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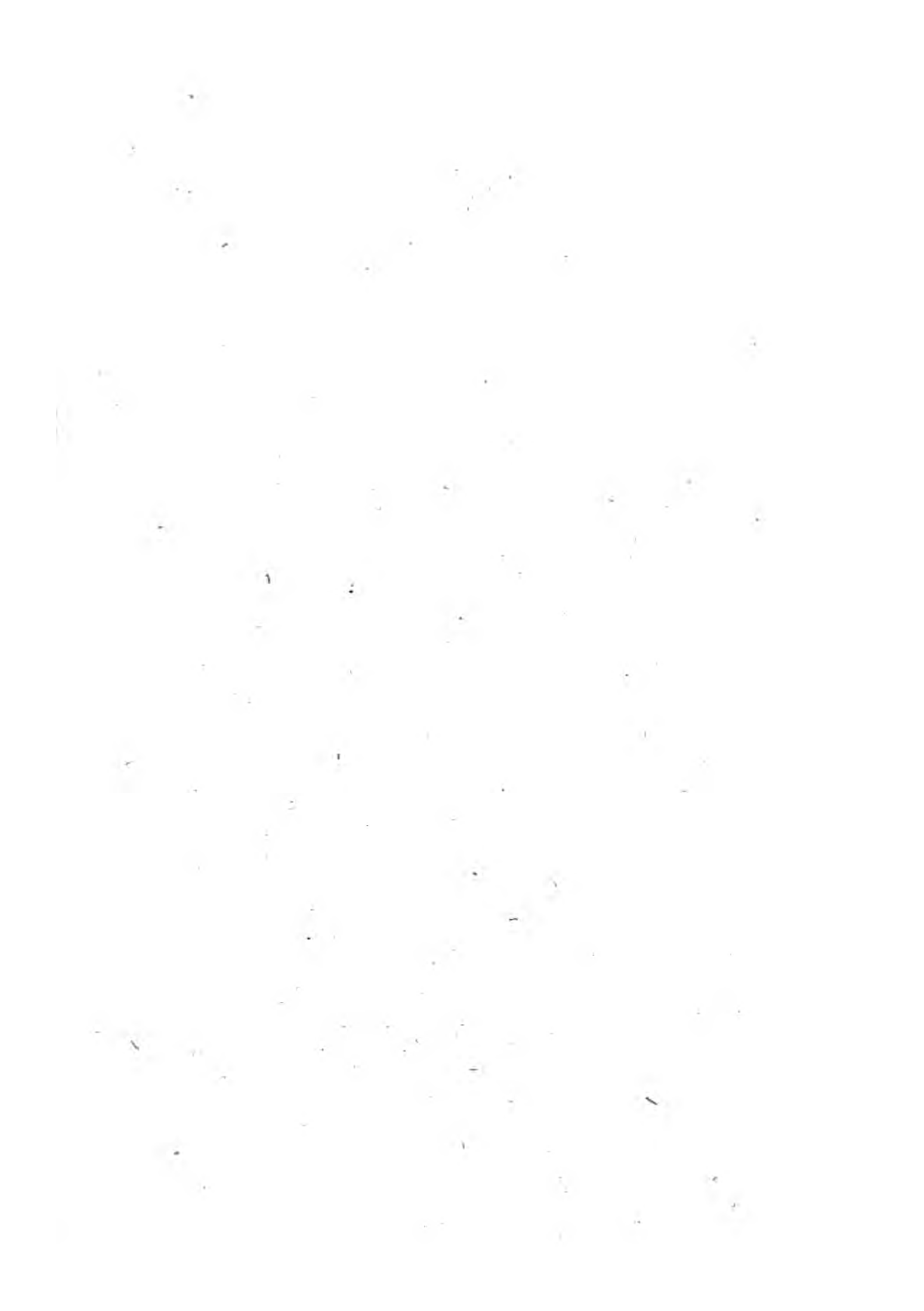
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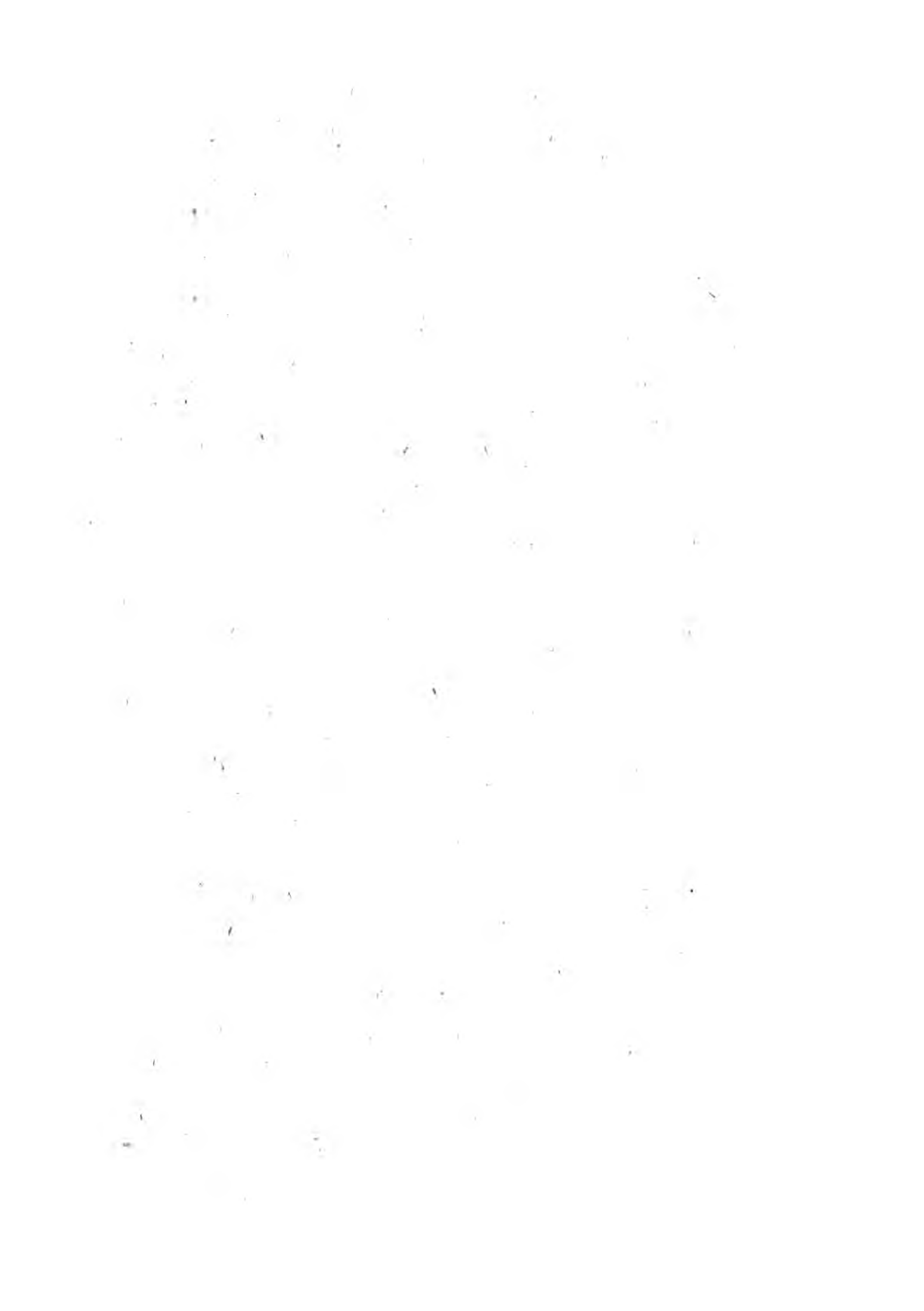


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PARNELL.

Hall Sculp.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FOURTH.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY J. RIVINGTON;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVING-
TON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN,
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M D C C L X X I X.



THE
P O E M S
OF
P A R N E L L
AND
A. P H I L I P S.

THE
P O E M S
OF
DR. THOMAS PARNELL,
Late Archdeacon of CLOGHER:
Including those published by Mr. POPE,
AND HIS
POEMS MORAL AND DIVINE.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori." HOR.

B

TO

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD,
 AND
 EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
 Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
 Oh, just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
 Blest in each science, blest in every strain;
 Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend:
 For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
 The sober follies of the wise and great;
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
 And pleas'd to scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
 Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays:
 Who, careless now, of interest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
 Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:

A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all pain, all anger, and all pride;
 The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace,
 When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
 When all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now she shades thy evening-walk with bays,
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 Ev'n now observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day;
 Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

Sept. 25, 1721.

A. P O P E.

H E S I O D:

O R,

T H E R I S E O F W O M A N.

WHAT antient times (those times we fancy wise)
Have left on long record of woman's rise,

What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);
Ye modern beauties! where the Poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware
How Heaven's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,
(Our Author's song can witness) liv'd on earth:
He carv'd the turf to mold a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began.

O vers'd in arts ! whose daring thoughts aspire,
 To kindle clay with never-dying fire !
 Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine ;
 The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine :
 And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
 As suits the counsel of a God to find ;
 A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
 Which felt the curse, yet covets still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan strait the Sire commands,
 To temper mortar with ætherial hands ;
 In such a shape to mold a rising fair,
 As virgin goddesses are proud to wear ;
 To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
 And form her organs for a voice divine.
 'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd ; the Power obey'd ;
 And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made ;
 The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
 Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the chearful Queen of Charms
 Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms :
 From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
 Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.
 Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
 Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts ;
 A mind for love, but still a changing mind ;
 The lisp affected, and the glance design'd ;
 The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
 The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink ;
 The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown ;
 For decent yielding, looks declining down ;

THE RISE OF WOMAN. 7

The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold scepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.
Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread;
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long web, and close the web with art,
An useful gift; but what profuse expence,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close contriving God,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;
The price of favours; the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

3 PARNELL'S POEMS.

Those sacred Virgins whom the Bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on every cover play'd ;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart ;
The wire to curl, the close indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home ;
And chief, the mirrour, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores ; the purpled Hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers ;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown ;
A veil pellucid hung depending down ;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles :
Then, conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer

THE RISE OF WOMAN. 9

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through time's deep eave, the Sister Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.

Thus

Thus fung the Sisters, while the Gods admire
 Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
 The young Pandora she, whom all contend
 To make too perfect not to gain her end:
 Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the spring,
 Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
 With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
 And land the shining vengeance safe below.
 A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
 The present treacherous, but the bearer more;
 'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
 That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
 Wondering he ran to catch the falling star:
 But so surpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
 Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
 O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns.
 He calls her Nymph, and every Nymph by turns.
 Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
 Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.
 She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teaze,
 Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
 Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
 In brisk disorder trips it up and down;
 Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
 And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

“ Now take what Jove design'd, she softly cry'd,
 “ This box thy portion, and myself the bride.”
 Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
 He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy

THE RISE OF WOMAN. 11

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep;
But, whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.
For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And, Poets tell us, 't was a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew;
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And altering nature wore a sickly face:
New terms of folly rose, new states of care;
New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the Fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love;
The sordid matches never join'd above;

Abroad

Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
 (Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)
 The curse of jealousy; expence and strife;
 Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
 The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the fair,
 Disdain for passion, passion in despair —
 These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find;
 Ah fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,
 The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,
 The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
 The crystal Helicon forbore to flow,
 The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)
 The Muses came to give the laurel too.

But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
 If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
 Ye Fair offended, hear your friend relate
 What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
 Though when it happen'd no relation clears,
 'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
 The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
 There oft a tender pair, for amorous play
 Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
 A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
 A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:
 But swelling nature in a fatal hour
 Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;
 The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
 And track her steps, to make its author known.

THE RISE OF WOMAN. 13

It chanc'd one evening, 't was the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Hesioid, wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene;
A strong suspicion strait possess their mind
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind),
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
" Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward."
And, urg'd with erring rage, assault the Bard.
His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
(Twas all the Gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;
I see the Muses round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.

" Here Hesioid lies: ye future Bards, beware
" How far your moral tales incense the Fair.
" Unlov'd, unloving, 't was his fate to bleed;
" Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:
" He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
" And Hesioid dy'd for joys he never knew."

SONG,

S O N G.

WHEN thy beauty appears
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
 At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
 Your kind thought you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
 in your heart,
 Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
 In our sex, she reply'd,
 And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman to you.

S O N G.

THYRSIS, a young and amorous swain,
 Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
 Who both his heart subdue:
 Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
 Sabina's easy shape and air
 With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
 Lives in a fond romance of love,
 And seems for each to die;
 Till, each a little spiteful grown,
 Sabina Cælia's shape ran down,
 And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
 Those eyes which love could only blind;
 So set the lover free:
 No more he haunts the grove or stream,
 Or with a true-love knot and name
 Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah, Cælia! fly Sabina cry'd,
 Though neither love, we're both deny'd;
 Now to support the sex's pride,
 Let either fix the dart.

Poor girl, says Cælia, say no more;
 For should the swain but one adore,
 That spite, which broke his chains before,
 Would break the other's heart.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds, that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream?
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught,
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
 Ye swains that haunt the grove!
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
 Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design;
 O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
 To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair;
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress;
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

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

WHEN spring came on with fresh delight,
 To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,
 While easy breezes, softer rain,
 And warmer suns, salute the plain;

'Twas

'T was then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where-e'er she trod, 't was green beneath;
Where-e'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.

Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside, a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd, wait to fly.

When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing Graces, idle joy,
Wanton smiles, and airy play
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'T is thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

18 THE RISE OF WOMAN.

From the towering eagle's plume
 The generous hearts accept their doom :
 Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
 The vain and airy lovers die :
 For careful dames and frugal men,
 The shafts are speckled by the hen.
 The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
 When prattling wins the panting hearts ;
 When from the voice the passions spring,
 The warbling finch affords a wing :
 Together, by the sparrow stung,
 Down fall the wanton and the young :
 And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
 When others love they know not why.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
 I learn'd in yonder waving grove,
 And see, says Love, who call'd me near,
 How much I deal with Nature here ;
 How both support a proper part,
 She gives the feather, I the dart :
 Then cease for souls averse to sigh,
 If Nature cross you, so do I ;
 My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
 And shakes and shuffles through the skies.
 But if the mutual charms I find
 By which she links you mind to mind,
 They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
 And strike from both, through both your hearts.

ANACRE-

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

GAY Bacchus, liking Estcourt's * wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;

And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The God near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd ;
For wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly God,
Each sweet engaging Grace
Put on some cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
A lady of the sky ;
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the last,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus tost his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most ;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch ;
He fill'd and drank again ;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'T is said, they did so then..

* A celebrated comedian and tavern-keeper.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stammering tongue,
With all his staggering gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds;
And had I Homer's pen,
I'd sing ye, how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who make them soon agree;
Nay, had the Furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus pleas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept some darts to stir the cup,
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline;
And Venus close embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And

And Comus loudly cursing wit,
 Roll'd off to some retreat ;
 Where boon companions gravely sit
 In fat unweildy state.

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,
 For one fresh glass prepare ;
 They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
 And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
 This our instructive song ;
 For though such friendships may be dear,
 They can't continue long.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STILE.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
 When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
 Liv'd Edwin of the Green ;
 Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Though badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
 To measure height against his head,
 And lift itself above ;
 Yet, spite of all that Nature did
 To make his uncouth form forbid,
 This creature dar'd to love.

22. PARNELL'S POEMS.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
 Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
 He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
 All in the moony light;
'T was near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
 To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'T was late, 't was far, the path was lost
 That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
 And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
 And, trembling, rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
 On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
 And now the sounds increase:

And

And from the corner where he lay
 He sees a train profusely gay
 Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, Gentles!) never yet
 Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich before;
 The country lent the sweet perfumes,
 The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 The town its filken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
 In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cry'd;
 What mortal of a wretched mind,
 Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
 No fears of magic art control,
 Advanc'd in open fight;

“ Nor have I cause of dread, he said,
 “ Who view, by no presumption led,
 “ Your revels of the night.

“ 'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
 “ Which made my steps unweeting rove
 “ Amid the nightly dew.”

“ 'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
 “ We fairies never injure men
 “ Who dare to tell us true.

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
 " Be mine the task, or ere we part,
 " To make thee grief resign;
 " Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
 " Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
 " Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
 Light music floats in wanton air;
 The monarch leads the queen:
 The rest their fairy partners found:
 And Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
 And siker such a feast was made,
 As heart and lip desire,
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,
 Full every deal they laugh and sing,
 And antic feats devise;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other some transmute their shape
 In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
 Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
 Has bent him up aloof;

And

And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
 To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm, he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
 "The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee Edwin for a while,
 "The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play ;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
 And heard a cock to crow ;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
 To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye ;
 Poor Edwin falls to floor ;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
 Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the less ;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success.

With

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a dauncing as he walks,
 His story soon took wind ;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
 The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
 To see the revel scene :
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome
 All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
 The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall ;
 Up spring the tapers as before,
 The fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely funk with woe
 Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
 His spirits in him dye :
 When Oberon crys, " A man is near,
 " A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
 " Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth !
 In accents faltering, ay for ruth,
 Intreats them pity graunt ;

For

For als he been a mister wight
 Betray'd by wandering in the night
 To tread the circled^dhaunt;

“ Ah Lofell vile, at once they roar :
 “ And little skill'd of fairie lore,
 “ Thy cause to come, we know :
 “ Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;
 “ And fairies, since a lye you tell,
 “ Are free to work thee woe.”

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
 To trail the swains among the mire,
 The caitiff upward flung ;
 There, like a tortoise, in a shop
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat ;
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
 Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down y-drops the knight :
 For never spell by fairie laid
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
 Till up the welkin rose the day,
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er :
 But wot ye well his harder lot ?
 His feely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared ;
 She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done,
 “ Thus some are born, my son, she cries,
 “ With base impediments to rise,
 “ And some are born with none.

“ But virtue can itself advance
 “ To what the favourite fools of chance
 “ By fortune seem design'd ;
 “ Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
 “ And from itself shake off the weight
 “ Upon th' unworthy mind.”

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

Written in the time of JULIUS CÆSAR, and by
some ascribed to CATULLUS.

*LET those love now, who never lov'd before ;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

The spring, the new, the warbling spring appears,
The youthful season of reviving years ;
In spring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation chuse their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,
And drest in differing greens adorn the plain.
She comes ; to-morrow Beauty's empress roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves ;
She twines the shooting myrtle into bowers,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers,
Then, rais'd sublimely on her easy throne,
From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood ;
Wandering in circles flood the finny crew,
The midst was left a void expanse of blue,
There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.

Let

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

She paints the purple year with vary'd show,
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees.
When gathering damps the misty nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews ;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every spray,
And, kept from falling, seem to fall away.
A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves
(The drops descending through the silent night,
While stars serenely roll their golden light):
Close till the morn, her humid veil she holds ;
Then deckt with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning blush : ye maids ! prepare,
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair ;
'Tis Venus' plant : the blood fair Venus shed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red ;
From Love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell ;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richest lustre makes her purple bright ;
And she to-morrow weds ; the sporting gale
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil ;
Through all her sweets the rising lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
 Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender love.
 And shall they venture? Is it safe to go,
 While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
 Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
 He walks unarm'd, and undefining ill,
 His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
 His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
 And yet, ye Nymphs, beware; his eyes have charms;
 And love that 's naked, still is love in arms.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
 A virgin train complete with modest airs:
 " Chaste Delia, grant our suit! or shun the wood,
 " Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
 " Venus, O Delia! if she could persuade,
 " Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid."
 Here chearful quires for three auspicious nights
 With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:
 Here crouds in measure lightly-decent rove;
 Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
 Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
 And mingling flowrets strow the scenes of love,
 Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves;
 Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
 Here Wit's enchanting God, in laurel crown'd,
 Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound.
 Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,
 And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.

Let

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there presides; and there the favourite band
(Her smiling graces) share the great command.

Now, beauteous Hybla! dress thy flowery beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.

To fill the presence of the gentle court,
From every quarter rural nymphs resort.
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green;
And, "Lovely girls, she whispers, guard your hearts:
"My boy, though stript of arms, abounds in arts."

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flowers erect their painted head,
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,
That day, old Ether wedded Earth in green
The vernal father bid the Spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began.
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,

Through all the lovely realms of native day,
 Through all the circled land, and circling sea;
 With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,
 And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

'Twas she the parent, to the Latian shore
 Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
 She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
 And, winning her, the Latian empire won.
 She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
 Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
 Decoy'd by shows, the Sabine dames she led,
 And taught our vigorous youth the way to wed.
 Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine
 Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;
 The life of Beauty fills the rural scenes;
 Ev'n Love (if Fame the truth of Love declare)
 Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
 Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty prest,
 She laid her infant on its flowery breast,
 From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
 He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
 Secure of favours from their lowing brides.

Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,
 Who bleating follow through the wandering shade.
 And now the Goddess bids the birds appear,
 Raise all their music, and salute the year :
 Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song
 Runs o'er the water where he sails along :
 While Philomela turns a treble strain,
 And from the poplar charms the listening plain,
 We fancy love express'd at every note,
 It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
 Of barbarous Tereus she complains no more,
 But sings for pleasure, as for grief before.
 And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
 And all is silence till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring !
 And when shall I, and when the swallow sing ?
 Sweet Philomela, cease :—Or here I sit,
 And silent lose my rapturous hour of wit :
 'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
 My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.
 His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
 But once was silent, and that once undone.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

H O M E R ' S
B A T R A C H O M U O M A C H I A :
O R , T H E
B A T T L E
O F T H E
F R O G S A N D M I C E .

NAMES of the FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *one who swells his cheeks.*

Pelus, *a name from mud.*

Hydromeduse, *a ruler in the waters.*

Hypsiboas, *a loud bauler.*

Pelion, *from mud.*

Scutlæus, *called from the bees.*

Polyphonus, *a great babler.*

Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake.*

Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*

Lymnisius, *called from the lake.*

Calaminthius, *from the herb.*

Hydrocaris, *who loves the water.*

Borborocates, *who lies in the mud.*

Prassophagus, *an eater of garlick.*

Pelusius, *from mud.*

Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*

Pressæus, *called from garlick.*

Craugafides, *from croaking.*

NAMES of the MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *one who plunders granaries.*

Troxartas, *a bread-eater.*

Lychomile, *a lick of meal.*

Pternotractas, *a bacon-eater.*

Lychopynax, *a lick of dishes.*

Embafichytros, *a creeper into pots.*

Lychenor, *a name for licking.*

Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*

Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*

Tyroglyphus, *a cheese-scooper.*

Pternoglyphus, *a bacon-scooper.*

Pternophagus, *a bacon-eater.*

Cnissodioctes, *one who follows the steam of kitchens.*

Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*

Meridarpax, *one who plunders his share.*

H O M E R ' S
 B A T T L E O F T H E F R O G S , &c.

B O O K I.

TO fill my rising song with sacred fire,
 Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
 From Helicon's imbowering height repair,
 Attend my labours, and reward my prayer;
 The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
 The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
 How threatening mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
 And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
 Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,
 When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers.
 These equal acts an equal glory claim,
 And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
 And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,
 A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
 Fled swift of foot across the neighbouring plain,
 Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
 And dipp'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
 When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head;
 And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said,

What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?
 What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?
 With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
 Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.

If worthy, friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
 And entering view the pleasurable lake ;
 Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
 And glad return from hospitable fare :
 This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
 And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.
 Great Phisignathus I, from Peleus' race,
 Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
 Where, by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
 The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
 Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port, proclaim
 A scepter'd king ; a son of martial fame ;
 Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.
 Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies.

Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
 Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
 My name resounds ; and if unknown to thee,
 The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.
 Of brave Troxartas line, whose sleeky down
 In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.
 My mother she, and princess of the plains
 Where-e'er her father Pternotraftas reigns.
 Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
 With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
 But, since our natures nought in common know,
 From what foundation can a friendship grow ?
 These curling waters o'er thy palace roll ;
 But man's high food supports my princely soul :
 In vain the circled loaves attempt to lye
 Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye.

BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c. 39

In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale,
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight,
Though large to mine, the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear,
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dextrous skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where death his ambush plants around the bait :
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest,
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race,
But me, nor stalks nor waterish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my fight,
The lake-resounding Frogs selected fare,
Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.

As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,
His answer thus the croaking king address'd :

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove :
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.

But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
 And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through :
 Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy feat,
 And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.
 He said, and bent his back ; with nimble bound
 Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms around,
 Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
 The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
 But when aloft the curling water rides,
 And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
 His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
 His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
 His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
 Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears ;
 He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore :
 His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,
 Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,
 And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake :
 So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
 Trembling and fainting all the venturous way ;
 With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
 And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
 Ah, safe at last, may thus the Frog support
 My trembling limbs to reach his ample court !
 As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
 Lo ! from the deep a Water-Hydra rose ;
 He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
 And darts with active rage along the waves.
 Confus'd the monarch sees his hissing foe,
 And dives, to shun the sable fates below.

BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c. 43

Forgetful Frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.

The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage exprest:

Nor thou, that fling'st me floundering from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing!
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heaven has Gods, and Gods have searching eyes;
Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd,
His death the young Lychopynax espy'd,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away,
Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge, the sacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the rising sun;
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains,
Pfyarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Pfyarpax lies remote from shore;

Supine

Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

B O O K II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their Monarch-mouse the nation crouds,
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, addrest:
For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,
'T is mine the private grief, the public yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Phylagnathus, dy'd;
Rouse all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.
His words in every breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they slay'd:

The

BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c. 43

The lamp's round boss affords them ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze,
Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
The wondering Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forfakè the waters, thickening from a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring,
When near the croud, disclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word express'd his king's command:

Ye Frogs! the Mice with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance:
Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.

The chief retires, the croud the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling yet perplex'd appear:
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame:

O friends, I never forc'd the Mouse to death,
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,
And, venturous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head,
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.

You

Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
 With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
 Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
 And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
 There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
 Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
 Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
 Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest;
 Each, strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
 Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
 Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd;
 Loud flash the waters; and the shores resound:
 The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
 And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
 Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.

Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
 Around their legs the greaves of mallows close;
 Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
 And green the colewort, which the target made.
 Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield,
 Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the fields:
 And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
 With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
 Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
 Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
 With stars surrounded in ætherial skies,
 (A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
 Unbar; the Gods assume their golden seats:

The

The fire superior leans, and points to show
 What wondrous combats mortals wage below :
 How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride,
 What length of lance they shake with warlike pride ?
 What eager fire, their rapid march reveals !
 So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales ;
 And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
 Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This seen, the power his sacred visage rears,
 He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
 And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
 Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist ?

Then thus to Pallas : If my daughter's mind
 Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind ;
 Drawn forth by savory steams they wind their way,
 And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
 Where while the victims gratify their taste,
 They sport to please the Goddess of the feast.

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious skies.
 But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies :
 In vain, my father ! all their dangers plead,
 To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
 My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
 And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil.
 (Ills following ills !) but what afflicts me more,
 My veil that idle race profanely tore.
 The web was curious, wrought with art divine ;
 Relentless wretches ! all the work was mine !
 Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
 Cast the light shoot, and crost the silver thread ;

In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
 The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
 For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve
 (The Gods, that use no coin, have none to give.
 And learning's Goddesses never less can owe,
 Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
 Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue,
 Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too.
 For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
 When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight,
 When, spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
 And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
 Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
 With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
 Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
 Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
 Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
 Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear;
 Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
 Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
 Some daring Mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
 Though Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods.
 O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
 And be the wars of mortal scenes for you.
 So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen; her words persuade,
 Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

B O O K III.

NOW front to front the marching armies shine,
 Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
 The chiefs, conspicuous seen and heard afar,
 Give the loud signal to the rushing war;
 Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
 The sounding charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
 Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
 And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.

First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,
 And brave Lychenor with a javelin flew.
 The luckless warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
 Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame;
 When, in his liver struck, the javelin hung,
 The Mouse fell thundering, and the target rung;
 Prone to the ground, he sinks his closing eye,
 And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,
 The missive spear within the bosom past;
 Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,
 And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
 Embasichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
 Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;
 But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
 And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
 And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
 For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;

Deep

Deep through the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought.
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat;
But arts in vain elude impending fate);
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the Frogs the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affright,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly floundering flashes up the deep;
Lychenor, following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gaspings he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.

Lymnisus good Tyroglyphus affails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural feat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthus shuns by flight,

BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c. 49

Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day,
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar ;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursued.
Till fallen in death he lies, a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone,
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lychopinax with Borborocates fights,
A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights ;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle Croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus, with spritely bound,
Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death,
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war) ;
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead ;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud,
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.

E

Enrag'd,

Enrag'd, and wildly sputtering, from the shore
 A stone, immense of size, the warrior bore,
 A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise,
 Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days.

Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound :
 The Frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
 Till loud Craugasides arrests his course,
 Hoarse croaking threats precede ! with fatal speed
 Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
 Then, strongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
 And on the pile his reeking entrails bore :

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
 Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain ;
 And where the ditches rising weeds supply
 To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
 There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd from heat,
 And, safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,
 Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear ;
 But where the foot around its ankle plies,
 Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
 Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
 And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
 The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,
 And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardour young Pressæus brings
 Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings :
 Lank harmless Frog ! with forces hardly grown,
 He darts the reed in combat not his own,

Which,



BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c. 59

Which, faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his fire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior, singled from the fighting croud,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who shews no less his grace
To Frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The fire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and Man.

What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax shakes!
Unless some favouring Deity descend,
Soon will the Frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
 When thus the glorious God of combats said :
 Nor Pallas, Jove ! though Pallas take the field,
 With all the terrors of her hissing shield ;
 Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
 Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight ;
 Not these can drive the desperate Mouse afar,
 Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
 Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,
 Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies,
 Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
 When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay ;
 When all the giant-race enormous fell,
 And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.

'Twas thus th' omnipotent advis'd the Gods,
 When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
 Deep-lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
 Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
 Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
 And headlong darts it at the distant ground ;
 The bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with lightning flies,
 And rends its flaming passage through the skies :
 Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
 And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
 Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
 And the last danger threatens the croaking line,
 Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
 With strange assistants fill'd the frightened shore.

Pour'd from the neighbouring strand, deform'd to view
 They march, a sudden unexpected crew !

Strong

BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c. 53

Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows ;
In wheeling marches torn oblique they go ;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below ;
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command ;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand ;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise ;
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs ;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd ;
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd ;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread ;
And either end alike supplies a head.

These, mortal wits to call the Crabs agree,
The Gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes tail with severing grasps they rend.
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion, through their host appear :
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus to the western seas
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays ;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

T O M R. P O P E.

TO praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
 A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
 Yet still preserve the province of the friend,
 What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
 What music tune them? what affection fire?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine!
 Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine,
 The brightest ancients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
 Horace himself would own thou dost excel
 In candid arts to play the critic well.
 Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
 Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream,
 On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
 She runs for ever through poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
 Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair!
 Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
 Here courtly tresses set the world at odds,
 Belles war with Beaux, and whims descend for Gods,
 The new machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave phrenzy of the chemic fool.
 But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:

The

The Graces stand in fight; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrined on high the sacred Virgil sits,
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's Muse
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st, the prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of every tender gale,
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head,
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees;
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy vallies in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greece retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing, wrap'd him round with night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.

So wealthy mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden oar,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, The mines were here!
 Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
 How every music varies in thy lines!
 Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer drefs'd the days,
 When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest;
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
 The shades resound with song — O softly tread!
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend — and when a friend inspires,
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
 For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning, — far, oh far from thee!
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf!
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet

Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A friend delight me, and an author please,
 Ev'n here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
 Show my own love, though not increase his fame.

A TRANSLATION of part of the first Canto
 of the RAPE of the LOCK, into Leonine Verse,
 after the manner of the Ancient Monks.

ET nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
 Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ :
 Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida nympa ;
 Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
 Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
 Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia ! lautè,
 Dona venusta ; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
 Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cista :
 Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia peçtit ;
 Atque elephas lentè, te peçtit Lesbia dente ;
 Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
 Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè ;
 Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
 In luit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo ;
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens ;

Jam reparat rifus, jam furgit gratiâ visûs,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura glifcet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
 Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique faluti,
 Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
 Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidiffima Letty!
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

HEALTH. AN ECLOGUE.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pafs,
 And print long footsteps in the glittering grafs;
 The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
 By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
 Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn;
 Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
 A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
 There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd throng
 Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
 Thou country Goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
 Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale
 Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
 What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
 Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,
 The face of nature cheers as well as I;

HEALTH. AN ECLOGUE. 59

O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
 The smiling daizies blow beneath the sun,
 The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
 The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
 The chirping birds from all the compass rove
 To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
 High sunny summits, deeply-shaded dales,
 Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales.
 With various prospect gratify the sight,
 And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country goddess, come; nor thou suffice,
 But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
 Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
 Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
 She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
 Dogs, hawks, and horses, croud her early train.
 Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
 And lines and meshes loofely float behind.
 All these as means of toil the feeble see,
 But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,
 Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
 Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
 Or foster others in luxurious ease:
 I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
 The fox unkennel'd flies to covert grounds;
 I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
 And shake the saplings with their branching head;
 I make the falcons wing their airy way,
 And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;

60 PARNELL'S POEMS.

To snare the fish, I fix the luring bait ;
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.

Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain ;
When the next comes, I 'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly ;
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers ;
To welcome her, this summer-feat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest ;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine :
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove ;
The native Bard, that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains ;
Or Maro's Muse, that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of fight ;
These soft amusements bring Content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.

Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain ;
When the next comes, I 'll charm thee thus again.

THE FLIES. AN ECLOGUE.

WHEN in the river cows for coolness stand,
 And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
 A youth, whom Æsop taught that every tree,
 Each bird and insect, spoke as well as he ;
 Walk'd calmly musing in a shady way,
 Where flowering hawthorns broke the sunny ray,
 And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
 A scene that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
 Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet ;
 Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
 But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day,
 There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
 Whose answering branches regularly laid
 Put forth their answering boughs, and proudly rise
 Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
 An airy nation of the Flies retreat ;
 Some in soft airs their silken pinions ply,
 And some from bough to bough delighted fly,
 Some rise, and circling light to perch again ;
 A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
 So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,
 (If great and small are like) appear the beaux ;
 In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,
 Some change from seat to seat within the pit,

Some

Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam;
Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can say
Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay.

Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip,
I saw the Wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
And half resolv'd to drown me in a cup;
Till, brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above:
Cease, Beauty, cease to vex a tender love.

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his music sung.

When suns by thousands shone on orbs of dew,
I wafted soft with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky chear,
While little Daphne seiz'd my roving Dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet sate indulging as the danger came.
But the kind huntress left her free to soar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.

Thus from the fern, whose high projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
The swains their love in easy music breathe,
When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath:
Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains.

The

THE FLIES. AN ECLOGUE. 63

The Flies struck silent gaze with wonder down ;
The busy burghers reach their earthly town ;
Where lay the burthens of a wintery store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.
Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace.

Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air,
These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear ;
Your trees and whispering breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove ;
Let Bards to business bend their vigorous wing,
And sing but seldom, if they love to sing :
Else, when the flowerets of the season fail,
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Though one would save you, not one grain of wheat,
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.

He ceas'd : the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the Mayor's speech, and fell to sing again.

AN ELEGY, TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young ; or one, whose life's so long
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.

And

And once, since Envy 's dead before you die,
The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.—

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces their to fix there reign,
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting Summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the Sun to dress some foreign clime,
While withering seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since nature bids, the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.
With more address, or such as pleases more,
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes, at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.
With better strength, on visit-days she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that 's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let Time, that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.

'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,

AN ELEGY TO AN OLD BEAUTY. 65

If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
 The soul with pleasing avocation strays.
 But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wife;
 As harpers better by the loss of eyes.
 Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
 Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,
 Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
 Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
 Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take
 (Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake);
 Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
 You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
 So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
 You walk through life, unmingled with the young,
 And view the shade and substance as you pass
 With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
 Or Folly drest, and rambling all her days,
 To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
 Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
 You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
 'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
 The wise Athenian crost a glittering fair,
 Unmov'd by tongue and fights, he walk'd the place,
 Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
 Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
 And—What a World I never want? he cries:
 But cries unheard: for folly will be free.
 So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
 As careless he for them, as they for him:
 He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, boy, we 'll hunt to-day,
 The Book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
 Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
 As Fame reports it, with the Gods.
 Him frantic hunger wildly drives
 Against a thousand authors lives :
 Through all the fields of wit he flies ;
 Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
 With horns without, and tusks within,
 And scales to serve him for a skin.
 Observe him nearly, lest he climb
 To wound the Bards of ancient time,
 Or down the vale of Fancy go
 To tear some modern wretch below.
 On every corner fix thine eye,
 Or ten to one he slips thee by.
 See where his teeth a passage eat :
 We 'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
 But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?
 'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live !
 From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
 He draws the tadpole form along,
 He mounts the gilded edge before,
 He 's up, he scuds the cover o'er,
 He turns, he doubles, there he past,
 And here we have him, caught at last.

Infatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
 The sweetest servants of the Muse.
 (Nay never offer to deny,
 I took thee in the fact to fly.)
 His roses nipt in every page,
 My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage,
 By thee my Ovid wounded lies ;
 By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies ;
 Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
 The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
 They rent Belinda's locks away,
 And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
 For all, for every single deed,
 Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.
 Then fall a victim to the Nine,
 Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Taffo near,
 To pile a sacred altar here ;
 Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
 You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ ;
 You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain ;
 Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come, bind the victim, — there he lies,
 And here between his numerous eyes
 This venerable dust I lay,
 From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
 (For the libation 's yet to make)
 A health to poets ! all their days
 May they have bread, as well as praise ;

Sense may they seek, and less engage
 In papers fill'd with party-rage.
 But if their riches spoil their vein,
 Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
 With which my tuneful pens are made.
 I strike the scales that arm thee round,
 And twice and thrice I print the wound;
 The sacred altar floats with red,
 And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
 This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
 Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
 To see what dangers threat the year:
 Ye Gods! what sonnets on a wench!
 What lean translations out of French!
 'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
 S—— prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
 The sacred altar should be clean.
 Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
 Or, Tate! thy pert and humble lays!
 (Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
 I never miss'd your works till now)
 I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
 (That only way you please the Nine)
 But since I chance to want these two,
 I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
 I hang the scales that brac'd it in;

I hang my studious morning-gown,
And write my own inscription down.

“ This trophy from the Python won,
“ This robe, in which the deed was done,
“ These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
“ Hung on these shelves, the Muses feat.
“ Here ignorance and hunger found
“ Large realms of wit to ravage round :
“ Here ignorance and hunger fell :
“ Two foes in one I sent to hell.
“ Ye poets, who my labours see,
“ Come share the triumph all with me !
“ Ye Critics ! born to vex the Muse,
“ Go mourn the grand ally you lose.”

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A Thoughtful Being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the Gods have call'd him too);
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, through no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal fable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake ;
Wondering to see himself awake !

Then look'd so wise, before he knew
 The business he was made to do;
 That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
 He gravely shew'd his forward face,
 Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
 An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
 Which ever binds a Poet's God
 (For which his curls ambrosial shake,
 And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake):
 He saw old mother Earth arise,
 She stood confess'd before his eyes;
 But not with what we read she wore,
 A castle for a crown before,
 Nor with long streets and longer roads;
 Dangling behind her, like commodes:
 As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
 And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
 Then thice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
 And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, Great Jove, she cry'd;
 This thing was fashion'd from my side:
 His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
 Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay rather ask, the Monarch said,
 What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
 Were what I gave remov'd away?
 Thy part 's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cry'd honest Care,
 Your pleas would make your titles fair,

You

You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;
(There 's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling Ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)

As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head ;
He just had got his pinions free,
From his old fire, Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before ;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.

A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was py'd ;
A bending sickle arm'd his side ;
And Spring's new months his train adorn !
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made ;

Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate.

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began ;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year ;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove, and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay :
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow ;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

AN IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS Time! destroying power,
 Whom stone and brass obey,
 Who giv'ft to every flying hour
 To work some new decay;
 Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
 Thy fecret faps prevail,
 And ruin man, a nice machine,
 By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,
 Before I thought it nigh.
 My fpring, my years of pleasure fleet,
 And all their beauties die.

In age I fearch, and only find
 A poor unfruitful gain,
 Grave wifdom ftalking flow behind,
 Opprefs'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
 And fancy'd joys inspire;
 My errors cherish'd Hope to fmile
 On newly-born defire.

But now experience fhews, the blifs
 For which I fondly fought
 Not worth the long impatient wifh,
 And ardour of the thought.

My

My youth met fortune fair array'd,
In all her pomp she shone,
And might perhaps have well essay'd,
To make her gifts my own :

But when I saw the blessings shower
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the Power
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire
By love encreas'd the more ;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine ;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine ?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
My troubles laid to rest,
And truths which would disturb my peace
Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies ;
Ye fondling passions of my soul !
Ye sweet deceits ! arise.

I wisely

I wisely change the scene within,
 To things that us'd to please ;
 In pain, philosophy is spleen,
 In health, 'tis only ease.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

BY the blue-taper's trembling light,
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er :
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest way.
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
 While through their ranks in silver pride
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds, which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire :
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water laves.
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night.

There

There pass with melonchaly state,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate,
 And think, as softly-sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
 Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 The chissel's slender help to fame
 (Which ere our set of friends decay
 Their frequent steps may wear away);
 A middle race of mortals own,
 Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
 These, all the poor remains of state,
 Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
 Who, while on earth in fame they live,
 Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
 The bursting earth unveils the shades!
 All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
 They rise in visionary crouds,
 And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH. 77

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time refund
O'er the long lake and midnight ground !)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of fears am I !
They view me like the last of things ;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death 's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God :
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearfes, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead ?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe ;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun :

'Such

Such joy, though far transcending sense,
 Have pious souls at parting hence.
 On earth, and in the body plac'd,
 A few, and evil years, they waste:
 But when their chains are cast aside,
 See the glad scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
 Sweet delight of human kind!
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the favorites of the sky
 With more of happiness below,
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head;
 What happy region dost thou please
 To make the seat of calms and ease!
 Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
 Encreasing avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold inshrined.
 The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
 Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT. 79

The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude 's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat;
 Might I thus my foul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy:
 Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
 In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
 Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight;
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear, and court my song:
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
 And thee, great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world, and give the day;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
 The stars that gild the gloomy night;
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me:
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extreams;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this.

T H E H E R M I T.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
 Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell; the Pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;

G

Then

Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way!
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son, the reverend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 't is morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :

An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the Sire ; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce-rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
 The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes-in the shivering pair;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
 And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In every settling feature of his face;
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the generous Landlord own'd before,

And

And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lye,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
 Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
 O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors! what! his only son!

How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the Youth pursues; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The Youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless Guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 Detested wretch! — But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:

His

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous Angel broke
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind;
 For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends:
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Power exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize,
Than, those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friends in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again,
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 't was my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back ;
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail !
 Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On founding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The Sage stood wondering as the Seraph flew.
 Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;
 The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord ! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done :
 Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

P I E T Y, OR, THE V I S I O N *.

TWAS when the night in silent sables fled,
 When chearful morning sprung with rising red,
 When dreams and vapours leave to croud the brain,
 And best the vision draws its heavenly scene ;

'Twas

* This and the following poem are not in the octavo editions of Dr. Parnell's Poems published by Mr. Pope. They were first communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr. James Arbuckle, and published in his Hibernicus's Letters, No. 62. GOLDSMITH.—They are now in some degree corrected, from the volume of "Posthumous Poems," N.

'Twas then, as flumbering on my couch I lay,
 A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
 A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
 Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
 And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
 Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
 Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
 Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,
 Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
 And all her sweet companions sons of light.

Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
 Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
 When lo! a cherub of the shining croud
 That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
 Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,
 And to my lips a living coal apply'd.

Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
 Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:

“ Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
 “ The seats of music, and the seats of love,
 “ Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
 “ To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
 “ To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,
 “ And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
 “ Be thou my Bard.” A vial here she caught
 (An Angel's hand the crystal vial brought);
 And as with awful sound the word was said,
 She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
 Then thus proceeded: “ Be thy Muse thy zeal,
 “ Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.

