



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

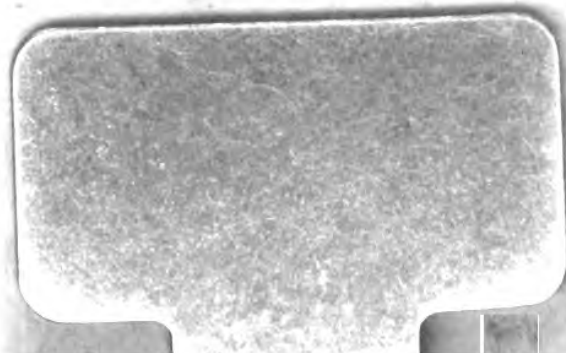
<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>

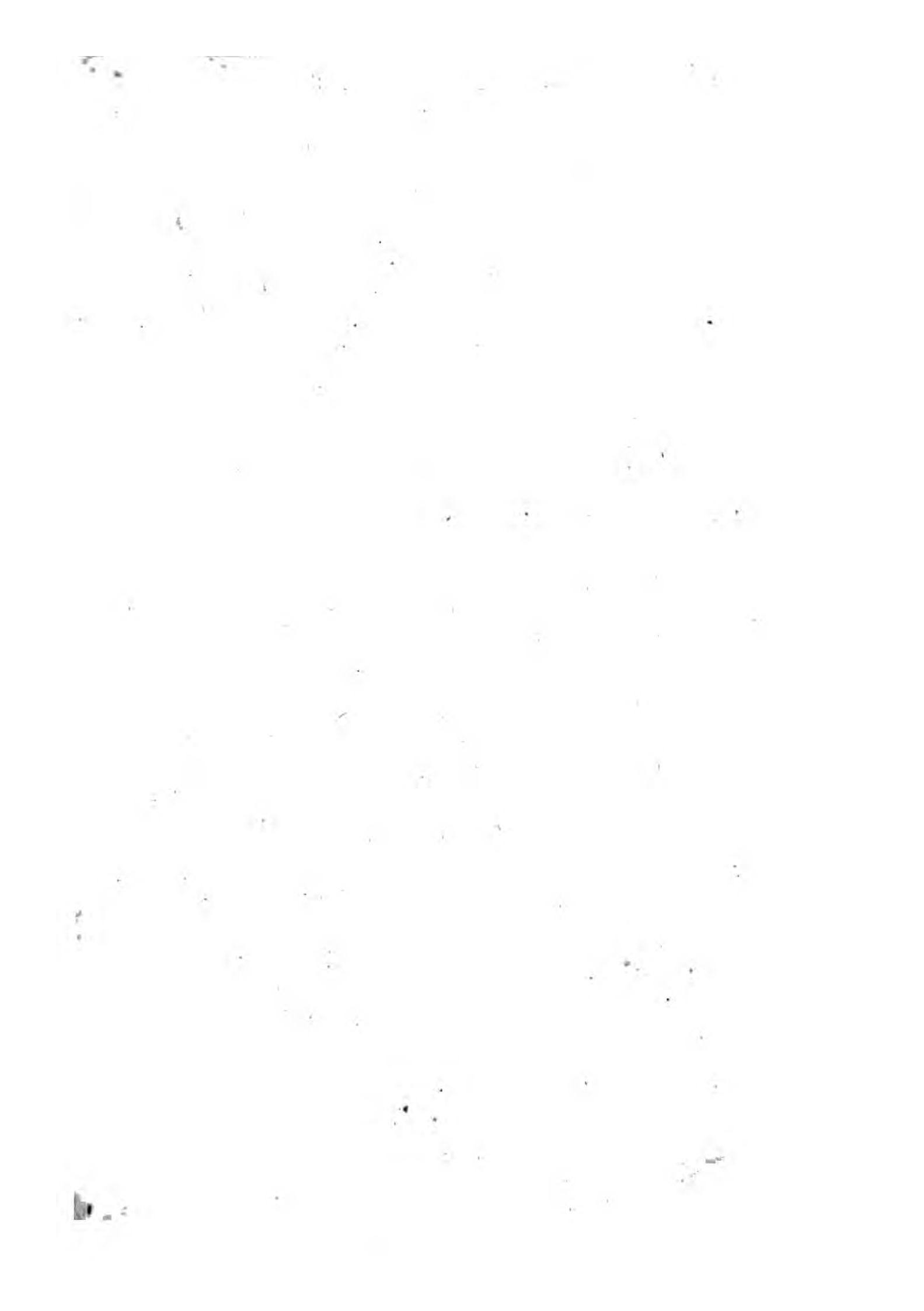


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

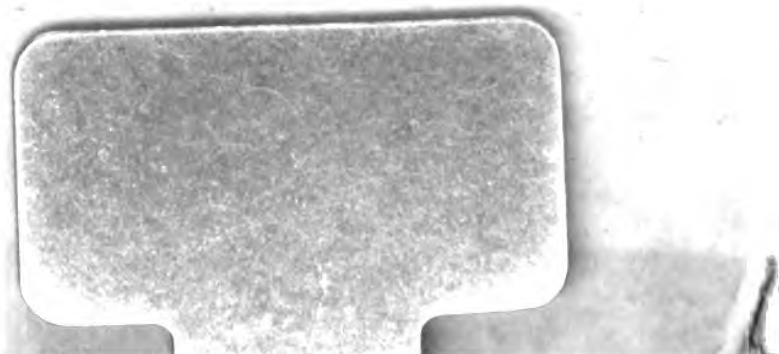


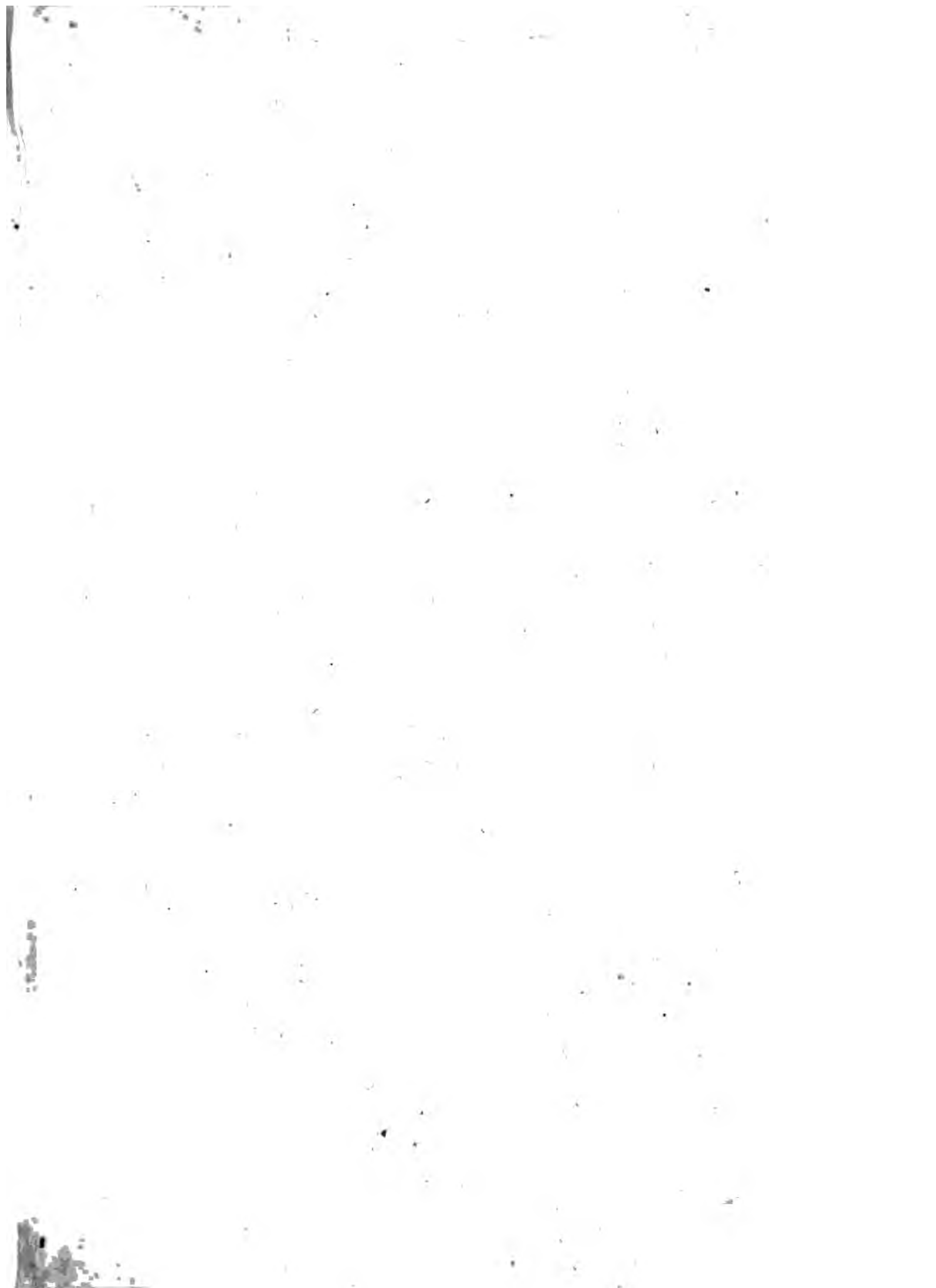
2804 f 127

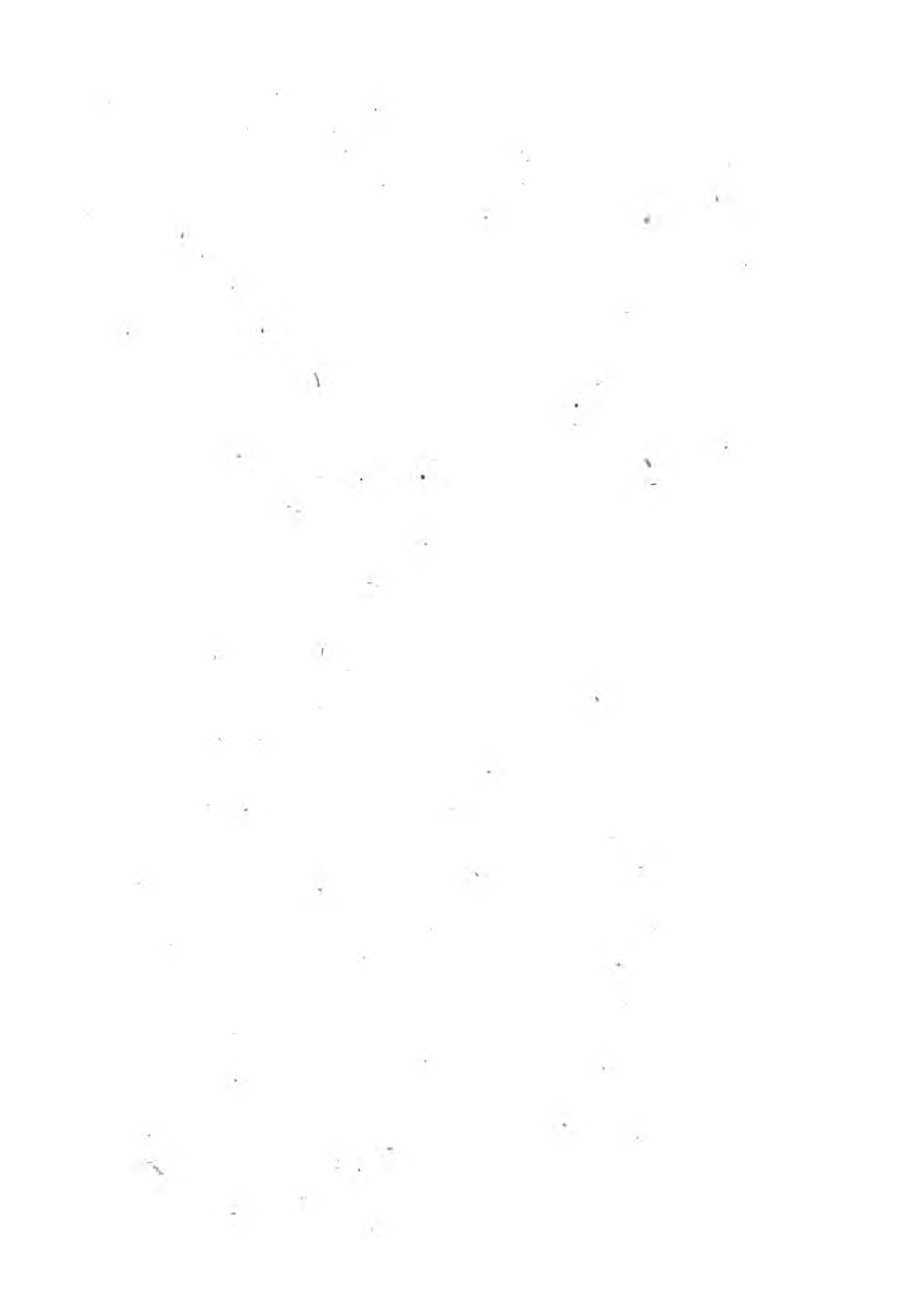


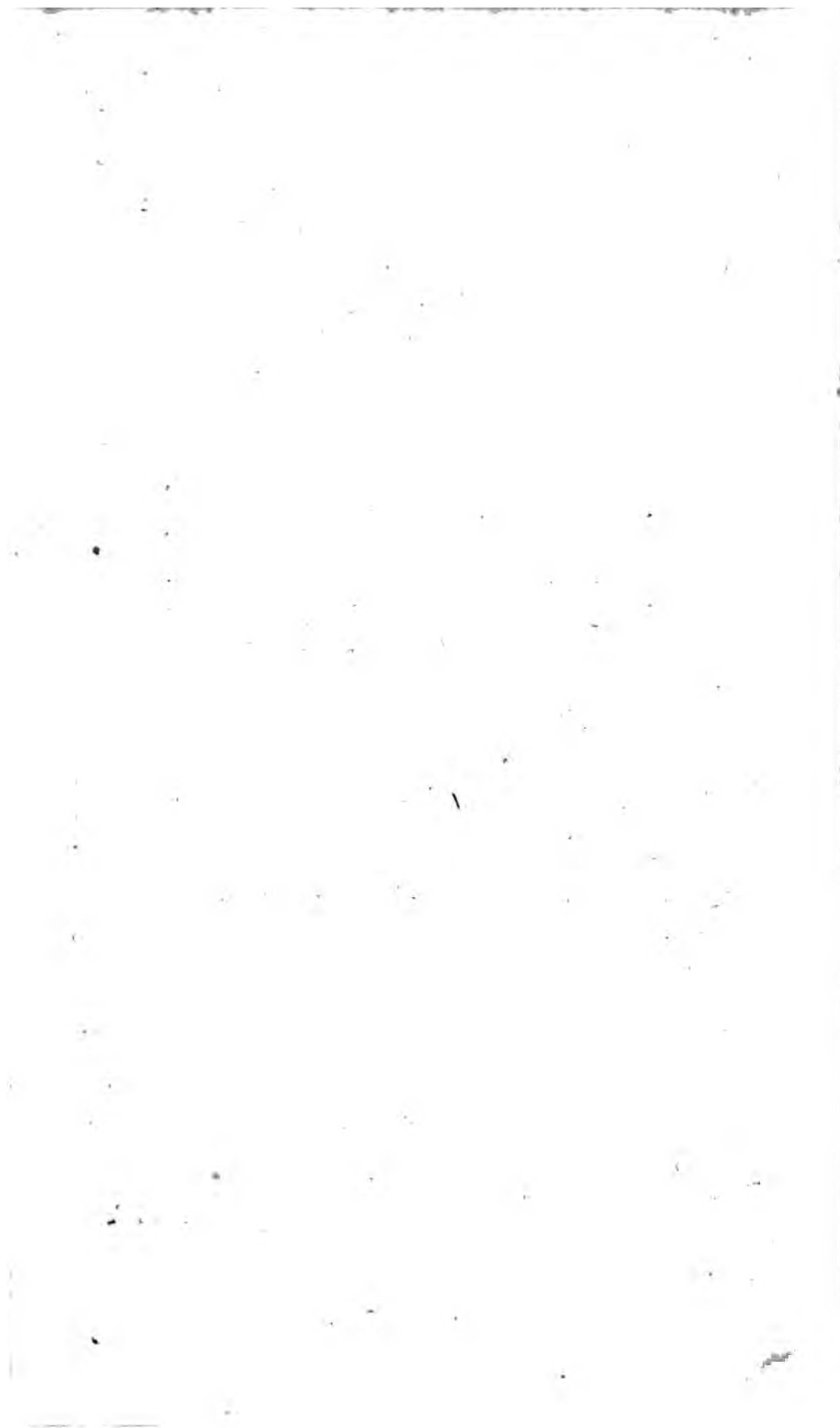


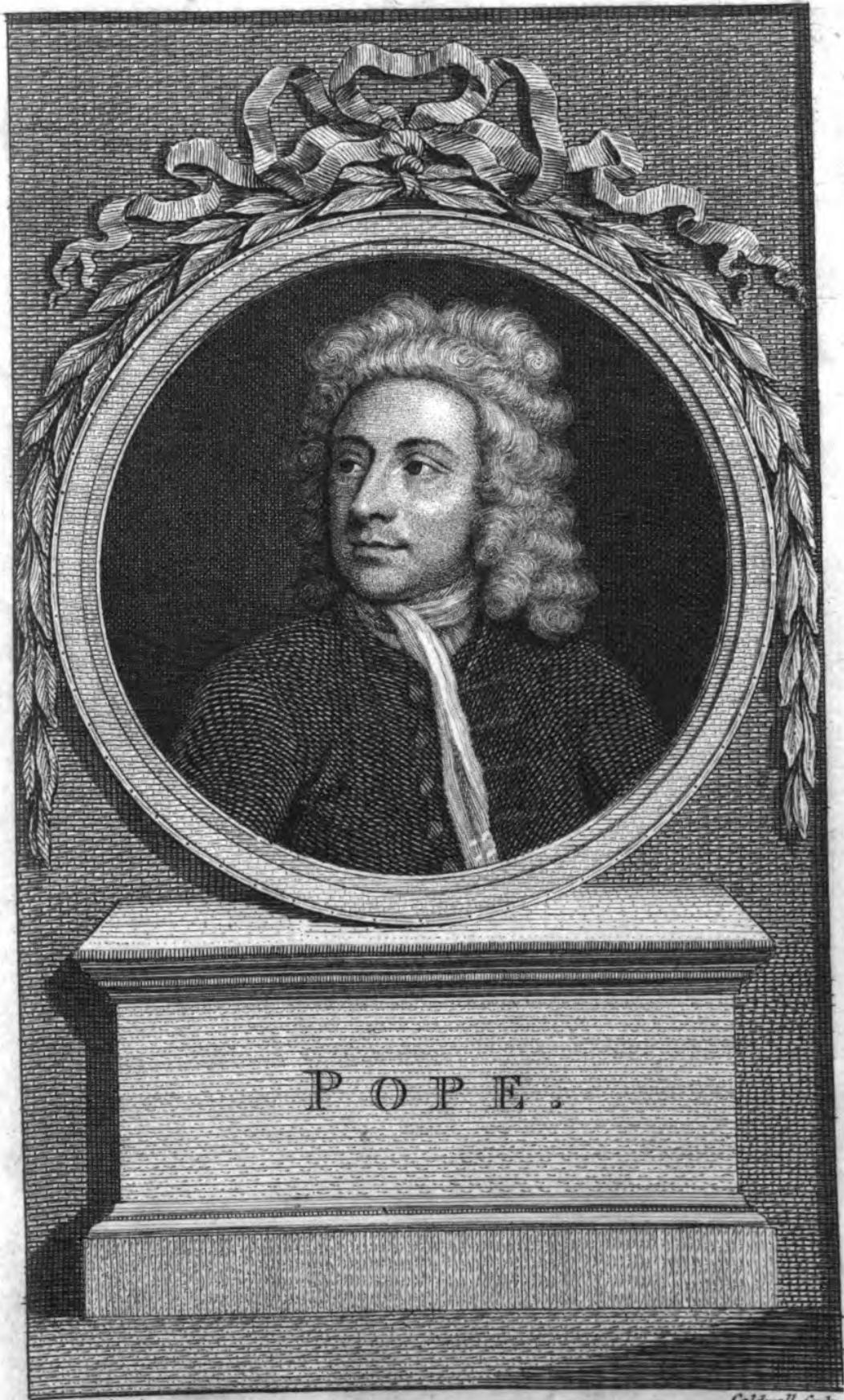
2804 f 127











Jarvis Pinx.

Caldwell sculp.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-SECOND.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY W. AND A. STRAHAN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M D C C L X X I X .



THE
P O E M S
OF
P O P E.

VOLUME I.

DR. WARBURTON'S
ADVERTISEMENT

To the OCTAVO EDITION of Mr. POPE's Works, 1751.

MR. POPE, in his last illness, amused himself, amidst the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete Edition of his writings; and, with his usual delicacy, was even solicitous to prevent any share of the offence they might occasion, from falling on the Friend whom he had engaged to give them to the Public.

In discharge of this trust, the Public has here a complete Edition of his Works; executed in such a manner, as, I am persuaded, would have been to his satisfaction.

The Editor hath not, for the sake of profit, suffered the Author's Name to be made cheap by a Subscription; nor his Works to be defrauded of their due honours by a vulgar or inelegant Impression; nor his memory to be disgraced by any pieces unworthy of his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expence, ornamented this Edition with all the advantages which the best Artists in Paper, Printing, and Sculpture could bestow upon it.

If the Public hath waited longer than the deference due to it should have suffered, it was owing to a reason which the Editor need not make a secret. It was his regard to the family-interests of his deceased Friend.

Mr. Pope, at his death, left large impressions of several parts of his Works, unfold; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his Executors; and the Editor was willing they should have time to dispose of them to the best advantage before the publication of this Edition (which hath been long prepared) should put a stop to the sale.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the superiority of this edition above all the preceding: so far as Mr. Pope himself was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the Reader must collect for himself.

The first Volume, and the original poems in the second, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the Author himself, even to the very preface: which, with several additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the Editor a little before his death. The Juvenile Translations, in the other part of the second Volume, it was never his intention to bring into this Edition of his Works, on account of the levity of some, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any. But these being the property of other men, the Editor had it not in his power to follow the Author's intention.

The third Volume, all but the Essay on Man (which, together with the Essay on Criticism, the Author, a little before his death, had corrected and published in Quarto, as a specimen of his projected Edition) was printed by him in his last illness (but never published) in the manner it is now given. The disposition of the Epistle on the Characters of Men is quite altered: that

on

A D V E R T I S E M E N T. iii

on the Characters of Women, much enlarged; and the Epistles on Riches and Taste corrected and improved. To these advantages of the third Volume, must be added a great number of fine Verses taken from the Author's Manuscript-copies of these poems, communicated by him for this purpose to the Editor. These, when he first published the Poems to which they belong, he thought proper, for various reasons, to omit. Some from the Manuscript-copy of the Essay on Man, which tended to discredit fate, and to recommend the moral government of God, had, by the Editor's advice, been restored to their places in the last Edition of that Poem. The rest, together with others of the like sort from his Manuscript-copy of the other Ethic Epistles, are here inserted at the bottom of the page, under the title of Variations.

