within her folding arms to rest,

Thence never to be parted more,

No never to be parted more.

Enough,

# H Y M N T O H A R M O N Y.

63

## VIII.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!

Now to thy native skies repair,

And rule again the starry sphere;

Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,

To ease the world of care,

Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!

Phœbus himself to her must yield,

And at her feet lay down

His golden harp and laurel crown.

The soft enervate lyre is drown'd

In the deep organ's more majestic sound.

In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies;

Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,

And lasting as her name,

Who form'd the tuneful frame,

Th' immortal music never dies.

### G R A N D C H O R U S.

Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd,

Phœbus himself to her must yield,

And at her feet lay down

His golden harp and laurel crown.

The soft enervate lyre is drown'd

In the deep organ's more majestic sound.

In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies;

Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,

And lasting as her name,

Who form'd the tuneful frame,

Th' immortal music never dies.

V E R S E S

## V E R S E S

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE LADY GETHIN,

Occasioned by reading her Book, intituled

## RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

**A**FTER a painful life in study spent,  
 The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;  
 And aged men, whose lives exceed the space  
 Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,  
 With hoary heads, their short experience grieve,  
 As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.  
 So hard it is true knowledge to attain,  
 So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!  
 Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,  
 With strict attention, what this book unfolds,  
 With admiration struck, shall question who  
 So very long could live, so much to know?  
 For so complete the finish'd piece appears,  
 That learning seems combin'd with length of years;  
 And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach  
 At all that study or that time can teach.  
 But to what height must his amazement rise!  
 When, having read the work, he turns his eyes  
 Again to view the foremost opening page,  
 And there the beauty, sex, and tender age,

TO THE MEMORY OF LADY GETHIN. 65

Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose  
Th' ætherial source from whence this current flows !  
When prodigies appear, our reason fails,  
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.  
Some heavenly minister we ftrait conclude,  
Some angel-mind with female form endued,  
To make a short abode on earth, was sent,  
(Where no perfection can be permanent)  
And, having left her bright example here,  
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.  
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns  
She sings, amid the choir of seraphims ;  
Or some refulgent star informs, and guides,  
Where she, the blest intelligence, presides ;  
Is not for us to know who here remain ;  
For 'twere as impious to enquire, as vain :  
And all we ought, or can, in this dark state,  
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

E P I T A P H

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGDON, of Stanton Harcourt,  
Esq. and ROBERT his Son.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain  
Father and son, together laid ;  
Whose living virtues shall remain,  
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.

F

What

What man should be, to ripeness grown,  
 And finish'd worth should do, or shun,  
 At full was in the father shewn;  
 What youth could promise, in the son.

But death obdurate, both destroy'd  
 The perfect fruit, and opening bud:  
 First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,  
 Then robb'd us of the coming good.

T O M R. D R Y D E N,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

**A**S when of old heroic story tells  
 Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,  
 Till future time the destin'd hero send,  
 By whom the dire enchantment is to end:  
 Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,  
 Thou great revealer of dark poesy.

Those fullen clouds, which have, for ages past,  
 O'er Persius' too-long suffering Muse been cast,  
 Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen,  
 And, in their room, bright tracks of light are seen.  
 Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,  
 The god of music, and poetic fires:

Else, whence proceeds this great surprize of light!  
 How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!

Our wonder now does our past folly show,  
 Vainly contemning what we did not know:

So,

So, unbelievers impiously despise  
 The sacred oracles, in mysteries.  
 Perſius, before, in ſmall eſteem was had,  
 Unleſs, what to antiquity is paid;  
 But like Apocrypha, with ſcruple read,  
 (So far our ignorance our faith miſled)  
 Till you, Apollo's darling prieſt, thought fit  
 To place it in the poet's ſacred writ.

As coin, which bears ſome awful monarch's face,  
 For more than its intrinsic worth will paſs;  
 So your bright image, which we here behold,  
 Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,  
 To you, we all this following treasure owe,  
 This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old ſtoick virtue, clad in rugged lives,  
 Poliſh'd by you, in modern brilliant ſhines;  
 And as before, for Perſius, our eſteem  
 To his antiquity was paid, not him:  
 So now, whatever praiſe from us is due,  
 Belongs not to old Perſius, but the new.  
 For ſtill obſcure, to us no light he gives;  
 Dead in himſelf, in you alone he lives.

So ſtubborn flints their inward heat conceal,  
 Till art and force th' unwilling ſparks reveal;  
 But through your ſkill, from thoſe ſmall ſeeds of fire,  
 Bright flames ariſe, which never can expire.



THE ELEVENTH  
SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The Poet draws the occasion from an invitation, which he here makes to his Friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shews us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his Friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages: to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at feasts, and, by the bye, touches the nobility with making vice  
and

and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his Friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets for the present; and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

**I**F noble Atticus make splendid feasts,  
 And with expensive food indulge his guests;  
 His wealth and quality support the treat:  
 Nor is it luxury in him, but state.  
 But when poor Rutilus spends all he's worth,  
 In hopes of setting one good dinner forth;  
 'Tis downright madness: for what greater jests,  
 Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,  
 And proves the common theme of all the town.

A man in his full tide of youthful blood,  
 Able for arms, and for his country's good  
 Urg'd by no power, restrain'd by no advice,  
 But following his own inglorious choice:  
 'Mongst common fencers practises the trade,  
 That end debasing for which arms were made;  
 Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,  
 But his disgrace is owing to his sword.  
 Many there are of the same wretched kind,  
 Whom their despairing creditors may find  
 Lurking in shambles; where with borrow'd coin  
 They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;  
 Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give  
 But that one brutal reason why they live.

And yet what's more ridiculous: of these,  
 The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;  
 And he whose thin transparent rags declare  
 How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,  
 Would ransack every element for choice  
 Of every fish and fowl at any price;  
 If, brought from far, it very dear has cost,  
 It has a flavour then, which pleases most,  
 And he devours it with a greater gust.

In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,  
 And that exhausted, still new pledges gives;  
 Till forc'd of mere necessity to eat,  
 He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat.  
 Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,  
 Not what his mother's sacred image bears;  
 The broken relic he with speed devours,  
 As he would all the rest of's ancestors,  
 If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to sale,  
 They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.  
 Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,  
 The stings of hunger, soon, and want, he feels;  
 And thus is he reduc'd at length, to serve  
 Fencers, for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now, you see a plenteous feast:  
 The question is, at whose expence 'tis drest.  
 In great Ventidius we the bounty prize;  
 In Rutilus the vanity despise.  
 Strange ignorance! that the same man who knows  
 How far yon mount above this mole-hill shows,

Should

Should not perceive a difference as great,  
 Between small incomes and a vast estate !  
 From heaven to mortals sure that rule was sent,  
 Of " Know thyself," and by some god was meant  
 To be our never-erring pilot here,  
 Through all the various courses which we steer.  
 Therfites, though the most presumptuous Greek,  
 Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak ;  
 When scarce Ulyffes had a good pretence,  
 With all th' advantage of his eloquence.  
 Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,  
 Ought to be very sure he 's able for 't ;  
 And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,  
 For harmony of words and force of sense :  
 Fools only make attempts beyond their skill ;  
 A wise man's power 's the limit of his will.

If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,  
 Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury ;  
 And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,  
 To which necessity confines thy price.  
 Well may they fear some miserable end,  
 Whom gluttony and want at once attend ;  
 Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,  
 Both land and stock, interest and principal :  
 Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,  
 Who sold his very ring to purchase meat ;  
 And though a knight, 'mongst common slaves now stands,  
 Begging an alms, with undistinguish'd hands.  
 Sure sudden death to such should welcome be,  
 On whom each added year heaps misery,  
 Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.

But there are steps in villainy, which these  
 Observe to tread and follow by degrees.  
 Money they borrow, and from all that lend,  
 Which, never meaning to restore, they spend ;  
 But that and their small stock of credit gone,  
 Left Rome should grow too warm, from thence they run :  
 For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,  
 For debt and roguery to quit the town,  
 Than, in the midst of summer's scorching heat,  
 From crowds, and noise, and business to retreat.  
 One only grief such fugitives can find,  
 Reflecting on the pleasures left behind ;  
 The plays and loose diversions of the place,  
 But not one blush appears for the disgrace.  
 Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,  
 That out of countenance Virtue's fled from earth ;  
 Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,  
 She's with Astrea gone, not to return.

This day, my Perfidus, thou shalt perceive  
 Whether myself I keep those rules I give,  
 Or else an unsuspected glutton live ;  
 If moderate fare and abstinence I prize  
 In public, yet in private gormandize.

Evander's feast reviv'd, to-day thou 'lt see ;  
 That poor Evander, I, and thou shalt be  
 Alcides and Æneas both to me.

Mean time, I send you now your bill of fare ;  
 Be not surpriz'd, that 'tis all homely cheer :  
 For nothing from the shambles I provide,  
 But from my own small farm the tenderest kid,

And



And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,  
 That ne'er had nourishment, but from the teat;  
 No bitter willow-tops have been its food,  
 Scarce grafs; its veins have more of milk than blood.  
 Next that, shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,  
 Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly, country maid.  
 The largest eggs, yet warm within their nest,  
 Together with the hens which laid them, drest; |  
 Clusters of grapes, preserv'd for half a year,  
 Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;  
 Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,  
 Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,  
 Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,  
 Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore  
 Accounted riot in a senator:

When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,  
 With his own hands a few small herbs to dress;  
 And from his little garden cull'd a feast,  
 Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste;  
 For scarce a slave, but has to dinner now,  
 The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,  
 On birth-days, festivals, or days of state;  
 A salt, dry fitch of bacon to prepare:  
 If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!  
 Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd  
 If aught was left of what they sacrific'd.  
 To entertainments of this kind would come  
 The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;



Nay, feldom any at fuch treats was feen,  
 But thofe who had at leaft thrice confuls been;  
 Or the dictator's office had difcharg'd,  
 And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,  
 Retir'd to husband and manure their land,  
 Humbling themfelves to thofe they might command.  
 Then might y' have feen the good old general hafte,  
 Before th' appointed hour, to fuch a feaft;  
 His fpade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,  
 Proud of the conquest of fome ftubborn field.  
 'Twas then, when pious confuls bore the fway,  
 And vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay,  
 Our Cenfors then were fubject to the law,  
 Ev'n Power itfelf of Juftice flood in awe.  
 It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,  
 Where largeft tortoise-shells were to be bought,  
 Where pearls might of the greateft price be had,  
 And fhining jewels to adorn his bed,  
 That he at vaft expence might loll his head.  
 Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;  
 Contentedly he fleep, as cheaply as he din'd.  
 The foldier then, in Grecian arts unskil'd,  
 Returning rich with plunder from the field;  
 If cups of filver or of gold be brought,  
 With jewels fet, and exquisitely wrought,  
 To glorious trappings ftraight the plate he turn'd,  
 And with the glittering fpoil his horfe adorn'd;  
 Or elfe a helmet for himfelf he made,  
 Where various warlike figures were inlaid:

The

The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,  
 And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,  
 Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show,  
 As threatening death to each resisting foe.

No use of silver, but in arms, was known;  
 Splendid they were in war, and there alone.  
 No side-boards then with gilded plate were dress'd,  
 No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;  
 Expensive riot was not understood,

But earthen platters held their homely food.  
 Who would not envy them that age of bliss,  
 That sees with shame the luxury of this?

Heaven unwearied then did blessings pour,  
 And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour;  
 Mankind were then familiar with the god,  
 He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod;  
 And would have still been bounteous, as of old,  
 Had we not left him for that idol gold.

His golden statues hence the god have driven:  
 For well he knows, where our devotion's given.  
 'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to heaven.

}  
 }  
 }

Woods of our own afforded tables then,  
 Though none can please us now but from Japan.  
 Invite my lord to dine, and let him have  
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave;  
 But let it on an oaken board be set,  
 His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:  
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,  
 Either your venison's rank, or ointments stink.

Order

Order some other table to be brought,  
 Something, at great expence in India bought,  
 Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,  
 Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory :

He finds no more of that offensive smell,  
 The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.

An ivory table is a certain whet ;  
 You would not think how heartily he 'll eat,  
 As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,  
 By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guefts for me :  
 Riot agrees not with frugality ;  
 Then, that unfashionable man am I,  
 With me they 'd starve for want of ivory :  
 For not one inch does my whole house afford,  
 Not in my very tables, or chefs-board ;  
 Of bone the handles of my knives are made,  
 Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,  
 Or what I carve ; nor is there ever left  
 Any unfavoury haut-goût from the haft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat  
 You 'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state ;  
 No sewers nor dextrous carvers have I got,  
 Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught :  
 In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear  
 Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air ;  
 And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn  
 How to dissect, and the nice joints discern ;  
 While all the neighbours are with noise oppress'd,  
 From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.

On me attends a raw unskilful lad,  
 On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,  
 At once my carver, and my Ganymede ;  
 With diligence he 'll serve us while we dine,  
 And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.  
 No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,  
 No catamites, by shameful pandars taught :  
 Only to me two home-bred youths belong,  
 Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue ;  
 Alike in feature both, and garb appear,  
 With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair.  
 This day thou shalt my rural pages see,  
 For I have dress'd them both to wait on thee.  
 Of country swains they both were born, and one  
 My ploughman's is, t' other my shepherd's son ;  
 A chearful sweetness in his looks he has,  
 And innocence unartful in his face :  
 Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,  
 And gentle sighs break from the tender boy ;  
 His absence from his mother oft he 'll mourn,  
 And with his eyes look wishes to return ;  
 Longing to see his tender kids again,  
 And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain ;  
 A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,  
 Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.  
 Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn  
 The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born ;  
 But noblemen those humble graces scorn.  
 This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,  
 And only he with wine shall serve my friend,

With

With wine from his own country brought and made  
 From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade  
 He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,  
 With amorous songs and wanton dances grac'd ;  
 When sprightly females, to the middle bare,  
 Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air ;  
 Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,  
 And twine and bound as in the rage of love.  
 Such sights the languid nerves to action stir,  
 And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.  
 Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,  
 Which husbands now do with their wives behold ;  
 A needful help, to make them both approve  
 The dry embraces of long wedded love.

In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,  
 And turns their mutual loathing to desire.  
 But she, who by her sex's charter must  
 Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust ;  
 Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,  
 Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat ;  
 With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,  
 With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,  
 Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.

But this becomes not me nor my estate ;  
 These are the vicious follies of the great.  
 Let him who does on ivory tables dine,  
 Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine ;  
 Let him lascivious songs and dances have,  
 Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,



The vilest prostitute in all the stews,  
 With bashful indignation would refuse.  
 But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;  
 What 's vice in me, is only mirth in him:  
 The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,  
 A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,  
 Are laudable diversions in a lord.

}

But my poor entertainment is design'd  
 T' afford you pleasures of another kind:  
 Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,  
 And Homer's sacred lines and Virgil's read;  
 Either of whom does all mankind excel,  
 Though which exceeds the other none can tell.  
 It matters not with what ill tone they 're sung,  
 Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,  
 Thy jealousies and fears; and, while you may,  
 To peace and soft repose give all the day.  
 From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,  
 Be free; be all uneasy passion still.

}

What though thy wife do with the morning light  
 (When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)  
 Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,  
 And, having quench'd her flame, come breathless home,  
 Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,  
 Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;  
 With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,  
 Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire:  
 Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content  
 Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;



Nay, if you would be free from night-alarms,  
 You must seem fond, and doating on her charms,  
 Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.

}

Let this, and every other anxious thought,  
 At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot ;  
 All thy domestic griefs at home be left,  
 The wife's adultery, with the servants' theft ;  
 And (the most racking thought which can intrude)  
 Forget false friends and their ingratitude.  
 Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,  
 While Megalensian shows are in the Circus seen :  
 There (to the bane of horses) in high state  
 The Prætor sits on a triumphal seat ;  
 Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,  
 As if with conquest from the wars return'd.  
 This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,  
 Without offence to such a numerous crowd,  
 To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat ;  
 Echos already do their shouts repeat :  
 Methinks I hear the cry---" Away, away,  
 " The green have won the honour of the day."  
 Oh, should these sports be but one year forborn,  
 Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn ;  
 For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,  
 Great as the loss of Cannæ fatal field.  
 Such shows as these were not for us design'd,  
 But vigorous youth to active sports inclin'd.  
 On beds of roses laid, let us repose,  
 While round our heads refreshing ointment flows ;

Our

JUVENAL IIMITATED. 84

Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,  
And live this day devoted to our ease.  
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,  
Nor need we now the common censure fear :  
On festivals it is allow'd no crime  
To bathe and eat before the usual time ;  
But that continued, would a loathing give,  
Nor could you thus a week together live :  
For frequent use would the delight exclude :  
Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursued.

P R O L O G U E

T O

Q U E E N M A R Y,

Upon her Majesty's coming to see the OLD BATCHELOR,  
after having seen the DOUBLE-DEALER.

**B**Y this repeated act of grace, we see  
Wit is again the care of Majesty ;  
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,  
We seem to rival ancient theatres.  
Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers' age,  
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.

Whose wit is best, we'll not presume to tell ;  
But this we know, our audience will excell :  
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, seen  
So fair a circle, and so bright a Queen.

G

Long

Long has the Muses' land been overcast,  
 And many rough and stormy winters past;  
 Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,  
 Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light:  
 While Wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,  
 Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:  
 So does it still through opposition grow,  
 As if its root was warmer kept by snow:  
 But when shot forth, then draws the danger near,  
 On every side the gathering winds appear,  
 And blasts destroy that fruit, which frosts would spare. }  
 But now, new vigour and new life it knows,  
 And warmth that from this royal presence flows.

O would she shine with rays more frequent here!  
 How gay would then this drooping land appear!  
 Then, like the sun, with pleasure she might view  
 The smiling earth, cloath'd by her beams anew.  
 O'er all the meads, should various flowers be seen }  
 Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,  
 The new creation of a gracious Queen.

## E P I L O G U E

At the Opening of the

QUEEN'S THEATRE, IN THE HAY-MARKET,

WITH AN ITALIAN PASTORAL.

**W**Hatever future fate our house may find,  
 At present we expect you should be kind;  
 Inconstancy itself can claim no right,  
 Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.  
 You must be fix'd a little ere you range,  
 You must be true till you have time to change.  
 A week, at least; one night is sure too soon:  
 But we pretend not to a honey-moon.  
 To novelty we know you can be true,  
 But what, alas! or who, is always new?

This day, without presumption, we pretend  
 With novelty entire you 're entertain'd;  
 For not alone our house and scenes are new,  
 Our song and dance, but ev'n our actors too.  
 Our play itself has something in't uncommon,  
 Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman.  
 In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing,  
 Of harmless loves our painted forests ring,  
 In notes, perhaps, less foreign than the thing.  
 To sound and show at first we make pretence,  
 In time we may regale you with some sense,  
 But that, at present, were too great expence.

84 CONGREVE'S POEMS.

We only fear the beaux may think it hard,  
 To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd :  
 But, in good-breeding, sure they 'll once excuse  
 Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger-muse.  
 The day 's at hand when we shall shift the scene,  
 And to yourselves shew your dear selves again :  
 Paint the reverse of what you 've seen to-day,  
 And in bold strokes the vicious town display.

P R O L O G U E

T O

PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art ;  
 For fighting, now, is thought the weakest part ;  
 And a good head, more useful than a heart. }  
 This way of war does our example yield ;  
 That stage will win, which longest keeps the field.  
 We mean not battle, when we bid defiance ;  
 But starving one another to compliance.  
 Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd ;  
 And those which first are hungry, are subdued.  
 And there, in truth, depends the great decision :  
 They conquer, who cut off the foes' provision.  
 Let fools with knocks and bruises keep a pother,  
 Our war and trade is to outwit each other ;  
 But, hold : will not the politicians tell us,  
 That both our conduct and our foresight fail us ;

To

To raise recruits, and draw new forces down ;  
 Thus, in the dead vacation of the town,  
 To muster up our rhymes, without our reason,  
 And forage for an audience out of season ?  
 Our author's fears must this false step excuse ;  
 'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd Muse :  
 Th' occasion ta'en, when critics are away ;  
 Half wits and beaux, those ravenous birds of prey.  
 But, heaven be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,  
 Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.  
 Thus does our author his first flight commence ;  
 Thus, against friends at first, with foils we fence :  
 Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able  
 (Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.  
 Then spare the youth ; or, if you'll damn the play,  
 Let him but first have his, then take your day.

E P I L O G U E

T O

O R O O N O K O.

**Y**OU see we try all shapes, and shifts and arts,  
 To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.  
 We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,  
 Like rain and sunshine mix'd, in April weather.  
 Your different tastes divide our poet's cares :  
 One foot the sock, t' other the buskin wears :





P R O L O G U E  
 T O T H E  
 H U S B A N D H I S O W N C U C K O L D .

A COMEDY, WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUN.

**T**HIS year has been remarkable two ways,  
 For blooming poets, and for blasted plays :  
 We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,  
 At once both tantaliz'd and over-stock'd.  
 Our authors too, by their successes of late,  
 Begin to think third-days are out of date.  
 What can the cause be, that our plays won't keep  
 Unless they have a rot some years like sheep ?  
 For our parts, we confess, we're quite ashamed,  
 To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.  
 Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case  
 When christenings fall, and funerals increase.  
 Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,  
 There will be writers which will ne'er be read.  
 Why will you be such wits, and write such things ?  
 You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.  
 Let not your spleen provoke you to that height,  
 'Odslife you don't know what you do, sirs, when you  
 write.

You'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,  
 Though you make nothing on 't, but up and ride ;  
 Ladies and all, I'faith, now get astride.

Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,  
 Is grown as common now, as knitting knots :  
 With the same ease, and negligence of thought,  
 The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.  
 Though this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,  
 When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade :  
 Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould stop,  
 But should they write, we must e'en shut up shop.  
 How shall we make this mode of writing sink ?  
 A mode, said I ? 'tis a disease, I think,  
 A stubborn tetter that 's not cur'd with ink.  
 For still it spreads, 'till each th' infection takes,  
 And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.  
 Our play to-day is sprung from none of these ;  
 Nor should you damn it, though it does not please,  
 Since born without the bounds of your four seas.  
 For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,  
 Yet as a stranger, there is something due :  
 From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent ;  
 Start not at Rome ! for there 's no popery meant ;  
 Though there the poet may his dwelling chuse,  
 Yet still he knows his country claims his Muse.  
 Hither an offering his first-born he sends,  
 Whose good, or ill success, on you depends.  
 Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,  
 As due to greater merit than his own,  
 And begs the fire may for the son atone.  
 There 's his last refuge, if the play don't take,  
 Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

## P R O L O G U E

T O

A V E R Y G O O D W I F E,

A C O M E D Y, B Y P O W E L L.

S P O K E N B Y M R. H A I N E S.

**H**ERE's a young fellow here—an actor—Powell—  
 One whose person, perhaps, you all may know well;  
 And he has writ a play---this very play  
 Which you are all come here to see, to-day;  
 And so, it being an usual thing, to speak  
 Something or other, for the author's sake,  
 Before the play (in hopes to make it take)  
 I'm come, being his friend and fellow-player,  
 To say what (if you please) you 're like to hear.  
 First know, that favour which I'd fain have shown,  
 I ask not for, in his name, but my own;  
 For, without vanity, I'm better known.  
 Mean time then, let me beg you would forbear  
 Your cat-calls, and the instruments of war.  
 For mercy, mercy, at your feet we fall,  
 Before your roaring gods destroy us all!  
 I'll speak with words sweet as distilling honey,  
 With words---as if I meant to borrow money;

Fair,

90 CONGREVE'S POEMS.

Fair, gentle firs, most soft alluring beaux,  
 Think 'tis a lady, that for pity fues.  
 Bright ladies---but to gain the ladies grace,  
 I think I need no more than shew my face.  
 Next then, you authors, be not you severe ;  
 Why, what a swarm of scribblers have we here !  
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,  
 All in one row, and brothers of the pen.  
 All would be poets ; well, your favour's due  
 To this day's author, for he 's one of you.  
 Among the few which are of noted fame,  
 I'm safe ; for I myself am one of them.  
 You 've seen me sinoak at Will's among the wits ;  
 I'm witty too, as they are---that 's by fits.  
 Now, you, our city friends, who hither come  
 By three o'clock, to make sure elbow-room :  
 While spouse, tuckt-up, does in her pattens trudge it,  
 With handkerchief of prog, like trull with budget,  
 And here, by turns, you eat plumb-cake and judge it ; }  
 Pray be you kind, let me your grace importune,  
 Or else---egad, I'll tell you all your fortune.  
 Well now, I have but one thing more to say,  
 And that 's in reference to our third day ;  
 An odd request---may be you 'll think it so ;  
 Pray come, whether you like the play or no :  
 And if you 'll stay, we shall be glad to see you,  
 If not---leave your half-crowns, and peace be wi' you !

P R O-



## P R O L O G U E

To the Court on the

QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

**T**HE happy Muse, to this high scene preferrd,  
 Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard :  
 And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,  
 Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame.  
 No longer shall she toil upon the stage,  
 And fruitless war with vice and folly wage ;  
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,  
 And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear :  
 While ignorance and malice join to blame,  
 And break the mirror that reflects their shame.  
 Henceforth he shall pursue a nobler task,  
 Shew her bright virgin face, and scorn the Satyr's mask.  
 Happy her future days ! which are design'd  
 Alone to paint the beauties of the mind.  
 By just originals to draw with care,  
 And copy from the court a faultless fair :  
 Such labours with success her hopes may crown,  
 And shame to manners an incorrigible town.  
 While this design her eager thoughts pursues,  
 Such various virtues all around she views,  
 She knows not where to fix, or which to chuse.  
 Yet, still ambitious of the daring flight,  
**ONE** only awes her with superior light.

From



92 CONGREVE'S POEMS.

From that attempt the conscious Muse retires,  
Nor to inimitable worth aspires :  
But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray  
That first enliven'd this auspicious day :  
On that bright star, to whose indulgent power  
We owe the blessings of the present hour.

Concurring omens of propitious fate  
Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date ;  
Whence we derive whatever we possess,  
By foreign conquest, or domestic peace.

Then, Britain, then thy dawn of bliss begun :  
Then broke the morn that lighted-up this sun !  
Then was it doom'd whose councils should succeed ;  
And by whose arm the christian world be freed ;  
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,  
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

T H E

T H E  
T E A R S  
O F  
A M A R Y L L I S F O R A M Y N T A S . ] :

A P A S T O R A L,

Lamenting the Death of the

LATE LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Inscribed to the Right Hon. the Lord GODOLPHIN,  
Lord High-Treasurer of England.

“ Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ

“ Amissos queritur fœtus ---

“ ————— miserabile Carmen

“ Integrat, & mœstis latè loca questibus implet.”

VIRG. Geor. 4.

**T** WAS at the time, when new-returning light  
With welcome rays begins to chear the sight;  
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,  
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;  
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,  
And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew.

'Twas then that Amaryllis, heavenly fair,  
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,

Forfook

Forsook her myrtle bower and rosy bed,  
 To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.  
 Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries  
 And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?  
 Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,  
 And dumb distress and new compassion show;  
 As taught by her to taste of human woe. }  
 Nature herself attentive silence kept,  
 And motion seem'd suspended while she wept;  
 The rising sun restrain'd his fiery course,  
 And rapid rivers listen'd at their source;  
 Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,  
 Left repetition should her accents drown;  
 The very morning-wind with-held his breeze,  
 Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees;  
 As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,  
 And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid.  
 No noise, no whispering sigh, no murmuring groan,  
 Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;  
 Her cries alone her anguish could express,  
 All other mourning would have made it less.

"Hear me," she cried, "ye nymphs and sylvan gods,  
 "Inhabitants of these once-lov'd abodes;  
 "Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,  
 "Hear my complaint---you would not hear my prayer;  
 "The loss which you prevented not, deplore,  
 "And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.

"Have I not cause, ye cruel powers, to mourn?  
 "Lives there like me another wretch forlorn;

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS. 95

- “ Tell me, thou sun that round the world dost shine,  
“ Haft thou beheld another loss like mine ?  
“ Ye winds, who on your wings sad accents bear,  
“ And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,  
“ Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore  
“ Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs, before ?  
“ Tell me, thou earth, on whose wide-spreading base  
“ The wretched load is laid of human race,  
“ Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress'd ?  
“ Lie all the dead so heavy on thy breast ?  
“ When hoary winter on thy shrinking head  
“ His icy, cold, depressing hand has laid,  
“ Haft thou not felt less chillness in thy veins ?  
“ Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains ?  
“ But why to thee do I relate my woe,  
“ Thou cruel earth, my most remorseless foe,  
“ Within whose darksome womb the grave is made,  
“ Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid ?  
“ What is 't to me, though on thy naked head  
“ Eternal winter should his horror shed,  
“ Though all thy nerves are numb'd with endless frost,  
“ And all thy hopes of future spring were lost ?  
“ To me what comfort can the spring afford ?  
“ Can my Amyntas be with spring restor'd ?  
“ Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies,  
“ Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies ?  
“ No, never ! never !---Say then, rigid earth,  
“ What is to me thy everlasting dearth ?  
“ Though never flower again its head should rear,  
“ Though never tree again should blossom bear,  
“ Though

96 CONGREVE'S POEMS.

" Though never grafs should cloath the naked ground,  
 " Nor ever healing plant or wholsome herb be found.  
 " None, none were found when I bewail'd their want ;  
 " Nor wholsome herb was found, nor healing plant,  
 " To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains,  
 " In vain I fearch'd the valleys, hills and plains ;  
 " But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,  
 " Or poisonous weeds distilling deadly dew.  
 " And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,  
 " To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,  
 " Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,  
 " A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.  
 " Witnefs to this, ye fawns of every wood,  
 " Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood.  
 " Well I remember what sad signs ye made,  
 " What showers of unavailing tears ye shed ;  
 " How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,  
 " When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave.  
 " For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,  
 " And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies ;  
 " Phantoms, and fiends, and wandering fires appear'd,  
 " And screams of ill-prefaging birds were heard.  
 " The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft,  
 " And frighted streams their wonted channels left ;  
 " With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,  
 " Where many a herd and harmless swain was drown'd ;  
 " While I forlorn and desolate was left,  
 " Of every help, of every hope bereft ;  
 " To every element expos'd I lay,  
 " And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.