“ While

PIETY, OR THE VISION. 91

“ While other pencils flattering forms create,
“ And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
“ While other pens exalt the vain delight,
“ Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
“ Or others softly sing in idle lines
“ How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
“ More wisely thou select a theme divine,
“ Fame is their recompence, 'tis heaven is thine.
“ Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
“ Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
“ Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
“ Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,
“ Like working seas, that, when loud winters blow,
“ Not made for rising, only rage below.
“ Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
“ More lasting still, as more intensely great,
“ Produc'd where prayer, and praise, and pleasure breathe,
“ And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
“ Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
“ From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
“ Restore the colour to the golden mines
“ With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
“ To flowering greens give back their native care,
“ The rose and lily, never his to wear;
“ To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
“ Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death:
“ His bow be fabled o'er, his shafts the same,
“ And fork and point them with eternal flame.
“ But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,
“ Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance:
“ 'Tis

" 'Tis love that Angels praise and men adore,
 " 'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
 " Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
 " Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way ;
 " And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
 " Pursue the great unseen descent of God.
 " Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
 " The child is God, and call him Jesus here.
 " He comes, but where to rest ? A manger 's nigh,
 " Make the great Being in a manger lie ;
 " Fill the wide sky with Angels on the wing,
 " Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing ;
 " Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
 " And still afflict him till he reach the grave ;
 " Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
 " And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet ;
 " I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
 " And glide in flames of love along my verse.
 " Ah ! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
 " My raptures smother what I long to tell.
 " 'Tis God ! a present God ! through cleaving air
 " I see the throne, and see the Jesus there
 " Plac'd on the right. He shews the wounds he bore
 " (My fervours oft have won him thus before) ;
 " How pleas'd he looks ! my words have reach'd his ear ;
 " He bids the gates unbar ; and calls me near."

She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread
 Its curls unfolded, and around her spread ;
 Bright Angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
 And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud ;

The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
 Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly ;
 And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
 And faint their softness, till they fail below,

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
 And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke,
 Thou beauteous vision ! on the soul impress'd,
 When most my reason would appear to rest,
 'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
 Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred fights ;
 From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
 While moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
 I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
 And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing ;
 ('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,
 Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
 I take for truth the flatteries of a dream ;
 And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
 And faintly practise what deserves it most.

Indulgent Lord ! whose gracious love displays
 Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease !
 Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss ;
 Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.

BACCHUS,

Or, the DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

AS Bacchus, ranging at his leifure,
 (Jolly Bacchus, king of pleasure) !
 Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
 And all his thousand airy fancies,
 Alas! he quite forgot the while
 His favourite vines in Lesbos isle.

The god, returning ere they dy'd,
 Ah! see my jolly fauns, he cry'd,
 The leaves but hardly born are red,
 And the bare arms for pity spread:
 The beasts afford a rich manure;
 Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;
 Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
 Through the woods, and down the dales;
 For this, if full the cluster grow,
 Your bowls shall doubly overflow.

So chear'd with more officious haste
 They bring the dung of every beast;
 The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
 They lay the rich manure with care;
 While oft he calls to labour hard,
 And names as oft the red reward.

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
 The thickening clusters load the year;
 The season swiftly purple grew,
 The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vine-

A vineyard ripe, a day serene
 Now calls them all to work again.
 The fauns through every furrow shoot
 To load their flasks with the fruit;
 And now the vintage early trod,
 The wines invite the jovial God.
 Strow the roses, raise the song,
 See the master comes along;
 Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,
 Whim and Frolic follow after:
 The fauns aside the vats remain,
 To show the work, and reap the gain.
 All around, and all around,
 They sit to riot on the ground;
 A vessel stands amidst the ring,
 And here they laugh, and there they sing:
 Or rise a jolly jolly band,
 And dance about it hand in hand;
 Dance about, and shout amain,
 Then sit to laugh and sing again.
 Thus they drink, and thus they play
 The sun and all their wits away.

But, as an ancient author sung,
 The vine manur'd with every dung,
 From every creature strangely drew
 A twang of brutal nature too;
 'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
 New turns of humour seiz'd the fauns.

Here one was crying out, By Jove!
 Another, Fight me in the grove;

This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the same as he:
Chattering, idle, airy, kind:
These take the monkeys turn of mind,
Here one, that saw the Nymphs which stood,
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the shade;
While loose discourse another raises
In naked Nature's plainest phrases,
And every glass he drinks enjoys,
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise;
Mad and careless, hot and vain:
Such as these the goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup;
Solemn, silent, and sedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of meats, and full of wine:
This takes his temper from the swine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew
(If what the Poets say be true)

While

While Bacchus made the merry feast,
 Inclin'd to one or other beast:
 And since, 'tis said, for many a mile
 He spread the vines of Lesbos isle.

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

WITH moral tale let ancient Wisdom move,
 Whilst thus I sing to make the moderns wise:
 Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove,
 And rising Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune, Plutus (guardian power of gain);
 By great Minerva, bright Apollo stood:
 But Jove superior bade the side obtain,
 Which best contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune striking, from the parted ground
 The warlike Horse came pawing on the plain,
 And as it tost its mane, and pranc'd around,
 By this, he cries, I'll make the people reign.

The Goddess, smiling, gently bow'd her spear,
 And rather thus they shall be blest'd, she said:
 Then upwards shooting in the vernal air,
 With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive spread.

Jove saw what gift the rural powers design'd;
 And took th' impartial scales, resolv'd to show,
 If greater bliss in warlike pomp we find,
 Or in the calm which peaceful times bestow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
 Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
 But plenty, safety, science, arts, and ease,
 Minerva's scale with greater weight supply'd.

Fierce War devours whom gentle Peace would save:
 Sweet Peace restores what angry War destroys;
 War made for Peace, with that rewards the brave,
 While Peace its pleasures from itself enjoys.

Hence vanquish'd Neptune to the sea withdrew,
 Hence wise Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
 Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
 And still her Olives deck pacific hands.

From fables, thus disclos'd, a monarch's mind
 May form just rules to chuse the truly great,
 And subjects weary'd with distresses find,
 Whose kind endeavours most befriend the state.

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,
 If cities won, her kingdom's wealth have cost;
 If Anna's thoughts the patriot souls approve,
 Whose cares restore that wealth the wars had lost.

But if we ask, the moral to disclose,
 Whom her best patroness Europa calls,
 Great Anna's title no exception knows,
 And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies:
 Whene'er she pleas'd, her troops to conquest flew;
 Whene'er she pleases, peaceful times arise:
 She gave the Horse, and gives the Olive too.

DR. DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE
VERSIFIED.

COMPASSION checks my spleen, yet scorn denies
The tears a passage through my swelling eyes;
To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.

Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
If ever satire cur'd an old disease.

Is not Religion (heaven-descended dame)
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
As moral Virtue in her early sway,
When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
As all rewards their virtue found below?

Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
These means are ours, and must its end be theirs?
And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight
Of heathen sages cloath'd in heavenly light,
Whose merit of strict life, severely suited
To Reason's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever banish'd from the blest abode.

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'ft thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,
 Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy Monarch's ire,
 Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
 Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea;
 In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
 Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath,
 Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
 Attempt a passage by the northern pole?
 Or dar'ft thou parch within the fires of Spain,
 Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
 Or for some idol of thy fancy draw
 Some loose-gown'd dame; O courage made of straw!
 Thus, desperate coward, would'ft thou bold appear,
 Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
 'To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield;
 And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?

Know thy own foes; th' apostate angel; he
 You strive to please, the foremost of the three;
 He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
 But can he give for love that acts in hate?
 The world's thy second love, thy second foe,
 The world, whose beauties perish as they blow,
 They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,
 You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast;
 The flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,
 High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes.
 While men the fair, the goodly soul destroy,
 From whence the flesh has power to taste a joy.

Seek thou Religion primitively found—

Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?

By



DR. DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE. 101

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,
And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know,
She there was seen a thousand years ago ;
And loves her relick rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.
These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,
Who seeks Religion at Geneva born,
A fullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd :
Though young, unhandsome ; though unhandsome,
proud ;

Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home,
Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain,
Should some new laws, which like new fashions reign,
Command his faith to count salvation ty'd,
To visit his, and visit none beside ;

He grants salvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone ;
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith, who give his name ;
So from the guardian's hands the wards, who live
Enthral'd to guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless Airy flies,
For all professions can't be good, he cries ;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse ;

So men, who know what some loose girls have done,
For fear of marrying such, will marry none.

The charms of all obsequious Courtly strike;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;

And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dresses altering, and the sex the same:

So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
But 'tis Religion still where'er we go:

This blindness springs from an excess of light,
And men embrace the wrong to chuse the right.

But thou of force must one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;

'To find that right one, ask thy reverend fire,
Let his of him, and him of his enquire;

Though truth and falsehood seem as twins ally'd,
There 's eldership on Truth's delightful side;

Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first,
Is not of no Religion, nor the worst.

T'adore, or scorn an image, or protest,

May all be bad; doubt wisely for the best,

'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;

It is not wandering, to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,

Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,

Sits sacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means

To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,

Winds round and round, and every turn essays,

Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.

Yet labour so, that ere faint age arrive,

Thy searching soul possess her rest alive:

To work by twilight were to work too late,
 And age is twilight to the night of fate.
 To will alone, is but to mean delay,
 To work at present, is the use of day,
 For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
 High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body strain,
 And mysteries ask believing, which to view,
 Like the fair sun, are plain, but dazzling too.

Be Truth, so found, with sacred heed possess,
 Not kings have power to tear it from thy breast.
 By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
 Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate.
 Ah! fool and wretch, who lett'st thy soul be ty'd
 To human laws! or must it so be try'd?
 Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,
 When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,
 That Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this,
 Or John or Martin? All may teach amiss:
 For every contrary in each extreme
 This holds alike, and each may plead the same.

Wouldst thou to power a proper duty shew?
 'Tis thy first task the bounds of power to know;
 The bounds once past, it holds the same no more,
 Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
 Nor were submission humbleness exprest,
 But all a low idolatry at best.
 Power from above, subordinately spread,
 Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head;
 There, calm and pure, the living waters flow,
 But roars a torrent or a flood below,

Each flower ordain'd the margins to adorn,
 Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,
 And left on deserts, rocks and sands, are tost,
 All the long travel, and in ocean lost.
 So fares the soul, which more that power reveres,
 Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
 From thy fair station near the throne of Grace,
 From choirs of angels, joys in endless round,
 And endless harmony's enchanting sound,
 Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praise to shew,
 Bright Gift of Verse descend, and here below
 My ravish'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
 And warbling o'er the soul incline my will.
 Among thy pomp, let rich expression wait,
 Let ranging numbers form thy train compleat,
 While at thy motions over all the sky
 Sweet sounds, and echoes sweet, resounding fly;
 And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
 Let Fancy's flowery spring erect its head.

It comes, it comes, with unaccustom'd light,
 The tracts of airy thought grow wondrous bright,
 Its notions ancient Memory reviews,
 And young Invention new designs pursues.
 To some attempt my will and wishes press,
 And pleasure, rais'd in hope, forebodes success.
 My God, from whom proceed the gifts divine,
 My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.

Be this no vain illusion which I find,
 Nor nature's impulse on the passive mind,
 But reason's act, produc'd by good desire,
 By grace enliven'd with Celestial Fire;
 While base conceits, like misty sons of night,
 Before such beams of glory take their flight,
 And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
 Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray.

I thank thee, Father! with a grateful mind:
 Man's undeserving, and thy Mercy kind.
 I now perceive, I long to sing thy praise,
 I now perceive, I long to find my lays
 The sweet incentives of another's love,
 And sure such longings have their rise above.
 My resolution stands confirm'd within,
 My lines aspiring eagerly begin;
 Begin, my lines, to such a subject due,
 That aids our labours, and rewards them too!
 Begin, while Canaan opens to mine eyes,
 Where souls and songs, divinely form'd, arise.

As one whom o'er the sweetly-vary'd meads
 Intire recess and lonely pleasure leads,
 To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers,
 To shady trees, to closely-waving bowers,
 To bubbling fountains, and aside the stream
 That softly gliding sooths a waking dream,
 Or bears the thought inspir'd with heat along,
 And with fair images improves a song;
 Through sacred anthems, so may fancy range,
 So still from beauty, still to beauty change,

To feel delights in all the radiant way,
 And, with sweet numbers, what it feels repay.
 For this I call that ancient Time appear,
 And bring his rolls to serve in method here;
 His rolls which acts, that endless honour claim,
 Have rank'd in order for the voice of fame.

My call is favour'd : Time from first to last
 Unwinds his years, the present sees the past;
 I view their circles as he turns them o'er,
 And fix my footsteps where he went before.

The page unfolding would a top disclose,
 Where sounds melodious in their birth arose.
 Where first the Morning-stars together sung,
 Where first their harps the Sons of Glory strung,
 With shouts of joy while Hallelujahs rise
 To prove the chorus of eternal skies.
 Rich sparkling strokes the letters doubly gild,
 And all 's with love and admiration fill'd.

M O S E S.

To grace those lines, which next appear to sight,
 The pencil shone, with more abated light;
 Yet still the pencil shone, the lines were fair,
 And awful Moses stands recorded there;
 Let his, replete with flames and praise divine,
 Let his, the first-remember'd song be mine,
 Then rise my thought, and in thy prophet find
 What joy should warm thee, for the work design'd.

To

To that great act, which rais'd his heart, repair,
And find a portion of his spirit there.

A Nation helpless and unarm'd I view,
Whom strong revengeful troops of war pursue,
Seas stop their flight, their camp must prove their grave,
Ah! what can save them? God alone can save.
God's wondrous voice proclaims his high command,
He bids their leader wave the sacred wand,
And where the billows flow'd, they flow no more,
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er.
Safe may the sons of Jacob travel through,
But why will hard'ned Egypt venture too?
Vain in thy rage, to think those waters flee
And rise like walls, on either hand, for thee.
The night comes on, the season for surprize,
Yet fear not, Israel, God directs thine eyes.
A fiery cloud I see thine angel ride,
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide.
The day comes on, and half thy succours fail,
Yet fear not, Israel, God will still prevail.
I see thine angel from before thee go,
To make the wheels of venturous Egypt flow,
His rolling cloud inwraps its beams of light,
And what supply'd thy day, prolongs their night.
At length the dangers of the deep are run,
The further brink is past, the bank is won;
The leader turns to view the foes behind,
Then waves his solemn wand within the wind,
Oh Nation freed by wonders, cease thy fear,
And stand, and see the Lord's Salvation here.

Ye Tempests, now, from every corner fly,
 And wildly rage in all my fancied sky,
 Roll on, ye waters, as they roll'd before,
 Ye billows of my fancied ocean, roar ;
 Dash high, ride foaming, mingle, all the main,
 'Tis done, and Pharaoh can't afflict again.
 The work, the wondrous work of freedom 's done,
 The winds abate, the clouds restore the sun,
 The wreck appears, the threatening army drown'd
 Floats o'er the waves, to strew the sandy ground,
 Then place thy Moses near the calming flood,
 Majestically mild, serenely good ;
 Let meekness, lovely virtue, gently stream
 Around his visage, like a lambent flame ;
 Let grateful sentiments, let sense of love,
 Let holy zeal, within his bosom move ;
 And while his people gaze the watery plain,
 And fear's last touches like to doubts remain ;
 While bright astonishment, that seems to raise
 A questioning belief, is fond to praise ;
 Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breast,
 Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd express'd :
 I 'll sing to God, I 'll sing the songs of praise,
 To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways,
 To God, whose glories in the seas excel,
 Where the proud horse and prouder rider fell.
 The Lord, in mercy kind, in justice strong,
 Is now my strength ; this strength be now my song.
 This sure salvation such he proves to me,
 From danger rescued, and from bondage free ;

The Lord's my God, and I'll prepare his seat,
 My father's God, and I'll proclaim him great;
 Him Lord of battles, Him renown'd in Name,
 Him ever-faithful, evermore the same.
 His gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,
 They make the pride of boasting Pharaoh fall.
 Within the seas his stately chariots lie,
 Within the seas his chosen captains die.
 The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
 They sunk like stones, they swiftly sunk below;
 Thine hand, my God! thine hand confess'd thy care,
 Thine hand was glorious in thy power there,
 It broke their troops, unequal for the fight,
 In all the greatness of excelling might:
 Thy wrath sent forward o'er the raging stream,
 Swift, sure, and sudden, their destruction came.
 They fell as stubble burns, while driving skies
 Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.

When blasts, dispatch'd with wonderful intent,
 On sovereign orders from thy nostrils went,
 For our accounts, the waters were afraid,
 Perceiv'd thy Presence, and together fled;
 In heaps uprightly plac'd, they learn to stand,
 Like banks of crystal, by the paths of sand.
 Then, fondly flush'd with hope, and swell'd with pride,
 And fill'd with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,
 Secure of conquest, I'll pursue their way,
 I'll overtake them, I'll divide the prey,
 My lust I'll satisfy, mine anger cloy,
 My sword I'll brandish, and their name destroy.

How

How wildly threats their anger, hark! above,
 New blasts of wind on new commission move,
 To loose the fetters that confin'd the main,
 And make its mighty waters rage again.

Then, overwhelm'd with their resistless sway,
 They sunk like lead, they sunk beneath the sea.

Oh, who 's like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Host!

Among the Gods, whom all the nations boast,
 Such acts of wonder and of strength displays?

Oh great, Oh glorious in thine holy ways!

Deserving praise, and that thy praise appear
 In signs of reverence, and sense of fear.

With justice arm'd, thou stretch'dst out thine hand

And earth between its gaping jaws of land

Receiv'd its waters of the parted main,

And swallow'd up the dark Egyptian train.

With mercy rising on the weaker side,

Thyself became the rescued people's guide!

And in thy strength they past th' amazing road

To reach thine Holy Mount, thy bless'd abode.

What thou hast done the neighbouring realms shall
 hear,

And feel the strange report excite their fear.

What thou hast done shall Edom's Duke amaze,

And make despair on Palestina seize.

Shall make the warlike sons of Moab shake,

And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak.

In heavy damps, diffus'd on every breast,

Shall cold distrust and hopeless terror rest,

The matchless Greatness, which thine hand has shewn,
Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov'd as stone,
While Jordan stops above, and fails below,
And all thy flock across the channel go.
Thus on thy Mercy's silver-shining wing,
Through seas and streams thou wilt the nation bring,
And as the rooted trees securely stand.
So firmly plant it in the promis'd land;
Where for thyself thou wilt a place prepare,
And after-ages will thine altar rear,
There reign victorious in thy sacred feat,
Oh, Lord! for ever and for ever great.

Look where the tyrant was but lately seen,
The seas gave backward, and he ventur'd in:
In yonder gulph with haughty pomp he shew'd,
Here march'd his horsemen, there his chariots rode,
And when our God restor'd the floods again,
Ah, vainly strong! they perish'd in the main;
But Israel went a dry surprizing way,
Made safe by miracles, amidst the sea.

Here ceas'd the song, though not the Prophet's joy,
Which others hands and others tongues employ;
For still the lays, with warmth divine express'd,
Inflam'd his hearers to their inmost breast.
Then Miriam's notes the chorus sweetly raise,
And Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praise.
The moving sounds, like soft delicious wind,
That breath'd from paradise, a passage find,
Shed sympathies for odours as they rove,
And fan the risings of enkindled love.

O'er all the croud the thought inspiring flew,
 The women follow'd, with their timbrels too,
 And thus from Moses, where his strains arose,
 They catch'd a rapture, to perform the close.

We'll sing to God, we'll sing the songs of praise,
 To God triumphant in his wondrous ways,
 To God, whose glories in the seas excel,
 Where the proud horse and prouder rider fell.

Thus Israel, raptur'd with the pleasing thought,
 Of freedom wish'd, and wonderfully got,
 Made chearful thanks from every bank resound,
 Express'd by songs, improv'd in joy by sound.
 Oh, sacred Moses, each infusing line,
 That mov'd their gratitude, was part of thine;
 And still the Christians in thy numbers view,
 The type of Baptism, and of Heaven too,
 So souls from water rise to grace below,
 So saints from toil to praise and glory go.

Oh, grateful Miriam, in thy temper wrought,
 Too warm for silence, or inventing thought;
 Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er,
 In sweet response what Moses sung before.
 Thou ledst the public voice to join his lays,
 And words redoubling, well-redoubled praise.
 Receive thy title, prophetess was thine,
 When here thy practice shew'd thy form divine.
 The spirit thus approv'd, resign'd in will,
 The church bows down, and hears responses still.

Nor slightly suffer tuneful Jubal's name
 To miss his place among the sons of fame;

Whose

Whose sweet infusions could of old inspire
 The breathing organs, and the trembling lyre.
 Father of these on earth, whose gentle soul,
 By such engagements, could the mind control,
 If holy verses aught to music owe,
 Be that thy large account of thanks below :
 Whilst, then, the timbrels lively pleasure gave,
 And, now, whilst organs sound sedately grave.

My first attempt the finish'd course commends,
 Now, Fancy, flag not, as that subject ends,
 But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,
 Ascend harmonious in the next essay.

So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly ;
 She mounts, she warbles on the wind on high,
 She falls from thence, and seems to drop her wing,
 But, ere she lights to rest, remounts to sing.

It is not far the days have roll'd their years
 Before the second brighten'd work appears,
 It is not far, alas! the faulty cause,
 Which, from the Prophet, sad reflection draws ;
 Alas! that blessings in possession cloy,
 And peevish murmurs are prefer'd to joy ;
 That favour'd Israel could be faithless still,
 Or question God's protecting power or will,
 Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
 And long for Egypt and their bonds again.
 Scarce thrice the Sun since harden'd Pharaoh dy'd,
 As bridegrooms issue forth with glittering pride,
 Rejoicing rose, and let the nation see
 Three shining days of easy liberty,

Ere the mean fears of want, produc'd within,
Vain thought, replenish'd, with rebellious sin.

Oh look not, Israel, to thy former way ;
God cannot fail ; and either wait or pray.
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands,
Lot's hapless wife a strange example stands,
She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet resembling sin.
Then forward move thy camp, and forward still,
And let sweet mercy bend thy stubborn will.

At thy complaint, a branch in Marah cast,
With sweetening virtue mends the water's taste.
At thy complaint, the labouring tempest fails,
And drives before a wondrous shower of quails.
In tender grass the falling manna lies,
And Heaven itself the want of bread supplies.
The rock divided, flows upon the plain :
At thy complaint, and still thou wilt complain.
As, thus employ'd, thou went the Desert through,
Lo ! Sinai mount upreard its head to view.
Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rolling cloud,
Thine ears the trumpet shrill, the thunder loud,
The forky lightning shot in livid gleam,
The smok arose, the mountain all a flame
Quak'd to the Depths, and work'd with signs of awe,
While God descended to dispense the law.
Yet neither mercy, manifest in might,
Nor power in terrors could preserve thee right.

Provok'd with crimes of such an heinous kind
Almighty justice sware the doom design'd.

That

That they should never reach the promis'd feat,
And Moses greatly mourns their hasten'd fate.

I'll think him now retir'd to public care,
While night in pitchy plumes slides soft in air,
I'll think him giving what the guilty sleep,
To thoughts where sorrow glides, and numbers weep,
Sad thoughts of woes that reign where such prevail,
And man's short life, though not so short as frail.
Within this circle for his inward eyes,
He bids the fading low creation rise,
And strait the train of mimic senses brings
The dusky shapes of transitory things,
Through pensive shades, the visions seem to range,
They seem to flourish, and they seem to change;
A moon decreasing runs the silent sky,
And sickly birds on moulting feathers fly;
Men walking count their days of blessing o'er,
The blessings vanish, and the tale 's no more,
Still hours of nightly watches steal away,
Big waters roll, green blades of grass decay,
Then all the pensive shades, by just degrees,
Grow faint in prospect, and go off with these:
But while th' affecting notions pass along,
He chuses such as best adorn his song;
And thus with God the rising lays began,
God ever reigning, God compar'd with man:
And thus they move to man beneath his rod,
Man deeply sinning, man chastis'd by God.

Oh Lord! Oh Saviour! though thy chosen band
Have stay'd like strangers, in a foreign land,

Through number'd ages, which have run their race,
 Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place,
 Before the most exalted dust of earth,
 The stately mountains had receiv'd a birth,
 Before the pillars of the world were laid,
 Before the habitable parts were made;
 Thou wert their God, from thee their rise they drew,
 Thou great for ages, great for ever too.

Man (mortal creature) fram'd to feel decays,
 Thine unresisted power at pleasure sways;
 Thou say'st *return*, and parting souls obey,
 Thou say'st *return*, and bodies fall to clay.
 For what 's a thousand fleeting years with thee?
 Or time, compar'd with long eternity,
 Whose wings expanding infinitely vast
 O'erstretch its utmost ends of first and last;
 'Tis like those hours that lately saw the sun;
 He rose, and set, and all the day was done.
 Or like the watches which dread night divide,
 And while we slumber unregarded glide,
 When all the present seems a thing of nought,
 And past and future close to waking thought.
 As raging floods, when rivers swell with rain,
 Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain,
 So swift and strong thy wondrous might appears,
 So life is carried down the rolling years.
 As heavy sleep pursues the day's retreat,
 With dark, with silent, and unactive state,
 So life 's attended-on by certain doom,
 And death 's their rest; their resting-place, a tomb.

It

It quickly rises, and it quickly goes,
 And youth its morning, age its evening shews.
 Thus tender blades of grass, when beams diffuse,
 Rise from the pressure of their early dews.
 Point tow'rd the skies, their elevated spires,
 And proudly flourish, in their green attires,
 But soon (ah fading state of things below!)
 The scythe destructive mows the lovely shew,
 The rising sun thus saw their glories high;
 That sun descended, sees their glories die.

We still with more than common haste of fate
 Are doom'd to perish, in thy kindled hate.
 Our public sins for public justice call,
 And stand like marks, on which thy judgments fall;
 Our secret sins, that folly thought conceal'd,
 Are in thy light for punishment reveal'd.
 Beneath the terrors of thy wrath divine
 Our days unmix'd with happiness decline,
 Like empty stories, tedious, short, and vain,
 And never, never more recall'd again.
 Yet what were life, if to the longest date,
 Which we have nam'd a life, we backen'd fate,
 Alas, its most computed length appears,
 To reach the limits but of seventy years,
 And if by strength to fourscore years we go,
 That strength is labour, and that labour woe.
 Then will thy term expire, and thou must fly,
 Oh man! oh creature surely born to die!
 But who regards a truth so thoroughly known?
 Who dreads a wrath so manifestly shewn?

Who seems to fear it, though the danger vies,
 With any pitch to which our fear can rise:
 O teach us so to number all our days,
 That these reflections may correct our ways,
 That these may lead us from delusive dreams
 To walk in heavenly wisdom's golden beams.

Return, oh Lord: how long shall Israel sin?
 How long thine anger be preserv'd within?
 Before our time's irrevocably past,
 Be kind, be gracious, and return at last.
 Let favour soon dispens'd our souls employ,
 And still remember'd favour live in joy.
 Send years of comforts for our years of woes,
 Send these at least of equal length with those,
 Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring shine,
 With tender mercy (sweetest act divine);
 Bright rays of majesty serenely shed
 To rest in glories on the nation's head.
 Our future deeds with approbation bless,
 And in the giving them give us success.

Thus with forgiveness earnestly desir'd,
 Thus in the raptures of a bliss requir'd,
 The man of God concludes his sacred strain,
 Now sit and see the subject once again.
 See ghastly death, where desarts all around
 Spread forth the barren undelightful ground:
 There stalks the silent melancholy shade,
 His naked bones reclining on a spade;
 And thrice the spade with solemn sadness heaves,
 And thrice earth opens in the form of graves,

His

His gates of darkness gape, to take him in;
And where he soon would sink, he 's push'd by sin.

Poor mortals! here, your common picture know,
And with yourselves in this acquainted grow,
Through life, with airy, thoughtless pride you range,
And vainly glitter in the sphere of change,
A sphere where all things but for time remain,
Where no fix'd stars with endless glory reign.
But meteors only, short-liv'd meteors rise,
To shine, shoot down, and die beneath the skies.

There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
When man, the gilded vanity, descends;
When foreign force, or waste of inward heat,
Constrain the soul to leave its ancient seat;
When banish'd beauty from her empire flies,
And with a languish leaves the sparkling eyes;
When softening music and persuasion fail,
And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
When spirits stop their course, when nerves unbrace,
And outward action and perception cease;
'Tis then the poor deform'd remains shall be
That naked skeleton we seem'd to see.

Make this thy mirror, if thou would'st have bliss,
No flattering image shews itself in this;
But such as lays the lofty looks of pride,
And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;
But such as clears the cheats of error's den,
Whence magic mists surround the souls of men;
Whence self-delusion's trains adorn their flight,
As snow's fair feathers fleet to darken sight;

Then rest, and in the work of fancy spread,
 To gay-wav'd plumes for every mortal's head.
 These empty forms, when death appears, disperse
 Or melt in tears, upon its mournful hearse ;
 The sad reflection forces men to know,
 Life surely fails and swiftly flies below.
 Oh, lest thy folly lose the profit sought,
 Oh never touch it with a glancing thought,
 As men to glasses come, and straight withdraw,
 And straight forget what sort of face they saw :
 But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,
 And in the strength of this great truth be wise.
 If on the globe's dim side our senses stray,
 Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day :
 Death seems long sleep; and hopes of heavenly beams,
 Deceitful wishes, big with distant dreams ;
 But if our reason purge the carnal fight,
 And place its objects in their juster light,
 We change the side, from dreams on earth we move,
 And wake through death, to rising life above.

Here o'er my soul a solemn silence reigns,
 Preparing thought for new celestial strains,
 The former vanish off, the new begin,
 The solemn silence stands like night between,
 In whose dark bosom day departing lies,
 And day succeeding takes a lovely rise.
 But though the song be chang'd, be still the flame,
 And still the prophet, in my lines the same;
 With care renew'd, upon the children dwell,
 Whose sinful fathers in the desert fell,

With

With care renew'd if any care can do,
Ah! lest they sin, and lest they perish too.

Go seek for Moses at yon sacred tent,
On which the Presence makes a bright descent.
Behold the cloud, with radiant glory fair
Like a wreath'd pillar, curl itself in air!
Behold it hovering just above the door,
And Moses meekly kneeling on the floor.
But if the gazing turn thy edge of sight,
And darkness spring from unsupported light,
Then change the sense, be sight in hearing drown'd,
While these strange accents from the vision sound:

The time, my servant, is approaching nigh,
When thou shalt gather'd with thy fathers lie,
And soon thy nation, quite forgetful grown
Of all the glories which mine arm has shewn,
Shall through my covenant perversely break,
Despise my worship, and my name forsake,
By customs conquer'd, where to rule they go,
And serving gods that can't protect their foe.
Displeas'd at this, I'll turn my face aside
Till sharp Affliction's rod reduce their pride;
Till, brought to better mind, they seek relief,
By good confessions in the midst of grief.
Then write thy song, to stand a witness still
Of favours past, and of my future will,
For I their vain conceits before discern,
Then write thy song which Israel's sons shall learn.

As thus the wondrous voice its charge repeats,
The Prophet musing deep within repeats,

He

He seems to feel it on a streaming ray,
 Pierce through the soul enlightening all its way.
 And much obedient will, and free desire,
 And much his love of Jacob's seed inspire ;
 And much, Oh ! much above the warmth of those,
 The sacred spirit in his bosom glows,
 Majestic Notion seems decrees to nod,
 And holy Transport speaks the words of God.

He now returns, the finish'd roll he brings,
 Enrich'd with strains of past and future things ;
 The priests in order to the tent repair,
 The gather'd Tribes attend the elders there :
 Oh ! sacred Mercy's inexhausted store !
 Shall these have warning of their faults before,
 Shall these be told the recompenses due,
 Shall heaven and earth be call'd to witness too !
 Then still the tumult, if it will be so,
 Let fear, to lose a word, its caution shew ;
 Let close attention in dead calm appear,
 And softly, softly steal with silence near ;
 While Moses, rais'd above the listening throng,
 Pronounces thus in all their ears the Song :

Hear, Oh ye heavens, Creation's lofty show,
 Hear, Oh thou heaven-encompass'd earth below,
 As silver showers of gently dropping rain,
 As honey dews distilling on the plain,
 As rain, as dews, for tender grass design'd,
 So shall my speeches sink within the mind,
 So sweetly turn the soul's enlivening food,
 So fill and cherish hopeful seeds of good,

For

For now my numbers to the world abroad
Will loudly celebrate the name of God.

Ascribe, thou nation, every favour'd tribe,
Excelling greatness to the Lord ascribe,
The Lord ! the rock on whom we safely trust,
Whose work is perfect, and whose ways are just ;
The Lord ! whose promise stands for ever true
The Lord ! most righteous, and most holy too.

Ah, worse election ! Ah, the bonds of sin !
They chuse themselves, to take corruption in.
They stain their souls with Vice's deepest blots,
When only frailties are his children's spots.
Their thoughts, words, actions, all are run astray,
And none more crooked, more perverse, than they.

Say, rebel nation, and unwisely light,
Say, will thy folly thus the Lord requite ?
Or is he not the God who made thee free,
Whose mercy purchas'd and establish'd thee ?
Remember well the wondrous days of old,
The years of ages long before thee told,
Ask all thy fathers, who the truth will show,
Or ask thine elders, for thine elders know.

When the Most High with sceptre pointed down,
Described the Realms of each beginning crown,
When Adam's offspring providential care,
To people countries, scatter'd here and there ;
He to the limits of their lands confin'd,
That favour'd Israel has its part assign'd,
For Israel is the Lord's, and gains the place
Reserv'd for those, whom he would chuse to grace.

Him

Him in the desert, him his mercy found,
 Where famine dwells and howling deafs the ground,
 Where dread is felt by savage noise increast,
 Where solitude erects its seat on waste :
 And there he led him, and he taught him there,
 And safely kept him with a watchful care ;
 The tender apples of our heedful eye,
 Not more in guard, nor more securely lye.

And as an eagle, that attempts to bring
 Her unexperienc'd young to trust the wing,
 Stirs up her nest, and flutters o'er their heads,
 And all the forces of her pinions spreads,
 And takes and bears them on her plumes above,
 To give peculiar proof of royal love ;
 'Twas so the Lord, the gracious Lord alone,
 With kindness most peculiar, led his own ;
 As no strange God concurr'd to make him free,
 So none had power to lead him through but he.
 To lands excell'g lands and planted high,
 That boasts the kindest influencing sky,
 He brought, he bore him, on the wings of Grace,
 To taste the plenties of the ground's increase ;
 Sweet dropping honey from the rocky soil,
 From flinty rocks the smoothly flowing oil,
 The gilded butter from the stately kine,
 The milk with which the duggs of sheep decline,
 The marrow fatness of the tender lambs,
 The bulky breed of Basan's goats and rams ;
 The finest flowery wheat that crowns the plain
 Distends its husk, and loads the blade with grain,

And still he drank from ripe delicious heaps
 Of clusters press'd, the purest blood of grapes.
 But thou art wanton, fat, and kickest now,
 Oh, well directed, Oh, Jeshuron thou :
 Thou soon wert fat, thy sides were thickly grown,
 Thy fatness deeply cover'd every bone ;
 Then wanton fulness vain Oblivion brought,
 And God, that made and fav'd thee, was forgot ;
 While gods of foreign lands, and rites abhor'd,
 To jealousies and anger mov'd the Lord ;
 While gods thy fathers never knew were own'd,
 And fiends themselves with sacrifice aton'd.
 Oh ! fools, unmindful whence your order'd frame,
 And whence your life-infusing spirit came ;
 Such strange corruptions could his hate provoke,
 And thus their fate his indignation spoke :

It is decreed, I 'll hide my face, and see,
 When I forsake them, what their end shall be ;
 For they 're a froward, very froward train,
 They promise duty, but return disdain.
 Within my soul they 've rais'd a jealous flame,
 By new-nam'd gods, and only gods in name ;
 They make the burnings of my anger glow,
 By guilty vanity's displeasing show ;
 I 'll also teach their jealousy to fret,
 At such as are not form'd a people yet,
 I 'll make their anger vex their inward breast,
 When such as have not known my laws are blest.
 A fire, a fire that nothing can assuage,
 Is kindled in the fierceness of my rage,

To burn the depths, consume the land's increase,
 And on the mountains' strong foundation's seize,
 Thick heaps of mischief on their heads I send,
 And all mine arrows, wing'd with fury, spend;
 Slow-parching death, and pestilential heat,
 Shall bring the bitter pangs of lingering Fate.
 The teeth of beasts shall swift destruction bring,
 The serpents wound them with invenom'd sting,
 The sword without, and dread within, consume
 The youth and virgin, in their lovely bloom,
 Weak tender infancy, by suckling fed,
 And helpless age, with hoary frosted head.
 I said I'd scatter all the sinful race,
 I said I'd make its meer remembrance cease,
 But that I fear'd the foe's unruly pride,
 Their glory vaunted, and their power deny'd,
 While thus they boast, our arm has shewn us brave,
 And God did nothing, for he could not save.
 So fond their thoughts are, so remote of sense,
 And blind in every course of Providence.
 O did they know to what my judgments tend!
 O would they ponder on their latter end!
 They soon would find, that when upon the field
 One makes a thousand, two, ten thousand yield.
 The Lord of Hosts has fold a rebel state
 And sure inclos'd it in the nets of Fate.
 For what's another's rock compar'd with ours,
 Let them be judges that have prov'd their powers,
 That on their own have vainly call'd for aid,
 While ours to freedom and to glory led.

Their

Their vine, indeed, may seem to flourish fair,
 But yet it grows in Sodom's tainted air,
 It sucks corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
 And galls for grapes in bitter clusters yields.
 And poison sheds for wine, like that which comes
 From asps, and dragons death-infected gums.
 And are not these their hateful sins reveal'd,
 And in my treasures for my justice seal'd?
 To me the province of revenge belongs,
 To me the certain recompence of wrongs,
 Their feet shall totter in appointed time,
 And threatening danger overtake their crime;
 For, wing'd with feather'd haste, the minutes fly
 To bring those things that must afflict them nigh.
 The Lord will judge his own, and bring them low,
 And then repent, and turn upon the foe.
 And when the judgments from his own remove
 Will thus the foe convincingly reprove.
 Where are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain
 Your offerings have been made, your victims slain?
 Let them arise, let them afford their aid,
 And with protection's shield surround your head.
 Know then your Maker, I the Lord am he,
 Nor ever was there any God with me,
 And death, or life, or wounds, or health, I give,
 Nor can another from my power relieve.
 With solemn state I lift my arm on high,
 Above the glories of the lofty sky:
 And by myself majestically swear,
 I live for ever, and for ever there.

If in my rage the glittering sword I whet;
 And, sternly sitting, take the judgment-seat,
 My just awarding sentence dooms my foe,
 And vengeance wields the blade, and gives the blow,
 And deep in flesh the blade of fury bites,
 And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,
 And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in sin,
 When executions of revenge begin.

Then let his nation in a common voice,
 And with his nation let the world rejoice:
 For whether he for crimes or trials spill
 His servants blood, he will avenge it still;
 He 'll break the troops, he 'll scatter them afar,
 Who vex our realm with desolating war.
 And on the favour'd tribes and on the land,
 Shed victories and peace, from Mercy's hand.

Here ceas'd the song, and Israel look'd behind,
 And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
 And fix'd in silence and amazement saw
 The strokes of all their state beneath the law.
 Their recollection does its light present
 To shew the mountain blest'd with God's descent,
 To shew their wanderings, their unfix'd abode,
 And all their guidance in the desert road.
 Then where the beams of recollection go
 To leave the fancy dispossess'd of show,
 The fairer light of prophecy's begun,
 Which, opening future days, supplies their sun,
 By such a sun (and fancy needs no more)
 They see the coming times, and walk them o'er,

And

And now they gain that rest their travail sought,
 Now milk and honey stream along the thought.
 Anon they feel their souls the blessing cloy,
 And God's forgot in full excess of joy.
 And oft they sin, and oft his anger burns,
 And every nation's made their scourge by turns,
 Till, oft repenting, they convert to God,
 And he, repenting too, destroys the rod.

O nation timely warn'd in sacred strain,
 O never let thy Moses sing in vain!
 Dare to be good, and happiness prolong,
 Or, if thy folly will fulfil the song,
 At least be found the seldomer in ill,
 And still repent, and soon repent thee still;
 When such fair paths thou shalt avoid to tread,
 Thy blood will rest upon thy sinful head;
 Thy crime, by lasting, will secure thy foe,
 The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,
 And all the world, that's call'd to witness here,
 Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.
 The Gentile world, a mystic Israel grown,
 Will in thy first condition find their own,
 A God's descent, a pilgrimage below,
 And promis'd rest where living waters flow.
 They'll see the pen, describe in every trace
 The frowns of anger, or the smiles of grace;
 Why mercy turns aside, and leave to shine,
 What cause provokes the jealousy divine;
 Why justice kindles dire avenging flames,
 What endless power the lifted arm proclaims;

Why mercy shines again with chearful ray,
 And glory double-gilds the lightsome day.
 Though nations change, and Israel's empire dies,
 Yet still the case on earth again may rise;
 Eternal Providence its rule retains,

And still preserves, and still applies the strains.

'Twas such a gift, the Prophet's sacred pen,

On his departure, left the sons of men;

Thus he, and thus the swan her breath resigns,

(Within the beauty of poetic lines,)

He white with innocence, his figure she,

And both harmonious, but the sweeter he.

Death learns to charm, and, while it leads to bliss,

Has found a lovely circumstance in this,

To suit the meekest turn of easy mind,

And actions chearful in an air resign'd.

Thou flock whom Moses to thy freedom led,

How wilt thou lay the venerable dead?

Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew)

Go build a pyramid to Glory due,

Square the broad base, with sloping sides arise,

And let the point diminish in the skies.

There leave the corpse, impending o'er his head

The wand whose motion winds and waves obey'd,

On sable banners to the sight describe

The painted arms of every mourning tribe.

And thus may public grief adorn the tomb,

Deep-streaming downwards through the vaulted room.

On the black stone a fair inscription raise,

That sums his government to speak his praise,

And

And may the stile as brightly worth proclaim
 As if affection, with a pointed beam,
 Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or honour due
 Had with itself inlaid the tablet through.

But stop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
 For God will grace him in a nobler way.
 Mine eyes perceive an orb of heavenly state,
 With splendid forms and light serene replete;
 I hear the sound of fluttering wings in air,
 I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
 They fly, they bear, they rest on Nebo's head,
 And in thick glory wrap the reverend dead;
 This errand crowns his songs, and tends to prove
 His near communion with the Quire above.
 Now swiftly down the steepy mount they go,
 Now swiftly glides their shining orb below,
 And now moves off, where rising grounds deny
 To spread their valley to the distant eye.
 Ye bless'd inhabitants of glittering air,
 You've borne the Prophet, but we know not where.
 Perhaps, lest Israel, over-fondly led,
 In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
 Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
 Make him their idol, and his grave the shrine.
 But what disorder? what repels the light?
 And ere its season forces on the night?
 Why sweep the spectres o'er the blasted ground?
 What shakes the mount with hollow-roaring sound?
 Hell rolls beneath it, terror stalks before
 With shrieks and groans, and horror bursts a door;

And Satan rises in infernal state,
 Drawn up by malice, envy, rage, and hate,
 A darkening vapour with sulphureous steam,
 In pitchy curlings edg'd by sullen flame,
 And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
 Drives whirling up on mad Confusion's storm.