The fourth Volume contains the Satires; with their Prologue, the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot; and Epilogue, the two Poems intitled M D C C X X X V I I I. The Prologue and Epilogue are here given with the like advantages as the Ethic Epistles in the foregoing Volume; that is to say, with the Variations, or additional verses from the Author's Manuscripts. The Epilogue to the Satires is likewise enriched with many and large notes, now first printed from the Author's own Manuscript.

The fifth Volume contains a correcter and completer Edition of the Dunciad than hath been hitherto published; of which, at present, I have only this further to add, That it was at my request he laid the plan of a fourth Book. I often told him, it was pity so fine a poem should remain disgraced by the meanness of its

W A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

subject, the most insignificant of all Dunces, bad Rhy-
mers, and malevolent Cavillers : That he ought to raise
and ennoble it by pointing his Satire against the most
pernicious of all, Minute-philosophers and Free-think-
ers. I imagined too, it was for the interest of Religion,
to have it known that so great a Genius had a due ab-
horrence of these pests of Virtue and Society. He came
readily into my opinion ; but, at the same time, told
me it would create him many enemies. He was not
mistaken. For though the terror of his pen kept them
for some time in respect, yet on his death they rose with
unrestrained fury, in numerous Coffee-house tales, and
Grubstreet libels. The plan of this admirable Satire
was artfully contrived to shew, that the follies and de-
fects of a fashionable Education naturally led to, and
necessarily ended in, Free-thinking ; with design to
point out the only remedy adequate to so fatal an evil.
It was to advance the same ends of virtue and religion,
that the Editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in
his moral writings that might be suspected of having the
least glance towards Fate or Naturalism ; and to add
what was proper to convince the world, that he was
warmly on the side of moral Government and a revealed
Will. And it would be injustice to his memory not to
declare that he embraced these occasions with the most
unfeigned pleasure.

The sixth Volume consists of Mr. Pope's miscella-
neous pieces in verse and prose*. Amongst the Verse
several fine poems make now their first appearance in

* The prose is not within the plan of *this* edition.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

his Works. And of the Prose, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquisitely so, will be found in this Edition.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth Volumes consist entirely of his Letters. The more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of familiar Epistles. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of several new pieces. Yet, excepting a short explanatory letter to Col. M. and the Letters to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to shew the Editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this Edition) excepting these, I say, the rest are all published from the Author's own printed, though not published, copies, delivered to the Editor.

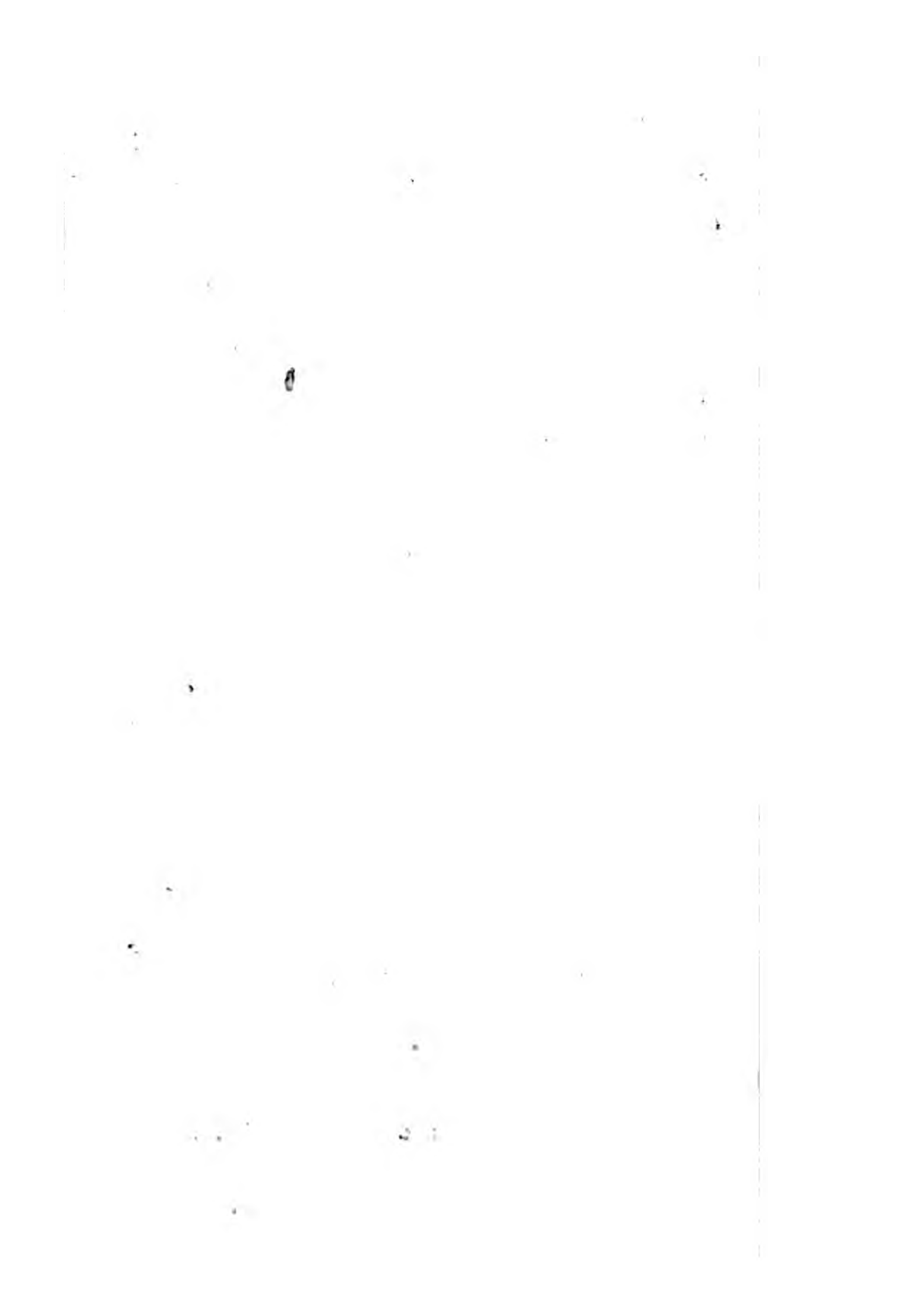
On the whole, the Advantages of this Edition, above the preceding, are these, That it is the first complete collection which has ever been made of his original Writings; That all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the Public with his last corrections and improvements; That a great number of his verses are here first printed from the Manuscript-copies of his principal poems of later date: That many new notes of the Author's are here added to his Poems; and lastly, that several pieces, both in prose and verse, make now their first appearance before the Public.

The Author's Life deserves a just Volume; and the Editor intends to give it. For to have been one of the first Poets in the world is but his second praise. He was

in a higher Class. He was one of the noblest works of God. He was an honest Man *. A man who alone possessed more real virtue than, in very corrupt times, needing a Satirist like him, will sometimes fall to the share of multitudes. In this history of his life, will be contained a large account of his writings; a critique on the nature, force, and extent of his genius, exemplified from these writings; and a vindication of his moral character, exemplified by his more distinguished virtues: his filial piety, his disinterested friendship, his reverence for the constitution of his country, his love and admiration of virtue, and (what was the necessary effect) his hatred and contempt of vice, his extensive charity to the indigent, his warm benevolence to mankind, his supreme veneration of the Deity, and, above all, his sincere belief of Revelation. Nor shall his faults be concealed. It is not for the interests of his virtues that they should. Nor indeed could they be concealed, if we were so minded, for they shine through his Virtues; no man being more a dupe to the specious appearances of Virtue in others. In a word, I mean not to be his Panegyrist, but his Historian. And may I, when Envy and Calumny take the same advantage of my absence (for, while I live, I will freely trust it to my Life to confute them) may I find a friend as careful of my honest fame as I have been of His! Together with his Works, he hath bequeathed me his Dunces.

* “A wit’s a feather, and a chief’s a rod,
“An honest Man’s the noblest work of God.”

So that as the property is transferred, I could wish they would now let his memory alone. The veil which Death draws over the Good is so sacred, that to throw dirt upon the shrine scandalizes even Barbarians. And though Rome permitted her Slaves to calumniate her best Citizens on the day of Triumph, yet the same petulancy at their funeral would have been rewarded with execration and a gibbet. The Public may be malicious; but is rarely vindictive or ungenerous. It would abhor these insults on a writer dead, though it had borne with the ribaldry, or even set the ribalds on work, when he was alive. And in this there was no great harm: for he must have a strange impotency of mind whom such miserable scribblers can ruffle. Of all that gross Bœotian phalanx who have written scurrilously against me, I know not so much as one whom a writer of reputation would not wish to have his enemy, or whom a man of honour would not be ashamed to own for his friend. I am indeed but slightly conversant in their works, and know little of the particulars of their defamation. To my Authorship they are heartily welcome. But if any of them have been so abandoned by Truth as to attack my moral character in any instance whatsoever, to all and every one of these, and their abettors, I give the lye in form, and in the words of honest Father Valerian, “*Mentiris impudentissime.*”



RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To Mr. POPE, on his PASTORALS.

IN those more dull, as more censorious days,
 When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
 A Muse sincere, that never Flattery knew,
 Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
 Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found **5**
 Art strengthening Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.
 Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head, but to the ear: **10**
 Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are at best most musically dull:
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, **15**
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty found.
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, **20** }
 With proper thoughts, and lively images:
 Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
 Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
 For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
 Although disgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear, **25**
 Some

Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
 Like some fair Shepherdes, the Sylvan Muse
 Should wear those flowers her native fields produce;
 And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
 Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
 Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swain's 'be wrought,
 So, with becoming art, the Players dress
 In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdes; 35
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely rufflet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long-lost graces of simplicity:
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With virgin charms, and native excellence.
 Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd;
 Till by men's Envy to the world reveal'd;
 For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45
 Live, and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
 Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight,
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;
 So larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE, on his WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL! sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
 And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
 A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The Pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
 And China's Earth was cast on common sand: }
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted
 bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
 A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
 From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
 More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
 Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
 The sylvan state that on her border grows,
 While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
 With a new Windsor in her watery plains:
 The juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
 The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25

Nor

Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests chear,
 When Philomela sits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens and opening glades,
 And give us Harmony as well as Shades :
 A Titian's hand might draw the grove ; but you 30
 Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine ;
 A new creation starts in every line.
 How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35 }
 And give at once the day, at once the night !
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary deserts mix'd, with painted plains !
 And see ! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom : 40
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre
 Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire !
 Thrice happy you ! and worthy best to dwell 45
 Amidst the rural joys, you sing so well.
 I in a cold, and in a barren clime, }
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
 Here on the Western beach attempt to chime. }
 O joyless flood ! O rough tempestuous main ! 50
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene !

Snatch me, ye Gods ! from these Atlantic shores,
 And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bowers ;
 Or to my much-lov'd Isis' walk convey,
 And on her flowery banks for ever lay. 55

Thence

Thence let me view the venerable scene,
 The awful dome, the groves eternal green :
 Where sacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
 And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60
 And made that Music which was noise before.
 There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
 Not free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
 Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
 Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode. 65

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day :
 They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
 That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.
 Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string : 70
 Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing ?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
 I rise and wander through the field or plain ;
 Led by thy Muse, from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thundering gun. 75
 Ah ! how I melt with pity, when I spy
 On the cold earth the fluttering pheasant lie !
 His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
 And every feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the generous courser by ;
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
 He starts, he's gone ! and now I see him fly
 O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.

80 }
 }

Oh

Oh could thy Virgil from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courser that might match his own !
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
 Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
 Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale ?
 The soft complaint shall over Time prevail ; 90
 The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.
 Nor shall thy song, old Thames ! forbear to shine,
 As once the subject and the song divine.
 Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons more 95
 Than all their shouts for Victory before.
 Oh ! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
 The world should tremble at her awful name :
 From various springs divided waters glide,
 In different colours roll a different tide, 100
 Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
 At once they murmur, and enrich the isle ;
 A while distinct through many channels run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one ;
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105
 And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

F R. K N A P.

To Mr. P O P E,

By the Right Honourable

ANNE Countess of WINCHELSEA.

THE Muse, of every heavenly gift allow'd
 To be the chief, is public, though not proud.
 Widely extensive is the Poet's aim,
 And in each verse he draws a bill on Fame.
 For none have wit (whatever they pretend)
 Singly to raise a Patron or a Friend;
 But whatso'er the theme or object be,
 Some commendations to themselves foresee.
 Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
 The celebrating Poems of the age,
 Nor by injurious scruples think it fit,
 To hide their judgments who applaud your wit:
 But let their pens, to yours, the heralds prove,
 Who strive for you, as Greece for Homer strove.
 Whilst he who best your Poetry asserts,
 Asserts his own, by sympathy of parts.
 Me Panegyric verse does not inspire,
 Who never well can praise what I admire,
 Nor in those lofty trials dare appear,
 But gently drop this counsel in your ear.
 Go on, to gain applauses by desert;
 Inform the head, whilst you dissolve the heart:
 In flame the soldier with harmonious rage,
 Elate the young, and gravely warm the sage:

Allure,

Allure, with tender verse, the Female race, 25
 And give their darling passion, courtly grace.
 Describe the Forest still in rural strains,
 With vernal sweets fresh-breathing from the plains.
 Your Tales be easy, natural, and gay,
 Nor all the Poet in that part display; 30
 Nor let the Critic there his skill unfold,
 For Boccace thus and Chaucer tales have told.
 Sooth, as you only can, each different taste,
 And for the future charm as in the past.
 Then, should the verse of every artful hand 35
 Before your numbers eminently stand;
 In you no vanity could thence be shown,
 Unless, since short in beauty of your own,
 Some envious scribbler might in spight declare,
 That for comparison you plac'd them there. 40
 But Envy could not against you succeed :
 'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read ;
 Censure or Praise must from ourselves proceed. }

To Mr. P O P E.

By Miss JUD. COWPER, afterwards Mrs. MADAN.

O POPE, by what commanding wondrous art,
 Dost thou each passion to each breast impart?
 Our beating Hearts with sprightly measures move,
 Or melt us with a tale of hapless Love!
 Th' elated mind's impetuous starts control, 5
 Or gently sooth to peace the troubled soul !

Graces

Graces till now that singly met our view,
 And singly charm'd, unite at once in you :
 A style polite, from affectation free, 10
 Virgil's correctness, Homer's majesty !
 Soft Waller's ease, with Milton's vigour wrought,
 And Spenser's bold luxuriancy of thought.
 In each bright page, Strength, Beauty, Genius shine,
 While nervous Judgment guides each flowing Line. 15
 No borrow'd Tinsel glitters o'er these Lays,
 And to the Mind a false Delight conveys :
 Throughout the whole with blended power is found,
 The Weight of Sense and Elegance of Sound.
 A lavish Fancy, Wit, and Force, and Fire, 20
 Graces each motion of th' immortal Lyre.
 The matchless strains our ravish'd senses charm :
 How great the thought ! the images how warm !
 How beautifully just the turns appear ;
 The language how majestically clear ! 25
 With energy divine each period swells,
 And all the Bard th' inspiring God reveals.
 Lost in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn,
 Where Thames leans hoary o'er his ample urn ;
 Where his rich waves fair Windsor's towers surround,
 And bounteous rush amid poetic ground.
 O Windsor ! sacred to thy blissful seats,
 Thy sylvan shades, the Muses' lov'd retreats,
 Thy rising hills, low vales, and waving woods,
 Thy sunny glades, and celebrated floods ! 35
 But chief Lodona's silver tides, that flow
 Cold and unsoften'd as the mountain snow ;

Whose virgin name no time nor change can hide,
 Though ev'n her spotless waves should cease to glide :
 In mighty Pope's immortalizing strains, 40
 Still shall she grace and range the verdant plains ;
 By him selected for the Muses' theme,
 Still shine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid stream.

Go on, and, with thy rare resistless art,
 Rule each emotion of the various heart ; 45
 The spring and test of verse unrival'd reign,
 And the full honours of thy youth maintain ;
 Sooth with thy wonted ease and power divine,
 Our souls, and our degenerate tastes refine ;
 In judgment o'er our favourite follies sit, 50
 And soften Wisdom's harsh reproofs to Wit.

Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
 And Homer wakes beneath thy powerful hand ;
 His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
 In thee rise worthy of their sacred source ; 55
 His spirit heighten'd, yet his sense intire,
 As Gold runs purer from the trying fire.
 O, for a Muse like thine, while I rehearse,
 Th' immortal beauties of thy various verse !
 Now light as air th' invivifying numbers move, 60
 Soft as the downy plumes of fabled Love,
 Gay as the streaks that stain the gaudy bow,
 Smooth as Meander's crystal Mirrours flow.

But, when Achilles, panting for the war,
 Joins the fleet courfers to the whirling car ; 65
 When the warm hero, with celestial might,
 Augments the terror of the raging fight,

From

From his fierce eyes refulgent lightnings stream
 (As Sol emerging darts a golden gleam);
 In rough hoarse verse we see th' embattled foes; 70
 In each loud strain the fiery onset glows;
 With strength redoubled here Achilles shines,
 And all the battle thunders in thy lines.

So the bright Magic of the Painter's hand,
 Can cities, streams, tall towers, and far-stretch'd plains,
 command; 75

Here spreading woods embrown the beauteous scene,
 There the wide landscape smiles with livelier green,
 The floating glass reflects the distant sky,
 And o'er the whole the glancing sun-beams fly;
 Buds open, and disclose the inmost shade; 80
 The ripen'd harvest crowns the level glade.

But when the artist does a work design,
 Where bolder rage informs each breathing line;
 When the stretch'd cloth a rougher stroke receives,
 And Cæsar awful in the canvas lives; 85

When Art like lavish Nature's self supplies,
 Grace to the limbs, and spirit to the Eyes;
 When ev'n the passions of the mind are seen,
 And the Soul speaks in the exalted Mein;
 When all is just, and regular, and great, 90
 We own the mighty Master's skill, as boundless as
 complete.

Lord MIDDLESEX to Mr. POPE.

On reading Mr. ADDISON's Account of the
English Poets.

IF all who e'er invok'd the tuneful Nine
 In Addison's majestic numbers shine,
 Why then should Pope, ye bards, ye critics tell,
 Remain unsung, who sings himself so well?
 Hear then, great bard, who can alike inspire 5
 With Waller's softness, or with Milton's fire;
 Whilst I, the meanest of the Muses' throng,
 To thy just praises tune th' adventurous song.
 How am I fill'd with rapture and delight
 When gods and mortals, mix'd, sustain the fight! 10
 Like Milton then, though in more polish'd strains,
 Thy chariots rattle o'er the smoaking plains.
 What though archangel 'gainst archangel arms,
 And highest Heaven resounds with dire alarms!
 Doth not the reader with like dread survey 15
 The wounded gods repuls'd with foul dismay?
 But when some fair-one guides your softer verse,
 Her charms, her godlike features, to rehearse;
 See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
 And Waller's thoughts in smoother numbers charm. 20
 When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
 Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
 Give o'er, great bard, your fruitless toil give o'er,
 For still king Tibbald scribbles as before;

Poor

Poor Shakespeare suffers by his pen each day, 25
 While Grubstreet alleys own his lawful sway.

Now turn, my Muse, thy quick, poetic eyes,
 And view gay scenes and opening prospects rise.
 Hark! how his rustic numbers charm around,
 While groves to groves, and hills to hills resound. 30

The listening beasts stand fearless as he sings,
 And birds attentive close their useless wings.
 The swains and satyrs trip it o'er the plain,
 And think old Spenser is reviv'd again.

But when once more the godlike man begun 35
 In words smooth flowing from his tuneful tongue,

Ravish'd they gaze, and struck with wonder say,
 Sure Spenser's self ne'er sung so sweet a lay :

Sure once again Eliza glads the isle,
 That the kind Muses thus propitious smile— 40

Why gaze ye thus? Why all this wonder, swains?—
 'Tis Pope that sings, and Carolina reigns.

But hold, my Muse! whose aukward verse betrays
 Thy want of skill, nor shew the poet's praise;
 Cease then, and leave some fitter bard to tell 45
 How Pope in every strain can write, in every strain excell.

To Mr. P O P E.

On the publishing his W O R K S.

HE comes, he comes! bid every Bard prepare
 The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
 Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
 And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
 First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
 Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
 Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
 Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :
 Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
 Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gathering crouds rejoice
 Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
 Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
 When Prostitutes, or needy Flatterers sue.
 And see the Chief! before him laurels borne; 15
 Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;
 Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
 Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
 Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
 Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

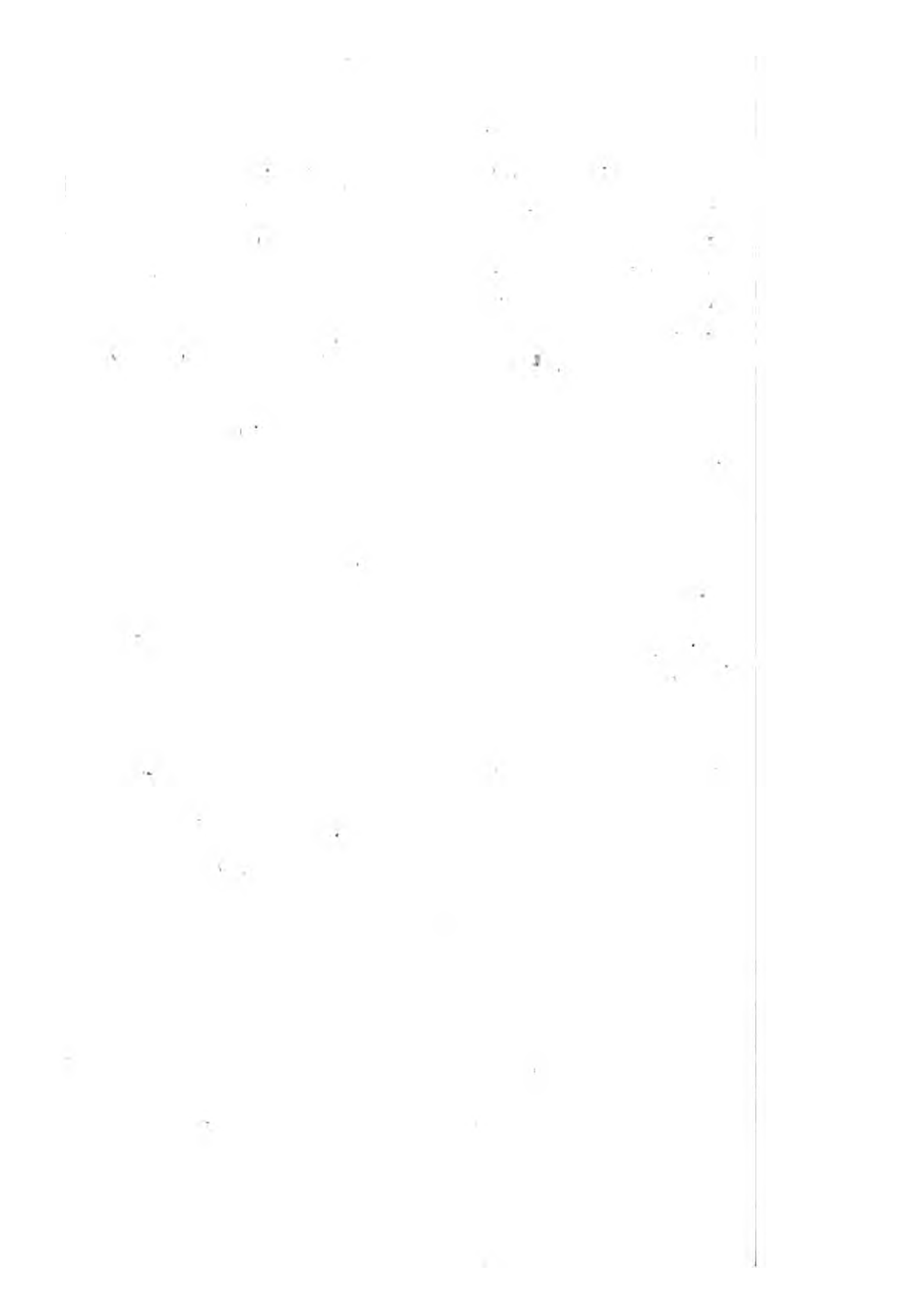
But what are they that turn the sacred page?
 Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age ;
 Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
 As he that met his likeness in the stream :
 The GRACES these; and see how they contend, 25
 Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
 The Pæans cease ; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30
 Say, wondrous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,
 What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
 Though each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Though every Laurel through the dome be thine,
 (From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
 The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
 Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane :
 While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
 " Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies." 40

SIMON HARCOURT.