" For



THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS. 97

- “ For thee, Amyntas, all these pains were borne;  
“ For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs were torn;  
“ For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,  
“ These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.  
“ To mourn thy fall, I'll fly the hated light,  
“ And hide my head in shades of endless night :  
“ For thou wert light, and life, and health to me ;  
“ The sun but thankless shines that shews not thee.  
“ Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young ?  
“ The joy of sight, the talk of every tongue ?  
“ Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear ?  
“ Or ever early fruit appear so fair ?  
“ Did ever youth so far his years transcend ?  
“ Did ever life so immaturely end ?  
“ For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,  
“ And every Muse prepar'd thy future praise.  
“ For thee the busy nymph stripp'd every grove,  
“ And myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets wove.  
“ But now, ah dismal change ! the tuneful throng  
“ To loud lamentings turn the chearful song.  
“ Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,  
“ And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.  
“ There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,  
“ There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die.”

This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,  
Excess of grief her faltering speech suppress'd.  
Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,  
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made ;  
Then from her swimming eyes began to pour  
Of softly-falling rain a silver shower ;

H

Her



Her loofely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,  
 O'er-spread the dewy grafs like streams of light :  
 As if the fun had of his beams been thorn,  
 And caft to earth the glories he had worn.  
 A fight fo lovely fad, fuch deep diftreffs,  
 No tongue can tell, no pencil can exprefs.

And now the winds, which had fo long been ftill,  
 Began the fwelling air with fighs to fill :  
 The water-nymphs, who motionlefs remain'd,  
 Like images of ice, while fhe complain'd,  
 Now loos'd their streams ; as when defcending rains  
 Roll the fteep torrents headlong o'er the plains.  
 The prone creation, who fo long had gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,  
 Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,  
 Difmal to hear, and terrible to tell ;  
 Nothing but groans and fighs were heard around,  
 And Echo multiplied each mournful found.

When all at once an univerfal pauze  
 Of grief was made, as from fome fecret caufe.  
 The balmy air with fragrant fcents was fill'd,  
 As if each weeping tree had gums diftill'd.  
 Such, if not fweeter, was the rich perfume  
 Which fwift afcended from Amyntas' tomb :  
 As if th' Arabian bird her neft had fir'd,  
 And on the fpicy pile were now expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked feen,  
 Was fudden fpread with lively-fpringing green ;  
 And Amarillis faw, with wondering eyes,  
 A flowery bed, where fhe had wept, arife ;

Thick

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS. 99

Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed,  
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;  
From every tear that fell, a violet grew,  
And thence their sweetness came, and thence their  
mournful hue.

Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,  
When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades;  
Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,  
For there this lonely flower will love to grow.  
Think on Amyntas, oft as ye shall stoop  
To crop the stalks and take them softly up.  
When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,  
Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear:  
To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,  
And bless his peaceful grave, where first they grew.

T O C Y N T H I A,

WEEPING, AND NOT SPEAKING.

E L E G Y.

**W**H Y are those hours, which Heaven in pity lent  
To longing love, in fruitless sorrow spent?  
Why sighs my fair? why does that bosom move  
With any passion stirr'd, but rising love?  
Can Discontent find place within that breast,  
On whose soft pillows ev'n Despair might rest?

H 2

Divide

Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part.  
 I am no stranger to an aching heart ;  
 Too well I know the force of inward grief,  
 And well can bear it to give you relief:  
 All Love's severest pangs I can endure :  
 I can bear pain, though hopeless of a cure.  
 I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh, and pray,  
 To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day ;  
 I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,  
 And meet, for humble Love, unkind Disdain ;  
 Anger and Hate I have been forc'd to bear,  
 Nay, Jealousy---and I have felt Despair.  
 These pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,  
 For cruel you, when I began to love.  
 Till warm Compassion took at length my part,  
 And melted to my wish your yielding heart.  
 O the dear hour, in which you did resign !  
 When round my neck your willing arms did twine,  
 And, in a kiss, you said your heart was mine. }  
 Through each returning year may that hour be  
 Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity ;  
 Gay be the sun that hour in all his light,  
 Let him collect the day to be more bright, }  
 Shine all that hour, and let the rest be night.  
 And shall I all this heaven of bliss receive  
 From you, yet not lament to see you grieve !  
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,  
 When your cold scorn and frowns forbid the fire ;  
 Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,  
 And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,

When



When all my joys complete in you I find,  
 Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind ?  
 O tell me, tell me all---whence does arise  
 This flood of tears ? whence are these frequent sighs ?  
 Why does that lovely head, like a fair flower  
 Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling shower,  
 Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow  
 Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe ?  
 Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,  
 Lock'd in these arms, think all thy sorrows past ;  
 Or what remain think lighter made by me ;  
 So I should think, were I so held by thee.  
 Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears ;  
 Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears ;  
 Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,  
 And let pale grief to glowing love give place.  
 O speak--- for woe in silence most appears ;  
 Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.  
 Is there a cause, which words can not express !  
 Can I not bear a part, nor make it less ?  
 I know not what to think---am I in fault ?  
 I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,  
 Nor wander'd from my love ; nor would I be  
 Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.  
 You weep afresh, and at that word you start !  
 Am I to be depriv'd then ?---must we part ?  
 Curse on that word so ready to be spoke,  
 For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.  
 Oh no, we must not, will not, can not part,  
 And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.

Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,  
 And racking fears and restless doubts increase;  
 And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,  
 The hottest hell, in which a heart can burn.

## A M O R E T.

## I.

**F**AIR Amoret is gone astray;  
 Pursue and seek her, every lover;  
 I'll tell the signs, by which you may  
 The wandering shepherdes discover.

## II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,  
 Both study'd, though both seem neglected;  
 Careless she is with artful care,  
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

## III.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,  
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;  
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,  
 Though certain aim and art direct them.

## IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates  
 For that which in herself she prizes;  
 And, while she laughs at them, forgets  
 She is the thing that she despises.

## L E S B I A.

**W**HEN Lesbica first I saw so heavenly fair,  
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,  
 I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,  
 As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.  
 But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,  
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,  
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,  
 And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

## D O R I S.

**D**ORIS, a nymph of riper age,  
 Has every grace and art,  
 A wise observer to engage,  
 Or wound a heedless heart.  
 Of native blush, and rosy dye,  
 Time has her cheek bereft;  
 Which makes the prudent nymph supply  
 With paint th' injurious theft.  
 Her sparkling eyes she still retains,  
 And teeth in good repair;  
 And her well-furnish'd front disdains  
 To grace with borrow'd hair.  
 Of size, she is nor short, nor tall,  
 And does to fat incline  
 No more, than what the French would call  
*Aimable Embonpoint.*



Farther, her person to disclose

I leave---let it suffice,

She has few faults, but what she knows,

And can with skill disguise.

She many lovers has refus'd,

With many more comply'd ;

Which, like her cloaths, when little us'd,

She always lays aside.

She's one, who looks with great contempt

On each affected creature,

Whose nicety would seem exempt

From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense,

Who want an inclination ;

And therefore never takes offence

At him who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses, she treats still

With so much sweet behaviour,

That her refusal, through her skill,

Looks almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express

To those whom she rejects,

She must be very fond, you'll guess,

Of such whom she affects :

But here our Doris far outgoes,

All that her sex have done ;

She no regard for custom knows,

Which reason bids her shun.

By

By reason her own reason 's meant,  
 Or, if you please, her will :  
 For, when this last is discontent,  
 The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way ;  
 Whether by Nature taught,  
 I shall not undertake to say,  
 Or by Experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,  
 She can next day difown,  
 And stare upon the strange man's face,  
 As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,  
 Such artful wonder frame,  
 The lover or distrusts his eyes,  
 Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,  
 Who are to bounty blind ;  
 For to forget what we bestow  
 Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks, nor needs :  
 For all her favours done  
 From her love flows, as light proceeds  
 Spontaneous from the sun.

On one or other still her fires  
 Display their genial force ;  
 And she, like Sol, alone retires,  
 To shine elsewhere of course.

## T O S L E E P.

## E L E G Y.

**O** Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,  
 How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds!  
 Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,  
 Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:  
 But oh, how swift, how sure thou art to shun  
 The wretch, by fortune or by love undone!  
 Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer powers,  
 Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?  
 Why dost thou cease thy hovering wings to spread,  
 With friendly shade around my restless bed?  
 Can no complainings thy compassion move?  
 Is thy antipathy so strong to love!  
 O no! thou art the prosperous lover's friend,  
 And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend.  
 With equal kindness, and with rival charms,  
 Thy slumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms;  
 Or from her bosom he to thine retires,  
 Where sooth'd with ease the panting youth respire,  
 Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,  
 And Rapture is reliev'd by Indolence.  
 But oh, what fortune does the lover bear,  
 Forlorn by thee, and haunted by Despair!  
 From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,  
 But painful nights his joyless days succeed.

But

But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?  
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my pain.  
Forgive what my distracting grief has said;  
I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.  
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,  
And my reluctant eyes from rest with-held;  
Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle chains,  
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.  
With her I sing, but cease not with her song,  
For more enduring woes my days prolong.  
The morning lark to mine accords his note,  
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:  
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,  
Wailing alike his absence and return.  
And all for thee---what had I well-nigh said?  
Let me not name thee, thou too-charming maid!  
No---as the wing'd musicians of the grove,  
Th' associates of my melody and love,  
In moving sound alone relate their pain,  
And not with voice articulate complain;  
So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing,  
And lose in air her name from whom they spring.  
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,  
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:  
For her, O Sleep, thy balmy sweets prepare;  
The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.  
Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless showers  
Imperle the folded leaves of evening flowers,  
Steal on her brow: and as those dews attend,  
Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend,

So wait thou for her morn; then, gently rise,  
And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,  
OCCASIONED BY L— Y—'s PICTURE.

**I** Yield, O Kneller, to superior skill,  
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the Poet's quill:  
If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her lays,  
It is no more to rival thee, but praise.  
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,  
To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair;  
But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,  
And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:  
But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,  
Have shewn my eyes th' impression in my heart;  
The bright idea both exists and lives,  
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives:  
Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,  
Can penetrate the heart and paint the mind.  
Others some faint resemblance may express,  
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by guess.  
Thy pictures raise no doubts; when brought to view,  
At once they're known, and seem to know us too.  
Transcendent artist! how compleat thy skill!  
Thy power to act is equal to thy will.  
Nature and art in thee alike contend,  
Not to oppose each other, but befriend:

For

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER. 109

For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,  
Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.  
As in thy pictures light consents with shade,  
And each to other is subservient made ;  
Judgement and genius so concur in thee,  
And both unite in perfect harmony.

But after-days, my friend, must do thee right,  
And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.  
Fame due to vast desert is kept in store,  
Unpay'd, till the deserfer is no more.  
Yet thou, in present, the best part hast gain'd,  
And from the chosen few applause obtain'd :  
Ev'n he who best could judge, and best could praise,  
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathless lays ;  
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name ;  
Let that alone suffice thee, think that fame.  
Unfit I follow where he led the way,  
And court applause by what I seem to pay.  
Myself I praise, while I thy praise intend,  
For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend ;  
And next to deeds which our own honour raise,  
Is to distinguish them who merit praise.

T O A C A N D L E.

E L E G Y.

**T**HOU watchful taper, by whose silent light  
I lonely pass the melancholy night ;  
Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,  
To whom alone I venture to complain ;

O learn



110 CONGREVE'S POEMS.

O learn with me, my hopeless love to moan ;  
Commiserate a life so like thy own.  
Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,  
Wasting that heart by which supply'd they burn.  
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display ;  
At once are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.  
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,  
And only during night presume to shine ;  
Their humble rays not daring to aspire  
Before the sun, the fountain of their fire :  
So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,  
To shades obscure and solitude withdraw ;  
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,  
From whose bright beams their being first arose.

OVID'S

## OVID'S THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ART OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

WHEREIN

He recommends the Rules and Instructions to the  
 FAIR SEX, in the Conduct of their Amours:  
 After having already compos'd Two Books for  
 the Use of MEN upon the same Subject.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;  
 And now we must instruct and arm the fair.  
 Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,  
 And mighty Love determine which shall yield.  
 Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to show  
 Unequal force against a naked foe:  
 No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,  
 And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.  
 But some exclaim, "What frenzy rules your mind?  
 "Would you increase the craft of woman-kind!  
 "Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you may  
 "Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey."  
 But, sure, too hard a censure they pursue,  
 Who charge on all the failings of a few.

Examine

Examine first impartially each fair,  
 Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.  
 If Menelaus, and the king of men,  
 With justice of their sister-wives complain ;  
 If false Eriphyle forsook her faith,  
 And for reward procur'd her husband's death ;  
 Penelope was loyal still, and chaste,  
 Though twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.  
 Reflect how Laodama's truth was try'd,  
 Who, though in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,  
 To share her husband's fate, untimely dy'd. }  
 Think how Alceste's piety was prov'd,  
 Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.  
 Receive me, Capaneus, Avadne cry'd ;  
 Nor Death itself our nuptials shall divide :  
 To join thy ashes, pleas'd I shall expire ;  
 She said, and leap'd amid the funeral fire.  
 Virtue herself a goddess we confess,  
 Both female in her name and in her dress ;  
 No wonder then, if to her sex inclin'd,  
 She cultivates with care a female mind.  
 But these exalted souls exceed the reach  
 Of that soft art which I pretend to teach.  
 My tender bark requires a gentle gale,  
 A little wind will fill a little sail.  
 Of sportive Loves I sing, and shew what ways  
 The willing nymph must use her blifs to raise,  
 And how to captivate the man she'd please. }  
 Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,  
 Apt to receive, and to retain, love's dart :

Man

Man has a breast robust, and more secure,  
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.  
 Men oft are false; and, if you search with care,  
 You 'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.

The faithless Jason from Medea fled,  
 And made Creusa partner of his bed.  
 Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore,  
 Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.

If then, the wild inhabitants of air  
 Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,  
 It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.

Enquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell,  
 Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell.

Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,  
 She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea :  
 Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn,  
 And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,  
 To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found;  
 To thee forlorn and languishing with grief,  
 His sword alone he left, thy last relief.

Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart  
 Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.  
 Love of itself, too quickly will expire;  
 But powerful Art perpetuates desire.

Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,  
 Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,  
 And thus she said; "What have poor women done?"

I

"Why

" Why is that weak, defenceless sex expos'd,  
 " On every side, by men well arm'd, inclos'd ?  
 " Twice are the men instructed by the Muse  
 " Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.  
 " The Bard, who injur'd Helen in his song,  
 " Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.  
 " And you, if on my favour you depend,  
 " The cause of women, while you live, defend."

This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore  
 She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore).

The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,  
 And from her presence inspiration drew.

Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,

And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind ;

Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,

Beware of coming age, nor waste your time :

Now, while you may, and ripening years invite,

Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight :

For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide ;

Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide :

Think, nor hereafter will the loss repay ;

For every morrow will the taste decay,

And leave less relish than the former day. }

I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,

The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing morn.

With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,

And see how leafless now, and how decay'd !

And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,

Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.

None,

None, then, will prefs upon your midnight hours,  
Nor wake, to ftrew your ftreet with morning flowers.  
Then nightly knockings at your door will ceafe,  
Whofe noifelefs hammer, then, may ruft in peace.

Alas, how foon a clear complexion fades !

How foon a wrinkled fkin plump flefh invades ;  
And what avails it, though the fair-one fwears  
She from her infancy had fome grey hairs ?  
She grows all hoary in a few more years,  
And then the venerable truth appears.

The fnake his fkin, the deer his horns may caft,  
And both renew their youth and vigours paft :  
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,  
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.

Then crop the flower which yet invites your eye,  
And which, ungather'd, on its ftalk muft die.

Befides, the tender fex is form'd to bear,  
And frequent births too foon will youth impair :  
Continual harveft wears the fruitful field,  
And earth itfelf decays too often till'd.

Thou didft not, Cynthia, fcorn the Latmian fwain ;

Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus difdain ;

The Paphian queen, who, for Adonis' fate  
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,  
Has not been found inexorable fince ;

Witness Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.

Then take example, mortals, from above,

And like immortals live, and like them love.

Refufe not thofe delights, which men require,  
Nor let your lovers languifh with defire.



False though they prove, what loss can you sustain ?  
 Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.  
 Though constant use ev'n flint and steel impairs,  
 What you employ no diminution fears.  
 Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny ?  
 Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry ?  
 Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain ;  
 What do they lose, that 's worthy to retain ?  
 Think not this said to prostitute the sex,  
 But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail,  
 Now launch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale.  
 And, first, we treat of dress. - The well-dress'd vine  
 Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine ;  
 And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,  
 Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.  
 Beauty 's the gift of gods, the sex's pride !  
 Yet to how many is that gift deny'd ?  
 Art helps a face ; a face, though heavenly fair,  
 May quickly fade for want of needful care.  
 In ancient days if women slighted dress,  
 Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.  
 If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,  
 A soldier's wife became it well enough.  
 Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides  
 Seven lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides ;  
 And might not he d'ye think, be well carefs'd,  
 And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd ?  
 With rude simplicity Rome first was built,  
 Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.

This capitol with that of old compare ;  
 Some other Jove, you'd think, was worship'd there.  
 That lofty pile, where senates dictate law,  
 When Tattius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw :  
 And where Apollo's fane refulgent stands,  
 Was heretofore a track of pasture-lands.  
 Let ancient manners other men delight ;  
 But me the modern please, as more polite.  
 Not that materials now in gold are wrought,  
 And distant shores for orient pearls are sought ;  
 Nor for, that hills exhaust their marble veins,  
 And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains ;  
 But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,  
 And polish'd from the rust of former date.  
 Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,  
 Nor in embroidery, or brocade, appear ;  
 Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire ;  
 And cleanliness more animates love's fire.  
 The hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a grace,  
 And much become, or misbecome the face.  
 What suits your features, of your glass enquire ;  
 For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.  
 A face too long should part and flat the hair,  
 Left, upward comb'd, the length too much appear :  
 So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round  
 Should show the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.  
 On either shoulder, one, her locks displays ;  
 Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he sings his lays :  
 Another, all her tresses ties behind ;  
 So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.

Dishevel'd locks most graceful are to some ;  
 Others, the binding fillets more become :  
 Some plait, like spiral shells, their braided hair,  
 Others, the loose and waving curl prefer.  
 But to recount the several dresses worn,  
 Which artfully each several face adorn,  
 Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,  
 The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.  
 Many there are, who seem to flight all care,  
 And with a pleasing negligence ensnare ;  
 Whose mornings oft in such a dress are spent,  
 And all is art that looks like accident.  
 With such disorder Iole was grac'd,  
 When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.  
 So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,  
 When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays  
 The losses they sustain, by various ways.  
 Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,  
 Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.  
 Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks disguise,  
 And Art gives colour which with Nature vies.  
 The well-wove towers they wear, their own are thought ;  
 But only are their own, as what they 've bought.  
 Nor need they blush to buy heads ready dress'd,  
 And chuse, at public shops, what suits them best.

Costly apparel let the fair-one fly,  
 Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.  
 What folly must in such expence appear,  
 When more becoming colours are less dear ?

One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue ;  
 Such as, through air serene, the sky we view.  
 With yellow lustre see another spread,  
 As if the golden-fleece compos'd the thread.  
 Some, of the sea-green wave the cast display ;  
 With this the nymphs their beauteous forms array :  
 And some the saffron hue will well adorn ;  
 Such is the mantle of the blushing morn.  
 Of myrtle-berries, one, the tincture shows ;  
 In this, of amethysts, the purple grows,  
 And, that, more imitates the paler rose. }  
 Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silvery plumes  
 Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.  
 Nor almond, nor the chestnut dye disclaim ;  
 Nor others, which from wax derive their name.  
 As fields you find, with various flowers o'erspread,  
 When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled ;  
 So various are the colours you may try,  
 Of which, the thirsty wool imbibes the dye,  
 Try every one : what best becomes you, wear ;  
 For no complexion all alike can bear.  
 If fair the skin, black may become it best,  
 In black the lovely fair Briseis dress'd :  
 If brown the nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,  
 Andromeda so charm'd the wondering sight.

I need not warn you of too-powerful smells,  
 Which, sometimes health, or kindly heat, expels.  
 Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care  
 The casual growth of all unseemly hair.

Though not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,  
 Nor such who taste remote the Mysian spring;  
 Yet, let me warn you, that, through no neglect,  
 You let your teeth disclose the least defect.  
 You know the use of white to make you fair,  
 And how, with red, lost colour to repair;  
 Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,  
 And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.  
 Nor need the fair-one be ashamed, who tries,  
 By art, to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book I've made, but with great care,  
 How to preserve the face, and how repair.  
 In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,  
 May see, what pains to please them I've employ'd.  
 But, still beware, that from your lover's eye  
 You keep conceal'd the medicines you apply:  
 Though art assists, yet must that art be hid,  
 Lest, whom it would invite, it should forbid.  
 Who would not take offence, to see a face  
 All daub'd, and dripping with the melted grease?  
 And though your unguents bear th' Athenian name,  
 The wool's unfavoury scent is still the same.  
 Marrow of stags, nor your pomatums try,  
 Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;  
 For many things, when done, afford delight,  
 Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.  
 Ev'n Myro's statues, which for art surpass  
 All others, once were but a shapeless mass;  
 Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,  
 As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.

Think,



Think, how that stone rough in the quarry grew,  
 Which, now, a perfect Venus shews to view.  
 While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,  
 Lock'd from observers, in some secret place.  
 Add the last hand, before yourselves you show;  
 Your need of art, why should your lovers know?  
 For many things, when most conceal'd, are best;  
 And few, of strict enquiry, bear the test.  
 Those figures which in theatres are seen,  
 Gilded without, are common wood within.  
 But no spectators are allow'd to pry,  
 Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,  
 To have the fair-one comb her hair in sight;  
 To view the flowing honours of her head  
 Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulder spread.  
 But let her look, that she with care avoid  
 All fretful humours, while she 's so employ'd;  
 Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,  
 All that her woman does; who does her best.  
 I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,  
 And scratches with her bodkin, or her nails;  
 While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,  
 And her heart curses, what her hands adorn.

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,  
 Plant centinels before her dressing-room:  
 Or in the fane of the good goddess dress,  
 Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)  
 A lady at her toilet once surpriz'd;

Who



Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tower she wore,  
 And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.  
 But on our foes fall every such disgrace,  
 Or barbarous beauties of the Parthian race.  
 Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn  
 The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn;  
 A leafless taste, or an unverdant mead;  
 And as ungraceful is a hairless head.

But think not, these instructions are design'd  
 For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind:  
 Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,  
 Nor an Europa, these my rules I write;  
 Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms  
 Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:  
 Thee to regain, well was that war begun,  
 And Paris well defended what he won;  
 What lover, or what husband, would not fight  
 In such a cause, where both are in the right?

The crowd I teach, some homely, and some fair,  
 But of the former sort, the larger share.  
 The handsome, least require the help of art,  
 Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's part.  
 When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,  
 But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person, or your face, correct:  
 And few are seen that have not some defect.  
 The nymph too short, her feat should seldom quit,  
 Left, when she stands, she may be thought to sit;  
 And when extended on her couch she lies,  
 Let length of petticoats conceal her size.

The

The lean, of thick-wrought stuff her cloaths should chuse,  
 And fuller made, than what the plumper use.  
 If pale, let her the crimson juice apply ;  
 If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly.  
 A leg too lank, tight garters still must wear ;  
 Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.  
 Round shoulders, bolster'd, will appear the least ;  
 And lacing strait, confines too full a breast.  
 Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,  
 Should always shun much gesture in discourse.  
 And you, whose breath is touch'd, this caution take,  
 Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.  
 Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,  
 Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.  
 You hardly think how much on this depends,  
 And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.  
 Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,  
 And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes.  
 Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,  
 Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.  
 In some, distortions quite the face disguise ;  
 Another laughs, that you would think she cries.  
 In one, too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,  
 Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot art attain ! Many, with ease,  
 Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.  
 Others through affectation, lisp, and find,  
 In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.  
 Neglect no means which may promote your ends ;  
 Now learn what way of walking recommends.

Too

Too masculine a motion shocks the sight ;  
 But female grace allures with strange delight.  
 One has an artful swing and jut behind,  
 Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind ;  
 Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,  
 And every step and graceful motion show.  
 Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse,  
 Strides all the space her petticoat allows.  
 Between extremes, in this, a mean adjust ;  
 Nor shew too nice a gait, nor too robust.  
 If snowy white your neck, you still should wear  
 That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare.  
 Such sights ne'er fail to fire my amorous heart,  
 And make me pant to kiss the naked part.  
 Sirens, though monsters of the stormy main,  
 Can ships, when under sail, with songs, detain :  
 Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,  
 When first he listen'd to the charming sound.  
 Singing insinuates : learn, all ye maids ;  
 Oft, when a face forbids, a voice persuades,  
 Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,  
 Or in Ruelle some soft Egyptian air.  
 Well shall she sing, of whom I make my choice,  
 And with her lute accompany her voice.  
 The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen stay'd,  
 When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd ;  
 Ev'n Cerberus and Hell that sound obey'd.  
 And stones officious were, thy walls to raise,  
 O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's lays.

}

The

The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,  
 And was Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.  
 Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse,  
 And read Philetas and Anacreon's verse.  
 Terentian plays may much the mind improve;  
 But softest Sappho best instructs to love.  
 Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,  
 And let Varronian verse to these succeed.  
 Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse;  
 Of all the Latin bards the noblest Muse.  
 Ev'n I, 'tis possible, in after-days,  
 May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these.  
 My labour'd lines some readers may approve,  
 Since I've instructed either sex in love.  
 Whatever book you read of this soft art,  
 Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.

Tender epistles too by me are fram'd,  
 A work before unthought-of, and unnam'd.  
 Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine!  
 Such thine, Apollo! and, Lyæus, thine!

Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,  
 Who gracefully to dance was never taught:  
 That active dancing may to love engage,  
 Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some old trifles I'm asham'd to tell,  
 Though it becomes the sex to trifle well;  
 To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,  
 Implies both cunning and dexterity.  
 Nor is 't amiss at ches to be expert,  
 For games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.

Learn

Learn every game, you 'll find it prove of use ;  
 Parties begun at play, may love produce.  
 But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,  
 Than how to keep your temper while you play.  
 Unguarded then, each breast is open laid,  
 And while the head 's intent, the heart 's betray'd.  
 Then, base desire of gain, then, rage appears,  
 Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears ;  
 Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,  
 While losing gamesters all the gods defy.  
 Then horrid oaths are utter'd every cast ;  
 They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay, weep at last.  
 Good Jove, avert such shameful faults as these,  
 From every nymph whose heart 's inclin'd to please.  
 Soft recreations fit the female kind ;  
 Nature, for men, has rougher sports design'd :  
 To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear ;  
 To stop, or turn the steed in full career.

Though martial fields ill suit your tender frames,  
 Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams ;  
 Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,  
 And at the glowing Virgin's sign arrive,  
 'Tis both allow'd and fit you should repair  
 To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.  
 To Pompey's gardens, or the shady groves  
 Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves :  
 Phœbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,  
 And made Augustus' victory compleat.  
 Or seek those shades, where monuments of fame  
 Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's name ;

Or



Or, where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,  
 When he with naval victory was crown'd.  
 To Isis' fane, to theatres resort ;  
 And in the Circus see the noble sport.  
 In every public place, by turns, be shown ;  
 In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.  
 Should you, in singing, Thamyras transcend ;  
 Your voice unheard, who could your skill commend ?  
 Had not Apelles drawn the sea-born Queen,  
 Her beauties still, beneath the waves had been.

Poets, inspir'd, write only for a name,  
 And think their labours well repay'd with fame,  
 In former days, I own, the Poets were  
 Of gods and kings the most peculiar care ;  
 Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,  
 And they, with rich possessions, were endow'd.  
 Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,  
 And, next his own, the Poet's statue plac'd.  
 But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,  
 And all their learning's thought an idle dream.

Still, there's a pleasure, that proceeds from praise :  
 What could the high renown of Homer raise,  
 But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays ?

Who could have been of Danae's charms assur'd,  
 Had she grown old, within her tower immur'd ?  
 This, as a rule, let every nymph pursue ;  
 That 'tis her interest oft to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,  
 In hopes, through many, to make sure of one.

So,



So, let the fair the gazing crowd assail,  
 That over one, at least, she may prevail.  
 In every place to please, be all her thought ;  
 Where, sometimes, least we think, the fish is caught.  
 Sometimes, all day, we burn the tedious foil ;  
 Anon, the stag himself shall seek the toil.

How could Andromeda once doubt relief,  
 Whose charms are heighten'd and adorn'd by grief ?  
 The widow'd fair, who sees her lord expire,  
 While yet she weeps, may kindle new desire,  
 And Hymen's torch re-light with funeral fire.

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd ;  
 And look, you fly with speed a fop profess'd.  
 Such tools, to you, and to a thousand more,  
 Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.  
 This way and that, unsteadily they rove,  
 And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.  
 Such fluttering things all women sure should hate,  
 Light as themselves, and more effeminate.  
 Believe me ! all I say is for your good ;  
 Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.

Many, with base designs, will passion feign,  
 Who know no love, but fordid love of gain.  
 But let no powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,  
 Your well-believing, easy hearts ensnare.  
 Rich cloaths are oft by common sharpers worn,  
 And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.  
 So, may your lover burn with fierce desire  
 Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.

Poor

Poor Cloe robb'd, runs crying through the streets :  
 And as she runs, " Give me my own," repeats.  
 How often, Venus, hast thou heard such cries,  
 And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries ?  
 Some so notorious are, their very name  
 Must every nymph whom they frequent, defame.  
 Be warn'd by ills, which others have destroy'd,  
 And faithless men with constant care avoid.  
 Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,  
 Who has so oft th' attesting gods betray'd.  
 And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,  
 Hast lost thy credit to all future times.

Promise for promise equally afford,  
 But once a contract made, keep well your word.  
 For, she for any act of hell is fit,  
 And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit,  
 With impious hands could quench the vestal fire,  
 Poison her husband, in her arms, for hire,  
 Who, first, to take a lover's gift complies,  
 And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my Muse, check thy unruly horse,  
 And more in sight pursue th' intended course.

If love-epistles, tender lines impart,  
 And billet-doux are sent, to found your heart,  
 Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,  
 Or confident, be secretly convey'd.  
 Soon from the words you 'll judge, if read with care,  
 When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.  
 Ere in return you write, some time require ;  
 Delays, if not too long, increase desire :

Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,  
 Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain.  
 Now, let his hopes, now, let his fears increase,  
 But by degrees let fear to hope give place.