Then fiercely burning where the Prophet dy'd,
 Nor shall thy nation scape my wrath, he cry'd;
 This corpse I'll enter and thy flock mislead,
 And all thy miracles my lies shall aid.
 But where?—He's gone, and, by the scented sky,
 The favourite courtiers have been lately nigh;
 Oh, flow to business, curs'd in mischief's hour,
 Trace on their odours, and if hell has power—
 This said, with spite and with a bent for ill,
 He shot with fury from the trembling hill.

In vain, proud fiend, thy threats are half express'd,
 And half lie choaking in thy scornful breast,
 His shining bearers have perform'd their rite,
 And laid him softly down in shades of night,
 A warrior heads the band, great Michael he,
 Renown'd for victories in wars with thee,
 A sword of flame to stop thy course he bears,
 Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy snares;
 The Lord rebuke thy pride! he meekly cries:
 The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.

Here Moses leaves my song, the tribes retire,
 The desert flies, and forty years expire;
 And now, my fancy, for a while be still,
 And think of coming down from Nebo's hill.

Go search among thy forms, and thence prepare
 A cloud in folds of soft surrounding air !
 Go find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
 To waft thee gently-rock'd in open sky,
 Then stealing back to leave a silent calm,
 And thee reposing in a grove of palm,
 The place will suit my next succeeding strain,
 And I'll awake thee soon to sing again.

D E B O R A H .

TIME, fire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,
 And still the past recall to present view,
 Spread forth thy circles, swiftly gaze them o'er,
 But where an action 's nobly sung before,
 There stop and stay for me, whose thoughts design
 To make another 's song resound in mine.
 Pass where the priest's procession bore the law,
 When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe,
 While Israel march'd upon the naked sand,
 Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land;
 Slide through the numerous fates of Canaan's kings,
 While conquests rode on Expedition's wings,
 Glance over Israel at a single view,
 In bondage oft and oft unbound anew,
 Till Jabin rise, and Deborah stand enroll'd,
 Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.

Oh, king subdued! Oh, woman born to fame!
 Oh, wake my fancy for the glorious theme;

Oh, wake my fancy with the sense of praise,
 Oh, wake with warblings of triumphant lays.
 The land you rise-in sultry suns invade ;
 But, when you rise to sing, you 'll find a shade.
 Those trees in order, and with verdure crown'd,
 The sacred prophets's tent surround,
 And that fair palm a front exactly plac'd,
 That overtops and overspreads the rest,
 Near the firm root a mossy bank supports,
 Where Justice opens unexpensive courts :
 There Deborah sits, the willing tribes repair,
 Refer their causes, and she judges there ;
 Nor needs a guard to bring her subjects in,
 Each Grace, each Virtue, proves a guard unseen ;
 Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,
 While great Opinion gives effectual awe.

Now twenty years, that roll'd in heavy pain,
 Saw Jabin gall them with Oppression's chain,
 When she, submissive to Divine Command,
 Proclaims a war for Freedom o'er the land,
 And bids young Barack with those men descend,
 Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd.
 Go, says the Prophets, thy foes assail,
 Go make ten thousand over all prevail :
 Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged sword,
 Make all his army, God has spoke the word.
 He, fit for war and Israel's hope in fight,
 Yet doubts the numbers, and by that the fight ;
 Then thus replies with wish to stand secure,
 Or eager thought to know the conquest sure ;

Belov'd

Belov'd of God, lend thou thy presence too,
 And I with gladness lead th' appointed few ;
 But, if thou wilt not, let thy son deny,
 For what's ten thousand men, or what am I ?
 If so, she cries, a share of toil be mine,
 Another share, and some dishonour thine ;
 For God, to punish doubt, resolves to shew
 That less than numbers can suppress his foe ;
 You 'll move to conquer, and the foes to yield,
 But 'tis a woman's act secures the field.

Now seem the warriors in their ranks assign'd,
 Now furling banners flutter in the wind :
 Her words encourage, and his actions lead,
 Hope spurs them forward, Valour draws the blade ;
 And Freedom, like a fair reward for all,
 Stands reaching forth her hands, and seems to call.

On t' other side, and almost o'er the plain,
 Proud Sisera, Jabin's captain, brings his men,
 As thick as locusts on the vintage fly,
 As thick as scatter'd leaves in Autumn lye,
 Bold with success against a nation try'd,
 And proud of numbers, and secure in pride.

Now sounds the trumpet, now my fancy warms,
 And now methinks I view their toils in arms,
 The lively phantoms tread my boundless mind,
 And no faint colours or weak strokes design'd:
 See where in distant conquest from afar,
 The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war;
 See where the lines with closer force engage,
 And thrust the spear, and whirl the sword of rage ;

Here break the files, and vainly strive to close,
 There on their own repell'd assist their foes.
 Here Deborah calls, and Jabin's soldiers fly,
 There Barack fights and Jabin's soldiers dye.
 But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
 Expert their guiders and their horses strong;
 And Terrour, rattling in their fierce array,
 Bears down on Israel to restore the day.
 Oh, Lord of battle, Oh, the danger 's near!
 Assist thine Israel, or they perish here.
 How swift is Mercy's aid, behold it fly
 On rushing tempests through the troubled sky;
 With dashing rain, with pelting hail they blow,
 And sharply drive them on the facing foe.
 Thus bless'd with help, and only touch'd behind,
 The favourite nation presses in the wind.
 But heat of action now disturbs the fight,
 And wild confusion mingles all the fight;
 Cold-whistling winds, and shrieks of dying men,
 And groans and armour, found in all the plain.
 The bands of Canaan fate no longer dare,
 Oppress'd by weather and destroy'd by war;
 And, from his chariot whence he rul'd the fight,
 Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight.
 See where he flies, and see the victor near;
 See rapid conquest in pursuit of fear.
 See, see, they both make off, the work is o'er,
 And fancy clear'd of vision as before.
 Thus (if the mind of man may seem to move
 With some resemblance of the skies above)

When

When wars are gathering in our hearts below,
We've seen their battles in ethereal show:
The long distended tracts of opening sky,
The phantoms azure field of fight supply;
The whitish clouds an argent armor yield,
A radiant blazon gilds their argent shield;
Young glittering comets point the level'd spear,
Which for their pennons hang their flaming hair,
And o'er the helms for gallant glory drest
Sit curls of air, and nod upon the crest.

Thus arm'd, they seem to march, and seem to fight,
And seeming wounds of death delude the fight,
The ruddy thunder-clouds look stain'd with gore,
And for the din of war within they roar.

Then flies aside, and then aside pursues,
Till in their motion all their shapes they loose,
Dispersing air concludes the mimic scene,
The sky shuts up, and swiftly clears again.

But does their Sisera share the common fate,
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?
With such enquiry near the palm repair,
Victorious Honour knows and tells it there.

To that fair type of Israel's late success,
Which nobly rises as its weights depress,
To that fair type returns the joyful band,
Whose courage rose to free their groaning land;
There stands the leader in the pomp of arms,
There stands the judge in Beauty's awful charms;
And whilst, reclin'd upon the resting spear,
He pants with chace and breathes in calmer air

Her thoughts are working with a backward view,
 And would in song the great exploit renew.
 She sees an arm'd oppression's hundred hands
 Impose its fetters on the promis'd lands.
 She sees their nation struggling in the chains,
 And wars arising with unequal trains.
 She sees their fate in arms, the field imbrued,
 The foe disorder'd, and the foe pursued,
 Till Conquest, drest in rays of glory, come
 With peace and freedom, brought in triumph home.
 Then round her heart a beamy gladness plays,
 Which, darting forward, thus converts to praise.

For Israel's late avengings on the foe
 When led by no compelling power below,
 When each spring forward of their own accord,
 For this, for all the mercy, praise the Lord.

Hear, O ye kings; ye neighbouring princes, hear;
 My song triumphant shall instruct your fear:
 My song triumphant bids your glory bow,
 To God confess'd, the God of Jacob now.

O glorious Lord! when, with thy sovereign hand,
 Thou led'st the nation off from Edom's land,
 Then trembled earth, and shook the heavens on high,
 And clouds in drops forsook the melted sky,
 With tumbling waters, hills were heard to roar,
 And felt such shocks as Sinai felt before.
 But fear abating, which by time decays,
 The kings of Canaan rose in Shamgar's days,
 And still continued ev'n in Jael's times,
 Their empire fixing with successful crimes.

Oppression

Oppression ravag'd all our lost abodes,
 Nor dare the people trust the common roads ;
 But paths perplex'd and unfrequented chose,
 To shun the danger of perplexing foes.
 Thus direful was deform'd the country round,
 Unpeopled towns, and disimprov'd the ground.
 Till I, resolving in the gap to stand,
 I Deborah rose a mother of the land,
 Where others, slaves by settled custom grown,
 Could serve, and chuse to serve, the Gods unknown ;
 Where others suffer'd with a tame regret,
 Destruction spilling blood in every gate,
 And forty thousand had not for the field
 One spear offensive, or defensive shield.

O towards the leaders of my nation move,
 O beat my warming heart with sense of love,
 Commend th' asserters on their own accord,
 And bless the sovereign causer, biefs the Lord.

Speak ye, that ride with power return'd in state,
 Speak ye the praise, that rule the judgment-seat,
 Speak ye the praise to God, that walk the roads,
 While safety brings you to restor'd abodes.

The rescued villagers, no more afraid
 Of archers lurking in the faithless shade,
 And sudden death convey'd from sounding strings,
 Shall safe approach the water's rising springs ;
 And, while their turns of drawing there they wait,
 Loitering in ease upon a mossy seat,
 Call all the blessings of the Lord to mind,
 And sing the Lord in all the blessings kind.

The townsmen rescued from the tyrant's reign
 Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again,
 See justice in the gates the balance bear,
 And none but her unsheath a weapon there.

Awake, O Deborah, O awake to praise,
 Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays.
 Arise, O Barack, be thy pomp begun,
 Lead on thy triumph thou Abinoam's son;
 Thy captives bound in chains, when God's decree
 Made humbled princes stoop their necks to thee,
 When he, the giver of success in fight,
 Advanc'd a woman o'er the sons of might.

Against this Amaleck, of banded foes,
 I Deborah, root of all the war, arose,
 From Ephraim sprung, and leading Ephraim's line;
 The next in rising, Benjamin, was thine.
 The ruling heads of half Manasseh's land,
 To serve in danger, left their safe command.
 The tribe of Zebulon's unactive men
 For glorious arms forsook the peaceful pen.
 The Lords of Issachar with Deborah went,
 The tribe with Barack to the vale was sent,
 Where he on foot perform'd the general's part,
 And shar'd the soldier's toil to raise their heart.

But Reuben's strange divisions justly wrought
 Amongst his brethren deep concern of thought.
 Ah! while the nation in affliction lay,
 How could'st thou, Reuben, by the sheepfolds stay?
 And let thy bleating flock divert thy days
 That idly pass'd thee with inglorious ease.

Divided

Divided tribe, without thy dangers free,
 Deep were the searchings of our heart for thee.
 Our Gilead too, by such example sway'd,
 With unconcern beyond the river stay'd,
 And Dan in ships at sea for safety rode,
 And frighten'd Asher in its rock's abode.

Now sing the field, the feats of war begun,
 And praise thy Napthali with Zebulun,
 To deaths expos'd, in posts advanc'd they stood
 With souls resolv'd, and gallant rage of blood.
 Then came the kings and fought, the gather'd kings
 By waters streaming from Megiddo's springs;
 In Taanach vale sustain'd the daring toil,
 Yet neither fought for pay, nor won the spoil.
 The skies, indulgent in the cause of right,
 On Israel's side, against their army fight,
 In evil aspects, stars and planets range,
 And by the weather in tempestuous change
 Promote the dire distress, and make it known
 That God has Hosts above to save his own.
 The Kishon swell'd, grew rapid as they fled,
 And roll'd them sinking down its sandy bed.
 O river Kishon, river of renown!
 And, O my soul, that trod their glory down!
 The stony paths, by which disorder'd flight
 Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
 With rugged points their horses hoofs distress'd,
 And broke them prancing in impetuous haste.
 Curse, curse ye Meroz, curse the town abhorr'd,
 (So spake the glorious angel of the Lord)

For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,
 To join that side on which the Lord declar'd.
 But bless ye Jael, be the Kenite's name
 Above our women's bless'd in endless fame.
 The captain, faint with sore fatigue of flight,
 Implor'd for water to support his might,
 And milk she pour'd him, while he water sought,
 And in her lordly dish her butter brought.
 With courage well-deserving to prevail,
 One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
 And him, reclin'd to sleep, she boldly slew,
 She smote, she pierc'd, she struck the temples through.
 Before her feet, reluctant on the clay,
 He bow'd, he fell; he bow'd, he fell, he lay;
 He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By such degrees
 As thrice she struck, each stroke's effect she sees.

His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes;
 And, grown impatient, through the lattice cries
 Why moves the chariot of my son so slow?
 Or what affairs retard his coming so?
 Her Ladies answer'd—but she would not stay,
 (For pride had taught what flattery meant to say)
 They've sped, she says, and now the prey they share,
 For each a damsel, or a lovely pair,
 For Sisera's part a robe of gallant grace,
 Where diverse colours rich embroidery trace,
 Meet for the necks of those who in the spoil
 When triumph offers its reward for toil.

Thus perish all whom God's decrees oppose,
 Thus, like the vanquish'd, perish all thy foes,

But let the men that in thy name delight
 Be like the sun in heavenly glory bright.
 When mounted on the dawn he posts away,
 And with full strength encreases on the day.
 'Twas here the Prophets respir'd from song,
 Then loudly shouted all the chearful throng,
 By freedom gain'd, by victory complete,
 Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
 The frowns of sorrow gave their ancient place
 To pleasure, drawn in smiles of every face.
 The groans of slavery were no longer wrung,
 But thoughts of comfort from the blessing sprung.
 And as they shouted from the breezy west,
 Amongst the plumes that deck the singer's crest,
 The spirit of applause itself convey'd
 On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd:
 Such was the case (or such ideas flow,
 From thought replenish'd with triumphant show).
 What rais'd their joy their love could also raise,
 And each contended in the words of praise,
 And every word proclaim'd the wonders past,
 And God was still the first, and still the last;
 Deep in their souls the fair impresson lay,
 Deep-trac'd, and never to be worn away.

From hence the rescued generation still
 Abhor'd the practice of rebellious ill,
 And fear'd the punishment for ill abhor'd,
 And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.

From hence in all their days the Lord was kind,
 His face serene with settled favour shin'd,

Fair banish'd Order was recall'd in state,
 The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate,
 Peace cheer'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with Peace,
 Gay-blooming Plenty rose with large increase,
 Sweet Mercy those who thought on mercy blest,
 And so for forty years the land had rest.

Rest, happy land, a while; ah longer so,
 Didst thou thine happiness sincerely know!
 But soon thy quiet with thy goodness past,
 And in the song alone obtain'd to last.

Live, song triumphant, live in fair record,
 And teach succeeding times to fear the Lord;
 For fancy moves by bright example woo'd,
 And wins the mind with images of good.
 Touch'd with a sacred rage and heavenly flame,
 I strive to sing thine universal aim.

To quit the subject, and in lays sublime,
 The moral fit for any point of time.
 Then go, my verses, with applying strain,
 Go form a triumph not ascrib'd to men.

Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,
 And storms of trouble drive along the sky,
 Then humble Piety thine accents raise,
 For prayer will prove the powerful charm of ease.

Lo, now my soul has spoke its best desires,
 How blessings answer what the prayer requires!
 Before thy sighs the clouds of grief retreat,
 The storms of trouble by thy tears abate,
 And radiant glory, from her upper sphere,
 Looks down and glitters in relented air.

Rise, lovely Piety, from earthy bed,
 The parted flame descends upon thine head,
 This wondrous Mitre, fram'd by sacred love,
 And for thy triumph sent thee from above,
 In two bright points with upper rays aspires,
 And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
 Rise, lovely Piety, with pomp appear,
 And thou, kind Mercy, lend thy chariot here;
 On either side, fair Fame and Honour place,
 Behind let Plenty walk in hand with Peace;
 While Irreligion, muttering horrid sound,
 With fierce and proud Oppression backward bound,
 Drag by the wheels along the dusty plain,
 And gnashing lick the ground, and curse with pain.

Now come, ye thousands, and more thousands yet,
 With order join to fill the train of state,
 Souls tun'd for praising to the temple bring,
 And thus amidst the sacred music sing:
 Hail, Piety! triumphant goodness, hail!
 Hail, O prevailing, ever O prevail!
 At thine entreaty, Justice leaves to frown,
 And wrath appeasing lays the thunder down;
 The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,
 Love asks a blessing, and the Lord returns.
 In his great name that heaven and earth has made,
 In his great name alone we find our aid;
 Then bless the Name, and let the world adore,
 From this time forward, and for evermore.

H A N N A H.

NOW crouds move off, retiring trumpets found,
 On echoes dying in their last rebound;
 The notes of fancy seem no longer strong,
 But sweetening closes fit a private song.
 So when the storms forsake the sea's command,
 To break their forces in the winding land,
 No more their blasts tumultuous rage proclaim,
 But sweep in murmurs o'er a murmuring stream.

Then seek the subject, and its song be mine,
 Whose numbers, mixt in sacred story, shine:
 Go, brightly-working thought, prepar'd to fly,
 Above the page on hovering pinions lye,
 And beat with stronger force, to make thee rise
 Where beauteous Hannah meets the searching eyes.

There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords,
 The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's.
 Carv'd pillars, filleted with silver, rear,
 To close the curtains in an outward square,
 But those within it, which the porch uphold,
 Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold.

Here Eli comes to take the resting-seat,
 Slow moving forward with a reverend gait:
 Sacred in office, venerably sage,
 And venerably great in silver'd age.
 Here Hannah comes, a melancholy wife,
 Reproach'd for barren in the marriage-life;

Like

Like summer mornings she to light appears,
 Bedew'd and shining in the midst of tears.
 Her heart in bitterness of grief she bow'd,
 And thus her wishes to the Lord she vow'd :
 If thou thine handmaid with compassion see,
 If I, my God ! am not forgot by thee ;
 If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,
 The child I wish for all his days be thine ;
 His life devoted, in thy courts be led,
 And not a razor come upon his head.

So, from recesses of her inmost soul,
 Through moving lips her still devotion stole :
 As silent waters glide through parted trees,
 Whose branches tremble with a rising breeze.
 The words were lost because her heart was low,
 But free desire had taught the mouth to go ;
 This Eli mark'd, and, with a voice severe,
 While yet she multiply'd her thoughts in prayer,
 How long shall wine, he cries, distract thy breast ?
 Be gone, and lay the drunken fit by rest.

Ah ! says the mourner, count not this for sin,
 It is not wine, but grief, that works within ;
 The spirit of thy wretched hand-maid know,
 Her prayer 's complaint, and her condition woe.
 Then spake the sacred priest, in peace depart,
 And with thy comfort God fulfil thine heart !
 His blessing thus pronounc'd with awful sound,
 The votary bending leaves the solemn ground,
 She seems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
 And chearful hope the tears of trouble dries,

And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll,
With joy that dawns in thought upon the soul.

Now let the town, and tent, and court remain,
And leap the time till Hannah comes again.

As painted prospects skip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently seen,
And leave their intervals that sink below,
In deep retreat, and unexpress'd to show.

Behold! she comes (but not as once she came,
To grieve, to sigh, and teach her eyes to stream);
Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look, and smiling kind of grace;
Her little Samuel in her arms she bears,
The wish of long desire, and child of prayers;
And as the sacrifice she brought begun,
To reverend Eli she presents her son.

Here, cries the mother, here my Lord may see
The woman come, who pray'd in grief by thee:
The child I sued for, God in bounty gave;
And what he granted, let him now receive.

But still the votary feels her temper move,
With all the tender violence of love,
That still enjoys the gift, and inly burns
To search for larger, or for more returns.
Then, fill'd with blessings which allure to praise,
And rais'd by joy to soul-enchancing lays,
Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,
In sweet effusions of the grateful mind:
My lifting heart, with more than common heat,
Sends up its thanks to God on every beat,

My glory, rais'd above the reach of scorn,
 To God exalts its highly-planted horn;
 My mouth enlarg'd, mine enemies defies,
 And finds in God's salvation full replies.
 Oh, bright in holy beauty's power divine,
 There 's none whose glory can compare with thine!
 None share thine honours, nay, there's none beside,
 No rock on which thy creatures can confide.

Ye proud in spirits, who your gift adore,
 Unlearn the faults, and speak with pride no more;
 No more your words in arrogance be shown,
 Nor call the works of Providence your own,
 Since he that rules us infinitely knows,
 And, as he wills, his acts of power dispose.

The strong, whose sinewy forces arch'd the bow,
 Have seen it shatter'd by the conquering foe;
 The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
 And new-sprung vigour in the limbs encrease.
 The Full, whom vary'd tastes of plenty fed,
 Have let their labour out to gain their bread.
 The Poor, that languish'd in a starving state,
 Content and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat.
 The Barren Womb, no longer barren now,
 (Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow!)
 In pleasure wonders at a mother's pain,
 And sees her offspring, and conceives again;
 While she that glory'd in her numerous heirs,
 Now broke by feebleness, no longer bears.

Such turns their rising from the Lord derive,
 The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive;

He brings by sickness down to gaping graves,
 And, by restoring health, from sickness saves.
 He makes the Poor by keeping back his store,
 And makes the Rich by blessing men with more ;
 He sinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
 Or lifts them bounding with enliven'd joys.

He takes the Beggar from his humble clay,
 From off the dunghill where despis'd he lay,
 To mix with Princes in a rank supreme,
 Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame :
 For all the pillars of exalted state,
 So nobly firm so beautifully great,
 Whose various orders bear the rounded ball,
 Which would without them to confusion fall,
 All are the Lord's, at his disposal stand,
 And prop the govern'd world at his command.

His mercy, still more wonderfully sweet,
 Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet,
 While, through the darkness of the wicked soul,
 Amazement, dread, and desperation roll ;
 While envy stops their tongues, and hopeless grief,
 That sees their fears, but not their fears relief.
 And they their strength as unavailing view,
 Since none shall trust in that and safety too.

The foes of Israel, for his Israel's sake,
 God will to pieces in his anger break ;
 His bolts of thunder, from an open'd sky,
 Shall on their heads, with force unerring, fly.
 His voice shall call, and all the world shall hear,
 And all for sentence at his seat appear.

But

But mount to gentler praises, mount again,
 My thoughts, prophetic of Messiah's reign;
 Perceive the glories which around him shine,
 And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.

'Tis here the numbers find a bright repose,
 The vows accepted, and the votary goes.
 But thou, my soul, upon her accents hung,
 And sweetly pleas'd with what she sweetly sung,
 Prolong the pleasure with thine inward eyes,
 Turn back thy thoughts, and see the subject rise.

In her peculiar case, the song begun,
 And for a while through private blessings run,
 As through their banks the curling waters play,
 And soft in murmurs kiss the flowery way,
 With force encreasing then she leaps the bounds,
 And largely flows on more extended grounds;
 Spreads wide and wider, till vast seas appear,
 And boundless views of Providence are here.
 How swift these views along her anthem glide,
 As waves on waves push forward in the tide!
 How swift thy wonders o'er my fancy sweep,
 O Providence, thou great unfathom'd deep!
 Where Resignation gently dips the wing,
 And learns to love and thank, admire and sing;
 But bold presumptuous reasonings, diving down
 To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.

Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,
 Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praise,
 But from himself his happiness derives,
 And thanks his wisdom, when by thine he thrives;

His limbs at ease in soft repose he spreads,
 Bewitch'd with vain delights, on flowery beds ;
 And, while his sense the fragrant breezes kifs,
 He meditates a waking dream of blifs ;
 He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near ;
 He thinks of glories, and their rays appear ;
 He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face
 Serenely smiles in every taking grace ;
 He thinks of riches, and their heaps arise,
 Display their glittering forms, and fix his eyes ;
 Thus drawn with pleasures in a charming view,
 Rising he reaches, and would fain pursue.
 But still the fleeting shadows mock his care,
 And still his fingers grasp at yielding air ;
 Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,
 It is not man's to take, but God's to grant.
 If then, persisting in the vain design,
 We look for blifs without an help divine,
 We still may search, and search without relief,
 Nor only want a blifs, but find a grief.
 That such conviction may to sight appear,
 Sit down, ye sons of men, spectators here ;
 Behold a scene upon your folly wrought,
 And let this lively scene instruct the thought.

Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble rise,
 Then cast it off to float upon the skies ;
 Still swell its sides with breath—O beauteous frame !
 It grows, it shines : be now the world thy name !
 Methinks creation forms itself within,
 The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, are seen ;

The skies above present an azure show,
And lovely verdure paints an earth below.
I'll wind myself in this delightful sphere,
And live a thousand years of pleasure there;
Roll'd up in blisses, which around me close,
And now regal'd with these, and now with those.
False hope, but falser words of joy, farewell,
You've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell,
My bubbles burst, my prospects disappear,
And leave behind a moral and a tear.
If at the type our dreaming souls awake,
And Hannah's strains their just impression make,
The boundless power of Providence we know,
And fix our trust on nothing here below.
Then he, grown pleas'd that men his greatness own,
Looks down serenely from his starry throne,
And bids the blessed days our prayers have won
Put on their glories, and prepare to run.
For which our thanks be justly sent above,
Enlarg'd by gladness, and inspir'd with love:
For which his praises be for ever sung,
O sweet employment of the grateful tongue!
Burst forth, my temper, in a godly flame,
For all his blessings laud his holy name:
That, ere mine eyes saluted chearful day,
A gift devoted in the womb I lay,
Like Samuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,
O could I prove in life like Samuel too!
That all my frame is exquisitely wrought,
The world enjoy'd by sense, and God by thought;
That

That living streams through living channels glide,
 To make this frame by Nature's course abide ;
 That, for its good, by Providence's care,
 Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air ;
 That Mercy's ever-inexhausted store
 Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promise more ;
 And all the proffers stream with grace divine,
 And all the promises with glory shine.
 O praise the Lord, my soul, in one accord,
 Let all that is within me praise the Lord ;
 O praise the Lord, my soul, and ever strive
 To keep the sweet remembrances alive.
 Still raise the kind affections of thine heart,
 Raise every grateful word to bear a part,
 With every word the strains of love devise,
 Awake thine harp, and thou thyself arise ;
 Then, if his Mercy be not half express'd,
 Let wondering Silence magnify the rest.

D A V I D.

MY thought, on views of admiration hung,
 Intently ravish'd, and depriv'd of tongue,
 Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,
 Here mov'd with praise, and mov'd with glory there ;
 The joys entrancing, and the mute surprize,
 Half fix the blood, and dim the moistning eyes ;
 Pleasure and praise on one another break,
 An exclamation longs at heart to speak ;

When

When thus my Genius on the work design'd,
Awaiting closely, guides the wandering mind.

If, while thy thanks would in thy lays be wrought,
A bright astonishment involve the thought,
If yet thy temper would attempt to sing,
Another's quill shall imp thy feebler wing ;
Behold the name of royal David near,
Behold his musick, and his measures hear,
Whose harp Devotion in a rapture strung,
And left no state of pious souls un Sung.

Him to the wondering world but newly shewn,
Celestial Poetry pronounc'd her own ;
A thousand hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze ;
Fair-blooming Innocence, with tender years,
And native Sweetness for the ravish'd ears,
Prepar'd to smile within his early song,
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains along :
Majestic Honour, at the palace bred,
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,
Reach'd forth the sceptre of her royal fate,
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great ;
Undaunted Courage, deck'd with manly charms,
With waving azure plumes, and gilded arms,
Display'd the glories and the toils of fight,
Demanded Fame, and call'd him forth to write.
To perfect these, the sacred Spirit came,
By mild infusion of celestial flame,
And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breast,
And breath'd his graces over all the rest.

Ah! where the daring flights of men aspire,
 To match his numbers with an equal fire;
 In vain they strive to make proud Babel rise,
 And with an earth-born labour touch the skies:
 While I the glittering page resolve to view,
 That will the subject of my lines renew;
 The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd shade,
 Around my beating temples fears to fade;
 My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,
 And David's God must help, or else I sink.

As rolling rivers in their channels flow,
 Swift from aloft, but on the level flow:
 Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
 So just, so copious, move the Psalmist's strains;
 So sweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,
 So gently clear, or so sublimely great;
 While Nature's seen in all her forms to shine,
 And mix with beauties drawn from Truth divine;
 Sweet beauties (sweet affection's endless rill)
 That in the soul like honey-drops distil.

Hail, Holy Spirit, hail Supremely Kind,
 Whose inspirations thus enlarg'd the mind;
 Who taught him what the gentle shepherd sings,
 What rich expressions suit the port of kings:
 What daring words describe the soldier's heat,
 And what the Prophet's extasies relate;
 Nor let his worst condition be forgot,
 In all this splendour of exalted thought.
 On one thy different sorts of graces fall,
 Still made for each, of equal force in all;

And

And while from heavenly courts he feels a flame,
 He sings the place from whence the blessing came;
 And makes his inspirations sweetly prove
 The tuneful subject of the mind they move.

Immortal Spirit, Light of Life instill'd,
 Who thus the bosom of a mortal fill'd,
 Though weak my voice, and though my light be dim,
 Yet fain I 'd praise thy wondrous gifts in him;
 Then, since thine aid's attracted by desire,
 And they that speak thee right must feel thy fire,
 Vouchsafe a portion of thy Grace Divine,
 And raise my voice, and in my numbers shine:
 I sing of David, David sings of thee,
 Assist the Psalmist, and his work in me.

But now, my verse, arising on the wing,
 What part of all thy subject wilt thou sing?
 How fire thy first attempt? in what resort
 Of Palestina's plains, or Salem's court;
 Where, as his hands the solemn measure play'd,
 Curs'd fiends with torment and confusion fled;
 Where, at the rosy spring of chearful light,
 (If pious Fame record tradition right)
 A soft efflation of celestial fire
 Came like a rushing breeze, and shook the lyre;
 Still sweetly giving every trembling string
 So much of sound, as made him wake to sing?

Within my view the country first appears,
 The country first enjoy'd his youthful years;
 Then frame thy shady landscapes in my strain,
 Some conscious mountain, or accustom'd plain;
 Where

Where by the waters, on the grass reclin'd,
 With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd his mind;
 For through the paths of rural life I'll stray,
 And in his pleasures paint a shepherd's day.

With grateful sentiments, with active will,
 With voice exerted, and enlivening skill,
 His free return of thanks he duly paid,
 And each new day new beams of bounty shed.

Awake, my tuneful harp; awake, he cries;
 Awake, my lute, the sun begins to rise;
 My God, I'm ready now! then takes a flight,
 To purest Piety's exalted height:

From thence his soul, with heaven itself in view,
 On humble prayers and humble praises flew.
 The praise as pleasing, and as sweet the prayer,
 As incense curling up through morning air.

When towards the field with early steps he trod,
 And gaz'd around, and own'd the works of God,
 Perhaps, in sweet melodious words of praise,
 He drew the prospect which adorn'd his ways;
 The soil, but newly visited with rain,
 The river of the Lord with springing grain,
 In large, encrease the soften'd furrow blest,
 The year with goodness crown'd, with beauty drest.
 And still to power divine ascribe it all,
 From whose high paths the drops of fatness fall;
 Then in the song the smiling flocks rejoice,
 And all the mute creation finds a voice;
 With thick returns delightful echoes fill
 The pastur'd green, or soft ascending hill,

Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumber'd sheep,
 To boast their glories in the crowds they keep.
 And corn, that 's waving in the western gale,
 With joyful sound proclaims the cover'd vale.

Whene'er his flocks the lovely shepherd drove,
 To neighbouring waters, to the neighbouring grove;
 To Jordan's flood, refresh'd by cooling wind,
 Or Cedron's brook, to mossy banks confin'd;
 In easy notes, and guise of lowly swain,
 'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the listening train:

The Lord 's my shepherd, bountiful and good,
 I cannot want, since he provides me food;
 Me for his sheep along the verdant meads,
 Me, all too mean, his tender mercy leads,
 To taste the springs of life, and taste repose
 Wherever living pasture sweetly grows.
 And as I cannot want, I need not fear,
 For still the presence of my shepherd's near;
 Through darksome vales, where beasts of prey resort,
 Where Death appears with all his dreadful court,
 His rod and hook direct me when I stray,
 He calls to fold, and they direct my way.

Perhaps, when seated on the river's brink,
 He saw the tender sheep at noon-day drink,
 He sung the land where milk and honey glide,
 And fattening Plenty rolls upon the tide.

Or, fix'd within the freshness of a shade,
 Whose boughs diffuse their leaves around his head,
 He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
 Then sung the righteous in their happy state,

And

And how, by Providential care, success
 Shall all their actions in due season bless;
 So firm they stand, so beautiful they look,
 As planted trees aside the purling brook:
 Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,
 Nor careful for the want of dropping rain:
 The leaves sprout forth, the rising branches shoot,
 And Summer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.

But if the flowery field, with varied hue,
 And native sweetness, entertain'd his view;
 The flowery field with all the glorious throng
 Of lively colours rose, to paint his song;
 Its pride and fall within the numbers ran,
 And spake the life of transitory man.

As grass arises by degrees unseen
 To deck the breast of Earth with lovely green,
 Till Nature's order brings the withering days,
 And all the Summer's beauteous pomp decays;
 So, by degrees unseen, doth man arise,
 So blooms by course, and so by course he dies.
 Or as her head the gawdy floweret heaves,
 Spreads to the sun, and boasts her silken leaves,
 Till accidental winds their glory shed,
 And then they fall before the time to fade;
 So man appears, so falls in all his prime,
 Ere Age approaches on the steps of Time.

But thee, my God! thee still the same we find,
 Thy glory lasting, and thy mercy kind;
 That still the just, and all his race, may know
 No cause to mourn their swift account below.

When

When from beneath he saw he wandering sheep,
That graz'd the level, range along the steep,
Then rose, the wanton stragglers home to call,
Before the pearly dew's at evening fall ;
Perhaps new thoughts the rising ground supply,
And that employs his mind, which fills his eye.
From pointed hills, he cries, my wishes tend,
To that great hill from whence supports descend :
The Lord 's that hill, that place of sure defence,
My wants obtain their certain help from thence.
And as large hills projected shadows throw,
To ward the sun from off the vales below,
Or for their safety stop the blast above,
That, with raw vapours loaded, nightly rove ;
So shall protection o'er his servants spread,
And I repose beneath the sacred shade,
Unhurt by rage, that, like a summer's day,
Destroys and scorches with impetuous ray ;
By wasting sorrows, undepri'd of rest,
That fall, like damps by moon-shine, on the breast.
Here from the mind the prospects seem to wear,
And leave the couch'd design appearing bare ;
And now no more the Shepherd sings his hill,
But sings the sovereign Lord's protection still.
For as he sees the night prepar'd to come,
On wings of Evening he prepares for home ;
And in the song thus adds a blessing more,
To what the thought within the figure bore :
Eternal Goodness manifestly still
Preserves my soul from each approach of ill :

Ends all my days, as all my days begin,
And keeps my goings, and my comings-in.

Here think the sinking sun descends apace,
And, from thy first attempt, my fancy cease;
Here bid the ruddy shepherd quit the plain,
And to the fold return his flocks again.

Go, lest the lion, or the shagged bear,
Thy tender lambs with savage hunger tear;
Though neither bear nor lion match thy might,
When in their rage they stood reveal'd to fight;
Go, lest thy wanton sheep returning home,
Should, as they pass, through doubtful darkness roam.

Go, ruddy youth, to Bethlem turn thy way,
On Bethlem's road conclude the parting day.

Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
And sees the crescent rise with silver light;
His words consider all the sparkling show
With which the stars in golden order glow.
And what is man, he cries, that thus thy kind,
Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?
For him they glitter, him the beasts of prey,
That scare my sheep, and these my sheep obey.
O Lord, our Lord, with how deserv'd a fame,
Does earth record the glories of thy name!
Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,
And finds the road has finish'd with the song,
He sings, with lifted hands and lifted eyes,
Be this, my God, an evening sacrifice.

But now, the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
O'er which the whisper'd breeze serenely roves,

Leave

Leave all the course of working fancy clear,
 Or only grace another subject here ;
 For in my purpose new designs arise,
 Whose brightening images engage mine eyes.
 Then here, my verse, thy louder accents raise,
 Thy theme through lofty paths of glory trace ;
 Call forth his honours in imperial throngs,
 And strive to touch his more exalted songs.

While yet in humble vales his harp he strung,
 While yet he follow'd after ewes with young,
 Eternal Wisdom chose him for his own,
 And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne ;
 That there his upright heart, and prudent hand,
 With more distinguish'd skill, and high command,
 Might act the shepherd in a noble sphere,
 And take his nation into regal care.
 He could of mercy then, and justice sing,
 Those radiant virtues that adorn a king,
 That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,
 Beyond those gems whose splendour decks a crown :
 That fixing peace, by temper'd love and fear,
 Make plains abound, and barren mountains bare.
 To thee, to whom these attributes belong,
 To thee, my God, he cry'd, I send my song ;
 To thee, from whom my regal glory came,
 I sing the forms in which my court I frame ;
 Assist the models of imperfect skill,
 O come, with sacred aid, and fix my will.
 A wise behaviour in my private ways,
 And all my soul dispos'd to public peace,

Shall daily strive to let my subjects see
 A perfect pattern how to live, in me.
 Still will I think, as still my glories rise,
 To set no wicked thing before mine eyes,
 Nor will I choose the favourites of state,
 Among those men that have incurr'd thine hate,
 Whose vice but makes them scandalously great ;
 'Tis time that all, whose froward rage of heart
 Would vex my realm, shall from my realm depart ;
 'Tis time that all, whose private flandering lye
 Leads Judgment falsely, shall by Judgment dye.
 And time the great, who loose the reins to pride,
 Shall with neglect and scorn be laid aside ;
 But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
 I'll send my light, with sharp disarming ray,
 Through dark retreats, where humble minds abide,
 Through shades of peace, where modest tempers hide ;
 To find the good that may support my state,
 And, having found them, then to make them great.
 My voice shall raise them from the lonely cell,
 With me to govern, and with me to dwell.
 My voice shall Flattery and Deceit disgrace,
 And in their room exulted Virtue place ;
 That, with an early care, and stedfast hand,
 The wicked perish from the faithful land.

When on the throne he sate in calm repose,
 And with a royal hope his offspring rose,
 His prayers, anticipating time, reveal
 Their deep concernment for the public weal ;

Upon a good forecasted thought they run,
 For common blessings in the king begun :
 For righteoufness and judgment strictly fair,
 Which from the king descends upon his heir.
 So when his life and all his labour cease,
 The reign succeeding, brings succeeding peace ;
 So still the poor shall find impartial laws,
 And orphans still a guardian of their cause :
 And stern Oppression have its galling yoke,
 And rabid teeth of prey, to-pieces broke.
 Then, wondering at the glories of his way,
 His friends shall love, his daunted foes obey ;
 For peaceful commerce neighbouring kings apply,
 And with great presents court the grand ally.
 For him rich gums shall sweet Arabia bear,
 For him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare ;
 Him Tharfis, him the foreign isles shall greet,
 And every nation bend beneath his feet.
 And thus his honours far-extended grow,
 The type of great Messiah's reign below.

But worldly realms, that in his accents shine,
 Are left beneath the full-advanc'd design ;
 When thoughts of empire in the mind encrease
 O'er all the limits that determine place,
 If thus the monarch's rising fancy move
 To search for more unbounded realms above,
 In which celestial courts the king maintains,
 And o'er the vast extent of nature reigns ;
 He then describes, in elevated words,
 His Israel's shepherd, as the Lord of Lords.

How bright between the Cherubims he sits,
 What dazzling lustre all his throne emits;
 How Righteousness, with Judgment join'd, support
 The regal seat, and dignify the court;
 How fairest honour, and majestic state,
 The presence grace, and strength and beauty wait;
 What glittering ministers around him stand,
 To fly like winds, or flames, at his command.
 How sure the beams, on which his palace rise,
 Are set in waters, rais'd above the skies;
 How wide the skies, like out-spread curtains, fly
 To veil majestic light from human eye;
 Or form'd the wide-expanded vaults above,
 Where storms are bounded, tho' they seem to rove;
 Where fire, and hail, and vapour, so fulfil
 The wise intentions of their Maker's will;
 How well 'tis seen the great Eternal Mind
 Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind.

O, wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories shine
 The heavens declare, for what they boast is thine;
 And yon blue tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,
 In all its handy-work displays thy might.

Again the Monarch touch'd another strain,
 Another province claim'd his verse again,
 Where goodness infinite has fix'd a sway,
 Whose out-stretch'd limits are the bounds of day.
 Beneath this empire of extended air,
 Yet still in reach of Providence's care,
 God plac'd the rounded earth with stedfast hand,
 And bid the basis ever firmly stand:

He bid the mountains from Confusion's heaps
 Exalt their summits, and assume their shapes.
 He bid the waters like a garment spread,
 To form large seas, and, as he spake, they fled.
 His voice, his thunder, made the waves obey,
 And forward hasten, till they form'd the sea;
 Then, left with lawless rage the surges roar,
 He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with shore.
 He fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling steal
 Through winding hills, along the flowery vale;
 To which the beasts, that graze the vale, retreat
 For cool refreshings in the summer's heat;
 While, perch'd in leaves upon the tender sprays,
 The birds around their singing voices raise.
 He makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,
 Forsake the chambers of the clouds on high,
 And golden harvest, rich with ears of grain
 And spiry blades of grass, adorn the plain;
 And grapes luxuriant cheer the soul with wine,
 And ointment shed, to make the visage shine.
 Through trunks of trees fermenting sap proceeds,
 To feed, and tinge the living boughs it feeds:
 So shoots the fir, where airy storks abide,
 So cedar, Lebanon's aspiring pride,
 Whose birds, by God's appointment, in their nest,
 With green surrounded, lie secure of rest;
 Where small increase the barren mountains give,
 There kine, adapted to the feeding, live;
 There flocks of goats in healthy pastures browse,
 And, in their rocky entrails, rabbits house.

Where forests, thick with shrubs, entangled stand,
Untrod the roads, and desolate the land,
There close in coverts hide the beasts of prey,
Till heavy darkness creeps upon the day,
Then roar with Hunger's voice, and range abroad,
And, in their method, seek their meat from God;
And, when the dawning edge of eastern air
Begins to purple, to their dens repair.

Man, next succeeding, from the sweet repose
Of downy beds, to work appointed goes.

When first the morning sees the rising sun,
He sees their labours both at once begun;
And, night returning with its starry train,
Perceives their labours done at once again.

O! manifold in works supremely wise,
How well thy gracious store the world supplies!
How all thy creatures on thy goodness call,
And that bestows a due support for all!

When from an open hand thy favours flow,
Rich Bounty stoops to visit us below;
When from thy hand no more thy favours stream,
Back to the dust we turn, from whence we came;
And when thy spirit gives the vital heat,
A sure succession keeps the Kinds compleat;
The propagated seeds their forms retain,
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.

Thus, as you've seen th' effect reveal the cause,
Is Nature's ruler known in Nature's laws;
Thus still his power is o'er the world display'd,
And still rejoices in the world he made.

The Lord he reigns, the King of kings is king ;
Let nations praise, and praises learn to sing.

My verses here may change their stile again,
And trace the Psalmist in another strain ;
Where all his soul the soldier's spirit warms,
And to the music fits the sound of arms ;
Where brave disorder does in numbers dwell,
And artful number speaks disorder well.

Arise, my genius, and attempt the praise
Of dreaded power, and perilous essays ;
And where his accents are too nobly great,
Like distant echoes, give the faint repeat :
For who, like him, with enterprising pen,
Can paint the Lord of Hosts in wrath with men ?
Or, with just images of tuneful lay,
Set all his terrors in their fierce array ?

He comes ! The tumult of discording spheres,
The quivering flocks of earth, confess their fears ;
Thick smok precede, and blasts of angry breath,
That kindle dread devouring flames of death.