[The verses to Mr. Pope, by the Duke of Buckingham, Dr. Parnell, Mr. Broome, Mr. Fenton, and Lord Lyttelton, are inserted among the Poems of their respective Authors.]



THE
P O E M S
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS, and
IMPROVEMENTS.

Printed verbatim from the Octavo Edition

OF
MR. WARBURTON.

— “ HORACE avec BOILEAU ;
“ Vous y cherchiez le vrai, vous y goutiez le beau ;
“ Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
“ Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervalle.
“ Mais Pope approfondit ce q'ils ont effleuré ;
“ D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
“ Il porta le flambeau dans l'abîme de l'Etre,
“ Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoitre.
“ L'art quelquefois frivole et quelquefois divin,
“ L'art des vers est dans POPE UTILE AU GENRE
“ HUMAIN.”

VOLTAIRE, au Roi de Prusse.

P R E F A C E.

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books and the readers of them are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve of whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets, in general, seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

I am

* In the former editions it was thus——“ For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.”—

But

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself), he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may

But the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

admit

admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season, when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense), his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his ab-

B 3

sence,

fence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius, as with a fine fashion, all those are displeas'd at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be fear'd that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remark'd upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concern'd about Fame than
I durst

P R E F A C E.

I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, biased by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for Posterity. If we can

pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Though if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients; and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live:

One

P R E F A C E.

9

One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the Public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and *vice versa* a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe, no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or self-interest: the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which Time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any
thing

thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill-language; or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a Memento mori to some of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the Public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

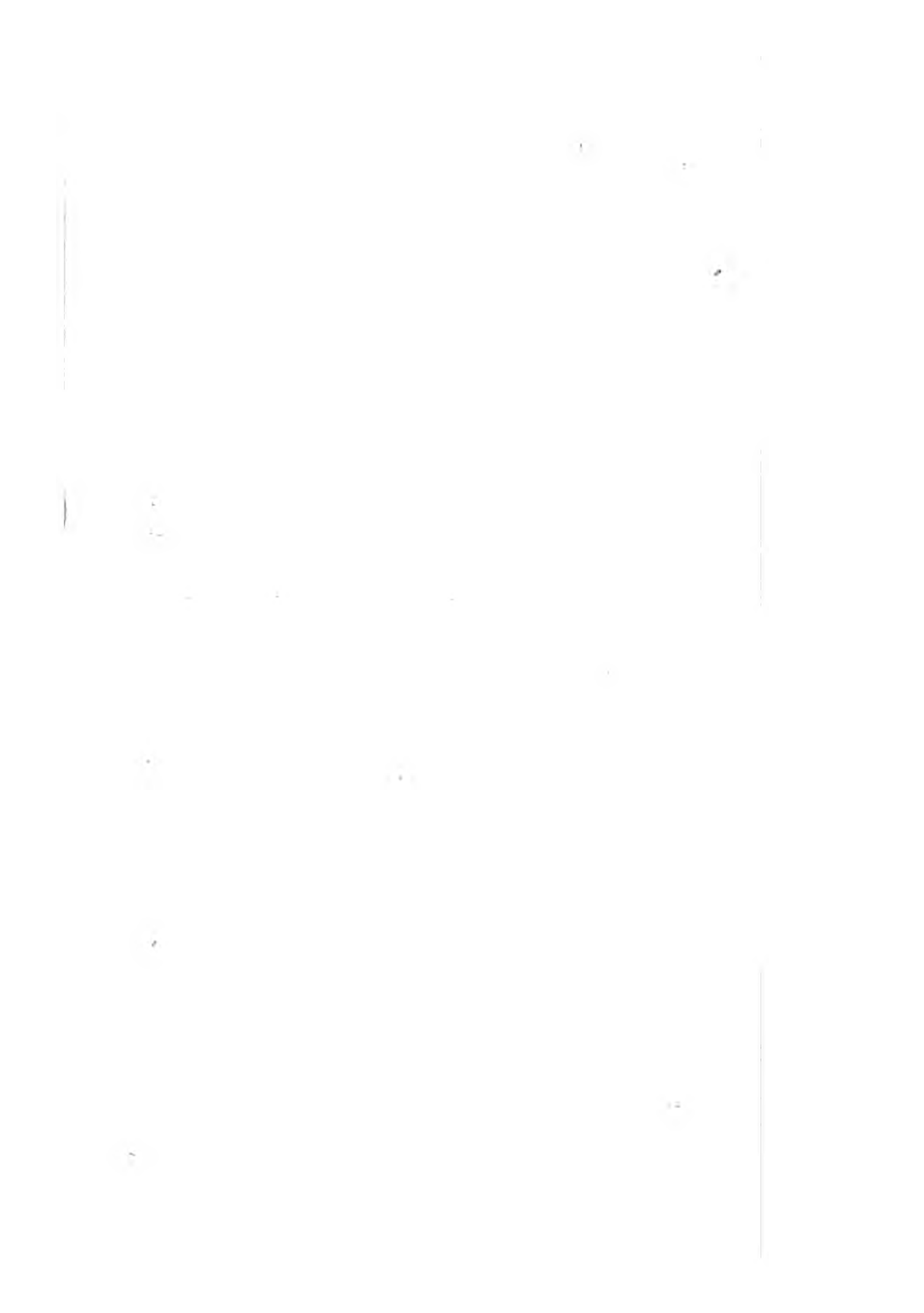
VARIATIONS in the Author's Manuscript Preface.

AFTER page 6. l. 21. it followed thus: For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view, at first, the Public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself,

self, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: “Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet).” It is a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are “amicæ omnium horarum;” and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience, have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At

At p. 8. l. 24. In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleasing the critics.



P A S T O R A L S,

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL:

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

“ Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
“ Flumina amem, fylvasque, inglorius !”

VIRG.

THE Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr. Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Maynwaring, and others. All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best Critic of his age. “ The Author (says he) seems to have a particular “ genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that “ much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely “ from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his “ own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has “ taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that “ Virgil had written nothing so good at his Age. His “ Preface is very judicious and learned.” Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Apr. 1705. The Lord Lansdown about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley), “ that if he goes on as he has begun in “ his Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we “ may hope to see English Poetry vie with the Ro- “ man,” &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fullness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in Versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

A
DISCOURSE
ON
PASTORAL POETRY*.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of Poetry was probably Pastoral †. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary

* Written at sixteen years of age.

† Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals.

and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both*; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they

* Heinsius in Theocr.

† Rapin, de Carm. Past. p. 2.

ON PASTORAL POETRY. 19

may be conceived then to have been ; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity : and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing ; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short *, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief ; the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these compositions natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discovered †. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference ; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful ; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries ‡.

* Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist. p. 2. Reflex. xxvii.

† Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.

‡ Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.

Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way ; but a regard must be had to the subject ; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety *. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country ; by interrogations to things inanimate ; by beautiful digressions, but those short ; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances ; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral ; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers † and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt

* See the forementioned Preface.

† ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΔΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to*. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic poets of his country. But as his piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the

* Rapin, *Refl. on Arist.* part ii. *Refl.* xxvii.—*Pref.* to the *Ecl.* in Dryden's *Virg.*

ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil*. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetrastich has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of

* Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: That, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

S P R I N G.

THE

FIRST PASTORAL,

OR

D A M O N.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
 Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
 Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
 While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
 Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, 5
 And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You that, too wise for pride, too good for power,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost! 10
 O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
 So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd

Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair : 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

D A P H N I S .

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day !
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

S T R E P H O N .

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
 Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow ;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

D A P H N I S .

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year ;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ? 40

D A -

V A R I A T I O N S .

Ver. 34. The first reading was,

And his own image from the bank surveys.

Ver. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines.

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
 Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
 Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STRE-

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.
 Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
 Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
 But if I conquer and augment my fold,
 Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

S T R E P H O N .

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po ;
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

D A P H N I S .

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves ; 65
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves :
 If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

S T R E P H O N .

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flowers ;
 If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring, 71
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

D A P H -

V A R I A T I O N S .

Ver. 61. It stood thus at first :

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
 Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
 Blest Thames's shores, &c.

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flowery wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
 Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show :
 Then die ; and dying, teach the lovely maid
 How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

D A P H N I S .

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
 Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song :
 To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
 For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

P A S T O R A L I.

29

D A P H N I S.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

75

S T R E P H O N.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

80

D A P H N I S.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day ;
E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here ;
But, blest'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

S T R E P H O N.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears :
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

85

D A P H N I S.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields :

90

And

V A R I A T I O N S.

Ver. 69. &c. These verses were thus at first :

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flowers supply ;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

And then a nobler prize I will resign ;
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

D A M O N .

Cease to contend ; for, Daphnis, I decree,
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
 Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in every grace excell ; 95
 Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well !
 Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers ;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around. 100
 For see ! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
 And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

V A R I A T I O N S .

Ver. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
 And trees with twining branches shade your head.

S U M M E R.

THE

SECOND PASTORAL,

OR

A L E X I S.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
 And Jove consented in a silent shower.
 Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition :

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flowery meads.

Ver. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

Hear what from Love unpraētis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
I shun, &c.

P A S T O R A L II.

33

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer :
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death : 40
 He said ; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name :
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.

O! were I made by some transforming power 45
 The captive bird that sings within thy bower !
 Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
 And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
 Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song : 50
 The Nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
 Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring !
 Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again,
 For you the swains the fairest flowers design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join ;
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear !
 Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly bowers ;

When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
 And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats !
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade :
 Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise, 75
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 Oh ! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise !
 Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the powers above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wondering forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
 And headlong streams hang listening in their fall !
 But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
 The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove ;
 Ye gods ! and is there no relief for Love ?

But

VARIATION.

Ver. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heaven shall bear,
 And listening wolves grow milder as they hear.
 So the verses were originally written : But the author,
 young as he was, soon found the absurdity, which Spenser
 himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into Eng-
 land.

P A S T O R A L II.

35

But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends :
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

90

VARIATION.

Ver. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

D 2

AUTUMN.

A U T U M N.

THE
THIRD PASTORAL,

OR

HYLAS and ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays :
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love :
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring ; 5
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence and Menander's fire ;
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms ! 10
 Oh, skill'd in Nature ! see the hearts of Swains,
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
 Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light ;
 When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan, 15
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.

As

P A S T O R A L III.

37

As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores; 20
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny; 25
 For her, the lilies hang their heads, and die.
 Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love; 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
 Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
 Die every flower, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their evening song, 40
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
 Not showers to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, 45
 Are half so charming as thy sigh to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds;
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50

Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy fooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?

She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd; 55
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:

Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies; 60

While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat:

While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65
 Beneath yon' poplar oft we pass'd the day:

Oft' on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Re-

VARIATION.

Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him through Libya's burning plains I'll go,
 On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
 Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
 And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75
 Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
 Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
 Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move?
 And is there magic but what dwells in love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains! 85
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forfake mankind, and all the world—but love!
 I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade. 100

W I N T E R.

THE

FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

D A P H N E.

To the Memory of MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
 Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
 Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain?
 Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
 And swell the future harvest of the field.

Begin;

PASTORAL IV.

41

Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useles grown, 25
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
 "Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more!"

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay:
 See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30
 Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
 See where, on earth, the flowery glories lie,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore? 35
 Fair Daphne's dead, and Beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 40
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
 Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her

VARIATION.

Ver. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone;
 Behold the clouds have "put their mourning on."

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and Pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from evening skies, 45
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!

Fair Daphne's dead, and Sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,

A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and Music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:

The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wondering mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!

There

PASTORAL IV.

43

There while you rest in Amaranthine bowers,
 Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
 Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
 Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
 In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
 To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews; 85
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves,
 Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves; 90
 Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
 Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

MES.

VARIATION.

Ver. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
 Thy honour, name, and praise, shall never end.

NOTE.

Ver. 89, &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them particularized before in each.

10

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1950

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

M E S S I A H.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Advertisement.

IN reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line for line; but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

M E S S I A H.

A

S A C R E D E C L O G U E,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire! 5
 Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease,
 &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
 Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
 Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

“ Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Sa-
 “ turn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from
 “ high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of
 “ our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the
 “ world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth
 “ in peace, with the virtues of his Father.”

ISAIAH,

From * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies : 10
 Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye † Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
 Returning § Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :

See

IMITATIONS.

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. ver. 14. "Behold a Virgin shall
 "conceive and bear a Son.—Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. Un-
 "to us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given; the
 "Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government,
 "and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the
 "throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order
 "and to establish it, with judgment and with justice,
 "for ever and ever."

Ver. 23. See Nature hastes, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

" For

* Isai. xi. ver. 1. † Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xxv.
 ver. 4. § Ch. ix. ver. 7.

See * lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert hears ;
 Prepare the † way ! a God, a God appears : 30
 A God,

IMITATIONS.

“ For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being
 “ tilled, produce her early offerings ; winding ivy, mix-
 “ ed with Baccar, and Colocassia with smiling Acan-
 “ thus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers
 “ about thee.”

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxi. ver. 1. “ The wilderness and the
 “ solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall re-
 “ joice and blossom as the rose.” Ch. lx. ver. 13. “ The
 “ glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree,
 “ the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the
 “ place of thy sanctuary.”

Ver. 29. Hark ! a glad voice, &c.

Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
 Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbuta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca !

“ O come and receive the mighty honours : the time
 “ draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O
 “ great increase of Jove ! The uncultivated mountains
 “ send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in
 “ verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God !”

ISAIAH, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. “ The voice of him that
 “ cryeth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the

* Ch. xxxv. ver. 2. † Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.
 VOL. I, E “ Lord !

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains; and ye vallies, rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 35
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The † dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear, 45
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In § adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good || shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,

The

IMITATIONS.

“ Lord! make straight in the desert a high-way for our
 “ God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every moun-
 “ tain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall
 “ be made straight, and the rough places plain.” Ch.
 iv. ver. 23. “ Break forth into singing, ye moun-
 “ tains; O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord
 “ hath redeemed Israel.”

† Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. § Ch.
 xxv. ver. 8. || Ch. xl. ver. 11.

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd * father of the future age.
 No more shall † nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ; 60
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful ‡ Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren § deserts with surprize,
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;

And

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 67. The swain in barren deserts]. Virg. E. iv.
 ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva :
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

“ The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and
 “ the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and
 “ the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew.”

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. “ The parched ground
 “ shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of
 “ water : In the habitations where dragons lay, shall
 “ be grass, and reeds and rushes.” Ch. lv. ver. 13.
 “ Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and
 “ instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.”

* Ch. ix. ver. 6. † Ch. ii. ver. 4. ‡ Ch. lxxv.
 ver. 21, 22. § Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 7.

And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy * valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed, 75
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The † lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ‡ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] Virg. E. iv.
 ver. 21.

*Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet.—*

“ The goats shall bear to the fold their udders dis-
 tended with milk : nor shall the herds be afraid of
 the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the
 herb that conceals poison shall die.”

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. ver. 6, &c. “ The wolf shall dwell
 with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with
 the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fat-
 ling together ; and a little child shall lead them.—And
 the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking
 child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the wean-
 ed child shall put his hand on the den of the cocka-
 trice.”

* Ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13. † Ch. xi.
 ver. 6, 7, 8. ‡ Ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial * Salem rise! 85
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long † race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
 See barbarous ‡ nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of § Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And feeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!

No

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 85. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!] The thoughts of Ifaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest part of his *Pollio*.

Magnis ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
 —toto surget gens aurea mundo!
 —incipient magni procedere menses!
 Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Ifaiah, here cited.

* Ch. lx. ver. 1. † Ch. lx. ver. 4. ‡ Ch. lx.
 ver. 3. § Ch. lx. ver. 6.

THIS Poem was written at two different times : the first part of it, which relates to the country in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals : the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
 At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring! 5
 What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song;
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again;
 Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
 Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, though all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;

As

VARIATION.

Ver. 3. &c. Originally thus,
 Chaste goddesses of the woods,
 Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
 Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
 Unlock your springs—

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend :
 There, wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Though Gods assembled grace his towering height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not

VARIATION.

Ver. 25. Originally thus ;

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While thro' fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath ?

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves). 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But, while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.

The

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man).

Ver. 57, &c.

No wonder savages or subjects slain —

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word Savages is not properly applied to beasts but to men; which occasioned the alteration,

The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :
 The level'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
 The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave ! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chacer, and at once the prey :
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain. 90
 Fair

VARIATION.

Ver. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.]
 The Author thought this an error, wolves not being
 common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vigorous swains ! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ; 100
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey :
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare) 105
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,

Some

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age !
Still spread, fair Liberty ! thy heav'nly wings,
Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs,

Ver. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,
The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasure yields.

Ver. 107. It stood thus in the first edition :

Pleas'd, in the General's fight, the host lie down
Sudden before some unsuspecting town ;
The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies,

Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground,
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dies, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo):
 With slaughtering guns th' unweary'd fowler roves, 125
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death:

Oft,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.
 Ver. 129. The fowler lifts his level'd tube on high.

Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade, 135
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :

With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed. 140

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
 And pykes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks furround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound. 150

Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
 And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
 Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
 And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep, 155
 Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed,

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN ;

Whose

Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here, too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursued her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;

And

And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.

In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 " Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train, 200
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 " My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."

She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210

Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The watery landscape of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215

And floating forests paint the waves with green;
 Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
 Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear,

Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods : 230
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below ;
 Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
 His Sovereign favours, and his Country loves :
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires ;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields :
 With chemic arts exalt the mineral powers,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flowers :

Now

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 233. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
 To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235.

Happy the man, who to the shades retires,
 But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires !
 Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please ;
 But far more blest, who study joins with ease.

WINDSOR-FOREST. 67

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high; 245
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
 Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end;
 Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless, 260
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow):
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove:

Led

VARIATION.

Ver. 267. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing through the grove:
 With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By God-like Poets venerable made.

Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like poets venerable made : 270

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue .

O early lost ! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led !
His drooping swans on every note expire, 275
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre .

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ? 280

But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
Are these reviv'd ? or is it Granville sings !
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;
To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes, 285

To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here

VARIATIONS .

Ver. 275.

What sighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal shore !
His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more .

Ver. 290. her silver star.] All the lines that follow
were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What
immediately followed this, and made the conclusion,
were these,

My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains ;
Where

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age :
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore, 300
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field, 305
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield :
 Then, from her roofs when Verrius's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.

Here

VARIATIONS.

Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me that to the listening swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

Ver. 307. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'erthrown,
 And mouldering into dust drops the proud stone.

Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The Grave unites ; where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd !
 Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone) ; 320
 Oh fact accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heavens, what new wounds ! and how her old have bled !
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
 Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
 At length great Anna said,—“ Let Discord cease !”
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !
 In that blest moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head. 330
 His

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 321. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurs'd ! oh sacrilegious brood,
 Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood !
 Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed !
 Gods ! what new wounds, &c.

Ver. 327. Thus in the MS.

Till Anna rose, and bade the Furies cease ;
 Let there be peace—she said, and all was Peace.

Between verse 330 and 331, originally stood these lines :

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
 O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
 With sparkling flames heaven's glowing concave shone,
 Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.

He

His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam :
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
 And on their banks Augusta rose in gold,
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood !
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame : 340
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
 The Loddon flow with verdant alders crown'd ;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave ;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ; 345
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.
 High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350
 The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise !
 Then bow'd, and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.
 Hail, sacred Peace ! hail, long-expected days, 355
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !

Though

VARIATION.

He saw, and gently rose above the stream ;
 His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam :
 With pearl and gold his towery front was drest,
 The tributes of the distant East and West.

Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heaven itself the seven-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; 360
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train; 365
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain; 370
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending villas on my side, 375
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend! 380
 There

VARIATION.

Ver. 363. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Towers amidst the Main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
 Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
 The world's great oracle in times to come ;
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a British Queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods ;
 Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day :
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole ; 390
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold, 395
 And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ; 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,

And

VARIATION.

Ver. 385, &c. were originally thus in the MS.

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
 To the rich regions of the rising day,
 Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps :
 Tempt icy seas, &c.

And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
 Oh, stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,
 Till Conquest cease, and Slavery be no more ;
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves ; 410
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barbarous Discord dwell :
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition, shall attend her there :
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel : 420
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.
 Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :
 The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of opening fate to light : 426
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise ;
 Enough for me, that to the listening swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

O D E

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

A N D O T H E R P I E C E S F O R M U S I C.

1

1. The first part of the document
 2. discusses the general principles
 3. of the proposed system.
 4. It is intended to provide a
 5. clear and concise summary of
 6. the main objectives and
 7. the scope of the project.
 8. The second part of the document
 9. describes the detailed structure
 10. and organization of the system.
 11. This includes a description of
 12. the various components and
 13. their interrelationships.
 14. The third part of the document
 15. discusses the implementation
 16. and testing procedures.
 17. It outlines the steps to be
 18. followed in order to ensure
 19. that the system is developed
 20. and tested in a systematic
 21. and controlled manner.
 22. The fourth part of the document
 23. discusses the conclusions and
 24. recommendations of the study.
 25. It provides a summary of the
 26. findings and suggests ways in
 27. which the system can be
 28. improved and expanded in
 29. the future.
 30. The fifth part of the document
 31. contains the references and
 32. the index.