Be sure avoid set phrases, when you write,  
 The usual way of speech is more polite.  
 How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd,  
 To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!  
 A stile too coarse takes from a handsome face,  
 And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (though Chastity be not your care)  
 You from your husband still would hide th' affair,  
 Write to no stranger, till his truth be try'd;  
 Nor in a foolish messenger confide.

What agonies that woman undergoes,  
 Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose;  
 Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,  
 And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!  
 Such treachery can never be surpass'd,  
 For those discoveries, sure as lightning, blast.  
 Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid;  
 Let arms repel all who with arms invade.

But since your letters may be brought to light,  
 What if in several hands you learn'd to write?  
 My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,  
 And this advice so necessary made.  
 Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,  
 First, rub your lover's out, then write again.  
 Still one contrivance more remains behind,  
 Which you may use as a convenient blind;

As

As if to women writ, your letters frame,  
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now, greater things to tell, my Muse prepare,  
And clap on all the sail the bark can bear.  
Let no rude passions in your looks find place;  
For fury will deform the finest face:  
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,  
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.

When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,  
And in a fountain saw the change it made,  
Swelling her cheek; she flung it quick aside;  
"Nor is thy musick so much worth," she cry'd.  
Look in your glafs, when you with anger glow,  
And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can know.  
Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,  
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.  
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,  
There's nothing more detestable than pride.  
How have I seen some airs disgust create,  
Like things which by antipathy we hate!  
Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles be paid,  
And when your lover bows, incline your head.  
So, Love preluding, plays at first with hearts,  
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.  
Nor me a melancholy mistress charms;  
Let sad Tecmeffa weep in Ajax' arms.  
Let mourning beauties, fullen heroes move;  
We, chearful men, like gaiety in love.  
Let Hector in Andromache delight,  
Who, in bewailing Troy, wastes all the night.

Had they not both borne children (to be plain)  
 I ne'er could think they 'd with their husbands lain.  
 I no idea in my mind can frame,  
 That either one or t' other doleful dame,  
 Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords  
 " My life, my soul ;" or speak endearing words.

Why, from comparifons fhould I refrain,  
 Or, fear fmall things by greater to explain ?  
 Obferve what conduct prudent generals ufe,  
 And how their feveral officers they chufe ;  
 To one, a charge of infantry commit,  
 Another, for the horfe, is thought more fit.  
 So you your feveral lovers fhould felect,  
 And, as you find them qualify'd, direct.  
 The wealthy lover ftore of gold fhould fend ;  
 The lawyer fhould, in courts, your caufe defend.  
 We, who write verfe, with verfe alone fhould bribe ;  
 Moft apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.  
 By us, your fame fhall through the world be blaz'd ;  
 So Nemefis, fo Cynthia's name was rais'd.  
 From eaft to weft, Lycoris' praifes ring ;  
 Nor are Corinna's filent, whom we fing.  
 No fraud the poet's facred breaft can bear ;  
 Mild are his manners, and his heart fincere :  
 Nor wealth he feeks, nor feels ambition's fires,  
 But fhuns the bar ; and books and fhades requires.  
 Too faithfully, alas ! we know to love,  
 With eafe we fix, but we with pain remove ;  
 Our fofter ftudies with our fouls combine,  
 And, both, to tendernes our hearts incline.



Be gentle, virgins, to the Poet's prayer,  
 The God that fills him, and the Muse revere;  
 Something divine is in us, and from heaven  
 Th' inspiring spirit can alone be given.

'Tis sin, a price from Poets to exact;  
 But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.

Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,  
 Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders, rein, with different force,  
 A new-back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse;  
 Do you, by different management, engage  
 The man in years, and youth of greener age.

This, while the wiles of Love are yet unknown,  
 Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:  
 With kind careffes oft indulge the boy,  
 And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.

Alone, thus blest'd, of rivals most beware;  
 Nor Love nor Empire can a rival bear.

Men more discreetly love, when more mature,  
 And many things, which youth disdains, endure;  
 No windows break, nor houses set on fire,  
 Nor tear their own, or mistress's attire.

In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,  
 But, men in years, more calmly wrongs resent.

As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,  
 They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.  
 More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies;  
 Then, swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,  
 How, surely to enslave ourselves, we show.



To trust a traitor, you 'll no scruple make,  
Who is a traitor only for your sake.

Who yields too soon, will soon her lover lose;  
Would you retain him long, then, long refuse.  
Oft, at your door, make him for entrance wait,  
There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.  
When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;  
Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore  
Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,  
The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.  
Bar but your gate, and let your Porter cry  
"Here 's no admittance, Sir; I must deny:"  
The very husband, so repuls'd, will find  
A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far, with foils you 've fought; those laid aside,  
I now, sharp weapons for the sex provide;  
Nor doubt, against myself, to see them try'd.

When first a lover you design to charm,  
Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;  
Make him believe, with all the skill you can,  
That he, and only he 's the happy man.  
Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,  
And let him fear some rival's better fate.  
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,  
Which else would languish, and too soon grow old.  
Then, strains the courser to outstrip the wind,  
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.  
Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive;  
I own, when mine 's secure, 'tis scarce alive.

Yet,

Yet one precaution to this rule belongs ;  
 Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.  
 Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,  
 Pretend your husband's spies beset the door :  
 Though free as Thais, still affect a fright ;  
 For seeming danger heightens the delight.  
 Oft let the youth in through your window steal,  
 Though he might enter at the door as well ;  
 And sometimes let your maid surprize pretend,  
 And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.  
 Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,  
 And let him taste of happiness sincere ;  
 Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue,  
 He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forget to tell how you may try  
 Both to evade the husband, and the spy.

That wives should of their husbands stand in awe,  
 Agrees with justice, modesty, and law :  
 But, that a mistress may be lawful prize,  
 None but her keeper, I am sure, denies ;  
 For such fair nymphs these precepts are design'd,  
 Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.  
 Though stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,  
 Advis'd by me, you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,  
 Can he observe what letters then you write ?  
 Or, can his caution against such provide,  
 Which, in her breast, your confident may hide ?  
 Can he the note beneath her garter view,  
 Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe ?

Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,  
 And, writing on her skin, your mind express.  
 New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,  
 Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen.  
 Fair will the paper shew, nor can be read,  
 Till all the writing 's with warm ashes spread.

Acrisius was, with all his care, betray'd ;  
 And in his tower of brass, a grandfire made.

Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,  
 Or in the Circus view the noble sport ?  
 Or, can you be to Isis' fane pursued,  
 Or Cybele's, whose rites all men exclude ?  
 Though watchful servants to the bagnio come,  
 They 're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.  
 Or, when some sudden sickness you pretend,  
 May you not take to your sick-bed a friend ?  
 False keys a private passage may procure,  
 If not, there are more ways besides the door.  
 Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follower treat ;  
 When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat :  
 Or, to prevent too-sudden a surprize,  
 Prepare a sleeping-draught to seal his eyes :  
 Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,  
 An inclination for his person feign ;  
 With faint resistance let her drill him on,  
 And, after competent delays, be won.

But what need all these various doubtful wiles,  
 Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles ?  
 Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd ;  
 Ev'n angry Jove with offerings is pleas'd.

With

With presents, fools and wife alike are caught,  
 Give but enough, the husband may be bought.  
 But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,  
 That you for ever his connivance buy ;  
 Pay him his price at once, for with such men  
 You 'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd,  
 Of jealousy occasion'd by a friend.  
 Believe me, apprehensions of that kind,  
 Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.  
 Trust not, too far, your she-companion's truth,  
 Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth :  
 The very confident that lends the bed,  
 May entertain your lover in your stead,  
 Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,  
 For such I 've known supply her lady's place.

But whither do I run with heedless rage,  
 Teaching the foe unequal war to wage ?  
 Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare ?  
 Was ever hound instructed by the hare ?  
 But, all self-ends and interest set apart,  
 I 'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.  
 Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life,  
 And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,  
 Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain ;  
 Full of himself he your design will aid :  
 To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.  
 With dying eyes his face and form survey,  
 Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay :

Now

Now drop a tear your sorrows to assuage,  
 Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage.  
 Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,  
 And make him pity your excessive love.  
 Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,  
 "How can I let this poor fond creature die?"  
 But chiefly, one, such fond behaviour fires,  
 Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires.  
 Proud of the homage to his merit done,  
 He'll think a goddess' might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,  
 Nor strait fly out, when you a rival fear.  
 Let not your passion o'er your sense prevail,  
 Nor credit lightly every idle tale.  
 Let Procris' fate a sad example be  
 Of what effects attend credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,  
 And flowering hills, a sacred fountain flows;  
 With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,  
 And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'er shade.  
 There rosemary and bay their odours join,  
 And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.  
 There tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,  
 And cytissus and garden-pines abound.  
 While through the boughs soft winds of Zephyr pass,  
 Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.  
 Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,  
 When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd:  
 And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,  
 "Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."

But



But some tale-bearing too officious friend,  
By chance o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;  
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,  
Repeating word for word what she had heard.  
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,  
With jealousy surpriz'd, and fainting fears,  
Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,  
And agonies, like death, supply'd the place;  
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,  
When first the vine the winter's blast receives.  
Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,  
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.  
Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,  
Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.  
Now, all dishevel'd, to the wood she flies,  
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.  
Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends;  
And all alone the shady hill ascends.  
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?  
What rage, thus fatally to lie conceal'd?  
Whoe'er this Aura be, (such was thy thought)  
She now shall in the very fact be caught.  
Ancn, thy heart repents its rash designs,  
And now to go, and now to stay inclines:  
Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind,  
And makes thee seek what thou must dread to find.  
But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,  
And more suspicious still the place appears:  
But more than all, excessive love deceives,  
Which, all it fears, too easily believes.

And,



And, now, a chilnefs runs through every vein,  
 Soon as ſhe ſaw where Cephalus had lain.  
 'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun  
 The ſcorching ardour of the mid-day fun ;  
 With water firſt he ſprinkled o'er his face,  
 Which glow'd with heat ; then ſought his uſual place.  
 Procris, with anxious but with ſilent care,  
 View'd him extended, with his boſom bare ;  
 And heard him ſoon th' accuſtom'd words repeat,  
 " Come, Zephyr ; Aura, come ; allay this heat :"  
 Soon as ſhe found her error, from the word,  
 Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd.  
 With joy ſhe roſe to claſp him in her arms :  
 But Cephalus the ruſtling noiſe alarms ;  
 Some beaſt he thinks he in the buſhes hears,  
 And ſtrait his arrows and his bow prepares.  
 " Hold ! hold ! unhappy youth !" ---I call in vain,  
 With thy own hand thou haſt thy Procris ſlain.  
 " Me, me (ſhe cries) thou 'ſt wounded with thy dart !  
 " But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.  
 " Yet lighter on my aſhes earth will lie,  
 " Since, though untimely, I unrival'd die :  
 " Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in death,  
 " Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath."  
 Cloſe to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,  
 And waſh'd, with ſtreaming tears, the wound he made ;  
 At length the ſprings of life their currents leave,  
 And her laſt gasp her husband's lips receive.  
 Now, to purſue our voyage we provide,  
 Till ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach  
 What rules to treats and entertainments reach.  
 Come not the first, invited to a feast ;  
 Rather come last, as a more grateful guest.  
 For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,  
 Meets with the surest welcome when arriv'd.  
 Besides, complexions of a coarser kind,  
 From candle-light no small advantage find.  
 During the time you eat, observe some grace,  
 Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face ;  
 Nor yet too squeamishly your meat avoid,  
 Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.  
 Of all extremes in either kind beware,  
 And still before your belly's full forbear.  
 No glutton-nymph, however fair, can wound,  
 Though more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own, I think, of wine the moderate use  
 More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse ;  
 It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,  
 And wine and love have always been allies.  
 But carefully from all intemperance keep,  
 Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or sleep.  
 For in such sleeps brutalities are done,  
 Which, though you loathe, you have no power to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph from table led,  
 Should next be taught how to behave in bed.  
 But modesty forbids: nor more, my Muse  
 With weary wings the labour'd flight pursues ;  
 Her purple swans unyok'd the chariot leave,  
 And needful rest (their journey done) receive,

Thus,

Thus, with impartial care, my art I show,  
 And equal arms on either sex bestow :  
 While men and maids, who by my rules improve,  
 Ovid must own their master is in love.

## O F P L E A S I N G .

## A N E P I S T L E

## T O S I R R I C H A R D T E M P L E .

'TIS strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,  
 That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.  
 So Horace sings---and sure, as strange is this :  
 That no one man 's displeas'd with what he is.  
 The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,  
 Are with their persons and their parts content.  
 Nor is that all, so odd a thing is man,  
 He most would be what least he should or can.  
 Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,  
 And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien ;  
 Cowards extol true courage to the skies,  
 And fools are still most forward to advise ;  
 Th' untrusted wretch to secrecy pretends,  
 Whispering his nothing round to all as friends.  
 Dull rogues affect the politicians part,  
 And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art ;  
 Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails ;  
 And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

Thus

Thus man perverse against plain nature strives,  
 And to be artfully absurd contrives.  
 Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,  
 Old Tritus keeps; and undone Probus games.  
 Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,  
 Though at a distance utter'd, threatens death,  
 Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws;  
 Nor mends his manners, though you hold your nose.  
 Therfites, who seems born to give offence,  
 From uncouth form, and frontless impudence,  
 Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,  
 Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin.  
 Raucus harangues with a diffusive grace,  
 And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,  
 But, that forsaken, we like comets err:  
 Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're broke,  
 And all her boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or ease,  
 Men most affect in general to please:  
 Of this affection vanity's the source,  
 And vanity alone obstructs its course;  
 That telescope of fools, through which they spy  
 Merit remote, and think the object nigh.  
 The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,  
 And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,  
 Pursue the path for which he was design'd,  
 And to his proper force adapt his mind;  
 Scarce one, but to some merit might pretend,  
 Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.

Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,  
 Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaff.  
 If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,  
 We bid the dying patient drink and live :  
 When Murus comes, we cry, " Beware the pill ;"  
 And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.  
 If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,  
 We study them with profit and delight :  
 But when vile Macor and Mundungus rhyme,  
 We grieve we 've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.  
 All rules of pleasing in this one unite,  
 " Affect not any thing in Nature's spite."  
 Baboons and apes ridiculous we find ;  
 For what ? For ill-resembling human-kind.  
 " None are, for being what they are, in fault,  
 " But for not being what they would be thought."  
 Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,  
 As to one perfect in the pleasing art ;  
 If art it may be call'd in you, who seem,  
 By Nature form'd for Love, and for Esteem.  
 Affecting none, all virtues you possess,  
 And really are what others but profess.  
 I 'll not offend you, while myself I please ;  
 I loathe to flatter, though I love to praise.  
 But when such early worth so bright appears,  
 And antedates the fame which waits on years ;  
 I can't so stupidly affected prove,  
 Not to confess it in the man I love.  
 Though now I aim not at that known applause  
 You 've won in arms, and in your country's cause ;

Not



Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,  
But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,  
That I presume too much in this essay.

How should I show what pleases? How explain  
A rule, to which I never could attain?

To this objection I 'll make no reply,  
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I 've read, or heard, a learned person, once,

(Concern'd to find his only son a dunce)

Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,

Whose memory, its seems, was very bad.

This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,

To help the frailty of forgetful fools.

The careful parent laid the treatise by,

Till Time should make it proper to apply.

Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,

To read and profit by his father's pains;

And now the fire prepare the books t' impart,

Which was yclept of memory and art.

But ah! how oft is human care in vain!

For now, he could not find his book again.

The place where he had laid it he forgot,

Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,

Which, if not true, is yet invented well,

Such is my case: Like most of theirs who teach;

I ill may practise, what I well may preach.

Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,

May lay the line, and measure out the ways.



The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,  
 And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,  
 Deform'd themselves, yet, forge those stays of steel,  
 Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.  
 So Macer and Mundungus school the times,  
 And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.  
 Well do they play the careful critic's part,  
 Instructing doubly by their matchless art :  
 Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,  
 Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.

A L E T T E R

To the Right Honourable the

LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM, 1729.

“ Albi fermonum nostrorum candide judex.”

SINCEREST Critic of my prose or rhyme,  
 Tell how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time,  
 Say, Cobham, what amuses thy retreat ?  
 Or stratagems of war, or schemes of state ?  
 Dost thou recall to mind with joy, or grief,  
 Great Marlborough's actions ? That immortal chief,  
 Whose slightest trophy rais'd in each campaign,  
 More than suffic'd to signalize a reign ?  
 Does thy remembrance rising warm thy heart,  
 With glory past, where thou thy self hadst part,  
 Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see,  
 The fruitless end of all thy victory ?

To

LETTER TO LORD COBHAM. 147

To see th' audacious foe, so late subdued,  
 Dispute those terms for which so long they sued,  
 As if Britannia now were sunk so low,  
 To beg that peace she wanted to bestow.  
 Be far that guilt ! be never known that shame !  
 That England should retract her rightful claim,  
 Or, ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,  
 Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword,  
 Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow.  
 Each vexing thought, and heart-devouring woe,  
 And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes,  
 To turn the level'd lawns to liquid plains,  
 To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,  
 And force the latent springs to lift their heads,  
 On watery columns, capitals to rear,  
 That mix their flowing curls with upper air.  
 Or dost thou, weary grown, these works neglect,  
 No temples, statues, obelisks erect,  
 But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads,  
 Or shun the noontide ray in wholesome shades,  
 Or slowly walk along the mazy wood,  
 To meditate on all that 's wise and good,  
 For nature bountiful in thee has join'd,  
 A person pleasing with a worthy mind,  
 Not given the form alone, but means, and art,  
 To draw the eye, or to allure the heart,  
 Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,  
 Yet want the way to use that fortune well.  
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,  
 At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd,

Graceful in form, and winning in address,  
 While well you think, what aptly you express,  
 With health, with honour, with a fair estate,  
 A table free, and eloquently neat,  
 What can be added more to mortal bliss ?  
 What can he want who stands possess'd of this ?  
 What can the fondest wishing mother more  
 Of heaven attentive for her son implore ?  
 And yet a happiness remains unknown,  
 Or to philosophy reveal'd alone ;  
 A precept, which unpractis'd renders vain  
 Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.  
 Should Hope and Fear thy heart alternate tear,  
 Or Love, or Hate, or Rage, or anxious Care,  
 Whatever passions may thy mind infest,  
 (Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest ?)  
 Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,  
 Still think the present day, the last of life ;  
 Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.  
 Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight,  
 With her enlivening and unlook'd-for light,  
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays !  
 As favours unexpected doubly please.  
 Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,  
 Content may keep his life, or calmly lose ;  
 All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,  
 When leisure from affairs will give thee leave,  
 Come, see thy friend, retir'd without regret,  
 Forgetting care, or striving to forget ;

LETTER TO LORD COBHAM. 149

In easy contemplation soothing time  
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme,  
Not so robust in body, as in mind,  
And always undejected, though declin'd;  
Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways,  
Compar'd with those of our fore-fathers days,  
For virtue now is neither more or less,  
And vice is only varied in the dress;  
Believe it, men have ever been the same,  
And all the golden age, is but a dream.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

ON MISS TEMPLE,

Afterwards Lady of Sir THOMAS LYTTETON.

LEAVE, leave the drawing-room,  
Where flowers of beauty us'd to bloom;  
The nymph that's fated to o'ercome,  
Now triumphs at the wells.  
Her shape, and air, and eyes,  
Her face, the gay, the grave, the wise,  
The beau, in spite of box and dice,  
Acknowledge, all excels.

Cease, cease, to ask her name,  
The crowned Muse's noblest theme,  
Whose glory by immortal fame,  
Shall only founded be.

But if you long to know,  
 Then look round yonder dazzling row,  
 Who most does like an angel shew,  
 You may be sure 'tis she.

See near those sacred springs,  
 Which cure to fell diseases brings,  
 (As ancient fame of Ida sings)  
 Three goddesses appear !  
 Wealth, glory, two possess ;  
 The third with charming beauty blest,  
 So fair, that heaven and earth confess  
 She conquer'd every where.

Like her, this charmer now  
 Makes every love-sick gazer bow ;  
 Nay, even old age her power allow,  
 And banish'd flames recall.  
 Wealth can no trophy rear,  
 Nor glory now the garland wear :  
 To beauty every Paris here  
 Devotes the golden ball.

A P I N.

A P I N D A R I C O D E,

Humbly offered to the

Q U E E N,

On the Victorious Progress of Her MAJESTY'S Arms  
under the Conduct of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefixed,

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

“ — Operosa parvus

“ Carmina fingo.” HOR. Lib. iv. Ode 2.

---

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the antient Lyric Poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of poems intituled Pindaric Odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and stile of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language, one Ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees



brought their honey, in omen of the future sweetness and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses, pretending to be copies of his works ?

The character of these late Pindarics is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connection, which though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been so misunderstood and misapplied by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the stanzas in different Odes ; but in each particular Ode they are ever correspondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the Ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are songs of triumph, victory or success in the Grecian games : they were sung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and sometimes to the lyre and pipe ; they consisted ofteneft of three stanzas ; the first was called the *Strophé*,  
from

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from the version or circular motion of the fingers in that stanza from the right hand to the left. The second stanza was called the Antistrophé, from the contraversion of the chorus; the fingers, in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the Strophé. The third stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the after-song) which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of these different motions and stations in singing their Odes, is not our present business to enquire. Some have thought that by the contrariety of the Strophé and Antistrophé, they intended to represent the contrarotation of the Primum Mobile, in respect of the Secunda Mobilia; and that by their standing still at the Epode, they meant to signify the stability of the earth. Others ascribe the institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth, in celebrating his return from thence.

The method observed in the composition of these Odes, was therefore as follows. The poet having made choice of a certain number of verses to constitute his Strophé or first stanza, was obliged to observe the same in his Antistrophé, or second stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of verses and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third stanza, or Epode; where, accordingly, he diversified his numbers, as his ear or fancy led him: composing that stanza of more or fewer verses than the former, and  
those

those verses of different measures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this Epode being thus formed, he was strictly obliged to the same measure as often as he should repeat it in the order of his Ode, so that every Epode in the same Ode is eternally the same in measure and quantity, in respect to itself; as is also every Strophé and Antistrophé, in respect to each other.

The lyric poet Stesichorus (whom Longinus reckons amongst the ablest imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian says, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been nearest of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventor of this order in the Ode, yet so strict an observer of it in his compositions, that the three stanzas of Stesichorus became a common proverb to express a thing universally known, "*ne tria quidem Stesichori nostri;*" so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, "he did not so much as know the three stanzas of Stesichorus;" that is, did not know that an Ode ought to consist of a Strophé, an Antistrophé, and an Epode. If this was such a mark of ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same reproof; I mean, in respect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long Preface to a short Ode, nor to enter upon a dissertation of Lyric Poetry in general: but thus much I thought proper to say,

say, for the information of those readers whose course of study has not led them into such enquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to sing our Odes, the titles, as well as use of *Strophé*, *Antistrophé*, and *Epode*, are obsolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good English Odes, without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of these Odes, which have been represented to us hitherto, as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal Odes should consist of the three afore-mentioned stanzas; yet if the reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it *Epode*, or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the first and second stanzas with more appetite than he could do, if always cloyed with the same quantities and measures; I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example,



ample, to the great improvement of the English Ode. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance; especially, if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficulty does not shew itself, till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the work, first sets us upon the enquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased. Therefore certainly poetry, which includes painting and music, should not be destitute of them; and of all poetry, especially the Ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his Preface to his Pindaric Odes, speaking of the music of numbers, says, “ which sometimes (especially in Songs and Odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent poet.”

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that something should be said of him, at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse. But there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindaric Odes. The beauty of his verses, are an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and sublimity of his stile and sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal,

pal, though innocent occasion, of so many deformed poems since, which, instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painters term) been only caricatures of him, resemblances that for the most part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error, in having heretofore miscalled a few irregular stanzas a Pindaric Ode; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same mistake, would ingenuously confess the truth, they might own, that, never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust; and finding their account in the great ease with which they could produce Odes without being obliged either to measure or design, remained satisfied; and it may be, were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet if Pausanias was well informed, we may be assured, that brevity was a beauty which he most industriously laboured to preserve in his Hymns, notwithstanding, as the same author reports, that they were but few in number.

The shortness of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the Preface, and in some measure for the defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same number of stanzas with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, which is the first of his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I resolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the  
last



last Strophé of the same Ode; which take in the paraphrase of Sudorius.

“ Qui multa paucis stringere commode  
 “ Novere, morfus hi facile invidos  
 “ Spernunt, & auris mensque pura  
 “ Omne supervacuum rejectat.”

O D E.

I.

**D**AUGHTER of Memory, immortal Muse,  
 Calliope; what poet wilt thou chuse,  
 Of Anna's name to sing?  
 To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,  
 Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;  
 Whom raise sublime on thy ætherial wing,  
**And** consecrate with dews of thy Castalian spring?

II.

Without thy aid, the most aspiring mind  
 Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,  
 Striving to rise in vain:  
 Nor e'er can hope with equal lays  
 To celebrate bright Virtue's praise.  
 Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humblest swain,  
**May** climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the starry orb is hung,  
 And next Alcides' guardian arm,  
 That harp to which thy Orpheus sung,  
 Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm;  
 That

That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,  
 When first the vocal shell was found,  
 With more than mortal skill  
 Inventer Hermes taught to found :  
 Hermes on bright Latona's son,  
 By sweet persuasion won,  
 The wondrous work bestow'd ;  
 Latona's son, to thine  
 Indulgent, gave the gift divine :  
 A god the gift, a god th' invention show'd.

I.

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains ;  
 A lower note his lofty song disdains  
 Who sings of Anna's name.  
 The lyre is struck ! the sounds I hear !  
 O Muse, propitious to my prayer !  
 O well-known sounds ! O Melody, the same  
 That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Mæonian flame !

II.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,  
 Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone :  
 Witness sweet Spenser's lays :  
 And witness that immortal song,  
 As Spenser sweet, as Milton strong,  
 Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raise,  
 And mighty William sing, with well-proportion'd praise.

III.

Rise, fair Augusta, lift thy head,  
 With golden towers thy front adorn ;  
 Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed  
 With chearful ray the ruddy morn.      •  
 Thy

Thy lovely form, and fresh-reviving state,  
 In crystal flood of Thames furvey;  
 Then, blest thy better fate,  
 Bless Anna's most auspicious sway.  
 While distant realms and neighbouring lands,  
 Arm'd troops and hostile bands  
 On every side molest,  
 Thy happier clime is free,  
 Fair Capital of Liberty!  
 And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest.

## I.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,  
 Unshaken sees against her silver shoars  
 His foaming billows beat;  
 So Britain's Queen, amidst the jars  
 And tumults of a world in wars,  
 Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,  
 Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of fate.

## II.

But greatest souls, though blest with sweet repose,  
 Are soonest touch'd with sense of others woes.  
 Thus Anna's mighty mind,  
 To mercy and soft pity prone,  
 And mov'd with sorrows not her own,  
 Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,  
 To wake for common good, and succour human-kind.

## III.

Fly, tyranny; no more be known  
 Within Europa's blissful bound;  
 Far as th' uninhabitable zone  
 Fly every hospitable ground.

To

To horid Zembla's frozen realms repair,  
 There with the baleful beldam, Night,  
 Unpeopled empire share,  
 And rob those lands of legal right.  
 For now is come the promis'd hour,  
 When Justice shall have power ;  
 Justice to earth restor'd !  
 Again Astrea reigns !  
 Anna her equal scale maintains,  
 And Marlborough wields her sure deciding sword.

## I.

Now, couldst thou soar, my Muse, to sing the man  
 In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan  
 Her towering pinions spread ;  
 Thou should'st of Marlborough sing, whose hand  
 Unerring, from his Queen's command,  
 Far as the seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,  
 To save th' Imperial state, her hardy Britons led.

## II.

Nor there thy song should end ; though all the Nine  
 Might well their harps and heavenly voices join  
 To sing that glorious day,  
 When bold Bavaria fled the field,  
 And veteran Gauls unus'd to yield  
 On Blenheim's Plain imploring mercy lay ;  
 And spoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.

## III.

But could thy voice of Blenheim sing,  
 And with success that song pursue ;  
 What art could aid thy wearied wing  
 To keep the victor still in view ?

M

For

For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,  
 Nor sets but with impartial ray  
 To all who want his light  
 Alternately transfers the day :  
 So in the glorious round of fame,  
 Great Marlborough, still the same,  
 Incessant runs his course :  
 To climes remote, and near,  
 His conquering arms by turns appear,  
 And universal is his aid and force.

## I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse,  
 For O ! what notes, what numbers could'st thou chuse  
 Though in all numbers skill'd :  
 To sing the hero's matchless deed,  
 Which Belgia fav'd, and Brabant freed ;  
 To sing Ramillia's day ! to which must yield  
 Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd Pharfalia's field.

## II.

In the short course of a diurnal sun,  
 Behold the work of many ages done !  
 What verse such worth can raise ?  
 Lustre and life, the Poet's art  
 To middle virtue may impart ;  
 But deeds sublime, exalted high like these,  
 Transcend his utmost fight ; and mock his distant praise.

## III.

Still would the willing Muse aspire,  
 With transport still her strains prolong ;  
 But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,  
 And admiration stops her song.

Go on, great chief, in Anna's cause proceed;  
Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword,  
    Till Europe thou hast freed,  
And universal peace restor'd.  
This mighty work when thou shalt end,  
    Equal rewards attend,  
    Of value far above  
    Thy trophies and thy spoils;  
    Rewards ev'n worthy of thy toils,  
Thy Queen's just favour, and thy Country's love.



To the Right Honourable the

EARL OF GODOLPHIN,

Lord HIGH-TREASURER of GREAT BRITAIN.

PINDARIC ODE.

- “ — Quemvis mediâ erue turbâ :  
 “ Aut ob avaritiam, aut miserâ ambitione laborat.  
 “ Hunc capit argenti splendor—  
 “ Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo  
 “ Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala præceps  
 “ Fertur——  
 “ Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.”

HOR. L. I. Sat. iv.

I.

**T**O hazardous attempts and hardy toils,  
 Ambition some excites ;  
 And some, desire of martial spoils  
 To bloody fields invites ;  
 Others, insatiate thirst of gain  
 Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,  
 To pass the burning line, and bear  
 Th' inclemency of winds, and seas, and air ;  
 Pressing the doubtful voyage till India's shore  
 Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her shining ore.

↑

II. Not

## II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,  
 Can stop th' invader's force;  
 Nor swelling seas, nor threatening skies,  
 Prevent the pirate's course:  
 Their lives to selfish ends decreed,  
 Through blood or rapine they proceed;  
 No anxious thoughts of ill repute  
 Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit:  
 But power and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,  
 Their fellow-creatures fears they raise, or urge their hate.