He comes ! the firmament, with dismal night,
Bows down, and seems to fall upon the light ;
The darkling mists enwrap his head around,
The waters deluge, and the tempests sound ;
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
And plants his black pavilion in the skies.

He comes ! the clouds remove ; the rattling hail,
Descending, bounds, and scatters o'er the vale :
His voice is heard, his thunder speaks his ire,
His lightening blasts with blue sulphureous fire ;

His

His brandish'd bolts with swift commission go,
To punish man's rebellious acts below.
His stern rebukes lay deepest ocean bare,
And solid earth, by wide eruption, tear.
Then glares the naked gulph with dismal ray,
And then the dark foundations see the day:
O God! let mercy this thy war assuage:
Alas! no mortal can sustain thy rage.
While I but strive the dire effects to tell,
And on another's words attentive dwell,
Confusing passions in my bosom roll,
And all in tumult work the troubled soul:
Remorse with pity, fear with sorrow blend,
And I but strive in vain; my verse, descend,
To less aspiring paths direct thy flight,
Though still the less may more than match thy might;
While I to second agents tune the strings,
And Israel's warrior Israel's battles sings;
Great warrior he, and great to sing of war,
Whose lines (if ever lines prevail'd so far)
Might pitch the tents, compose the ranks anew,
To combat found, and bring the toil to view.
O nation most securely rais'd in name,
Whose fair records he wrote for endless fame;
O nation oft victorious o'er thy foes,
At once thy conquests, and thy thanks he shows;
For thus he sung the realms that must be thine,
And made thee thus confess an aid divine.
When mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its sway,
And Israel pass'd the deep divided sea.

When

When Mercy spake it, haughty Pharaoh's host,
 And haughty Pharaoh, by the waves were tost.
 When Mercy led us through the desert sand,
 We reach'd the borders of the promis'd land:
 Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,
 And all those kings by Mercy's help we fought:
 There, with their monarch, Amor's people bleed,
 For God was gracious, and the tribes succeed.
 There monstrous Ogg was fell'd on Basan's plain,
 For God was gracious to the tribes again.
 At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
 And Israel sings that God is gracious still.

Nor has the warlike prince alone inroll'd
 The wondrous fates their fathers did of old;
 His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
 These too may challenge just returns of praise.
 My God! he cries, my surest rock of might,
 My trust in dangers, and my shield in fight;
 Thy matchless bounties I with gladness own,
 Nor find assistance but from thee alone:
 Thy strength is armour, and my path success,
 No power like thee can thus securely bless.
 When troops united would arrest my course,
 I break their files, and through their order force;
 When in their towns they keep, my siege I form,
 And leap the battlements, and lead the storm;
 And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,
 As swift as hinds in chace I bound on high;
 My strenuous arms thou teachest how to kill,
 And snap in sunder temper'd bows of steel;

My

My moving footsteps are enlarg'd by thee,
 And kept from snares of planned ambush free;
 And when my foes forsake the field of fight,
 Then flush'd, with conquest, I pursue their flight;
 In vain their fears, that almost reach despair,
 The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;
 As swift as fear brisk warmth of conquest goes,
 And at my feet dejects the wounded foes;
 For help they call, but find their helper's gone,
 For God's against them, and I drive them on
 As whirling dust in airy tumult fly,
 Before the tempest that involves the sky;
 And, in my rage's unavoyd sway,
 I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay.

The warrior thus in song his deeds express'd,
 Nor vainly boasted what he but confess'd;
 While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
 That all their praises should refer to God.

And here, to make this bright design arise,
 In fairer splendor to the nation's eyes,
 From private valour he converts his lays,
 For yet the publick claim'd attempts of praise;
 And public conquests where they jointly fought,
 Thus stand recorded by reflecting thought;
 God sent his Samuel from his holy seat
 To bear the promise of my future state,
 And I, rejoicing, see the tribes fulfil
 The promis'd purpose of Almighty will:
 Subjected Sichem, sweet Samaria's plain,
 And Succoth's valleys, have confess'd my reign;

Remoter Gilead's hilly tracts obey,
 Manasseh's parted sands accept my sway;
 Strong Ephraim's sons and Ephraim's ports are mine,
 And mine the throne of princely Judah's line;
 Then since my people with my standard go,
 To bring the strength of adverse empire low,
 Let Moab's soil, to vile subjection brought,
 With groans declare how well our ranks have fought;
 Let vanquish'd Edom bow its humbled head,
 And tell how pompous on its pride I tread;
 And now, Philistia, with thy conquering host,
 Dismay'd and broke, of conquer'd Israel boast;
 But if a Seer or Rabbah yet remain
 On Johemaan's hill, or Amon's plain,
 Lead forth our armies, Lord, regard our prayer;
 Lead, Lord of battles, and we'll conquer there.
 As this the warrior spake, his heart arose,
 And thus, with grateful turn, perform'd the close;
 Though men to men their best assistance lend,
 Yet men alone will but in vain befriend;
 Through God we work exploits of high renown,
 'Tis God that treads our great opposers down.

Hear now the praise of well-disputed fields,
 The best return victorious honour yields;
 'Tis common good restor'd, when lovely Peace
 Is join'd with Righteousness in strict embrace;
 Hear, all ye victors, what your sword secures,
 Hear, all ye nations, for the cause is yours;
 And when the joyful trumpets loudly sound,
 When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,

When

When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
 And broken shafts and batter'd armour bear;
 When painted arches acts of war relate,
 When slow procession's pomps augment the state;
 When fame relates their worth among the throng,
 Thus take from David their triumphant song:
 Oh, clap your hands together! oh, rejoice,
 In God, with melody's exalted voice;
 Your sacred Psalm within his dwelling raise,
 And, for a pure oblation, offer praise;
 For the rich goodness plentifully shows
 He prospers our design upon our foes.
 Then hither, all ye nations, hither run,
 Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;
 Behold, with what a mind, the heap of slain,
 He spreads the sanguine surface of the plain;
 He makes the wars, that mad confusion hurl'd,
 Be spent in victories, and leave the world.
 He breaks the bended bows, the spears of ire,
 And burns the shatter'd chariots in the fire,
 And bids the realms be still, the tumult cease,
 And know the Lord of war, for Lord of peace;
 Now may the tender youth in goodness rise,
 Beneath the guidance of their parents eyes,
 As tall young poplars, when the ranger's nigh,
 To watch their risings, lest they shoot awry.
 Now may the beauteous Daughters, bred with care,
 In modest rules, and pious acts of fear,
 Like polish'd corners of the Temple be,
 So bright, so spotless, and so fit for thee.

Now may the various seasons bless the soil,
 And plenteous Gardeners pay the Ploughman's toil;
 Now sheep and kine, upon the flowery meads,
 Increase in thousands, and ten thousand heads;
 And now no more the sound of grief complains
 For those that fall in fight, or live in chains;
 Here, when the blessings are proclaim'd aloud,
 Join all the voices of the thankful crowd;
 Let all that feel them thus confess their part,
 Thus own their worth, with one united heart;
 Happy the realm which God vouchsafes to bless
 With all the glories of a bright success!
 And happy thrice the realm, if thus he please
 To crown those glories with the sweets of ease;
 From warfare finish'd on a chain of thought,
 To bright attempts of future rapture wrought;
 Yet stronger, yet thy pinions stronger raise,
 O Fancy, reigning in the power of lays.
 For Sion's Hill thine airy courses hold,
 'Twas there thy David prophesy'd of old;
 And there devout in contemplation sit,
 In holy vision, and extatic fit.

Methinks I seem to feel the charm begin,
 Now sweet Contentment tunes my soul within;
 Now wondrous soft arising music plays,
 And now full sounds upon the sense increase;
 Fit David's lyre, his artful fingers move,
 To court the spirit from the realms above
 And, pleas'd to come where holiness attends,
 The courted spirit from above descends.

Hence on the lyre and voice new graces rest,
 And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breast;
 Hence firm decrees his mystic hymns relate,
 Affix'd in heaven's adamant gate,
 The glories of the most important age,
 And Christ's blest empire seen by sure presage.

When, in a distant view, with inward eyes,
 He sees the Son descending from the skies,
 To take the form of Man for Mankind's sake,
 'Tis thus he makes the great Messiah spake:
 It is not, Father, blood of bullocks slain
 Can cleanse the World from universal stain;
 Such offerings are not here requir'd by thee,
 But point at mine, and leave the work for me;
 To perfect which, as servants ears they drill,
 In sign of opening to their Master's will;
 Thy will would open mine, and have me bear
 My sign of Ministry, the body there.
 Prophetic volumes of our state assign,
 The world's redemption as an act of mine;
 And lo, with chearful and obedient heart,
 I come, my Father, to perform my part.
 So spake the Son, and left his throng above,
 When wings to bear him were prepar'd by Love;
 When with their Monarch, on the great descent,
 Sweet Humbleness and gentle Patience went;
 Fair sisters both, both blest'd in his esteem,
 And both appointed here to wait on him.

But now, before the Prophet's ravish'd eyes,
 Succeeding Prospects of his Life arise;

And

And here he teaches all the world to sing
 Those strains in which the nation own'd him King.
 When boughs as at an holy feast they bear,
 To shew the Godhead manifested there;
 And garments, as a mark of glory, strow'd,
 Declar'd a Prince proclaim'd upon the road:
 This day the Lord hath made, we will employ,
 In songs, he cries, and consecrate to joy.
 Hosannah, Lord, Hosannah, shed thy peace;
 Hosannah, long-expecting nations grace;
 Oh, bless'd in honour's height triumphant thou,
 That wast to come, oh, bless thy people now.

'Twere easy dwelling here with fix'd delight,
 And much the sweet engagement of the sight;
 But fleeting visions each on other throng,
 And change the music, and demand the song:
 Ah! music chang'd by sadly moving show:
 Ah! song demanded in excess of woe!
 For what was all the gracious Saviour's stay,
 Whilst here he trod in Life's encumber'd way,
 But troubled patience, persecuted breath,
 Neglected sorrows, and afflicting death;
 Approach, ye sinners; think the garden shows
 His bloody-sweat of full arising throws;
 Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain,
 Through David's person, and in David's strain.

Oh, save me, God, thy floods about me roll,
 Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my soul:
 I come at length where rising waters drown,
 And sink in deep affliction, deeply down.

Deceitful snares, to bring me to the dead,
 Lie ready plac'd in every path I tread;
 And Hell itself, with all that Hell contains,
 Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pains;
 To daunt firm will, and cross the good design'd,
 With strong temptations fasten on the mind;
 Such grief, such sorrows, in amazing view,
 Distracted fears and heaviness pursue.
 Ye sages, deeply read in human frame,
 The passion's causes, and their wild extreme;
 Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliss,
 What other agony could equal his?

The music still proceeds with mournful airs,
 And speaks the dangers, as it speaks the fears.
 Oh, sacred Presence, from the Son withdrawn:
 Oh, God, my Father, whither art thou gone?
 Oh, must my soul bewail tormenting pain,
 And all my words of anguish fall in vain?
 The trouble 's near, in which my life will end;
 But none is near, that will assistance lend;
 Like Bashan's bulls, my foes against me throng,
 So proud, inhuman, numberless, and strong.
 Like desert lions, on their prey they go,
 So much their fierce desire of blood they show:
 As ploughers wound the ground, they tore my back,
 And long deep furrows manifest the track.
 They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet,
 And caus'd sharp pangs, where nerves in numbers meet;
 Rich streams of life forsake my rended veins,
 And fall like water spill'd upon the plains;

My bones, that us'd in hollow seats to close,
 Disjoint with anguish of convulsive throws;
 My mourning heart is melted in my frame,
 As wax dissolving runs before a flame;
 My strength dries up, my flesh the moisture leaves,
 And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves:
 Alas! I thirst; alas! for drink I call;
 For drink they give me vinegar and gall.
 To sportful game the savage soldiers go,
 And for my vesture, on my vesture throw;
 While all deride, who see me thus forlorn,
 And shoot their lips, and shake their heads in scorn.
 And, with despiteful jest, Behold, they cry,
 The great peculiar darling of the sky;
 He trusted God would save his soul from woe,
 Now God may have him, if he loves him so.
 But to the dust of death, by quick decay,
 I come; O Father, be not long away.
 And was it thus, the Prince of Life was slain?
 And was it thus he dy'd for worthless men?
 Yes, blessed Jesus! thus, in every line,
 The sufferings which the Prophet spake were thine.

Come, Christian, to the corpse, in spirit come,
 And with true sighs of grief surround the tomb.
 Upon the threshold-stone let sin be slain,
 Such sacrifice will best avenge his pain.
 Bring thither then repentance, sighs, and tears,
 Bring mortify'd desires, bring holy fears;
 And earnest prayer express'd from thoughts that roll
 Through broken mind, and groanings of the soul;

These scatter on his hearse, and so prepare
Those obsequies the Jews deny'd him there;
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,
To dress the vault, like lamps in sacred urn.
There oft, my soul, in such a grateful way,
Thine humblest homage, with the godly pay.

But David strikes the sounding chords anew,
And to thy first design recalls thy view;
From life to death, from death to life he flies,
And still pursues his object in his eyes;
And here recounts, in more enliven'd song,
The sacred Presence, not absented long:
The flesh not suffer'd in the grave to dwell,
The soul not suffer'd to remain in hell;
But as the conqueror, fatigu'd in war,
With hot pursuit of enemies afar,
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
Then lifts his looks to repofsess the sky;
So bow'd the Son, in life's uneasy road,
With anxious toil and thorny danger strow'd;
So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,
But taste the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;
So when he tasted these, he rais'd his head,
And left the sable mansions of the dead,
Ere mouldering time consum'd the bones away,
Or slow corruption's worms had work'd decay:
Here faith's foundations all the soul employ
With springing graces, springing beams of joy;
Then paus'd the voice, where nature 's seen to pause,
And for a time suspend her ancient laws.

From

From hence arising as the glories rise,
That must advance above the lofty skies,
He runs with sprightly fingers o'er the lyre,
And fills new songs with new celestial fire:
In which he shews, by fair description's ray,
The Christ's ascension to the realms of day;
When Justice, pleas'd with life already paid,
Unbends her brows, and sheaths her angry blade;
And meditates rewards, and will restore
What Mercy woo'd him, to forsake before.
When on a cloud, with gilded edge of light,
He rose above the reach of human sight,
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air,
To make his honours more exceeding fair.
See, cries the Prophet, how the chariots wait
To bear him upwards, in triumphant state.
By twenty thousands in unnumber'd throng,
And Angels draw the glittering ranks along.
The Lord amongst them sits in glory dress'd,
Nor more the Presence, Sinai Mount confest.
And now the chariots have begun to fly,
The triumph moves, the Lord ascends on high,
And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,
Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train;
While, as he goes, seraphic circles sing
The wondrous conquest of their wondrous king;
With shouts of joy their heavenly voices raise,
And with shrill trumpets manifest his praise;
From such a point of such exceeding height,
A while my verses stoop their airy flight,

And seem for rest on Olivet to breathe,
 And charge the two that stand in white beneath ;
 That as they move, and join the moving rear
 Within their honour'd hands, aloft they bear
 The crown of thorns, the cross on which he dy'd,
 The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the spear his side ;
 Then, where kind Mercy lays the thunder by,
 Where Peace has hung great Michael's arms on high ;
 Let these adorn his magazine above,
 And hang the trophies of victorious love ;
 Lest man, by superstitious mind entic'd,
 Should idolize whatever touch'd the Christ.

But still the Prophet in the spirit soars
 To new Jerusalem's imperial doors ;
 There sees and hears the bless'd angelic throng,
 There feels their music, and records their song :
 Or, with the vision warm'd, attempts to write,
 For those inhabitants of native light,
 And teaches harmony's distinguish'd parts,
 In sweet response of united hearts ;
 For thus without might warbling angels sing,
 Their course containing on the flutter'd wing,
 Eternal gates ! your stately portals rear,
 Eternal gates ! your ways of joy prepare ;
 The King of Glory for admittance stays ;
 He comes, he 'll enter, O prepare your ways ;
 Then bright arch-angels, that attend the wall,
 Might thus upon the beauteous order call ;
 Ye fellow-ministers, that now proclaim
 Your King of Glory, tell his awful name.

At which the beauteous order will accord,
 And sound of solemn notes pronounce the Lord :
 The Lord endued with strength, renown'd for might,
 With spoils returning from the finish'd fight.
 Again with Lays they charm the sacred gates,
 And graces double, while the song repeats ;
 Again within the sacred guardians sing,
 And ask the name of their victorious king ;
 And then again, the Lord 's the name rebounds
 From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.

New thrones and powers appear to lift the gate,
 And David still pursues their enter'd state.

Oh, prophet! father! whither would'st thou fly?

Oh, mystic Israel's chariot for the sky ;

Thou, sacred spirit! what a wondrous height,

By thee supported, soars his airy flight!

For glimpse of Majesty divine is brought,

Among the shifted prospects of the thought :

Dread, sacred sight! I dare not gaze for fear,

But sit beneath the finger's feet, and hear ;

And hold each sound that interrupts the mind,

Thus in a calm by power of verse confin'd.

Ye dreadful ministers of God, displeas'd,

In blasting tempests be no longer rais'd!

Ye deep-mouth'd thunders, leave your direful groan,

Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne.

The still small voice more justly will express

How great Jehovah did the Lord address.

And you bright-feather'd choirs of endless peace,

A while from tuneful Hallelujahs cease ;

A while stand fix'd, with deep attentive care,
 You'll have the time to sing for ever there.
 The royal Prophet will the silence break,
 And in his words Almighty goodness speak.
 He spake (and smil'd to see the business done,)
 Thou art my first, my great begotten Son ;
 Here on the right of Majesty sit down,
 Enjoy thy conquest, and receive thy Crown,
 While I thy worship and renown compleat,
 And make thy foes the foot-stool of thy feet ;
 For I'll pronounce the long-resolv'd decree,
 My sacred Sion be reserv'd for thee.
 From thence thy peaceful rod of power extend,
 From thence thy Messenger of Mercy send,
 And teach thy vanquish'd enemies to bow,
 And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now.
 Then ready nations to their rightful king
 The free-will offerings of their hearts shall bring,
 In holy beauties for acceptance dress'd,
 And ready nations be with pardon bless'd ;
 Meanwhile thy dawn of truth begins the day,
 Enlighten'd subjects shall encrease the sway ;
 With such a splendid and unnumber'd train,
 As dews in morning fill the grassy plain.
 This by myself I swore ; the great intent
 Has past my sanction, and I can't repent :
 Thou art a king, and priest of peace below,
 Like Salem's monarch, and for ever so.
 Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine the Gentiles' claim
 For thy possession take, the world's extreme.

The kings shall rage, the parties strive in vain,
 By persecuting rage, to break thy reign ;
 Thou art my Christ, and they that still can be
 Rebellious subjects be destroy'd by thee.
 Bring, like the Potter, to severe decay,
 Thy worthless creatures, found in humble clay ;
 Then hear, ye monarchs, and ye judges hear,
 Rejoice with trembling, serve the Lord with fear ;
 In his commands with signs of homage move,
 And kiss the gracious offers of his love :
 Ye surely perish if his anger flame,
 And only they be bless'd that bless his name.
 Thus does the Christ in David's anthems shine,
 With full magnificence of art divine ;
 Then on his subjects gifts of grace bestow,
 And spread his image on their hearts below ;
 As when our earthly kings receive the globe,
 The sacred unction, and the purple robe,
 And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,
 They scatter medals of themselves around ;
 There heavenly fingers clap their vary'd wings,
 And lead the choir of all created things.
 Relate his glory's everlasting prime,
 His fame continued with the length of time ;
 While, ere the sun shall dart a gilded beam,
 Or changing moons diffuse the silver'd gleam ;
 Where-e'er the waves of rolling ocean sent,
 Encompass land with arms of wide extent.
 Hail, full of mercy : ready nations cry !
 Hail, oh, for ever, ever bless'd on high !
 Hail, oh, for ever on thy beauteous throne !
 Thou Lord that workest wondrous things alone !

Still let thy glory to the world appear,
And all the riches of thy goodness hear.

But thou, fair church, in whom he fixes love,
Thou queen accepted of the Prince above;
Behold him, fairer than the sons of men;
Embrace his offer'd heart, and share his reign;
In Moses' laws they bred thy tender years;
But now to new commands incline thine ears,
Forget thy people, bear no more in mind
Thy father's household, for thy spouse is kind.
Within thy soul let vain affections die,
Him only worship, and with him comply.
So shall thy spouse's heart with thine agree,
So shall his fervour still encrease for thee.
Come, while he calls, supremely-favour'd queen,
In heavenly glories dress thy soul within;
With pious actions to the throne be brought,
In close connection of the virtues wrought;
Let these around thee for a garment shine,
And be the work to make them pleasing thine:
Come, lovely queen, advance with stately port;
Thy good companions shall compleat thy court,
With joyful souls their joyful entrance sing,
And fill the palace of your gracious king;
What though thy Moses and the prophets cease,
What though the priesthood leaves the settled race,
The father's place their offspring well supplies,
When at thy spouse's ministry they rise;
When thy blest'd household on his orders go,
And rule for him where-e'er he reigns below.

Come,

Come, Queen exalted, come; my lasting song
 To future ages shall thy fame prolong.
 The joyful nations shall thy praise proclaim,
 And, for their safety, crowd beneath thy name.
 Oh, bounteous Saviour! still thy mercy kind,
 Still what thy David sung thy servants find;
 Still what thy David sung thy servants see,
 From thee sent down, and sent again to thee.
 They see the words of Thanks, and Love divine,
 In strains mysterious intermingled shine,
 As sweet and rich unite in costly waves,
 When purling gold the purpled webb receives;
 And still the church he shadow'd hears the lays,
 In daily service, as an aid to praise.
 At these her temper good Devotion warms,
 And mounts aloft with more engaging charms:
 Then, as she strives to reach the lofty sky,
 Bids Gratitude assist her will to fly;
 In these our gratitude becomes on fire,
 Then feels its flames improv'd by strong desire;
 Then feels desire in eager wishes move,
 And wish determine in the point of love.

Such hymns to regulate, and such to raise,
 Approach, ye sounding instruments of praise:
 'Tis fit you tune for him whose holy love,
 In wish aspiring to the choir above,
 And fond to practise ere his time to go,
 Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;
 There, where he plac'd you, with your solemn sound,
 For God's high glory, fill the sacred ground,

And

And there, and every-where, his wondrous name
 Within his firmament of power proclaim.
 Soft pleasing lutes with easy sweetness move,
 To touch the sentiments of heavenly love ;
 Assist the lyre and voice, to tell the charms
 That gently stole him from the father's arms ;
 Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,
 Assist the loud Hosannah rais'd on earth ;
 When on an ass he meekly rides along,
 And multitudes are heard within the song.
 Full-tenor'd Psaltery join the doleful part,
 In which his agony possesseth his heart ;
 And seem to feel thyself, and seem to shew,
 A rising heaviness and signs of woe.
 Sonorous organ, at his passion moan,
 And utter forth thy sympathizing groan,
 In big slow murmurs anxious sorrow speak,
 While melancholy winds thine entrails shake.
 As when he suffer'd, with complaining sound,
 The storms in vaulted caverns shook the ground ;
 Swift cheerful cymbals give an airy strain,
 When, having bravely broke the doubled chain
 Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,
 And rose to visit those he dy'd to save,
 And as he mounts in song and Angels sing,
 With grand procession their returning king,
 Triumphant trumpets raise their notes on high,
 And make them seem to mount, and seem to fly,
 Then all at once conspire to praise the Lord,
 In Musick's full consent, and just accord :

Ye sons of Art, in such melodious way,
 Conclude the service which you join to pay,
 While nations sing Amen, and yet again
 Hold forth the note, and sing aloud Amen.

Here has my fancy gone where David leads,
 Now softly pacing o'er the grassy meads;
 Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear,
 The gilded spires of palaces in air;
 Now shooting thence, upon the level flight,
 To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
 Anon with utmost stretch ascending far,
 Beyond the region of the farthest star;
 As sharpest-fighted eagles towering fly,
 To weather their broad sails in open sky,
 At length on wings half-clos'd slide gently down,
 And one attempt shall all my labours crown.
 In others' verse the rest be better shewn,
 But this is more, or should be more, thine own.

If then the spirit that supports my lines
 Have prov'd unequal to my large designs,
 Let others rise from earthly passion's dream,
 By me provok'd to vindicate the theme.
 Let others round the world in rapture rove,
 Or with strong feathers fan the breeze above,
 Or walk the dusky shades of death, and dive
 Down hell's abyss, and mount again alive.
 But, Oh, my God! may these unartful rhymes
 In sober words of woe bemoan my crimes.
 'Tis fit the sorrows I for ever vent
 For what I never can enough repent;

'Tis fit, and David shews the moving way,
 And with his prayer instructs my soul to pray.
 Then, since thy guilt is more than match'd by me,
 And since my troubles should with thine agree,
 O Muse, to glories in affliction born !
 May thy humility my soul adorn.

For humblest prayers are most affecting strains,
 As mines lye rich in lowly planted veins ;
 Such aid I want, to render mercy kind,
 And such an aid as here I want, I find :
 Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
 Ah, thought ! ah, voice of inward dole begun !

My God, whose anger is appeas'd by tears,
 Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears ;
 With many tongues my sins for justice call,
 But Mercy's ears are manifold for all.
 Those sweet celestial windows open wide,
 And in full streams let soft compassion glide ;
 There wash my soul, and cleanse it yet again,
 O thoroughly cleanse it from the guilty stain ;
 For I my life with inward anguish see,
 And all its wretchedness confess to thee.
 The large indictment stands before my view,
 Drawn forth by conscience, most amazing true ;
 And fill'd with secrets hid from human eye,
 When, foolish man, thy God stood witness by.
 Then, oh, thou majesty divinely great,
 Accept the sad confessions I repeat,
 Which clear thy justice to the world below,
 Should dismal sentence doom my soul to woe.

When

When in the silent womb my shape was made,
 And from the womb to lightsome life convey'd,
 Curs'd sin began to take unhappy root,
 And through my veins its early fibres shoot;
 And then, what goodness didst thou shew, to kill
 The rising weeds, and principles of ill;
 When to my breast, in fair celestial flame,
 Eternal Truth and lovely Wisdom came,
 Bright gift, by simple Nature never got,
 But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot.
 This wondrous help which Mercy pleas'd to grant,
 Continue still, for still thine aid I want;
 And, as the men whom leprosy invade,
 Or they that touch the carcase of the dead,
 With hyssop sprinkled, and by water clean'd,
 Their former pureness in the law regain'd;
 So purge my soul, diseas'd, alas! within,
 And much polluted with dead works of sin.
 For such bless'd favours at thine hand I sue,
 Be grace thine hyssop, and thy water too.
 Then shall my whiteness for perfection vie
 With blanching snows that newly leave the sky.
 Thus, through my mind, thy voice of gladness send,
 Thus speak the joyful word, I will be clean'd;
 That all my strength, consum'd with mournful pain,
 May, by thy saving health, rejoice again:
 And now no more my foul offences see,
 O turn from these, but turn thee not from me;
 Or, lest they make me too deform'd a sight,
 Oh, blot them with Oblivion's endless night.

Then

Then further pureness to thy servant grant,
 Another heart, or change in this, I want.
 Create another, or the change create,
 For now my vile corruption is so great,
 It seems a new creation to restore
 Its fall'n estate to what it was before.
 Renew my spirit, raging in my breast,
 And all its passions in their course arrest;
 Or turn their motions, widely gone astray,
 And fix their footsteps in thy righteous way;
 When this is granted, when again I'm whole,
 Oh ne'er withdraw thy presence from my soul:
 There let it shine, so let me be restor'd
 To present joy, which conscious hopes afford.
 There let it sweetly shine, and o'er my breast,
 Diffuse the dawning of eternal rest;
 Then shall the wicked this compassion see,
 And learn thy worship, and thy works, from me.
 For I, to such occasions of thy praise,
 Will tune my lyre, and consecrate my lays.
 Unseal my lips, where guilt and shame have hung,
 To stop the passage of my grateful tongue,
 And let my prayer and song ascend, my prayer
 Here join'd with saints, my song with angels there;
 Yet neither prayer I'd give, nor songs alone,
 If either offerings were as much thy own:
 But thine 's the contrite spirit, thine 's an heart
 Oppress'd with sorrow, broke with inward smart;
 That at thy footstool in confession shews,
 How well its faults, how well the judge it knows;
That

That sin with sober resolution flies,
 This gift thy mercy never will despise.
 Then in my soul a mystic altar rear,
 And such a sacrifice I 'll offer there.
 There shall it stand, in vows of virtue bound,
 There falling tears shall wash it all around;
 And sharp remorse, yet sharper edg'd by woe,
 Deserv'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;
 There shall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,
 Instead of incense, to perfume the sky,
 And thence my willing heart aspires above,
 A victim panting in the flames of love.

S O L O M O N.

AS through the Psalms, from theme to theme, I
 chang'd,
 Methinks like Eve in Paradise I rang'd;
 And every grace of song I seem'd to see,
 As the gay pride of every season she;
 She, gently treading all the walks around,
 Admir'd the springing beauties of the ground,
 The lily, glistering with the morning dew,
 The rose in red, the violet in blue,
 The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
 And tulips colour'd in a thousand shows:
 Then here and there perhaps she pull'd a flower,
 To strew with moss, and paint her leafy bower;
 And here and there, like her, I went along,
 Chose a bright strain, and bid it deck my song.

But now the sacred Singer leaves mine eye,
 Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high;
 Ere this devotion bore his heavenly Psalms,
 And now himself bears up his harp and palms.
 Go, faint triumphant, leave the changing fight,
 So fitted out, you suit the realms of light;
 But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
 Those realms have robes of more effulgent show;
 It flies, it falls, the fluttering silk I see;
 Thy son has caught it, and he sings like thee,
 With such election of a theme divine,
 And such sweet grace, as conquers all but thine.

Hence every writer o'er the fabled streams,
 Where frolic fancies sport with idle dreams;
 Or round the sight enchanted clouds dispose,
 Whence wanton Cupids shoot with gilded bows,
 A nobler writer, strains more brightly wrought,
 Themes more exalted, fill my wondering thought:
 The parted skies are track'd with flames above,
 As love descends to meet ascending love;
 The seasons flourish where the spouses meet,
 And earth in gardens spreads beneath their feet;
 This fresh-bloom prospect in the bosom throngs,
 When Solomon begins his song of songs,
 Bids the wrapt soul to Lebanon repair,
 And lays the scene of all his actions there;
 Where as he wrote, and from the bower survey'd
 The scenting groves, or answering knots he made,
 His sacred art the sights of nature brings,
 Beyond their use, to figure heavenly things.

Great Son of God ! whose gospel pleas'd to throw
 Round thy rich glory veils of earthly show ;
 Who made the vineyard oft thy church design,
 Who made the marriage-feast a type of thine ;
 Assist my verses, which attempt to trace
 The shadow'd beauties of celestial grace,
 And with illapses of seraphic fire
 The work which pleas'd thee once, once more inspire.

Look, or Illusion's airy visions draw,
 Or now I walk the gardens which I saw,
 Where silver waters feed a flowering spring,
 And winds salute it with a balmy wing.
 There, on a bank, whose shades directly rise,
 To screen the sun, and not exclude the skies,
 There sits the sacred church ; methinks I view
 The spouse's aspect, and her ensigns too.
 Her face has features where the Virtues reign,
 Her hands the book of sacred Love contain,
 A light (Truth's emblem) on her bosom shines,
 And at her side the meekest lamb reclines :
 And oft on heavenly lectures in the book,
 And oft on heaven itself she casts a look,
 Sweet, humble, fervent zeal, that works within,
 At length bursts forth, and raptures thus begin:

Let Him, that Him my soul adores above,
 In close communions breathe his holy love ;
 For these bless'd words his pleasing lips impart,
 Beyond all cordials, cheer the fainting heart.
 As rich and sweet the precious ointments stream,
 So rich thy graces flow, so sweet thy name

Diffuses sacred joy; 'tis hence we find
 Affection rais'd in every virgin mind;
 For this we come, the daughters here, and I,
 Still draw we forward, and behold I fly;
 I fly through mercy, when my king invites,
 To tread his chambers of sincere delights;
 There, join'd by mystic union, I rejoice,
 Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,
 And celebrate thy joys, supremely more
 Than earthly bliss; thus upright hearts adore.
 Nor you, ye maids, who breathe of Salem's air,
 Nor you refuse that I conduct you there;
 Though clouding darkness hath eclips'd my face,
 Dark as I am, I shine with beams of grace,
 As the black tents, where Ishmael's line abides,
 With glittering trophies dress their inward sides;
 Or as thy curtains, Solomon, are seen,
 Whose plaits conceal a golden throne within.
 'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal sight,
 And yet my visage was by nature white;
 But fiery suns, which persecute the meek,
 Found me abroad, and scorch'd my rosy cheek.
 The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,
 They made me dress a vineyard not my own,
 Among their rites (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,
 And in the mean employ my beauty fell;
 By frailty lost, I gave my labour o'er,
 And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.
 Behold I turn; O say, my soul's desire,
 Where dost thou feed thy flock, and where retire

To rest that flock, when noon-tide heats arise?
 Shepherd of Israel, teach my dubious eyes
 To guide me right; for why should thine abide
 Where wandering shepherds turn their flocks aside?

So spake the church, and sigh'd: a purple light
 Sprung forth, the Godhead stood reveal'd to fight,
 And heaven and nature smil'd; as white as snow
 His seamless vesture loosely fell below:

Sedate and pleas'd, he nodded; round his head
 The pointed glory shook, and thus he said:

If thou, the loveliest of the beauteous kind,
 If thou canst want thy shepherd's walk to find,
 Go by the foot-steps where my flocks have trod,
 My faints, obedient to the laws of God;

Go, where their tents my teaching servants rear,
 And feed the kids, thy young believers there.

Should thus my flocks increase, my fair delight,
 I view their numbers, and compare the fight
 To Pharaoh's horses when they take the field,
 Beat plains to dust, and make the nations yield.

With rows of gems thy comely cheeks I deck,
 And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,
 For so like gems the riches of my grace,

And so descending glory, cheers thy face:

Gay bridal robes a flowering silver strows,
 Bright gold engrailing on the border glows.

He spake; the spouse admiring heard the sound,
 Then, meekly bending on the sacred ground,
 She cries, Oh present to my ravish'd breast,
 This sweet communion is an inward feast,

There fits the king, while all around our heads
 His grace, my spikenard, pleasing odours sheds
 About my soul, his holy comfort flies;
 So closely treasur'd in the bosom lies
 The bundled myrrh, so sweet the scented gale
 Breathes all En-gedi's aromatic vale.
 Now, says the king, my love, I see thee fair,
 Thine eyes, for mildness, with the dove's compare.

No, thou, belov'd, art fair, the church replies,
 (Since all my beauties but from thee arise;)
 All fair, all pleasant, these communions shew
 Thy counsels pleasant, and thy comforts so.
 And as at marriage feasts they strow the flowers,
 With nuptial chaplets hang the summer bowers,
 And make the rooms of smelling cedars fine,
 Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline;
 I dress my soul with such exceeding care,
 With such, with more, to court thy presence there.

Well hast thou prais'd, he says; the Sharon rose
 Through flowery fields a pleasing odour throws,
 The valley lilies ravish'd sense regale,
 And with pure whiteness paint their humble vale:
 Such names of sweetness are thy lover's due,
 And thou, my love, be thou a lily too,
 A lily set in thorns; for all I see,
 All other daughters, are as thorns to thee.

Then she; the trees that pleasing apples yield,
 Surpass the barren trees that cloath the field;
 So you surpass the sons with worth divine,
 So shade, and fruit as well as shade, is thine.

I sat me down, and saw thy branches spread,
 And green protection flourish o'er my head;
 I saw thy fruit, the soul's celestial food,
 I pull'd, I tasted, and I found it good.
 Hence in the spirit to the blissful seats,
 Where Love, to feast, mysteriously retreats;
 He led me forth; I saw the banner rear,
 And love was pencil'd for the motto there.
 Prophets and teachers in your care combine,
 Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine,
 The cordial promises of joys above,
 For hope deferr'd has made me sick with love.
 Ah! while my tongue reveals my fond desire,
 His hands support me, lest my life expire;
 As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
 This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.

Here ceas'd the church, and lean'd her languid head,
 Bent down with joy; when thus the lover said,
 Behold, ye daughters of the realm of peace,
 She sleeps, at least her thoughts of sorrow cease.
 Now, by the bounding roes, the skipping fawns,
 Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,
 By all the tender innocents that rove,
 Your hourly charges, in my sacred grove,
 Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
 I would not have her wake but when she will.

So rest the church and spouse: my verses so
 Appear to languish with the flames you shew,
 And pausing rest; but not the pause be long,
 For still thy Solomon pursues the song.

Then keep the place in view; let sweets more rare
 Than earth produces fill the purpled air;
 Let something solemn overspread the green,
 Which seems to tell us, Here the Lord has been!
 But let the virgin still in prospect shine,
 And other strains of her's enliven mine.
 She wakes, she rises: bid the whispering breeze
 More softly whisper in the waving trees,
 Or fall with silent awe; bid all around,
 Before the church's voice, abate their sound;
 While thus her shadowy strains attempt to shew
 A future advent of the spouse below;

Hark! my beloved's voice! behold him too!
 Behold him coming in the distant view;
 No clambering mountains make my lover stay,
 (For what are mountains in a lover's way?)
 Leaping he come, how like the nimble roe
 He runs the paths his prophets us'd to show!
 And now he looks from yon partition-wall,
 Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall,
 And now he's nearer in the promise seen,
 Too faint the sight—'tis with a glass between;
 From hence I hear him as a lover speak,
 Who near a window calls a fair to wake.

Attend, ye virgins, while the words that trace
 An opening spring design the day of grace.
 Hark! or I dream, or else I hear him say,
 Arise, my love; my fair-one, come away;
 For now the tempests of thy winter end,
 Thick rains no more in heavy drops descend;

Sweet



Sweet painted flowers their silken leaves uncloſe,
And dreſs the face of earth with varied ſhows ;
In the green wood the ſinging birds renew,
Their chirping notes, the ſilver turtles coo :
The trees that yield the fig already ſhoot,
And knit their bloſſoms for their early fruit ;
With fragrant ſcents the vines reſreſh the day,
Ariſe, my love ; my fair-one, come away.
O come, my dove, forſake thy cloſe retreat,
For cloſe in ſafety haſt thou fix'd thy feat,
As fearful pigeons in dark clefts abide,
And ſafe the clefts their tender charges hide.
Now let thy looks with modeſt guiſe appear,
Now let thy voice ſalute my longing ear,
For in thy looks an humble mind I ſee,
Prayer forms thy voice, and both are ſweet to me.
To ſave the bloomings of my vineyard, haſte,
Which foxes (faulſe deluding teachers) waſte ;
Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there,
Our grapes are tender, and demand thy care.
Thus ſpeaks my love : ſurprizing love divine !
I thus am his, he thus for ever mine.
And, till he comes, I find a preſence ſtill,
Where ſouls attentive ſerve his holy will ;
Where down in vales unſpotted lilies grow,
White types of innocence, in humble ſhow.
Oh, till the ſpicy breath of heavenly day,
Till all thy ſhadows fleet before thy ray ;
Turn, my beloved, with thy comforts here,
Turn in thy promiſe, in thy grace appear,

Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown
 To save themselves, as thou to cheer thine own;
 Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound,
 Before the stretches of the fleetest hound;
 Skim the plain chace of lofty Bether's head,
 And make the mountain wonder if they tread.

But long expectance of a bliss delay'd
 Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the sacred maid;
 Then mists arising strait repel the light,
 The colour'd garden lies disguis'd with night;
 A pale-horn'd crescent leads a glimmering throng,
 And groans of absence jar within the song.

By night, she cries, a night which blots the mind,
 I seek the lover, whom I fail to find:
 When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
 I search, and vainly search, with reason's eye;
 Rise, fondly rise, thy present search give o'er,
 And ask if others knew thy lover more.
 Dark as it is, I rise; the moon that shines
 Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines:
 I range the wandering road, the winding street,
 And ask, but ask in vain, of all I meet,
 Till, toil'd with every disappointing place,
 My steps the guardians of the temple trace,
 Whom thus my wish accosts: Ye sacred guides,
 Ye prophets, tell me where my love resides?
 'Twas well I question'd, scarce I pass'd them by,
 Ere my rais'd soul perceives my lover nigh:
 And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
 How fast I'll hold thee, till I make thee mine!

My

My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,
 Long-waiting Israel wants thy presence there.
 The lover smiles to see the virgin's pain ;
 The mists roll off, and quit the flowery plain ;
 Yes, there I come, he says, thy sorrow cease ;
 And guard her, daughters of the realms of peace,
 By all the bounding roes and skipping fawns,
 Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns ;
 By all the tender innocents that rove,
 Your hourly charges, in my sacred grove :
 Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
 I 'll have her feel my comforts while she will.

Here, hand in hand, with chearful heart they go,
 When wandering Salem sees the solemn show,
 Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again,
 And thus her daughters sing th' approaching scene :

Who from the desert, where the waving clouds
 High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds ?
 For Sion's hill her sober pace she bends,
 As grateful incense from the dome ascends.
 It seems the sweets, from all Arabia shed,
 Curl at her side, and hover o'er her head.
 For her the king prepares a bed of state,
 Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,
 All mystic Israel's sons, 'tis there they quell
 The foes within, the foes without repel.
 The guard his ministry, their swords of fight,
 His sacred laws, her present state of night.
 He forms a chariot too, to bring her there,
 Not the carv'd frame of Solomon so fair ;

Sweet smells the chariot as the temple stood,
 The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood ;
 High wreaths of silver'd columns prop the door,
 Fine gold engrail'd adorns the figur'd floor,
 Deep-fringing purple hangs the roof above,
 And silk embroidery paints the midst with love.

Go forth, ye daughters ; Sion's daughters, go ;
 A greater Solomon exalts the show,
 If crown'd with gold, and by the queen bestow'd,
 To grace his nuptials, Jacob's monarch rode ;
 A crown of glory from the King Divine,
 To grace these nuptials, makes the Saviour shine ;
 While the bless'd pair express'd in emblem ride,
 Messiah Solomon, his church the bride.

Ye kind attendants, who, with wondering eyes,
 Saw the grand entry, what you said suffice ;
 You sung the lover with a loud acclaim,
 The lover's fondness longs to sing the dame.
 He speaks, admiring Nature stands around,
 And learns new music, while it hears the sound.

Behold, my love, how fair thy beauties show,
 Behold how more, how most extremely so !
 How still to me thy constant eyes incline,
 I see the turtle's when I gaze on thine ;
 Sweet through the lids they shine with modest care,
 And sweet and modest is a virgin's air.
 How bright thy locks ! how well their number paints
 The great assemblies of my lovely fairs !
 So bright the kids, so numerously fed,
 Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head ;

All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteness clouds,
And the rich master glories in the crowds.

How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each answering each, whilst all the publick aid;
These lovely graces in my church I find,
This candor, order, and accorded mind:
Thus when the season bids the shepherd lave
His sheep new shorn within the crystal wave;
Wash'd they return, in such unfully'd white,
Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How please thy lips adorn'd with native red!
Art vainly mocks them in the scarlet thread!
But, if they part, what music wafts the air!
So sweet thy praises, and so soft thy prayer.
If through thy loosen'd curls, with honest shame,
Thy lovely temples fine complexion flame,
Whatever crimson granate blossoms show,
'Twas never theirs so much to please, and glow.
But what's thy neck, the polish'd form I see,
Whose ivory strength supports thine eyes to me!
Fair type of firmness, when my faints aspire
The sacred confidence that lifts desire,
As David's turret, on the stately frame,
Upheld its thousand conquering shields of fame.
And what thy breasts! they still demand my lays,
What image wakes to charm me whilst I gaze!
Two lovely mountains each exactly round,
Two lovely mountains with the lily crown'd;
While two twin roes, and each on either bred,
Feed in the lilies of the mountain's head.