1

O D E F O R M U S I C

O N

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

I.

D E S C E N D, ye Nine! descend, and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,

Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound:

While, in more lengthen'd notes and flow,

The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear

Gently steal upon the ear;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the skies;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;

Till, by degrees, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away,

In a dying, dying fall.

By

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low,
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
 Melancholy lifts her head, 30
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Listening Envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage. 35

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

But

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poets led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts ! 55
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans, 60
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts !
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
 And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire.
 See, shady forms advance ! 65
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the Elysian flowers ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel, 75
 Or Amaranthine bowers ;

By

By the hero's armed shades,
 Glittering through the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wandering in the myrtle grove, 80
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer ;
 Stern Proserpine relented, 85
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though fate had fast bound her 90
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ? 95
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders 100
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost ! 105

Now

Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; 110

Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods, 115

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm :

Music can soften pain to ease, 120

And make despair and madness please :

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal powers incline their ear ;

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;

And angels lean from heaven to hear. 130

Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,

To bright Cecilia greater power is given :

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Her's lift the soul to heaven.

TWO
C H O R U S E S

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

Altered from Shakespeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed, to supply as many, wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought ;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught :
Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd !
In vain your guiltless laurels stood 5
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heaven-born sisters ! source of art !
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart ; 10
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral truth and mystic Song !
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly ?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore ? 15
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more ?

STROPHE

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust ;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore ; 20
 See Arts her savage fons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole !
 Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods ! what justice rules the ball ! 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall ;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In every age, in every state ! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love ! hast thou posselt
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast ?
 Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But entering learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.

Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has imprest? 10
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and generous breast?

C H O R U S .

Love's purer flames the Gods approve ;
 The Gods and Brutus bend to Love :
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love ? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wandering, self-consuming fire. 20
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite ;
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

S E M I C H O R U S .

Oh source of every social tye, 25
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ; 30
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move !
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns, 35
 With reverence, hope, and love.

C H O R U S .

C H O R U S.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, fummizes,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes ;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine : 40
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure ;
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.

O D E O N S O L I T U D E.

Written when the Author was about Twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground,
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.
 Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,
 Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation ;
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

20

O D E.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

5

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death ?

10

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

15

A N

AN
E S S A Y
ON
C R I T I C I S M.

Written in the Year M D C C I X *.

“ Si quid novisti rectius istis,
“ Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.”

HOR.

* Mr. Pope told me himself, that the “ Essay on
“ Criticism” was indeed written in 1707, though said
1709 by mistake, J. RICHARDSON.

THE Poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The first [to ver. 201.] gives rules for the Study of the Art of Criticism; the second [from thence to ver. 560.] exposes the Causes of wrong Judgment; and the third [from thence to the end] marks out the Morals of the Critic. When the Reader hath well considered the whole, and hath observed the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of the several parts, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of learning so conspicuous throughout, he should then be told that it was the work of an Author who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.—A very learned Critic has shewn, that Horace had the same attention to method in his Art of Poetry.

C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

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

P A R T I .

INTRODUCTION. That 'tis as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1.

That a true Taste is as rare to be found as a true Genius, ver. 9 to 18.

That most men are born with some Taste, but spoil'd by false Education, ver. 19 to 25.

The multitude of Critics and causes of them, ver. 26 to 45.

That we are to study our own Taste, and know the limits of it, ver. 46 to 67.

Nature the best guide of judgment, ver. 68 to 87.

Improved by Art and Rules, which are but methodized Nature, ver. 88.

Rules derived from the practice of the Ancient Poets, ver. 88. to 110.

That therefore the Ancients are necessary to be studied by a Critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 138.

Of Licences, and the use of them by the Ancients, ver. 140 to 180.

Reverence due to the Ancients, and praise of them, ver. 181, &c.

P A R T

PART II. Ver. 203, &c.

Causes hindering a true Judgment. 1. Pride, ver. 208. 2. Imperfect Learning, ver. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, ver. 233 to 288. Critics in Wit, Language, Versification, only, 288, 305, 339, &c. 4. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire, ver. 384. 5. Partiality—too much love to a Sect,—to the Ancients or Moderns, ver. 394. 6. Prejudice or Prevention, ver. 408. 7. Singularity, ver. 424. 8. Inconstancy, ver. 430. 9. Party Spirit, ver. 452, &c. 10. Envy, ver. 466. Against Envy, and in praise of Good-nature, ver. 508, &c. When Severity is chiefly to be used by Critics, ver. 526, &c.

PART III. Ver. 560, &c.

Rules for the Conduct of Manners in a Critic. 1. Candour, ver. 563. Modesty, ver. 566. Good-breeding, ver. 572. Sincerity and Freedom of Advice, ver. 578. 2. When one's Counsel is to be restrained, ver. 584. Character of an incorrigible Poet, ver. 600. And of an impertinent Critic, ver. 610, &c. Character of a good Critic, ver. 629. The History of Criticism, and Characters of the best Critics: Aristotle, ver. 645. Horace, ver. 653. Dionysius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667. Quintilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. Of the Decay of Criticism, and its Revival. Erasmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Roscommon, &c. ver. 725. Conclusion.

[91]

A N

E S S A Y

O N

C R I T I C I S M.

'T IS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches ; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share,
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too ?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind :

20
Nature

Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
 The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd :
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence :
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.
 Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

}

26

30

35

Some

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the Author :

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
 Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
 Tutors, like Virtuofos, oft inclin'd
 By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
 Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new ;
 Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

Ver. 30, 31. In the first edition thus :

Those hate as rivals all that write ; and others
 But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.

Ver. 32. " All fools," in the first edition : " All such" in edition 1717 ; since restored.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. 93

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle, 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell them, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45
 But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
 Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit,
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit; 60
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more: 65

Each

VARIATION.

Ver. 63. Ed. 1. But ev'n in those, &c.

Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.
 First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides ;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides : 75
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed ;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed : 85
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
 Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd :

Nature,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 74.

That art is best, which most resembles her ;
 Which still presides, yet never does appear.

Ver. 76. — the secret soul.

Ver. 80.

There are whom Heaven has blest with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. 95

Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90

By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights ;

High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,

And pointed out those arduous paths they trod : 95

Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,

And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples given,

She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heaven.

The generous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100

And taught the world with reason to admire.

Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,

To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :

But following wits from that intention stray'd,

Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ; 105

Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,

Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.

So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art

By Doctors bills to play the Doctor's part,

Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110

Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,

Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :

Some

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 90. Ed. 1. Nature, like Monarchy, &c.

Ver. 92. First learned Greece just precepts did indite,

When to repress and when indulge our flight.

Ver. 97. From great examples useful rules were given.

After ver. 104. this line is omitted,

Set up themselves, and drove a separate trade.

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
 Know well each ANCIENT's proper character :
 His Fable, Subject, scope in every page ; 120
 Religion, Country, genius of his Age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night ; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse ;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 116. Ed. 1. These lost, &c.

Ver. 117. And these explain'd, &c.

Ver. 123. Ed. 1. You may confound, but, &c.

Ver. 123. Cavil you may, but never criticize.] The Author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions :

Zoilus, had these been known, without a Name
 Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame ;
 The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd ;
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind. }

Ver. 126. Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind 130
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
 But when t' examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design ;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy nature, is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles Poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky License answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that License is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track ;

From

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 130.

When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

Ver. 130. Ed. 1. When first great Maro, &c.

Ver. 136.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, he check'd the bold design ;
 And did his work to rules as strict confine.

Ver. 145. Ed. 1. And which a master's hand, &c.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains. 155

In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }

Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend. 160

But though the Ancients thus their rules invade
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made);
 Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need: 165

And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170

Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

A prudent chief not always must display
 His powers in equal ranks, and fair array, 175

But

VARIATION.

After ver. 158. the first edition reads,
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad;
 And though the ancients, &c.

And what are now ver. 159, 160, followed ver. 151.

But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay sometimes seem to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
 In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
 And fill the general chorus of mankind.
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall found,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own: 200
 Of

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 178. Ed. 1.

Oft hide his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.

Ver. 184. Ed. 1. Destructive war, and all-devouring Age.

Ver. 186. Ed. 1.

Hear, in all tongues applauding Pæans ring!

Ver. 197. Ed. 1. That with weak wings, &c.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
 She gives in large recruits of needful Pride !
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself ; but, your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend—and every foe.
 A little learning is a dangerous thing ! 215
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
 While, from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 219.

Fir'd with the charms fair Science does impart,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Art.

Ver. 223. But more advanc'd, survey, &c.



ESSAY ON CRITICISM. 101

So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try, 225
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ :
Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find 235
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep ;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No

VARIATION.

Ver. 225.

So pleas'd at first the towering Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The traveller beholds with chearful eyes
The lessening vales, and seems to tread the skies.

No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes ; 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear ;
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In every work regard the writer's end, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend ;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit : 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part :
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
 Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encountering on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage ; 270
 Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

Our

VARIATIONS.

- Ver. 259. As men of breeding, oft the men of wit.
 Ver. 265. They talk of principles, but parts they prize.
 Ver. 270. As e'er could Dennis of the laws o' th' stage.
 Ver. 272. Ed. 1. That durst, &c.

Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice :
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
 The manners, passions, unities ; what not ?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.

“ What ! leave the combat out ? ” exclaims the Knight.
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280

“ Not so by heaven (he answers in a rage)
 “ Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.”
 So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

“ Then build a new, or act it in a plain.”
 Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice, 285

Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
 Form short ideas ; and offend in arts
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ; 290
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit ;
 One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part, 295
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

As

VARIATION.

Ver. 298. Ed. 1.

What oft was thought, but ne'er before express'd.

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does them good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for Language all their care express, 305
 And value books, as women men, for dress :
 Their praise is still, — the style is excellent :
 The sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;
 The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay :
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun, 315 }
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress :
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to Fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense ; 325
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Unlucky,

VARIATION.

Ver. 320. Ed. 1.

A vile conceit in pompous style express'd.

Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire; 340
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These, equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire; 345
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," 350
 In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, 355
 A needless

VARIATION.

Ver. 338. Ed. 1. And smooth or rough, with such, &c.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join,
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense : 365
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow :
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main,
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise ! 375
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
 The power of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 363, 364. These lines are added.

Ver. 368. But when loud billows, &c.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. 107

Avoid extremes ; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385

At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense ;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ; 390
For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize ; 395
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.

Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;
Though each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days. 405

Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.

Some

VARIATION.

Ver. 394. Ed. 1. Some the French writers, &c.

Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality ; 415
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me !
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought !
 The vulgar thus through imitation err ;
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular ; 425
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night ; 430
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she 's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;
 While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 435
 Ask them the cause ; they 're wiser still, they say ;
 And still to-morrow 's wiser than to-day.

We

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 413. Ed. 1. Nor praise nor damn, &c.

Ver. 428. So Schismatics the dull, &c.

We think our fathers fools ; so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'erspread ; 440
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read :
 Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted ;
 Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445
 If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn ?
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit ;
 And authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.

Pride,

VARIATION.

Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 448
 The rhyming Clowns that gladdened Shakespeare's age,
 No more with crambo entertain the stage.
 Who now in Anagrams their Patron praise,
 Or sing their Mistress in Acrostic lays ;
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore ;
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore !
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit ;
 And authors thought their reputation safe,
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaux ;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past ; 460
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.

Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true :
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.

When first that sun too powerful beams displays, 470
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
 His praise is lost, who stays till all commend. 475

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years :
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480

And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485
 Where

VARIATION.

Ver. 485. Ed. 1. Some fair idea, &c.

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give, 490
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings, 495
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:

Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
 That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.

What is this Wit, which must our cares employ? 500
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;

The most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd;

Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 505

'Tis

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 490. Ed. 1. When mellowing time does, &c.

Ver. 492. The treacherous colours in few years decay.

Ver. 495. Repays not half that envy, &c.

Ver. 498.

Like some fair flower that in the spring does rise.

Ver. 500. What is this wit that does our cares employ?

Ver. 502.

The more his trouble as the more admir'd;
 Where wanted, scorn'd; and envy'd where acquir'd;
 Maintain'd with pains, but forfeited with ease, &c.

'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards, who could excell, 510
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:

Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down; 515

And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critic let the man be lost.

Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.

No

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 508. Ed. 1. Too much does Wit, &c.

Ver. 514. Now those that reach, &c.

Ver. 519. And each, &c.

Ver. 521. Are mortals urg'd by sacred, &c.

No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
 Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove,
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase :
 When love was all an easy Monarch's care ;
 Seldom at council, never in a war :
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit :
 The Fair fat panting at a Courtier's play, 540
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away :
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ; 545
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
 Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Left God himself should seem too absolute :
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatterer there !
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.

These

VARIATION.

Ver. 547. The Author has here omitted the two following lines ; as containing a National Reflection, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any People whatever :

Then first the Belgians' morals were extoll'd ;
 We their religion had, and they our gold.

These Monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage! 555
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show;
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too. 565

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
 But you, with pleasure, own your errors past, 570
 And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575
 Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
 That only makes superior sense below'd.

Be

VARIATIONS.

- Ver. 562. 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join.
 Ver. 564. That not alone what to your judgment's due.
 Ver. 569. That if once wrong, &c.
 Ver. 575. And things ne'er known, &c.
 Ver. 576. Without good-breeding truth is not approv'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust, 580
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
 'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585
 And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull !
 Such, without wit, are Poets when they please, 590
 As without learning they can take degrees.
 Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain :

Your

NOTE.

Ver. 586. And stares, tremendous, &c.] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay, and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270. he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this Abuse of his Person.

VARIATION.

Ver. 597. And charitably let dull fools be vain.

Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drowzy course they keep, 600
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless Bards we have : and yet 'tis true, 610
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears. 615
 All books he reads, and all he reads affails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales :
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy ;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Name

VARIATION.

Ver. 600.

Still humming on, their old dull course they keep.

NOTE.

Ver. 619. Garth did not write, &c.] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our Poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

Name a new Play, and he 's the Poet's friend, 620
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
 Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread. 625
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes:
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide. 630

But where 's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
 Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred,
 sincere; 635

Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind; 640
 Generous

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you shrug and sweat, and strive to fly:
 These know no Manners but of Poetry.
 They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
 To treat of Unities of time and place.

Ver. 624. Nay run to Altars, &c.

Ver. 634. Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right.

Generous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were Critics ; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore, 645

Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,

Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star.

Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,

Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650

Receiv'd his laws ; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,

Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,

And without method talks us into sense,

Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655

The truest notions in the easiest way.

He,

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 646 and 649, I found the following lines,
since suppressed by the Author :

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,

Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet,

Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star,

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.

He, when all Nature was subdued before,

Like his great Pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more :

Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,

A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.

Poets, &c.

After ver. 648. the first edition reads,

Not only Nature did his laws obey,

But Fancy's boundless empire own'd his sway.

Ver. 655. Does, like a friend, &c.

Ver. 655, 656. These lines are not in ed. 1.

He, who supreme in judgment; as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire;
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660

Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
 And call new beauties forth from every line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
 The justest rules and clearest method join'd: 670

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.

An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
 Whose

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 668. The scholar's learning, and the courtier's ease.

Ver. 673, &c.

Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
 But to be found, when need requires, with ease.
 The Muses sure Longinus did inspire,
 And bless'd their Critic with a Poet's fire.
 An ardent Judge, that zealous, &c.

Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew ;
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew ;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom, 685

And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind ;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good ; 690
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame !)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age, 695
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see ! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head. 700
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive ;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;

With

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 689. All was believ'd, but nothing understood.

Between ver. 690 and 691. the Author omitted these two :

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had license to be proud.

With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
 Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow 705
 The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
 But soon, by impious arms from Latium chac'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd; 710
 Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the founder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."
 Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners generous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And every author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walfsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend; 730
 To

VARIATION.

Ver. 723, 724. These lines are not in ed. 1.

To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing, 735
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew: 740
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the Year M DCC XII.

“Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
“Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.” MART.

IT appears by the Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the Comedy of "Sir Solomon Single," and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was so printed; first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Canto I. ver. 19, &c.

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his skill and art as a Poet.

T O

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but it is so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in
a French

a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size, is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by Spirits which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones: and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing—this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due;
 This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view;
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
 If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
 A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
 O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
 And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day; 15
 Now

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,
 And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
 And lodge such daring souls in little men?

Ver. 13, &c. Stood thus in the first edition,
 Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
 And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they;
 Shock just had given himself the rousing shake,
 And Nymphs prepar'd their chocolate to take;
 Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
 And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest 20
 'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A Youth more glittering than a birth-night beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say :
 Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air !
 If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught ; 30
 Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-powers,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers ;
 Hear, and believe ! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd :
 What though no credit doubting Wits may give ?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky :

These,

VARIATION.

Ver. 19. Belinda still, &c.] All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 129

These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements their Souls retire:
 The sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
 For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease,
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,

Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Though Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80

These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd :
 Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart; 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 131

This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend; 110

But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic powers.
A heavenly Image in the glass appears, 125

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestesses, at her altar's side,

Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear; 130

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glittering spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face :
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
 Fair Nymphs and well-dress'd Youths around her shone,
 But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.

Her

VARIATION.

Ver. 4. Launch'd on the bosom] From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to ver. 46.

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air ;
 all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 133

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous Baron the bright locks admir'd ;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
 Propitious heaven, and every power ador'd ;
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
 And all the trophies of his former loves. 40
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
 The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer, 45
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
 But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die ; 50
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his Denizens of air ; 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dip'd in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While every beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 135

Amid the circle on the gildèd mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ; 70
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear !
 Ye know the sphaeres, and various tasks assign'd 75
 By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky. 80

Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British Throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care ;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale ;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ; 95
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
 A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;

Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrap'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw:
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite Lock; 115
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125
Be stop'd in viols, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye;

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 137

Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain; 130
Or Alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair:
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court; 10
In

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. Close by those meads,] The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24, of this Canto.

In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;
 A third interprets motions, locks, and eyes; 15
 At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20
 The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
 Burns to encounter two adventurous Knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:

First

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. Originally in the first edition,

In various talk the cheerful hours they past,
 Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.

Ver. 24. And the long labours of the toilet cease.]
 All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since
 the first edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus:

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,

First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
 And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power; 40
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care: 45
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her fable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride: 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
 The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace; 75
 Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with powers combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
 The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state),
 On one nice trick depends the general fate,
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100
 O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
 On shining Altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoaking tide: 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wife,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)

Sent

VARIATION.

Ver. 105. Sudden the board, &c.] From hence the first edition continues to ver. 134.

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120

Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
How soon they find fit instruments of ill?

Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130

He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel fought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140

As

VARIATIONS:

Ver. 134. In the first edition it was thus:

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,
First he expands the glittering forfex wide
T' inclose the Lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever,
From the fair head, for ever and for ever. Ver. 154.

All that is between was added afterwards.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 143

As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.

Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd, 145
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.

Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain
 (But airy substance soon unites again),

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes, 155
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine

(The Victor cry'd), the glorious Prize is mine!

While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,

Or in a coach and six the British Fair,

As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165

Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,

While visits shall be paid on solemn days,

When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,

So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live! 170

What

What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?

C A N T O IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive Nymph opprefs'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast,
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10
 For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

Umbriel,

VARIATION.

Ver. 11. For, that sad moment, &c.] All the lines
 from hence to the 94th verse, describe the house of
 Spleen, and are not in the first edition; instead of them
 followed only these:

While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires,
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.
 and continued at the 94th verse of this Canto.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 145

Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No chearful breeze this fullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrin at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne : alike in place, 25
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd ;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons, 30
There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies ;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ; 40
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.

Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
 Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout : 50
 A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod, walks ;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
 Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome through this fantastic band, 55
 A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand,
 Then thus address'd the Power—Hail, wayward Queen !
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen :
 Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
 Who give the hysterick, or poetic fit, 60
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A Nymph there is, that all thy power disdains, 65
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But, oh ! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beautiful face,
 Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game ; 70
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rump'd petticoats, or tumbled beds,

Or

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 147

Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
 Or e'er to coftive lap-dog gave disease, 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer. 80
 A wonderous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulyffes held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobb, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issued at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd, 95
 (While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with torturing irons wreath'd around? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead!

Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare !
 Honour forbid ! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost ! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend ?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !
 And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze !
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow !
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all ! 120
 She said ; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs :
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—" My Lord, why, what the
 " devil ?
 " Z—ds ! damn the Lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be
 " civil !
 " Plague on't ! 'tis past a jest—nay pr'ythee, pox !
 " Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 149

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain,
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:

For ever curst be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favorite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
Oh I had stay'd, and said my prayers at home! 160

'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tottering China shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate, 165
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175
 Hairs less in fight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful way'd her fan;
 Silence ensued, and thus the Nymph began.

Say,

VARIATION.

Ver. 7. Then grave Clarissa, &c.] A new Character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a Parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 157

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why Angels call'd and Angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chac'd old age away; 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, may become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains, but well our power to use,
 And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose? 30
 And trust me, Dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
 So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensued; 35
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.

To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;
 Heroes and Heroines shouts confusedly rise,
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapon in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage, 45
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;
 Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound : 50
 Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight :
 Prop'd on their bodkin-spears, the Sprites survey 55
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60

“ O cruel

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 37. To arms, to arms!] From hence the first edition goes on to the Conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem.

Ver. 53. Triumphant Umbriel] These four lines added, for the reason before-mentioned.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 153

“ O cruel Nymph ! a living death I bear,”
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
“ Those eyes are made so killing” — was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies 65
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe step'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau revived again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Mens wits against the Lady's hair ;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
Nor fear'd the Chief the unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued : 80
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw ;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck, 90
In

In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs, 95
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock, she cries; and all around
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound,
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In every place is fought, but fought in vain: 110
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There Heroes wits are kept in ponderous vases, 115
 And Beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound.
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120

Cages for gnats, and chains to yolk a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
 (So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view)

A sudden Star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
 The heavens bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray.

This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,

When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom

The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd
 hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,

Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

For,

VARIATION.

Ver. 131. The Sylphs behold] These two lines
 added for the same reason, to keep in view the Ma-
 chinery of the Poem.

For, after all the murders of your eye, 145
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

ELEGY

E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF AN
UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moon-light
shade,

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,

3

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

10

Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire

Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows,

15

And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,

Dull fullen prisoners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

20

Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,

And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood ! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball, 35
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent heres shall besiege your gates ;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way) 40
Lo ! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade !)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier : 50
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By

ELEGY ON A LADY.