## III.

But not for these his ivory lyre  
 Will tuneful Phœbus string,  
 Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir,  
 Th' immortal epode sing.  
 Thy springs, Castalia, turn their streams aside  
 From rapine, avarice, and pride;  
 Nor do thy greens, shady Aonia, grow,  
 To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

## I.

How just, most mighty Jove, yet how severe  
 Is thy supreme decree,  
 That impious men shall joyless hear  
 The Muses' harmony!  
 Their sacred songs, (the recompence  
 Of virtue and of innocence)  
 Which pious minds to rapture raise,  
 And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,

To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;  
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

## II.

Monstrous Typhœus, thus, new terrors fill,  
He, who assail'd the skies,  
And now, beneath the burning hill  
Of dreadful Ætna lies.  
Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,  
He bellows in th' abyfs profound;  
Sicilia trembles at his roar,  
Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore;  
While all his hundred mouths, at once respire  
Volumes of curling smoke, and floods of liquid fire.

## III.

From heaven alone all good proceeds;  
To heavenly minds belong  
All power and love, Godolphin, of good deeds,  
And sense of sacred song!  
And thus most pleasing are the Muse's lays  
To them who merit most her praise;  
Wherefore, for thee, her ivory lyre she strings,  
And soars with rapture while she sings.

## I.

Whether affairs of most important weight  
Require thy aiding hand,  
And Anna's cause and Europa's fate  
Thy serious thoughts demand;  
Whether thy days and nights are spent  
In cares, on public good intent;

Or

Or whether leisure hours invite  
 To manly sports, or to refin'd delight ;  
 In courts residing, or to plains retir'd,  
 Where generous steeds contest, with emulation fir'd !

## II.

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,  
 As once she Theron sung,  
 While with the deathless worthy's fame  
 Olympian Pisa rung :  
 Nor less sublime is now her choice,  
 Nor less inspir'd by thee her voice.  
 And now she loves aloft to sound  
 The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd ;  
 Varying anon her theme, she takes delight  
 The swift-heel'd horse to praise, and sing his rapid flight.

## III.

And see ! the air-born racers start,  
 Impatient of the rein ;  
 Faster they run than flies the Scithian dart,  
 Nor, passing, print the plain !  
 The winds themselves, who with their swiftness vie,  
 In vain their airy pinions ply ;  
 So far in matchless speed thy courfers pass  
 Th' ætherial authors of their race.

## I.

And now a while the well-strain'd courfers breathe ;  
 And now, my Muse, prepare  
 Of olive leaves a twisted wreath  
 To bind the victor's hair.

Pallas, in care of human-kind,  
 The fruitful olive first design'd ;  
 Deep in the glebe her spear she lanc'd,  
 When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd :  
 The Gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,  
 And all, with one consent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

## II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd,  
 In bounty to the world,  
 To emulate the blue-ey'd maid ;  
 And his huge trident hurl'd  
 Against the sounding beach ; the stroke  
 Transfix'd the globe, and open broke  
 The central earth, whence, swift as light,  
 Forth rush'd the first-born horse. Stupendous fight !  
 Neptune for human good the beast ordains,  
 Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to bear the reins.

## III.

Thus gods contended (noble strife,  
 Worthy the heavenly mind !)  
 Who most should do to soften anxious life,  
 And most endear mankind.  
 Thus, thou, Godolphin, dost with Marlborough strive,  
 From whose joint toils we rest derive :  
 Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,  
 Sweet Peace at home thy care secures.

## AN IMPOSSIBLE THING.

## A T A L E.

**T**O thee, dear Dick, this tale I send,  
 Both as a critick and a friend.  
 I tell it with some variation  
 (Not altogether a translation)  
 From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,  
 Whose Muse would touch thee to the quick.  
 The subject is of that same kind,  
 To which thy heart seems most inclin'd:  
 How verse may alter it, God knows,  
 Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in prose.  
 So, without preface, or pretence,  
 To hold thee longer in suspense,  
 I shall proceed, as I am able,  
 To the recital of my fable.

A goblin of the merry kind,  
 More black of hue, than curst of mind,  
 To help a lover in distress,  
 Contriv'd a charm with such success,  
 That in short space the cruel dame  
 Relented, and return'd his flame.  
 The bargain, made betwixt them both,  
 Was bound by honour and by oath:  
 The lover laid down his salvation,  
 And Satan stak'd his reputation.

The



The latter promis'd on his part  
 (To serve his friend, and shew his art),  
 That madam should by twelve o' clock,  
 Though hitherto as hard as rock,  
 Become as gentle as a glove,  
 And kiss and coo like any dove.  
 In short, the woman should be his,  
 That is, upon condition---Viz.  
 That he, the lover, after tasting  
 What one would wish were everlasting ;  
 Should, in return for such enjoyment,  
 Supply the fiend with fresh employment :  
 " That 's all, quoth Pug ; my poor request  
 " Is, only, never to have rest ;  
 " You thought, 'tis like, with reason too,  
 " That I should have been serv'd, not you :  
 " But what ? upon my friend impose !  
 " No---though a devil, none of those.  
 " Your business then, pray understand me,  
 " Is nothing more but to command me.  
 " Of one thing only let me warn ye :  
 " Which somewhat nearly may concern ye :  
 " As soon as e'er one work is done,  
 " Strait name a new one ; and so on ;  
 " Let each to other quick succeed,  
 " Or else---you know how 'tis agreed---  
 " For if through any hums or haws  
 " There haps an intervening pause,  
 " In which, for want of fresh commands,  
 " Your slave obsequious, idle stands,

" Nor

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“ Nor soul nor body ever more  
“ Shall serve the nymph whom you adore ;  
“ But both be laid at Satan’s feet,  
“ To be dispos’d as he thinks meet.”

At once the lover all approves ;  
For who can hesitate that loves ?

And thus he argues in his thought :

“ Why, after all, I venture nought ;  
“ What mystery is in commanding ?  
“ Does that require much understanding ?  
“ Indeed, wert my part to obey,  
“ He’d go the better of the lay :  
“ But he must do what I think fit---  
“ Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit.”

Thus pleas’d in mind, he calls a chair,  
Adjusts, and combs, and courts the fair :  
The spell takes place, and all goes right,  
And happy he employs the night  
In sweet embraces balmy kisses,  
And riots in the blifs of bliffes.

“ O joy,” cried he, “ that has no equal !”  
But hold---no raptures---mark the sequel.  
For now, when near the morning’s dawn,  
The youth began as ’twere to yawn ;  
His eyes a filky slumber seiz’d,  
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas’d :  
But that officious Dæmon near,  
Now buzz’d for business in his ear ;  
In haste, he names a thousand things :  
The goblin plies his wicker wings,

And

And in a trice returns to ask  
 Another and another task.  
 Now palaces are built and towers,  
 The work of ages in few hours.  
 Then storms are in an instant rais'd,  
 Which the next moment are appeas'd.  
 Now showers of gold and gems are rain'd,  
 As if each India had been drain'd :  
 And he, in one astonish'd view,  
 Sees both Golconda and Peru.  
 These things, and stranger things than these,  
 Were done with equal speed and ease.  
 And now to Rome poor Pug he 'll send ;  
 And Pug soon reach'd his journey's end,  
 And soon return'd with such a pack  
 Of bulls and pardons at his back,  
 That now, the Squire (who had some hope  
 In holy water and the pope)  
 Was out of heart, and at a stand  
 What next to wish, and what command ;  
 Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,  
 And black despair succeeds brown study.  
 In this distress the woeful youth  
 Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,  
 Begging her counsel, for whose sake  
 Both soul and body were at stake,  
 " And is this all ?" replies the fair :  
 " Let me alone to cure this care.  
 " When next your Dæmon shall appear,  
 " Pray give him---look, what I hold here,

" And

“ And bid him labour, soon or late,  
 “ To lay these ringlets lank and strait.”  
 Then, something scarcely to be seen,  
 Her finger and her thumb between  
 She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,  
 “ Your Goblin's skill shall now be try'd.”

She said; and gave---what shall I call  
 That thing so shining, crisp, and small,  
 Which round his finger strove to twine?  
 A tendril of the Cyprian vine?  
 Or sprig from Cytherea's grove;  
 Shade of the labyrinth of love?  
 With awe, he now takes from her hand  
 That fleece-like flower of fairy land:  
 Less precious, whilom, was the fleece  
 Which drew the Argonauts from Greece?  
 Or that, which modern ages see  
 The spur and prize of chivalry,  
 Whose curls of kindred texture grace  
 Heroes and kings of Spanish race.

The spark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,  
 He issues, thus, his strict command:  
 “ This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,  
 “ Render direct, and perpendicular;  
 “ But so direct, that in no sort  
 “ It ever may in rings retort.  
 “ See me no more till this be done:  
 “ Hence, to thy task---avaunt, be gone.”

Away the fiend like lightning flies,  
 And all his wit to work applies:

Anvils and presses he employs,  
 And dins whole hell with hammering noise.  
 In vain : he to no terms can bring  
 One twirl of that reluctant thing ;  
 Th' elastic fibre mocks his pains,  
 And its first spiral form retains.  
 New stratagems the sprite contrives,  
 And down the depths of sea he dives :  
 " This sprunt its pertness sure will lose  
 " When laid (said he) to soak in ooze."  
 Poor foolish fiend ! he little knew  
 Whence Venus and her garden grew.  
 Old Ocean, with paternal waves  
 The child of his own bed receives ;  
 Which oft as dipt new force exerts,  
 And in more vigorous curls reverts.  
 So when to earth Alcides flung  
 The huge Antæus, whence he sprung,  
 From every fall fresh strength he gain'd,  
 And with new life the fight maintain'd.  
 The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd,  
 Now knows what flight to practise next :  
 The more he tries, the more he fails ;  
 Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails.  
 But all concur his shame to show,  
 And more exasperate the foe.

And now he pensive turns and sad,  
 And looks like melancholic mad.  
 He rolls his eyes now off, now on  
 That wonderful phænomenon.

Some-

Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,  
 Then, pausing, meditates profound :  
 No end he sees of his surprize,  
 Nor what it should be can devise :  
 For never yet was wool or feather,  
 That could stand buff against all weather ;  
 And unrelax'd, like this, resist  
 Both wind and rain, and snow and mist.  
 What stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,  
 What spinster which could spin such thread,  
 He nothing knew ; but, to his cost,  
 Knew all his fame and labour lost.  
 Subdued, abash'd, he gave it o'er ;  
 'Tis said, he blush'd ; 'tis sure, he swore  
 Not all the wiles that hell could hatch  
 Could conquer that Superb Mustach.  
 Defeated thus, thus discontent,  
 Back to the man the Dæmon went :  
 " I grant," quoth he, " our contract null,  
 " And give you a discharge in full.  
 " But tell me now, in name of wonder,  
 " (Since I so candidly knock under)  
 " What is this thing ? Where could it grow ?  
 " Pray take it---'tis in statu quo.  
 " Much good may 't do you ; for my part,  
 " I wash my hands of 't from my heart."  
 " In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,"  
 Replies the lad, " you 're too soon weary.  
 " What, leave this trifling task undone !  
 " And think'st thou this the only one ?



" Alas ! were this subdued, thoud'it find  
 " Millions of more such still behind ;  
 " Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,  
 " Both you and all your whole fraternity."

### The PEASANT in Search of his HEIFER:

#### A TALE AFTER M. DE LA FONTAINE

**I**T so befell : a filly fwain  
 Had sought his heifer long in vain ;  
 For wanton she had frisking stray'd,  
 And left the lawn, to seek the shade,  
 Around the plain he rolls his eyes,  
 Then, to the wood, in haste he hies ;  
 Where, singling out the fairest tree,  
 He climbs, in hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass  
 A jolly lad and buxom lass :  
 The place was apt, the pastime pleasant ;  
 Occasion with her forelock present :  
 The girl agog, the gallant ready ;  
 So lightly down he lays my lady.  
 But so she turn'd, or so was laid,  
 That she some certain charms display'd,  
 Which with such wonder struck his sight  
 (With wonder, much ; more, with delight)  
 That loud he cry'd in rapture, " What ?  
 " What see I, gods ! What see I not !"

But

PEASANT IN SEARCH OF HIS HEIFER. 177

But nothing nam'd ; from whence 'tis guess'd,  
'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The clown aloft, who lent an ear,  
Strait stopt him short in mid career:  
And louder cry'd, " Ho ! honest friend,  
" That of thy seeing see'st no end ;  
" Dost see the heifer, that I seek ?  
" If do st, pray be so kind to speak."

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS.

SING, Muse, the force and all-informing fire  
Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire :  
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,  
And tame the stubborn race of men to love.  
The wilder herds and ravenous beast of prey  
Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway.  
Through pathless Air, and boundless Ocean's space,  
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race ;  
Whole nature on her sole support depends,  
And far as life exists, her care extends.

Of all the numerous host of gods above,  
But three are found inflexible to love.  
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves his heart,  
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art ;  
In shining arms the martial maid delights,  
O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights ;  
With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,  
And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd ;

N

Taught

Taught artists first the carving tool to wield,  
 Chariots with brags to arm, and form the fenceful shield;  
 She first taught modest maids in early bloom  
 To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.

Diana next, the Paphian queen defies,  
 Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies:  
 She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and chearful horn  
 Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the morn,  
 To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the wood-land deer:  
 To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear,  
 Sometimes, of gloomy groves she likes the shades,  
 And there of virgin nymph the chorus leads;  
 And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the plains,  
 And loves society where virtue reigns.

The third celestial power averse to love  
 Is virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove;  
 Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd;  
 And both with fruitless labour long pursued;  
 For she, severely chaste, rejected both,  
 And bound her purpose with a solemn oath,  
 A virgin life inviolate to lead;  
 She swore, and Jove assenting bow'd his head.  
 But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd  
 Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,  
 The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supply'd.  
 High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,  
 And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice:  
 For holy rites to Vesta first are paid,  
 And on her altar first-fruit offerings laid;  
 So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS. 179

These are the powers above, and only these,  
 Whom Love and Chytherea's art displease :  
 Of other beings, none in earth or skies  
 Her force resists, or influence denies.  
 With ease, her charms the thunderer can bind.  
 And captivate with love th' almighty mind :  
 Ev'n he, whose dread commands the gods obey,  
 Submits to her, and owns superior sway ;  
 Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her power,  
 He oft descends, his creatures to adore ;  
 While, to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,  
 Some well-diffembled shape the gods belie.  
 Juno, his wife and sister, both in place  
 And beauty, first among th' ætherial race ;  
 Whom, all-transcending in superior worth,  
 Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth :  
 And Jove, by never-erring counsel sway'd,  
 The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length, with just resentment fir'd,  
 The laughing queen herself with love inspir'd.  
 Swift through her veins the sweet contagion ran,  
 And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man ;  
 That she, like other deities, might prove  
 The pains and pleasures of inferior love ;  
 And not insultingly the gods deride,  
 Whose sons were human by the mother's side :  
 Thus, Jove ordain'd she now for man should burn,  
 And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,  
 His lowing herds the young Anchises fed :

Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen  
 Beheld, and lov'd to madness soon as seen,  
 To Cyprus strait the wounded goddess flies,  
 Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,  
 And altars smoke with daily sacrifice. }  
 Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,  
 Where entering quick, the shining gates she barr'd.  
 The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare,  
 And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair,  
 Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,  
 And all adown ambrosial odour sheds.  
 Last, in transparent robes her limbs they fold,  
 Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold.  
 And thus attir'd, her chariots she ascends,  
 And, Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.

On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat  
 Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat:  
 And ever as she walk'd through lawn or wood,  
 Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood,  
 Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,  
 And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.  
 Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,  
 And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd delight.  
 For, every glance she gives, soft fire imparts,  
 Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.  
 Inflam'd with love, all single out their mates,  
 And to their shady dens each pair retreats.

Meantime the tent she spies so much desir'd,  
 Where her Anchises was alone retir'd;

With-



HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS. 181

Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-swains,  
 Who fed their flocks beneath, and fought the plains :  
 In pleasing solitude the youth she found.  
 Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound.  
 Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,  
 In form and dress, a huntress of the wood ;  
 For had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,  
 The youth with awe and fear had been surpriz'd.  
 Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd  
 To see a nymph so bright, and so attir'd.  
 For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,  
 As if with radiant flames she were array'd ;  
 Her hair in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,  
 In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held ;  
 With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,  
 And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast :  
 Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,  
 And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, through every vein  
 A thrilling joy he felt, and pleasing pain.  
 At length he spake---“ All hail, celestial fair !  
 “ Who humbly dost to visit earth repair.  
 “ Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,  
 “ Latoņa, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love,  
 “ All hail ! all honour shall to thee be paid ;  
 “ Or art thou \* Themis ? or the † blue-ey'd maid !  
 “ Or, art thou fairest of the Graces three,  
 “ Who with the gods share immortality ?

\* The Goddess of Equity and Right. † Pallas.

“ Or



" Or else, some nymph, the guardian of these woods,  
 " These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?  
 " Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field,  
 " I, to thy honour, will an altar build,  
 " Where holy offerings I 'll each hour prepare ;  
 " O prove but thou propitious to my prayer !  
 " Grant me, among the Trojan race, to prove  
 " A patriot worthy of my country's love ;  
 " Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be  
 " Bless'd in my children and posterity :  
 " Happy in health, long let me see the sun,  
 " And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."

He said.---Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd,  
 " Delight of human-kind, thy sex's pride !  
 " Honour'd Anchises, you behold in me  
 " No goddess bless'd with immortality ;  
 " But mortal I, of mortal mother came,  
 " Otreus my father (you have heard the name)  
 " Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,  
 " And all her towns and fortresses commands.  
 " When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,  
 " There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;  
 " Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,  
 " I, like my own, can speak the Trojan tongue.  
 " In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold ;  
 " Why thus arriv'd, I shall the cause unfold.  
 " As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,  
 " I and my fellow-nymph of Cynthia's train  
 " Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,  
 " And by admiring crowds encompass'd round,

" Lo!

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS. 183

“ Lo ! hovering o'er my head I saw the god  
“ Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod :  
“ Sudden he seiz'd, then bore me from their fight,  
“ Cutting through liquid air his rapid flight.  
“ O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,  
“ O'er hills and valleys, and o'er deserts waste ;  
“ O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,  
“ And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens.  
“ Through all which pathless way our speed was such,  
“ We stopt not once the face of earth to touch.  
“ Meantime he told me, while through air we fled, }  
“ That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed, }  
“ And with illustrious offspring bless his bed: }  
“ This said, and pointing to me your abode,  
“ To heaven again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd God ;  
“ Thus, of necessity, to you I come,  
“ Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.  
“ But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,  
“ By all that's dear to you, by all you love,  
“ By your good parents (for no bad could e'er  
“ Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair) ;  
“ That you no wiles employ to win my heart,  
“ But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart ;  
“ Inviolate and guiltless of your bed,  
“ Let me be to your house and mother led.  
“ Me to your father and your brothers show,  
“ And our alliance first let them allow :  
“ Let me be known, and my condition own'd,  
“ And no unequal match I may be found.

" Equality to them my birth may claim,  
 " Worthy a daughter's or a sister's name,  
 " Though for your wife, of too inferior fame.  
 " Next, let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,  
 " To tell my father of my fortunes pass'd,  
 " And ease my mother in that anxious state,  
 " Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.  
 " They in return shall presents bring from thence  
 " Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense :  
 " You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac'd,  
 " In price and beauty far above the rest.  
 " This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,  
 " Grateful to men below, and Gods above."  
 She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,  
 Which to his heart insinuate desires.  
 Resistless love invading thus his breast,  
 The panting youth the smiling queen address'd ;  
 " Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,  
 " And Otreus you report your father's name ;  
 " And since th' immortal Hermes from above,  
 " To execute the dread commands of Jove,  
 " Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,  
 " A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead :  
 " Know, now, that neither gods nor men have power  
 " One minute to defer the happy hour,  
 " This instant will I seize upon thy charms,  
 " Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms :  
 " Though Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,  
 " Stood ready to transfix my panting heart ;

" Though

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS. 185

“ Though Death, though Hell, in consequence attend,  
“ Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend.”

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous hand;  
The goddesses smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand;  
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,  
Where soft and silken coverlets were spread,  
And over all a counterpane was plac'd,  
Thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,  
Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil;  
And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.

Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,  
And he with eager haste disrobes the fair.

Her sparkling necklace, first, he laid aside;  
Her bracelets next, and braided hair unty'd:  
And now, his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,  
Which girt her radiant robe around her waste;  
Her radiant robe at last aside was thrown,  
Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.

The Queen of Love the youth thus disarray'd,  
And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.  
Anchises now (so Jove and fate ordain'd)  
The sweet extreme of ecstasy attain'd;  
And mortal he, was like th' immortals blest'd,  
Not conscious of the goddess he possess'd.

But when the swains their flocks and herds had fed,  
And from the flowery field returning, led  
Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed;  
In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound,  
The wary goddess her Anchises bound:

Then

Then gently rising from his side and bed,  
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.

And now, her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears,  
Nor more a mortal, but herself appears :  
Her face refulgent, and majestic mien,  
Confess'd the goddess, Love's and Beauty's Queen.

Then thus, aloud, she calls : " Anchises, wake ;  
" Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake :  
" Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,  
" Behold me well---say, if I seem the same."

At her first call, the chains of sleep were broke,  
And, starting from his bed, Anchises woke :  
But when he Venus view'd without disguise,  
Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes ;  
Aw'd and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,  
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.  
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,  
In winged words, he thus the Queen address'd :

" When first, O Goddess, I thy form beheld,  
" Whose charms so far humanity excell'd ;  
" To thy celestial power my vows I paid,  
" And with humility implor'd thy aid :  
" But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,  
" Didst thy divine immortal state disown.  
" But now, I beg thee by the filial love  
" Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,  
" Compassion on my human state to show ;  
" Nor let me lead a life infirm below ;  
" Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,  
" Nor let me share of men the common fate :

" Since



HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS. 187

“ Since never man with length of days was blest,  
“ Who in delights of love a deity possess’d.”  
To him, Jove’s beauteous daughter thus replied :  
“ Be bold, Anchises ; in my love confide :  
“ Nor me, nor other God, thou need’st to fear,  
“ For thou to all the heavenly race art dear.  
“ Know, from our loves, thou shalt a son obtain,  
“ Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign ;  
“ From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,  
“ And whose posterity shall know no end.  
“ To him thou shalt the name Æneas give,  
“ As one, for whose conception I must grieve,  
“ Oft as I think, he to exist began  
“ From my conjunction with a mortal man.”

But Troy, of all the habitable earth,  
To a superior race of men gives birth ;  
Producing heroes of th’ ætherial kind,  
And next resembling gods in form and mind.  
From thence great Jove to azure skies convey’d  
To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.  
Where, by th’ immortals honour’d (strange to see !)  
The youth enjoys a blest’d eternity.  
In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,  
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.  
Long did the King, his fire, his absence mourn,  
Doubtful by whom, or where, the boy was borne :  
Till Jove at length, in pity of his grief,  
Dispatch’d Argicides to his relief ;  
And, more with gifts to pacify his mind,  
He sent him horses of a deathless kind,  
Whose feet outstript in speed the rapid wind.

}  
Charging



Charging withal swift Hermes to relate  
 The youth's advancement to a heavenly state ;  
 Where all his hours are pass'd in circling joy,  
 Which age can ne'er decay, nor death destroy.  
 Now, when this embassy the King receives,  
 No more for absent Ganymede he grieves ;  
 The pleasing news his aged heart revives,  
 And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.

“ But when the golden-thron'd Aurora made  
 “ Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,  
 “ (Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,  
 “ Resembling gods in face and form divine)  
 “ For him she strait the thunderer address'd,  
 “ That with perpetual life he might be blest'd :  
 “ Jove heard her prayer, and granted her request. }  
 “ But ah ! how rash was she, how indiscreet !  
 “ The most material blessing to omit ;  
 “ Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,  
 “ That length of days might be with strength supplied ;  
 “ And to her lover's endless life, engage  
 “ An endless youth, incapable of age.  
 “ But hear what fate befell this heavenly fair,  
 “ In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of air.  
 “ Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,  
 “ Is by Aurora with delight caress'd ;  
 “ Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,  
 “ Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost tides.  
 “ But when she saw grey hairs begin to spread,  
 “ Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,

“ The

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS. 189.

" The goddess cold in her embraces grew,  
 " His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew ;  
 " Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,  
 " And food ambrosial, and rich cloaths bestow'd :  
 " But when of age he felt the sad extreme,  
 " And every nerve was shrunk, and limb was lame,  
 " Lock'd in a room her useless spouse she left,  
 " Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.  
 " On terms like these, I never can desire  
 " Thou should'st to immortality aspire.  
 " Could'st thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,  
 " Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,  
 " Could'st thou for ever thus my husband prove,  
 " I might live happy in thy endless love ;  
 " Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day,  
 " When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay.  
 " But thou, alas ! too soon and sure must bend  
 " Beneath the woes which painful age attend ;  
 " Inexorable age ! whose wretched state  
 " All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.  
 " Now, know, I also must my portion share,  
 " And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear.  
 " For I, who heretofore in chains of love  
 " Could captivate the minds of gods above,  
 " And force them, by my all-subduing charms,  
 " To sigh and languish in a woman's arms :  
 " Must now no more that power superior boast,  
 " Nor tax with weakness the celestial host ;  
 " Since I myself this dear amends have made,  
 " And am at last by my own arts betray'd.

“ Erring

" Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,  
 " This hour, by thee, I have a son conceiv'd ;  
 " Whom hid beneath my zone, I must conceal,  
 " Till Time his being and my shame reveal.

" Him shall the nymphs who these fair woods adorn  
 " In their deep bosoms nurse, as soon as born ;  
 " They nor of mortal nor immortal feed  
 " Are said to spring, yet on Ambrosia feed,  
 " And long they live, and oft in chorus join  
 " With gods and goddeffes in dance divine.  
 " These the Sileni court ; these Hermes loves,  
 " And their embraces seeks in shady groves.  
 " Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce  
 " From common parent earth's prolific juice ;  
 " With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,  
 " Or ample-spreading oaks at once they grow ;  
 " All have their trees allotted to their care,  
 " Whose growth, duration, and decrease they share,  
 " But holy are these groves by mortals held,  
 " And therefore by the ax are never fell'd.  
 " But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,  
 " It first appears to droop, and then grows dry ;  
 " The bark to crack and perish next is seen,  
 " And last the boughs it sheds, no longer green :  
 " And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,  
 " And live and die coæval with their trees.  
 " These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,  
 " Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son ;  
 " And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes glow,  
 " To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.

" More

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS. 192

“ More to instruct thee, when five years shall end,  
“ I will again to visit thee descend,  
“ Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight,  
“ Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight ;  
“ Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,  
“ And will that with him thou to Troy repair :  
“ There, if enquiry shall be made, to know  
“ To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe ;  
“ Be sure thou nothing of the truth detect,  
“ But ready answer make as I direct.  
“ Say of a sylvan nymph the fair youth came,  
“ And Calycopis call his mother's name.  
“ For should'st thou boast the truth, and madly own  
“ That thou in bliss hadst Cytherea known,  
“ Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,  
“ And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.  
“ Now all is told thee, and just caution given,  
“ Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of heaven.”

She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,  
Cutting through liquid air her heavenward flight.

All hail, bright Cyprian Queen ! thee first I praise,  
Then to some other power transfer my lays.

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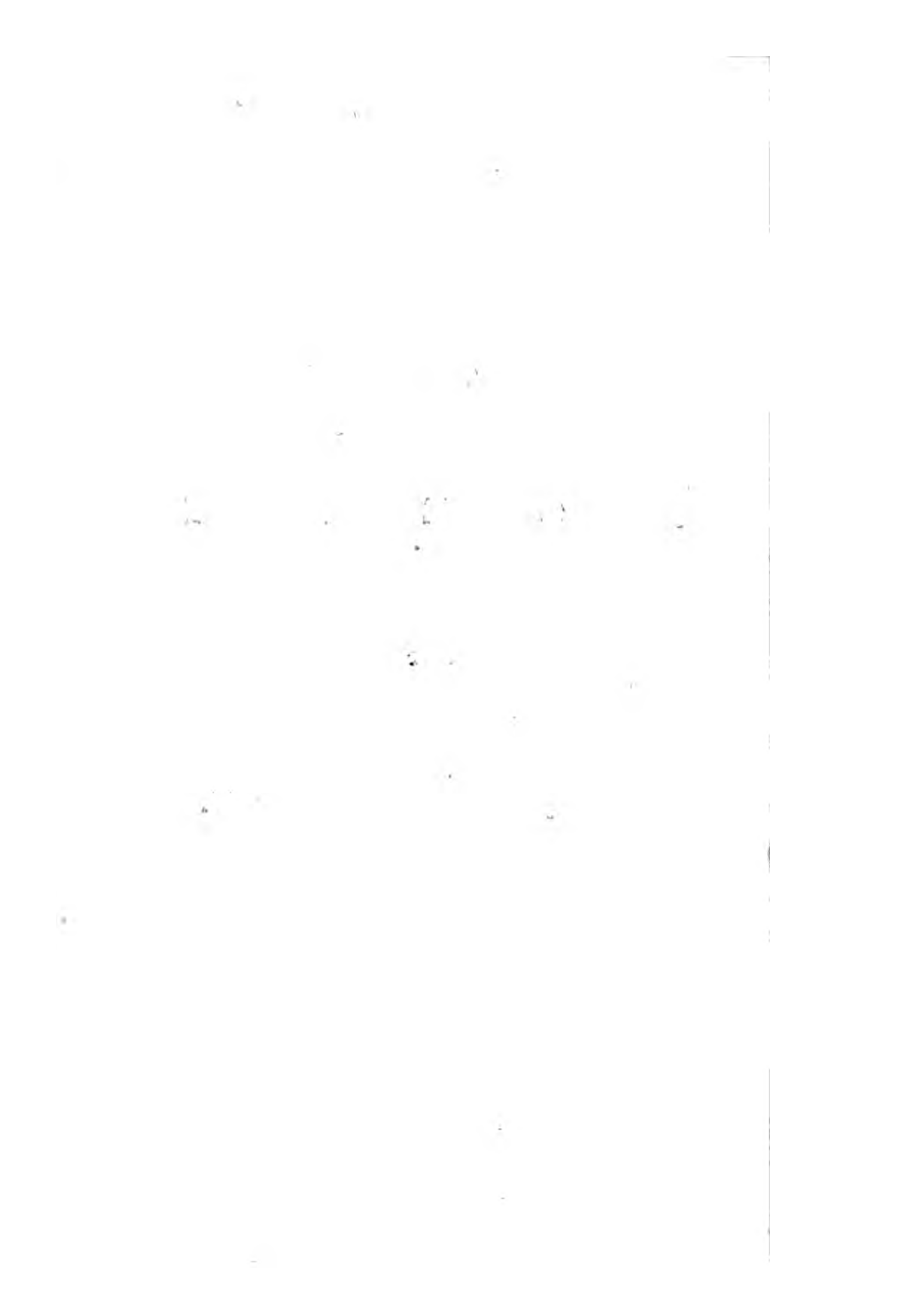


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T H E  
P O E M S

O F

E L I J A H F E N T O N .