Let this resemblance spotless virtues show,
 And in such lilies feed my young below.
 But now, farewell, till night's dark shades decay,
 Farewell, my virgin, till the break of day;
 Swift for the hills of spice and gums I fly,
 To breathe such sweets as scent a purer sky;
 Yet, as I leave thee, still, above compare,
 My Love, my spotless, still I find thee fair.

Here rest, celestial maid; for if he go,
 Nor will he part, nor is the promise slow,
 Nor slow my fancy move; dispel the shade,
 Charm forth the morning, and relieve the maid.
 Arise, fair sun, the church attends to see
 The sun of righteousness arise in thee;
 Arise, fair sun; and bid the church adore;
 'Tis then he'll court her, whom he prais'd before.
 As thus I sing, it shines; there seems a sound
 Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground:
 I see their meeting, see the flowery scene,
 And hear the mystic love pursued again.

Now to the mount, whose spice perfumes the day,
 'Tis I invite thee; come, my spouse, away;
 Come, leave thy Lebanon: is aught we see
 In all thy Lebanon, compar'd to me?
 Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wishful sight,
 From Hermon's, Sheniar's, and Amana's height;
 There dwells the leopard, there assaults the bear;
 This world has ills, and such may find thee there.

My spouse, my sister, O thy wondrous art,
 Which through my bosom drew my ravish'd heart!

Won by one eye, my ravish'd heart is gone,
 For all thy seeing guides consent as one.
 Drawn by one chain, which round thy body plies,
 For all thy members one blest'd union ties.
 My spouse, my sister, O the charm to please,
 When love repaid returns my bosom ease!
 Strongly thy love, and strongly wines restore,
 But wines must yield, thy love enflames me more.
 Sweetly thine ointments (all thy virtues) smell,
 Not altar-spices please thy king so well.
 How soft thy doctrine on thy lips resides!
 From those two combs the dropping honey glides;
 All pure without, as all within sincere,
 Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there.
 Ah, while thy graces thus around thee shine,
 The charms of Lebanon must yield to thine!
 His spring, his garden, every scented tree,
 My spouse, my sister, all I find in thee.
 Thee, for myself, I fence, I shut, I seal;
 Mysterious spring, mysterious garden, hail!
 A spring, a font, where heavenly waters flow;
 A grove, a garden, where the Graces grow.
 There rise my fruits, my cypresses, and my fir,
 My saffron, spikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh;
 Perpetual fountains for their use abound,
 And streams of favour feed the living ground.
 Scarce spake the Christ, when thus the church replies
 (And spread her arms where-e'er the spirit flies):
 Ye cooling northern gales, who freshly shake
 My balmy reeds; ye northern gales, awake.

And thou the regent of the southern sky,
 O soft inspiring, o'er my garden fly;
 Unlock and waft my sweets, that every grace,
 In all its heavenly life, regale the place.
 If thus a paradise thy garden prove,
 'Twere best prepar'd to entertain my love;
 And, that the pleasing fruits may please the more,
 O think my proffer was thy gift before.

At this, the Saviour cries, Behold me near,
 My spouse, my sister; O behold me here;
 To gather fruits, I come at thy request,
 And, pleas'd, my soul accepts the solemn feast;
 I gather myrrh, with spice to scent the treat,
 My virgin-honey with the combs I eat;
 I drink my sweetening milk, my lively wine
 (These words of pleasure mean thy gifts divine);
 To share my bliss, my good elect I call,
 The church (my garden) must include them all;
 Now sit and banquet; now, belov'd, you see
 What gifts I love, and prove these fruits with me;
 O might this sweet communion ever last!
 But with the sun the sweet communion past.
 The Saviour parts, and on Oblivion's breast
 Benumb'd and slumbering lies the church to rest,
 Pass the sweet alleys while the dusk abides,
 Seek the fair lodge in which the maid resides;
 Then, Fancy, seek the maid at night again,
 The Christ will come, but comes, alas, in vain.

I sleep, she says, and yet my heart awakes
 (There's still some feeling while the lover speaks);

With

With what fond fervor from without he cries,
 Arise, my love; my undefil'd, arise!
 My dove, my sister, cold the dews alight,
 And fill my tresses with the drops of night;
 Alas, I 'm all unrob'd, I wash'd my feet,
 I tasted slumber, and I find it sweet.

As thus my words refuse, he slips his hands
 Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands;
 What, though deny'd, so persevering kind!
 Who long denies a persevering mind?
 From my wak'd soul my slothful temper flies,
 My bowels yearn; I rise, my love, I rise;
 I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
 Thy smelling myrrh comes dropping off the door.
 Now, where 's my love?—what! hast thou left the place?
 O, to my soul repeat thy words of grace!
 Speak in the dark, my love; I seek thee round,
 And vainly seek thee, till thou wilt be found.
 What, no return? I own my folly past,
 I lay too listless; speak, my love, at last.
 The guards have found me—are ye guards indeed,
 Who smite the sad, who make the feeble bleed?
 Dividing teachers, these; who wrong my name,
 Rend my long veil, and cast me bare to shame.
 But you, ye daughters of the realm of rest,
 If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breast,
 Tell my belov'd how languishing I lie,
 How love has brought me near the point to die.

And what belov'd is this you would have found?
 Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around?

What wondrous thing? what charm beyond compare?
 Say, what 's thy lover, fairest o'er the fair?
 His face is white and ruddy, she replies,
 So mercy, join'd to justice, tempers dies;
 His lofty stature, where a myriad shine,
 O'ertops, and speaks a majesty divine.
 Fair honour crowns his head, the raven-black,
 In bushy curlings, flows adown his back:
 Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,
 White like the milk, and with a mildness grac'd;
 As the sweet doves, whene'er they fondly play
 By running waters in a glittering day.
 Within his breath what pleasing sweetness grows!
 'Tis spice exhal'd, and mingled on the rose.
 Within his words what grace with goodness meets!
 So beds of lilies drop with balmy sweets.
 What rings of eastern price his fingers hold!
 Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gold!
 His ivory shape adorns a costly vest,
 Work paints the skirts, and gems enrich the breast;
 His limbs beneath, his shining sandals case
 Like marble columns on a golden base.
 Nor boasts that mountain, where the cedar-tree
 Perfumes our realm, such numerous sweets as he.
 O, lovely all! what could my king require
 To make his presence more the world's desire?
 And now, ye maids, if such a friend you know,
 'Tis such my longings look to find below.
 While thus her friend the spouse's anthems sing,
 Deck'd with the thummim, crown'd a sacred king;

The

The Daughters' hearts the fine description drew,
And that which rais'd their wonder, ask'd their view.

Then where, they cry, thou fairest o'er the fair,
Where goes thy lover? Tell the virgins where.
What flowering walks invite his steps aside?
We'll help to seek him, let those walks be try'd.

The spouse revolving here the grand descent,
'Twas that he promis'd, there, she cries, he went;
He keeps a garden where the spices breathe,
Its bowring borders kifs the vale beneath;
'Tis there he gathers lilies, there he dwells,
And binds his flowerets to unite their smells.
O, 'tis my height of love that I am his!
O, he is mine, and that 's my height of blifs!
Descend, my virgins; well I know the place,
He feeds in lilies, that 's a spotless race.

At dawning day the bridegroom leaves a bower,
And here he waters, there he props a flower,
When the kind damsel, spring of heavenly flame,
With Salem's daughters to the garden came.
Then thus his love the bridgroom's words repeat
{The smelling borders lent them both a feat):
O, great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place,
O, fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of peace;
Whose aspect, awful to the wondering eye,
Appears like armies when the banners fly;
O turn, my sister, O my beauteous bride,
Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aside;
How bright thy locks, how well their number paints
The great assemblies of my lovely saints!

So bright the kids, so numerously fed,
 Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.
 How pure thy teeth ! for equal order made,
 Each answering each, while all the publick aid ;
 As when the season bids the shepherd lave
 His sheep new shorn within the silver wave :
 Wash'd, they return in such unfully'd white,
 So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
 How sweet thy temples ! not pomegranates know,
 With equal modest look, to please and glow.
 If Solomon his life of pleasure leads,
 With wives in numbers, and unnumber'd maids,
 In other paths, my life of pleasure shown,
 Admits my love, my undefil'd alone.
 Thy mother, Israel, she the dame who bore
 Her choice, my dove, my spotless, owns no more ;
 The Gentile queens, at thy appearance, cry,
 Hail, queen of nations ! hail, the maids reply ;
 And thus they sing thy praise : what heavenly dame
 Springs like the morning, with a purple flame ?
 What rises like the morn with silver light ?
 What, like the sun, assists the world with light ?
 Yet awful still, though thus serenely kind,
 Like hosts with ensigns rattling in the wind ?
 I grant I left thy fight, I seem'd to go,
 But was I absent when you fancy'd so ?
 Down to my garden, all my planted vale,
 Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal ;
 Where blown pomegranates, there I went to see
 What knitting blossoms white the bearing tree :

View the green buds, recall the wandering shoots,
Smell my gay flowerets, taste my flavour'd fruits ;
Raise the curl'd vine, refresh the spicy beds,
And joy for every grace my garden sheds.

The Saviour here, and here the church arise,
And am I thus respected, thus she cries !
I mount for heaven, transported on the winds,
My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds.

As, rapt with comfort, thus the maid withdrew,
The waiting daughters wonder'd where she flew ;
And O ! return, they cry, for thee we burn,
O maid of Salem ; Salem's self return.
And what 's in Salem's maid we covet so ?
Hear, all ye nations—'tis your bliss below ;
That glorious vision, by the patriarch seen,
When sky-born beauties march'd the scented green ;
There the met saints and meeting angels came,
Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name.

Again the maid reviews her sacred ground ;
Solemn she sits, the damsels sing around.

O, prince's daughter ! how, with shining show,
Thy golden shoes prepare thy feet below !
How firm thy joints ! what temple-work can be,
With all its gems and art, preferr'd to thee ?
In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,
Still flow the riches of abounding grace ;
Pure, large, refreshing, as the waters fall
From the carv'd navels of the cistern-wall.
In thee the lover finds his race divine,
You teem with numbers, they with virtues shine ;

So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite,
 The wheat's unnumber'd, and the lilies white;
 Like tender roes, thy breasts appear above,
 Two types of innocence, and twins of love.
 Like ivory-turrets seems thy neck to rear,
 O, sacred emblem, upright, firm, and fair!
 As Heshbon-pools, which, with a silver-state,
 Diffuse their waters at their city-gate,
 For ever so thy virgin eyes remain,
 So clear within, and so without serene.
 As through sweet fir the royal turret shows,
 Whence Lebanon surveys a realm of foes;
 So through thy lovely curls appear thy face,
 To watch thy foes, and guard thy faithful race.
 The richest colours flowery Carmel wears,
 Red fillets, cross'd with purple, braid thy hairs;
 Yet, not more strictly these thy locks restrain,
 Than thou thy king, with strong affection's chain;
 When from his palace he enjoys thy sight,
 O love, O beauty, form'd for all delight!
 Strait is thy goodly stature, firm, and high,
 As palms aspiring in the brighter sky;
 Thy breasts the cluster (if those breasts we view,
 As late for beauty, now for profit too).
 Woo'd to thine arms, those arms that oft extend,
 In the kind posture of a waiting friend;
 Each maid of Salem cries, I'll mount the tree,
 Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.
 O, more than grapes, thy fruit delights the maids,
 Thy pleasing breath excels the citron shades:

Thy

Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go
 From those sweet lips with more refreshment flow;
 Their powerful graces slumbering souls awake,
 And cause the dead, that hear thy voice, to speak.

This anthem sung, the glorious spouse arose,
 Yet thus instructs the daughters ere she goes.
 If aught, my damsels, in the spouse ye find
 Deserving praises, think the lover kind:
 To my belov'd these marriage-ropes I owe,
 I'm his desire, and he would have it so.

Scarce spake the spouse, but see the lover near!
 Her humble temper brought the Presence here;
 Then, rais'd by grace, and strongly warm'd by love,
 No second languor lets her Lord remove;
 She flies to meet him, zeal supplies the wings,
 And thus her haste to work his will she sings:
 Come, my beloved, to the fields repair,
 Come, where another spot demands our care;
 There in the village we 'll to rest recline,
 Mean as it is, I try to make it thine.

When the first rays their chearing crimson shed,
 We 'll rise betimes to see the vineyard spread;
 See vines luxuriant-verdur'd leaves display,
 Supporting tendrils curling all the way.
 See young unpurpled grapes in clusters grow,
 And smell pomegranate-blossoms as they blow;
 There will I give my loves, employ my care,
 And, as my labours thrive, approve me there:
 Scarce have we pass'd my gate, the scent we meet,
 My covering jasmynes now diffuse their sweet;

My spicy flowerets, mingled as they fly,
 With doubling odours croud a balmy sky.
 Now all the fruits, which crown the season, view,
 These nearer fruits are old, and those are new;
 And these, and all of every loaded tree,
 My love, I gather, and reserve for thee.
 If then thy spouse's labour please thee well,
 Oh! like my brethren, with thy Sister dwell;
 No blameless maid, whose fond careffes meet
 An infant-brother in the public street,
 Clings to its lips with less reserve than I
 Would hang on thine, where'er I found thee nigh:
 No shame would make me from thy side remove,
 No danger make me not confess thy love.
 Strait to my mother's house, thine Israel she
 (And thou my monarch wouldst arrive with me);
 'Tis there I'd lead thee, where I mean to stay,
 Till thou, by her, instruct my soul to pray;
 There shalt thou prove my virtues, drink my wine,
 And feel my joy, to find me wholly thine.
 Oh! while my soul were sick, through fond desire,
 Thine hands should hold me lest my life expire;
 As round a child the parents' arms are plac'd,
 This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.

So cast thy cares on me, the lover cry'd,
 Lean to my bosom, lean, my lovely bride;
 And now, ye daughters of the realm of blifs,
 Let nothing discompose a love like this;
 But guard her rest from each approach of ill;
 I caus'd her languor, guard her while she will.

Here

Here pause the lines, but soon the lines renew,
 Once more the pair celestial come to view ;
 Ah! seek them once, my ravish'd fancy, more,
 And then thy songs of Solomon are o'er :
 By yon green bank pursue their orb of light,
 The sun shines out, but shines not half so bright.
 See Salem's maids, in white, attend the King,
 They greet the spouses—hark, to what they sing.

Who, from the desert, where the wandering clouds
 High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds ?
 'Tis she, the spouse ! Oh ! favour'd o'er the rest !
 Who walks reclin'd by such a lover's breast.

The spouse, rejoicing, heard the kind salute,
 And thus address'd him—all the rest were mute.
 Beneath the law, our goodly parent tree,
 I went, my much-belov'd, in search of thee ;
 For thee, like one in pangs of travail, strove ;
 Hence, none may wonder, if I gain thy love.
 As seals their pictures to the wax impart,
 So let my picture stamp thy gentle heart ;
 As fix'd the signets on our hands remain,
 So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again ;
 For Love is strong as Death, whene'er they strike,
 Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike ;
 But dread to loose, love, mix'd with jealous dread !
 As soon the marble tomb resigns the dead.
 Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,
 The fire intense, and thine the most of all ;
 To slack the points no chilling floods are found,
 Nay, should afflictions roll like floods around,

Were wealth of nations offer'd, all would prove
 Too small a danger, or a price for love.
 If then with love this world of worth agree,
 With soft regard our little sister see;
 How far unapt, as yet, like maids that own
 No breasts at all, or breasts but hardly grown;
 Her part of Profelyte is scarce a part,
 Too much a Gentile at her erring heart;
 Her day draws nearer; what have we to do,
 Lest she be ask'd, and prove unworthy too?
 Despair not, spouse, he cries; we'll find the means,
 Her good beginnings ask the greater pains.
 Let her but stand, she thrives; a wall too low
 Is not rejected for the standing so;
 What falls is only lost, we'll build her high,
 Till the rich palace glitters in the sky.
 The door that's weak (what need we spare the cost?)
 If 'tis a door, we need not think it lost;
 The leaves she brings us, if those leaves be good,
 We'll close in cedar's uncorrupting wood.

Wrapt with the news, the spouse converts her eyes,
 And, oh! companions to the maids, she cries,
 What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial day,
 Which calls our sister!—Hark, I hear her say,
 Yes, I'm a wall; lo! she that boasted none,
 Now boasts of breasts unmeasurably grown;
 Large towery buildings, where securely rests
 A thousand thousand of my lover's guests;
 The vast increase affords his heart delight,
 And I find favour in his heavenly sight.

The lover here, to make her rapture last,
Thus adds assurance to the promise past.

A spacious vine-yard, in Baal-Hamon vale,
The vintage set, by Solomon, to sale,
His keepers took; and every keeper paid
A thousand purses for the gains he made.

And I 've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds
A large increase, but my return exceeds.

Let Solomon receive his keeper's pay,
He gains his thousand, their two hundred they;
Mine is mine own, 'tis in my presence still,
And shall increase the more, the more she will.

My love, my vineyard, oh the future shoots
Which fill my garden-rows with sacred fruits!

I saw the listening maids attend thy voice,
And in their listening saw their eyes rejoice;
A due success thy words of comfort met,
Now turn to me—'tis I would hear thee yet.

Say, dove, and spotless, for I must away,
Say, spouse, and sister, all you wish to say.
He spake; the place was bright with lambent fire,
(But what is brightness, if the Christ retire?)

Gold-bordering purple mark'd his road in air,
And kneeling all, the spouse address'd the prayer

Desire of nations! if thou must be gone,
Accept our wishes, all compriz'd in one;
We wait thine advent! Oh, we long to see
I, and my sister, both as one, in thee.

Then leave thy heaven, and come and dwell below;
Why said I leave?—'tis heaven where-e'er you go.

Haste,

Haste, my belov'd, thy promise haste to crown,
 The form thou 'lt honour waits thy coming down;
 Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown
 To save themselves, as thine to save thine own.
 Haste, like the nimblest harts, that lightly bound
 Before the stretches of the swiftest hound;
 With reaching feet devour a level way,
 Across their backs their branching antlers lay,
 In the cool dews their bending body ply,
 And brush the spicy mountains as they fly.

J O N A H.

THUS sung the king—some angel reach a bough
 From Eden's tree to crown the wisest brow.
 And now, thou fairest garden ever made,
 Broad banks of spices, blossom'd walks of shade,
 O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,
 Since I must leave thee, Lebanon, farewell!

Swift from my soul the fair idea flies,
 A wilder sight the changing scene supplies;
 Wide seas come rolling to my future page,
 And storms stand ready, when I call, to rage.
 Then go where Joppa crowns the winding shore,
 The prophet Jonah just arrives before;
 He sees a ship unmooring, soft the gales,
 He pays, and enters, and the vessel sails.

Ah, wouldst thou fly thy God? rash man, forbear.
 What land so distant but thy God is there?

Weak

Weak reason, cease thy voice.—They run the deep,
And the tir'd Prophet lays his limbs to sleep.
Here God speaks louder, sends a storm to sea,
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way ;
Strong blasts come whistling, by degrees they roar,
And shove big surges tumbling on to shore ;
The vessel bounds, then rolls, and every blast
Works hard to tear her by the groaning mast ;
The sailors, doubling all their shouts and cares,
Furl the white canvas, and cast forth the wares ;
Each seek the God their native regions own,
In vain they seek them, for those Gods were none.
Yet Jonah slept the while, who solely knew,
In all that number, where to find the true.
To whom the pilot. Sleeper, rise and pray,
Our Gods are deaf ; may thine do more than they !

But thus they rest, perhaps we waft a foe
To heaven itself, and that 's our cause of woe ;
Let's seek by lots, if heaven be pleas'd to tell ;
And what they sought by lots, on Jonah fell :
Then, whence he came, and who, and what, and why
Thus rag'd the tempest, all confus'dly cry ;
Each press'd in haste to get his question heard,
When Jonah stops them with a grave regard.

An Hebrew man, you see, who God revere,
He made this world, and makes this world his care ;
His the whirl'd sky, these waves that lift their head,
And his yon land, on which you long to tread.
He charg'd me late, to Nineveh repair,
And to their face denounce his sentence there ;

Go, said the vision, Prophet, preach to all,
 Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall.
 But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
 And much my zeal abhor'd the bad should live ;
 And if they turn, they live ; then what were I
 But some false Prophet, when they fail to die ?
 Or what, I fancied, had the Gentiles too
 With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do ?
 Drawn by the wilful thoughts, my soil I run,
 I fled his presence, and the work 's undone.

The storm increases as the Prophet speaks,
 O'er the tost ship a foaming billow breaks ;
 She rises pendant on the lifted waves,
 And thence descries a thousand watery graves ;
 Then, downward rushing, watery mountains bide
 Her hulk beneath, in deaths on every side.
 O, cry the sailors all, thy fact was ill,
 Yet, if a Prophet, speak thy master's will ;
 What part is ours with thee ? can aught remain
 To bring the blessings of a calm again ?

Then Jonah : Mine's the death will best atone
 (And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own) ;
 Arise, and cast me forth, the wind will cease,
 The sea subsiding wear the looks of peace,
 And you securely steer. For well I see
 Myself the criminal, the storm for me.

Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
 And awe resulting from a Prophet's name ;
 Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die ;
 Fear pleads against him, lest they power defy :

If then to aid the flight abets the sin,
They think to land him where they took him in.
Perhaps, to quit the cause, might end the woe,
And, God appeasing, let the vessel go.

For this they fix their oars, and strike the main,
But God withstands them, and they strike in vain.

The storm increases more with want of light,
Low blackening clouds involve the ship in night;
Thick battering rains fly through the driving skies,
Loud thunder bellows, darted lightning flies;
A dreadful picture night-born horror drew,
And his, or their's, or both their fates, they view.

Then thus to God they cry : Almighty power,
Whom we ne'er knew till this despairing hour,
From this devoted blood thy servants free,
To us he 's innocent, if so to thee ;
In all the past we see thy wond'rous hand,
And that he perish, think it thy command.

This prayer perform'd, they cast the Prophet o'er;
A surge receives him, and he mounts no more ;
Then still 's the thunder, cease the flames of blue,
The rains abated, and the winds withdrew ;
The clouds ride off, and, as they march away,
Through every breaking shoots a chearful day ;
The sea, which rag'd so loud, accepts the prize,
A while it rolls, then all the tempest dies ;
By gradual sinking, flat the surface grows,
And safe the vessel with the sailors goes.
The Lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,
And makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,

If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,
 Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end;
 Murmuring a while, to rest his limbs he lays,
 And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at ease.

Bless'd with the sudden calm, the sailors own
 That wretched Jonah worship'd right alone;
 Then make their vows, the victim sheep prepare,
 Bemoan the Prophet, and the God revere.

Now, though you fear to lose the power to breathe,
 Now, though you tremble, Fancy, dive beneath;
 What worlds of wonders in the deep are seen!
 But this the greatest—Jonah lives within!
 The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,
 Strange as the crime, has found a dungeon too,
 God sent a monster of the frothing sea,
 Fit, by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,
 And lodge him still alive; this hulk receives
 The falling Prophet, as he dash'd the waves.
 There, newly wak'd from fancied death, he lies,
 And oft again in apprehension dies:
 While three long days and nights, depriv'd of sleep,
 He turn'd and tofs'd him up and down the deep,
 He thinks the judgment of the strangest kind,
 And much he wonders what the Lord design'd;
 Yet, since he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
 That 's time for prayer, and thus a ground for praise;
 From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
 (This new contrivance of a hell to me)
 To thee, my God, I cry'd; my full distress
 Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my soul redress.

Cast

Cast to the deep I fell, by thy command,
 Cast in the midst, beyond the reach of land ;
 Then to the midst brought down, the seas abide
 Beneath my feet, the seas on every side ;
 In storms the billow, and in calms the wave,
 Are moving coverings to my wandering grave.
 Forc'd by despair, I cry'd, How to my cost
 I fled thy presence, Oh, for ever lost !
 But hope revives my soul, and makes me say,
 Yet tow'rs thy temple shall I turn and pray ;
 Or, if I know not here where Salem lies,
 Thy temple 's heaven, and faith has inward eyes.
 Alas ! the waters, which my whale surround,
 Have through my sorrowing soul a passage found ;
 And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,
 New thoughts of danger all his paths supply.
 The last of deeps affords the last of dread,
 And wraps its funeral weeds around my head :
 Now o'er the sand his rollings seem to go,
 Where the big mountains root their base below ;
 And now to rocks and clefts their course they take,
 Earth's endless bars, too strong for me to break ;
 Yet, from th' abyss, my God ! thy grace divine
 Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine.
 Still, as I tofs'd, I scarce retain'd my breath,
 My soul was sick within, and faint to death.
 'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
 And to thy temple flew the prayers I made.
 The men, whom lying vanity ensnares,
 Forsake thy mercy, that which might be theirs.

But I will pay—my God! my King! receive
 The solemn vows my full affection gave,
 When in thy temple, for a psalm, I sing
 Salvation only from my God, my king.

Thus ends the Prophet; first from Canaan sent,
 To let the Gentiles know they must repent:
 God hears, and speaks; the Whale, at God's command,
 Heaves to the light, and casts him forth to land.

With long fatigue, with unexpected ease,
 Oppress'd a while, he lies aside the seas;
 His eyes, though glad, in strange astonish'd way
 Stare at the golden front of chearful day;
 Then, slowly rais'd, he sees the wonder plain,
 And what he pray'd, he wrote, to sing again.

The song recorded brings his vow to mind;
 He must be thankful, for the Lord was kind;
 Strait to the work he shunn'd he flies in haste
 (That seems his vow, or seems a part at least);
 Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all,
 Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall;
 Fear seiz'd the Gentles, Nineveh believes;
 All fast with penitence, and God forgives.

Nor yet of use the Prophet's suffering fails,
 Hell's deep black bosom more than shews the Whales,
 But some resemblance brings a type to view,
 The place was dark, the time proportion'd too.
 A race, the Saviour cries, a sinful race,
 Tempts for a sign the powers of heavenly grace,
 And let them take the sign: as Jonah lay,
 Three days and nights within the fish of prey;

So shall the Son of Man descend below,
 Earth's opening entrails shall retain him so,
 My soul, now seek the song, and find me there
 What Heaven has shewn thee to repel despair;
 See, where from Hell she breaks the crumbling ground,
 Her hairs stand upright, and they stare around;
 Her horrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
 Lean sharpening looks deform her livid face;
 Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below,
 With fire and blood two wandering eye-balls glow;
 Fill'd are her arms with numerous aids to kill,
 And God she fancies but the judge of ill.
 Oh, fair-ey'd Hope! thou see'st the passion nigh,
 Daughter of Promise, Oh forbear to fly!
 Assurance holds thee, Fear would have thee go,
 Close thy blue wings, and stand thy deadly foe;
 The Judge of Ill is still the Lord of Grace,
 As such behold him in the Prophet's case,
 Cast to be drown'd, devour'd within the sea,
 Sunk to the deep, and yet restor'd to day.

Oh, love the Lord, my-soul, whose parent care
 So rules the world he punishes to spare.
 If heavy grief my downcast heart oppress,
 My body danger, or my state distress,
 With low submission in thy temper bow,
 Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;
 With hopes of comfort kiss the chastening rod;
 And, shunning mad despair, repose in God;
 Then, whatsoe'er the Prophet's vow design,
 Repentance, Thanks, and Charity, be mine.

H E Z E K I A H.

FROM the bleak beach, and broad expanse of sea,
To lofty Salem, Thought, direct thy way ;
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.

How swiftly Thought has pass'd from land to land,
And quite out-run Time's measuring-glass of sand !
Great Salem's walls appear, and I resort
To view the state of Hezekiah's court.

Well may that king a pious verse inspire,
Who cleans'd the temple, who reviv'd the choir,
Pleas'd with the service David fix'd before,
That heavenly music might on earth adore.
Deep-rob'd in white, he made the Levites stand
With cymbals, harps, and psalteries in their hand ;
He gave the priests their trumpets, prompt to raise
The tuneful soul, by force of sound, to praise.
A skilful master for the song he chose,
The songs were David's these, and Asaph's those ;
Then burns their offering, all around rejoice,
Each tunes his instrument to join the voice ;
The trumpets sounded, and the fingers sung,
The people worship'd, and the temple rung.
Each, while the victim burns, presents his heart,
Then the priest blesses, and the people part.

Hail ! sacred Music ! since you know to draw
The soul to heaven, the spirit to the law,

I come to prove thy force, thy warbling string
 May tune my soul to write what others sing.

But is this Salem? this the promis'd bliss,
 These sighs and groans? what means the realm by this?
 What solemn sorrow dwells in every street?
 What fear confounds the downcast looks I meet?
 Alas! the king! whole nations sink with woe,
 When righteous kings are summon'd hence to goe;
 The king lies sick; and thus, to speak his doom,
 The Prophet, grave Isaiah, stalks the room:
 Oh, Prince, thy servant, sent from God, believe;
 Set all in order, for thou canst not live.
 Solemn he said, and sighing left the place;
 Deep prints of horror furrow'd every face;
 Within their minds appear eternal glooms,
 Black gaping marbles of their monarchs' tombs;
 A king belov'd deccas'd, his offspring none,
 And wars destructive, ere they fix the throne.
 Strait to the wall he turn'd, with dark despair,
 ('Twas tow'ards the temple, or for private prayer,)
 And thus to God the pious monarch spoke,
 Who burn'd the groves, the brazen serpent broke:
 Remember, Lord, with what a heart for right,
 What care for truth, I walk'd within thy sight.

'Twas thus with terror, prayers, and tears, he tofs'd,
 When the mid-court the grave Isaiah cross'd,
 Whom, in the cedar columns of the square,
 Meets a sweet Angel, hung in glittering air.
 Seiz'd with a trance, he stop'd, before his eye
 Clears a rais'd arch of visionary sky,

Where, as a minute pass'd, the greater light
 Purpling appear'd, and south'd and set in night;
 A moon succeeding leads the starry train,
 She glides, and sinks her silver horns again:
 A second fancied morning drives the shades,
 Clos'd by the dark, the second evening fades;
 The third bright dawn awakes, and strait he sees
 The temple rise, the monarch on his knees.
 Pleas'd with the scene, his inward thoughts rejoice,
 When thus the Guardian Angel form'd a voice:
 Now tow'rd the captain of my people go,
 And, Seer, relate him what thy visions show;
 The Lord has heard his words, and seen his tears,
 And through fifteen extends his future years.

Here, to the room prepar'd with dismal black,
 The Prophet turning, brought the comfort back.
 Oh, monarch, hail, he cry'd; thy words are heard,
 Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard;
 God gives thee fifteen years, when thrice a day
 Shews the round sun, within the temple pray.

When thrice the day! surpriz'd, the monarch cries,
 When thrice the sun! what power have I to rise!
 But, if thy comfort's human or divine,
 'Tis short to prove it—give thy prince a sign.

Behold, the Prophet cry'd, (and stretch'd his hands)
 Against yon lattice, where the dial stands;
 Now shall the sun a backward journey go
 Through ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below.
 'Tis easier posting Nature's airy track,
 Replies the monarch: let the sun go back.

Attentive

Attentive here he gaz'd, the Prophet pray'd,
Back went the sun, and back pursued the shade.

Chear'd by the sign, and by the Prophet heal'd,
What sacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd !

As sickly swallows, when a summer ends,
Who miss'd the passage with their flying friends,
Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,
While all who find them think the sleepers dead ;
If yet their warmth new days of summer bring,
They wake, and joyful flutter up to sing :

So far'd the monarch, sick to death he lay,
His court despair'd, and watch'd the last decay ;
At length new favour shines, new life he gains,
And rais'd he sings ; 'tis thus the song remains :

I said, my God, when in the loath'd disease
Thy Prophet's words cut off my future days,
Now to the grave, with mournful haste, I go,
Now death unbars his sable gates below.

How might my years by course of nature last !
But thou pronounc'd it, and the prospect pass'd.

I said, My God, thy servant now no more
Shall in thy temple's sacred courts adore ;
No more on earth with living man converse,
Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable hearse.

My life, like tents which wandering shepherds raise,
Proves a short dwelling, and removes at ease.

My sins pursue me ; see the deadly band !

My God, who sees them, cuts me from the land ;

As when a weaver finds his labour sped,

Swift from the beam he parts the fastening thread.

With pining sickness all from night to day,
 From day to night, he makes my strength decay :
 Reckoning the time, I roll with restless groans,
 Till, with a lion's force, he crush my bones ;
 New morning dawns, but, like the morning past,
 'Tis day, 'tis night, and still my sorrows last.
 Now, screaming like the crane, my words I spoke,
 Now, like the swallow, chattering quick, and broke ;
 Now, like the doleful dove, when on the plains
 Her mourning tone affects the listening swains.
 To heaven, for aid, my wearying eyes I throw,
 At length they 're weary'd quite, and sink with woe.
 From Death's arrest, for some delays, I sue ;
 Thou, Lord, who judg'd me, thou relieve me, too.

Rapture of joy ! what can thy servant say ?

He sent his Prophet to prolong my day ;
 Through my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,
 Thus said the Lord, and this Himself has done.
 Soft shall I walk, and, well secur'd from fears,
 Possess the comforts of my future years.
 Keep soft, my heart, keep humble, while they roll,
 Nor e'er forget my bitterness of soul.
 'Tis by the means thy sacred words supply,
 That mankind live, but in peculiar I ;
 A second grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,
 And my rais'd spirits doubly seem to live.
 Behold the time ! when peace adorn'd my reign,
 'Twas then I felt my stroke of humbling pain ;
 Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to sink,
 God lov'd my soul, and snatch'd me from the brink.

He

He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
As men who pass accounts, and cast them by.

What mouth has death, which can thy praise proclaim?
What tongue the grave, to speak thy glorious name?
Or will the senseless dead exult with mirth,
Mov'd to their hope by promises on earth?
The living, Lord, the living only praise,
The living only fit to sing thy lays:
These feel thy favours, these thy temple see;
These raise the song, as I this day to thee.
Nor will thy truth the present only reach,
This the good fathers shall their offspring teach;
Report the blessings which adorn my page,
And hand their own, with mine, from age to age.

So, when the Maker heard his creature crave,
So kindly rose his ready Will to save,
Then march we solemn tow'rd's the temple-door,
While all our joyful musick sounds before;
There, on this day, through all my life appear,
When this comes round in each returning year;
There strike the strings, our voices jointly raise,
And let his dwellings hear my songs of praise.

Thus wrote the monarch, and I'll think the lay
Design'd for publick, when he went to pray;
I'll think the perfect composition runs,
Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's sons.

Then, since the time arrives the Seer foretold,
And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,
With thankful zeal, recover'd Prince, prepare
To lead thy nation to the dome of prayer.

My fancy takes her chariot once again,
 Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;
 She sees the fingers reach Moriah's hill,
 The minstrels follow, then the porches fill;
 She wakes the numerous instruments of art,
 That each perform its own adapted part;
 Seeks airs expressive of thy grateful strains,
 And, listening, hears the vary'd tune she feigns.

From a grave pitch, to speak the monarch's woe,
 The notes flow down, and deeply sound below;
 All long-continuing, while depriv'd of ease
 He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.
 Here intermix'd with discord, when the crane
 Screams in the notes, through sharper sense of pain;
 There, run with descant on, and taught to shake,
 When pangs repeated force the voice to break:
 Now like the dove they murmur, till in sighs
 They fall, and languish with the failing eyes:
 Then slowly slackening, to surprize the more,
 From a dead pause his exclamations soar,
 To meet brisk health the notes ascending fly,
 Live with the living, and exult on high:
 Yet still distinct in parts the musick plays,
 Till prince and people both are call'd to praise;
 Then all, uniting, strongly strike the string,
 Put forth their utmost breath, and loudly sing;
 The wide-spread chorus fills the sacred ground,
 And holy transport scales the clouds with sound.

Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice
 Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.

This

This story known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,
 Drawn by the sign observ'd, or mov'd by fame;
 These ask the fact for Hezekiah done,
 And much they wonder at their God the fun,
 That thrice he drove, through one extent of day,
 His gold-shod horses in etherial way:
 Then vainly ground their guesses on nature's laws;
 The foundest knowledge owns a greater cause.

Faith knows the fact transcends, and bids me find
 What help for practice here incites the mind:
 Strait to the song, the thankful song, I move;
 May such the voice of every creature prove!
 If every creature meets its share of woe,
 And for kind rescues every creature owe,
 In publick so thy Maker's praise proclaim,
 Nor what you begg'd with tears, conceal with shame.

'Tis there the ministry thy name repeat,
 And tell what mercies were vouchsaf'd of late;
 Then joins the church, and begs, through all our days,
 Not only with our lips, but lives, to praise.

'Tis there our Sovereigns, for a signal day
 The feast proclaim'd, their signal thanks repay.
 O'er the long streets we see the chariots wheel,
 And, following, think of Hezekiah still.
 In the blest'd dome we meet the white-rob'd choir,
 In whose sweet notes our ravish'd souls aspire;
 Side answering side, we hear, and bear a part,
 All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;
 Or raise the song, where meeting keys rejoice,
 And teach the base to wad the treble voice;

Art's softening echoes in the musick sound,
And, answering nature's, from the roof rebound.

Here close my verse, the service asks no more,
Bless thy good God, and give the transport o'er.

H A B A K K U K.

NOW leave the porch, to vision now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat;
Now change the time, and change the temple-scene,
The following Seer forewarns a future reign.
To some retirement, where the Prophets' sons
Indulge their holy flight, my fancy runs;
Some sacred college, built for praise and prayer,
And heavenly dream, she seeks Habakkuk there.
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's sin,
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within;
Or sees the vision, fram'd with angels' hands,
And dread the judgments of revolted lands;
Or holds a converse, if the Lord appear,
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear.
This deep recess portends an act of weight,
A message labouring with the work of fate.

Methinks the skies have lost their lovely blue,
A storm rides fiery, thick the clouds ensue.
Fall'n to the ground, with prostrate face I lie:
Oh! 'twere the same in this to gaze and die!
But hark the Prophet's voice; My prayers complain
Of labour spent, of preaching urg'd in vain.

And

And must, my God, thy sorrowing servant still
 Quit my lone joys, to walk this world of ill?
 Where spoiling rages, strife and wrong command,
 And the slack'd laws no longer curb the land?

At this a strange and more than human sound
 Thus breaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling ground.
 Behold, ye Gentiles; wondering all behold,
 What scarce ye credit, though the work be told;
 For, lo, the proud Chaldean troops I raise,
 To march the breadth, and all the region seize;
 Fierce as the prowling wolves, at close of day,
 And swift as eagles in pursuit of prey.
 As eastern winds to blast the season blow,
 For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe;
 Leads the sad captives, countless as the sand,
 Derides the princes, and destroys the land.
 Yet these, triumphant grown, offend me more,
 And only thank the gods they chose before.

Art thou not holiest, here the prophet cries;
 Supreme, Eternal, of the purest eyes?
 And shall those eyes the wicked realms regard,
 Their crimes be great, yet victory their reward?
 Shall these still ravage more and more to reign,
 Draw the full net, and cast to fill again?

As watch-men silent sit, I wait to see
 How solves my doubt, what speaks the Lord to me.

Then go, the Lord replies, suspend thy fears,
 And write the vision for a term of years:
 Thy foes will feel their turn when those are past,
 Wait, though it tarry; sure it comes at last.

'Tis for their rapine, lusts, and thirst of blood,
 And all their unprotecting gods of wood,
 The Lord is present on his sacred hill,
 Cease thy weak doubts, and let the world be still.

Here terror leaves me; with exalted head,
 I breathe fine air, and find the vision fled;
 The Seer withdrawn, inspir'd, and urg'd to write,
 By the warm influence of the sacred sight.

His writing finish'd, Prophet-like array'd,
 He brings the burden on the region laid;
 His hands a tablet and a volume bear,
 The tablet threatenings, and the volume prayer;
 Both for the temple, where, to shun decay,
 Enroll'd the works of inspiration lay.
 And awful, oft he stops, or marches slow,
 While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.

Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
 He fix'd his table on the sacred wall.

'Twas large inscrib'd, that those who run might read:
 "Habakkuk's burden, by the Lord decreed;
 "For Judah's sins her empire is no more,
 "The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore."

Next to the priest his volume he resign'd,
 'Twas prayer, with praises mix'd, to raise the mind;
 'Twas facts recounted, which their fathers knew,
 'Twas power in wonders manifest to view;
 'Twas comfort, rais'd on love already past,
 And hope, that former love returns at last.

The priests within the prophecy convey'd,
 The singers' tunes to join his anthem made.

Hear,

Hear, and attend the words : and, holy Thou
That help'd the Prophet, help the Poet now.

O, Lord, who rul'st the world, with mortal ear
I've heard thy judgments, and I shake for fear.
O, Lord, by whom their number'd years we find,
Ev'n in the midst receive the drooping mind ;
Ev'n in the midst thou canst—then make it known,
Thy love, thy will, thy power, to save thine own.
Remember mercy, though thine anger burn,
And soon to Salem bid thy flock return.

O, Lord, who gav'st it with an outstretch'd hand,
We well remember how thou gav'st the land.

God came from Teman, southward sprung the flame,
From Paran-mount the one that's Holy came ;
A glittering glory made the desert blaze,
High heaven was cover'd, earth was fill'd with praise.
Dazzling the brightness, not the sun so bright,
'Twas here the pure substantial Fount of Light ;
Shot from his hand and side in golden streams,
Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams :
Thus shone his coming, as sublimely fair
As bounded nature has been fram'd to bear ;
But all his further marks of grandeur hid,
Nor what he could was known, but what he did.
Dire plagues before him ran at his command,
To waste the nations in the promis'd land.
A scorching flame went forth where'er he trod,
And burning fevers were the coals of God.
Fix'd on the mount he stood, his measuring reed
Marks the rich realms for Jacob's seed decreed :

He looks with anger, and the nations fly
 From the fierce sparklings of his dreadful eye;
 He turns, the mountain shakes its awful brow;
 Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
 How glory there, how terror here, displays
 His great unknown, yet everlasting ways!

I see the fable tents along the strand
 Where Cushan wander'd, desolately stand;
 And Midian's high pavilions shake with dread,
 While the tam'd seas thy rescued nation tread.
 What burst the path? what made the Lord engage?
 Could waters anger, seas incite thy rage,
 That thus thine horses force the foaming tide,
 And all the chariots of salvation ride?
 Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy swore;
 Those oaths, that promise, Israel had before.

The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,
 The wondering desert lends them beds below.
 Thy might the mountain's heaving shocks confess'd,
 High shatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the rest.
 Great Jordan pass'd its nether waters by,
 Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high:
 Safe in the deep we went, the liquid walk
 Curling arose, and had no leave to fall.
 The sun effulgent, and the moon serene,
 Stopt by thy will, their heavenly course refrain:
 The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,
 Till wars completed close the lengthen'd day.
 Thy glittering spears, thy rattling darts prevail,
 Thy spears of lightning, and thy darts of hail.

'Twas thou that march'd against their heathen band,
 Rage in thy visage, and thy flail in hand ;
 'Twas thou that went before to wound their head,
 The captain follow'd where the Saviour led :
 Torn from their earth, they feel the desperate wound,
 And power unfounded fails for want of ground.
 With village-war thy tribes, where'er they go,
 Distress the remnant of the scatter'd foe ;
 Yet mad they rush'd, as whirling wind descends,
 And deem'd for friendless those the Lord befriends.
 Thy trampling horse from sea to sea subdue,
 The bounding ocean left no more to do.