159

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show?
 What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
 So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
 Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung, 75
 Deaf, the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PRO-

P R O L O G U E
T O
M R. A D D I S O N ' S T R A G E D Y
O F
C A T O.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
 Commanding tears to stream through every age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love; 10
 In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys, 20
A brave

PROLOGUE TO CATO. 161

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed? 25
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear, 45
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

E P I L O G U E

T O

M R. R O W E ' S J A N E S H O R E .

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
 The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore!—
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 “ How strangely you expose yourself, my dear ! ” 10
 But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.
 There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.

Would

EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE. 163

Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?

Faith, gallants, board with faints, and bed with finners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25

He has a Husband that will make amends:

He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,

And sure such kind good creatures may be living.

In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,

Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30

Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?

Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:

Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,

He'd recommend her as a special breeder.

To lend a wife, few here would scruple make, 35

But, pray, which of you all would take her back?

Though with the Stoic Chief our Stage may ring,

The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.

The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,

And lov'd his country—but what's that to you? 40

Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,

But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:

There many an honest man may copy Cato,

Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45

That Edward's Mifs thus perks it in your face;

To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,

In all the rest so impudently good;

Faith let the modest Matrons of the town

Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

S A P P H O
 T O
 P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse, 5
 The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse;
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are borne. 10
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
 No

ECQUID, ut inspecta est studiosae littera dextrae,
 Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
 An, nisi legis auctoris nomina Sapphus,
 Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
 Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna requiras 5
 Carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.
 Flendus amor meus est: elegeia flebile carmen;
 Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
 Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
 Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager. 10
 Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoidos Ætnae,
 Me calor Ætnaeo non minor igne coquit.

SAPPHO TO PHAON. 165

No more my soul a charm in music finds,
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine! 20
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
 Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear ;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame ;
 Nymphs

Nec mihi, dispositis quae jungam carmina nervis,
 Proveniunt; vacuae carmina mentis opus.
 Nec me Pyrrhides Methymniadesve puellae, 15
 Nec me Lesbiadum caetera turba juvant.
 Vilis Anaëtorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno :
 Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis ;
 Atque aliae centum, quas non sine crimine amavi :
 Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20
 Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.
 O facies oculis insidiosa meis !
 Sume fidem et pharetram ; fies manifestus Apollo :
 Accedant capiti cornua ; Bacchus eris.

Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Then ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee. 30
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise,
 Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
 Which Venus tunes, and all her Loves inspire;
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
 Though short my stature, yet my name extends
 To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40
 Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame;
 Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white. 45
If

Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit;
 Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos. 30
 At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant;
 Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
 Nec plus Alcaeus, confors patriaeque lyraeque,
 Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.
 Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit; 35
 Ingenio formae damna rependo meae.
 Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
 Est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero. 40
 Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheïa Perseo
 Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suae:
 Et variis albae junguntur saepe columbae,
 Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.

SAPPHO TO PHAON. 167

If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd:
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy: 50
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For, oh! how vast a memory has love!
 My Music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.

The

Si, nisi quae facie peterit te digna videri, 45
Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.
At me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar;
Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas. 50
Haec quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
Sed tum praecipue, cum fit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat, 60
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;

The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame ;
 Why was I born, ye Gods ! a Lesbian dame ?
 But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast 65
 That wandering heart which I so lately lost ;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains ! 70
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun ?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears :
My

Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
 Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.
 Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova praeda puellae ;
 Quid mihi cum Lesbo ? Sicelis esse volo.
 At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum,
 Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.
 Neu vos decipiant blandae mendacia linguae : 65
 Quae dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
 Tu quoque quae montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
 (Nam tua sum) vati consule, diva, tuae.
 An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem ? 70
 Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo ?
 Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
 Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
 Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore ;
 Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.

SAPPHO TO PHAON. 169

My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame :
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes ? 80
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow ;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind, 85
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind :
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please !

Cupid's

Factus inops agili peragit freta coerulea remo : 75
Quasque male amisit, nunc male quaerit opes :
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam desint, quae me sine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas. 80
Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis :
Non agitur vento nostra carina suo.
Ecce jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli ;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veste tegor vili : nullum est in crinibus aurum : 85
Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix ? aut cui placuisse laborem ?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest

Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love: 90
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come;
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.

O scarce

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis;
 Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 90
 Sive ita nascenti legem dixere sorores,
 Nec data sunt vitae fila severa meae;
 Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistrae,
 Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
 Quid mirum, si me primae lanuginis aetas 95
 Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest?
 Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
 Et faceres; sed te prima rapina tenet.
 Hunc si conspiciat, quae conspicit omnia, Phoebe;
 Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon. 100
 Hunc Venus in coelum curru vexisset eburno;
 Sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.

SAPPHO TO PHAON. 171

O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
 The vows you never will return, receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
 (At least to feign was never hard to you!)
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kifs receive, 115
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No

O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis aetas!
 O decus, atque aevi gloria magna tui!
 Huc ades, inque sinus, formosae, relabere nostros: 105
 Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare finas.
 Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur abortis:
 Aspice, quam fit in hoc multa litura loco.
 Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses, 110
 Et modo dixisses: Lesbi puella, vale.
 Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti;
 Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
 Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria: nec tu,
 Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes,

No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live. 120
 Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood, 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound; 130
 I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.

My

Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dedissem
 Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei. 120
 Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat, Amorem,
 Perque novem juro, numina nostra, Deas;
 Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
 Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui:
 Et lacrymae deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
 Astriictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
 Postquam se dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
 Nec puduit scissis exululare comis:
 Non aliter quam si nati pia mater adempti
 Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.

SAPPHO TO PHAON. 173

My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes ;
 And why this grief ? thy daughter lives, he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim ;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame !
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night :
 O night, more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms !
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine : 150
 A thousand

Gaudet et e nostro crescit moerore Charaxus 135
 Frater ; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
 Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris ;
 Quid dolet haec ? certe filia vivit, ait.
 Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor : omne videbat
 Vulgus ; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu. 140
 Tu mihi cura, Phaon ; te somnia nostra reducunt ;
 Somnia formoso candidiora die.
 Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis ; 145
 Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.
 Saepe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
 Saepe tuae videor supposuisse meos. 150

A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses give, and take:
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:
 Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
 Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove,
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
 I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,

That

Blandior interdum; verisque simillima verba

Eloquor; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.

Oscula cognosco; quae tu committere linguae,

Aptaque consuêras accipere, apta dare.

Ulteriora pudet narrare; sed omnia fiunt,

Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.

At cum se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum; 155

Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.

Antra nemusque peto, tanquam nemus antraque pro-
 fuit. 160

Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis.

Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho

Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.

Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,

Quae mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.

That charm'd me more, with native mofs o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay; 170
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
 All but the mournful Philomel and I:
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring

Invenio sylvam, quae saepe cubilia nobis 165
 Praebuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
 At non invenio dominum sylvaeque, meumque.
 Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.
 Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas: 170
 De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.
 Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;
 Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
 Quinetiam rami positos lugere videntur
 Frondibus; et nullae dulce queruntur aves.
 Sola virum non ultra pie moestissima mater 175
 Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.
 Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores:
 Haecenus, ut media caetera nocte silent.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below; 180
 A flowery Lotos spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
 Before my sight a watery Virgin stood:
 She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
 " Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
 " There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 " Apollo's fane furveys the rolling deep; 190
 " There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
 " Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 " Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main, 195
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
 " Haste,

Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni, 180
 Fons sacra; hunc multi numen habere putant.
 Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
 Una nemus; tenero cespite terra viret.
 Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus, 185
 Constat ante oculos Naias una meos.
 Constat, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus aequis
 " Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
 " Phoebus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit æquor:
 " Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
 " Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhae succensus amore
 " Misit, et illaeso corpore pressit aquas. 195

" Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200
 I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
 I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below!
 And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood prophane! }

On

" Nec mora: versus Amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhae
 " Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
 " Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
 " Leucada; nec saxo defiluisse time."
 Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo: 206
 Nec gravidae lacrymas continuere genae.
 Ibimus, O Nymphae, monstrataque saxa petemus.
 Sit procul infano victus amore timor.
 Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, subito.
 Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
 Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti:
 Ne sim Lucadiae mortua crimen aquae.
 Inde chelyn Phoebos communia munera ponam:
 Et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt.

On Phoebus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this Inscription shall be plac'd below.

“ Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,

“ Sappho to Phoebus consecrates her Lyre; 215

“ What suits with Sappho, Phoebus, suits with thee;

“ The gift, the giver, and the God agree.”

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?

Thy charms than those may far more powerful be, 220

And Phoebus' self is less a God to me.

Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,

O far more faithless and more hard than they?

Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast

Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd? 225

This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;

Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.

Alas!

“ Grata lyram posui tibi, Phoebe, poëtria Sappho :

“ Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi.”

Cur tamen Aëtiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,

Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?

Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda : 220

Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phoebus eris.

An potes, ô scopulis undaque ferocior illa,

Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meae?

At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,

Quam poterant faxis praecipitanda dari ! 225

Haec sunt illa, Phaon, quae tu laudare solebas ;

Visaeque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.

Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign,
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
 Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires; 240
 But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
 Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers, move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?

The

Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obstat;
 Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.
 Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires. 230
 Pleetra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.
 Lesbides aequoreae, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
 Lesbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra;
 Lesbides, infamem quae me fecistis amatae;
 Desinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
 Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat. 235
 (Me miseram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
 Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.
 Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 240
 Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?
 An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?

The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air ! 245
 Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
 If you return—ah why these long delays ?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain ; 250
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales ;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?) 255
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas :
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love !

Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, si sciperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuae votiva parantur
Munera ; quid laceras pectora nostra mora ?
Solve ratem : Venus orta mari, mare praestat eunti.
Aura dabit cursum ; tu modo solve ratem.
Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido :
Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho ;
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.) 255
[O saltem miserae, Crudelis, epistola dicat :
Ut mihi Leucadiae fata petantur aquae.]

E L O I S A

E L O I S A

TO

A B E L A R D.

N 3

A R G U M E N T.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

E L O I S A
T O
A B E L A R D.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd: 10
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
 O write it not, my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays, 15
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
 And pitying faints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part, 25
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear,
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led through a sad variety of woe;
 Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
 There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Grievs to thy griev's, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45
 Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief, 50
 Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,

The

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 185

The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
 Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd ; heaven listen'd while you sung ; 65
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :
 Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man. 70
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ;
 Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made !
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame ;
 Before true passion all those views remove,
 Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to Love ? 80
 The jealous God, when we prophane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.

Should

Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all :
 Not Cæsar's emprefs would I deign to prove ;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee ! 90
 O ! happy state ! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law :
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aching in the breast :
 Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd ! what sudden horrors rise !
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies ! 100
 Where, where was Eloïse ? her voice, her hand,
 Her poynard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ? 110
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale :
 Heaven scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
 And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.

Yet

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 187

Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120

Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.

Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer. 130

From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.

No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135

Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140

In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;

Thy

Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!) 150
But why should I on others prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd, 155
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;

Here

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 189

Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires,
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185

Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195

For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget? 200

But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you. . . .

Fill

Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot ;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot !
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind !
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd ; 210
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
" Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.

Grace shines around her with sereneest beams, 215
And whispering Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals sing, 220
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy :
When, at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight ! 230
Provoking Demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.

I wake :

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 191

I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240

Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
 Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe.
 Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; 245
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; 250
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow,
 Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiven, 255
 And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves. 260

Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,

Rise

Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
 With every bead I drop too soft a tear, 270
 When from the center clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
 While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is opening on my soul : 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
 Oppose thyself to Heaven ; dispute my heart ;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
 Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers ;
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole ;
 Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll ! 290
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

Fair

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 193

Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!) 295

Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!

O Grace serene! O Virtue heavenly fair!

Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!

Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!

And Faith, our early immortality! 300

Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;

Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,

Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.

In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls, 305

And more than Echoes talk along the walls.

Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,

From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

“ Come, sister, come!” (it said, or seem'd to say)

“ Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310

“ Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,

“ Love's victim then, though now a fainted maid:

“ But all is calm in this eternal sleep;

“ Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,

“ Ev'n superstition loses every fear; 315

“ For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.”

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,

Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,

Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,

And smooth my passage to the realms of day;

See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,

Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!

Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see !

It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330

See from my cheek the transient roses fly !

See the last sparkle languish in my eye !

Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;

And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.

O Death all eloquent ! you only prove 335

What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,

(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)

In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,

Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,

And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,

And graft my love immortal on thy fame !

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345

When this rebellious heart shall be at no more ;

If ever chance two wandering lovers brings

To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,

And drink the falling tears each other sheds ; 350

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,

“ O may we never love as these have lov'd ! ”

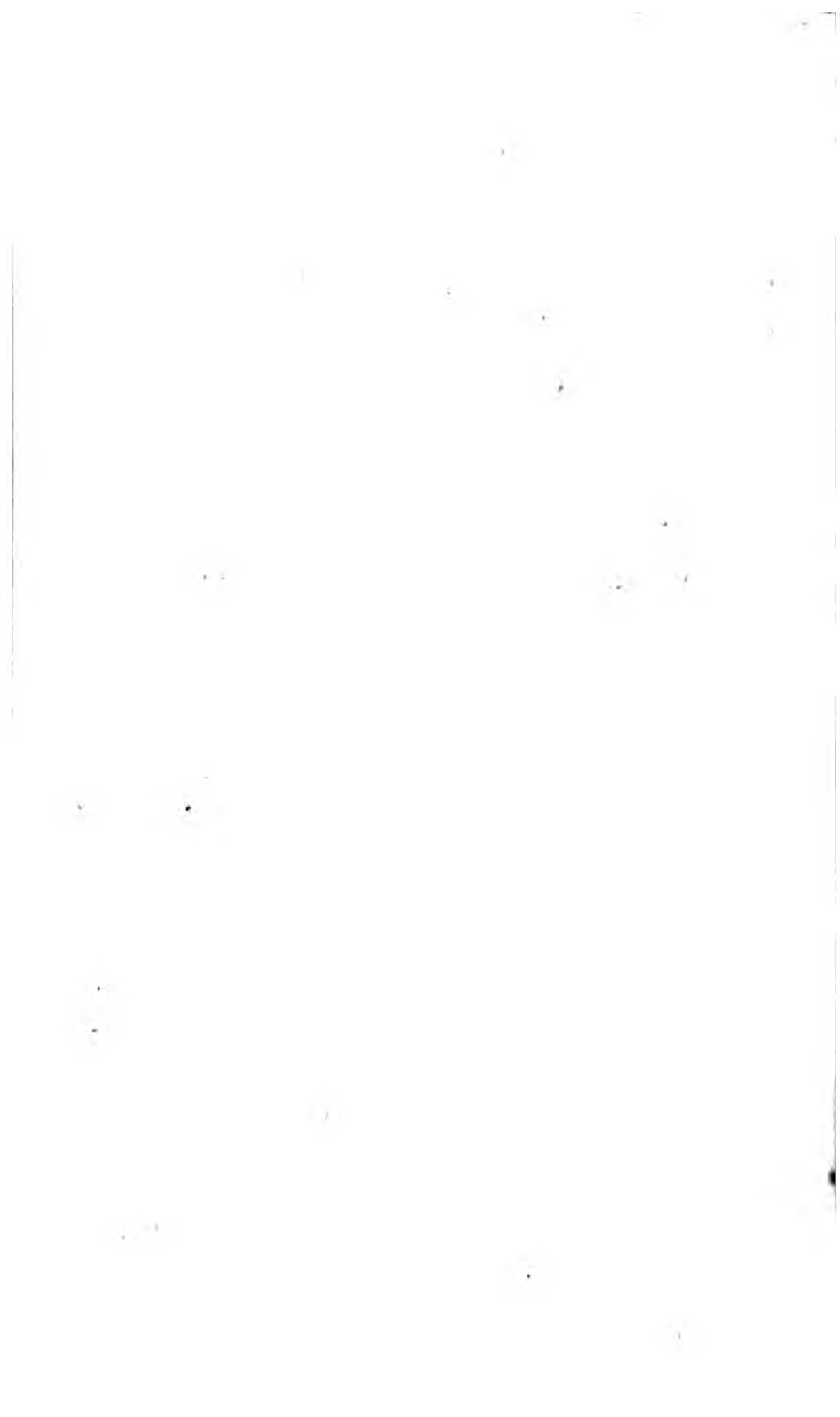
From the full choir, when loud Hosannas rise,

And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,

Amid

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 195

Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more ;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell !
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ; 365
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.



TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

Advertisement.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of Exercises, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried by his early bent to Poetry to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The Imitations of English Authors, which follow, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old.

THE
T E M P L E
OF
F A M E.

Written in the Year M D C C X I.

Advertisement.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

The Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the Trionfi of the former, and the Dream, Flower and the Leaf, &c. of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium.



THE
T E M P L E
O F
F A M E.

IN that soft season, when descending showers
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
 When opening buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10
 I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
 The whole creation open to my eyes :

In

IMITATION.

Ver. 11, &c.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

Though beheld I fields and plains,
 Now hills, and now mountains,
 Now valeis, and now forestes,
 And now unneth great bestes,
 Now rivers, now citees,
 Now towns, now great trees,
 Now shippes sayling in the see.

In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen 15
 There towery cities, and the forests green:
 Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
 There trees and intermingled temples rise;
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
 Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;
 The wonderous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone. 30

Inscriptions

IMITATION.

Ver. 27. High on a rock of ice, &c.] Chaucer's third book of Fame.

It stood upon so high a rock,
 Higher standeth none in Spayne—
 What manner stone this rock was,
 For it was like a lymed glafs,
 But that it shone full more clere;
 But of what congeled matere
 It was, I niste redily;
 But at the last espied I,
 And found that it was every dele,
 A rock of ice, and not of stele.

Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdued;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd; 35
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by Envy, than excess of Praise.

Yet

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 31. Inscriptions here, &c.]

Tho' saw I all the hill y-grave
 With famous folkes names fele,
 That had been in much wele
 And her fames wide y-blow;
 But well unneth might I know,
 Any letters for to rede
 Their names by, for out of drede
 They weren almost off-thawen so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of every name,
 So unfamous was woxe her fame;
 But men said, what may ever last?

Ver. 41. Nor was the work impair'd, &c.]

Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
 That they were molte away for heate,
 And not away with stormes beate.

Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel, 45
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last; 50
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
 So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 55
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years, 60
 On

IMITATION.

Ver. 45. Yet part no injuries, &c.]

For on that other side I sey
 Of that hill which northward ley,
 How it was written full of names
 Of folke, that had afore great fames,
 Of old time, and yet they were
 As fresh as men had written hem there
 That self day, or that houre
 That I on hem gan to poure :
 But well I wiste what it made ;
 It was conserved with the shade
 (All the writing that I fye)
 Of the castle that stode on high,
 And stood eke in so cold a place,
 That heat might it not deface.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

205

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace!

Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.

Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;

The walls in venerable order grace:

Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:

There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:

Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:

Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!

Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,

And half the mountain rolls into a wall:

There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,

The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,

90
The

The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame, 95
And the great founder of the Persian name :
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand :
The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the power, 105
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the South, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's Priests the gilded niches grace, 110
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ; 115
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride. 120

There

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 207

There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There fate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood, 120
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood.
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by Poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face ;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold :
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd : 140
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals :
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
The sage Historians in white garments wait ;

Grav'd

IMITATION.

Ver. 132. The wall in lustre, &c.]
It shone lighter than a glass,
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is.

Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who through loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursued renown in arms. 150
 High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The Youth that all things but himself subdued;
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone; 155
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
 Unmov'd, superior still in every state,
 And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought: 160
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind. }
 Much suffering heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell:
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names: 175
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 209

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;

A strong

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 179. Six pompous columns, &c.]
From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.
Upon a pillere saw I stonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the sect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Josephus the old, &c.
Upon an iron pillere strong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tigers' blood in every place,
The Tholosan that hight Stace,
That bare of Thebes up the name, &c.

Ver. 182.]
Full wonder high on a pilere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus, &c.

A strong expression most he seem'd t'affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

195

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art :

The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.

200

In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;

205

Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire :

Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.

210

Across

IMITATION.

Ver. 196, &c.]

There saw I stand on a pillere
'That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin Poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pius Æneas :
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus' clerke Ovide,
That hath sown wondrous wide
The great God of Love's fame—

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 211

Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215

The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.

The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;

The champions in distorted postures threat; 220
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:

Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse. 225

The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star and great Augustus here.

The Doves, that round the infant Poet spread
Myrtles and bays hung hovering o'er his head. 230

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;

His

IMITATION.

Tho' saw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full sternly,
The great Poet Dan Lucan,
That on his shoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might see,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.

And next him on a pillere stode
Of sulphure, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.

His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
 And various Animals his sides surround ; 235
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
 The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne :
 Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
 And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies : 245
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great ;
 The vivid emeralds there revive the eye, 250
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ; 255
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;

But

IMITATION.

Ver. 259. Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.]
 Methought that she was so lite,
 That the length of a cubite
 Was longer than she seem'd be ;
 But thus soone in a while she,

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 213

But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.
With her, the Temple every moment grew,
And ampler Vistas open'd to my view :
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend. 265
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ;
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days. 275
Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,

And

IMITATIONS.

Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
That with her feet she the earth right,
And with her head she touchyd heaven—

Ver. 270. Beneath in order rang'd, &c.]
I heard about her throne y-fung
That all the palays walls rung,
So fung the mighty Muse, she
That cleped is Calliope,
And her seven sisters eke—

Ver. 276. Around these wonders, &c.]
I heard a noise approachen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,

And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From different quarters fill the croud'd hall :
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
 Thick as the bees, that with the Spring renew
 Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
 Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend ;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were different, their request the same :
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd ;
 Unlike successes equal merits found. 295

Thus

IMITATIONS.

Against her time of out-flying,
 Right such a manere murmuring,
 For all the world it seem'd me,
 Tho' gan I look about and see
 That there came entering into th' hall,
 A right great company withal ;
 And that of sundry regions,
 Of all kind of conditions, &c.—

Ver. 294. Some she disgrac'd, &c.]
 And some of them she granted sone,
 And some she warn'd well and fair,
 And some she granted the contrair—
 Right as her sifter damé Fortune
 Is wont to serve in commune.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their prayer.
Long have we fought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below.

305

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

310

315

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.

Since

IMITATION.

Ver. 318. The good and just, &c.]
Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And saiden: We been everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deserved Fame right-fully,

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd : 325
 Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.
 This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
 Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
 The constant tenour of whose well-spent days 330
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
 But straight the direful Trump of Slander sounds ;
 Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
Loud

IMITATIONS.

And prayen you it might be knowe
 Right as it is, and forth blowe.
 I grant, quoth she, for now we list
 That your good works shall be wift.
 And yet ye shall have better loos,
 Right in despite of all your foos,
 Than worthy is, and that anone.
 Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
 And certes all the breath that went
 Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
 As men a pot of baume held
 Among a basket full of roses.—

Ver. 328. 338. behold another croud, &c.—
From the black trumpet's rusty, &c.]
 Therewithal there came anone
 Another huge companye
 Of good folke—
 What did this Eolus, but he

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 217

Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies, 335
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ; 345
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools ! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then

IMITATION.