P O E M S

B Y

E L I J A H F E N T O N.

+++++

To the Right Honourable CHARLES, Earl  
of Orrery, these POEMS are most humbly dedi-  
cated by his Lordship's most obliged, and most  
obedient Servant, E. FENTON.

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A N

O D E T O T H E S U N,

For the N E W - Y E A R, 1707.

“ Augur, & fulgente decorus arcu  
“ Phœbus acceptusque novem Camœnis,  
“ Qui salutari levat arte fessos  
“ Corporis artus; —————  
“ Alterum in Lustrum meliusque semper  
“ Proroget ævum.”

HOR.

I.

**B**EGIN, celestial source of light,  
To gild the new-revolving sphere;  
And from the pregnant womb of night,  
Urge on to birth the infant year.

O 3

Rich

Rich with auspicious lustre rise,  
 Thou fairest regent of the skies,  
 Conspicuous with thy silver bow !  
 To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove  
 To rule the radiant orbs above,  
 To Gloriana this below.

## II.

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

## III.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,  
 And the long honours of her race began,  
 Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,  
 They from thy stores in happy order ran.  
 Heroes elected to the list of fame,  
 Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state :  
 Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name  
 Render'd the glories of her reign compleat,  
 Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,  
 In comely spoils of war, and great atchievements drest.

Say,

I.

Say, Phœbus, for thy searching eye  
 Saw Rome the darling child of fate,  
 When nothing equal here could vie  
 In strength with her imperious state;  
 Say if high virtues there did reign  
 Exalted in a nobler strain,  
 Than in fair Albion thou hast seen:  
 Or can her demi-gods compare  
 Their trophies for successful war,  
 To those that rise for Albion's Queen!

II.

When Albion first majestic shew'd  
 High o'er the circling seas her head,  
 Her the great Father smiling view'd,  
 And thus to bright Victoria said:  
 Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,  
 On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,  
 This isle to you shall sacred be;  
 Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,  
 And crowns be vanquish'd, or prevail,  
 As Gloriana shall decree.

III.

Victoria triumph in thy great increase!  
 With joy the Julian stem the Tyber claims,  
 Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess;  
 The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames:  
 Roll, Sovereign of the streams! thy rapid tide,  
 And bid thy brother floods revere the Queen,  
 Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd  
 To save the Danube, and subdue the Seine;



And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,  
Exalt thy silver urn, and duteous homage claim.

## I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,  
On earth, great God of Day, look down :  
Let Windsor entertain thy fight,  
Clad in fair emblems of renown :  
And whilst in radiant pomp appear  
The names to bright Victoria dear,  
Intent the long procession view :  
Confess none worthier ever wore  
Her favours, or was deck'd with more,  
Than she confers on Churchill's brow.

## II.

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

## III.

O Phœbus ! all thy saving power employ,  
Long let our vows avert the destin'd woe,  
Ere Gloriana re-ascends the sky,  
And leaves a land of orphans here below !

But



ODE TO THE SUN. 201

But when (so Heaven ordains!) her smiling ray  
Distinguish'd o'er the balance shall preside,  
Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,  
May her mild influence all their councils guide:  
To Albion ever constant in her love,  
Of Sovereigns here the best, the brightest star above.

I.

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

II.

Secure of bright eternal fame,  
With happy wing the Theban swan  
Towering from Pisa's sacred stream,  
Inspir'd by thee the song began:  
Through desarts of unclouded light,  
When he harmonious took his flight,  
The gods constrain'd the founding spheres:  
Still Envy darts her rage in vain,  
The lustre of his worth to stain,  
He growing whiter with his years.

But

## III.

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

## I.

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

## II.

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

In

In types of regal power was seen :  
 With fair pre-eminence confest  
 It triumph'd in a private breast,  
 And made the Princess more than Queen,

III.

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

I.

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

II.

The warrior led the Britons forth  
 On foreign fields to dare their fate ;  
 Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,  
 In war unknowing to retreat :

Thou,

Thou, Phœbus, saw'st the hero's face,  
 When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,  
 And mighty fury fill'd his breast:  
 How like thyself, when to destroy  
 The Greeks thou didst thy darts employ,  
 Fierce with thy golden quiver drest!

## III.

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his native land,  
 Red with dishonest wounds Bavaria mourn'd,  
 The Chief, at Gloriana's high command,  
 Like a rous'd lion to the Maes return'd;  
 With vengeful speed the British sword he drew,  
 Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay;  
 Whilst wing'd with fear the force of Gallia flew;  
 As when the morning star restores the day,  
 The wandering ghosts of twenty thousand slain  
 Fleetfullen to the shades from Blenheim's mournful plain.

## I.

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

## II. Parent

II.

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

III.

I Britannia ! fix'd on foreign wars,  
 Guiltless of civil rage extend thy name :  
 The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,  
 Are bounds but equal to thy sovereign's fame.  
 With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,  
 Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,  
 Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores ;  
 So Earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's spear,  
 A gentler birth obedient did disclose ;  
 And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.

I.

When with establish'd freedom blest'd,  
 The globe to great Alcides bow'd,  
 Whose happy power reliev'd th' oppress'd  
 From lawless chains, and check'd the proud ;  
 Mature in fame, the grateful gods  
 Receiv'd him to their bright abodes :

Where



Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys ;  
 Garlands the willing Muses wove,  
 And each with emulation strove  
 T' adorn the Churchill of the skies.

## II.

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

## III.

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

\* The Black Prince.

F L O R E L I O.

A P A S T O R A L.

Lamenting the Death of the late

MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

**A**SK not the cause why all the tuneful swains,  
 Who us'd to fill the vales with tender strains,  
 In deep despair neglect the warbling reed,  
 And all their bleating flocks refuse to feed.  
 Ask not why greens and flowers so late appear  
 To cloath the glebe, and deck the springing year;  
 Why sounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,  
 And swoln with tears to floods the rivulets rise:  
 The fair Florelia now has left the plain,  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.  
 For thee, lov'd youth! on every vale and lawn,  
 The nymphs and all thy fellow-shepherds moan.  
 The little birds now cease to sing and love,  
 Silent they sit, and droop on every grove:  
 No mounting lark now warbles on the wing,  
 Nor linnets chirp to cheer the fullen spring:  
 Only the melancholy turtles coo,  
 And Philomel by night repeats her woe.  
 O, charmer of the shades! the tale prolong,  
 Nor let the morning interrupt thy song:

Or

Or softly tune thy tender notes to mine,  
 Forgetting Tereus, make my sorrows thine.  
 Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Say, all ye shades, where late he us'd to rest,  
 If e'er your beds with lovelier swain were prest ;  
 Say, all ye silver streams, if e'er ye bore  
 The image of so fair a face before.

But now, ye streams, assist me whilst I mourn,  
 For never must the lovely swain return ;  
 And, as these flowing tears increase your tide,  
 O, murmur for the shepherd as ye glide :  
 Be sure, ye rocks, while I my grief disclose,  
 Let your sad echoes lengthen out my woes :  
 Ye breezes, bear the plaintive accent on,  
 And, whispering, tell the woods Florelia's gone.  
 For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Ripe strawberries for thee, and peaches grew,  
 Sweet to the taste, and tempting red to view.  
 For thee the rose put sweeter purple on,  
 Preventing, by her haste, the summer-sun.  
 But now the flowers all pale and blighted lie,  
 And in cold sweats of sickly mildew die.  
 Nor can the bees suck from the shrivel'd blooms  
 Ætherial sweets, to store their golden combs.  
 Oft' on thy lips they would their labour leave,  
 And sweeter odours from thy mouth receive :  
 Sweet as the breath of Flora, when she lies  
 In jasmine shades, and for young Zephyr sighs.

But now those lips are cold ; relentless death  
 Hath chill'd their charms, and stopt thy balmy breath.  
 Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,  
 And kindled in the coldest nymphs desire,  
 Robb'd of their beams, in everlasting night  
 Are clos'd, and give us woes as once delight :  
 And thou, dear youth, hast left the lonely plain,  
 And art the grief, who wert the grace, of every British swain.

As in his bower the dying shepherd lay,  
 The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay !  
 The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the wood,  
 And haunt the flowery meads, around him stood.  
 There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,  
 And, as he gasp'd, they gave a sad farewell.  
 Softly, they cry'd, as sleeping flowers are clos'd  
 By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd :  
 A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,  
 And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave :  
 Yearly thy hearse with garlands we'll adorn,  
 And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn ;  
 Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,  
 Nor less wert thou belov'd by every swain.  
 Come, shepherds, come, perform the funeral due,  
 For he was ever good and kind to you :  
 On every smoothest beech, in every grove,  
 In weeping characters record your love.  
 And as in memory of Adonis slain,  
 When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,  
 His river, to record the guilty day,  
 With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea :

So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,  
 And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow :  
 Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,  
 And with thy tears supply the frugal urn.  
 The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave the lawn ;  
 And yearly on their banks renew their moan :  
 His mother, while they there lament, shall be  
 The queen of love, the lov'd Adonis he :  
 On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,  
 And he too like Adonis in his fate !  
 For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plan,  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preside,  
 Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide ;  
 Nor fly the wintry winds, nor scorching sun,  
 Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.  
 Oft' they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,  
 And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelia dy'd.  
 Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove  
 To sooth the pleasing agonies of love.  
 But now they roam, distracted with despair,  
 And cypress, twin'd with mournful willows, wear.  
 Thus, hand in hand, around his grave they go,  
 And saffron-buds and fading lilies strow,  
 With sprigs of myrtle mix'd, and scattering cry,  
 So sweet and soft the shepherd was ! so soon decreed to die !  
 There fresh, in dear remembrance of their woes,  
 His name the young anemonies disclose :  
 Nor strange they should a double grief avow,  
 Then Venus wept, and Pastorella now.



Breathe soft, ye winds ! long let them paint the plain,  
 Unhurt, untouch'd by every passing swain.  
 And when, ye nymphs, to make the garlands gay,  
 With which ye crown the Mistress of the May :  
 Ye shall these flowers to bind her temples take,  
 O pluck them gently for Florelio's sake !  
 And when through Woodstock's green retreats ye stray,  
 Or Althrop's flowery vales invite to play ;  
 O'er which young Pastorella's beauties bring  
 Elysium early, and improve the spring :  
 When evening gales attentive silence keep,  
 And heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,  
 By the soft fall of every warbling stream,  
 Sigh your sad airs, and bless the shepherd's name :  
 There to the tender lute attune your woe,  
 While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow.  
 So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bowers,  
 And Zephyr brush the mildew from the flowers !  
 Bid all the swans from Cam and Isis haste,  
 In the melodious choir to breathe their last.  
 O Colin, Colin, could I there complain  
 Like thee, when young Philifides was slain !  
 Thou sweet frequenter of the Muses' stream !  
 Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme ?  
 Though weak my voice, though lowly be my lays,  
 They shall be sacred to the shepherd's praise :  
 To him my voice, to him my lays belong,  
 And bright Myrtilla now must live unfung :  
 Even she, whose artless beauty bless'd me more  
 Than ever swain was bless'd by nymph before ;



While every tender sigh to seal our blifs,  
 Brought a kind vow, and every vow a kifs :  
 Fair, chaste, and kind, yet now no more can move,  
 So much my grief is stronger than my love :  
 Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

As when some cruel hind has borne away  
 The turtle's nest, and made the young his prey,  
 Sad in her native grove she sits alone,  
 There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her moan.  
 So the bright shepherdess, who bore the boy,  
 Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie ;  
 Nor can the fair the weighty woe sustain,  
 But bends, like roses crush'd with falling rain ;  
 Nor from the silent earth her eyes removes,  
 That, weeping, languish like a dying dove's.  
 Not such her look (severe reverse of fate !)  
 When little Loves in every dimple fate ;  
 And all the Smiles delighted to resort  
 On the calm heaven of her soft cheeks to sport :  
 Soft as the clouds mild April evenings wear,  
 Which drop fresh flowrets on the youthful year.  
 The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,  
 Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repose :  
 Through prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves,  
 O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, she roves.  
 And when she spies, beneath some silent shade,  
 The daisies press'd, where late his limbs were laid,  
 To the cold print there close she joins her face,  
 And all with gushing tears bedews the grass.

There with loud plaints she wounds the pitying skies,  
 And, oh! return, my lovely youth, she cries;  
 Return, Florelia, with thy wonted charms  
 Fill the soft circle of my longing arms.—  
 Cease, fair affliction, cease! the lovely boy  
 In Death's cold arms must pale and breathless lie.  
 The Fates can never change their first decree,  
 Or sure they would have chang'd this one for thee.  
 Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,  
 Ceres her daughter lost, and thou thy son.  
 Thy son for ever now has left the plain,  
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Adieu, ye mossy caves, and shady groves,  
 Once happy scenes of our successful loves:  
 Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks, adieu!  
 Flints be your beds, and browse the bitter yew.  
 Two lambs alone shall be my charge to feed,  
 For yearly on his grave two lambs shall bleed.  
 This pledge of lasting love, dear shade, receive.  
 'Tis all, alas, a shepherd's love can give!  
 But grief from its own power will set me free,  
 Will send me soon a willing ghost to thee:  
 Cropt in the flowery spring of youth, I'll go  
 With hasty joy to wait thy shade below:  
 In ever-fragrant meads, and jasmine-bowers  
 We'll dwell, and all Elysium shall be ours.  
 Where citron groves æthereal odours breathe,  
 And streams of flowing crystal purl beneath;  
 Where all are ever young, and heavenly fair,  
 As here above thy sister Graces are.

## A N O D E.

## I.

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

## II.

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

## III.

In this dark region future fates are bred,  
 And mines of secret ruin laid:  
 Hot fevers here long kindling lie,  
 Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,  
 And lash on lingering destiny,  
 Whene'er excess has fir'd our riper age.  
 Here brood in infancy the gout and stone,  
 Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.

Ev'n

Ev'n with our nourishment we death receive,  
 For here our guiltless mothers give  
 Poison for food when first we live.

}

Hence noisome humours \* sweat through every pore,  
 And blot us with an undistinguish'd sore :  
 Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease  
 Forbear on faultless forms to seize ;  
 But vindicates the good, the gay,  
 The wise, the young, its common prey.  
 Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to save,  
 The Muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

## IV.

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

## V.

Through Error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil,  
 Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam ;  
 False images our sight beguile,  
 But still we stumble through the gloom,

\* The small-pox.

216 FENTON'S POEMS.

And science seek, which still deludes the mind.

Yet, more enamour'd with the race,  
With disproportion'd speed we urge the chace :  
In vain ! the various prey no bounds restrain ;  
Fleeting it only leaves, t' increase our pain,  
A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

VI.

Yet, gracious God ! presumptuous man  
With random guesses makes pretence  
To found thy searchless providence  
From which he first began :  
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,  
And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy power.  
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,  
The moon, presiding o'er the sea,  
Governs the waves with equal sway :  
But man perverse, and lawless still,  
Boldly runs counter to thy will ;  
Thy patient thunder he defies ;  
Lays down false principles, and moves  
By what his vicious choice approves ;  
And, when he 's vainly wicked, thinks he 's wise.

VII.

Return, return, too long missed !  
With filial fear adore thy God :  
Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,  
Or body first in space abode,  
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.  
Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne,  
Sung to th' incomprehensible Three-One :

Yet

Yet then his clemency did please  
 With lower forms t' augment his train,  
 And made thee, wretched creature, Man,  
 Probationer of happiness.

## VIII.

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

## IX.

But, at the signal given, this earth and sea  
 Shall set their sleeping vassals free ;  
 And the belov'd of God,  
 The Faithful, and the Just,  
 Like Aaron's chosen rod,  
 Though dry, shall blossom in the dust :  
 Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,  
 The skeletons shall brighten into saints,  
 And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise  
 To meet their Saviour coming in the skies :  
 Instructed then by intuition, we  
 Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see ;  
 Shall then impartially confess .  
 Our demonstration was but guess ;  
 That Knowledge, which from human reason flows,  
 Unless Religion guide its course,  
 And Faith her steady mounds oppose,  
 Is Ignorance at best, and often worse.



PART OF THE  
 FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH  
 PARAPHRASED.

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

When vehicled in flame, thou slow didst pass  
 Prone through the gates of night, the dreary realms  
 With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old  
 (Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)  
 Rose from their thrones; for thrones they still possess,  
 Their penance and their guilt: Art thou, they cry,  
 O emulous of our crimes, here doom'd to reign  
 Associate of our woe? Nor com'st thou girt  
 With livery'd slaves, or bands of warrior-knights,  
 Which erst before thee stood, a flattering crowd,

Observant

ISAIAH, CHAP. XIV. PARAPHRASED. 219

Observant of thy brow ; nor hireling quires  
 Attenuating to the harp their warbled airs,  
 Thy panegyric chaunt ; but, hush'd in death,  
 Like us thou ly'st unwept ; a corse obscene  
 With dust, and preying worms, bare and despoil'd  
 Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our compeer !

How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n  
 From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors glide  
 Aslope a summer-eve ! Of all the stars  
 Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope  
 To share divinity, or haply more,  
 Elated as supreme when o'er the North  
 Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings  
 Portending ruinous downfall ; wondrous low,  
 Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,  
 Disrob'd of all thy splendors : round thee stand  
 The swarming populace, and with fix'd regard  
 Eyeing thee pale and breathless, spend their rage  
 In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends,  
 Is this The Mighty, whose imperious yoke  
 We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds  
 And haunts of savages transform'd the marts,  
 And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall  
 Or exile on the peerage ? How becalm'd  
 The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to breathe  
 Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones !

In solemn state the bones of pious kings,  
 Gather'd to their great fires, are safe repos'd  
 Beneath the weeping vault : but thou, a branch  
 Blasted and curs'd by heaven, to dogs and fowls

Art

Art doom'd a banquet ; mingling some remains  
 With criminals unabsolv'd ; on all thy race  
 Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes  
 Thy children skulk erroneous and forlorn,  
 Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue  
 With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy feed  
 The sceptre heaven resumes, by thee usurp'd  
 By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage.

### VERSES ON THE UNION.

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

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

When

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

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

Hail, happy sister-lands! for ever prove  
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love ;  
 Kindled from heaven, be your auspicious flame  
 As lasting, and as bright, as Anna's fame !  
 And thou, fair northern nymphs, partake our toil,  
 With us divide the danger, and the spoil :  
 When thy brave sons, the friends of Mars avow'd,  
 In steel around our Albion standards crowd ;  
 What wonders in the war shall now be shown  
 By her, who single shook the Gallic throne !

The day draws nigh, in which the warrior-queen  
 Shall wave her union-crosses o'er the Seine :  
 Rouz'd with heroic warmth unfelt before,  
 Her lions with redoubled fury roar ;

And

212 FENTON'S POEMS.

And urging on to fame, with joy behold  
The woody walks in which they rang'd of old.  
O Louis, long the terror of thy arms  
Has aw'd the continent with dire alarms ;  
Exulting in thy pride, with hope to see  
Empires and states derive their power from thee ;  
From Britain's equal hand the scale to wrest,  
And reign without a rival o'er the west :  
But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn  
From Belgiam groves, in early triumphs borne ;  
Wither'd and leafless in thy winter stand,  
Expos'd a prey to every hostile hand :  
By strange extremes of destiny decreed  
To flourish, and to fall with equal speed.

So the young gourd, around the prophet's head  
With swift increase her fragrant honours spread ;  
Beneath the growing shade secure he sat,  
To see the towers of Ninus bow to fate :  
But, curs'd by heaven, the greens began to fade,  
And, sickening, sudden as they rose, decay'd.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

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

His



His empire thus secur'd, he flies  
To sport amid th' Idalian grove ;  
Whose feather'd choirs proclaim'd the joys,  
And blest'd the pleasing power of love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

OLIVIA.



## O L I V I A.

## I.

**O** L I V I A's lewd, but looks devout,  
 And scripture-proofs she throws about,  
 When first you try to win her :  
 Pull your fob of guineas out ;  
 Fee Jenny first, and never doubt  
 To find the faint a finner.

## II.

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

## III.

**T**hus oft' we see a glow-worm gay,  
 At large her fiery tail display,  
 Encourag'd by the dark :  
 And yet the fullen thing all day  
 Snug in the lonely thicket lay,  
 And hid the native spark.

T O A L A D Y,  
SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

## I.

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

## II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

Let Pride no more give Nature law,  
But free the youth your power enslaves,  
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw  
Reflected on the crystal waves,

Q

Yet

Yet priz'd not all her charms above  
The pleasure of Endymion's love.

## V.

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

## T O T H E S A M E.

## READING THE ART OF LOVE.

**W**HILST Ovid here reveals the various arts,  
Both how to polish, and direct their darts,  
Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,  
And read these lines to gain success in love:  
But heaven alone, that multiplies our race,  
Has power t' increase the conquests of your face.  
The Spring, before he paints the rising flowers,  
Receives mild beams, and soft descending showers;  
But love blooms ever fresh beneath your charms,  
Though neither Pity weeps, nor Kindness warms.  
The chiefs who doubt success, assert their claim  
By stratagems, and poorly steal a name:  
The generous \* Son of Jove, in open fight,  
Made bleeding Victory proclaim his might:

\* Alexander.

Like him refiftlefs, when you take the field  
Love founds the fignal, and the world muft yield.

T H E F A I R N U N .

A T A L E .

“ — Ire per ignes,  
“ Et gladios aufim. Neque ad hoc tamen ignibus ullis,  
“ Aut gladiis opus eft; opus eft mihi crine.—”

OVID. Met. Lib. viii.

**W**E fage Cartefians, who profefs  
Ourfelves fworn foes to emptinefs,  
Affert that fouls a tip-toe ftand  
On what we call the Pineal Gland;  
As weather-cocks on fpires are plac'd,  
To turn the quicker with each blaft.

This granted, can you think it ftange  
We all fhould be fo prone to change;  
Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear  
A fattin cap i' th' elbow chair?  
The follies that the child began,  
Cuftom makes current in the man;  
And firm by livery and feifin  
Holds the fee-fimple of his reafon.

But ftill the gufts of love we find  
Blow ftrongeft on a woman's mind;  
Nor need I learnedly purfue  
The latent caufe, th' effect is true,

For proof of which, in manner ample,  
I mean to give you one example.

Upon a time (for so my nurse,  
Heaven rest her bones! began discourse)  
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,  
Began to languish with the spleen:  
She who had shone at balls and play  
In gold brocade extremely gay,  
All on a sudden grew precise,  
Declaim'd against the growth of vice,  
A very Prude in half a year,  
And most believ'd she was sincere:  
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,  
That's sanctify'd to count her prayers:  
Venus, and all her naked Loves,  
The reformado nymph removes;  
And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,  
Was plac'd in their respective quarters.  
Nor yet content, she could not bear  
The rankness of the public air,  
'Twas so infected with the vice  
Of lascious songs, and lovers' sighs:  
So most devoutly would be gone,  
And strait profess herself a Nun.

A youth of breeding and address,  
And call him Thyrsis if you please,  
Who had some wealth to recompense  
His slender dividend of sense;  
Yet could with little thought and care  
Write tender things to please the fair;

And then successively did grow  
 From a half-wit, a finish'd beau !  
 (For fops thus naturally rise,  
 As maggots turn to butterflies)  
 This spark, as story tells, before  
 Had held with madam an amour,  
 Which he resolving to pursue,  
 Exactly took the proper cue ;  
 And on the wings of love he flies  
 To Lady Abbess in disguise,  
 And tells her he had brought th' advowson  
 Of soul and body to dispose on.  
 Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd  
 In petticoats without a beard,  
 Fond of a profelyte, and fees,  
 Admits the fox among the geese.

Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,  
 Though three to one, too weak for Love ;  
 And to describe the war throughout  
 Would make a glorious piece no doubt,  
 Where moral virtues might be slain,  
 And rise, and fight, and fall again :  
 Love should a bloody myrtle wear,  
 And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,  
 The Nun should charge.—But I forbear.

All human joys, though sweet in tasting,  
 Are seldom (more's the pity !) lasting :  
 The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,  
 Which others thought th' effects of zeal :



But she, poor she, began to doubt,  
 (Best knowing what she'd been about)  
 The marriage earnest-penny lay  
 And burnt her pocket, as we say.  
 She now invokes, to ease her soul,  
 The dagger, and the poison'd bowl;  
 And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,  
 To lose her life and honour too,  
 Talk'd in as tragical a strain, as  
 Your craz'd Monimia's and Roxana's.

But as she in her cell lay fighting,  
 Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,  
 The fiend (who never wants address  
 To succour damsels in distress)  
 Appearing, told her he perceiv'd  
 The fatal cause for which she griev'd;  
 But promis'd her *en cavalier*,  
 She should be freed from all her fear,  
 And with her Thyrsis lead a life  
 Devoid of all domestic strife,  
 If she would sign a certain scrawl---  
 Aye, that she would, if that was all.  
 She sign'd, and he engag'd to do  
 What'er she pleas'd to set him to.

The critics must excuse me now;  
 They both were freed, no matter how:  
 For when we epic writers use  
 Machines to disengage the Muse,  
 We're clean acquit of all demands,  
 The matter's left in abler hands;

And

And if they cannot loose the knot,  
Should we be censur'd? I think not.

The scene thus alter'd, both were gay,  
For pomp and pleasures who but they,  
Who might do every thing but pray?  
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,  
And Pug brought every thing she wanted;  
A slave devoted to her will;  
But women will be wavering still.  
Ev'n vice without variety  
Their squeamish appetites will cloy:  
And having stol'n from Lady Abbess  
One of our merry modern Rabbies,  
She found a trick she thought would pass,  
And prove the devil but an ass.

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

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

He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,  
 If wetting would not do the feat:  
 And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion;  
 But still it kept th' elastic motion.  
 Well! more ways may be found than one  
 To kill a witch that will not drown.

If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,  
 This hair has flourish'd nigh the water.  
 'Tis crisp'd with cold, perhaps, and then  
 The fire will make it strait again.  
 In haste he to the fire applies it,  
 And turns it round and round, and eyes it.  
 Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!  
 The more it warms, it twirls the more.  
 He stamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;  
 The husband and the lady laugh'd.

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

No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,  
 At forging thunder-bolts or armour,  
 Than Satan was : but all in vain ;  
 Again he beats.---It curls again !  
 At length he bellow'd in a rage,  
 This hair will take me up an age.  
 This take an age ! the husband swore,  
 Z---ds ! Betty has five hundred more.  
 More ! Take your bond, quoth Pug ; adieu,  
 'Tis loss of time to ply for you.

A N

## EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

**B**OLD is the Muse to leave her humble cell,  
 And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well :  
 Thee ! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,  
 And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.  
 Could Sophocles behold in mournful state  
 The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait ;  
 Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,  
 Distress'd and lost for vices not her own ;  
 If envy could permit, he'd sure agree  
 To write by nature were to copy thee :  
 So full, so fair, thy images are shown,  
 He by thy pencil might improve his own.

There

There was an age (its memory will last!)  
 Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,  
 In which the fable Muse with hopes and fears  
 Fill'd every breast, and every eye with tears.  
 But where's that art which all our passions rais'd,  
 And mov'd the springs of Nature as it pleas'd?  
 Our poets only practise on the pit  
 With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.  
 Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast  
 The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.  
 Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand  
 Among the chosen classics of our land:  
 And whilst our sons are by tradition taught  
 How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,  
 They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,  
 And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakespeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind  
 (The universal mirror of mankind)  
 Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,  
 But sometimes stoop'd to please a barbarous age.  
 When his immortal bays began to grow,  
 Rude was the language, and the humour low:  
 He, like the God of Day, was always bright,  
 But rolling in its course, his orb of light  
 Was sully'd, and obscur'd, though soaring high,  
 With spots contracted from the nether sky.  
 But whither is th' adventurous Muse betray'd?  
 Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!  
 May Spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,  
 And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:

EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE. 235

Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,  
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

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

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

An age most odious and accurs'd ensued.  
Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood;  
Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw,  
She fled, and left her province to the law.  
Her merry sister still pursued the game,  
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.  
She first reform'd the muscles of her face,  
And learnt the solemn screw for signs of grace;

}  
Then



Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,  
 By humming to a tabor and a drone ;  
 Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,  
 Both when to wink, and how to turn the white :  
 Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next  
 Assum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.

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

Restor'd with less success, the Tragic Muse  
 Had quite forgot her style by long diffuse :  
 She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,  
 Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime ;  
 Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste,  
 And sneering sham'd her into sense at last :  
 But now relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,  
 And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue ;  
 And with her minstrelsy may still remain  
 Till Southerne court her to be great again.  
 Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,  
 Who (long defrauded of the public fame)  
 Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,  
 Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud :  
 Once more may re-instate her on the stage,  
 Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

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

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

But

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

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd swarms  
 Invade the Latian coasts with barbarous arms ;  
 A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,  
 Rough as their heaven, and barren as their soil.  
 These locusts every springing art destroy'd,  
 And soft Humanity before them dy'd.  
 Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife  
 With Nature's scenes, nor gave the canvas life ;  
 Nor Sculpture exercis'd her skill, beneath  
 Her forming hand to make the marble breathe :

Struck

EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE. 239

Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,  
 Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.  
 On those twin-sisters such disasters came,  
 Though colours and proportions are the same  
 In every age and clime; their beauties known  
 To every language, and confin'd by none.  
 But fate less freedom to the Muse affords,  
 And checks her genius with the choice of words:  
 To paint her thoughts, the diction must be found  
 Of easy grandeur, and harmonious sound.  
 Thus when she rais'd her voice divinely great  
 To sing the founder of the Roman state;  
 The language was adapted to the song,  
 Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong:  
 But when the Goths insulting troops appear'd,  
 Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard!  
 Chang'd to a swan, from Tyber's troubled streams  
 She wing'd her flight, and sought the silver Thames.