O, when I heard what thou vouchsaf'st to win,
 With works of wonder must be lost for sin ;
 I quak'd through fear, the voice forsook my tongue,
 Or, at my lips, with quivering accent hung ;
 Dry leanness entering to my marrow came,
 And every loosening nerve unstrung my frame.
 How shall I rest, in what protecting shade,
 When the day comes, and hostile troops invade ?

Though neither blossoms on the fig appear,
 Nor vines with clusters deck the purpling year ;
 Though all our labours olive-trees belie,
 Though fields the substance of the bread deny,
 Though flocks are sever'd from the silent fold,
 And the rais'd stalls no lowing cattle hold ;
 Yet shall my soul be glad, in God rejoice,
 Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice ;
 Yet to my Saviour still my temper sings,
 What David set to instruments of strings :

The Lord's my strength, like hinds he makes my feet,
 Yon mount's my refuge, I as safely fleet;
 Or (if the song's apply'd) he makes me still
 Expect returning to Moriah's hill.

In all this hymn what daring grandeur shines,
 What darting glory rays among the lines:
 What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and smokes are
 seen,

What ambient fires conceal the Lord within;
 What working wonders give the promis'd place,
 And load the conduct of a stubborn race!

In all the work a lively fancy flows,
 O'er all the work sincere affection glows:
 While truth's firm rein the course of fancy guides,
 And o'er affection zeal divine presides,

Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
 Amongst eternal Attributes on high:
 And here I touch at Love supremely fair,
 And now at Power, anon at Mercy there;
 So, like a warbling bird, my tunes I raise,
 On those green boughs the Tree of Life displays;
 Whose twelve fair fruits, each month by turns receives,
 And, for the nations' healing, ope their leaves.

Their be the nations heal'd, for this I sing,
 Descending softly from the prophet's wing.

Thou, world, attend the case of Israel; see
 'Twill thus at large refer to God and thee.
 If Love be shewn thee, turn thine eyes above,
 And pay the duties relative to Love;
 If Power be shewn, and wonderfully so,
 Wonder and thank, adore, and bow below.

If Power that led thee now, no longer lead,
 But brow-bent Justice draws the flaming blade.
 When Love is scorn'd, when sin the sword provokes,
 Let tears and prayers avert, or heal the strokes;
 If Justice leaves to wound, and thou to groan,
 Beneath new lords, in countries not thine own,
 Know this for Mercy's act, and let your lays,
 Grateful in all, recount the cause of praise:
 Then Love returns, and while no sins divide
 The firm alliance, power will shield thy side.
 See the grand round of Providence's care,
 See realms assisted here, and punish'd there;
 O'er the just circle cast thy wondering eyes,
 Thank while you gaze, and study to be wise.

H Y M N F O R M O R N I N G.

SEE the Star that leads the day,
 Rising, shoots a golden ray,
 To make the shades of darkness go
 From heaven above and earth below;
 And warn us early with the light,
 To leave the beds of silent night;
 From an heart sincere and sound,
 From its very deepest ground;
 Send devotion up on high,
 Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
 See the time for sleep has run,
 Rise before, or with the sun:

Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
 The fountain of eternal day;
 That, as the light serenely fair,
 Illustrates all the tracts of air;
 The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
 With quickening beams, upon thy breast;
 And kindly clean it all within,
 From darker blemishes of sin;
 And shine with grace until we view
 The realm it gilds with glory too.
 See the day that dawns in air,
 Brings along its toil and care:
 From the lap of night it springs,
 With heaps of business on its wings;
 Prepare to meet them in a mind,
 That bows submissively resign'd;
 That would to works appointed fall,
 That knows that God has order'd all.
 And whether, with a samll repast,
 We break the sober morning fast;
 Or in our thoughts and houses lay
 The future methods of the day;
 Or early walk abroad to meet
 Our business, with industrious feet:
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O, giver of eternal bliss,
 Heavenly Father, grant me this;
 Grant it all, as well as me,
 All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;

H Y M N F O R M O R N I N G. 245

Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

H Y M N F O R N O O N.

TH E sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky ;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, also with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light ;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade.
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passion rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky :
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there ;
And soar, with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting Light.
Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee ;

And feel that union which thy love
 Will, after death, complete above.
 From my soul I send my prayer,
 Great Creator, bow thine ear ;
 Thou, for whose propitious sway
 The world was taught to see the day ;
 Who spake the word, and earth begun,
 And shew'd its beauties in the sun ;
 With pleasure I thy creatures view,
 And would, with good affection too ;
 Good affection sweetly free,
 Loose from them, and move to thee ;
 O, teach me, due returns to give,
 And to thy glory let me live ;
 And then my days shall shine the more,
 Or pass more blessed than before.

H Y M N F O R E V E N I N G .

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
 And evening spreads obscurer skies :
 The twilight will the night forerun,
 And night itself be soon begun.
 Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
 And pray the Lord of glory now,
 To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
 May cause a blinder night within.
 And whether pleasing vapours rise,
 Which gently dim the closing eyes ;

Which

H Y M N F O R E V E N I N G. 247

Which makes the weary members blest'd,
 With sweet refreshment in their rest;
 Or whether spirits in the brain
 Dispel their soft embrace again;
 And on my watchful bed I stay,
 Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
 Be God for ever in my view,
 And never he forsake me too;
 But still as day concludes in night,
 To break again with new-born light;
 His wondrous bounty let me find,
 With still a more enlighten'd mind;
 When grace and love in one agree,
 Grace from God, and love from me;
 Grace that will from heaven inspire,
 Love that seals it in desire:
 Grace and love that mingle beams,
 And fill me with encreasing flames,
 Thou that hast thy palace far
 Above the moon and every star,
 Thou that sittest on a throne
 To which the night was never known,
 Regard my voice and make me blest'd,
 By kindly granting its request.
 If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
 My darkness will afford me joy,
 Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
 And part with darkness evermore.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
 O, Jesu, Lord of Life, on high!
 As when the summer's seasons beat,
 With scorching flame and parching heat:
 The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
 And thirsty gaps in earth are made.
 My thoughts of comfort languish so,
 And so my soul is broke by woe.
 Then on thy servant's drooping head
 Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed;
 Let those a quick refreshment give,
 And raise my mind, and bid me live.
 My fears of danger, while I breathe,
 My dread of endless hell beneath:
 My sense of sorrow for my sin,
 To springing comfort, change within;
 Change all my sad complaints for ease,
 To chearful notes of endless praise;
 Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
 But such as owe their birth to joy:
 Joy transporting, sweet, and strong,
 Fit to fill and raise my song;
 Joy that shall refounded be,
 While days and nights succeed for me:
 Be not as a Judge severe,
 For so thy presence who may bear?

THE SOUL IN SORROW. 249

On all my words and actions look,
(I know they 're written in thy book ;)
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with Mercy's gracious eye ;
What needs my blood, since thine will do,
To pay the debt to Justice due ?
O, tender Mercy's art divine !
Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine !
Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart :
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Restores my soul to life again.
Guide me then, for here I burn,
To make my Saviour some return.
I'll rise (if that will please him, still,
And sure I've heard him own it will) ;
I'll trace his steps, and bear my cross,
Despising every grief and loss ;
Since he, despising pain and shame,
First took up his, and did the same.

T H E H A P P Y M A N .

HOW bless'd the man, how fully so,
As far as man is bless'd below,
Who, taking up his cross, essays
To follow Jesus all his days ;
With resolution to obey,
And steps enlarging in his way.

The Father of the saints above
 Adopts him with a father's love,
 And makes his bosom throughly shine
 With wondrous stores of grace divine ;
 Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
 That will his soul above employ ;
 Full joy, that, when his time is done,
 Becomes his portion as a son.
 Ah me! the sweet infus'd desires,
 The fervid wishes, holy fires,
 Which thus a melted heart refine,
 Such are his, and such be mine.
 From hence despising all besides
 That earth reveals, or ocean hides ;
 All that men in either prize,
 On God alone he sets his eyes.
 From hence his hope is on the wings,
 His health renews, his safety springs,
 His glory blazes up below,
 And all the streams of comfort flow.
 He calls his Saviour King above,
 Lord of mercy, Lord of love ;
 And finds a kingly care defend,
 And mercy smile, and love descend,
 To cheer, to guide him in the ways
 Of this vain world's deceitful maze :
 And though the wicked earth display,
 Its terrors in their fierce array ;
 Or gape so wide that horror shows
 Its hell replete with endless woes ;

Such succour keeps him clear of ill,
 Still firm to good, and dauntless still.
 So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
 A rock amidst an ocean stands;
 So bears without a trembling dread,
 The tempest beating round its head;
 And with its side repels the wave,
 Whose hollow seems a coming grave:
 The skies, the deeps, are heard to roar;
 The rock stands settled as before.

I, all with whom he has to do,
 Admire the life which blesses you,
 That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
 Without a bye designing end;
 Its knowing real interest lies
 On the bright side of yonder skies,
 Where, having made a title fair,
 It mounts, and leaves the world to care.
 While he that seeks for pleasing days,
 In earthly joys and evil ways,
 Is but the fool of toil or fame,
 (Though happy be the spacious name)
 And made by wealth, which makes him great,
 A more conspicuous wretch of state.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

HOW long, ye miserable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight.
No more in paths of error stray,
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Should men seek happiness but there?
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itself below;
And he, that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the foul, that 's sick, be clean,
To bring the lost to life again;
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,
So kind a love his mercies show,
So kind and more extremely so.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS. 253

Thrice happy men! (or find a phrase
That speaks your bliss with greater praise)
Who most obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
O sweetest Jesu! to be thine.
Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
And in thy service spend their days:
Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
But brings them closer still to thee.

THE CONVERT'S LOVE.

BLESSED light of saints on high,
Who fill the mansions of the sky;
Sure defence, whose mercy still
Preserves thy subjects here from ill;
Oh, my Jesus! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.

As the fond sheep that idly strays,
With wanton play, through winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And passing there, and turning here,
He will, for rest, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wish'd to shun.
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill:
'Twas thus from sin to sin I flew,
And thus I might have perish'd too;

But

But mercy dropt the likenefs here,
And fhew'd, and fav'd me from my fear.
While o'er the darknefs of my mind
The facred fpirit purely fhin'd,
And mark'd and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlafting day ;
And broke the thickening clouds of fin,
And fix'd the light of love within.

From hence my ravish'd foul aspires,
And dates the rife of its defires.
From hence to thee, my God ! I turn,
And fervent wifhes fay I burn ;
I burn, thy glorious face to fee,
And live in endless joy with thee.

There 's no fuch ardent kind of flame
Between the lover and the dame ;
Nor fuch affection parents bear
To their young and only heir,
Though, join'd together, both confpire,
And boast a doubled force of fire,
My tender heart, within its feat,
Diffoves before the fcorching heat ;
As foftening wax is taught to run
Before the warmnefs of the fun.

Oh, my flame, my pleafing pain,
Burn and purify my ftain,
Warm me, burn me, day by day,
Till you purge my earth away ;
Till at the laft I throughly fhine,
And turn a torch of love divine.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

PROPITIOUS Son of God, to thee,
 With all my soul, I bend my knee;
 My wish I send, my want impart,
 And dedicate my mind and heart:
 For, as an absent parent's son,
 Whose second year is only run,
 When no protecting friend is near,
 Void of wit, and void of fear,
 With things that hurt him fondly plays,
 Or here he falls, or there he strays;
 So should my soul's eternal guide,
 The sacred spirit be deny'd,
 Thy servant soon the loss would know,
 And sink in sin, or run to woe.

O, spirit bountifully kind,
 Warm, possess, and fill my mind;
 Disperse my sins with light divine,
 And raise the flames of love with thine;
 Before thy pleasures rightly priz'd,
 Let wealth and honour be despis'd;
 And let the Father's glory be
 More dear than life itself to me.

Sing of Jesus! Virgins, sing
 Him, your everlasting King!
 Sing of Jesus! chearful youth,
 Him, the God of love and truth!

Write,

Write, and raise a song divine,
 Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
 Son eternal, word supreme,
 Who made the universal frame,
 Heaven, and all its shining show,
 Earth, and all it holds below :
 Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
 While we sing thy praises here ;
 Son Eternal, ever-blest'd,
 Resting on the Father's breast,
 Whose tender love for all provides,
 Whose power over all presides ;
 Bow with pity, bow thine ear ;
 While we sing thy praises, hear !

Thou, by pity's soft extreme,
 Mov'd, and won, and set on flame,
 Assum'd the form of man, and fell
 In pains, to rescue man from hell ;
 How bright thine humble glories rise,
 And match the lustre of the skies,
 From death and hell's dejected state
 Arising, thou resum'd thy seat,
 And golden thrones of bliss prepar'd
 Above, to be thy saints' reward.

How bright thy glorious honours rise,
 And with new lustre grace the skies !
 For thee, the sweet seraphic choir
 Raise the voice, and tune the lyre,
 And praises with harmonious sound
 Through all the highest heaven rebound.

O make our notes with theirs agree,
 And bleſs the ſouls that ſing of thee !
 To thee the churches here rejoice,
 The ſolemn organs aid the voice :
 To ſacred roofs the ſound we raiſe,
 The ſacred roofs reſound thy praiſe :
 And while our notes in one agree,
 O ! bleſs the church that ſings to thee !

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens, very freshly gay,
 And life itſelf is in the month of May.
 With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
 And flowerets with a thouſand colours more ;
 Then falls to weaving that, and ſpreading theſe,
 And ſoftly ſhakes them with an eaſy breeze.
 With golden fruit adorns the bending ſhade,
 Or trails a ſilver water o'er its bed.
 Glide, gentle water, ſtill more gently by,
 While in this ſummer-bower of bliſs I lye,
 And ſweetly ſing of ſenſe-delighting flames,
 And nymphs and ſhepherds, ſoft invented names ;
 Or view the branches which around me twine,
 And praiſe their fruit, diffuſing ſprightly wine ;
 Or find new pleaſures in the world to praiſe,
 And ſtill with this return adorn my lays ;
 " Range round your gardens of eternal ſpring,
 " Go, range my ſenſes, while I ſweetly ſing : "

In vain, in vain, alas ! seduc'd by ill,
 And acted wildly by the force of will !
 I tell my soul, it will be constant May,
 And charm a season never made to stay ;
 My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm,
 The world but promises, and can't perform :
 Then fade, ye leaves ; and wither, all ye flowers ;
 I 'll doat no longer in enchanted bowers ;
 But sadly mourn, in melancholy song,
 The vain conceits that held my soul so long.
 The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,
 And sin brought forth for everlasting woe.
 Thus shall the notes to Sorrow's object rise,
 While frequent rests procure a place for sighs ;
 And, as I moan upon the naked plain,
 Be this the burthen closing every strain :
 Return, my senses ; range no more abroad ;
 He 'll only find his blifs who seeks for God.

E X T R A C T.

THE fleeting joys, which all affords below,
 Work the fond heart with unperforming show ;
 The wish that makes our happier life compleat,
 Nor grasps the wealth nor honours of the great ;
 Nor loosely sails on Pleasure's easy stream,
 Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame ;
 Weak man, whose charms to these alone confine,
 Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.

From

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
 Make day that 's endless, infinitely bright ;
 Thence, heavenly Father! thence with mercy dart
 One beam of brightness to my longing heart.
 Dawn through the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
 And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea ;
 That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free,
 May rise from earth, to visit heaven and thee :

Come, Peace divine ! shed gently from above,
 Inspire my willing bosom, wondrous Love ;
 Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tye,
 And point the passage where I want to fly.

But whither, whither now ! what powerful fire
 With this bless'd influence equals my desire ?
 I rise (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns,
 And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes) ;
 Earth lessening flies, the parting skies retreat,
 The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat ;
 And now the sun and now the stars are gone,
 Yet still methinks the spirit bears me on,
 Where tracts of æther purer blue display,
 And edge the golden realm of native day.

Oh, strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen !
 Oh, ravishment ! Oh, sacred rage within !
 Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
 Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd !
 I see the light that veils the throne on high,
 A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye ;
 I hear the words, that issuing thence proclaim,
 " Let God's attendants praise his awful name !"

Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
 Mysterious seat of Majesty divine !
 And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
 And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah sing.
 See, where the shining Seraphims appear,
 And sink their decent eyes with holy fear.
 See flights of angels all their feathers raise,
 And range the orbs, and, as they range, they praise ;
 Behold the great Apostles ! sweetly met,
 And high on pearls of azure æther set.
 Behold the Prophets, full of heavenly fire,
 With wandering finger wake the trembling lyre ;
 And hear the Martyrs' tune, and all around
 The church triumphant makes the region sound.
 With harps of gold, with bows of ever-green,
 With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen ;
 Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
 And all is musick, and excess of joy.

Charm'd with the sight, I long to bear a part ;
 The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
 Sweet fairs and angels of the heavenly choir,
 If love has warm'd you with celestial fire,
 Assist my words, and, as they move along,
 With Hallelujahs crown the burthen'd song.

Father of all above, and all below,
 O great, and far beyond expression so ;
 No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,
 For power and knowledge in their source are thine ;
 Around thee glory spreads her golden wing :
 Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.

Son of the Father, first-begotten Son,
Ere the short measuring line of time begun,
The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
The bright effulgence manifest in thee.
The world must own thee Love's unfathom'd spring;
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.
Proceeding Spirit, equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine,
With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,
With holy transports you refine the breast;
And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring,
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.

But where 's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
What interruption makes my bliss retreat?
This world 's got in, the thoughts of t' other 's coast,
And the gay picture 's in my fancy lost.
With what an eager zeal the conscious soul
Would claim its seat, and, soaring, pass the pole!
But our attempts these chains of earth restrain,
Deride our toil, and drag us down again.
So from the ground aspiring meteors go,
And, rank'd with planets, light the world below;
But their own bodies sink them in the sky,
When the warmth 's gone that taught them how to fly.

O N D I V I N E L O V E,
 B Y M E D I T A T I N G O N
 T H E W O U N D S O F C H R I S T.

HOLY Jesus! God of Love!
 Look with pity from above
 Shed the precious purple tide
 From thine hands, thy feet, thy side;
 Let thy streams of comfort roll,
 Let them please and fill my soul.
 Let me thus for ever be
 Full of gladness, full of thee.
 This, for which my wishes pine,
 Is the cup of love divine;
 Sweet affections flow from hence,
 Sweet, above the joys of sense;
 Blessed philtre! how we find
 Its sacred worships! how the mind,
 Of all the world forgetful grown,
 Can despise an earthly throne;
 Raise its thoughts to realms above,
 Think of God, and sing of love.
 Love celestial, wondrous heat,
 O, beyond expression great!
 What resistless charms were thine,
 In thy good, thy best design!

When

When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
 And man undone without thy aid,
 From the seats of endless peace
 They brought the Son, the Lord of Grace ;
 They taught him to receive a birth,
 To cloath in flesh, to live on earth ;
 And after, lifted him on high,
 And taught him on the cross to die.

Love celestial, ardent fire,
 O, extreme of sweet desire !
 Spread thy brightly raging flame
 Through and over all my frame ;
 Let it warm me, let it burn,
 Let my corpse to ashes turn ;
 And, might thy flame thus act with me
 To set the soul from body free,
 I next would use thy wings, and fly
 To meet my Jesus in the sky.

ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE.

(Written in December, 1712*.)

MOTHER of Plenty, daughter of the skies,
 Sweet Peace, the troubled world's desire, arise ;
 Around thy Poet weave thy summer shades,
 Within my fancy spread thy flowery meads ;

S 4

Amongst

* This Poem received several corrections, in consequence of hints from Lord Bolingbroke and Dr. Swift. See the Dean's "Journal to Stella," Dec. 22, 1712; Jan. 31, and Feb. 19, 1712-13. N.

Amongst thy train soft Ease and Pleasure bring,
And thus indulgent sooth me whilst I sing.

Great Anna claims the song ; no brighter name
Adorns the list of never-dying fame ;
No fairer soul was ever form'd above ;
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with speed
To sing such lines as Bolingbroke may read,
On war dispers'd, on faction trampled down,
On all the peaceful glories of the crown.
And, if I fail in too confin'd a flight,
May the kind world upon my labours write,
" So fell the lines which strove for endless fame,
" Yet fell, attempting on the noblest theme."

Now twelve revolving years has Britain stood,
With loss of wealth, and vast expence of blood,
Europa's guardian ; still her gallant arms
Secured Europa from impending harms.
Fair honour, full success, and just applause,
Pursued her marches, and adorn'd her cause ;
Whilst Gaul, aspiring to erect a throne
O'er other empires, trembled for her own ;
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies slain,
And sunk the thought of universal reign.

When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,
The fears which rack'd the nations justly die :
Power finds its balance, giddy motions cease
In both the scales, and each inclines to peace.
This fair occasion Providence prepares,
To answer pious Anna's hourly prayers,

Which

Which still on warm Devotion's wings arose,
And, reaching heaven, obtain'd the world's repose.

Within the vast expansion of the sky,
Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,
A glorious palace shines, whose silver ray,
Serenely flowing, lights the milky way;
The road of angels. Here, with speedy care,
The summon'd guardians of the world repair.
When Britain's Angel, on the message sent,
Speaks Anna's prayers, and Heaven's supreme intent;
That war's destructive arm should humble Gaul,
Spain's parted realms to different monarchs fall;
The grand alliance crown'd with glory cease,
And joyful Europe find the sweets of peace.
He spoke: the smiling hopes of man's repose,
The joy that springs from certain hopes arose,
Diffusive o'er the place; complacent airs,
Sedately sweet, were heard within the spheres;
And, bowing, all adore the sovereign mind,
And fly to execute the work design'd.

This done, the Guardian on the wing repairs,
Where Anna fate, revolving public cares
With deep concern of thought. Unseen he stood,
Presenting peaceful images of good;
On Fancy's airy stage, returning Trade,
A sunk Exchequer fill'd, an Army paid:
The fields with men, the men with plenty bless'd,
The towns with riches, and the world with rest.
Such pleasing objects on her bosom play,
And give the dawn of glory's golden day;

When

When all her labours at their harvest shown
 Shall, in her subjects' joy, complete her own.
 Then breaking silence; 'Tis enough, she cries,
 That war has rag'd to make the nations wise.
 Heaven prospers armies whilst they fight to save,
 And thirst of further fame destroys the brave;
 The vanquish'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,
 And but escap'd the chains they meant to give.
 Now let the powers be still'd, and each possess'd
 Of what secures the common safety best.

So spake the Queen; then, fill'd with warmth divine,
 She call'd her Oxford to the grand design;
 Her Oxford, prudent in affairs of state,
 Profoundly thoughtful, manifestly great
 In every turn, whose steady temper steers
 Above the reach of gold, or shock of fears;
 Whom no blind chance, but merit understood,
 By frequent trials, power of doing good;
 And will to execute, advanc'd on high,
 Oh, soul created to deserve the sky!
 And make the nation, crown'd with glory, see
 How much it rais'd itself by raising thee!
 Now let the schemes which labour in thy breast,
 The long Alliance, blest with lasting rest:
 Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
 And fix the separate interests of the cause.

These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
 A genius fashion'd for the greatest ends;
 Whose strong perception takes the swiftest flight,
 And yet its swiftness ne'er obscures its sight:

When

ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE. 267

When schemes are fix'd, and each assign'd a part,
None serves his country with a nobler heart ;
Just thoughts of honour all his mind control,
And expedition wings his lively soul.

On such a Patriot to confer the trust,
The Monarch knows it safe, as well as just.

Then next proceeding in her Agents' choice,
And ever pleas'd that worth obtains the voice,
She, from the voice of high-distinguish'd names,
With pious Bristol, gallant Strafford names :
One form'd to stand a Church's firm support,
The other fitted to adorn a Court :
Both vers'd in business, both of fine address,
By which experience leads to great success :
And both to distant lands the Monarch sends,
And, to their conduct, Europe's peace commends.

Now ships unmoor'd, to waft her Agents o'er,
Spread all their sail, and quit the flying shore ;
The foreign Agents reach th' appointed place,
The Congress opens, and it will be peace.
Methinks the war, like stormy winter, flies,
When fairer months unveil the bluish skies ;
A flowery world the sweetest season spreads,
And doves, with branches, flutter round their heads.

Half-peopled Gaul, whom numerous ills destroy,
With wishful heart, attends the promis'd joy.
For this prepares the Duke — ah, sadly slain,
'Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain :
No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,
For verse can only grant a life in fame ;

Yet

Yet could my praise, like spicy odours shed,
 In everlasting song embalm the dead;
 To realms that weeping heard the loss I'd tell,
 What courage, sense, and faith, with Brandon fell!

But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
 And polish'd Talbot to the charge succeeds;
 Whose far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,
 Like glasses, draw their distant objects near.
 Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,
 And stores of learning, grace his ample mind;
 A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
 And honour gilds them with a thousand rays.
 To serve his nation, at his Queen's command,
 He parts, commission'd for the Gallick land:
 With pleasure Gaul beholds him on her shore,
 And learns to love a name she fear'd before.

Once more aloft, there meet for new debates,
 The Guardian Angels of Europa's states:
 And mutual concord shines in every face,
 And every bosom glows with hopes of peace;
 While Britain's steps, in one consent, they praise,
 Then gravely mourn their other realms delays;
 Their doubtful claims, through seas of blood pursued,
 Their fears that Gallia fell but half subdued;
 And all the reasonings which attempt to show
 That war should ravage in the world below.
 " Ah, fall'n estate of man! can rage delight,
 " Wounds please the touch, or ruin charm the fight!
 " Ambition make unlovely Mischief fair!
 " Or ever Pride be Providence's care!

" When

" When stern Oppressors range the bloody field,
 " 'Tis just to conquer, and unsafe to yield :
 " There save the nations ; but no more pursue,
 " Nor in thy turn become Oppressor too."

Our rebel angels for Ambition fell,
 And, war in Heaven produc'd a Fiend in Hell.
 Thus, with a soft concern for man's repose,
 The tender Guardians join to moan our woes ;
 Then awful rise, combin'd with all their might,
 To find what Fury, 'scap'd the den of night,
 The pleasing labours of their love withstands,
 And spreads a wild distraction o'er the lands.
 Their glittering pinions found in yielding air,
 And watchful Providence approves the care.
 In Flandria's soil, where camps have mark'd the plain,
 The Fiend, impetuous Discord, fix'd her reign ;
 A tent her royal seat. With full resort
 Stern shapes of Horror throng'd her busy court ;
 Blind Mischief, Ambush close concealing Ire,
 Loud Threatenings, Ruin arm'd with sword and fire ;
 Assaulting Fierceness, Anger wanting breath,
 High reddening Rage, and various forms of death ;
 Dire Imps of darkness, whom with gore she feeds,
 When war beyond its point of good proceeds.
 In Gallick armour, call'd with alter'd name
 Great love of Empire, to the field she came ;
 Now, still supporting Feud, she strives to hide
 Beneath that name, and only change the side :
 But, as she whirl'd the rapid wheels around,
 Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground

(A fullon

(A sullen joyless sport) ; with searching eye,
 The shining Chiefs regard her as they fly ;
 Then, hovering, dart their beams of heavenly light :
 She starts, the Fury stands confess'd to fight ;
 And grieves to leave the soil, and yells aloud,
 He yells are answer'd by the sable crowd ;
 And all on bat-like wings (if Fame be true)
 From Christian lands to Northern climates flew.

But rising murmurs from Britannia's shore
 With speed recall her watchful Guardian o'er.
 He spreads his pinions, and, approaching near,
 These hints, in scatter'd words, assault his ear :
 The People's power—The Grand Alliance cross'd,
 The Peace is separate—Our Religion 's lost.
 Led by the blatant voice along the skies,
 He comes, where Faction over cities flies ;
 A talking Fiend, whom snaky locks disgrace,
 And numerous mouths deform her dusky face ;
 Whence Lies are utter'd, Whisper softly sounds,
 Sly Doubts amaze, or Inuendo wounds.
 Within her arms are heaps of Pamphlets seen,
 And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the Queen ;
 Associate Vices : thus with tongue and hand,
 She shed her venom o'er the troubled land.
 Now vex'd that Discord, and the baneful train
 That tends on Discord, fled the neighbouring plain,
 She rag'd to madness ; when the Guardian came,
 And downwards drove her with a sword of flame.
 A mountain, gaping to the nether Hell,
 Receiv'd the Fury, railing as she fell :

The

ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE. 273

The mountain closing o'er the Fury lies,
And stops her passage, where she means to rise;
And when she strives, or shifts her side for ease,
All Britain rocks amidst her circling seas.

Now Peace, returning after tedious woes,
Restores the comforts of a calm repose;
Then bid the warriors sheath their sanguin'd arm,
Bid angry trumpets cease to sound alarms:
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,
Red streaming colours furl around the spear;
And each contending realm no longer jar,
But, pleas'd with rest, unharness all the war.

She comes, the Blessing comes; where'er she moves
New-springing Beauty all the land improves:
More heaps of fragrant flowers the field adorn,
More sweet the birds salute the rosy morn;
More lively green refreshes all the leaves,
And in the breeze the corn more thickly waves.
She comes, the Blessing comes in easy state,
And forms of brightness all around her wait:
Here smiling Safety, with her bosom bare,
Securely walks, and chearful Plenty there;
Here wondrous Sciences with eagles' sight;
There Liberal Arts, which make the world polite;
And open Traffick, joining hand in hand,
With honest Industry, approach the land.

O, welcome, long-desir'd, and lately found!
Here fix thy seat upon the British ground;
Thy shining train around the nation send,
While by degrees the loading taxes end:

While

While Caution calm, yet still prepar'd for arms,
 And foreign Treaties, guard from foreign harms :
 While equal Justice, hearing every cause,
 Makes every subject join to love the laws.

Where Britain's Patriots in Council meet,
 Let public safety rest at Anna's feet :
 Let Oxford's schemes the path to Plenty show,
 And through the realm increasing Plenty go.
 Let Arts and Sciences in glory rise,
 And pleas'd the world has leisure to be wise ;
 Around their Oxford and their St. John stand,
 Like plants that flourish by the Master's hand :
 And safe in hope the sons of Learning wait,
 Where Learning's self has fix'd her fair retreat.
 Let Traffick, cherish'd by the Senate's care,
 On all the seas employ the wafting air :
 And Industry, with circulating wing,
 Through all the land the goods of Traffick bring.
 The blessings so dispos'd will long abide,
 Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preside,
 Great Ormond's arms the sword of caution wield,
 And hold Britannia's broad-protecting shield ;
 Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat,
 By fair dispatch, with every foreign State ;
 And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably shown,
 Makes Justice call his firm decrees her own.

Thus all that Poets fancied Heaven of old,
 May for the Nation's present emblem hold :
 There Jove imperial sway'd ; Minerva wife,
 And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the skies ;

On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
 Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right:
 All mortals, once beneficently great,
 (As Fame reports) and rais'd in heavenly state;
 Yet, sharing labours, still they shunn'd repose,
 To shed the blessings down by which they rose.
 Illustrious Queen, how Heaven hath heard thy prayers!
 What stores of happiness attend thy cares!
 A Church in safety fix'd, a State in rest,
 A faithful Ministry, a People bless'd;
 And Kings, submissive at thy foot-stool thrown,
 That others Rights restore, or beg their own.
 Now rais'd with thankful mind; and rolling slow,
 In grand procession to the temple go,
 By snow-white horses drawn; while sounding Fame
 Proclaims thy coming, Praise exalts thy name;
 Fair Honour, dress'd in robes, adorns thy state,
 And on thy train the crowded nations wait;
 Who, pressing, view with what a temper'd grace
 The looks of Majesty compose thy face;
 And mingling sweetness shines, or how thy dress,
 And how thy pomp, an inward joy confess;
 Then, fill'd with pleasures to thy glory due,
 With shouts, the chariot moving on, pursue.

As when the Phoenix from Arabia flown
 (If any Phoenix were by Anna known)
 His spice at Phoebus' shrine prepar'd to lay,
 Where'er their Monarch cut his airy way;
 The gathering birds around the wonder flew,
 And much admir'd his shape, and much his hue;

The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head,
 His spacious train with golden feathers spread ;
 His gilded bosom, speck'd with purple pride,
 And both his wings in glossy purple dy'd :
 He still pursues his way ; with wondering eyes
 The birds attend, and follow where he flies.

Thrice happy Britons, if at last you know
 'Tis less to conquer, than to want a foe ;
 That triumphs still are made for war's decrease,
 When men, by conquest, rise to views of peace ;
 That over toils for peace in view we run,
 Which gain'd, the world is pleas'd, and war is done.
 Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies' noble feat,
 Blaregni's desperate act of gallant heat,
 Or wondrous Winendale, are war pursued,
 By wounds and deaths, through plains with blood
 embued ;

But good design, to make the world be still,
 With human grace adorns the needful ill.
 This end obtain'd, we close the scenes of rage,
 And gentler glories deck the rising age.
 Such gentler glories, such reviving days,
 The Nation's wishes, and the Statesman's praise :
 Now pleas'd to shine, in golden order throng,
 Demand our annals, and enrich our song.
 Then go where Albion's cliffs approach the skies,
 (The Fame of Albion so deserves to rise) ;
 And, deep engrav'd for time, till time shall cease,
 Upon the stones their fair inscription place.
 Iberia rent, the power of Gallia broke,
 Batavia rescued from the threaten'd yoke ;

ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE. 275

The royal Austrian rais'd, his realms restor'd,
Great Britain arm'd, triumphant and ador'd ;
Its state enlarg'd, its peace restor'd again,
Are blessings all adorning Anna's Reign.

T O D R. S W I F T,
On his BIRTH-DAY, November 30, 1713,

U R G'D by the warmth of Friendship's sacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame ;
By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment solid, as in wit refin'd,
Resolv'd I sing.. Though labouring up the way
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.

Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Through Contemplation's airy fields I rove ;
Where powerful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter sky ;
Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,
Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend ;
Then fills its landscape through the varied parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts :
Superior Forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more serenely fair.
Of these two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
Ye Future Times, I heard the silver sound !
I saw the Graces form a circle round !

Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,
And all, but Eloquence herself, was mute.

High o'er the rest I see the Goddess rise,
Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the Passions burn,
And softer Passions languish in their turn:
Upon her tongue Persuasion or Command,
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.

From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the listening audience to admire,
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of thought,
How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought;
How sure you wound when Ironies deride,
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.
'Twas thus exploring she rejoic'd to see
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee:
"Then here," she cries, "let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy, where they can't excel."

She spake. Applause attended on the close:
Then Poësy, her sister-art, arose;
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for business, more to please.
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young;
The soul of Music warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleasing Ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest Temper flows:
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:

She

She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the Spheres, she takes a pitch to sing.

Thrice happy Genius his, whose Works have hit
The lucky point of Business and of Wit.
They seem like showers, which April months prepare
To call their flowery glories up to air :
The drops, descending, take the painted bow,
And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow.
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In slowly-wasting care and biting grief :
From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eases care and grief in others too.

Ye fondly grave, be wise enough to know,
"Life, ne'er unbent, were but a life of woe."
Some, full in stretch for greatness, some for gain,
On his own rack each puts himself to pain.
I'll gently steal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with scents ambrosial play ;
Where, on the banks as crystal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amaranths to grow :
Then, from the mild indulgence of the scene,
Restore your tempers strong for toils again.

She ceas'd. Soft music trembled in the wind,
And sweet delight diffus'd through every mind :
The little Smiles, which still the Goddess's grace,
Sportive arose, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bless)
A gentle band their eager joys express :
Here, Friendship asks, and Love of Merit longs
To hear the Goddesses renew their songs ;

Here great Benevolence to Man is pleas'd ;
 These own their Swift, and grateful hear him prais'd.
 You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
 You reign Superior Graces in his heart.

O Swift ! if fame be life (as well we know
 That Bards and Heroes have esteem'd it so) ;
 Thou canst not wholly die. Thy works will shine
 To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.

On Bishop BURNET's being set on Fire in his Closet.

FROM that dire æra, bane to Sarum's pride,
 Which broke his schemes, and laid his friends aside,
 He talks and writes that Popery will return,
 And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
 What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd :
 (Oh, far from Britain be the rest remov'd !)
 For, as of late he meant to bless the age
 With flagrant Prefaces of party-rage,
 O'er-wrought with passion, and the subject's weight,
 Lolling, he nodded in his elbow-seat ;
 Down fell the candle ; Grease and Zeal conspire,
 Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn their Sire.
 Here crawls a Preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
 And there an Introduction brings its faggots :
 Then roars the Prophet of the Northern Nation,
 Scorch'd by a flaming speech on Moderation.

Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,
 Thou Briton vaunting in thy second-fight !

In such a Ministry you safely tell,
How much you'd suffer, if Religion fell.

E L Y S I U M.

IN airy fields, the fields of bliss below,
Where woods of myrtle, set by Maro, grow ;
Where grass beneath, and shade diffus'd above,
Refresh the fevers of distracted love :
There, at a solemn tide, the beauties, slain
By tender passion, act their fates again,
Through gloomy light, that just betrays the grove,
In orgies, all disconsolately rove :
They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies sweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of sleep,
By lakes subsiding with a gentle face,
And rivers gliding with a silent pace ;
Where Kings and Swains, by ancient authors sung,
Now chang'd to flowerets o'er the margin hung ;
The self-admirer, white Narcissus, so
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below :
In bells of azure, Hyacinth arose ;
In crimson painted, young Adonis glows ;
The fragrant Crocus shone with golden flame,
And leaves inscrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.
A sad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And, with their passion, makes their tears renew ;
Unwinds the years, and lays the former scene,
Where, after death, they live for deaths again.

Loft by the glories of her lover's state,
 Deluded Semele bewails her fate;
 And runs, and seems to burn, the flames arife,
 And fan with idle fury as ſhe flies.

The lovely Cænis, whoſe transforming ſhape
 Secur'd her honour from a ſecond rape,
 Now moans the firſt, with ruffled drefs appears,
 Feels her whole ſex return, and bathes with tears.

The jealous Procris wipes a ſeeming wound,
 Whoſe trickling crimſon dyes the buſhy ground;
 Knows the ſad ſhaft, and calls before ſhe go,
 To kiſs the favourite hand that gave the blow.
 Where Ocean feigns a rage, the Seſtian Fair
 Holds a dim taper from a tower of air;
 A noiſeleſs wind aſſaults the wavering light,
 The beauty tumbling mingles with the night.

Where curling ſhades for rough Leucate roſe,
 With love diſtracted tuneful Sappho goes;
 Sings to mock cliffs a melancholy lay,
 And with a lover's leap affrights the ſea.

The ſad Eryphile retreats to moan,
 What wrought her husband's death, and cauſ'd her own;
 Surveys the glittering veil, the bribe of fate,
 And tears the ſhadow, but ſhe tears too late.

In thin deſign, and airy picture, fleet
 The tales that ſtain the royal houſe of Crete;
 To court a lovely Bull, Paſiſphaë flies,
 The ſnowy phantom feeds before her eyes.
 Loſt Ariadne raves, the thread ſhe bore
 Trails on unwinding, as ſhe walks the ſhore;

And

And Phædra, desperate, seeks the lonely groves,
To read her guilty letter while she roves ;
Red shame confounds the first, the second wears
A starry crown, the third a halter bears.
Fair Leodamia mourns her nuptial night
Of love defrauded by the thirst of fight ;
Yet, for another as delusive cries,
And, dauntless, sees her hero's ghost arise.

Here Thisbe, Canace, and Dido, stand,
All arm'd with swords, a fair, but angry band,
This sword a lover own'd ; a father gave
The next ; a stranger chanc'd the last to leave.

And there ev'n she, the Goddess of the Grove,
Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove,
As once, for Latmos, she forsook the plain,
To steal the kisses of a slumbering swain :
Around her head a starry fillet twines,
And at the front a silver crescent shines.

These, and a thousand, and a thousand more,
With sacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep dart afresh, and ask relief,
Or sooth the wound with softening words of grief.
At such a tide, unheedful love invades
The dark recesses of the madding shades ;
Through long descent he fans the fogs around ;
His purple feathers, as he flies, resound.
The nimble beauties, crouding all to gaze,
Perceive the common troubler of their ease ;
Though dulling mists and dubious day destroy
The fine appearance of the fluttering boy,

Thou

Though all the pomp that glitters at his side,
 The golden belt, the clasp and quiver hide ;
 And though the torch appear a gleam of white,
 That faintly spots, and moves in hazy night,
 Yet still they know the god, the general foe,
 And threatening lift their airy hands below.

From hence they lead him where a myrtle stood,
 The saddest myrtle in the mournful wood ;
 Devote to vex the gods, 'twas here before
 Hell's awful Empress soft Adonis bore.
 When the young hunter scorn'd her graver air,
 And only Venus warm'd his shadow there.

Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
 They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind ;
 He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
 For Beauty, still relentless, acts in hate.
 Though no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
 Love must be guilty by the common cry ;
 For all are pleas'd, by partial Passion led,
 To shift their follies on another's head.

Now sharp reproaches ring their shrill alarms,
 And all the heroines brandish all their arms ;
 And every heroine makes it her decree,
 That Cupid suffer just the same as she.
 To fix the desperate halter one essay'd,
 One seeks to wound him with an empty blade.
 Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
 They fall in fancy, and he feels despair.
 Some toss the hollow seas around his head
 (The seas that want a wave afford a dread).

Or

Or shake the torch, the sparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.

The mournful Myrrha bursts her rended womb,
And drowns his visage in a moist perfume.

While others, seeming mild, advise to wound
With humorous pains by sly derision found.

That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roses first begin to glow;

Or in their flames, to singe the boy prepare,
That all should chuse by wanton Fancy where.

The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breast,
She too securely through the circle prest,

Forgot the parent, urg'd his hasty fate,
And spurr'd the female rage beyond debate;

O'er all her scenes of frailty swiftly runs,
Absolves herself, and makes the crime her son's,

That clasp'd in chains with Mars she chanc'd to lie,
A noted fable of the laughing sky;

That, from her love's intemperate heat, began
Sicanian Eryx, born a savage man;

The loose Priapus, and the monster-wight,
In whom the sexes shamefully unite.

Nor words suffice the Goddess of the Fair,
She snaps the rosy wreath that binds her hair;

Then on the God, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands, unpitying, dealt the frequent blow:

From all his tender skin a purple dew

The dreadful scourges of the chaplet drew,

From whence the rose, by Cupid ting'd before,

Now, doubly tinging, flames with lustre more.

Here ends their wrath, the parent seems severe,
 The stroke's unfit for little Love to bear;
 To save their foe the melting Beauties fly,
 And, cruel Mother, spare thy child, they cry.
 To Love's account they plac'd their death of late,
 And now transfer the sad account to Fate:
 The Mother, pleas'd, beheld the storm assuage,
 Thank'd the calm mourners, and dismiss'd her rage.

Thus Fancy, once in dusky shade express'd,
 With empty terrors work'd the time of rest.
 Where wretched Love endur'd a world of woe,
 For all a Winter's length of night below.
 Then soar'd, as sleep dissolv'd, unchain'd away,
 And through the Port of Ivory reach'd the day.

As, mindless of their rage, he slowly sails
 On pinions cumber'd in the misty vales;
 (Ah, fool to light!) the Nymphs no more obey,
 Nor was this region ever his to sway:
 Cast in a deepen'd ring they close the plain,
 And seize the god, reluctant all in vain.

THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS.

WHERE waving pines the brows of Ida shade,
 The swain, young Paris, half supinely laid,
 Saw the loose flocks through shrubs unnumber'd rove,
 And, piping, call'd them to the gladdened grove.

'Twas there he met the message of the skies,

That he, the Judge of Beauty, deal the prize.