Took out his trump of brass,
That fouler than the devil was :
And gan his trump for to blowe,
As all the world should overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's sounne,
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And such a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende—&c.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !
 But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard-of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake. 365

And

IMITATION.

Ver. 356. Then came the smallest, &c.]
 I saw anone the fifth route,
 That to this lady gan loute,
 And downe on knees anone to fall,
 And to her they besoughten all,
 To hiden their good works eke.
 And said, they yeve not a leke
 For no fame ne such renowne ;
 For they for contemplacyoune,
 And Goddes love had it wrought,
 Ne of fame would they ought.
 What, quoth she, and be ye wood ?
 And ween ye for to do good,
 And for to have it of no fame ?
 Have ye despite to have my name ?
 Nay ye shall lien everichone :
 Blow thy trump, and that anone
 (Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
 And ring these folks works by rote,
 That all the world may of it heare ;
 And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
 In his golden clarioune,
 Through the world went the sounne,
 All so kindly, and eke so soft,
 That ther fame was blown aloft.

And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath; 370
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n listening Angels lean from heaven to hear: 375
 To farthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd:
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair: 385
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
 Of unknown Dutcheffes lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
 Around the shrine, and made the same request: 395
 What

What you (she cry'd), unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.

Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And scornful hisses run through all the croud. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
 Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
 Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
 On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix, 410
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire. 415
 At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some power unknown
 Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
 throne.

Before

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 406. Last, those who boast of mighty, &c.]
 Tho came another companye,
 That had y-done the treachery, &c.

Ver. 418. This having heard and seen, &c.] The
 Scene here changes from the Temple of Fame, to that

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 221

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air ;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound ;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ; 425
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,

As

IMITATION.

of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The
particulars follow.

Tho saw I stonde in a valey,
Under the castle fast by
A house, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
Ne half so queintly y-wrought ;
And evermo as swift as thought,
This queint house about went,
That never more it still stent—
And eke this house hath of entrees,
As many as leaves are on trees
In Summer, when they ben grene ;
And in the roof yet men may sene
A thousand hoels and well mo
To letten the sounne out-go ;
And by day in every tide,
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unshet ;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace :
Ne never rest is in that place.

As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
 Hither as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;
 The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
 Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance :
 Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighbouring air a soft impression make ;
 Another ambient circle then they move ;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above ; 445
 Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,

Of

IMITATION.

Ver. 448. There various news I heard, &c.]
 Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
 Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
 Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
 Of love and hate, accord and strife,
 Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
 Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
 Of divers transmutations,
 Of estates and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of dred, of jealousy,
 Of wit, of winning, and of folly,

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 223

Of los and gain, of famine and of store, 450
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of Fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favorites, projects of the great, 455
Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ; 460
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :

Astro-

IMITATIONS.

Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident.

Ver. 458. Above, below, without, within, &c.]

But such a grete congregation
Of folke as I saw roame about,
Some within, and some without,
Was never seen, ne shall be eft—
And every wight that I saw there
Rownd everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or else he told it openly
Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
That is betide to-night now ?
No, quoth he, tell me what ?
And then he told him this and that, &c.
— Thus north and south
Went every tyding from mouth to mouth,
And that encreasing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go,
From a sparkle sprong amifs,
Till all the citee brent up is.

Astrologers, that future fates foresaw,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
 And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands; 465
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in every face.
 The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
 And all who told it added something new, 470
 And all who heard it made enlargements too,
 In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew. }
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travel'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gathering force the quickening flames ad-
 vance;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.
 When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they
 flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below,
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon; 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the
 sky.

There,

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 225

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way ; 490
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue through the narrow vent :
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now, the truth and lye ;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
 But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath, 505
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ; 510
 All luckless wits their enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor

IMITATION.

Ver. 489. There, at one passage, &c.]
 And sometime I saw there at once,
 A leising and a sad sooth saw
 That gonnen at adventure draw
 Out of a window forth to pace—
 And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
 Shall have one of these two, but bothe, &c.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price 515
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice :
Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame ; 520
Then, teach me, heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

J A N U A R Y

A N D

M A Y :

O R,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
 In days of old, a wise and worthy Knight ;
 Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
 Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace ;
 Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites :
 For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more ; 10
 Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find ;
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15
 And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,
 Once ere he dy'd, to taste the blisful life
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will.) 20

Q 2

Grave

Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;
 To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
 Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more : 30
 Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
 Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join :
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past :
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
 The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and heaven to please ;
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day : 40
 Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
 But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare ?
 Some wicked wits have libel'd all the fair.
 With matchless impudence they style a wife 45
 The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
 A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
 A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
 Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
 But curse the bones of every lying bard. 50

All other goods by fortune's hand are given,
 A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
 Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
 Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
 One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55
 Abundantly supplies us all our life:
 This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
 As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd, 60
 With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary shade:
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
 Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he 65
 That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
 His father's blessing from an elder son: 70

Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
 At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword 75
 Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
 Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
 And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober life,
 Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife. 80

His friends were fummon'd on a point so nice,
 To pass their judgment, and to give advice ;
 But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he ;
 (As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look 85
 Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke :)
 Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
 And worn with cares, and hastening to my end ;
 How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,
 In worldly follies, which I blush to tell ; 90
 But gracious heaven has ope'd my eyes at last,
 With due regret I view my vices past,
 And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.

But, since by counsel all things should be done, 95
 And many heads are wiser still than one ;
 Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
 When my desire 's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
 To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old : 100
 There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face :

In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
 No crafty widows shall approach my bed ;
 Those are too wise for batchelors to wed ;
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade : 110
 But

But young and tender virgins rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss ;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss :
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115

As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.

Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost, for which I wed ; 120
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.

Think not I doat ; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life :
Those that are blest with store of grace divine, 125
May live like saints, by heaven's consent and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part. 130

Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These reverend honours on my hoary head ;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below :
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135

Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said ; the rest in different parts divide ;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side : 140

Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wife,
 There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
 Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone) :
 Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves, experience dwells with years ! 150
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice :
 But, with the Wise Man's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
 As still I hold your own advice the best. 155 }

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways ;
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.
 Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
 My word was this, Your honour 's in the right.
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,
 A noble fool was never in a fault. 165
 This, Sir, affects not you, whose every word
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord :
 Your will is mine ; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to man !
 At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
 Who dare to wed in your declining days.

In-

Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
 And let grey fools be indolently good,
 Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With reverend dulness, and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
 Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the first degree,
 (Who, though not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
 Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180

To those of generous principles, and just.
 The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
 To give your person, than your goods away :
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
 First learn your lady's qualities at least : 185

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
 Meek as a faint, or haughty as the devil ;
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
 Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
 In all this world, much less in womankind ;
 But, if her virtues prove the larger share,
 Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.

Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend ; 195
 And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.

Heaven knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear !
 While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife ;

Demure

Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun !
 But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
 And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205
 Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure ; for wisdom is in age :
 But at these years, to venture on the fair ;
 By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
 Would busy the most vigorous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
 Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wife !
 We, Sirs, are fools ; and must resign the cause
 To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way :— 220
 What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say ?

I say, quoth he, by heaven the man 's to blame,
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this the council rose, without delay ;
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way ; 225
 With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
 The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy ?
 The charms of wedlock all his soul employ ;
 Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd, 230
 And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast ;

While

While fancy pictur'd every lively part,
 And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
 Thus, in some public Forum fix'd on high,
 A Mirrour shows the figures moving by ; 235

Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
 The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
 This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
 But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame ;
 That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest ; 240
 And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.

Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
 He fixt at last upon the youthful May.

Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But every charm revolv'd within his mind : 245
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice, 250
 And thought no mortal could dispute his choice :
 Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an end.
 Heaven, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed : 255

Let none oppose th' election, since on this
 Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise ;
 Chaste, though not rich ; and, though not nobly born,
 Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.

Her

Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please ;
 To pass my age in sanctity and ease :
 And thank the powers, I may possess alone
 The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none ! 265
 If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
 My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains : Full oft I've heard,
 By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd ;
 That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
 The bliss of heaven above, and earth below.
 Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
 To match the blessings of the future state,
 Those endless joys were ill-exchang'd for these ;
 Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
 Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
 Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
 Heaven put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed ;
 And to my fervent prayers so far consent, 280
 That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent !
 Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.
 Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair ;
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
 One that may do your business to a hair ;
 Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
 But prove the scourge to lash you on your way :
 Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
 Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow ! 290

Provided

Provided still, you moderate your joy,
 Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
 Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
 Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
 Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
 Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
 The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
 The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
 The Old have interest ever in their eye.
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
 When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
 The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout intent: 310
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
 Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
 Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
 And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, 315 }
 The guests appear in order, side by side,
 And plac'd in state the bridegroom and the bride. }
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;

The

The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
 string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
 Nor Joab the founding clarion could inspire,
 Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
 Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
 (So Poets sing) was present on the place :
 And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight, }
 Shook high her flaming torch in open fight,
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on every Knight : }
 Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
 No less in wedlock, than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
 Ye bards ! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335
 For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song ;
 Think not your softest numbers can display
 The matchless glories of this blissful day :
 The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
 When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
 And darted amorous glances at her Lord.
 Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
 E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King :
 Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345
 And fresh and blooming as the month of May !
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
 Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride :

Still

Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
 Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night, 350
 Restless he fate, invoking every power
 To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
 Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
 And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
 With odorous spices they perfum'd the place, 355
 And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
 Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360
 His lovely Mistress all his soul possess'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
 There let him lie; till his relenting dame 365
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
 Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
 While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
 Then rose the guests; and, as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess:
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
 Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
 Satyrion near, with hot Eringos stood,
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,

Whose

Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.

What next ensued befeems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night; }
And sip'd his cordial as he sat upright.

He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast: 390
For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell, 395
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call. 405
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,

Who

JANUARY AND MAY. 241

Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.

Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent; 410
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.

The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May:
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view! 415

Then gave his bill, and brib'd the powers divine,
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?

On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.

What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heaven or hell:
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire:

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love! 435
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:

But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd 440
Pleasure the sovereign blifs of human-kind:
Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence: 445
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace 450
(Though God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed Romance;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flowery ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd: }
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue: 460
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair, 465
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)

For

For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
 To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and business to retreat; 470
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
 "Solus cum sola," with his sprightly May,
 For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.
 But, ah! what mortal lives of blifs secure? 475
 How short a space our worldly joys endure!
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
 But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit! 480
 This rich, this amorous venerable knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.
 The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
 For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
 His wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept; he watch'd her night and day, }
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway. }
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
 She lock'd on Damian with a lover's eye,
 For, oh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!
 Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous Squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495

Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain :
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
 Though they could see as far as ships can fail ?
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes : 505
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
 Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear ;
 She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
 And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
 Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
 What flight is that, which love will not explore ? 515
 And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do :
 Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
 They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray ; 520 }
 It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day, }
 Our reverend Knight was urg'd to amorous play ; }
 He rais'd his spouse ere Matin-bell was rung,
 And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake,

JANUARY AND MAY. 245

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes ; 525
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise !
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain ;
The winter's past ; the clouds and tempests fly ;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart :
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made, 535
To haste before ; the gentle Squire obey'd :
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ; 540
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545
Art far the dearest solace of my life ;
And rather would I chuse, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.

Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own, 550 }
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone. }
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight, }
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight, }
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.

Each other los with patience I can bear, 555
The los of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain ; 560
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love :

Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565

And will perform, by this — my dear, and this —
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind ;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570

From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms ?

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd ; 575
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd :)

Heaven knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you ;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580

To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear.

First

JANUARY AND MAY. 2

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 5
 And let me hence to hell alive descend ;
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well ;
 Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the honour of my race, 5
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect :
 Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me ? 5
 These doubts and fears of female constancy !
 This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
 Where Damian, kneeling, worship'd as she past. 6
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
 And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh :
 'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
 And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace, 6
 And, climbing, in the summit took his place ;
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
 Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.
 'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
 His heavenly progress through the Twins had run ; 6
 And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
 To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields.
 Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light ;

He pierc'd the glittering clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their Monarch and his bride. }
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, 620 }
The knights so nimbly o'er the greenword bound, }
That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the }
ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain ;
While, on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man :
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun ;
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee !
For sagely hast thou said : Of all mankind, 635
One only just and righteous hope to find :
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King, who knew your wickedness :
The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all ;

As

As well you view the leacher in the tree,
 And well this honourable Knight you see:
 But since he's blind and old (a helpless case) 645
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now, by my own dread majesty I swear,
 And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
 That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650

I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
 And in the very act restore his sight:
 And set the strumpet here in open view,
 A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
 And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true. 655

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
 Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
 She shall not want an answer at her need. }

For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
 And all the sex in each succeeding age! 660
 Art shall be theirs, to varnish an offence,
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.

Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
 All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665
 Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
 Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one; 670
 The wiser wits of later times declare,
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:

Witness

Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death ;
 And witness next what Roman authors tell, 675
 How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.

But, since the sacred leaves to all are free,
 And men interpret texts, why should not we ?
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
 That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone 680 }
 Who only is, and is but only One.

But grant the worst ; shall women then be weigh'd
 By every word that *Solomon* has said ?
 What though this *King* (as ancient story boasts)
 Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts ; 685

He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
 And did as much for *Idol* gods, or more.
 Beware what lavish praises you confer
 On a rank leacher and idolater ;
 Whose reign, indulgent *God*, says holy writ, 690
 Did but for *David's* righteous sake permit ;
David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak ;
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
 By Heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
 Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the *King*) dear Madam, be not wroth :
 I yield it up ; but since I gave my oath, 690
 That this much-injur'd knight again should see :
 It must be done—I am a *King*, said he,

And

And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen: 705

Her answer she shall have, I undertake;

And thus an end of all dispute I make.

Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,

It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710

And to the Knight our story turns again;

Who in the garden, with his lovely May,

Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:

This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be,

"Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee." 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew

By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew:

The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love

Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.

She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods! she cry'd,

What pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my side!

O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;

Help, for the love of Heaven's immortal Queen!

Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life

Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,

But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:

Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,

What could, alas! a helpless husband do?

And must I languish then, she said, and die, 730

Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?

At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,

Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;

Then

Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me. 735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all ! 740
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall :
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd ;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you ; 745
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo ! the wondering knight
Lookt out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent ;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd :
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky : 755
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair ;
Death ! hell ! and furies ! what dost thou do there ?

What ails my Lord ? the trembling dame reply'd ;
I thought your patience had been better try'd :
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760
This my reward for having cur'd the blind ?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree ?

Did

Did I for this the power of magic prove?
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love! 765

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight)
 So Heaven preserve the fight it has restor'd,
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
 Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell 770
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
 Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper way!
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me: 775
 So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
 But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
 For by th' immortal powers it *seem'd* too plain—

By all those powers, some frenzy seiz'd your mind }
 (Reply'd the dame): are these the thanks I find? }
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
 She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
 The ready tears apace began to flow,
 And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye 785
 The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).

The Knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more: 790
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:

Let

Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By Heaven, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But, till your sight 's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800 }
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day. }
So, just recovering from the shades of night, }
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light, }
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before }
your sight :

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem; 805
Heaven knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind :
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss. 810

With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-disssembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more :
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale ; whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take ;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives. 820

THE
W I F E O F B A T H
H E R P R O L O G U E,
F R O M
C H A U C E R.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
 And hear with reverence an experienc'd wife!
 To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
 And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
 In all these trials I have borne a part, 5
 I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
 For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
 Five captive Husbands from the Church to bed.
 Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
 And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days; 10
 Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
 No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
 But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
 The words address'd to the Samaritan:
 Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd; 15
 And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
 "Encrease and multiply," was Heaven's command,
 And that's a text I clearly understand.
 This too, "Let men their fires and mothers leave,
 "And to their dearer wives for ever cleave." 20
More

More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind 's bely'd.

I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in heaven, I may have many yet,
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

25 }

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginitv he found:

30

'Tis but a counsel — and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

35

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice;
Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.

40

45

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a-God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.

For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given:

50

Let

Let my good spoufe pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reckoning every night.
 His proper body is not his, but mine;
 For fo faid Paul, and Paul 's a found divine. 55

Know then, of thofe five husbands I have had,
 Three were juft tolerable, two were bad.
 The three were old, but rich and fond befide,
 And toil'd moft piteoufly to pleafe their bride:
 But fince their wealth (the beft they had) was mine, 60
 The reft, without much lofs, I could refign.
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to pleafe,
 Yet had more Pleafure far than they had Eafe.

Prefents flow'd in apace: with fhowers of gold,
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old. 65
 If I but fmil'd, a fudden youth they found,
 And a new palfy feiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye fovereign wives! give ear and underftand,
 Thus fhall ye fpeak, and exercife command.
 For never was it given to mortal man, 70
 To lie fo boldly as we women can:

Forfwear the fact, though feen with both his eyes,
 And call your maids to witnefs how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to fay)
 Whence is our neighbour's wife fo rich and gay? 75
 Treated, carefs'd, where'er fhe's pleas'd to roam—
 I fit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her houfe doft thou fo oft repair?
 Art thou fo amorous? and is fhe fo fair?
 If I but fee a coufin or a friend, 80
 Lord! how you fwell, and rage like any fiend!

But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
 Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
 Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
 And give up all that's female to the devil. 85

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
 If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
 If highly born, intolerably vain,
 Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
 Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic; 90
 Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.

If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
 By pressing youth attack'd on every side:
 If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
 Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures, 95
 Or else she dances with becoming grace,
 Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
 She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try, 100
 And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
 But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
 Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
 And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,
 Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
 And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
 If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd, 110
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.

My

My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and favourite maid;
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine? 125
 Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by St. John,
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.

One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
 If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will, 130
 "Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
 "Take all the freedoms of a married life;
 "I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
 How merrily soever others fare? 135
 Though all the day I give and take delight,
 Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
 'Tis but a just and rational desire,
 To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array, 140
 And none can long be modest that are gay.

The Cat, if you but finge her tabby skin,
 The chimney keeps, and fits content within ;
 But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
 Sport with her tail, and wanton in the fun ; 145
 She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
 To shew her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
 These three right ancient venerable fires.
 I told them, thus you say, and thus you do, 150
 And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
 I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
 And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
 I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors ;
 And swore the rambles that I took by night,
 Were all to spy what damfels they bedight.
 That colour brought me many hours of mirth ;
 For all this wit is given us from our birth.
 Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace, 160
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd :
 I levied first a tax upon his need :
 Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed !
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
 Marry who will, our sex is to be fold.

With

With empty hands no taffels you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old,
 And heave, and pant, and kifs, and cling, for gold.
 Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
 Then kifs'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
 Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table.
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
 " Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look !
 " Approach, my spouse, and let me kifs thy cheek ;
 " Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek !
 " Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
 " Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
 " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
 " Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey ;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway, }
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }
 " The wives of all my family have rul'd 195
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 " Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan ;
 " What ! would you have me to yourself alone ?
 " Why take me, Love ! take all and every part !
 " Here 's your revenge ! you love it at your heart. 200 }

" Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 " You little think what custom I could have.
 " But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame;
 " What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus with my first three Lords I past my life; 205
 A very woman, and a very wife.

What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.

Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie. 210

In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.

To clear my quailpipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve, 215
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:

For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
 A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail;

Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know. 220

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.

This wicked world was once my dear delight; 225
 Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!

The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miss or two; 230

But

But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
 Not with my body, in a filthy way:
 But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
 And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry, 235
 With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.

His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
 For here on earth I was his Purgatory.
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and fate and sung. 240
 How sore I gall'd him, only heaven could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.

He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from Jerufalem;
 And now lies buried underneath a Rood, 245
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.

A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
 Or where inshrind the great Darius lay;
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
 So blest the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
 (Kind heaven afford him everlasting rest!)
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew 255
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.

How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains: 260

Let men avoid us, and on them we leap :
A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.

He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.

265

Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.

'To her I told whatever could befall :

Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all : what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.

270

Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

275

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town) ;
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.

280

Visits to every Church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy Masquerade,
The Stations duly and the Vigils kept ;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.

280

At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay ;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array ;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.

}

'Twas

THE WIFE OF BATH. 265

'Twas when fresh May her early bloffom yields, 290
 This Clerk and I were walking in the fields,
 We grew fo intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he, and only he, should ferve my turn. 295
 We ftraight ftruck hands, the bargain was agreed ;
 I ftill have shifts againft a time of need :
 The moufe that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a moufe of any foul.

I vow'd, I fcarce could fleep fince firft I knew him,
 And durft be fworn he had bewitch'd me to him ;
 If e'er I fleep, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown. }
 All this I faid ; but dreams, firs, I had none : }
 I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore, 305
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we paff ;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my fpoufe at laft.
 I tore my gown, I foil'd my locks with duft,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—muft. 310
 Before my face my handkerchief I fspread,
 'To hide the flood of tears I did—not fhed.
 The good man's coffin to the Church was borne ;
 Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too, mourn.
 But as he march'd, good Gods ! he show'd a pair 315
 Of legs and feet, fo clean, fo ftrong, fo fair !
 Of twenty winters age he feem'd to be ;
 I (to fay truth) was twenty more than he ;

But

But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame ;
 And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame. 320
 A Conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been :
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin !
 Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace, 325
 And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this powerful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale : A month scarce pass'd away,
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land :
 But oft repented, and repent it still ;
 He prov'd a rebel to my sovereign will :
 Nay once, by Heaven, he struck me on the face ; 335
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lions was I ;
 And knew full well to raise my voice on high ;
 As true a rambler as I was before,
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340
 He against this right sagely would advise,
 And old examples set before my eyes,
 Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
 Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife ;
 And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit, 345
 With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
 Oft would he say, Who builds his house on sands,
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,

Or

THE WIFE OF BATH. 267

Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. 350

All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain Treatise oft at evening read,

Where divers Authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.

Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chryippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art, 360
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's Loves;

And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints lives.

Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man. 365

But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.

Love seldom haunts the breast where Learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. 370

Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,

Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow. 375

(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,

How

How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe. 380

How Samson fell ; and he whom Dejanire
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.

How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.

But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame, 385
And Husband-bull—oh monstrous, fie for shame !

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo ;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the Sage she threw ; 390
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head ;
“ Rain follows thunder,” that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh where ?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.

Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be. 400

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much
love ;

That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought :
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head, 405
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion ;
 All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and
 frown'd ;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain ;
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore, 415
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he fettled me with hearty blows.
 I groan'd, and lay extended on my side ;
 Oh ! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd), 420
 Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
 He wept, kind soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu !

But after many a hearty struggle past, 425
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
 Do what you list, the term of all your life :
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ; 430
 Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
 With all the government of house and land,
 And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }

As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames. 435

Now

Now heaven on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year M DCC III.