Long in the melancholy grove she staid,  
 And taught the pensive Druids in the shade;  
 In solemn and instructive notes they sung  
 From whence the beauteous frame of nature sprung,  
 Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,  
 And in bright order made the planets move;  
 Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,  
 And comets roll unbounded through the sky;  
 Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,  
 And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;  
 Whence the gay spring exults in flowery pride,  
 And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;

Whence

Whence summer suns imbrown the labouring swains,  
 And shivering winter pines in icy chains :  
 And prais'd the Power Supreme, nor dar'd advance  
 So vain a theory as that of Chance.

But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,  
 She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,  
 And Love and Beauty next became her care. }  
 Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford  
 A Venus and a Helen to record ;  
 A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,  
 Who match'd the goddess, and the queen excell'd.  
 T' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,  
 But still the tongue her generous toil betray'd.  
 Chaucer had all that beauty could inspire,  
 And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire :  
 Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,  
 Because the thoughts are in the language lost ;  
 Even Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie,  
 Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye :  
 Rich was their imagery, till Time defac'd  
 The curious works ; but Waller came at last.  
 Waller, the Muse with heavenly verse supplies,  
 Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes ;  
 " All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,  
 " Attend his passion, and approve his song."  
 But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age  
 Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,  
 To Granville his melodious lute she gave,  
 Granville, whose faithful verse is Beauty's slave ;

Accept



EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE. 241

Accept this gift, my favourite youth! she cry'd,  
 To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde;  
 Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim,  
 And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame.

O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,  
 And sing of arms, as late he sung of love!  
 His colours and his hand alone should paint  
 In Britain's queen the warrior and the saint;  
 In whom conspire, to form her truly great,  
 Wisdom with power, and piety with state.  
 Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,  
 Strong and serene, to bless the land below;  
 O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,  
 And the wild rage of tyranny controul.  
 Her power to quell, and pity to redress,  
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine confess;  
 Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head  
 To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread:  
 And whilst they sound their great deliverer's fame,  
 The Seine retires, and sickens at her name.  
 O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,  
 Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway;  
 And make her memory rever'd by all,  
 When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches fall.

Pardon me, friend! I own my Muse too free,  
 To write so long on such a theme to thee:  
 To play the critic here---with equal right  
 Bid her pretend to teach Argyll to fight;  
 Instruct th' unerring sun to guide the year,  
 And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer;

R

Give



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

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,  
 My fancy free, and all my hours my own;  
 I lov'd along the laureat grove to ſtray,  
 The paths were pleaſant, and the proſpect gay:  
 But now my genius ſinks, and hardly knows  
 To make a couplet tinkle in the cloſe.  
 Yet when you next to Medway ſhall repair,  
 And quit the town to breathe a purer air;  
 Retiring from the crowd to ſteal the ſweets  
 Of eaſy life in Twyſden's calm retreats  
 (As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,  
 And in Campania ſcorn'd the pomp of Rome);  
 Where Lambard, form'd for buſineſs, and to pleaſe,  
 By ſharing, will improve your happineſs;  
 In both their ſouls imperial reaſon ſways,  
 In both the patriot and the friend diſplays;  
 Be lov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praiſe. }

With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,  
 By them excited, and inform'd by you,  
 I may with happier skill essay to sing  
 Sublimer notes, and strike a bolder string.

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,  
 No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;  
 But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,  
 Her fury soon confess'd the coming god;  
 Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,  
 And wondrous visions fill'd her labouring soul.

A L E T T E R

T O T H E

KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

“ ——— Habet Bibliopola Tryphon.”

MART. Lib. iv.

SIR Knight, who know with equal skill  
 To make a poem and a pill,  
 'Twas my misfortune t' other night,  
 To be tormented with a spright.  
 On either side his head the hair  
 Seem'd bushing out, the top was bare;  
 His garb antique, but on his face  
 There reign'd a sweet majestic grace;  
 Of comely port, and in his hand  
 He decent wav'd a laurel-wand.

On the left foot (by which I found  
 His name was on the stage renown'd)  
 A Sock of curious shape he wore,  
 With myrtle foliage flourish'd o'er;  
 A purple Buskin grac'd the right,  
 And strong he step'd, yet lovely light.

Thy friendly care, he cry'd, I crave  
 To give me quiet in my grave:  
 Tryphon constrains me from the dead,  
 A wizard whom I hate and dread;  
 By him to dangle on a post,  
 I'm conjur'd up---"Alas, poor Ghost!"  
 A pendulum I there am made,  
 To move the leaden wheels of trade.  
 And while each little author struts  
 In calves-skin gilt, adorn'd with cuts;  
 I, vouching, pass 'em off as dear  
 As any staple-clasfick ware.  
 Peers, parsons, cits, a motly tribe,  
 Flock there to purchase, and subscribe;  
 While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,  
 Chuckles to see them grow polite.

For ends thus infamously low,  
 It sure wou'd seem as a-propos,  
 For Dennis at his door to stand,  
 With a good broomstick in his hand.  
 Then, should the chaps find ought amiss,  
 Or blame the price, the tragic Swifs  
 Might have his better parts employ'd,  
 To criticize them back and side.

Or

TO THE KNIGHT OF THE SHIELD. 245

Or is there none of all his race,  
Whose features would a sign-board grace?  
Oft' in the wizard's cell I've seen  
A sorrel man, of awkward mien;  
Prying with busy leer about,  
As if he were the devil's scout.

I ne'er was vers'd in modish vice,  
But sure those whorison gloating eyes  
Have travell'd much on love affairs,  
Between the key-hole and the stairs.  
O cheat the gibbet of a sign,  
And with his head commute for mine.

When first I heard his damn'd intent,  
To Tryphon's bed by night I went;  
Where he lay blest with dreams of gain,  
Furs, scarlet, and a golden chain.  
I rous'd the wretch, and weeping said,  
O! take my wit, and spare my head,  
Urge not the wags to sneer, and jape us,  
Just as of old they us'd Priapus.  
But as a whelp starts up with fear  
When a bee's humming at his ear:  
With upper lip elate, he grins,  
Whilst round the little teaser spins;  
But when aloof in air it soars,  
He straight forgets th' alarm, and snores:  
So did his fellow-creature flight  
The fleeting vision of the night.  
My prayers were lost, though while I stay'd  
I smelt they strong impressions made.

There is a Knight, who takes the field  
 With Saxon pen, and fable shield ;  
 Who doubtless can relieve my ghost,  
 And disinchant me from the post.  
 Then I could rest as still, as those  
 Whom he has drudg'd to sure repose ;  
 As if he traded in the whole,  
 And with the body kill'd the soul.  
 To him for aid with speed repair---  
 " But soft ! I scent the morning air :"  
 Be mindful of my piteous plight,  
 And to my cause engage the Knight.

Now, gentle Sir, give ear to me,  
 For I prescribe without a fee ;  
 From Curl's remove the seat of war,  
 Encamp on t' other side the Bar :  
 Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,  
 Another epic at him pop ;  
 What though without report it move,  
 Like the sure darts of death or love ?  
 I know your powder is so strong,  
 No mortal sign can stand you long.

But if by magic, this oppose  
 The volley of your verse and prose ;  
 I'll be your 'squire, and firm ally,  
 Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy ;  
 Not all the necromancer's art  
 Will save it then, beshrew his heart !  
 What can support a shop, or sign,  
 When two such perilous wits combine ?

T H E  
E L E V E N T H    B O O K  
O F  
H O M E R ' S    O D Y S S E Y.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.  
I N    M I L T O N ' S    S T Y L E.

“ ——— To th' Orphean lyre,  
“ He sung of Chaos and eternal night;  
“ Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down  
“ The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
“ Though hard, and rare.”

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

**W**HEN speeding sea-ward, to the fleet we came  
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our ship  
Into the sacred deep : the mast up-rear'd  
Bore every sail expanded ; whilst aboard  
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascend  
The vessel, inly griev'd, and silent showers  
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind  
Circe the fair, of human race divine,  
Propitious sent ; to ply the struggling oar  
Small need remain'd, the freshening gale suffic'd  
Each bellying canvas. On with speed we fare



Prosperous ; and when the fun careering prone  
 Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade  
 Sabled the pole, we tilting o'er the waves  
 On Ocean's utmost bound, approach the realms  
 Unblest'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell ;  
 (A lamentable race !) of heavenly light  
 Unvisited, and the sun's gladfome ray.  
 Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach  
 We take the destin'd sheep, and slow sojourn  
 Along the marish, till the fated place  
 We found, which Circe will'd we should explore.  
 Eurylochus and Perimedes guard  
 The holy offerings ; I meantime unsheath  
 My faulchion, and prepare t' intrench the ground  
 A cubit square, and there oblations pour  
 To reconcile the Shades ; infusing milk  
 With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must  
 Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store  
 Of water ; and with flower of wheat bestrow  
 The mix'd ingredients : to the feeble ghosts  
 Then vow'd, if heaven to my dear native land  
 Should favour my return, a barren cow  
 Of stateliest growth ; and to th' oraculous \* Seer  
 A ram of fable fleece, the leading pride  
 Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd  
 And vows prefer'd, the destin'd sheep I slew :  
 Forth gush'd the vital purple, and surcharg'd  
 The hollow'd trench ; when lo ! from the dun verge

\* Tiresias.

Of Erebus, the ghosts promiscuous troop  
 Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature  
 Cropt in their spring, who wandering pensive wail'd  
 The shortness of their date : trembling, and hoar  
 With age, some slowly pace ; others more fierce  
 Array'd in arms, ensanguin'd o'er with wounds  
 Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach  
 To drink the reeking gore. Shuddering and pale  
 I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch  
 Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam  
 To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides  
 The regency of night : fudden I wav'd  
 My glittering falchion, from the sanguine pool  
 Driving th' unbody'd host that round me swarm'd ;  
 Nor deign'd to let them sip, before I saw  
 Th' oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd  
 Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse  
 Unwept, unbury'd, eager to pursue  
 Our voyage : Strait to tender pity mov'd,  
 With words dissolv'd in tears I cry'd, Relate,  
 Elpenor, how these rueful shades you reach'd  
 We left behind in Circe's sumptuous dome,  
 Sooner than I full-sail'd. He thus reply'd  
 In accents of much dolour ; Me, O king,  
 The minister of adverse fate malign'd,  
 Unweeting of mishap ; and wrought me doom,  
 Drench'd with excess of wine : prone from the top  
 Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck-bones  
 Disjointing dy'd. But to your pious care  
 Suppliant, I beg by those endearing names  
 Of parent, wife, and son (though distant, dear

To your remembrance) when you re-ascend  
 To Circe's blissful isle, to my remains  
 Discharge funereal rites ; nor let me lie  
 Unwept, unbury'd there, lest heaven avenge  
 The dire neglect. While the devouring flames  
 Consume my earthy, on the flagrant pile  
 My armour cast compleat ; then raise a tomb  
 For my memorial on the foamy strand :  
 And on it place that oar which erst I ply'd  
 With my associates. Pensive I rejoin,  
 Poor Shade ! I'll pay the decent rites you crave.

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

Son of Laertes, what misfortunes dire  
 Compel your progress from th' all-cheering sun,  
 And heavenly azure, in this seat of woe  
 To roam among the dead ? But from the pool

\* Anticlea.

With-

Withdraw, and sheath your faulchion, while I taste  
 That bloody beverage, then the fates decree  
 Instant I'll utter. Sudden I withdrew,  
 Sheathing my faulchion whilst he drank the gore;  
 Then thus the seer pronounc'd the fates decree.

What means may best besit your wish'd return,  
 Illustrious Greek! you'd know. The sovereign power  
 Whose strong earth-shaking mace the floods revere,  
 Infidious waits a time to wreak revenge  
 For Polypheme, his son; whose visual orb  
 You late eclips'd with ever-during shade.  
 Howe'er you safe may voyage, and avoid  
 Disasters various, if your mates refrain  
 From sacrilegious spoil, when safe they tread  
 Trinacria's herby soil: for there the flocks  
 And herds of Phœbus, o'er the verdurous lawn  
 Browze fattening pasture (he the world's great eye  
 Views all below his orient beam, nor ought  
 Can shun his wakeful ear) with evil hand  
 If them they seize, unerring I foretell  
 An hideous wreck. Unequal to the storm  
 Your ship, deep in the nether waves ingulft,  
 Shall perish with her crew: you shall regain  
 The dry, without surviving friend to cheer  
 Your pilgrim-steps; however late and hard,  
 You shall revisit your lov'd natal shoar,  
 Transported in a vessel not your own.  
 Much of domestic damage, and misrule,  
 Will sadden your return; for in your court  
 Suitors voluptuous swarm; with amorous wiles

Studious

Studious to win your consort, and seduce  
 Her from chaste fealty to joys impure,  
 In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they soon  
 By stratagem, or our puissant arm,  
 To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race  
 Remote from ocean, who with favoury salt  
 Ne'er feason their repast, nor vessel view'd  
 Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,  
 And all her tackle trim, with speed repair  
 Carrying a taper oar; way-faring thus,  
 One journeying obvious will misname that oar  
 A corn van; fix it there, and victims slay  
 To Neptune reverent; from the fleecy fold  
 A ram select; and from the beeves and swine,  
 The choicest male entire, of either herd.  
 Thence homeward haste, and hecatombs prepare  
 For the bright order of the gods, who reign  
 Spher'd in empyreal splendors. White with years,  
 The balm of life evaporating flow,  
 At length, when Neptune points the dart of death\*,  
 Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land  
 With fair abundance blest'd. In these fix'd laws  
 Of fate repose affiance, and beware.

I thus reply'd: In this authentic will  
 Of fate, O Seer, I acquiesce; but lo!  
 Pensive, and silent, by the goary pool,  
 Abides my mother's shade; nor me vouchsafes  
 Language or look benign: Oh! tell me how

\* He was killed with the bone of a sea-turtle.



She here may recognize me. He rejoin'd ;  
 Whatever ghost by your permission slips  
 That sacred purple, will to all your quest  
 Without deceit reply ; the rest withdraw  
 At your stern interdict. This said, the Seer  
 To the high capital of Dis retir'd.

Meantime I firm abode, till the dear shade  
 Has sip'd the sacred purple ; then her son  
 Instant she knew, and wailing thus began :

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

I thus : By strong necessity constrain'd,  
 Down to these nether realms I have presum'd  
 An earthly guest, to hear my doom disclos'd  
 By sage Tiresias ; for since I led  
 Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd  
 To war on Ilium, traversing the main  
 Through various perils, I have voyag'd far  
 Estrang'd from Greece. But say by what disease,  
 By slow consumption through the gates of death  
 Prone did you pass ; or by Diana's dart  
 Transfix'd, a sudden fate ? My hoary sire !  
 Survives he ? Is my bloomy son possess'd  
 Of my domain, or groans it now beneath  
 Usurping powers, who lord it uncontrol'd, 1

Thought-



Thoughtless of my return? My confort dear!  
 Abides she with my son, of all his rights  
 A guardian regent; or, no longer mine,  
 Hath she been won to plight connubial vows?

The venerable shade thus answer'd mild:  
 Still in your regal dome your spouse abides  
 Disconsolate, with ever-flowing eyes  
 Wailing your absence; and your son possess'd  
 Of principality, with his compeers,  
 Bounteous of soul, free intercourse maintains  
 Of social love. Beneath a sylvan lodge,  
 Far from the cheerful steps of men, your sire  
 Lives inconsolable; on gorgeous beds,  
 With rich embroidery spread, and purple palls,  
 No more indulging sweet repose: but clad  
 In coarse attire, couch'd with his village hinds  
 On the warm hearth he sleeps, when winter reigns  
 Inclement, till the circling months return  
 New-rob'd in flowering verdure: then, the vines  
 High interwove a green pavilion form,  
 Where pillow'd on the leaves, he mourns for you  
 Nocturnal; to th' unfriendly damp of age  
 Adding corrosive anguish and despair.  
 So perish'd I with slow-consuming pile!  
 Me nor the silver-shafted goddesses flew,  
 Nor racking malady; but anxious love  
 Of my Ulysses on my vitals prey'd,  
 And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave.

She ceas'd: I thrice with filial fondness strove  
 T' embrace the much-lov'd form, and thrice it fled,

Delusive

Delusive as a dream. Anew with grief  
Heart-chill'd I spake, Why, mother will you fly  
Your son's incircling arms? O here permit  
My duteous love, and let our sorrows flow  
Mingling in one full stream! Or has the queen  
Whose frown the Shades revere, to work me woe,  
A guileful image form'd? She thus replies:

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

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

Tyro first audience claim'd, the daughter fair  
 Of great Salmoneus; she with Cretheus shar'd  
 Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom  
 Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd :  
 Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn  
 Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form  
 Neptune assum'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd  
 Wandering love-pensive near his amber stream :  
 Them plunging in the slopy flood receiv'd  
 Redounding; and to skreen his amorous theft,  
 On either side the parted waves up-rear'd  
 A crystal mound. Potent of rapturous joy,  
 And fated, thus he spake : Hail, royal fair !  
 Thy womb shall teem with twins (a god's embrace  
 Is ever fruitful) and those pledges dear  
 Of our sweet casual bliss nurture and tend  
 With a fond mother's care : hence homeward speed,  
 And from all human ken our amorous act  
 Conceal : so Neptune bids thee now farewell.  
 He ceas'd, and diving sudden was ingulph'd  
 Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair sons  
 Th' appointed months discharg'd, by supreme Jove  
 Both scepter'd. Pelias first ; his empire wide  
 Stretch'd o'er Iölcös, whose irriguous vales  
 His grazing folds o'erfleec'd : her younger birth,  
 Neleus, was honour'd through the fandy realm  
 Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then espous'd,  
 A fair increase, Æson and Pheres, bore ;  
 And great Amythaon, who with fiery steeds  
 Oft' difarray'd the foes in battle rang'd.

The

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

An amiable image next appear'd;  
 Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lofty stem  
 The youngest bud: in sweet attractive pomp  
 On her the Graces ever-waiting smit  
 The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes  
 Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love  
 Sprung Nestor, Chromius, and the boastful power

Of Periclymenus; besides a nymph,  
 Pero, of form divine: her virgin vows  
 By many a prince were fought, but Neleus deign'd  
 To none her bed, but him whose prowess'd arm  
 Should force from Phylace a furious herd  
 Of wild Thessalian beeves, t' avenge the dower  
 Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold emprise  
 A seer accepted; but, in combat foil'd,  
 In thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay,  
 Deep in a dungeon close immur'd, 'till found  
 Divine of fate, by solving problems quaint  
 Which Iphiclus propos'd, who strait dismiss'd  
 The captive; so was Jove's high will complete.

Then Ledo, spous'd by Tyndarus, I saw,  
 Mother of the fam'd twins, Castor expert  
 To tame the steed, and Pollux far renown'd  
 On list'd fields for conflict; who from Jove  
 Receiv'd a grateful boon like gods to live,  
 Mounting alternate to this upper orb.

Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife  
 Of great Aloeus, who in love compress'd  
 By Neptune, bore (so she the fact avow'd)  
 Otus and Ephialtes, whom the fates  
 Cut short in early prime: their infant years  
 Nurtur'd by Earth, enormous both attain'd  
 Gigantic stature, and for manly grace  
 Were next Orion rank'd; for in the course  
 Of nine swift circling years, nine cubits broad  
 Their shoulders measur'd, and nine ells their height.  
 Improvident of soul, they vainly dar'd  
 The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar                      Rear'd



Rear'd Offa, and on Offa Pelion pil'd  
 Torn from the base with all its woods; by scale  
 T' assault heaven's battlements; and had their date  
 To manhood been prolong'd, had sure atchiev'd  
 Their ruinous aim: but by the silver dart  
 Of Phœbus sheer transfix'd, ere springing down  
 Shaded their rosy youth, they both expir'd.

Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,  
 And Ariadne, who them both surpass'd  
 In goddess-like demeanor: from her fire  
 Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,  
 Theseus of old convey'd her, with intent  
 At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign:  
 But stern Diana, by the guileful plea  
 Of Bacchus won, dissever'd soon their joys,  
 And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn  
 In Dia, with circumfluous seas in-girt,  
 Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance  
 Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair;  
 And Eriphyle, whose once radiant charms  
 A cloud of sorrow dimm'd; for she, devoid  
 Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.---

Here let me cease narration, nor relate  
 What other objects fair, daughters and wives  
 Of heroes old, I saw; for now the night  
 In clouded majesty has journey'd far,  
 Admonishing to rest, which with my mates,  
 Or here with you, my wearied nature craves;  
 Meantime affianc'd in the gods and you,  
 To speed my voyage to my native realm.



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

Think ye, Phæacians, that the god-like form,  
 The port, the wisdom, of this wanderer claim  
 Aught of regard ? Peculiar him my guest  
 I style ; but, since the honour he vouchsafes,  
 Delighted ye partake, give not too soon  
 Him signal of departure, but prepare  
 With no penurious hand proportion'd gifts,  
 Vying in bounteous deeds, since heaven hath shower'd  
 Your peerage with abundant favours boon.

Up rose Echeneus then, whose wavy locks  
 Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,  
 Fraught with maturest council, and began  
 Addressing his compeers : Rightful and wise  
 The queen's proposal is, let none demur  
 Obedience to her will : Alcinous best  
 By fair ensample may prescribe the rule.

Alcinous from his bed of state reply'd,  
 With aspect bland : While here I live enthron'd,  
 Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand  
 Sways the Phæacian sceptre, will I cheer  
 Th' erroneous and afflicted, with meet acts  
 Of regal bounty ; but our princely guest  
 Must, though impatient, for a time defer  
 His voyage, that with due munificence  
 Our gifts may be prepar'd : let all accord

Benevolent,

Benevolent, and free to furnish stores  
 Worthy acceptance; me you shall confess  
 The first in bounty, as the first in power.

He ended, and Ulysses answer'd blithe:  
 O thou, by kingly virtues justly rais'd  
 To this imperial eminence! By thee  
 Were I detain'd, till the revolving sun  
 Completes his annual circle, in thy will  
 I acquiesce obedient, till meet stores  
 For my return be rais'd: then at my realm  
 With royal largesses arriving grac'd,  
 And gay retinue, strait the wondering Greeks  
 Will dear respect and prompter homage yield.

To whom Alcinous: Your distinguish'd worth  
 Too plain is character'd in all your port,  
 To doubt you of those vagrant clans, who roam  
 Fallacious, and with copious legend take  
 The credulous ear; you, with severest truth  
 Rob'd in rich eloquence, instruct and please:  
 When (like some bard, vers'd in heroic theme  
 Attemper'd to the lyre) you sweetly tell  
 Whate'er in Grecian story was of old  
 Recorded eminent, or when you speak  
 Your own disastrous fate. But now proceed,  
 Say affable, if while you low sojourn'd  
 In gross Tartarean gloom, the mighty shades  
 Of those brave warring Greeks appear'd, who fell  
 By doom of battle; for the lingering night  
 Hath yet much space to measure, and the hour  
 Of sleep is far to come: I can attend

With ravishment to hear the pleasing tale  
 Fruitful of wonders, till the roseate morn  
 Purples the East. Ulysses thus reply'd :

Due time, O king, for converse and repose  
 Is still remaining ; nor will I refuse  
 With coy denial, what the sacred ear  
 Of majesty with audience deigns to grace.  
 Hear next how my associate warriors fell,  
 O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions, and oppress'd  
 In their own realms by feminine deceit,  
 To them more fatal than the prowess'd foe.

When by imperious Proserpine recall'd,  
 The lady-train dispers'd, the pensive form  
 Of Agamemnon came, with those begirt  
 Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life  
 Ægypthus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,  
 He recogniz'd me instant, and outstretch'd  
 His unsubstantial arms, exhausted now  
 Of all their vital vigour ; with shrill plaints  
 Piercing the doleful region far : mine eyes,  
 Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,  
 Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I spake :

O king of hosts ! O ever-honour'd son  
 Of Atreus ! Say to what severe decree  
 Of destiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath  
 Tempesting th' ocean, did you there expire  
 Whelm'd in the watery abyss ? Or fell you arm'd,  
 Making fierce inroad on some hostile coast,  
 To ravage herds and flocks ; or in assault  
 Of some imperial fortress, thence to win

Rich spoils and beauteous captives, were you slain  
Defeated of your seizure? He replied :

I perish'd not, my friend, by Neptune's wrath,  
Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms  
Heroic deeds attempting : but receiv'd  
From base Ægythus, and my baser queen,  
Irreparable doom, whilst I partook  
Refreshment, and at supper jovial fate  
Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,  
A death most lamentable ! Round me lay  
An hideous carnage of my breathless friends,  
Like beasts new slaughter'd for the bridal board  
Of some luxurious noble, or devote  
To solemn festival. On well-fought fields  
You various scenes of slaughter have survey'd,  
And in fierce tournament; yet had it quell'd  
Your best of man to view us on the floor  
Rolling in death, with viands round us spread,  
And ponderous vessels bruised, while human gore  
Flooded the pavement wide. With shrilling cries  
Cassandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my side  
False Clytemnestra slew : t'avenge her wrong,  
I with a dying grasp my sabre seiz'd ;  
But the curs'd assassin withdrew, nor clos'd  
My lips and eyes. O woman ! woman ! none  
Of nature's savage train have less remorse  
In perpetrating crimes : to kill her mate,  
What beast was e'er a complice ? I return'd  
Hopeful in affluence of domestic joy  
To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,

And court-retinue; but my traitress wife  
 On female honour hath diffus'd a stain  
 Indelible; and her pernicious arts,  
 Recorded for reproach on all the sex,  
 Shall wound soft innocence with touch of blame.

I answer'd, O ye Powers! by women's wiles  
 Jove works sure bane to all th' imperial race  
 Of Atreus still: for Helen's vagrant lust  
 Greece mourns her states dispeopled; and you fell  
 By your adulteress! Plaintive he reply'd:

By my disasters warn'd, to woman's faith  
 Unbosom nought momentous; though she peal  
 Your ear (by nature importune to know)  
 Unlock not all your secrets. But your wife,  
 Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills  
 Will meditate for you by force or guile:  
 Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,  
 We left in blooming beauty afresh; your son  
 Then hanging on her breast; who now to man  
 Full grown, with men associates; your approach  
 With rapture he will meet, and glad his fire  
 With filial duty dear; a bliss to me  
 Not deign'd! my son I saw not ere I fell  
 A victim to my wife; then, timely warn'd,  
 Trust not to woman's ken the time prefix'd  
 For your return to Greece. But say sincere,  
 Aught have you heard where my Orestes bides,  
 In rich Orchomenus, or sandy Pyle;  
 Or with my brother lives he more secure



In spacious Sparta ? for of this dark realm  
He's not inhabitant. I thus rejoin'd :

Vain is your quest, Atrides ; whether fate  
Permits your son to draw the breath of heaven,  
Friendly to life ; or whether in these shades  
He roams a ghost, I know not ; nor with speech  
False or ambiguous will beguile your ear.

While mournful thus we talk'd, suffus'd with tears  
Of tender sympathy, young Peleus came,  
With his associates most in life belov'd,  
Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious \* son  
Of Nestor, great in arms ; with them (conjoin'd  
In amicable converse, e'en by death  
Uncancel'd) walk'd the tall illustrious shade  
Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd,  
And provess ; paragon'd for both to none  
But great Achilles : me the goddess-born  
Ey'd curious, and at length thus sad began :

What cause, Ulysses, moves thy mind, expert  
Of warlike machinations ; what emprise  
Hath aught of such importance, as to tempt  
This dire descent, where we in dolorous night,  
Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode ?

O peerless chief, I cried, of all the Greeks  
The foremost name ! I hither am constrain'd,  
From the wise Theban oracle to hear  
Best means reveal'd, how to revisit safe  
My native realm ; by rigid fate repell'd,

\* Antilochus.



I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills  
 Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth  
 Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief  
 With choicer blessings than the eye of time  
 Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold :  
 On earth you equal honours with the gods  
 From us receiv'd ; nor by the stroke of fate  
 Sink with diminish'd lustre, but supreme  
 Reign o'er the shades. He solemn sad replied :

Reign here supreme ! deem not thy eloquence  
 Can aught console my doom : rather on earth  
 A village slave I'd be, than titled here  
 Imperial and august. But say me true,  
 Or did my son illustrate his descent  
 First in the files of war ; or fled he pale  
 A recreant from the fight ? do all our tribes  
 In Phthia still revere my father's throne ;  
 Or lives he now of regal power despoil'd,  
 A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm  
 To hold his sceptre firm ? that arm ! which erst  
 Warring for Greece, bestrew'd the Phrygian plains  
 With many a prowess'd knight ! Would heaven restore  
 The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge  
 His injur'd age, and re-assert his claim.

He ceasing, I reply'd : Of Peleus' state  
 Fame hath to me been silent ; but attend  
 While I th' atchievements of thy glorious son  
 Blazon, as truth shall dictate. Him to Troy  
 From Scyros o'er th' Ægean safe I bore  
 To join th' embattled Greeks : whene'er we fate

In

In council, to mature some high design,  
First of the peerage with persuasive speech  
His sentence he disclos'd, by all confes'd  
The third from Nestor. But whene'er we mov'd  
In battailous array, and the shrill clang  
Of onset sounded, he, with haughty strides,  
Advancing in the van the foremost chief,  
Pierc'd through the adverse legions, nor was deem'd  
Not equal to the best. Each hardy deed,  
Which in his country's cause the youth achiev'd,  
Were long to tell; but by his javelin dy'd  
Eurypylus, of all th' auxiliary bands  
Fam'd after Memnon first; with many a peer  
Of Pergamenian race, around him strown.

When in the wooden horse by Epeus form'd  
Selected heroes lay, aghast and pale  
The rest, shuddering with fear, let round big drops  
Roll from their drooping eyes, he sole abode  
Undaunted, un-dismay'd; no chilling doubt  
Frosted his damask cheek, nor silent tear  
Cours'd from its crystal sluice, but grasping fierce  
His spear and faulchion, for the combat grew  
Impatient, menacing decisive rout  
To Troy's opponent powers; and when the height  
Of Ilion had receiv'd the final stroke  
From Grecian valour, with barbaric spoil,  
To his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,  
Unmark'd with hostile wound, though round him Mars  
With tenfold rage oft' made the battle burn.