The message known; one Love with anxious mind
 To make his mother guard the time assign'd,

Drew

THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS. 285

Drew forth her proud white swans, and trac'd the pair
That wheel her chariot in the purple air :
A golden bow behind his shoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his side depends ;
Pointing to these he nods, with fearless state,
And bids her safely meet the grand debate.
Another Love proceeds, with anxious care,
To make his ivory sleek the shining hair ;
Moves the loose curls, and bids the forehead show,
In full expansion, all its native snow.
A third enclasps the many-colour'd cest,
And, rul'd by Fancy, sets the silver vest ;
When, to her sons, with intermingled sighs,
The Goddess of the rosy lips applies.

'Tis now, my darling boys, a time to show
The love you feel, the filial aids you owe :
Yet, would we think that any dar'd to strive
For charms, when Venus and her Love 's alive ?
Or should the prize of Beauty be deny'd,
Has Beauty's Empress aught to boast beside ?
And, ting'd with poison, pleasing while it harms,
My darts I trusted to your infant arms ;
If, when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
The World's great Ruler, bending, owns the blow,
Let no contending form invade my due,
Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas eyes of blue.
But, grac'd with triumph, to the Paphian shore
Your Venus bears the palms of conquest o'er ;
And joyful see my hundred altars there,
With costly gums perfume the wanton air.

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian Dame,
 The groves refounded where a Goddess came.
 The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty stride,
 Her shield forgot, her helmet laid aside.
 Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
 And Peace, or something like, her visage shew'd ;
 So, with her eyes serene, and hopeful haste,
 The long-stretch'd alleys of the wood she trac'd ;
 But, where the woods a second entrance found,
 With scepter'd pomp and golden glory crown'd,
 The stately Juno stalk'd, to reach the seat,
 And hear the sentence in the last debate ;
 And long, severely long, resent the grove ;
 In this, what boots it she's the wife of Jove ?
 Arm'd with a grace at length, secure to win,
 The lovely Venus, smiling, enters in ;
 All sweet and shining, near the youth she drew,
 Her rosy neck ambrosial odours threw ;
 The sacred scents diffus'd among the leaves,
 Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves ;
 The charms, so amorous all, and each so great,
 The conquer'd Judge no longer keeps his seat ;
 Oppress'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,
 And fears he should be thought to doubt the prize.

ON MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR
LEAVING LONDON.

FROM town fair Arabella flies :
 The beaux unpowder'd grieve ;
 The rivers play before her eyes ;
 The breezes, softly breathing, rise ;
 The Spring begins to live.

Her lovers swore, they must expire :
 Yet quickly find their ease ;
 For, as she goes, their flames retire,
 Love thrives before a nearer fire,
 Esteem by distant rays.

Yet soon the fair-one will return,
 When Summer quits the plain :
 Ye rivers, pour the weeping urn ;
 Ye breezes, sadly sighing, mourn ;
 Ye lovers, burn again.

'Tis constancy enough in love
 That Nature 's fairly shewn :
 To search for more, will fruitless prove ;
 Romances, and the turtle dove,
 The virtue boast alone.

A R I D D L E.

UPON a bed of humble clay,
 In all her garments loose,
 A prostitute my mother lay,
 To every comer's use.

 Till one gallant, in heat of love,
 His own peculiar made her;
 And to a region far above,
 And softer beds, convey'd her.

 But, in his absence, to his place
 His rougher rival came;
 And, with a cold constrain'd embrace,
 Begat me on the dame.

 I then appear'd to public view
 A creature wondrous bright;
 But shortly perishable too,
 Inconstant, nice, and light.

 On feathers not together fast
 I wildly flew about,
 And from my father's country pass'd
 To find my mother out.

 Where her gallant, of her beguil'd,
 With me enamour'd grew,
 And I, that was my mother's child,
 Brought forth my mother too.

C O N T E N T S

O F

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P I N D A R, A N A C R E O N, A N D S A P P H O.
B Y A M B R O S E P H I L I P S, E S Q U I R E.

“ ——— hic cæstus artemque repono.” VIRE.

Handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

THE honours of your ancient and illustrious family, which that noble writer, Algernon Sidney, places among the first in these kingdoms for prerogative of birth, the titles which you have long worn with distinguished lustre, and the high station which you have many years filled, and now fill, in the government, give your Grace a just preheminance in the community; but they are excellencies of a more exalted kind to which this tribute of my respect is paid. Your early zeal in the cause of liberty, which manifested itself at the close of a late reign, when the worst of schemes were promoted against this nation by the worst of men, the association (of which I had the honour to be an humble member) into which you then entered, with some others, eminent for their birth, fortune, and knowledge, for securing the succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of these kingdoms, your taste of useful and polite literature, and the encouragement which you have been always ready to give to it, your friendly regard to, and connection with, that university which has been the nurse of the greatest statesmen, heroes, philosophers, and poets, of English growth, and the open liberality of your heart on all

laudable occasions, must give you a place in the affections of all Englishmen who know the interest of their native country: and to those virtues, more than to the private friendship with which your Grace has long honoured me, I make this offering of the few poetical Pieces which were the produce of my leisure, but some of my most pleasant, hours: your Grace will be able to distinguish those which have been printed before, from those which now make their first appearance: and I number among the felicities of my days this opportunity of approaching you with something perhaps not unworthy your acceptance; and I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

most devoted, obliged,

and most humble servant,

April, 1748.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

P A S T O.

PASTORAL POEMS.

“ Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.”

VIRG. Ecl. 6.

P R E F A C E.

IT is somewhat strange to conceive, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how Pastoral Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it is of the greatest antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremost, among the smaller poems, in dignity. Virgil and Spenser made use of it as a prelude to Epic Poetry: but, I fear, the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting.

There is no kind of Poem, if happily executed, but gives delight; and herein may the Pastoral boast after a peculiar manner: for, as in Painting, so in Poetry, the country affords not only the most delightful scenes and prospects, but likewise the most pleasing images of life.

Gassendus (I remember) observes, that Peireskius was a great lover of music, especially the melody of birds: because their simple strains have less of passion

and violence, but more of a sedate and quiet harmony; and, therefore, do they rather befriend contemplation. In like manner, the Pastoral Song gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind; whereas the Epic and Tragic Poems, by the vehemency of their emotions, raise the spirits into a ferment.

To view a fair stately palace, strikes us indeed with admiration, and swells the soul with notions of grandeur: but when I see a little country-dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I feel an unspeakable sort of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing my kinder fortune would place me in such a sweet retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are the only Poets who seem to have hit upon the true nature of Pastoral Compositions: so that it will be sufficient praise for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

IF we, O Dorset, quit the city-throng,
 To meditate in shades the rural song,
 By your command, be present: and, O bring
 The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing:
 Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
 And I forgive the fam'd Sicilian Swain.

Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
 When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
 Lobbin, a shepherd-boy, one evening fair,
 As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,
 His number'd sheep within the fold now pent,
 Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent;
 Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
 He, solitary, sat to breathe his vows,
 Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
 As passion taught, in accents free of art:
 And little did he hope, while, night by night,
 His sighs were lavish'd thus on Lucy bright.

“ Ah, well-a-day! how long must I endure
 “ This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure? 20
 “ Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
 “ Delights in grief, nor any measure knows:
 “ And now the moon begins in clouds to rise;
 “ The brightening stars increase within the skies; 24
 “ The

" The winds are hush; the dews distil; and sleep
 " Hath clos'd the eyelids of my weary sheep:
 " I only, with the prowling wolf, constrain'd
 " All night to wake: with hunger he is pain'd, 28
 " And I, with love. His hunger he may tame;
 " But who can quench, O cruel Love, thy flame?
 " Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
 " Up-raise my heedless head, then void of care, 32
 " 'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
 " Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
 " Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,
 " To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts? 36
 " How deftly, to mine oaten-reed so sweet,
 " Wont they, upon the green, to shift their feet?
 " And, weary'd in the dance, how would they yearn
 " Some well-devised tale from me to learn? 40
 " For many fongs and tales of mirth had I,
 " To chace the loitering sun adown the sky:
 " But, ah! since Lucy coy, deep-wrought her spight
 " Within my heart, unmindful of delight 44
 " The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
 " To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
 " Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless Fair!
 " Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair. 48
 " Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
 " Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more kind.
 " O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
 " How flying years impair thy youthful prime! 52
 " Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever stay,
 " And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decay:

" The

" The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring!
 " But beauty faded has no second spring, 56
 " My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
 " Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
 " Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
 " She gads where'er her roving fancy leads; 60
 " Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chace!
 " Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace:
 " She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
 " Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind. 64
 " No cruel purpose, in my speed, I bear;
 " 'Tis only love; and love why should'st thou fear?
 " What idle fears a maiden-breast alarm!
 " Stay, simple girl: a lover cannot harm. 68
 " Two sportive kidlings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear;
 " Whose shooting horns like tender buds appear:
 " A lambkin too, of spotless fleece, I breed,
 " And teach the fondling from my hand to feed: 72
 " Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields
 " Of every dewy sweet the morning yields:
 " From early spring to autumn late shalt thou
 " Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow: 76
 " And when,—But, why these unavailing pains?
 " The gifts, alike; and giver, she disdains:
 " And now, left heiress of the glen, she'll deem
 " Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem: 80
 " Yet, was she born, like me, of shepherd-fire;
 " And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
 " O! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
 " Or could I half the warmth I feel impart, 84
 " How

306 A. PHILIP'S'S POEMS.

"How would I wander, every day, to find
 "The choice of wildings, blushing through the rind"
 "For glossy plumbs how lightsome climb the tree,
 "How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee! 88
 "Or! if thou deign to live a shepherdes,
 "Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin, shalt possess:
 "And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
 "If liquid fountains flatter not; and why 92
 "Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
 "The bordering flowers less beauteous than they grow?
 "O! come, my love; nor think th' employment mean,
 "The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean, 96
 "To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,
 "Ere the warm sun drink-up the cool dewes,
 "While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I chear
 "Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear. 100
 "How would the crook beseem thy lily-hand!
 "How would my younglings round thee gazing stand?
 "Ah, witless younglings! gaze not on her eye:
 "Thence all my sorrow; thence the death I die. 104
 "O, killing beauty! and O, sore desire!
 "Must then my sufferings, but with life, expire?
 "Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,
 "Spring after spring I wither, nipt with scorn: 108
 "Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,
 "Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.
 "Sleep, sleep, my flock; for happy ye may take
 "Sweet nightly rest, though still your master wake." 112

Now to the waning moon, the nightingale,

In slender warblings, tun'd her piteous tale,

The



The love-sick Shepherd, listening, felt relief,
 Pleas'd with so sweet a partner in his grief, 116
 Till, by degrees, her notes and silent night
 To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

T H E S E C O N D P A S T O R A L.

T H E N O T, C O L I N E T.

T H E N O T.

IS it not Colinet I lonesome see,
 Leaning with folded arms against the tree?
 Or is it age of late bedims my sight?
 'Tis Colinet, indeed, in woeful plight. 4
 Thy cloudy look, why melting into tears,
 Unseemly, now the sky so bright appears?
 Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
 Unthankful lad, when all things smile around? 8
 Or hear'st not lark and linnet jointly sing,
 Their notes blithe-warbling to salute the spring?

C O L I N E T.

Though blithe their notes, not so my wayward fate;
 Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my state. 12
 Each creature, Thenot, to his task is born,
 As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.
 Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
 My tears oft' mingling with the falling dew. 16

T H E N O T.

T H E N O T.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain :
 Or who may, then, the weight of old sustain,
 When every slackening nerve begins to fail,
 And the load preffeth as our days prevail ? 20
 Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
 As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn, bend ;
 Spite of my snowy head, and icy veins,
 My mind a chearful temper still retains : 24
 And why should man, mishap what will, repine,
 Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his wine ?
 But tell me, then : it may relieve thy woe,
 To let a friend thine inward ailment know, 28

C O L I N E T.

Idly 'twill waste thee, Thenot, the whole day,
 Shouldst thou give ear to all my grief can say.
 Thine ewes will wander ; and the heedless lambs,
 In loud complaints, require their absent dams. 32

T H E N O T.

See Lightfoot ; he shall tend them close : and I,
 'Tween whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

C O L I N E T.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.
 Does there one smiling hour my youth attend ! 36
 Though few my days, as well my follies show,
 Yet are those days all clouded o'er with woe :
 No happy gleam of sunshine doth appear,
 My lowering sky, and wintery months, to cheer. 40
 My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
 Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see :

Quite

Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
 The mark of storms, and sport of every wind: 44
 The riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring;
 Nor birds among the leafless branches sing:
 No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherds throng,
 With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song. 48
 Ill-fated tree! and more ill-fated I!
 From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

T H E N O T.

Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast born,
 When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn, 52
 Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-rows pass,
 To kill the promis'd fruits, and scorch the grass,
 Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, foreshows,
 Blood-stain'd in foul eclipse, impending woes. 56
 Untimely born, ill-luck betides thee still.

C O L I N E T.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill?

T H E N O T.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our sheep,
 From this good shepherd's care his flock may keep: 60
 Against ill-luck, alas! all forecast fails;
 Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

C O L I N E T.

Ah me, the while! ah me, the luckless day!
 Ah, luckless lad! befits me more to say. 64
 Unhappy hour! when, fresh in youthful bud,
 I left, Sabrina fair, thy silvery flood.
 Ah, silly I! more silly than my sheep,
 Which on thy flowery banks I wont to keep. 68

Sweet

Sweet are thy banks! Oh, when shall I, once more,
With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd shiore?

When, in the crystal of thy water, scan
Each feature faded, and my colour wan? 72

When shall I see my hut, the small abode
Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod?

Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,
Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell. 76

T H E N O T.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away,
From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart astray?

C O L I N E T.

A lewd desire, strange lads and swains to know:
Ah, God! that ever I should covet woe! 80

With wandering feet unblest, and fond of fame,
I sought I know not what besides a name.

T H E N O T.

Or, sooth to say, didst thou not hither roam
In search of gains more plenty than at home? 84

A rolling-stone is, ever, bare of mofs;
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cros.

C O L I N E T.

Small need there was, in random search of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain, 88

To distant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to myself such deal of woe!

My sheep quite spent, through travel and ill-fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare, 92

The damp, cold greensward, for my nightly bed,
And some slant willow's trunk to rest my head.

Hard

Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain;
 And hard is want to the unpractis'd swain : 96.
 But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
 To blasting storms of calumny compar'd :
 Unkind as hail it falls; the pelting shower
 Destroys the tender herb, and budding flower. 100

T H E N O T.

Slander we shepherds count the vilest wrong :
 And what wounds forer than an evil tongue ?

C O L I N E T.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,
 Make mock of all the ditties I indite. 104
 In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,
 Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill :
 In vain thou seek'st the coverings of the grove,
 In the cool shade to sing the pains of love : 108
 Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
 And every elf hath skill enough to rail :
 But yet, though poor and artless be my vein,
 Menalcas seems to like my simple strain : 112
 And, while that he delighteth in my song,
 Which to the good Menalcas doth belong,
 Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music cease ;
 I ask no more, so I Menalcas please. 116

T H E N O T.

Menalcas, lord of these fair fertile plains,
 Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns :
 For him our yearly wakes, and feasts, we hold,
 And choote the fairest firstling from the fold : 120

He, good to all, who good deserve, shall give
 Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,
 Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
 And bounteously reward thy rural songs. 124

C O L I N E T.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
 The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
 And every rapid river cease to flow,
 Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow. 128

T H E N O T.

This night thy care with me forget; and fold
 Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
 New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd,
 With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard, 132
 Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,
 Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep invite:
 And now behold the sun's departing ray,
 O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day: 136
 With songs the jovial hinds return from plow;
 And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.

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

A L B I N O.

W H E N Virgil thought no shame the Doric reed
 To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
 With young Augustus' name he grac'd his song:
 And Spenser, when amid the rural throng

He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the flood
 Of gentle Thames, made every sounding wood
 With good Eliza's name to ring around;
 Eliza's name on every tree was found : 8

Since then, through Anna's cares at ease we live,
 And see our cattle unmolested thrive,
 While from our Albion her victorious arms
 Drive wasteful warfare, loud in dire alarms, 12
 Like them will I my slender music raise,
 And teach the vocal valleys Anna's praise.

Meantime, on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
 As my kids browse, obscure in shades I play : 16
 Yet, not obscure, while Dorset thinks no scorn
 To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.

Two valley swains, both musical, both young,
 In friendship mutual, and united long, 20

Retire within a mossy cave, to shun
 The crowd of shepherds, and the noon-day sun.
 A gloom of sadness overcasts their mind :
 Revolving now, the solemn day they find, 24

When young Albino died. His image dear
 Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling tear :
 To tears they add the tribute of their verse ;
 These Angelot, those Palin, did rehearse. 28

A N G E L O T.

Thus, yearly circling, by-past times return ;
 And yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.
 Sent into life, alas ! how short thy stay :
 How sweet the rose ! how speedy to decay ! 32

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Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,
 Sad-sounding wide from every village-bell?
 Can we forget how sorely Albion moan'd,
 That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd, 36
 Prefaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
 We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
 Fair boast of this fair Island, darling joy
 Of nobles high, and every shepherd-boy? 40
 No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
 Nor shepherd found upon the grassy green,
 No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
 No birds were heard to warble through the wood. 44
 In yonder gloomy grove out-stretch'd he lay
 His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay;
 On his cold cheek the rosy hue decay'd,
 And, o'er his lips, the deadly blue display'd: 48
 Bleating around him lie his plaintive sheep,
 And mourning shepherds come, in crowds, to weep.
 Young Buckhurst comes: and, is there no redress?
 As if the grave regarded our distress! 52
 The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
 And give, aloud, the lamentations due.
 The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd:
 Ye trees, and conscious fountains, can attest 56
 With what sad accents, and what piercing cries,
 She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the skies,
 And every star upbraided with his death,
 When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath, 60
 She clasp'd her son: nor did the Nymph, for this,
 Place in her darling's welfare all her bliss,

Him

Him teaching, young, the harmless crook to wield,
 And rule the peaceful empire of the field. 64
 As milk-white swans on streams of silver show,
 And silvery streams to grace the meadows flow,
 As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
 So thou, to thine, an ornament was born. 68
 Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
 Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains,
 In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
 And, over empty sheaves, in harvest sweat, 72
 A thin increase our fleecy cattle yield ;
 And thorns, and thistles, overspread the field.
 How all our hope is fled, like morning-dew !
 And scarce did we thy dawn of manhood view. 76
 Who, now, shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
 To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow,
 To toss the quoit with steady aim, and far,
 With sinewy force, to pitch the massy bar ? 80
 Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
 To share her triumphs, and to feel her praise,
 In foreign realms to purchase early fame,
 And add new glories to the British name : 84
 O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest !
 The flowery turf lie light upon thy breast ;
 Nor shrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
 Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground. 88

P A L I N.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain :
 Albino lives ; and all our tears are vain :

Albino lives, and will for ever live,
 With myriads mixt, who never know to grieve, 92
 Who welcome every stranger-guest, nor fear
 Ever to mourn his absence with a tear,
 Where cold, nor heat, nor irksome toil annoy,
 Nor age, nor sickness, comes to damp their joy: 96
 And now the royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
 The land to rule, and shield the simple swains,
 While, from above, propitious he looks down:
 For this, the welkin does no longer frown, 100
 Each planet shines, indulgent, from his sphere,
 And we renew our pastimes with the year.
 Hills, dales, and woods, with shrilling pipes resound;
 The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd, 104
 And hail Albino blest: the valleys ring
 Albino blest! O now, if ever, bring
 The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
 And tender branches from the mantling vine, 108
 The dewy cowslip, which in meadow grows,
 The fountain-violet, and the garden-rose,
 Marsh-lilies sweet, and tufts of daffodil,
 With what ye cull from wood, or verdant hill, 112
 Whether in open sun, or shade, they blow,
 More early some, and some unfolding slow,
 Bring, in heap'd canisters, of every kind,
 As if the summer had with spring combin'd, 116
 And Nature, forward to assist your care,
 Did not profusion for Albino spare.
 Your hamlets strew, and every public way;
 And consecrate to mirth Albino's day: 120
 Myself

Myself will lavish all my little store,
 And deal about the goblet flowing o'er :
 Old Moulin there shall harp, young Myco sing,
 And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring, 124
 And Hobbinol his antic gambols play :
 To thee these honours, yearly, will we pay :
 Nor fail to mention thee in all our chear,
 And teach our children the remembrance dear, 128
 When we our shearing-feast, or harvest keep,
 To speed the plow, and bless our thriving sheep.
 While willow kids, and herbage lambs pursue,
 While bees love thyme, and locust sip the dew, 132
 While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
 Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

MYCO, ARGOL.

M Y C O.

THIS place may seem for shepherd's leisure made,
 So close these elms inweave their lofty shade ;
 The twining woodbine, how it climbs ! to breathe
 Refreshing sweets around on all beneath ; 4
 The ground with grass of chearful green bespread,
 Through which the springing flower up-rears the head :
 Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,
 Medly'd with daisies white and endive blue, 8
 And honeysuckles of a purple die,
 Confusion gay ! bright-waving to the eye.

X 4

Hark,

Hark, how they warble in that brambly bush,
 The gaudy goldfinch, and the speckly thrush, 12
 The linnet green, with others fram'd for skill,
 And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill:
 In sprightly concert how they all combine,
 Us prompting in the various songs to join: 16
 Up, Argol, then, and to thy lip apply
 Thy mellow pipe, or voice more founding try:
 And since our ewes have graz'd, what harms if they
 Lie round and listen while the lambkins play? 20

A R G O L.

Well, Myco, can thy dainty wit express
 Fair Nature's bounties in the fairest dress:
 'Tis rapture all! the place, the birds, the sky;
 And rapture works the singer's fancy high. 24
 Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
 Moves every leaf, and trembles through the trees:
 Ill such incitements suit my rugged lay,
 Befitting more the music thou canst play. 28

M Y C O.

No skill of music kon I, simple swain,
 No fine device thine ear to entertain:
 Albeit some deal I pipe, rude though it be,
 Sufficient to divert my sheep and me; 32
 Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath skill)
 Oft guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,
 And fain would teach me on what sounds to dwell,
 And where to sink a note, and where to swell. 36

A R G O L.

A R G O L.

Ah, Myco! half my flock would I bestow,
 Should Colinet to me his cunning show:
 So trim his sonnets are, I pry'thee, swain,
 Now give us, once, a sample of his strain: 40
 For wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
 How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay!
 The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse;
 And ask what boon thou willest for thy verse. 44

M Y C O.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I chuse:
 A mournful song relieves a mournful Muse.
 Fast by the river on a bank he fate,
 To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate, 48
 Fair Stella hight: a lovely maid was she,
 Whose fate he wept, a faithful shepherd he.

*Awake, my pipe; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 52

“ O woeful day! O, day of woe to me!
 “ That ever I should live such day to see!
 “ That ever she could die! O, most unkind,
 “ To go and leave thy Colinet behind! 56
 “ From blameless love, and plighted troth to go,
 “ And leave to Colinet a life of woe!”

*Awake, my pipe; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 60

“ And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would she
 “ With dying arms have clasp'd herself to me;
 “ I clasp'd

" I clasp'd her too, but death prov'd over-strong ;
 " Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong : 64
 " Yet how shall I from vows and tears refrain ?
 " And why should vows, alas ! and tears be vain ?"

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 68

" Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep,
 " Aid me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep ;
 " Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to sigh,
 " And thou, my woe, assist me thou to die. 72
 " Me flock nor stream, nor winds nor woes, relieve ;
 " She lov'd through life, and I through life will grieve."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 76

" Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,
 " With down-cast look, and with dishevel'd hair,
 " All beat the breast, and wring your hands and moan ;
 " Her hour, untimely, might have prov'd your own : 80
 " Her hour, untimely, help me to lament ;
 " And let your hearts at Stella's name relent."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 84

" In vain th' indearing lustre of your eyes
 " We dote upon, and you as vainly prize.
 " What though your beauty bless the faithful swain,
 " And in th' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign ; 88
 " Yet in their prime does death the fairest kill,
 " As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill."

Awake,

P A S T O R A L S. 315

Awake, my pipe; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress. 92

“ Such Stella was; yet Stella might not live!

“ And what could Colinet in ransom give?

“ Oh! if or music's voice, or beauty's charm,

“ Could milder death, and stay his lifted arm, 96

“ My pipe her face, her face my pipe might save,

“ Redeeming each the other from the grave.”

Awake, my pipe; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress. 100

“ Ah, fruitless wish! fell death's uplifted arm

“ Nor beauty can arrest, nor music charm.

“ Behold! oh, baleful sight! see where she lies!

“ The budding flower, unkindly blasted, dies: 104

“ Nor, though I live the longest day to mourn,

“ Will she again to life and me return.”

Awake, my pipe; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress. 108

“ Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now,

“ To weave fresh girlonds for thy Stella's brow?

“ No girlond ever more may Stella wear,

“ Nor see the flowery season of the year, 112

“ Nor dance, nor sing, nor ever sweetly smile,

“ And every toil of Colinet beguile.”

Awake, my pipe; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress. 116

“ Throw by the lily, daffodil, and rose;

“ Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, compose,

“ With

" With baneful hemlock, deadly nightshade, dress'd,
 " Such chaplets as may witness thine unrest, 120
 " If aught can witness: O, ye shepherds tell,
 " When I am dead, no shepherd lov'd so well!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress. 124

" Alack, my sheep! and thou, dear spotless lamb,
 " By Stella nurs'd, who wean'd the from the dam,
 " What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
 " My whole employment, and my whole relief! 128
 " Stray where ye list, some happier master try:
 " Yet once, my flock, was none so blest'd as I."

Awake, my pipe; in every note express 132
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

" My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,
 " And first taught Stella's virgin-heart to love,
 " Shall silent hang upon this blasted oak,
 " Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak: 136
 " Nor lark, nor linnet, shall my day delight,
 " Nor nightingale suspend my moan by night:
 " The night and day shall undistinguish'd be,
 " Alike to Stella, and alike to me." 140

No more, my pipe; here cease we to express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Thus, forrowing, did the gentle shepherd sing,
 And urge the valley with his wail to ring. 144
 And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

A R G O L.

Not this, but one more costly, shalt thou have,
 Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,
 To speak the giver's name, the month, and year; 148
 The hook of polish'd steel, the handle torn'd,
 And richly by the carver's skill adorn'd.

O, Colinet, how sweet thy grief to hear!
 How does thy verse subdue the listening ear! 152
 Soft falling as the still, refreshing dew,
 To slake the drought, and herbage to renew:
 Not half so sweet the midnight winds, which move
 In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove, 156
 Nor valley brook that, hid by alders, speeds
 O'er pebbles warbling, and through whispering reeds,
 Nor dropping waters, which from rocks distil,
 And welly-grots with tinkling echoes fill. 160

Thrice happy Colinet, who can relieve
 Heart-anguish sore, and make it sweet to grieve!
 And next to thee shall Myco bear the bell,
 Who can repeat thy peerless song so well: 164
 But see! the hills increasing shadows cast;
 The sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste:
 His weakly rays faint glimmer through the wood,
 And bluey mists arise from yonder flood. 168

M Y C O.

Bid then our dogs to gather in the sheep.
 Good shepherds, with their flock, betimes should sleep.
 Who late lies down, thou know'st, as late will rise,
 And, sluggard-like, to noon-day snoring lies, 172
 While

While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy pastures bleat in vain.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

C U D D Y.

IN rural strains we first our music try,
And bashful into woods and thickets fly,
Mistrusting then our skill; yet if through time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch sublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackville, shall engage
My riper verse, and more aspiring age.

The sun, now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to shoot direct his burning ray;
When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the shade
A venerable oak wide-spreading made:
What should they do to pass the loitering time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And some the joys, and some the pains, of love,
And some to set out strange adventures, strove;
The trade of wizards some, and Merlin's skill,
And whence, to charms, such empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

“ When shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign,
“ There liv'd in high repute a jolly swain,
“ Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and sing,
“ And by his notes invite the lagging spring.
“ He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
“ In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,

“ Solliciting

" Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
 " Enchantment sweet as ever wont to hear
 " Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair
 " Detain'd by music, hovering on in air: 28
 " Drawn by the magic of th' enticing sound,
 " What troops of mute admirers flock'd around!
 " The steerlings left their food; and creatures, wild
 " By Nature form'd, insensibly grew mild. 32
 " He makes the gathering birds about him throng,
 " And loads the neighbouring branches with his song:
 " There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
 " Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came: 36
 " She turn'd her ear, and pause by pause, with pride,
 " Like echo to the shepherd's pipe reply'd.
 " The shepherd heard with wonder, and again,
 " To try her more, renew'd his various strain: 40
 " To all the various strain she plies her throat,
 " And adds peculiar grace to every note.
 " If Colin, in complaining accent grieve,
 " Or brisker motion to his measure give, 44
 " If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,
 " She, not a little vain, repeats the song:
 " But so repeats, that Colin half-despis'd
 " His pipe and skill, around the country priz'd: 48
 " And sweetest songster of the winged kind,
 " What thanks, said he, what praises, shall I find
 " To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
 " The rudeness of my rural life I see; 52
 " From thee I learn no more to vaunt my skill:
 " Aloft in air she sate, provoking still

" The vanquish'd swain. Provok'd, at last, he strove
 " To show the little minstrel of the grove 56
 " His utmost powers, determin'd once to try
 " How art, exerting, might with nature vy;
 " For vy could none with either in their part,
 " With her in Nature, nor with him in Art. 60
 " He draws-in breath, his rising breath to fill:
 " Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to shrill.
 " From note to note, in haste, his fingers fly;
 " Still more and more the numbers multiply: 64
 " And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
 " And swift and slow they change with sweet surprise.
 " Attentive she doth scarce the sounds retain;
 " But to herself first cons the puzzling strain, 68
 " And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
 " The shepherd in his own harmonious lays,
 " Through every changing cadence runs at length,
 " And adds in sweetness what he wants in strength. 72
 " Then Colin threw his sife disgrac'd aside,
 " While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming wide
 " Her mighty conquest, and within her throat
 " Twirls many a wild unimitable note, 76
 " To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
 " A little harp of maple-ware he bore:
 " The little harp was old, but newly strung,
 " Which, usual, he across his shoulders hung. 80
 " Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,
 " He said, and learn from hence thou dost excel
 " No trivial artist: and anon he wound
 " The murmuring strings, and order'd every sound: 84
 " Then

" Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
 " And both hands pliant on the strings extends :
 " His touch the strings obey, and various move,
 " The lower answering still to those above : 88
 " His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
 " As in pursuit of harmony they go ;
 " Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
 " Like winds which gently brush the plying grass, 92
 " While melting airs arise at their command :
 " And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
 " He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
 " To give the swelling tones a bolder grace ; 96
 " And now the left, and now by turns the right,
 " Each other chace, harmonious both in flight :
 " Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of sounds,
 " Till the sweet tumult through the harp redounds, 100
 " Cease, Colin, cease, thy rival cease to vex ;
 " The mingling notes, alas ! her ear perplex :
 " She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
 " And hits imperfect accents here and there, 104
 " And fain would utter forth some double tone,
 " When soon she falters, and can utter none :
 " Again she tries, and yet again she fails ;
 " For still the harp's united power prevails. 108
 " Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung :
 " She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
 " Hears all in pain : her heart begins to swell :
 " In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which tell 112
 " Her bitter anguish : he, still singing, plies
 " His limber joints : her sorrows higher rise.

" How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,
 " No equal through the grove in music bore? 116
 " She droops, she hangs her flagging wings, she moans,
 " And fetcheth from her breast melodious groans.
 " Oppress'd with grief at last too great to quell,
 " Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell. 120
 " Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
 " And unavailing tears profusely shed,
 " And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his skill;
 " And best to make atonement for the ill, 124
 " If, for such ill, atonement might be made,
 " He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade,
 " Then adds a verse, and sets with flowers the ground,
 " And makes a fence of winding osiers round. 128
 " A verse and tomb is all I now can give;
 " And here thy name at least, he said, shall live."
 Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,
 And, by his tale, unenvy'd praises won. 132

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.
 GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW still the sea behold! how calm the sky!
 And how, in sportive chace, the swallows fly!
 My goats, secure from harm, small tendance need,
 While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed: 4
 And, here below, the banky shore along,
 Your heifers graze. Now, then, to strive in song
Prepart.

Prepare. As eldest, Hobbinol begin ;
 And Lanquet's rival-verse, by turns, come in. 8

H O B B I N O L.

Let others stake what chosen pledge they will,
 Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with skill :
 For praise we sing, nor wager ought beside ;
 And, whose the praise, let Geron's lips decide. 12

L A N Q U E T.

To Geron I my voice, and skill, commend,
 A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

G E R O N.

Begin then, boys ; and vary well your song :
 Begin ; nor fear, from Geron's sentence, wrong. 16
 A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
 I to the victor give : no mean reward,
 If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd. 20

H O B B I N O L.

The snows are melted ; and the kindly rain
 Descends on every herb, and every grain :
 Soft balmy breezes breathe along the sky ;
 The bloomy season of the year is nigh. 24

L A N Q U E T.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love ;
 The turtle's moan is heard in every grove ;
 The pastures change ; the warbling linnets sing :
 Prepare to welcome-in the gaudy spring. 28

H O B B I N O L.

When locusts, in the ferny bushes, cry,
 When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lie,

Graze then in woods, and quit the shadeless plain,
Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain. 32

L A N Q U E T.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye see
The ground bestrew'd with fruits of every tree,
And stormy winds are heard, think winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining year. 36

H O B B I N O L.

Woe then, alack! befall the spendthrift swain,
When frost, and snow, and hail, and sleet, and rain,
By turns chastise him, while, through little care,
His sheep, unshelter'd, pine in nipping air. 40

L A N Q U E T.

The lad of forecast then untroubled sees
The white-bleak plains, and silvery frosted trees:
He fends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
In his warm cott the wintery blast denies. 44

H O B B I N O L.

Full fain, O bless'd Eliza! would I praise
Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days:
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend:
Eternal blessings on his shade attend! 48

L A N Q U E T.

Thrice happy shepherds now! for Dorset loves
The country-muse, and our resounding groves,
While Anna reigns: O, ever may she reign!
And bring, on earth, the golden age again. 52

H O B B I N O L.

I love, in secret all, a beauteous maid,
And have my love, in secret all, repaid;

This

This coming night she plights her troth to me :
Divine her name, and thou the victor be. 56

L A N Q U E T.

Mild as the lamb, unharmed as the dove,
True as the turtle, is the maid I love :
How we in secret love, I shall not say :
Divine her name, and I give up the day. 60

H O B B I N O L.

Soft on a cowslip-bank my love and I
Together lay; a brook ran murmuring by :
A thousand tender things to me she said ;
And I a thousand tender things repaid. 64

L A N Q U E T.

In summer-shade, behind the cocking hay,
What kind endearing words did she not say !
Her lap, with apron deck'd, she fondly spread,
And strok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head. 68

H O B B I N O L.

Breathe soft, ye winds ; ye waters, gently flow ;
Shield her, ye trees ; ye flowers, around her grow :
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ;
My love, in yonder vale, asleep does lie. 72

L A N Q U E T.

Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind :
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss :
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss. 76

H O B B I N O L.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by ;
She blush'd, and at me glanc'd a sidelong eye :

Then, cowering in the treacherous stream, she try'd
Her tempting form, yet still in vain, to hide. 80

L A N Q U E T.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one fultry day,
Fond Lydia, lurking, in the sedges lay :
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet oft she stopt, and oft she turn'd her eye. 84

H O B B I N O L.

When first I saw (would I had never seen !)
Young Lyfet lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauties, as she mov'd,
Poor heedless wretch ! at unawares I lov'd. 88

L A N Q U E T.

When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest,
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor herds, nor pasture, worth my care I find. 92

H O B B I N O L.

Come, Rosalind, O come ! for, wanting thee,
Our peopled vale a desert is to me.
Come, Rosalind, O, come ! My brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, are thine. 96

L A N Q U E T.

Come, Rosalind, O come ! Here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers :
Come, Rosalind ! Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste the live-long time away. 100

H O B B I N O L.

In vain the seasons of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow :
No herb there is, no season, to remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love. 104

L A N Q U E T.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
 And ghosts, and goblins, order as I will,
 Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
 The sprite that breaks my quiet night and day? 108

H O B B I N O L.

O, that, like Colin, I had skill in rhymes,
 To purchase credit with succeeding times!
 Sweet Colin Clout! who never, yet, had peer;
 Who sung through all the seasons of the year. 112

L A N Q U E T.

Let me, like Merlin, sing: his voice had power
 To free the clipping moon at midnight hour:
 And, as he sung, the Fairies with their queen,
 In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green. 116

H O B B I N O L.

Last eve of May did I not hear them sing,
 And see their dance? And I can shew the ring,
 Where, hand in hand, they shift their feet so light:
 The grass springs greener from their tread by night.

L A N Q U E T.

But hast thou seen their king, in rich array,
 Fam'd Oberon, with damask'd robe so gay,
 And gemmy crown, by moonshine sparkling far,
 And azure sceptre, pointed with a star? 124

G E R O N.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
 And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.
 A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound, 128

To each I give. A mizzling mist descends
 Adown that steepy rock : and this way tends
 Yon distant rain. Shoreward the vessels strive ;
 And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive. 132

THE STRAY NYMPH.

CEASE your music, gentle swains :
 Saw ye Delia cross the plains ?

Every thicket, every grove,
 Have I rang'd, to find my love : 4
 A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,
 Tell me only, doth she live ?

White her skin as mountain-snow ;
 In her cheek the roses blow : 8

And her eye is brighter far
 Than the beamy morning star.
 When her ruddy lip ye view,
 'Tis a berry moist with dew : 12

And her breath, oh, 'tis a gale
 Passing o'er a fragrant vale,
 Passing, when a friendly shower
 Freshens every herb and flower. 16

Wide her bosom opens, gay
 As the primrose-dell in May,
 Sweet as violet-borders growing
 Over fountains ever-flowing. 20

Like the tendrils of the vine,
 Do her auburn tresses twine,

Glossy ringlets all behind,
 Streaming buxom to the wind, 24
 When along the lawn she bounds,
 Light, as hind before the hounds :
 And the youthful ring she fires,
 Hopeless in their fond desires, 28
 As her flitting feet advance,
 Wanton in the winding dance.
 Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen
 My delight, my love, my queen? 32

T H E H A P P Y S W A I N.

HAVE ye seen the morning sky,
 When the dawn prevails on high,
 When, anon, some purple ray
 Gives a sample of the day, 4
 When, anon, the lark, on wing,
 Strives to soar, and strains to sing?
 Have ye seen th' ethereal blue
 Gently shedding silvery dew, 8
 Spangling o'er the silent green,
 While the nightingale, unseen,
 To the moon and stars, full bright,
 Lonesome chants the hymn of night? 12
 Have ye seen the broider'd May
 All her scented bloom display,
 Breezes opening, every hour,
 This, and that, expecting flower, 16
 4. While

While the mingling birds prolong,
From each bush, the vernal song?

Have ye seen the damask-rose
Her unfully'd blush disclose, 20

Or the lily's dewy bell,
In her glossy white, excell,

Or a garden vary'd o'er
With a thousand glories more? 24

By the beauties these display,
Morning, evening, night, or day,

By the pleasures these excite,
Endless source of delight! 28

Judge, by them, the joys I find,

Since my Rosalind was kind,

Since she did herself resign

To my vows, for ever mine. 32

E P I S T L E S.

T O A F R I E N D,

W H O

DESIRED ME TO WRITE ON THE DEATH OF
KING WILLIAM.

April 20, 1702.

TRUST me, dear George, could I in verse but show
 What sorrow I, what sorrow all men, owe
 To Nassau's fate, or could I hope to raise
 A song proportion'd to the monarch's praise, 4
 Could I his merits, or my grief, express,
 And proper thoughts in proper language dress,
 Unbidden should my pious numbers flow,
 The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe; 8
 But, rather than prophane his sacred hearse
 With languid praises, and unhallow'd verse,
 My sighs I to myself in silence keep,
 And inwardly, with secret anguish, weep. 12
 Let Halifax's Muse (he knew him well)
 His virtues to succeeding ages tell.
 Let him, who sung the warrior on the Boyne,
 (Provoking Dorset in the task to join) 16
 And shew'd the hero more than man before,
 Let him th' illustrious mortal's fate deplore;

Amour-

A mournful theme: while, on raw pinions, I
 But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly: 20
 Content, if, to divert my vacant time,
 I can but like some love-sick fopling rhyme,
 To some kind-hearted mistress make my court,
 And, like a modish wit, in sonnet sport. 24

Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains
 In polish'd sentiments, and labour'd strains:
 To blooming Phyllis I a song compose,
 And, for a rhyme, compare her to the rose; 28
 Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,
 To paint the blush that does her cheek adorn,
 And, when the whiteness of her skin I show,
 With ecstasy bethink myself of snow. 32
 Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the close,
 And sweeten into verse insipid prose.

The country scraper, when he wakes his crowd,
 And makes the tortur'd cat-gut squeak aloud, 36
 Is often ravish'd, and in transport lost:
 What more, my friend, can fam'd Corelli boast,
 When harmony herself from heaven descends,
 And on the artist's moving bow attends? 40

Why then, in making verses, should I strain,
 For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?
 Who study Horace and the Stagyrte?
 Why cramp my dulness, and in torment write? 44
 Let me transgress by nature, not by rule,
 An artless idiot, not a study'd fool,
 A Withers, not a Rymer, since I aim
 At nothing less, in writing, than a name. 48

FROM

FROM HOLLAND, TO A FRIEND IN
ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1703.

FROM Utrecht's silent walks, by winds, I send
Health and kind wishes to my absent friend.
The winter spent, I feel the poet's fire;
The sun advances, and the fogs retire: 4
The genial spring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primrose birth.
Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets assemble on the main: 8
The voice of war the gallant soldier wakes;
And weeping Cloë parting kisses takes.
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle soars;
The Belgick lion in full fury roars. 12
Dispatch the leader from your happy coast,
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boast:
O, Marlborough, come! fresh laurels for thee rise!
One conquest more; and Gallia will grow wise. 16
Old Lewis makes his last effort in arms,
And shews how, ev'n in age, ambition charms.
Meanwhile, my friend, the thickening shades I haunt,
And smooth canals, and after rivulets pant: 20
The smooth canals, alas, too lifeless show!
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
Studious of ease, and fond of humble things,
Below the smiles, below the frowns of kings, 24
Thanks to my stars, I prize the sweets of life:
No sleepless nights I count, no days of strife.

Content to live, content to die, unknown,
 Lord of myself, accountable to none; 28
 I sleep, I wake, I drink; I sometimes love;
 I read, I write; I settle, and I rove,
 When, and where-e'er, I please: thus, every hour
 Gives some new proof of my despotic power. 32
 All, that I will, I can; but then, I will
 As reason bids; I meditate no ill;
 And, pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
 Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly. 36
 But this is all romance, a dream to you,
 Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
 White staffs and truncheons, seals and golden keys,
 And silver stars, your towering genius please: 40
 Such manly thoughts in every infant rise,
 Who daily for some tinsel trinket cries.
 Go on, and prosper, Sir: but first from me
 Learn your own temper; for I know you free. 44
 You can be honest; but you cannot bow,
 And cringe, beneath a supercilious brow:
 You cannot fawn; your stubborn soul recoils
 At baseness; and your blood too highly boils. 48
 From nature some submissive tempers have;
 Unkind to you, she form'd you not a slave.
 A courtier must be supple, full of guile,
 Must learn to praise, to flatter, to revile, 52
 The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
 To give false hopes, and on false hopes depend.
 Go on, and prosper, Sir: but learn to hide
 Your upright spirit: 't will be construed pride. 56

The splendor of a court is all a cheat;
 You must be servile, ere you can be great.
 Besides, your ancient patrimony wasted,
 Your youth run out, your schemes of grandeur blasted,
 You may perhaps retire in discontent,
 And curse your patron, for no strange event:
 The patron will his innocence protest,
 And frown in earnest, though he smil'd in jest. 64

Man, only from himself, can suffer wrong;
 His reason fails, as his desires grow strong:
 Hence, wanting ballast, and too full of fail,
 He lies expos'd to every rising gale. 68

From youth to age, for happiness he's bound:
 He splits on rocks, or runs his bark aground,
 Or, wide of land, a desert ocean views,
 And, to the last, the flying port pursues, 72
 Yet, to the last, the port he does not gain,
 And dying finds, too late, he liv'd in vain.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
 From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
 What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
 Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing? 4
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight
 All pleasing objects which to verse invite.