THE ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters should be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcœbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he needs not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his Childhood. But, finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
 The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
 Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
 My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
 O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes 5
 From the dire nation in its early times,
 Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
 And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
 How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
 And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil? 10
Or

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
 Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,
 Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
 Ire, Deae? gentisne canam primordia dirae?
 Sidonios raptus, et inexorable pactum
 Legis Agenoreae? scrutantemque aequora Cadmum?
 Longo retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
 Agricolum infandis condentem praelia fulcis 10

Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
 While to his harp divine Amphion sung ?
 Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
 Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found ?
 The fire against the son his arrows drew, 15
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
 And while her arms a second hope contain,
 Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
 But waive whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
 And fix, O Muse ! the barrier of thy song 20
 At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
 The long confusions of his guilty race :
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
 And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing ;
 How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous blood ;
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole ;

Or

Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
 Jufferit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes :
 Unde graves irae cognata in moenia Baccho,
 Quod saevae Junonis opus ; cui sumpserit arcum
 Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
 Ionium, socio caesura Palaemone mater.

Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
 Praeteriisse sinam ; limes mihi carminis esto 20
 Oedipodae confusa domus ; quando Itala nondum
 Signa, nec Arctoois ausim sperare triumphos,
 Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 275

Or long before, with early valour, strove
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove. 30
And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!
O bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the stars contract their heavenly space, 35
And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;

Resign

*Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiae decus addite famaë,
Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
Aeternum sibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida coeli
Pleiadum, Boreaeque, et hiulci fulminis expers 35
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frænafor equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter aequa
Parte poli; maneat hominum contentus habenis,*

Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies, 45
 And people heaven with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame :
 Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muſe
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe : 50

Of furious hate ſurviving death, ſhe ſings,
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
 And funeral flames, that parting wide in air
 Expres the diſcord of the ſouls they bear :

Of towns diſpeopled, and the wandering ghoſts 55

Of Kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts ;
 When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
 And Thetis, near Iſmenos' ſwelling flood,
 With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
 In heaps, his ſlaughter'd ſons into the deep. 60

What Hero, Clio ! wilt thou firſt relate ?
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate ?

Or

Undarum terraeque potens, et ſidera dones. 45

Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oestro
 Faeta canam : nunc tendo chelyn. ſatis arma referre
 Aonia, et geminis ſceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
 Nec furiis poſt fata modum, flammaſque rebelles
 Seditioe rogi, tumuliſque carentia regum
 Funera, et egeſtas alternis mortibus urbes ; 55

Caerula cum rubuit Lernaeo fanguine Dirce,
 Et Thetis arentes aſſuetum ſtringere ripas,
 Horruit ingenti venientem Iſmenon acervo.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 277

Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd, 65
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night; 70
But, while he dwells where not a chearful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul,
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,

Whose

Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum irae
Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget et hostilem propellens caedibus annem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi 64
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
Merferat aeterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaue animam sub morte tenebat. 70
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imaeque recessu
Sedis, inaspectos coelo, radiisque penates
Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis
Saeva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore Dirae. 75
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitae

Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke : 80

Ye Gods ! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain ;
Thou, fable Styx ! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I, though blind, behold :
Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my prayer, 85
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care !

If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come :
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90
When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide :
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign ;
If

Supplicium, ostentat coelo, manibusque cruentis.
Pulsat inane solum, sævaque ita voce precatur : 80
Dî fontes animas, augustaque Tartara poenis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari
Annue Tisiphone, perverſaque vota secunda, 85
Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmâsti ; si stagna peti Cyrrhaea bicorni 90
Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso
Contentus Polybo, trifidaeque in Phocidos arce.
Longævum implicui regem, secuique trementis
Ora senis, dum quaero patrem ; si Sphingos iniquae.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 279

If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, 95
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood.
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight; 100
O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!
My sons their old unhappy fire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye Gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.

Art

Callidus ambages, te praemonstrante, resolvi;
Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris 95
Connubium gavifus inî; noctemque nefandam
Saepe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi;
Mox avidus poenae digitis cedentibus ultro
Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui: 100
Exaudi, si digna precor, quaeque ipsa furenti
Subjiceres: orbum visu regnisque parentem
Non regere, aut dictis moerentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce superbi
(Proh dolor) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,
Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.
Hisne etiam funestus ego? et videt ista deorum

Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove !
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above ? 110
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail :
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore ;
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear ; 115 }
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare }
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war. }
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany !
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands, 120
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands :
 Couldst thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.
 The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
 Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink ; 125
 But

Ignavus genitor ? tu saltem debita vindex 110
 Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordire nepotes.
 Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
 Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis
 I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro 115
 Dissiliant : da Tartarei regina barathri
 Quod cupiam vidisse nefas, nec tarda sequetur
 Mens juvenum ; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.
 Talia jaçtanti crudelis Diva severos
 Advertit vultus ; inamoenum forte sedebat
 Cocytum juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,

But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
 The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
 Through crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
 And dark dominions of the silent night;
 Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
 To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135
 The day beheld, and, sickening at the sight,
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
 Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
 Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
 With eager speed the well-known journey took,
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.

A hundred

Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.
 Ilicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris
 Tristibus exiliit ripis, discedit inane 130
 Vulgus, et occurfus dominae pavet; illa per umbras
 Et caligantes, animarum examine campos,
 Taenariae limen petit irremeabile portae.
 Sensit adesse dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo 135
 Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
 Horruit, et dubia coelum cervice remisit.
 Arripit extemplo Maleae de valle resurgens 140
 Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ulla

A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145
 In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow :
 Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
 When, labouring with strong charms, she shoots from high
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.

Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there
 came 150

Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
 From every blast of her contagious breath,
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone. 155
 She toss'd her meagre arms ; her better hand
 In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand :

A serpent

Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerastræ, 145
Turba minor diri capitis : sedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis ; qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atræa rubet arte labor : suffusa veneno 150
Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis : igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa fitis, morbique famesque,
Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo
Palla, et caerulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus. 155
Tum geminas quatit illa manus : hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron
Occurrit coelo, fera sibila crine virenti

A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A his from all the snaky tire went round;
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities send the sound.
Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice; 165
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.

Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their Furies wake within their breast. 175

Their

Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achæi
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.
Audiit et mediis coeli Parnassus, et asper 165
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palaemona pressit.
Atque ea Cadmaeo præceps ubi limine primum 170
Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
Gentilesque animos subiit furor, aegraque lætis.

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
 And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;
 And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties
 Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
 And impotent Desire to reign alone, 180
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
 Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
 While Discord waits upon divided power,
 As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
 And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185
 Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
 Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
 But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
 And all the furrows in confusion lay:
 Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190
 Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In

*Invidia, atque parens odii metus : inde regendi
 Saevus amor : ruptaeque vices, jurisque secundi
 Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum
 Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regnis. 180
 Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
 Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro :
 Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo
 Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
 In diversa trahunt, atque aequis vincula laxant
 Viribus, et vario confundunt limite fulcos :
 Haud secus indomitos praeceps discordia fratres 190
 Asperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni
 Exilio mutare ducem, sic jure maligno*

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 285

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd, 200
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd ;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate ; 205
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mold ;

Nor

Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrā tenentem
Foedere praecipiti semper novus angeret haeres.
Haec inter fratres pietas erat; haec mora pugnae
Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo, 200
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congestos satis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum advigilantia fomnis 205
Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
Excubiae, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis. Sed nuda potestas
Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
Dumque uter angustae squalentia jugera Dirces

Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
 Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage? 210
 Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
 Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
 Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,
 And the cold north receives a fainter day; 215
 For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
 But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
 What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day, 220
 When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
 Pleas'd

Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovaret
 Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
 Et vitæ, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras, 210
 Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
 Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
 Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
 Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit
 Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215
 Igne Noti? quid si Tyriæ Phrygiaeve sub unum
 Convectentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ
 Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est
 Oedipodæ sedisse loco. Jam sorte carebat
 Dilatus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, sæve, 220
 Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula
 Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,

Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent; 225

Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;

New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.

And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,

(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)

Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain!

What woes attend this inauspicious reign! 235

Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear? }

These now control a wretched people's fate,

These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240

Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!

Thou

Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt

Plebis Echioniae, tacitumque a principe vulgus

Dissidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.

Atque aliquis, cui mens humili laessisse veneno

Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti

Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus 235

Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,

Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla!

Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;
 When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
 And, fated in Bœotian fields to found
 A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
 What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!
 What fullen fury clouds his scornful brow! 255
 Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?

Yet,

*Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque
 Fortunam fecere levem. semperne vicissim
 Exulibus servire dabor? tibi, summe deorum,
 Terrarumque fator, fociis hanc addere mentem
 Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
 Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
 Pondera, Carpathio jussus fale quaerere Cadmus
 Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros: 250
 Fraternalque acies foetae telluris hiatu,
 Augurium, seros dimisit adusque nepotes?
 Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
 Saevior affurgens dempto consorte potestas?
 Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia fastu?*

Book I. THEBAÏS OF STATIUS. 289

Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the suppliant croud? 260

Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.

O wretched we, a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend, 265
This way and that, the wavering sails they bend,

While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:

Thus, on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate; 270

And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this com-
mands.

And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the blest abodes:

Far

Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior aequi. 260

Quid mirum? non solus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.

Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus 265
Vela trahunt, nutat mediae fortuna carinae.

Heu dubio suspenſa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aspera fors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur. 270

At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria coeli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo. ſpatiis hinc omnia juxta

Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
 High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
 Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey }
 The realms of rising and declining day, }
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea. }
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne, 280
 The Majesty of heaven superior shone ;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285
 Next a long order of inferior powers
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers ;
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow ;
 And those that give the wandering winds to blow :
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease, 290
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
 A shining synod of majestic Gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes ;

Heaven

Primaque occiduaeque domus, effusa sub omni
 Terra atque unda die. mediis sese arduus infert 280
 Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
 Stellantique locat folio. nec protinus ausi
 Coelicolae, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
 Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum
 Semideum, et summis cognati nubibus Amnes,
 Et compressa metu servantes murmura venti.
 Aurea tecta replent ; mixta convexa deorum

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 291

Heaven seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295

The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of Heaven defy, 300
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!

Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!

This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain: 305

Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.

For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad Ruler to misguide the day.

When

Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes. 295

Postquam jussa quies, siluitque exterritus orbis.

Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis

Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur)

Terrarum delicta, nec exsuperabile diris

Ingenium mortale queror. quonam usque nocentum

Exigar in poenas? taedet faevire corusco 306

Fulmine; jam pridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt

Brachia, et Æoliis defunt incudibus ignes.

Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos

Solis equos, coelumque rotis errantibus uri,

When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310
 And heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd.
 For this, my brother of the watery reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main : }
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. }
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend; 315
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
 The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
 And the long series of succeeding woe? 320
 How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight :
 Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood ;
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood ?
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name ?
 Ere

Et Phaëtonæa mundum squallere favilla. 310
 Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late
 Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dedisti.
 Nunc geminas punire domos, quis sanguinis autor
 Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos
 Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
 Mens cunctis imposta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
 Nesciat? et toties excitam a sedibus imis 321
 Eumenidum bellasse aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
 Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
 Crimina? vix lucis spatium, vix noctis abactæ
 Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam. 325

Ere I recount the sins of these prophane,
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again.
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
 The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
 Through violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans;
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
 His sons with scorn their eylefs father view,
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just heaven alarms,
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the Theban line:

330

335

340

Hence.

Scandere quinetiam thalamos hic impius haeres
 Patris, et immeritae gremium incestare parentis
 Apetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.
 Ille tamen Superis aeterna piacula solvit,
 Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius aethere nostro
 Vescitur: at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes
 Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tulisti,
 Dire senex; meruere tua, meruere tenebrae
 Ultorem sperare Jovem, nova fontibus arma
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam.
 Exitiale genus. belli mihi semina sunt
 Adrastus focer, et superis adjuncta sinistris

335

340

Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed ;
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed : 345
 Fix'd is their doom ; this all-remembering breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.

He said ; and thus the Queen of heaven return'd ;
 (With sudden grief her laboring bosom burn'd)
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend, 350
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend ?
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame :
 Though there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled ; 355
 Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes ;
 But

Connubia. Hanc etiam poenis incescere gentem
 Decretum : neque enim arcano de pectore fallax 345
 Tantalus, et saevae periit injuria mensae.

Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi faucibus dictis,
 Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,
 Talia Juno refert : Mene, ô justissime divum,
 Me bello certare jubes ? scis semper ut arces
 Cyclosum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama 350
 Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem ; licet improbus illic
 Custodem Phariae, somno letoque juvencae 355
 Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.
 Mentitis ignosco toris ; illam odimus urbem,

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 295

But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms, 360

Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,

When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,

And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed ;

Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—

Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove ? 365

Yet, since thou wilt thy sister Queen control,

Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,

Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,

And level with the dust the Spartan wall ;

No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,

370 }
}

Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,

Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke ;

But to your Isis all my rights transfer,

Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her ;

For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd, 375

Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.

But if thou must reform the stubborn times,

Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,

And

Quam vultu confessus adis : ubi conscia magni 360

Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.

Facta luant Thebae : cur hostes eligis Argos ? 365

Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,

Et Samon, et veteres armis excinde Mycenae.

Verte solo Sparten. cur usquam sanguine festo

Conjugis ara tuae, cumulo cur thuris Eoi

Laeta calet ; melius votis Mareotica fumat

Coptos, et aerisoni lugentia flumina Nili.

Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,

And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage; 380
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wandering stream, and through the briny tides }
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385 }
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood;
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found, 390
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
 Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove!
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395
Reverse,

Subvenitque tuis fera haec sententia curis; 380
 Percensere aevi senium, quo tempore tandem
 Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro
 Emendare sat est? jamdudum ab sedibus illis
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua praeterlabitur unda 385
 Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
 Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis
 Imposuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
 Oenomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Aemo.
 Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
 Reliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
 Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes

Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
 On impious realms and barbarous Kings impose
 Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those.

Thus, in reproach and prayer, the Queen express'd
 The rage and grief contending in her breast;
 Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
 The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare 405 }
 Against a nation thy peculiar care:
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
 Their work, and reverence our superior will. 410
 For, by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
 'Tis fix'd; th'irrevocable doom of Jove;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.

Haste

Creta tuos. me Tantaleis consistere tectis,
 Quae tandem invidia est? belli defleste tumultus,
 Et generis miseresce tui. sunt impia late
 Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno, 400
 At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
 Reddidit haec; Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
 Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet aequus) in Argos
 Consularem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit
 Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem

Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air ; 415
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair ;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,
 Whose ghost, yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
 Expects its passage to the farther strand : 420
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear ;
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign :
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate :
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

The

Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.
 Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aequora fratris
 Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,
 Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales 415
 Portantes praecede Notos Cyllenia proles :
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
 Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras
 Laius, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
 Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi 420
 Lege Erebi : ferat haec diro mea iussa nepoti
 Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem
 Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula
 Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem :
 Hinc causae irarum ; certo reliqua ordine ducam.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 299

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies. 430
His ample hat his beamy locks o'er-spread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts, 435
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts,
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way ;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers th' etherial height ; 440
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night ;

Forbidden

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis, 430
Obnubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.
Tum dextrae virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire 435
Tartara, et exangues animare affueverat umbras.
Defiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus 440
Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.

Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furto deserta pererrat

Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
 With transport views the airy rule his own,
 And swells on an imaginary throne. 450

Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
 And live out all in one triumphant day.
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend, }
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers ascend,
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest, 460
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
 And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,

Where

Aoniae. jam jamque animis male debita regna 445
 Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum
 Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recurfans
 Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno
 Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum
 Cerneret : hac aevum cupiat pro luce pacisci.
 Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugae dispendia : sed mox
 Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum
 Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem 455
 Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.

Tunc sedit Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
 Et edigantes abrupto sole Mycenae,



Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 301

Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons found,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground. 465

Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.

Next to the bounds of Nifus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs :
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470
And hears the murmurs of the different shores :
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light, 475
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew ;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd : Sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,

And

*Ferre iter impavidum. seu prævia ducit Erinnyes,
Seu fors illa viae sive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deserit, et pingues Bacchæo sanguine colles. 465
Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron
Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
Præterit. hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens, 470
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæaque rura
Purpureo regnata feni, mitemque Corinthon
Linqvit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.*

*Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phoebi 475
Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam Somnus avaris*

And brings, descending through the silent air, 480
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night;
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
 Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky;
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold North congeals to haily showers. 495
 From

Inferpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat, 480
Grata laboratae referrens obliviam vitae.
Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila coelo
Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris
Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phoëbo.
Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ 486
Subtextit nox atra polos, jam claustra rigentis
Æoliae percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems; venti transversa frementes
Configunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490
Dum coelum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster
Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, ficco quos asper hiatu
Perfoliat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiscunt 495

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud
 And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
 Now smoaks with showers the misty mountain ground,
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500
 And Erafinus rolls a deluge on :
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away :
 Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne :
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And

Fulgura, et attritus subita face rumpitur aether.
 Jam Nemea, jam Taenareis contermina lucis
 Arcadiae capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto 500
 Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erafinus ad Arctos.
 Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullae
 Aggeribus tenuere morae, stagnoque refusa est
 Funditus, et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
 Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellae
 Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per aevum 506
 Solibus umbrosi patuere aestiva Lycaei.
 Ille tamen modo faxa jugis fugientia ruptis 510
 Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
 Aure pavens, passimque infano turbine raptas

And views astonish'd from the hills afar,
 The floods descending, and the watery war,
 That, driven by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515
 Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with
 fears.

So fares a failor on the stormy main, 520
 When clouds conceal Bootes' golden wain,
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
 While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,
 Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;

With

*Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens,
 Incertusque viae, per nigra silentia, vastum
 Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.*

*Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto, 520
 Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat
 Luna vias, medio coeli pelagique tumultu
 Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut saxa malignis
 Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto
 Spumantes scopulos erectae incurrere prorae:
 Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros
 Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum
 Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit*

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 305

With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.

Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530

The shelving walls reflect a glancing light :

Thither with haste the Theban Hero flies ;

On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,

On that Profymna's grove and temple rise :

He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535

And to the regal palace bent his way ;

On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,

And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,

Blest with calm peace in his declining days. 540

By both his parents of descent divine,

Great Jove and Phoebus grac'd his noble line :

Heaven

Pectore : dat stimulos animo vis moesta timoris.

Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis 530

Emicuit lucem devexa in moenia fundens

Larissaeus apex. illo spe concitus omni

Evolat. hinc celsae Junonia templa Profymnae

Laevus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore 535

Lernaei stagna atra vadi, tandemque reclusis

Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit

Vestibula, hic artus imbri, ventoque regentes

Projicit, ignotaeque acclinis postibus aulae

Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia somnos.

Rex ibi tranquillae medio de limite vitae

In senium vergens populos Adrastus habebat, 540

Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.

Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
 But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
 To him Apollo (wondrous to relate ! 545
 But who can pierce into the depths of fate ?)
 Had sung—" Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
 " A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
 This, long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
 Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ; 550
 This, great Amphiaras, lay hid from thee,
 Though skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
 The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
 For thus did the predicting God ordain.
 Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555
 Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
 And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
 Through the thick desarts headlong urg'd his flight :
 Now

Hic sexûs melioris inops, sed prole virebat
 Foeminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
 Cui Phoebus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu !
 Mox adaptata fides) aevo ducente canebat
 Setigerumque suem, et fulvum adventare leonem.
 Haec volvens, non, ipse pater, non, docte futuri 550
 Amphiaræ, vides ; etenim vetat autor Apollo.
 Tantum in corde sedens aegrescit cura parentis.
 Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens 555
 Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum
 Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora
 Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequestus et imbres,
 Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 307

Now by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heaven, 560
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The King surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565
And views their arms and habit with surprize.

A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570

A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread.
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze, 575
The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys,

Reveres

Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus 560
Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat. —

Hic primum lustrare oculis cultusque virorum
Telaque magna vacat; tergo videt hujus inanem
Impexis utrinque júbis horrere leonem,
Illius in speciem, quem per Teumesia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570
Ante Cleonaei vestitur praelia monstri.
Terribiles contra fetis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviae, Calydonis honos. stupet omine tanto 575

Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
 The guided Godhead, and his future sons.
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
 And a glad horror shoots through every vein. 580
 To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
 And thus invokes the silent Queen of night :
 Goddesses of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
 Yon' spangled arch glows with the starry train :
 You who the cares of heaven and earth allay, 585 }
 Till nature, quicken'd by th' inspiring ray,
 Wakes to new vigour with the rising day. }
 O thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,
 Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate !
 Be present still, oh Goddesses ! in our aid ; 590
 Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.
 We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
 And on thy altars sacrifices lay ;

The

Defixus senior, divina oracula Phoebi
 Agnoscens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
 Obtuta gelida ore permit, laetusque per artus
 Horror iit. sensit manifesto numine ductos 580
 Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
 Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
 Ediderat. tunc sic tendens ad sidera palmas :
 Nox, quae terrarum coelique amplexa labores
 Ignea multivago transmittis sidera lapsu,
 Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus aegris
 Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
 Tu mihi perplexis quaesitam erroribus ultro

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 309

The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke. 595

Hail, faithful Tripod ! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phoebus : I confess the Gods !

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd ;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd :

Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600 }
And dust yet white upon each altar lies, }
The relics of a former sacrifice.

The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.

His train obey, while all the courts around 605
With noisy care and various tumult found.

Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ;

A third

Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati

Detegis: assistas operi, tuaque omina firmes !

Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni

Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt

Electa service greges, lustraliaque exta

Lacte nova perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis. 595

Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus ;

Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. sic fatus ; et ambos

Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulae

Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes, 600

Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri

Servabant ; adolere focos, epulasque recentes

Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri 605

Certatim accelerant. vario strepit ista tumultu

A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light; 610
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
 Sublime in regal state Adraftus shone,
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest; 615
 Around at awful distance wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.

When

Regia : pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
 Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas;
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere menfas :
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem 610
 Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
 His labor inserto terrere exanguia ferro
 Viscera caesarum pecudum; his, cumulare canistris
 Perdomitam saxo Cererem. laetatur Adraftus
 Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis
 Fulgebat stratis, folioque effultus eburno.
 Parte alia juvenes ficcati vulnera lymphis 615
 Discumbunt: simul ora notis foedata tuentur,
 Inque vicem ignoscunt, tunc rex longaevus Acesten
 (Natarum haec altrix, eadem et fidissima custos 620
 Lecta sacrum justae Veneri occultare pudorem)

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 311

When, from the close apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face; 625
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.

As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's reverend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old, 635
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.