I ended :

I ended : joy ineffable possess'd  
 The great paternal shade ; his steps he rais'd  
 With more majestic portance o'er the mead  
 Verdant with asphodel, elate to hear  
 His son's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.

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

Ajax, let this oblivious gloom deface  
 The memory of those arms, which heaven decreed  
 Pernicious to the Greeks, who lost in thee  
 Their power of strong defence : to mourn thy fall  
 The voice of Grief along the tented shore  
 Was heard, as loud as when the flower of war,  
 Divine Achilles, dy'd : nor deem that aught  
 Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom,  
 But ireful Jove, to punish all our host,  
 Cut off its darling hope. O royal shade !

Approach,

Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe  
Mild audience, calming thy tempestuous rage.

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

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

Nor unobserv'd lay stretch'd upon the marle  
Tityus earth-born, whose body long and large  
Cover'd nine acres: there to vultures sat  
Of appetite insatiate, and with beaks  
For ravine bent, unintermitting goar'd  
His liver, powerless he to put to flight  
The fierce devourers! to this penance judg'd  
For rape intended on Latoa fair,

The paramour of Jove, as she sojourn'd  
 To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns ;  
 Delicious landkip !—In a limpid lake  
 Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides :  
 Chin-deep he stands, yet with afflictive drought  
 Incessant pines, while ever as he bows  
 To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst  
 The guileful water glides. Around the pool  
 Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous spread  
 Their pamper'd boughs : the racy olive green  
 The ripe pomegranate big with vinous pulp,  
 The luscious fig sky-dy'd, the tasteful pear  
 Vermilion'd half, and apples mellowing sweet  
 In burnish'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,  
 Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope  
 Of food ambrosial :---when he tries to seize  
 The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust  
 Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom.

Then Sisyphus, the nearest mate in woe,  
 Drew my regard ; he with distended nerves  
 Ay rolls a ponderous stone up a rugged rock ;  
 Urg'd up the steep cliff slow with hand and foot  
 It mounts, but bordering on the cloudy peak,  
 Precipitous adown the slopy side  
 The rapid orb devolving back renews  
 Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,  
 And dew'd with smocking sweat, incessant plies.

I last the visionary semblance view'd  
 Of Hercules, a shadowy form ; for he,  
 The real son of Jove, in heaven's high court

Abides,



Abides, affociate with the gods, and fhares  
 Celestial banquets; where, with foft difport  
 Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome  
 Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang  
 Surrounding ghofl, like fowl, the region wing  
 Vexatious, while the threatening image flands,  
 Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow  
 In aét to let th' aerial arrow fly.

Athwart his breafl a military zone  
 Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold  
 Grim woodland favages, with various fcenes  
 Of war, fierce joulting knights, and havoc dire,  
 With matchlefs art portray'd; me flrait he knew,  
 And, piteous of my flate, addrefs'd me thus:

O exercis'd in grief, illuftrious fon  
 Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles!  
 Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd  
 Etherial draught) beneath unnumber'd toils  
 To groan opprefs'd: ev'n I, the feed of Jove,  
 Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd  
 By an inferior wretch (what could he more?)  
 To drag to light the triple-crefted dog  
 That guards hell's mafly portal: I atchiev'd  
 The task injoin'd through the propitious aid  
 Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchsaf'd  
 Their friendly guidance; then without reply,  
 To Pluto's court majestic he retir'd.

Mean time for others of heroic note  
 I waited, in the lifts of ancient fame  
 Inroll'd illuftrious; and had haply feen

Great



Great Theseus, and Pirithous his compeer,  
 The race of gods; but at the hideous scream  
 Of spectres issuing from the dark profound  
 I wax'd infirm of purpose, fore destinay'd  
 Lest Proserpine should send Medusa, curl'd  
 With snaky locks, to fix me in her realm  
 Stiff with Gorgonian horror: to the ship  
 Retreating speedy thence, I bade my mates  
 To shove from shore: joyous they strait began  
 To stem the tide, and brush'd the whitening seas,  
 Till the fresh gales reliev'd the labouring oar.

## T H E W I D O W ' S W I L E .

### A T A L E .

**H**AVE you not seen (to state the case)  
 Two wasps lie struggling in a glass?  
 With the rich flavour of Tokay  
 Allur'd, about the brim they play;  
 They light, they murmur, then begin  
 To lick, and so at length slip in;  
 Embracing close the couple lies,  
 Together dip, together rise;  
 You'd swear they love, and yet they strive  
 Which shall be sunk, and which survive.

Such feign'd amours, and real hate,  
 Attend the matrimonial state;

When

When sacred vows are bought and sold,  
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.

A nymph there was, who ('tis aver'd  
By fame) was born without a beard:  
A certain sign, the learn'd declare,  
That (guarded with uncommon care)  
Her virtue might remain at ten  
Impregnable, to boys or men.

But from that æra we'll proceed,  
To find her in a widow's weed:  
Which, all love's chronicles agree,  
She wore just turn'd of twenty-three;  
For an old sot she call'd her mate,  
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.  
The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,  
Had no more appetites to please;  
That which provokes wild girls to wed,  
Fie!---It ne'er enter'd in her head.

Yet some prolific planet smil'd,  
And gave the pair a chopping child;  
Intituled by the law to claim  
Her husband's chattels, and his name:  
But was so like his mother! She  
The Queen of Love, her Cupid he.

This matron fair for spouse deceas'd  
Had sorrow'd sore, a week at least;  
And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,  
Which had lain dead full many a day.  
From plays and balls she now refrain'd,  
To a dark room by custom chain'd;

T

And

And not a male for love or gold,  
But the dear hopes of two years old.

The maids so long in prison pent,  
Ask leave to air ; she gives consent  
(For health is riches to the poor) :  
But Tom must stay to guard the door.  
In reading Sherlock she'd employ  
Her solitude, and tend the boy.

When madam sees the coast is clear,  
Her spirits mantle and career ;  
Diffusing ardour through her mien ;  
Pity they should condense to spleen !  
But now by honour she's confin'd,  
Who flutter'd once as free as wind :  
And on a masquerading morn,  
By fix securely could return ;  
Having, to seal him safe till nine,  
With opium drugg'd her spouse's wine.  
This the gay world no worse would hold,  
Than had she only chang'd his gold :  
The species answer'd all demands,  
And only pass'd through other hands.  
But honour now prescribes the law,  
The tyrant keeps her will in awe ;  
For charity forbid to roam,  
And not a chitterling at home.  
What ! a large stomach, and no meat !  
In pity, Love, provide a treat,  
Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,  
Like hags on visionary dishes ?

Impof-

Impossible ! Through walls of stone  
 Hunger will break, to suck a bone.  
 Want, oft' in times of old, we read,  
 Made mothers on their infants feed ;  
 And now constrain'd this matron mild,  
 To grow hard-hearted to her child.  
 Her darling child she pinch'd ; he squall'd ;  
 In haste the favourite footman 's call'd,  
 To pacify the peevish chit ;  
 For who but he could do the feat ?  
 He smarting sore, refus'd to play ;  
 But bade man Thomas beat mamma.  
 She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame  
 By various signs that want a name.  
 The lacquey saw, with trembling joy,  
 Gay humour dancing in her eye ;  
 And strait with equal fury fir'd  
 Began th' attack ; the dame retir'd :  
 And haply falling as she fled,  
 He beat her till she lay for dead ;  
 But (with new vigour for the strife)  
 Soon with a sigh return'd to life.

Think ye she'd e'er forgive her son,  
 For what the naughty man had done ?  
 She did ; yet, spited with his pain,  
 He sounds th' alarm to charge again.  
 But, 'squire, consult your potent ally,  
 Whether he 's yet prepar'd to rally---  
 Yes ; blood is hot on either side ;  
 Another combat must be try'd.

She knew the foe could do no more,  
 Than at the first attack she bore;  
 So at his little malice smil'd,  
 And cry'd, Come on!---To please the child.

## A - L A - M O D E.

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

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

When Wheedle thus to spouse in bed,  
 Spoke the best things he e'er had read;

Madam

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

## S A P P H O T O P H A O N .

## A L O V E E P I S T L E .

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

**W**HAT, after all my art, will you demand,  
 Before the whole is read, the writer's hand ?  
 And could you guess from whom this letter came  
 Before you saw it sign'd with Sappho's name ?  
 Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for lyrics, why  
 The strain is turn'd to plaintive elegy ;



I mourn my flighted love ; alas ! my lute,  
 And sprightly odes, would ill with sorrow suit.  
 I'm scorch'd, I burn, like fields of corn on fire,  
 When winds to fan the furious blaze conspire.  
 To flaming Ætna Phaon's pleas'd to roam,  
 But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.

No more my thoughts in even numbers flow,  
 Verse best befits a mind devoid of woe.  
 No more I court the nymphs I once carest,  
 But Phaon rules unrival'd in my breast.  
 Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy ;  
 A fatal face to me, too cruel boy !  
 Enslav'd to those enchanting looks, that wear  
 The blush of Bacchus and Apollo's air ;  
 Assume the garb of either god, in thee  
 We every grace of either god may see ;  
 Yet they confess'd the power of female charms,  
 In Daphne's flight and Ariadne's arms ;  
 Though neither nymph was fam'd for wit, to move  
 With melting airs the rigid soul to love.  
 To me the Muse vouchsafes celestial fire,  
 And my soft numbers glow with warm desire ;  
 Alcæus and myself alike she crown'd,  
 For softness I, and he for strength renown'd.  
 Beauty, 'tis true, penurious fate denies,  
 But wit my want of beauty well supplies :  
 My shape I own is short, but yet my name  
 Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of fame.

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

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

Oh, aid thy poetess, great Queen of Love,  
Auspicious to my growing passion prove !  
Fortune was cruel to my tender age,  
And still pursues with unrelenting rage.

\* Andromeda.

Of parents, whilst a child, I was bereft,  
 To the wide world an helpless orphan left :  
 My brother in a strumpet's vile embrace  
 Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,  
 And doom'd to traffick on the main is tost,  
 Winning with danger what with shame he ost,  
 And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame  
 His conduct, and was careful of his fame :  
 And then (as if the woes I bore beside  
 Were yet too light) my little daughter dy'd.  
 But after all these pangs of sorrow past,  
 A worse came on, for Phaon came at last !  
 No gems, nor rich embroider'd silks, I wear ;  
 No more in artful curls I comb my hair ;  
 No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath,  
 Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe :  
 Why should I put such gay allurements on,  
 Now he, the darling of my soul, is gone ?  
 Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,  
 And he who gave the wound deserves my heart ;  
 My fate is fix'd, for sure the fates decreed  
 That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.  
 By the smooth blandishments of verse betray'd,  
 In vain I call my reason to my aid ;  
 The Muse is faithless to the fair at best,  
 But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.

Yet is it strange to sweet a youth should dart  
 Flames so resistless to a woman's heart ?  
 Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seiz'd  
 Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd :

Chaste Cynthia, did she once behold his charms,  
 For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms;  
 Venus would bear him to her bower above,  
 But there she dreads a rival in his love.  
 O fair perfection thou, nor youth, nor boy,  
 Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy!  
 Come, on my panting breast thy head recline,  
 Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine:  
 While this I ask (but ask I fear in vain)  
 See how my falling tears the letter stain.

At least, why would you not vouchsafe to shew  
 A kind regret, and say, "My dear, adieu!"  
 Nor parting kiss I gave, nor tender tear,  
 My ruin flew on swifter wings than fear:  
 My wrongs, too safely treasur'd in my mind,  
 Are all the pledges Phaon left behind;  
 Nor could I make my last desire to thee,  
 Sometimes to cast a pitying thought on me.  
 But, gods! when first the killing news I heard,  
 What pale amazement in my looks appear'd!  
 A while o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,  
 My tongue forbore to speak, my eyes to flow.  
 But when my sense was waken'd to despair,  
 I beat my tender breast, and tore my hair:  
 As a distracted mother weeps forlorn,  
 When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.  
 Meanwhile my cruel brother, for relief,  
 With scorn insults me, and derides my grief:  
 Poor soul! he cries, I doubt she grows sincere;  
 Her daughter is return'd to life I fear.

Mindless of fame, I to the world reveal  
 The love so long I labour'd to conceal.  
 Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me,  
 All day I dote, and dream all night of thee :  
 Though Phaon fly to regions far remote,  
 By Sleep his image to my bed is brought :  
 Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,  
 Anon I think my arms incircle thine :  
 Then the warm wishes of my soul I speak,  
 Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break :  
 Heavens ! with thy balmy lips my lips are prest :  
 And then ! ah then !---I blush to write the rest.  
 Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play  
 And gild the glowing scenes of fancy gay :  
 With life alone my lingering love must end,  
 On thee my love, my life, my all depend.

But at the dawning day my pleasures fleet,  
 And I (too soon !) perceive the dear deceit :  
 In caves and groves I seek to calm my grief ;  
 The caves and groves afford me no relief  
 Frantic I rove, disorder'd with despair,  
 And to the winds unbind my scatter'd hair.  
 I find the Shades, which to our joys were kind,  
 But my false Phaon there no more I find :  
 With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,  
 But now his absence withers all the scene :  
 There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,  
 Where side by side we once together lay :  
 I fall where thy forsaken print appears,  
 And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.

The



The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,  
 These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing :  
 Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone  
 For mangled Itys warbles out her moan ;  
 Her moan for him trills sweetly through the grove,  
 While Sappho sings of ill-requited love.

To this dear solitude the Naiads bring  
 Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring :  
 The trees that on the shady margin grow  
 Are green above, the banks are green below :  
 Here while by sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,  
 Thus said the guardian nymph, or seem'd to say :  
 Fly, Sappho, fly ; to cure this deep despair,  
 To the Leucadian rock in haste repair ;  
 High on whose hoary top an awful fane,  
 To Phœbus rear'd, surveys the subject main.  
 This desperate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,  
 For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride ;  
 Into the waves, as holy rites require,  
 Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless fire :  
 Her frozen breast a sudden flame subdued,  
 And she who fled the youth, the youth pursued.  
 Like him, to give thy raging passion ease,  
 Precipitate thyself into the seas.

This said, she disappear'd. I deadly wan  
 Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran :  
 I fly, ye nymphs, I fly ; though fear assail,  
 The woman, yet the lover must prevail.  
 In death what terrors can deserve my care ?  
 The pangs of death are gentler than despair.



Ye winds, and Cupid thou, to meet my fall,  
 Your downy pinions spread! my weight is small.  
 Thus rescued, to the god of verse I'll bow,  
 Hang up my lute, and thus inscribe my vow:  
 To Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute;  
 The gift did both the god and giver suit.

But, Phaon, why should I this toil endure,  
 When thy return would soon complete the cure?  
 Thy beauty, and its balmy power, would be  
 A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.  
 O harder than the rock to which I go,  
 And deeper than the waves that war below!  
 Think yet, oh think! shall future ages tell  
 That I to Phaon's scorn a victim fell?  
 Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast  
 Bruis'd on the cliff, than close to Phaon's prest?  
 This breast, which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,  
 You made me once believe you did admire?  
 O could it now supply me with address  
 To plead my cause, and court thee with success!  
 But mighty woes my genius quite control,  
 And damp the rising vigour of my soul:  
 No more, ye Lesbian nymphs, desire a song,  
 Mute is my voice, my lute is all unstrung.  
 My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy shine,  
 (Ah! yet I scarce forbear to call him---mine.)  
 Phaon is fled! but bring the youth again,  
 Inspiring ardors will revive my vein.  
 But why, alas! this unavailing prayer?  
 Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air:

My

My vows the winds disperse, and make their sport,  
But ne'er will waft him to the Lesbian port.

Yet if you purpose to return, 'tis wrong  
To let your mistress languish here so long :  
Venus for your fair voyage will compose  
The sea, for from the sea the goddess rose :  
Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,  
Will hand the rudder, and direct the sails.  
But, if relentless to my prayer you prove,  
If still, unkind without a cause, you'll rove,  
And ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes restore  
That object, which her hourly vows implore ;  
'Twill be compassion now t' avow your hate ;  
Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate !  
Then, steel'd with resolution by despair,  
For cure I'll to the kinder seas repair :  
That last relief for love-sick minds I'll try ;  
Phœbus may grant what Phaon could deny.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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

## PHAON TO SAPPHO.

I Soon perceiv'd from whence your letter came,  
 Before I saw it sign'd with Sappho's name :  
 Such tender thoughts in such a flowing verse,  
 Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearse ;  
 Yet Fate was deaf to all his powerful charms,  
 And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms !  
 With such concern your passion I survey,  
 As when I view a vessel toss'd at sea ;  
 I beg each friendly power the storm may cease,  
 And every warring wave be lull'd in peace.  
 What can I more than wish ? for who can free  
 The wretched from the woe the gods decree ?  
 With generous pity I'll repay your flame ;  
 Pity ! 'tis what deserves a softer name :

Which

Which yet, I fear, of equal use would prove  
To sooth a tempest, as abate your love.

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

At Melea born, my race unknown to fame,  
With oars I ply'd; Colymbus was my name;  
A name that from the diving birds I bore,  
Which seek their fishy food along the shore.  
One summer-eve in port I left my sail,  
And with my partners fought a neighbouring vale;  
What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay  
Their floral honours to the Queen of May.  
At first their various charms my choice confuse,  
For what is choice where each is fit to chuse?  
But love or fate at length my bosom fir'd  
With a bright maid in myrtle-green attir'd;  
A shepherdess she was, and on the lawn  
Sate to the setting-sun from dewy dawn;  
Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the streams  
In pearly caves, and shun the burning beams.

I whisper

I whisper love ; she flies ; I still pursue,  
 To press her to the joy she never knew :  
 And while I speak the virgin blushes spread  
 Her damask beauty with a warmer red.  
 I vow'd unshaken faith, invoking loud  
 Venus, t' attest the solemn faith I vow'd ;  
 Invoking all the radiant lights above,  
 (But most the lamp that lights the realm of love)  
 No more to guide me with their friendly rays,  
 But leave my ship to perish on the seas,  
 If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find  
 My heart disloyal, or my look unkind.

A maid will listen when her lover swears,  
 And think his faith more real than her fears.  
 The careful shepherdes secur'd her flocks  
 From the devouring wolf, and wily fox,  
 Yet fell herself an undefended prey  
 To one more cruel and more false than they.  
 The nuptial joys we there consummate soon,  
 Safe in the friendly silence of the moon ;  
 And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day,  
 Beneath a shade of flowers in transport lay :  
 I rose, and softly sighing, view'd her o'er ;  
 How chang'd, I thought, from what she was before !  
 Yet still repeated (eager to be gone)  
 My former pledges, with a fainter tone,  
 And promis'd quick return : the pensive fair  
 Went with reluctance to her feecey care ;  
 While I resolv'd to quit my native shore,  
 Never to see the late-lov'd Malea more.

Fresh on the waves the morning breezes play,  
 To bear my vessel and my vows away :  
 With prosperous speed I fly before the wind,  
 And leave the length of Lesbos all behind :  
 Far distant from my Malean love at last,  
 (Secure with twenty leagues between us cast)  
 I furl my sails, and on the Sigrian shore,  
 Adopting that my feat, the vessel moor.  
 Sigrium, from whose aerial height I spy  
 The distant fields that bore imperial Troy,  
 Which, still accurs'd for Helen's broken vow,  
 Procure thin crops, ungrateful to the plow.  
 I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind ;  
 What future vengeance will my falsehood find,  
 When kings, and empires, no forgiveness gain'd  
 For violated rites, and faith prophan'd !

Sea-faring on that coast I led my life,  
 A commoner of love, without a wife ;  
 Content with casual joys : and vainly thought  
 Venus forgave the perjur'd, or forgot.  
 And now my sixtieth year began to shed  
 An undistinguish'd winter o'er my head ;  
 When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame  
 (I thought her such) for speedy passage came.  
 A palsy shook her limbs ; a shrivel'd skin  
 But ill conceal'd the skeleton within ;  
 A monument of Time : With equal grace  
 Her garb had poverty to suit her face.  
 Extorting first my price, I spread my sail,  
 And steer my course before a merry gale ;

U

Which



Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aside,  
 When in her lap a golden vase I spy'd ;  
 Around so rich with orient gems enchas'd,  
 A flamy lustre o'er the gold they cast.  
 With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,  
 And failing now secure amid the main,  
 With felon force I seize the seeming crone,  
 To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.  
 To Venus strait she chang'd divine to view !  
 The laughing Loves around their mother flew ;  
 Who, circled with a pomp of Graces, stood,  
 Such as she first ascended from the flood.  
 I bow'd, ador'd---With terror in her voice,  
 Thy violence (she cry'd) shall win the prize :  
 Renew thy wrinkled form, be young and fair ;  
 But soon thy heart shall own the purchase dear.  
 Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd,  
 For vows attested in the Malean shade---  
 Wrapt in a purple cloud, she cut the skies,  
 And looking down, still threat'ned with her eyes.  
 My fear at length dispell'd (the sight of gold  
 Can make an avaricious coward bold)  
 I seiz'd the glittering spoil, in hope to find  
 A case so rich with richer treasures lin'd.  
 The lid remov'd, the vacant space inclos'd  
 An essence, with celestial art compos'd ;  
 Which cures old age, and makes the shrivel'd cheek  
 Blushy as Bacchus, and as Hebe sleek ;  
 Strength to the nerves the nectar'd sweets supply.  
 And eagle-radiance to the faded eye.

Nor

Nor sharp disease, nor want, nor age have power  
T' invade that vigour, and that bloom deflower.

Th' effect I found; for, when return'd to land,  
Some drops I sprinkled on my sun-burnt hand;  
Where'er they fell, surprizing to the sight,  
The freckled brown imbib'd a milky white:  
So look the panther's varied sides; and so  
The pheasant's wing, bedropt with flakes of snow.  
I wet the whole, the same celestial hue  
Tinctur'd the whole; mæander'd o'er with blue.  
Struck with amazement here, I pause a space;  
Next with the liquid sweets anoint my face:  
My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,  
And in the waves my changing visage view.  
Strait with my charms the watry mirror glows,  
Those fatal charms that ruin'd your repose!  
Still doubting, up I start, and fear to find  
Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.  
My waste, and all my limbs, I last besmear'd,  
And soon a glossy youth o'er all appear'd.

Long wrapt in silent wonder, on the strand,  
I like a statue of Apollo stand:  
Like his, with oval grace my front is spread;  
Like his, my lips and cheeks are rosy red;  
Like his my limbs are shap'd; in every part  
So just, they mock the sculptor's mimic art:  
And golden curls adown my shoulder's flow;  
Nor wants there ought, except the lyre and bow.  
Restor'd to youth, triumphant I repair  
To court; to captivate th' admiring fair:

My faultless form the Lesbian nymphs adore !  
 Avow their flames, weep, sigh, protest, implore.  
 There feel I first the penance of my sin ;  
 All spring without, and winter all within !  
 From me the sense of gay desire is fled,  
 And all their charms are cordial to the dead.  
 Or if within my breast there chance to rise  
 The sweet remembrance of the genial joys ;  
 Sudden it leaves me, like a transient gleam  
 That gilds the surface of a freezing stream.  
 Meantime with various pangs my heart is torn,  
 Hate strives with Pity, Shame contends with Scorn :  
 Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range  
 In savage wilds ; and curse my penal change.  
 The phoenix so, restor'd with rich perfumes,  
 Displays the florid pride of all his plumes ;  
 Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,  
 In barren solitude, a foe to love.  
 But, in the calm recess of woods and plains,  
 The viper Envy revel'd in my veins ;  
 And ever when the male caress'd his bride,  
 Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aside.  
 In river, mead, and grove, such objects rose,  
 T' avenge the goddess, and awake my woes :  
 Fish, beast, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,  
 Bless'd and rever'd the blissful powers of Love.  
 What can I do for ease ? O, whither fly ?  
 Resume my fatal form, ye gods, I cry :  
 Wither this beauteous bloom, so tempting gay ;  
 And let me live transform'd to weak, and gray !

By

By change of clime my sorrows to beguile,  
 I leave for Sicily my native isle :  
 Vain hope ! for who can leave himself behind ;  
 And live a thoughtless exile from the mind ?  
 Arriving there, amidst a flowery plain  
 That join'd the shore, I view'd a virgin-train ;  
 Who in soft ditties sung of Acis' flame,  
 And strew'd with annual wreaths his amber stream.  
 Me soon they saw, and, fir'd with pious joy,  
 He comes, the god-like Acis comes, they cry :  
 Fair pride of Neptune's court ! indulge our prayer ;  
 Approach, you 've now no Polypheme to fear :  
 Accept our rites : to bind thy brow, we bring  
 These earliest honours of the rosy spring :  
 So may thy Galatea still be kind,  
 As we thy smiling power propitious find !  
 But if—(they read their error in my blush ;  
 For shame, and rage, and scorn, alternate flush)  
 But if of earthy race, yet kinder prove ;  
 Refuse all other rites, but those of Love.  
 That hated word new-stabs my rankling wound ;  
 Like a stuck deer I startle at the sound :  
 Thence to the woods with furious speed repair,  
 And leave them all abandon'd to despair.

So, frighted by the swains, to reach the brake  
 Glides from a sunny bank the glittering snake :  
 And whilst, reviv'd in youth, his wavy train  
 Floats in large spires, and burns along the plain ;  
 He darts malignance from his scornful eye,  
 And the young flowers with livid hisses die.

Let my sad fate your soft compassion move,  
 Convinc'd that Phaon would, but cannot love :  
 To torture and distract my soul, are join'd  
 Unfading youth, and impotence of mind.  
 The white and red that flatter on my skin,  
 Hide hell ; the grinning Furies howl within ;  
 Pride, Envy, Rage, and Hate inhabit there,  
 And the black child of Guilt, extreme Despair :  
 Nor of less terror to the perjur'd prove  
 The frowns of Venus, than the bolts of Jove.

When Orpheus in the woods began to play,  
 Sooth'd with his airs the leopards round him lay :  
 Their glaring eyes with lessen'd fury burn'd ;  
 But when the lyre was mute, their rage return'd :  
 So would thy Muse and lute a while controul  
 My woes, and tune the discord of my soul :  
 In sweet suspense each savage thought restrain'd ;  
 And then, the love I never felt I feign'd.  
 O Sappho, now that Muse and lute employ ;  
 Invoke the golden goddess from the sky :  
 From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redress ;  
 In love, Apollo boasts no sure success :  
 Let him preside o'er oracles and arts ;  
 Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.  
 O, let the warbled hymn \* delight her ear ;  
 Can she when Sappho sings refuse to hear ?  
 Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,  
 While flowers and burning gums perfume her fane.

\* Alluding to her Ode to Venus.

And



And when, descending to the plaintive sound,  
 She comes confess'd with all her Graces round ;  
 O, plead my cause ! in that auspicious hour,  
 Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful power.  
 Nor cease thy suit, till with a smiling air  
 She cries, I give my Phaon to thy prayer :  
 And, from his crime absolv'd, with all his charms  
 He long shall live, and die in Sappho's arms.---  
 Then swift, and gentle as her gentlest dove,  
 I'll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love :  
 Hymen shall clap his purple wings, and spread  
 Incessant raptures o'er the nuptial bed.  
 And while in pomp at Cytherea's shrine,  
 With choral song and dance, our vows we join ;  
 Her flaming altar with religious fear  
 I'll touch, and prostrate on the marble, swear  
 That zeal and love for ever shall divide  
 My heart, between the goddess and the bride.

A T A L E,

Devised in the pleasant Manere of

GENTIL MAISTER GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

**W** Hylom in Kent there dwelt a clerke,  
 Who wyth grete cheer, and lital werke,  
 Upswalen was with venere :  
 For meagre Lent ne recked he,



Ne faints daies had in remembraunce,  
 Mo will had he to daliaunce.  
 To ferchen out a bellamie,  
 He had a sharp and licorous eie ;  
 But it wold bett abide a leke,  
 Or onion, than the sight of Greke :  
 Wherefore, God yeve him shame, Boccace  
 Serv'd him for Basil and Ignace,  
 His vermeil cheke that shon wyth mirth,  
 Spake him the blithest priest on yearth :  
 At chyrch, to shew his lillied hond,  
 Full fetoufly he prank'd his bond ;  
 Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,  
 And Ifaac Wever was he nempt.

Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,  
 For a young damosell did pyne,  
 Born in East-Cheap ; who, by my fay,  
 Ypert was as a popinjay :  
 Ne wit ne wordes did she waunt,  
 Wele cond she many a romaunt ;  
 Ore muscadine, or spiced ale,  
 She carrol'd foote as nightingale :  
 And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne,  
 Withouten speche ; a speciall signe  
 She lack'd fomdele of what ech dame  
 Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name :  
 So was eftsoons by Ifaac won,  
 To blifsful consummation.

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

But withouten such gawdes, I trow  
 Myne legend is prolix ynow.  
 Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's song,  
 A tale shold never be too long;  
 And fikerly in fayre Englund  
 None bett doeth taling underfond.

She now, algates full sad to chaunge  
 The citee for her husbond's graunge,  
 To Kent mote; for she wele did knowe  
 'Twas vaine ayenst the streme to rowe.  
 Sa wend they on one steed yfere,  
 Ech cleping toder life and dere;  
 Heven shilde hem fro myne Bromley hof,  
 Or many a groat theyr meel woll cost.

Deem next ye maistress Wever sene  
 Yclad in fable bombasine;  
 The frankleins wyves accost her blythe,  
 Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;  
 And yeve honour parochiall  
 In pew, and eke at festivall.  
 Worschip and wealth her husbond hath;  
 Ne poor in aught, save werks and faith:  
 Kepes bull, bore, stallion, to dispence  
 Large pennorths of benevolence.  
 His berne ycrammed was, and store  
 Of poultrie cackled at the dore;  
 His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,  
 And was astonied at the cocke;  
 That, in his portaunce debonair,  
 On everich henn bestow'd a share

Of pleſaunce, yet no genitours  
 She ſaw, to thrill his paramours :  
 Offſithes ſhe mokel muſ'd theron,  
 Yet niſt ſhe howgates it was don.

One night, ere they to ſleepen went,  
 Her Iſaac in her arms ſhe hent,  
 As was her uſage ; and did ſaie,  
 Of charite I mote thee praie,  
 To techen myne unconnyng wit  
 One thing it comprehendeth niet :  
 And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,  
 If in myne queſt thou falſen me.