Here

Imperiat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora praeceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egressae thalamo (mirabile visu)
Pallados armisonae, pharetrataeque ora Dianae 625
Aequa ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori
Visa virum facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes
Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensae
Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iasides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
Qua Danaus libare deis seniorque Phoroneus 635
Assueti. tenet haec operum caelata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam praefecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras

Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies. }
 There from the chace Jove's towering eagle bears, 640
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars :
 Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
 His native mountains lessen to his sight ;
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze ; 645
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
 The first libation sprinkled on the ground :
 By turns on each celestial power they call ; 650
 With Phoebus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
 The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
 Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
 While

Exilit : illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
 Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallefcit in auro.
 Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis : 640
 Gargara defidunt furgenti, et Troja recedit.
 Stant moesti comites, frustra que fonantia laxant
 Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant. 645
 Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
 Coelicolas : Phoebum ante alios, Phoebum omnis ad
 aras
 Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
 Fronde, manus : cui festa dies, largoque refecti

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 313

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in numerous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities 660
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But, sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain, 665
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)

To

Thure vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes. 655

Forfitan, ô juvenes, quae sint ea sacra, quibusque
Praecipuum causis Phoebi obtestemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inscia fuasit
Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim 660

Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Postquam coerulei sinuosa volumina monstri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus septem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, squamisque annosa terentem
Robora; Castaliis dum fontibus ore trifulco
Fusus hiat, nigro sitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera telis,
Cyrhaeique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum; nova deinde piacula caedi

To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
 And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
 This rural prince one only daughter blefs'd, 670
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd ;
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
 Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
 Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
 Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd ! 675
 But Phoebus lov'd, and on the flowery side
 Of Nemea's stream the yielding Fair enjoy'd :
 Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
 Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born,
 The Nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
 Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade ;
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
 And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How

Perquirens, nostri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
 Attigit. huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis, 670
 Mira decore pio, fervabat nata penates
 Intemerata toris. felix, si Delia nunquam
 Furta, nec occultum Phoebos sociasset amorem.
 Namque ut passa deum Nemeaei ad fluminis undam,
 Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes
 Cynthia, fidereum Latonae foeta nepotem
 Edidit : ac poenae metuens (neque enim ille coactis
 Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
 Eligit : ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
 Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 315

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine!
 Ah how unworthy those of race divine! 685
 On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
 While the rude swain his rural music tries,
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690 }
 Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
 Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
 Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair; 700
 Then

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti 685
 Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
 Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri
 Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,
 Et pecori commune solum. sed fata nec illum
 Concessere larem: viridi nam cespite terrae
 Projectum temere, et patulo coelum ore trahentem,
 Dira canum rabies morfu depasta cruento 695
 Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
 Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
 Et metus: ipsa ultro saevis plangoribus amens
 Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus 700

Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But, touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.

The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ;
High on a crown a rising snake appears, }
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs : }
About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710
When Night with sable wings o'er spreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But generous rage the bold Chorcæbus warms,
Chorcæbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms ; 715
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.

These,

Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro
Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.

Sero memor thalami, moestae solatia morti,
Phoebe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis, cui virginis ora
Pectoraque, aeternum stridens a vertice surgit
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis :
Haec tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu 710
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morfuque cruento
Devesci, et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.

Haud tulit armorum praestans animique Choroebus ;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi 716

These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar descry'd ;
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side, 720 }
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
 The youths surround her with extended spears ;
 But brave Choræbus in the front appears,
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
 Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
 Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
 With livid poison, and our childrens blood. 730
 The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.

Some

Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,
 Obtulit. illa novos ibat populata penates
 Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvum 720
 Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus haeret,
 Ferratique unguis tenero sub corde tepescunt.
 Obvius huic latus omne virum stipante coronâ,
 It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore duro 725
 Condidit; atque imas animae mucrone corusco
 Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
 Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et visere juxta
 Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
 Proluviem, et crasso squallentia pectora tabo,
 Qua nostrae cecidere animae. stupet Inacha pubes, 730

Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.

The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.

But, fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740 }
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below :

A night of fultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground :

And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745 }
And a whole province in his triumph led.

But

Magnaque post lacrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.

Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,

Proterere exanimes artus, asprosq; molares

Deculcare genis ; nequit iram explere potestas.

Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes 735

Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,

Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâsse luporum.

Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptæ

Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra 740

Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo

Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclosum

Tecta superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.

Labuntur dulces animæ : Mors fila fororum

Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;
 Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
 And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame
 Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,
 Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
 In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
 But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755
 And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
 And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
 Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
 Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here. 760
 Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
 And tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold

Quaerenti quae causa duci, quis ab aethere laevus
 Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum!
 Idem autor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento
 Inferias monstro juvenes, qui caedi potiti. 750

Fortunate animi, longumque in saecula digne
 Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
 Occulis, aut certae trepidas occurrere morti.
 Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhaei in limine templi 755
 Constatit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras:

Non missus, Thymbraee, tuos supplexve penates
 Advenio: mea me pietas, et conscia virtus
 Has egere vias. ego sum qui caede subegi,
 Phoebe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
 Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
 For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care, 765
 Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
 But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
 From Gods above no more compassion find;
 If such inclemency in Heaven can dwell,
 Yet why must unoffending Argos feel 770 }
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
 On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
 Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light. 775
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;

But

Et squalente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri
 Quaeris, inique, poli. quod si monstra effera magnis
 Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis, 766
 Mors hominum, et faevo tanta inclementia coelo est;
 Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divum optime, solum
 Objecisse caput fatis praestabit, an illud
 Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
 Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
 Lucet ager? sed quid fando tua tela manusque
 Demoror! expectant matres, supremaque fundunt
 Vota mihi. satis est: merui, ne parcere velles. 776
 Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
 Insignemque animam leto demitte: sed illum

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 321

But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
Merit distress'd, impartial Heaven relieves : 780
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives ;
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wondering God th' unwilling youth re-
tir'd. 785
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise ;
Those solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please :
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
But say, illustrious guest ! (adjoin'd the King) 790
What name you bear, from what high race you spring ?
The

Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors aequa merentes
Respicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia caedis 780
Latoïdem, tristemque viro summissus honorem
Largitur vitae. nostro mala nubila coelo
Diffugiunt ; at tu stupefacti a limine Phoebi
Exoratus abis. inde haec stata sacra quotannis
Solennes recolunt epulae, Phoebieaque placat
Templa novatus honos. has forte invistis aras.
Vos quae progenies ? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus,
Et Parthaoniae (dudum si certus ad aures 791
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs : tu pande quis Argos
Advenias ? quando haec variis sermonibus hora est.

The noble Tydeus stands confes'd, and known
 Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
 Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
 And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes ;
 Confus'd and sadly thus at length replies :
 Before these altars how shall I proclaim
 (Oh generous prince) my nation, or my name,
 Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd ?
 Let the sad tale for ever rest untold !

Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own ;
 Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805
 To whom the King (who felt his generous breast
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
 Replies :—Ah why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father, known too well by fame ?

Fame,

Dejecit moestos extemplo Ismenius heros
 In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea laesum
 Obliquare oculos. tum longa silentia movit :
 Non super hos divûm tibi sum quarerendus honores
 Unde genus, quae terra mihi : quis defluat ordo
 Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.
 Sed si praecipitant miserum cognoscere curae,
 Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebae,
 Et genetrix Jocasta mihi. tum motus Adraustus 805
 Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis ?

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 323

Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

Ev'n those who dwell where furs at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands; 815

Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Gangés in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.

If on the sons the parents' crimes descend, 820
What Prince from those his lineage can defend?

Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.

But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825
And shine more faintly at approaching day.

Now

Scimus, ait: nec sic aversum fama Mycenis 810

Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes

Novit, et Arctoïs si quis de solibus horret,

Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum occasibus intrat

Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes 815

Destituunt: ne perge queri, casusque priorum

Annumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum

Erravit pietas; nec culpa nepotibus obstat. 820

Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis

Excusare tuos. Sed jam temone supino

Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor urfæ. 825

Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum

Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

Oh father Phoebus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast; 830
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or, pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835
The shining structures rais'd by labouring Gods:
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres, and impending woe;
When

Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.

Phoebe parens, seu te Lyciae Pataraea nivosis
Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico 830
Castaliae flavos amor est tibi mergere crines;
Seu Trojam Thymbraeus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares:
Seu juvat Aegaeum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quaerere Delon: 835
Telatibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes
Arcus, et aetherii dono cessere parentes
Aeternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum praenôsse minas, fatumque quod ultra est,
Et summo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus, 840
Bella quibus populis, mutent quae sceptrâ cometæ.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 325

When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845
T' excel the music of thy heavenly lyre ;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame ;
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame.
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast. 850
In Phlegya's doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears ;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our prayer, O Power divine ! 855
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore ;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain ; 860
Or

Tu Phryga submittis citharæ. tu matris honori 845
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megaera 850
Jejunum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem
Aeterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
Instimulat : sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
Adsis o memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva 855
Dexter ames ; seu te roseum Titana vocari
Gentis Achaemeniae ritu, seu praestat Osirin

Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

THE
F A B L E
O F
D R Y O P E.

From OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS, Book IX.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair Consort of her son replies :
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own ;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride) 10
 This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,

Andræmon

DIXIT : et, admonitu veteris commota ministræ,
 Ingemuit ; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem :
 Te tamen, o genitrix, alienae sanguine vestro
 Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
 Fata meae referam ? quanquam lacrymaeque dolorque
 Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
 (Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima formâ 10

Andræmon lov'd; and, blest'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 15
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20
Not distant far, a watery Lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son, 25
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.

Upon

Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andraemon; et habetur conjuge felix.
Est lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam 15
Littoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia; quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat. 20
Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato 25
Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;

FABLE OF DRYOPE. 329

Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
 The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 39
 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
 As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
 Forsook her form ; and fixing here became
 A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
 This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight, 35
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight :
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
 And those offended sylvan powers ador'd :
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground : 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And, as she struggles, only moves above ;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below :

Surpriz'd

Namque aderam. vidi guttas e flore cruentas
 Decidere ; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 39
 Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
 Lotis in hanc Nymphæ, fugiens obscœna Priapi,
 Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.
 Nescierat soror hoc ; quæ cum perterrita retro 35
 Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis,
 Haeserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat : 40
 Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo.
 Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
 Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,

Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
 The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
 Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy fire
 Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind. 60
 Prostrate,

Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tene-
 bant, 45
 At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
 Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
 Ubera: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50
 Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
 Non poteram tibi ferre, soror: quantumque valebam,
 Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar: 55
 Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
 Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt;
 Et quaerunt Dryopen; Dryopen quaerentibus illis
 Ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno, 60

Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
 From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
 And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains :
 If to the wretched any faith be given,
 I swear by all th' unpitying powers of Heaven, 70
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;
 In mutual innocence our lives we led :
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75 }
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care ;

And

*Adfusique suae radicibus arboris haerent.
 Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat.
 Cara foror, lacrymae verso de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis : ac, dum licet, oraque praestant 65
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus.
 Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro
 Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam. 70
 Viximus innocuae : si mentior, arida perdam,
 Quas habeo, frondes ; et caesa securibus urar. 75
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
 Et date nutrici ; nostraque sub arbora saepe
 Lac facitote bibat ; nostraque sub arbore ludat.*

And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame 80
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree; and say with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
 Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a Goddess shrin'd in every tree.
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
 If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
 The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
 Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 95

I can

Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet, 80
 Et tristis dicat: Latet hoc sub stipite mater.
 Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
 Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse Dearum.
 Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!
 Quis si qua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis, 90
 A pecoris morfu frondes defendite nostras.
 Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
 Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, 95
 Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum.
 Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis

I can no more ; the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :
 Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ; 100
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;
 Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Colla liber serpet ; summoque cacumine condor.
 Ex oculis removete manus : sine munere vestro
 Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
 Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse : diuque 100
 Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

V E R T U M N U S

AND

P O M O N A .

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS, Book XIV.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
 Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flowery field, 5
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
 'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now

RE G E sub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla Latinas
 Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
 Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera foetûs:
 Unde tenet nomen. non sylvas illa, nec amnes; 5
 Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
 Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce: 10
 Qua modo luxuriam premit, et spatiantia passim
 Brachia compefcit; fiffa modo cortice virgam
 Inferit; et succos alieno praestat alumno,

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 335

Now the cleft rind inferted graffs receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives ;
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
 Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20
 How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
 The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care, 25
 To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.

To

Nec patitur sentire sitim ; bibulaeque recurvas 15
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc studium : Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agrestum metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus, et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. 20
Quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta juvenus,
Fecere, et pinu praecincti cornua Panes,
Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut potirentur ea ? sed enim superabat amando 25
Hos quoque Vertumnus : neque erat felicior illis.
O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago !

To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears :
 And first a reaper from the field appears, 30
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade :
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs. 40
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears ;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears ;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears, 45 }
 With all the marks of reverend age appears, }
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs ; }

Prop'd

Tempora saepe gerens foeno religata recenti,
 Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
 Saepe manu stimulos rigida portabat ; ut illum 35
 Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.
 Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator :
 Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares :
 Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumta.
 Denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
 Repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae.
 Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra, 45

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 337

Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The God in this decrepit form array'd, 50 }
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd; }
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)
 "Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
 "As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
 Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow 55
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)
 Then plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
 An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread: 60
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
 Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;

And

Innitens baculo, positus ad tempora canis,
 Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos;
 Pomaque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
 Paucaque laudatae dedit oscula: qualia nunquam 55
 Vera dedisset anus: glebaque incurva refedit,
 Suspiciens pandos autumnus pondere ramos.
 Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis: 60
 Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;
 At si staret, ait, coelebs, sine palmitum truncus,
 Nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.

And this fair vine, but that her arms furround 65
 Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
 Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
 Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
 Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue!
 What nymph could e'er attract such crouds as you? 70
 Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
 Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
 Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
 A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80

(Far

Haec quoque, quae juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo, 65
 Si non nupta foret, terrae adclinata jaceret.
 Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
 Concubitusque fugis: nec te conjungere curas.
 Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset
 Sollicitata procis: nec quae Lapitheia movit
 Proelia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyssæi.
 Nunc quoque. cum fugias averserisque petentes,
 Mille proci cupiunt; et semideique deique, 75
 Et quaecunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
 Sed tu, si sapias, si te bene jungere, anumque
 Hanc audire voles, (quae te plus omnibus illis 80

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 339

(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guefs'd)
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves ;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
 For you he lives ; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care. }
 Besides, he 's lovely far above the rest, 90
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
 Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same. 95
 To him your orchard's early fruit are due,
 (A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you)
 He

Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice taedas :
 Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige : pro quo
 Me quoque pignus habe, neque enim sibi notior ille est,
 Quam mihi, nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe.
 Haec loca sola colit ; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
 Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
 Ardor eris ; folique suos tibi devovet annos.
 Adde, quod est juvenis : quod naturale decoris : 90
 Munus habet ; formasque apte fingetur in omnes :
 Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
 Quid, quod amatis idem ? quod, quae tibi poma co-
 luntur,

He values these ; but yet (alas !) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows 100
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows ;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;
 You, only you, can move the God's desire :
 Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire ! 105
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;
 Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind ;
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows, 110
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs !
 This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
 He strait assum'd his native form again ;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
 And

*Primus habet ; laetaque tenet tua munera dextra ?
 Sed neque jam foetus desiderat arbore demtos,
 Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas ; 100
 Nec quidquam, nisi te. miserere ardentis : et ipsum,
 Qui petit, ore meo praesentem crede precari. —
 Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
 Poma ; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti. 110
 Haec ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
 Edidit ; in juvenem rediit : et anilia demit
 Instrumenta sibi : talisque adparuit illi,
 Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago 115*

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 341

And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
Of charming features, and a youthful face;
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

*Evicit nubes, nullaque obstante reluxit.
Vimque parat: sed vi non est opus: inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.*



I M I T A T I O N S
O F
E N G L I S H P O E T S.

Done by the Author in his Youth.

I.

C H A U C E R.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet fwinken nat fans secrefie.
Thilke moral shall ye underftond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake, 5
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paffen by the way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowfes hath he hent,
Not to be fpied of Ladies gent. 10
“ But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
“ Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;”
And ftopen, and lough, and callen out,—
This filly Clerk full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this, 15
“ Lo here is Coz, and here is Mifs.”
But, as he glozeth with speeches foote,
The Ducke fore tickleth his Erfe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest. 20

Z 4

Te-he,

Te-he, cry'd Ladies ; Clerke nought spake :
 Miss star'd ; and gray Ducke cryeth Quake.

“ O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)

“ Be thilke fame thing Maids longen a'ter ?

“ Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,

25

“ Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke.”

II.

S P E N S E R .

T H E A L L E Y .

I

IN every Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,

A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low ;

Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,

And many a Boat, soft sliding to and fro.

There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe, 5

The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall :

How can ye, Mothers, vex your children so ?

Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,

And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10

Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;

A brandy and tobacco shop is near,

And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;

And here a failor's jacket hangs to dry.

At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15

Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,

Now

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS. 345

Now finging shrill, and scolding eft between ;
Scolds anfwer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbourhood
I ween.

III.

The snappifh cur (the paffengers annoy)
Clove at my heel with yelping treble flies ; 20
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarfer-fcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries ;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rife,
And her full pipes thofe shrilling cries confound ;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ; 25
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bafe are
drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fifh at Billingsgate did watch, 30
Cod, whiting, oyfter, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
There learn'd fhe fpeech from tongues that never ceafe.
Slander befide her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (fpitting Cat) dread foe to peace ;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by every Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dog's at the ftall :
She fcratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anfwer was to all ; 40
Nay, e'en the parts of fhame by name would call :
Yea,

Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch ;
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
 And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch. 50
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's towery
 pride.

III.

W A L L E R .

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
 A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :
 Well might, alas ! that threat'ned vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too blest with these enchanting lays, 5
 Which must be heavenly when an Angel plays :
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heavenly musick should be heard alive.
 Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he : 10
 A Poet made the silent wood pursue,
 This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On

On a FAN of the Author's design, in which was painted the story of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade;
 Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
 At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
 She views the story with attentive eyes,
 And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muse the flowery Treasure sing,
 And humble glories of the youthful Spring:
 Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
 And soft Carnations shower their balmy dews;
 Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
 The thin undress of superficial Light,

5

And

And vary'd Tulips show so dazling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted flowret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow ; 10
 And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.
 Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
 And mount the hill in venerable rows ;
 There the green Infants in their beds are laid, 15
 The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
 Here Orange trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join ;
 Exceed their promise in their ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20
 There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
 By Laurels shielded from the piercing day :
 Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream,
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives.
 Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
 And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays. 30

W E E P I N G.

WHILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
 Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes :
 The Sun, next those the fairest light,
 Thus from the Ocean first did rise :
 And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun, 35
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
 Foretell the fervour of the day :
 So from one cloud soft showers we view,
 And blasting lightnings burst away. 40
 The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
 Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere
 So like a Phaëton appears,
 That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare, 45
 Thought fit to drown him in her Tears :
 Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
 To set, like him, Heaven too on fire.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

O N S I L E N C E.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
 Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,
 'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heaven was form'd, or earth,
 Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
 Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
 In one more various animal combin'd,
 And fram'd the clamorous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
 Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
 And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain;
 Lost in the maze of Words he turns again,
 And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
 Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
 And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

With

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
 And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
 Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
 And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
 The only honour of the wishing dame;
 Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
 How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee!
 At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wouldst thou be!

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
 What Favourites gain, and what the Nation owes,
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
 The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
 Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
 Yet in some things methinks she fails,
 'Twere well if she would pair her nails, 5
 And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
 Such nastiness, and so much pride,
 Are oddly join'd by fate:
 On her large squab you find her spread, 10
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
 On any part except her face;
 All white and black beside: 15
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
 Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
 A prating thing, a Magpye hight, 20
 Majestically stalk;
 A stately, worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

P H R Y N E.

P H R Y N E had talents for mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade;
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And Agents from each foreign state 5
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
 Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French came to her:
 To all obliging she 'd appear: 10
 'Twas Si Signior, 'twas Yaw Mynheer,
 'Twas S'il vous plaist, Monsieur.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religion, climes,
 At length she turns a Bride: 15
 In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare) 20
 Still vary shapes and dyes;
 Still gain new Titles with new forms;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

VII.

DR. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.

A Wife that makes conferves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:

October store, and best Virginia,

5

Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea:

Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,

For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;

A large Concordance, bound long since;

Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince:

10

A Chronicle of ancient standing;

A Chrysoftom to smooth thy band in.

The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,

Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.

Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,

15

To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,

Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife;

On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;

And fast on Fridays——if he will;

20

Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,

Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,

Pray heartily for some new Gift,

And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

A FARE-

A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!

Thy fools no more I'll teize:

This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,

Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B - - - and rough C - - -, adieu!

Earl Warwick make your moan,

The lively H - - - k and you

May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd

Till the third watchman toll;

Let Jervais gratis paint, and Frowde

Save three-pence and his foul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery

On every learned sot;

And Garth, the best good christian he,

Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;

Farewel, unhappy Tonson!

Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,

Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;

My vixen mistress squalls;

The wits in envious feuds engage;

And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn ;
And not one Muse of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd :
Poor Y - - r's fold for fifty pound,
And B - - - ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek ?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight ? —
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive ;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Sollicitous for others ends,
Though fond of dear repose ;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolick with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days !
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For fallads, tarts, and pease !

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

A D I A .

A D I A L O G U E.

POPE. **S**INCE my old friend is grown so great,
 As to be minister of state,
 I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
 That Craggs will be asham'd of Pope.

CRAGGS. Alas! if I am such a creature,
 To grow the worse for growing greater;
 Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
 'Tis Pope must be asham'd of Craggs.

E P I G R A M.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his
 Royal Highness.

I Am his Highness' dog at Kew;
 Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

E P I G R A M.

Occasioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you sent, are the Muses and Graces;
 You've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in your
 faces.

A FRAG-

A F R A G M E N T .

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
 The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
 But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
 So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
 Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart)
 There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
 Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

V E R S E S left by Mr. POPE, on his lying in the same
 Bed which WILMOT the celebrated Earl of Rochester
 slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of
 Argyle, July 9th, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
 I prefs the bed where Wilmot lay;
 That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
 Begets no numbers grave, or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
 Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
 Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
 Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
 Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
 And such as wicked kings may mourn,
 When freedom is more dear than life.

CON-

C O N T E N T S
OF THE
FIRST VOLUME.

	Page
R ecommendatory Poems,	ix
Preface,	3
A Discourse on Pastoral Poetry,	17
SPRING , the first Pastoral,	25
SUMMER , the second Pastoral,	31
AUTUMN , the third Pastoral,	36
WINTER , the fourth Pastoral,	40
MESSIAH , a Sacred Eclogue in imitation of Virgil's Pollio,	47
WINDSOR-FOREST ,	57
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,	77
Two Choruses to the Tragedy of Brutus,	82
Ode on Solitude,	85
The dying Christian to his Soul,	86
Essay on Criticism,	91
The Rape of the Lock,	127
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,	157
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato,	160
Epilogue to Jane Shore,	162
SAPPHO to PHAON , an Epistle from Ovid,	164
ELOISA to ABELARD , an Epistle,	183
The TEMPLE of FAME ,	201

JANUARY

JANUARY and MAY, from Chaucer,	227
The Wife of Bath, from Chaucer,	255
The first Book of STATIUS's THEBAIS,	273
The Fable of DRYOPE, from Ovid's Metamorphoses,	327
VERTUMNUS and POMONA, from Ovid's Metamorphoses,	334
Imitations of English Poets,	
CHAUCER,	343
SPENSER, the Alley,	344
WALLER, of a Lady finging to her Lute,	346
On a Fan,	347
COWLEY, the Garden,	ib.
WEEPING,	349
E. of ROCHESTER, on Silence,	350
E. of DORSET, ARTEMISIA,	352
PHRYNE,	353
SWIFT, the Happy Life of a Country Parson,	354
A Farewell to London,	355
A Dialogue,	357
Epigram engraved on the Collar of a Dog,	ib.
—— Occasioned by an Invitation to Court,	ib.
A Fragment,	358

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