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

Qd. Iſaac, certes by Sainct Poule,  
 Myne lief thou art a ſimple ſoule ;  
 Foules fro the egle to the wren,  
 Bin harnes'd othergiſe than men :  
 For the males engins of delite,  
 Ferre in theyr entrails are empight ;  
 Els, par miſchaunce, theyr merriment  
 Emong the breers mought fore be ſhent.  
 Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce  
 Love of venereal jouiſaunce :

And in one month, the trowth to fayne,  
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twaine.

O Benedicite! qd. she,  
If kepyng hote fo kindlych be,  
Hie in thyne boweles trufs thyne gere,  
And cke the skrippe that daungleth here.

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

Pardie, qd. she, fyth theres nat room,  
Swete Nykin! crafe hem in myne woom.

## T O M R. P O P E.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER.

In which the poet supposeth Apollo to have given  
this answer to one who enquired who was the author  
of the Iliad,

*"Ἡειδὸν μὲν Ἐγὼν, ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὀμηρὸς.*

*Hæc modulabar ego, scripsit divinus Homerus.*

**W**HEN Phœbus, and the nine harmonious Maids,  
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,  
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,  
Befits these harps to sound, and thee to hear:

Reply'd

Reply'd the god, Your loftiest notes employ  
 To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy.  
 The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,  
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.  
 He answer'd with a frown: I now reveal  
 A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal.  
 Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,  
 I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,  
 Which, unobserv'd, a wandering Greek and blind,  
 Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;  
 And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,  
 From me the god of wit usurp'd the bays.

But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,  
 Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name:  
 Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,  
 And the White Isle with female power is blest,  
 Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,  
 And the translator's palm to me transfer;  
 With less regret my claim I now decline,  
 The world will think this English Iliad mine.

## THE PLATONIC SPELL.

**W**HENE'ER I wed, young Strephon cry'd,  
 Ye powers that o'er the noose preside,  
 Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour give,  
 Or let me still a rover live:  
 But if all these no nymph can share,  
 Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.

Thus



Thus pray'd the fwain in heat of blood,  
 Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood ;  
 And, tapping him, said, Youth be wise,  
 And let a child for once advise.  
 A faultless make, a manag'd wit,  
 Humour and riches, rarely meet :  
 But if a beauty you'd obtain,  
 Court some bright Phyllis of the brain ;  
 The dear idea long enjoy,  
 Clean is the bliss, and ne'er will cloy.

But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,  
 And know the ladies to a hair ;  
 Howe'er small poets whine upon it,  
 In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,  
 Their beauty's but a spell, to bring  
 A lover to th' enchanted ring.  
 E'er the sack-poffet is digested,  
 Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,  
 The winning air, the wanton trip,  
 The radiant eye, the velvet lip,  
 From which you fragrant kisses stole,  
 And seem'd to suck her springing soul ;  
 These, and the rest you doated on,  
 Are nauseous, or insipid grown ;  
 The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,  
 And Sacharissa turns to Joan.



## MARULLUS TO NEÆRA,

## IMITATED.

**R**OB'D like Diana, ready for the chace,  
Her mind as spotless, and as fair her face,  
Young Sylvia stray'd beneath the dewy dawn  
To course th' imperial stag o'er Windfor lawn.  
There Cupid view'd her spreading o'er the plain,  
The first and fairest of the rural train ;  
And, by a small mistake, the power of love,  
Thought her the virgin-goddes of the grove :  
Soon aw'd with innocence, t' evade her sight  
He fled, and drop'd his quiver in the flight :  
Though pleas'd, she blush'd ; and, with a glowing smile,  
Pursued the god, and seiz'd the golden spoil.

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

KISSES.

## K I S S E S.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

## B A S I U M I.

**W**HEN Venus, in the sweet Idalian shade,  
 A violet couch for young Ascanius made,  
 Their opening gems th' obedient roses bow'd,  
 And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud :  
 While the bright goddess, with a gentle shower  
 Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the blissful bower.

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

Sudden her swans career along the skies,  
 And o'er the globe the fair celestial flies ;

Then,

Then, as where Ceres pass'd, the teeming plain  
 Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,  
 So fruitful kisses fell where Venus flew,  
 And by the power of genial magic grew ;  
 A plenteous harvest ! which she deign'd t' impart  
 To sooth an agonizing love-sick heart.

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

## B A S I U M II.

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

The jovial friend shall tempt in vain  
 With humour, wit, and brisk champaigne ;

\* Venus.

In vain shall Nature call for sleep,  
 We 'll Love's eternal vigils keep :  
 Thus, thus for ever let us lie,  
 Dissolving in excess of joy,  
 Till fate shall with a single dart  
 Transfix the pair it cannot part.

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

When we approach those blest retreats,  
 Th' assembly strait will leave their seats,  
 Admiring much the matchless pair,  
 So fond the youth, the nymph so fair !  
 Daughters and mistresses to Jove,  
 By Homer fam'd of old for love ;

In homage to the British Grace,  
 Will give pre-eminence of place.  
 Helen herself will soon agree  
 To rise, and yield her rank to thee.

A N E P I S T L E  
 T O

THOMAS LAMBAR D, ESQ.

“ Omnia me tua delectant ; sed maximè, maxima cùm  
 “ fides in amicitia, consilium, gravitas, constantia ;  
 “ tum lepos, humanitas, literæ.”

CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

**S**LOW though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,  
 Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,  
 Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,  
 That favourite verse to Lambard I decree :  
 Such may the Muse inspire, and make it prove  
 A pledge and monument of lasting love !  
 Meantime intent the fairest plan to find,  
 To form the manners, and improve the mind ;  
 Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,  
 By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease ;  
 Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace  
 With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.  
 Now Truth's bright charms employ my serious thought,  
 In flowing eloquence by Tully taught :

Then

Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,  
 And studious wander in the Grecian grove ;  
 While wonder and delight the soul engage  
 To found the depths of Plato's sacred page ;  
 Where Science in attractive fable lies,  
 And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.  
 Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain  
 Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,  
 Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,  
 And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.  
 As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,  
 The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid ;  
 As weary'd hinds accuse the lingering sun,  
 And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one :  
 So dull to Horace \* did the moments glide,  
 Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd  
 To combat vice, and follies to expose,  
 In easy numbers near ally'd to prose :  
 Guilt blush'd and trembled when she heard him sing,  
 He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.  
 With such a graceful negligence express'd,  
 Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test :  
 But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,  
 And from gross images would merit praise,  
 When Nature sets the noblest stores in view,  
 Affects to polish copper in Peru :  
 So while the seas on barren sands are cast,  
 The saltness of their waves offends the taste :

\* Epist. 1. Lib. 1.



But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain  
 In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,  
 Revive the fainting flowers, and swell the meager grain. }

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,  
 Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown;  
 Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime  
 In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)  
 To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,  
 And prize ideas clad in honest prose.  
 Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,  
 Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;  
 And Death perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,  
 Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short:  
 His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,  
 For the smooth cadence of a golden line:  
 Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man  
 To run the trifling race the boy began,  
 Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see  
 My circle end in second infancy.  
 I might ere long an awkward humour have,  
 To wear my bells and coral to the grave,  
 Or round my room alternate take a course,  
 Now mount my hobby, then the Muses' horse:  
 Let others wither gay, but I'd appear  
 With sage decorum in my easy chair;  
 Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,  
 Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.  
 A nobler task our riper age affords  
 Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.

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

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,  
 In the calm walks of Truth his bloom enjoys;  
 With books and patrimonial plenty blest,  
 Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!  
 Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,  
 Nor the gay servitude of courts enthral,  
 Unknowing how to mask concerted guile  
 With a false cringe, or undermining smile;  
 His manners pure, from affectation free,  
 And prudence shines through clear simplicity.  
 Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,  
 Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room,  
 Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,  
 And innocence the want of down supplies;  
 Health tempers all his cups, and at his board  
 Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:  
 Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,  
 Himself unseen he sees the labouring croud,

Where all industrious to their ruin run,  
 Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.  
 Some, by the fordid thirst of gain control'd,  
 Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold,  
 Preserve the precious bane with anxious care  
 In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir :  
 Others devour Ambition's glittering bait,  
 To sweat in purple, and repine in state ;  
 Devote their powers to every wild extreme  
 For the short pageant of a pompous dream :  
 Nor can the mind to full perfection bring  
 The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,  
 But in a public sphere those virtues fade,  
 Which open'd fair and flourish'd in the shade :  
 So while the Night her ebon sceptre sways,  
 Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant \* displays ;  
 But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,  
 Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear,  
 And tempt the man to make the rash career,  
 Fame, Power, and Wealth, which glitter at the goal,  
 Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul ;  
 For these are ease and innocence resign'd,  
 For these he strips ; farewell the tranquil mind !  
 Headstrong he urges on till vigour fails,  
 And gray experience (but too late !) prevails :]  
 But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,  
 When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool ;

\* The nure-tree,

When

When joy and blufhy youth forfake his face,  
 Sicklied with age, and four with felf-difgrace;  
 No flavour then the fparkling cups retain,  
 Mufick is harfh, the Syren fings in vain;  
 To him what healing balm can art apply,  
 Who lives difeas'd with life, and dreads to die?  
 In that laft fcene, by Fate in fables drest,  
 Thy power, triumphant Virtue! is confest;  
 Thy vefal flames diffufe celeftial light  
 Through Death's dark vale, and vanquifh total night;  
 Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,  
 When the gay toys of flattering Fortune fail.  
 Such, happy Twifden! (ever be thy name  
 Mourn'd by the Mufe, and fair in deathlefs fame!)  
 While the bright effluence of her glory fhone,  
 Were thy laft hours, and fuch I wifh my own:  
 So caffia bruis'd exhales her rich perfumes,  
 And incenfe in a fragrant cloud confumes.

Moft fpoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd t' impart,  
 By too much varnifh or by want of art;  
 By folid fcience all her gifts are grac'd,  
 Like gems new polifh'd, and with gold enchas'd.  
 Votes to th' unletter'd 'fquire the laws allow,  
 As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plow:  
 But arts, addrefs, and force of genius, join  
 To make a Hammer in the fenate fhine.  
 Yet one prefiding power in every breast  
 Receives a ftronger fâction than the reft;  
 And they who ftudy and difcern it well,  
 Act unreftrein'd, without defign excel,

But court contempt, and err without redress,  
 Missing the master-talent they possess.  
 Whiston perhaps in Euclid may succeed,  
 But shall I trust him to reform my creed ?  
 In sweet assemblage every blooming grace  
 Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,  
 With which her faultless shape and air agree,  
 But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee ;  
 And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,  
 Lest Envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.  
 By long experience D---y may, no doubt,  
 Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout ;  
 Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite !)  
 He fish !---Because the man attempts to write.  
 Oh, if the Water-nymphs were kind to none  
 But those the Muses bathe in Helicon :  
 In what far distant age would Belgia raise  
 One happy wit to net the British seas !  
 ' Nature permits her various gifts to fall  
 On various climes, nor smiles alike on all :  
 The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,  
 And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling year ;  
 But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,  
 To raise the jasmine or the coy jonquil ?  
 Who finds the peach among the savage floes,  
 Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose ?  
 Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,  
 And there the vine her racy purple yields.  
 High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,  
 Proud to survey the seas her power defends ;



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

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

Whither, you cry, tends all this dry discourse ?  
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.  
I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay  
To frisk my fancy with ; but, sooth to say !  
From her Apollo now the Muse elopes,  
And trades in syllogisms more than tropes.  
Faith, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear ;  
When a friend reads, in honour you must hear :  
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,  
Indulge a volubility of tongue :

Their



Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,  
 And, council-proof, will never baulk a theme.  
 So Burges's on his Tripod rav'd the more,  
 When round him half the faints began to snore.

To lead us safe through Error's thorny maze,  
 Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays ;  
 But that bright daughter of eternal day  
 Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.  
 Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,  
 And opiate all her active powers to rest ;  
 Though on that magazine no fevers seize,  
 To calcine all her beauteous images :  
 Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,  
 Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne :  
 Or, to known good preferring specious ill,  
 Reason becomes a cully to the will :  
 Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,  
 Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the way ;  
 And in life's voyage like the pilot fares  
 Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,  
 To steer by meteors, which at random fly,  
 Preluding to a tempest in the sky.  
 Vain of his skill, and led by various views,  
 Each to his end a different path pursues ;  
 And seldom is one wretch so humble known  
 To think his friend's a better than his own :  
 The boldest they, who least partake the light,  
 As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.  
 Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,  
 But what became our choice we call our fate.

Villain,

Villain, said Zeno to his pilfering slave,  
 What frugal Nature needs, I freely gave;  
 With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,  
 What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?  
 Sir, blame the stars, felonious culprit cry'd:  
 We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd.  
 If their strong influence all our actions urge,  
 Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge:  
 The beadle must obey the Fates' decree,  
 As powerful Destiny prevail'd with thee.

This heathen logic seems to bear too hard  
 On me, and many a harmless modern bard:  
 The critics hence may think themselves decreed  
 To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;  
 Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,  
 As monkeys draw their pedigree from man;  
 To which (though by the breed our kind's disgrac'd)  
 We grant superior elegance of taste:  
 But in their own defence the wits observe  
 That, by impulse from heaven, they write and starve;  
 Their patron-planet, with resistless power,  
 Irradiates every poet's natal hour;  
 Engendering in his head a solar heat  
 For which the college has no sure receipt,  
 Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw  
 And leave the rats to revel in the straw.

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain  
 As Flattery's smooth insinuating bane:  
 She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,  
 While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;

And

And Reason oft submits when both invade,  
 Without assaulted, and within betray'd.  
 When Flattery's magic mists suffuse the fight,  
 The don is active, and the boor polite ;  
 Her mirror shews perfection through the whole,  
 And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole ;  
 Each character in gay confusion lies,  
 And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise :  
 Nor fail her fulsome arts to footh our pride,  
 Though praise to venom turns if wrong apply'd.  
 Me thus she whispers while I write to you :  
 " Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review !  
 " Then every Muse invoke thy voice to raise,  
 " Arms and the man to sing in lofty lays :  
 " Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,  
 " Such as the son of Thetis \* sung at Troy ;  
 " When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd  
 " To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.  
 " Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,  
 " At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul ;  
 " By France the genius of the fight confest,  
 " For which our patron faint adorns his breast."---  
 Is this my friend, who sits in full content,  
 Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,  
 And never any scene of slaughter saw,  
 But those who fell by physic or the law ?  
 Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,  
 Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd ?

\* Iliad ix.

O often

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

But most among the brethren of the bays,  
 The dear enchantress all her charms displays,  
 In the fly commerce of alternate praise.  
 If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,  
 Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,  
 And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,  
 Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior would explode ;  
 Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,  
 And goddesses descend in ivory cars :  
 Is it for me to prove in every part  
 The piece irregular by laws of art ?  
 His genius looks but aukward, yet his fate  
 May raise him to be premier bard of state ;  
 I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,  
 Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame ;  
 Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,  
 'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek !  
 He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,  
 And courteous, with increase the debt repays :  
 Boileau 's a mushroom if compar'd to me,  
 And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee !  
 Both ravish'd, sing Te Phœbum for success ;  
 Rise swift, ye laurels ! boy ! bespeak the press.---  
 Thus on imaginary praise we feed ;  
 Each writes till all refuse to print or read :

From.

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

Few, wondrous few ! are eagle-ey'd to find  
A plain disease, or blemish in the mind :  
Few can, though wisdom should their health insure,  
Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.  
In youth diffus'd to obey the needful rein,  
Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,  
We fate the kind desire of every sense,  
And lull our age in thoughtless indolence :  
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,  
Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,  
Folly and Pride, impatient of control,  
The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul.  
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,  
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn :  
I scarcely think his picture would have power  
To make him fight the champions of the Tower :  
Though lions there are tolerably tame,  
And civil as the court from which they came.  
But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,  
Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts :  
Imagines he alone is amply fit  
To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit :  
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,  
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

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

When



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

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

My favourite bird ! of all the feather'd kind,  
Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd :  
The towering eagles to the realms of light  
By their strong pounces claim a regal right ;  
The swan, contented with an humbler fate,  
Low on the fishy river rows in state :  
Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,  
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck ;  
But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,  
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.  
These various bounties were dispos'd above,  
And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove :  
Discern thy talent, and his laws adore ;  
Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.



T O T H E Q U E E N,  
O N H E R M A J E S T Y ' S B I R T H - D A Y .

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

To you the sceptres of all Europe bend,  
The victor those revere, and these the friend ;  
Your silken reins the willing nations crave,  
For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to save.

Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows  
On you renown, and freedom on your foes ;  
Observant of your will, the goddess brings  
Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But, as the brightest beams and gentlest showers  
Were once reserv'd for Eden's opening flowers ;  
So, though remoter realms your influence share,  
Britannia boasts to be your darling care.

By your great wisdom and resistless might,  
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite :  
Nature had join'd the lands ; but you alone  
Make their affections and their councils one ;  
You speak---the jarring principles remove,  
And, close combin'd, the sister-nations prove  
Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

}   
What

T O T H E Q U E E N. 321

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

From this propitious omen we presage  
 Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age,  
 Establish'd Faith, the daughter of the skies,  
 Shall see new temples by your bounty rise ;  
 Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,  
 Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive ;  
 Safe in their shades the Muses shall remain,  
 And sing the milder glories of your reign.

So, whilst offended heaven exerts its power,  
 Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,  
 But, when our incense reconciles the skies,  
 Again the radiant beams begin to rise ;  
 Soft Zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,  
 And fragrant flowers perfume the dawning day ;  
 The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,  
 And golden Plenty covers all the plains.

A N O D E

To the Right Honourable

J O H N L O R D G O W E R.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

## I.

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

## II.

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

ODE TO LORD GOWER. 323

III.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides,  
Slow through the vale in silver volumes play ;  
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,  
Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day :

Thither, indulgent to my prayer,  
Ye bright harmonious nymph repair,  
To swell the notes I feebly raise :  
So with inspiring ardors warm'd,  
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,  
To listen to my lays.

I.

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

II.

But here, no clarion's shrilling note  
The Muse's green retreat can pierce ;  
The grove, from noisy camps remote,  
Is only vocal with my verse :  
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,  
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly

Drop freedom, health, and gay desires :  
 While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,  
 With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl ;  
 And wit and social mirth inspires.

## III.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,  
 (The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)  
 Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,  
 Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain :

There secret in her sapphire cell,  
 He with the Nais wont to dwell ;  
 Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove :  
 And where her mazy waters flow,  
 He gave the mantling vine, to grow  
 A trophy to his love.

## I.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,  
 With blind Opinion for his guide ;  
 And, rebel to her rightful sway,  
 Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd ?  
 Fool ! Time no change of motion knows ;  
 With equal speed the torrent flows,  
 To sweep Fame, Power, and Wealth away :  
 The past is all by Death possess'd ;  
 And frugal Fate that guards the rest,  
 By giving, bids him live, to-day.

## II.

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

O flower

ODE TO LORD GOWER. 325

O flower of anicent English faith,  
Pursue th' unbeaten patriot-path,  
In which confirm'd thy father shone :  
The light his fair example gives,  
Already from thy dawn receives  
A lustre equal to its own.

III.

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

There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,  
With Falkland seated near his side,  
Fix'd by the Muse the temple grace :  
Prophetic of thy happier fame,  
She, to receive thy radiant name,  
Selects a whiter space.

T H E D R E A M.

Imitated from PROPERTIUS, Book iii. Elegy iii.

TO green retreats, that shade the Muses' stream,  
My fancy lately bore me in a dream ;  
Fir'd with ambitious-zeal, my harp I strung,  
And Blenheim's field, and fam'd Ramillia sung :  
Fast by that spring, where Spenser sat of old,  
And great exploits in lofty numbers told.



Phœbus in his Castalian grotto laid,  
 O'er which a laurel cast her filken shade,  
 Spy'd me, and hastily when first he spy'd,  
 Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd :

What strange ambition has misplac'd thee there ?  
 Forbear to sing of arms, alas forbear !  
 Form'd in a gentler mould, henceforth employ  
 Thy pen to paint the softer scenes of joy.  
 Thy works may thus the myrtle garland wear,  
 Prefer'd to grace the toilets of the fair :  
 When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,  
 In reading thee they 'll pass the hours away :  
 And, when they'd make their melting wishes known,  
 Repeat thy passion to reveal their own.  
 Then haste, the safer shallows to regain,  
 Nor dare the stormy dangers of the main.

Ceasing with this reproof, the friendly god,  
 A mossy path, but lightly beaten, show'd :  
 A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone  
 Had arch'd with greens of various kinds o'ergrown ;  
 With tymbrels all the vaulted roofs were grac'd,  
 And earthen gods on either side were plac'd.  
 Silenus, and the Muses virgin-train,  
 Stood here, with Pan the poet of the plain :  
 Elsewhere the doves of Cytherea's team,  
 Were seen to sip the sweet Castalian stream.

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

Me thus the bright Calliope address'd  
 (Her name the brightness of her form confess'd):  
 The silver swans of Venus wait to bear,  
 Thee safe in pomp along the liquid air.  
 Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, strait recall  
 Thy rash design to sing the wounded Gaul.  
 Harsh sounds the trumpet in the Muses' grove,  
 But sweet the lute, the lute is fit for love.  
 No more rehearse the Danube's purple stream,  
 Let love for ever be the tender theme.  
 And in thy verse reveal the moving art,  
 To melt an haughty nymph's relentless heart.  
 The goddess ceasing, to confirm me more,  
 My face with hallow'd drops she sprinkled o'er;  
 Fetch'd from the fountain, by whose flowery side,  
 Soft Waller sung of Sacharissa's pride.

To the Right Honourable the Lady

MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

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

When Waller, kindling with cœlestial rage,  
 View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,  
 His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe ;  
 The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.  
 In youth, of patrimonial wealth possiest,  
 The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast :  
 But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,  
 Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.  
 His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,  
 Or sing of heroes with majestic air,  
 To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove  
 To waken all the tender powers of love :  
 More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,  
 Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone,  
     As angels love, congenial souls unite  
 Their radiance, and refine each other's light :  
 The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,  
 From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray :  
 Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound  
 Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound ;  
 With varied notes the curious ear to please,  
 And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.  
 Maker, and model, of melodius verse !  
 Accept these votive honors at thy hearse.  
 While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,  
 Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise !  
 So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs  
 To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.  
 In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley ! view  
 What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you.

TO LADY HARLEY.

329

To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,  
 In Sachariffa's fate vouchsafe to read.  
 Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,  
 Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime ;  
 Still kindling rapture, see ! she moves in state ;  
 Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.  
 Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight  
 In purest minds may stain the virgin-white :  
 How bright, and chaste, the poet and his theme ;  
 So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.)  
 A fainted virtue to the spheres may sing  
 Those strains, that ravish'd here the martyr-king,  
 Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease  
 Politely form'd, to profit and to please,  
 To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame ;  
 And, what he could not praise, forgot to name :  
 Thus Eden's rose without a thorn display'd  
 Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.  
 Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,  
 When blissful years in golden circles roll'd :  
 Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,  
 While love was all the pensive care of life,  
 The swains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,  
 Taught the young groves their passion to resound :  
 Fancy pursued the paths where beauty led,  
 To please the living, or deplore the dead.  
 While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,  
 The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd ;  
 From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair  
 Breath'd in a flower, or sparkled in a star.

Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flowers  
 Where Spring resides in soft Elyfian bowers ;  
 While these the bowers adorn, and they the sphere,  
 Will Sachariffa's charms in fong appear.  
 Yet, in the present age, her radiant name  
 Must take a dimmer interval of fame ;  
 When you to full meridian luftre rife,  
 With Morton's fhape, and Gloriana's eyes ;  
 With Carlifle's wit, her gesture, and her mien ;  
 And, like feraphic Rich, with zeal ferene :  
 In sweet affemblage all their graces join'd  
 To language, mode, and manners more refin'd !  
 That angel-frame, with chafte attraction gay,  
 Mild as the dove-ey'd morn awakes the May,  
 Of nobleft youths will reign the public care,  
 Their joy, their wifh, their wonder, and defpair.  
 Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow !  
 The fifter-arts with fudden rapture glow :  
 Her Titian tints the painter-nymph refumes ;  
 The canvas warm with rofeate beauty blooms :  
 Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,  
 The marble breathes, and foftens with your fmile ;  
 Proud to receive the form, by fate defign'd  
 The faireft model of the fairer kind.  
 But hear, O hear the Mufe's heavenly voice !  
 The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice :  
 Attend, ye gales ! to Margareta's praife ;  
 And all ye liftening Loves record the lays !  
 So, Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,  
 When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,



TO LADY HARLEY.

33D

O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign ;  
The first, the brightest of the starry train.

What favourite youth assign the Fates to rise,  
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize ?  
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains  
Trophies, atchiev'd on Gallia's viny plains :  
Or, smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays.  
The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays :  
Adorn, ye fates ! the favourite youth assign'd,  
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind :  
In merit make him great, as great in blood ;  
Great without pride, and amiably good ;  
His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,  
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.  
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd ;  
Not fear'd, but honour'd ; and with love obey'd.  
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,  
Wife, brave, and studious to support the state,  
With candour firm ; without ambition bold ;  
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold.  
That heaven may judge the choicest blessings due ;  
And give the various good compriz'd in you.



## P R O L O G U E

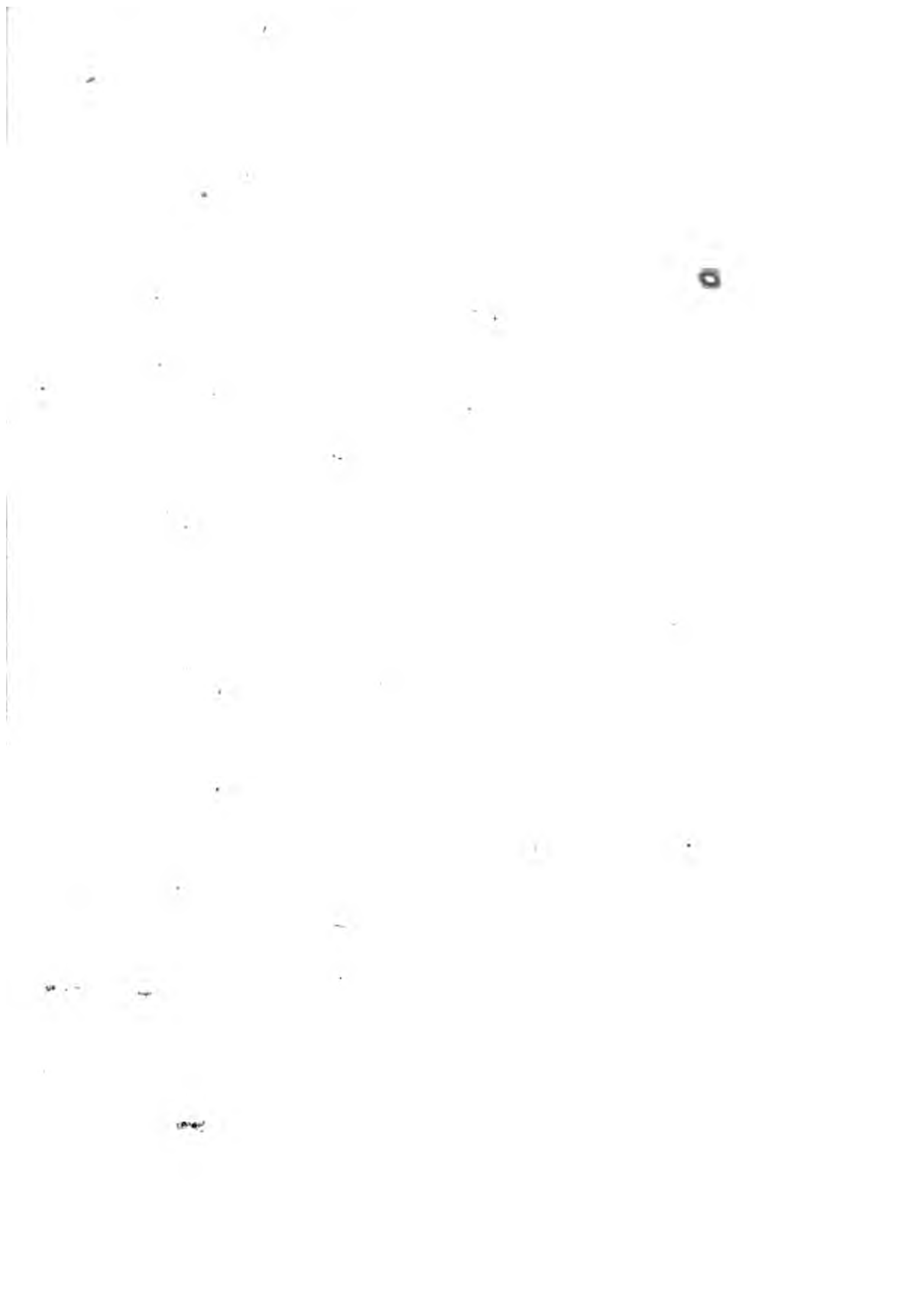
T O

## SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAME.

**W**HEN realms are ravag'd with invasive foes,  
 Each bosom with heroic ardour glows ;  
 Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,  
 Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids ;  
 But active in the foremost ranks appear,  
 And leave young smock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.  
 So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,  
 Our veteran bard resumes his tragic rage :  
 He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,  
 And calls for Englishmen to judge the field :  
 Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from disgrace,  
 Messieurs ! lay down your minstrels and grimace :  
 The brawniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd,  
 When old Etellus in the lists appear'd.  
 Yet what avails the champion's giant size,  
 When pigmies are made umpires of the prize ?  
 Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)  
 Disdain'd the mummery of foreign strollers :  
 By their examples would you form your taste,  
 The present age might emulate the past.  
 We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you ;  
 But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you :

The

The Muses blush'd, to see their friends exalting  
Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting :  
So charm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to dote  
On nonsense, gargled in an eunuch's throat :  
All pleas'd to hear the chattering monsters speak,  
As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.  
Such light ragoûts and mushrooms may be good,  
To whet your appetites for wholesome food :  
But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines  
Without substantial haunches and furloins.  
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour ;  
Cressy was lost by kickshaws and soup-meagre.  
Instead of light deserts and luscious froth,  
Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth ;  
To which, as well as all his former feasts,  
The ladies are the chief-invited guests.  
Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,  
That bloom amid the winter of his days ;  
He comes, ambitious in his green decline,  
To consecrate his wreath at beauty's shrine.  
His Oroonoko never fail'd t' engage  
The radiant circles of the former age :  
Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow,  
And sympathize with Isabella's woe :  
But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,  
The brightest audience for the Spartan Dame.



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