The

336 A. PHILIPPS'S POEMS.

The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods, 8
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
 No birds within the desert region sing. 12

The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.

The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
 And spout his waters in the face of day. 16

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 And to the moon in icy valleys howl.

O'er many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain: 20

There solid billows of enormous size,
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
 The winter in a lovely dress appear. 24

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
 Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,

At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
 And the descending rain unfully'd froze. 28

Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view

The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
 And brighten'd every object to my eyes: 32

For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
 And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow. 36

The

The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
 Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
 The stag, in limpid currents, with surprize,
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise : 40
 The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun. 44
 When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies,
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
 And in a spangled shower the prospect ends : 48
 Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
 The traveller a miry country sees,
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees : 52
 Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
 Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads,
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
 And airy fabricks there attract his eyes, 56
 His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
 And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear, 60
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES Lord
HALIFAX, one of the Lords Justices appointed
by his Majesty. 1714.

PATRON of verse, O Halifax, attend,
The Muse's favourite, and the Poet's friend!
Approaching joys my ravish'd thoughts inspire:
I feel the transport; and my soul 's on fire! 4
Again Britannia rears her awful head:
Her fears, transplanted, to her foes are fled.
Again her standard she displays to view;
And all its faded lilies bloom anew. 8
Here beautiful Liberty salutes the fight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,
Whilst here Religion, smiling to the skies,
Her thanks expresses with up-lifted eyes. 12
But who advances next, with chearful grace,
Joy in her eye, and plenty in her face?
A wheaten garland does her head adorn,
O Property! O goddess, English-born! 16
Where hast thou been? How did the wealthy mourn!
The bankrupt nation sigh'd for thy return,
Doubtful for whom her spreading funds were fill'd,
Her fleets were freighted, and her field were till'd. 20
No longer now shall France and Spain combin'd,
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.
Brave Catalans, who for your freedom strive,
And in your shatter'd bulwarks yet survive, 24

For you alone, worthy a better fate,

“O, may this happy change not come too late!

Great in your sufferings!—But, my Muse, forbear;

Nor damp the public gladness with a tear: 28

The hero has receiv’d their just complaint,

“Grac’d with the name of our fam’d patron-saint:

Like him, with pleasure he foregoes his rest,

And longs, like him, to succour the distress’d. 32

Firm to his friends, tenacious of his word,

As justice calls, he draws or sheaths the sword:

Matur’d by thought, his councils shall prevail;

Nor shall his promise to his people fail.

He comes, desire of nations! England’s boast!

Already has he reach’d the Belgian coast.

Our great deliverer comes! and with him brings

A progeny of late-succeeding kings, 40

Fated to triumph o’er Britannia’s foes

“In distant years, and fix the world’s repose.

The floating squadrons now approach the shore;

Lost in the sailors shouts, the cannons roar: 44

And now, behold, the sovereign of the main,

High on the deck, amidst his shining train,

Surveys the subject flood. An eastern gale

Plays through the shrouds, and swells in every sail: 48

Th’ obsequious waves his new dominion own,

And gently waft their monarch to his throne.

Now the glad Britons hail their king to land,

Hang on the rocks, and blacken all the strand: 52

But who the silent extasy can show,

The passions which in nobler bosoms glow?

Who can describe the godlike patriot's zeal?
Or who, my Lord, your generous joys reveal? 56
Ordain'd, once more, our treasure to advance,
Retrieve our trade, and sink the pride of France,

Once more the long-neglected arts to raise,
And form each rising genius for the bays. 60

Accept the present of a grateful song;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:

To Cam and Isis shall the joyful news,
By me convey'd, awaken every Muse. 64

Ev'n now the vocal tribe in verse conspires;

And I already hear their founding lyres:

To them the mighty labour I resign,

Give up the Theme, and quit the tuneful Nine. 68

So when the spring first smiles among the trees,

And blossoms open to the vernal breeze,

The watchful nightingale, with early strains,

Summons the warblers of the woods and plains, 72

But drops her musick, when the choir appear,

And listens to the concert of the year.

To the Honourable JAMES CRAGGS, Esq; Secretary at War, at Hampton-Court. 1717.

THOUGH Britain's hardy troops demand your care,
And chearful friends your hours of leisure share;
O, Craggs, for candour known! indulge awhile
My fond desire, and on my labour smile:
Nor count it always an abuse of time
To read a long epistle, though in rhyme.

To you I fend my thoughts, too long confin'd,
 And ease the burden of a loyal mind;
 To you my secret transports I disclose,
 That rise above the languid powers of prose.
 But, while these artless numbers you peruse,
 Think 'tis my heart that dictates, not the Muse;
 My heart, which at the name of Brunswick fires,
 And no assistance from the Muse requires.

Believe me, Sir, your breast, that glows with zeal
 For George's glory, and the public weal,
 Your breast alone feels more pathetic heats;
 Your heart alone with stronger raptures beats.

When I review the great examples past,
 And to the former ages join the last;
 Still, as the godlike heroes to me rise,
 In arms triumphant, and in councils wise,
 The king is ever present to my mind;
 His greatness, trac'd in every page, I find:
 The Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,
 And under shining names on Brunswick dwell.

At Hampton while he breathes untainted air,
 And seems, to vulgar eyes, devoid of care;
 The British Muses to the grove will press,
 Tune their melodious harps, and claim access:
 But let them not too rashly touch the strings;
 For fate allows no solitude to kings.

Hail to the shades, where William, great in arms,
 Retir'd from conquest to Maria's charms!
 Where George serene in majesty appears,
 And plans the wonders of succeeding years!

There, as he walks, his comprehensive mind
 Surveys the globe, and takes-in all mankind :
 While, Britain, for thy sake he wears the crown ;
 To spread thy power as wide as his renown :
 To make thee umpire of contending states,
 And poise the balance in the world's debates.

From the smooth terrafs as he casts his eye,
 And sees the current sea-ward rolling by ;
 What schemes of commerce rise in his designs !
 Pledges of wealth ! and unexhausted mines !
 Through winds and waves, beneath inclement skies,
 Where stars, distinguish'd by no name, arise,
 Our fleets shall undiscover'd lands explore,
 And a new people hear our cannons roar.

The rivers long in ancient story fam'd,
 Shall flow obscure, nor with the Thames be nam'd :
 Nor shall our poets copy from their praise,
 And Nymphs and Syrens to thy honour raise ;
 Nor make thy banks with Tritons shells resound,
 Nor bind thy brows with humble sedges round :
 But paint thee as thou art ; a peopled stream !
 The boast of merchants, and the sailors theme !
 Whose spreading floods unnumber'd ships sustain,
 And pour whole towns afloat into the main ;
 While the redundant seas waft up fresh stores,
 The daily tribute of far-distant shores.

Back to thy source I try thy silver-train,
 That gently winds through many a fertile plain ;
 Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed,
 And shepherds tune at ease the vocal reed :

Ere yet thy waters meet the briny tide,
 And freighted vessels down thy channel ride;
 Ere yet thy billows leave their banks behind,
 Swell into state, and foam before the wind:
 Thy sovereign's emblem! in thy course compleat!
 When I behold him in his lov'd retreat,
 Where rural scenes their pleasing views disclose,
 A sylvan deity the monarch shows;
 And if he only knew the woods to grace,
 To rouse the stag, and animate the chace:
 While every hour, from thence, his high commands,
 By speedy winds convey'd to various lands,
 Control affairs; give weighty councils birth;
 And sway the mighty rulers of the earth.

Were he, our island's glory and defence,
 To reign unactive, at the world's expence;
 Say, generous Craggs, who then should quell the rage
 Of lawless faction, and reform the age?
 Who should our dear-bought liberties maintain?
 Who fix our leagues with France, and treat with Spain?
 Who check the headstrong Swede; assuage the Czar;
 Secure our peace, and quench the northern war?
 The Turk, though he the Christian name defies,
 And curses Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,
 His cause to Brunswick's equity dare trust;
 He knows him valiant, and concludes him just:
 He knows his fame in early youth acquir'd,
 When turban'd hosts before his sword retir'd.

Thus while his influence to the poles extends,
 Or where the day begins, or where it ends,

Far from our coasts he drives off all alarms ;
 And those his power protects, his goodness charms.
 Great in himself, and undebas'd with pride,
 The sovereign lays his regal state aside,
 Pleas'd to appear without the bright disguise
 Of pomp ; and on his inborn worth relies.
 His subjects are his guests ; and daily boast
 The condescension of their royal host :
 While crowds succeeding crowds on either hand,
 A ravish'd multitude, admiring stand.
 His manly wit and sense, with candour join'd,
 His speech with every elegance refin'd,
 His winning aspect, his becoming ease,
 Peculiar graces all, conspire to please,
 And render him to every heart approv'd ;
 The king respected, and the man belov'd.
 Nor is his force of genius less admir'd,
 When most from crowds or public cares retir'd.
 The learned arts, by turns, admittance find ;
 At once unbend and exercise his mind.
 The secret springs of Nature, long conceal'd,
 And to the wise by slow degrees reveal'd,
 (Delightful search !) his piercing thought descries.
 Oft through the concave azure of the skies
 His soul delights to range, a boundless space,
 Which myriads of celestial glories grace ;
 Worlds behind worlds, that deep in æther lye,
 And suns, that twinkle to the distant eye ;
 Or call them stars, on which our fates depend,
 And every ruling star is Brunswick's friend.

Soon as the rising sun shoots o'er the stream,
 And gilds the palace with a ruddy beam,
 You to the healthful chace attend the king,
 And hear the forest with the huntsmen ring :
 While in the dusty town we rule the state,
 And from Gazettes determine England's fate.
 Our groundless hopes and groundless fears prevail,
 As artful brokers comment on the mail.
 Deafned with news, with politics oppress'd,
 I wish the wind ne'er vary'd from the west.
 Secure, on George's councils I rely,
 Give up my cares, and Britain's foes defy.
 What though cabals are form'd, and impious leagues ?
 Though Rome fills Europe with her dark intrigues ?
 His vigilance, on every state intent,
 Defeats their plots, and over-rules th' event.

But whither do my vain endeavours tend ?
 Or how shall I my rash attempt defend ?
 Divided in my choice, from praise to praise
 I rove, bewilder'd in the pleasing maze.
 One virtue mark'd, another I pursue,
 While yet another rises to my view.
 Unequal to the task, too late I find
 The growing theme unfinish'd left behind.
 Thus, the deluded bee, in hopes to drain
 At once the thymy treasure of the plain,
 Wide ranging on her little pinions toils,
 And skims o'er hundred flowers for one she spoils :
 When, soon o'erburden'd with the fragrant weight,
 Homeward she flies, and flags beneath her freight.

TO LORD CARTERET,

Departing from DUBLIN. 1726.

BEHOLD, Britannia waves her flag on high,
 And calls forth breezes from the western sky,
 And beckons to her son, and smooths the tide,
 That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide. 4

Go, Carteret, go; and, with thee, go along
 The nation's blessing, and the poet's song;
 Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,
 The kindest wishes, and sincerest praise. 8

Go, Carteret, go; and bear my joys away!
 So speaks the Muse, that fain would bid thee stay:
 So spoke the virgin to the youth unkind,
 Who gave his vows, and canvass, to the wind, 12
 And promis'd to return; but never more
 Did he return to the Threïcian shore.

Go, Carteret, go: alas, a tedious while
 Hast thou been absent from thy mother-isle; 16
 A slow-pac'd train of months to thee and thine,
 A flight of moments to a heart like mine,
 That feels perfections, and resigns with pain
 Enjoyments I may never know again. 20

O, while mine eye pursues the fading sails,
 Smooth roll, ye waves, and steady breathe, ye gales,
 And urge with gentle speed to Albion's strand
 A household fair, amidst the fairest land, 24
 In every decency of life polite,
 A freight of virtues, wafting from my sight:

And

And now farewell, O early in renown,
 Illustrious, young, in labours for the crown, 28
 Just, and benign, and vigilant, in power,
 And elegant to grace the vacant hour,
 Relaxing sweet! Nor are we born to wear
 The brow still bent, and give up life to care : 32
 And thou, mild glory, beaming round his fame,
 Francisca, thou, his first, his latest flame;
 Parent of bloom! In pleasing arts refin'd!
 Farewel thy hand, and voice, in music join'd; 36
 Thy courtesy, as soothing as thy song,
 And smiles soft-gleaming on the courtly throng :
 And thou, Charissa, hastening to thy prime,
 And Carolina, chiding tardy Time, 40
 Who every tender wish of mine divide,
 For whom I strung the lyre, once laid aside,
 Receive, and bear in mind, my fond farewell,
 Thrive on in life! and, thriving on, excell! 44
 Accept this token, Carteret, of good-will,
 The voice of nature, undebas'd by skill,
 These parting numbers, cadenc'd by my grief,
 For thy lov'd sake, and for my own relief, 48
 If aught, alas, thy absence may relieve,
 Now I am left, perhaps, through life to grieve :
 Yet would I hope, yet hope I know not why,
 (But hopes and wishes in one balance lie) 52
 Thou may'st revisit, with thy wonted smiles,
 Iërna, island set around with isles :
 May the same heart, that bids thee now adieu,
 Salute thy sails, and hail thee into view! 56

O D E S.

S O N G.

I.

FROM White's and Will's
To purling rills
The love-sick Strephon flies ;
There, full of woe,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town ;
But, when in tears
The youth appears,
She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full oft the maid
This prank had play'd,
'Till angry Strephon swore,
And, what is strange,
Though loth to change,
Would never see her more.

S O N G.

S O N G.

I.

WH Y we love, and why we hate,
 Is not granted us to know:
 Random chance, or wilful fate,
 Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

II.

If on me Zelinda frown,
 Madness 'tis in me to grieve:
 Since her will is not her own,
 Why should I uneasy live!

III.

If I for Zelinda die,
 Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
 Ask not me the reason why:
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

T O S I G N O R A C U Z Z O N I.

M A Y 25, 1724.

L I T T L E Syren of the stage,
 Charmer of an idle age,
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
 Wanton gale of fond desire,
 Bane of every manly art,
 Sweet enfeebler of the heart!

O, toe

O, too pleasing in thy strain,
 Hence, to southern climes again; 8
 Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
 To this island bid farewell;
 Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the Britons rough and free. 12

To the MEMORY of the late
 EARL OF HALIFAX.

JUNE 30, 1718.

WEEPING o'er thy sacred urn,
 Ever shall the Muses mourn;
 Sadly shall their numbers flow,
 Ever elegant in woe. 4
 Thousands, nobly born, shall die,
 Thousands in oblivion lie,
 Names, which leave no trace behind,
 Like the clouds before the wind, 8
 When the dusky shadows pass,
 Lightly fleeting o'er the grass.
 But, O Halifax, thy name
 Shall through ages rise in fame: 12
 Sweet remembrance shalt thou find,
 Sweet in every noble mind.

To the HONOURABLE
MISS CARTERET.

BL O O M of beauty, early flower
 Of the blissful bridal bower,
 Thou, thy parents pride and care,
 Fairest offspring of the fair, 4
 Lovely pledge of mutual love,
 Angel seeming from above,
 Was it not thou day by day
 Dost thy very sex betray, 8
 Female more and more appear,
 Female, more than angel dear,
 How to speak thy face and mien,
 (Soon too dangerous to be seen) 12
 How shall I, or shall the Muse,
 Language of resemblance chuse?
 Language like thy mien and face,
 Full of sweetness, full of grace! 16
 By the next returning spring,
 When again the linnets sing,
 When again the lambkins play,
 Pretty sportlings full of May, 20
 When the meadows next are seen,
 Sweet enamel! white and green,
 And the year in fresh attire,
 Welcomes every gay desire, 24
 Blooming on shalt thou appear
 More inviting than the year,

Fairer

Fairer sight than orchard shows,
 Which beside a river blows : 28
 Yet, another spring I see,
 And a brighter bloom in thee :
 And another round of time,
 Circling, still improves thy prime : 32
 And, beneath the vernal skies,
 Yet a verdure more shall rise,
 Ere thy beauties, kindling flow,
 In each finish'd feature glow, 36
 Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
 Thou exert thy maiden reign,
 Absolute to save, or kill,
 Fond beholders, at thy will. 40
 Then the taper-moulded waste
 With a span of ribbon brac'd,
 And the swell of either breast,
 And the wide high-vaulted chest, 44
 And the neck so white and round,
 Little neck with brilliants bound,
 And the store of charms which shine
 Above, in lineaments divine, 48
 Crowded in a narrow space
 To complete the desperate face,
 These alluring powers, and more,
 Shall enamour'd youths adore ; 52
 These, and more, in courtly lays,
 Many an aking heart shall praise.
 Happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men, 56

Who,

Who, in courtship greatly sped,
 Wins the damsel to his bed,
 Bears the virgin-prize away,
 Counting life one nuptial day! 60
 For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
 Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
 Down the veiny temples growing,
 O'er the sloping shoulders flowing, 64
 And the smoothly pencil'd brow,
 Mild to him in every vow,
 And the fringed lid below,
 Thin as thinnest blossoms blow, 68
 And the hazely-lucid eye,
 Whence heart-winning glances fly,
 And that cheek of health, o'erspread
 With soft-blended white and red, 72
 And the witching smiles which break
 Round those lips, which sweetly speak,
 And thy gentleness of mind,
 Gentle from a gentle kind, 76
 These endowments, heavenly dower!
 Brought him in the promis'd hour,
 Shall for ever bind him to thee,
 Shall renew him still to woo thee. 80

ON the DEATH of the RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM EARL COWPER. 1723.

S T R O P H E I.

WAKE the British harp again,
To a sad melodious strain;
Wake the harp, whose every string,
When Halifax resign'd his breath, 4
Accus'd inexorable death;
For I, once more, must in affliction sing,
One song of sorrow more bestow,
The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe: 8
Yet, O my soul, if aught may bring relief,
Full many, grieving, shall applaud thy grief,
The pious verse, that Cowper does deplore,
Whom all the boasted powers of verse cannot restore.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Not to her, his fondest care,
Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
Nor his country ever dear,
From her, from them, from Britain torn: 16
With her, with them, does Britain mourn:
His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear;
And, intermingling, sighs with praise,
All good men wish the number of his days 20
Had

Had been to him twice told, and twice again,
 In that seal'd book, where all things which pertain
 To mortal man, whatever things befall,
 Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall : 24

E P O D E I.

Where every loss, and every gain,
 Where every grief, and every joy,
 Every pleasure, every pain,
 Each bitter, and each sweet alloy, 28
 To us uncertain though they flow,
 Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
 Too wretched state, did man foreknow
 Those ills, which man cannot remove! 32
 Vain is wisdom for preventing
 What the wisest live lamenting.

S T R O P H E II.

Hither sent, who knows the day
 When he shall be call'd away?
 Various is the term assign'd :
 An hour, a day, some months, or years, 38
 The breathing soul on earth appears :
 But, through the swift succession of mankind,
 Swarm after swarm ! a busy race,
 The strength of cities, or of courts the grace, 42
 Or who in camps delight, or who abide
 Diffus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide,
 Of them, though many here long-lingering dwell,
 And see their children's children, yet, how few excel ! 46

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here we come, and hence we go,
 Shadows passing to and fro,
 Seen a while, forgotten soon :
 But thou, to fair distinction born, 50
 Thou, Cowper, beamy in the morn
 Of life, still brightening to the pitch of noon,
 Scarce verging to the steep decline,
 Hence summon'd while thy virtues radiant shine, 54
 Thou singled out the fosterling of fame,
 Secure of praise, nor less secur'd from blame,
 Shalt be remember'd with a fond applause,
 So long as Britons own the same indulgent laws. 58

EPODE II.

United in one public weal,
 Rejoicing in one freedom, all,
 Cowper's hand apply'd the seal,
 And level'd the partition-wall. 62
 The chosen seeds of great events
 Are thinly sown, and slowly rise :
 And Time the harvest-scythe presents,
 In season, to the good and wise : 66
 Hymning to the harp my story,
 Fain would I record his glory.

STROPHE III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,
 Truth unleaven'd, pure of art, 70
 Like

Like the hallow'd Bard of yore,
 Who chaunted in authentic rhymes
 The worthies of the good old times,
 Ere living vice in verse was varnish'd o'er, 74
 And virtue died without a song.
 Support of friendless right, to powerful wrong
 A check, behold him in the judgment-seat!
 Twice, there, approv'd, in righteousness compleat:
 In just awards, how gracious! tempering law
 With mercy, and reproving with a winning awe.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

Hear him speaking, and you hear
 Reason tuneful to the ear! 82
 Lips with thymy language sweet,
 Distilling on the hearer's mind
 The balm of wisdom, speech refin'd,
 Celestial gifts!—Oh, when the nobles meet, 86
 When next, thour sea-surrounded land,
 Thy nobles meet at Brunswick's high command,
 In vain they shall the charmer's voice desire!
 In vain those lips of eloquence require! 90
 That mild conviction, which the soul affails
 By soft alarms, and with a gentle force prevails!

E P O D E III.

To such persuasion, willing, yields
 The liberal mind, in freedom train'd, 94
 Freedom, which, in crimson'd fields,
 By hardy toil our fathers gain'd,

Inheritance of long descent!
 The sacred pledge, so dearly priz'd 98
 By that bless'd spirit we lament :
 Grief-easing lays, by grief devis'd,
 Plaintive numbers, gently flowing,
 Sooth the sorrows to him owing ! 102

S T R O P H E IV.

Early on his growing heir,
 Stamp what time may not impair,
 As he grows, that coming years,
 Or youthful pleasures, or the vain 106
 Gigantic phantom of the brain
 Ambition, breeding monstrous hopes and fears,
 Or worthier cares, to youth unknown,
 Ennobling manhood, flower of life full-blown, 110
 May never wear the bosom-image faint :
 O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,
 The lively lovely semblance of his fire,
 A model to his son ! that ages may admire ! 114

A N T I S T R O P H E IV.

Every virtue, every grace,
 Still renewing in the race,
 Once thy father's pleasing hope,
 Thy widow'd mother's comfort now, 118
 No fuller bliss does heaven allow,
 While we behold yon wide-spread azure cope,
 With burning stars thick-luster'd o'er,
 Than to enjoy, and to deserve, a store 122
 Of

Of treasur'd fame, by blameless deeds acquir'd,
 By all unenvied, and by all desir'd,
 Free-gift of men, the tribute of good-will!
 Rich in this patrimony fair, increase it still.

126

E P O D E IV.

The fullness of content remains
 Above the yet unfathom'd skies,
 Where, triumphant, gladness reigns,
 Where wishes cease, and pleasures rise
 Beyond all wish; where bitter tears
 For dying friends are never shed;
 Where, sighing, none desire pass'd years
 Recall'd, or wish the future fled.
 Mournful measures, O, relieve me!
 Sweet remembrance! cease to grieve me.

130

134

S T R O P H E V.

He the robe of justice wore
 Sully'd not, as heretofore,
 When the magistrate was fought
 With yearly gifts. Of what avail
 Are guilty hoards? for life is frail;
 And we are judg'd where favour is not bought.
 By him forewarn'd, thou frantic isle,
 How did the thirst of gold thy sons beguile!
 Beneath the specious ruin thousands groan'd,
 By him, alas, forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd.
 Where shall his like, on earth, be found? oh, when
 Shall I, once more, behold the most belov'd of men!

138

142

146

ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aspect! winning mind!
 Soul and body aptly join'd! 150
 Searching thought, engaging wit,
 Enabled to instruct, or please,
 Uniting dignity with ease,
 By nature form'd for every purpose fit, 154
 Endearing excellence!—O, why
 Is such perfection born, and born to die?
 Or do such rare endowments still survive,
 As plants, remov'd to milder regions thrive, 158
 In one eternal spring? and we bewail
 The parting soul, new-born to life that cannot fail.

EPODE V.

Where sacred friendship, plighted love,
 Parental joys, unmix'd with care, 162
 Through perpetual time improve?
 Or do the deathless blest share
 Sublimèr raptures, unreveal'd,
 Beyond our weak conception pure? 166
 But, while those glories lie conceal'd,
 The righteous count the promise sure,
 Trials to the last enduring,
 To the last their hope securing. 170

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQUIRE.

MAY 1, 1723.

I.

WHO, much distinguish'd, yet is blest'd?
 Who, dignified above the rest,
 Does, still, unenvied live?
 Not to the man whose wealth abounds, 4
 Nor to the man whose fame refounds,
 Does heaven such favour give,
 Nor to the noble-born, nor to the strong,
 Nor to the gay, the beautiful, or young. 8

II.

Whom then, secure of happiness,
 Does every eye beholding bless,
 And every tongue commend?
 Him, Pulteney, who, possessing store, 12
 Is not solicitous of more,
 Who, to mankind a friend,
 Nor envies, nor is envied by, the great,
 Polite in courts, polite in his retreat: 16

III.

Whose unambitious, active soul,
 Attends the welfare of the whole,
 When public storms arise,
 And, in the calm, a thousand ways: 20
 Diversifies his nights and days,
 Still elegantly wise;

While books, each morn, the lightsome soul invite,
And friends, with season'd mirth, improve the night.

IV.

In him do men no blemish see;
And factions in his praise agree,
When most they vex the state:
Distinguish'd favourite of the skies,
Belov'd he lives, lamented dies:

28

Yet, shall he not to fate
Submit entire; the rescuing Muse shall save
His precious name, and win him from the grave.

32

V.

Too frail is brass and polish'd stone;
Perpetual fame the Muse alone
On merit can bestow:

Yet, must the time-enduring song,
The verse unrival'd by the throng,

36

From Nature's bounty flow:
Th' ungifted tribe in metre pass away,
Oblivion's sport, the poets of a day.

40

VI.

What laws shall o'er the Ode preside?
In vain would art presume to guide

The chariot-wheels of praise,
When Fancy, driving, ranges free,
Fresh flowers selecting, like the bee,

44

And regularly strays,
While Nature does, disdain'g aids of skill,
The mind with thought, the ears with numbers, fill.

VII.

As when the Theban hymns divine
 Make proud Olympian victors shine
 In an eternal blaze,
 The varying measures, ever new, 52
 Unbeaten tracks of fame pursue,
 While through the glorious maze
 The poet leads his heroes to renown,
 And weaves in verse a never-fading crown. 56

TO Miss MARGARET PULTENEY, Daughter of
 DANIEL PULTENEY, Esq; in the Nursery.

APRIL 27, 1727.

DIMPLY damsel, sweetly smiling,
 All careſſing, none beguiling,
 Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
 Every charm to Nature owing, 4
 This and that new thing admiring,
 Much of this and that enquiring,
 Knowledge by degrees attaining,
 Day by day ſome virtue gaining, 8
 Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
 Beardleſs poets, fondly rhyming,
 (Fetcued now, perhaps, in ſpelling,)
 On thy riper beauties dwelling, 12
 Shall accuſe each killing feature
 Of the cruel, charming, creature,
 Whom I knew complying, willing,
 Tender, and averſe from killing. 15

To

To Miss CHARLOTTE PULTENEY,
in her Mother's Arms.

MAY 1, 1724,

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight, 4
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale, 8
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart, 12
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush. 16
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys, 20
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray,
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest. 24

This

This thy present happy lot,
 This, in time, will be forgot :
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy time prepares ;
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
 This picture, once, resembled thee.

28

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQUIRE.

JUNE 15, 1724.

VOTARY to publick zeal,
 Minister of England's weal,
 Have you leisure for a song,
 Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
 Swift and sweet in every measure,
 Tell me, Walpole, have you leisure ?
 Nothing lofty will I sing,
 Nothing of the favourite king,
 Something, rather, sung with ease,
 Simply elegant to please.

4

8

Fairy Virgin, British Muse,
 Some unhear'd-of story chuse :
 Chuse the glory of the swain,
 Gifted with a magic strain,
 Swaging grief of every kind,
 Healing, with a verse, the mind :
 To him came a man of power,
 To him, in a cheerless hour ;

12

When

When the swain, by Druids taught,	
Soon divin'd his irksome thought,	20
Soon the maple harp he strung,	
Soon, with silver-accent, sung.	
“ Steerer of a mighty realm,	
“ Pilot, waking o'er the helm,	24
“ Blessing of thy native soil,	
“ Weary of a thankless toil,	
“ Cast repining thought behind,	
“ Give thy trouble to the wind.	28
“ Mortal, destin'd to excel,	
“ Bear the blame of doing well,	
“ Like the worthies great of old,	
“ In the list of fame enroll'd.	32
“ What, though titles thou decline ?	
“ Still the more thy virtues shine.	
“ Envy, with her serpent eye,	
“ Marks each praise that soars on high.	36
“ To thy lot resign thy will :	
“ Every good is mix'd with ill.	
“ See, the white unblemish'd rose	
“ On a thorny bramble blows :	40
“ See, the torrent pouring rain	
“ Does the limpid fountain stain :	
“ See, the giver of the day	
“ Urgeth on, through clouds, his way :	44
“ Nothing is, entirely, bless'd ;	
“ Envy does thy worth attest.	
“ Pleasing visions, at command,	
“ Answer to my voice and hand ;	48
“ Quick,	

- “ Quick, the blifsful fcene prepare,
 “ Sooth the patriot’s heavy care :
 “ Vifions, cheering to the fight,
 “ Give him earnest of delight. 52
 “ Wife difpofer of affairs,
 “ View the end of all thy cares !
 “ Forward caft thy ravish’d eyes,
 “ See the gladdening harveft rife : 56
 “ Lo, the people reap thy pain !
 “ Thine the labor, theirs the gain.
 “ Yonder turn, awile, they view,
 “ Turn thee to yon fpreading yew, 60
 “ Once the gloomy tree of fate,
 “ Once the plighted virgin’s hate :
 “ Now, no longer, does it grow,
 “ Parent of the warring bow : 64
 “ See, beneath the guiltlefs fhade,
 “ Peafants fhape the plow and fpade,
 “ Refcued, ever, from the fear
 “ Of the whiffling fhaf and fpear.
 “ Lo, where plenty comes, with peace !
 “ Hear the breath of murmur ceafe :
 “ See, at laft, unclouded days ;
 “ Hear, at laft, unenvied praife. 72
 “ Nothing fhall thy foul moleft ;
 “ Labour is the price of reft.
 “ Mortal, deftin’d to excel,
 “ Bleft the toil of doing well !” 76

SUPPLICATION FOR MISS CARTERET
IN THE SMALL-POX.

DUBLIN, JULY 31, 1725.

POWER o'er every power supreme,
 Thou the poet's hallow'd theme,
 From thy mercy-seat on high,
 Hear my numbers, hear my cry. 4
 Breather of all vital breath,
 Arbiter of life and death,
 Oh, preserve this innocence,
 Yet unconscious of offence, 8
 Yet in life and virtue growing,
 Yet no debt to Nature owing.
 Thou, who giv'st angelic grace
 To the blooming virgin face, 12
 Let the fell disease not blight
 What thou mad'st for man's delight:
 O'er her features let it pass
 Like the breeze o'er springing grass, 16
 Gentle as refreshing showers
 Sprinkled over opening flowers.
 O, let years alone diminish
 Beauties thou wast pleas'd to finish. 20
 To the pious parents give
 That the darling fair may live:
 Turn to blessings all their care,
 Save their fondness from despair. 24

Mitigate

Mitigate the lurking pains
 Lodg'd within her tender veins ;
 Soften every throb of anguish,
 Suffer not her strength to languish ;
 Take her to thy careful keeping,
 And prevent the mother's weeping.

28

TO MISS GEORGIANA,
 YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO
 LORD CARTERET.

AUGUST 10, 1725.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
 Miniature of beauty's queen,
 Numbering years, a scanty Nine,
 Stealing hearts without design,
 Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
 Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
 Yet a novice in disdain,
 Pleasure giving without pain,
 Still careffing, still carefs'd,
 Thou, and all thy lovers blest'd,
 Never teiz'd, and never teizing,
 O, for ever pleas'd and pleasing !
 Hither, British Muse of mine,
 Hither all the Grecian Nine,
 With the lovely Graces three,
 And your promis'd nurseling see :

4

8

12

16

B b

Figure

Figure on her waxen mind
 Images of life refin'd;
 Make it, as a garden gay,
 Every bud of thought display, 20
 Till, improving year by year,
 The whole culture shall appear,
 Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
 All to human sense surprizing. 24
 Is the filken web so thin
 As the texture of her skin?
 Can the lily and the rose
 Such unfully'd hue disclose? 28
 Are the violets so blue
 As her veins expos'd to view?
 Do the stars, in wintery sky,
 Twinkle brighter than her eye? 32
 Has the morning lark a throat
 Sounding sweeter than her note?
 Who e'er knew the like before thee?
 They who knew the Nymph that bere thee. 36
 From thy pastime and thy toys,
 From thy harmless cares and joys,
 Give me now a moment's time:
 When thou shalt attain thy prime, 40
 And thy bosom feel desire,
 Love the likeness of thy fire,
 One ordain'd, through life, to prove
 Still thy glory, still thy love. 44
 Like thy Sister, and like thee,
 Let thy nurtur'd daughters be:

Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
Trace the pattern set before thee.

48

Where the Liffy meets the main,
Has thy Sister hear'd my strain :
From the Liffy to the Thames,
Minstrel echoes sing their names,
Wafting to the willing ear

52

Many a cadence sweet to hear,
Smooth as gently breathing gales
O'er the ocean and the vales,
While the vessel calmly glides.

56

O'er the level glassy tides,
While the summer flowers are springing,
And the new-fledg'd birds are singing.

EPIGRAMS AND SHORT POEMS

ON A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS TO GOOD MUSIC.

HOW ill the motion with the music suits !
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

E P I G R A M.

GEORGE came to the crown without striking a blow :
Ah, quoth the Pretender, would I could do so !

IN ANSWER to the QUESTION, What is THOUGHT ?

THE hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven, or his hell,
The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

TO MR. ADDISON ON CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
 And the true poet is a public good :
 This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
 Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
 In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
 Inflam'd her senate and upheld her laws,
 Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
 And given the just success to Cato's sword,
 O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
 And the Muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

A FRAGMENT.

IN search of wisdom far from wit I fly :
 Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
 In whose bewitching arms our early time
 We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime :
 But when reflection comes with riper years,
 And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
 We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
 And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life.

The following EPITAPH on the Monument of my Kinswoman was written at the Request of her Husband.

WITHIN the Burial-Vault near this Marble, lieth the Body of PENELOPE, youngest Daughter (and Coheir with her Sister ELIZABETH) to ROBERT PHILIPS of Newton-Regis, in the County of Warwick, Esquire. She died in her Six and Thirtieth Year, on the 25th Day of January, 1726.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION,

(Appealing yet to testimonies manifold)

Recall to every surviving witness,

And, for ensample, record to posterity, 4

Her endowments,

Whether owing to the indulgency of nature,

Or to the assiduous lessons of education,

Or to the silent admonitions of reflection. 8

To her parents, husband, children,

In no care, no duty, no affection,

Was she wanting,

Receiving, deserving, winning, 12

From them respectively,

Equal endearments.

Of countenance and of disposition,

Open, chearful, modest; 16

B b 3

OF

374 A. P H I L I P S ' S P O E M S.

Of behaviour, humble, courteous, easy;
 Of speech, affable, free, discreet;
 In civilities, punctual, sincere, and elegant;
 Prone to offices of kindness and good will; 20

To enmity a stranger;
 Forward, earnest, impatient,
 To succour the distress'd,
 To comfort the afflicted; 24
 Solicitous for the poor,
 And rich in store of alms:

Whereby she became
 The delight, the love, the blessing, of all. 28

In her household flourished
 Cheerfulness, due order, thrift, and plenty.
 In the closet retired,
 In the temple public. 32

Morning and evening did she worship;
 By instruction, by example,
 Sedulous to nurture her children in godliness:
 So prevalent her love to them, 36
 Visited with that sore disease,
 Which too often kills or blites.

The mother's fondest hopes,
 That (regardless of self-preservation) 40
 In piously watching over their lives
 She, catching the infection, lost her own,
 Triumpling, through resignation,
 Over sickness, pain, anguish, agony, 44
 And (encompassed with tears and lamentations)
 Expiring in the fervour of prayer.

To

To the MEMORY, ever dear and precious, of his most affectionate, most beloved, and most deserving Wife, is this Monument raised by HENRY VERNON, of Hilton, in the County of Stafford, Esquire: to him she bore five Sons and two Daughters, all surviving, save Elizabeth; who dying, in her second Year, of the Small-Pox, some few Days before, resteth by her Mother.

T H E F A B L E O F T H U L E,
U N F I N I S H E D.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his sway,
Where the sun glances but a sloping ray,
Beneath the sharpest rigour of the skies,
Disdainful Thule's wintery island lies. 4
Unhappy maid! thy tale, forgotten long,
Shall virgins learn from my instructive song,
And every youth, who lingers in despair,
By thy example warn the cruel fair. 8
In Cyprus, sacred to the queen of love,
(Where stands her temple, and her myrtle grove,)
Was Thule born, uncertain how: 'tis said
Once Venus won Adonis to her bed, 12
And pregnant grew, the birth to chance assign'd
In woods, and foster'd by the feather'd kind.
With flowers some strew the helpless orphan round,
With downy moss some spread the carpet ground, 16

Some ripen'd fruits, some fragrant honey, bring;
 And some fetch water from the running spring;
 While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
 Their infant-charge, and tune her tender ear. 20

Soon as the sun forsakes the evening skies,
 And hid in shades the gloomy forest lies,
 The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
 And lull her, with their gentler strains, to sleep. 24

This the prevailing rumour: as she grew,
 No dubious tokens spoke the rumour true.

In every forming feature might be seen
 Some bright resemblance of the Cyprian queen: 28

Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,
 In all her early passion of the chace:

And when, on springing flowers reclin'd, she sung,
 The birds upon the bending branches hung, 32

While, warbling, she express'd their various strains,
 And, at a distance, charm'd the listening swains:

So sweet her voice resounding through the wood,
 They thought the Nymph some Syren from the flood.

Half human thus by lineage, half divine,
 In forests did the lonely beauty shine,
 Like woodland flowers, which paint the desert glades,
 And waste their sweets in unfrequented shades. 40

No human face she saw, and rarely seen
 By human face: a solitary queen
 She rul'd, and rang'd, her shady empire round.

No horn the silent huntress bears; no hound, 44
 With noisy cry, disturbs her solemn chace,

Swift, as the bounding stag, she wings her pace;
 And,

And, bend whene'er she will her ebon bow,
A speedy death arrests the flying foe. 48

The bow the hunting goddess first supply'd,
And ivory quiver crosses her shoulders ty'd.

Th' imperious queen of heaven, with jealous eyes,
Beholds the blooming virgin from the skies, 52
At once admires, and dreads her growing charms,
And sees the god already in her arms :

In vain, she finds, her bitter tongue reproves
His broken vows, and his clandestine loves : 56

Jove still continues frail : and all in vain
Does Thule in obscurest shades remain,
While Maja's son, the thunderer's winged spy,
Informs him where the lurking beauties lie. 60

What sure expedient then shall Juno find,
To calm her fears, and ease her boding mind ?
Delays to jealous minds a torment prove ;
And Thule ripens every day for love. 64

She mounts her car, and shakes the filken reins ;
The harness'd peacocks spread their painted trains,
And smooth their glossy necks against the sun :
The wheels along the level azure run. 68

Eastward the goddess guides her gaudy team,
And perfects, as she rides, her forming scheme.

The various orbs now pass'd, adown the steep
Of heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep 72
In fleecy clouds, which o'er the mid-land main
Hang pois'd in air, to bless the isles with rain :
And here the panting birds repose a while :

Nor so their queen ; she gains the Cyprian isle, 76
By

By speedy zephyrs borne in thickned air :
Unseen she seeks, unseen she finds, the fair.

Now o'er the mountain tops the rising sun
Shot purple rays : now Thule had begun 80

Her morning chace, and printed in the dews
Her fleeting steps. The goddess now pursues,
Now over-takes her in the full career,
And flings a javelin at the flying deer. 84

Amaz'd, the virgin huntress turns her eyes ;
When Juno, (now Diana in disguise,)
Let no vain terrors discompose thy mind ;
My second visit, like my first, is kind. 88

Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,
Did not I give ?—Here sudden blushes glow
On Thule's cheeks : her busy eyes survey
The dress, the crescent ; and her doubts give way. 92

I own thee, goddess bright, the nymph replies,
Goddess, I own thee, and thy favours-prize :
Goddess of woods, and lawns, and level plains,
Fresh in my mind thine image still remains. 96

Then Juno, beauteous ranger of the grove,
My darling care, fair object of my love,
Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years. 100

T R A N S L A T I O N S.

THE FIRST OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.

TO HIERO of SYRACUSE, victorious in the
HORSE-RACE.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet praises Hiero for his justice, his wisdom, and his skill in music. He likewise celebrates the horse that won the race, and the place where the Olympick Games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponnesus) he takes an occasion of digressing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero, he sets forth the felicity of the Olympian Victors. Then he concludes, by praying to the gods to preserve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admonishing him to moderation of mind, in his high station; and, lastly, glories in his own excellency in compositions of this kind.

S T R O P H E I. Measures 18.

EACH element to water yields;
And gold, like blazing fire by night,
Amidst the stores of wealth that builds
The mind aloft, is eminently bright:

But

But if, my soul, with fond desire 5
 To sing of games thou dost aspire,
 As thou by day canst not descry,
 Through all the liquid waste of sky,
 One burnish'd star, that like the sun does glow,
 And cherish every thing below, 10
 So, my sweet soul, no toil divine,
 In song, does like th' Olympian shine:
 Hence do the mighty poets raise
 A hymn, of every tongue the praise,
 The son of Saturn to resound, 15
 When far, from every land, they come
 To visit Hiero's regal dome,
 Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found:

ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 18.

Lord of Sicilia's fleecy plains,
 He governs, righteous in his power, 20
 And, all excelling while he reigns,
 From every lovely virtue crops the flower:
 In music, blossom of delight,
 Divinely skill'd, he cheers the night,
 As we are wont, when friends design 25
 To feast and wanton o'er their wine:
 But from the wall the Dorian harp take down,
 If Pisa, city of renown,
 And if the fleet victorious steed,
 The boast of his unrival'd breed, 30
 Heart-pleasing raptures did inspire,
 And warm thy breast with sacred fire,

When late, on Alpheus' crouded shore,
 Forth-springing quick, each nerve he strain'd,
 The warning of the spur disdain'd, 35
 And swift to victory his master bore.

E P O D E I. Measures 16.

The lov'd Syracusan, the prince of the course,
 The king, who delights in the speed of the horse :
 Great his glory, great his fame,
 Throughout the land where Lydian Pelops came 40
 To plant his men, a chosen race,
 A land the ocean does embrace,
 Pelops, whom Neptune, ruler of the main,
 Was known to love, when into life again,
 From the reviving cauldron warm, 45
 Clotho produc'd him whole, his shoulder-blade,
 And its firm brawn, of shining ivory made :
 But truth, unvarnish'd, oft neglected lies,
 When fabled tales, invented to surprize,
 In miracles mighty, have power to charm, 50
 Where fictions, happily combin'd,
 Deceive and captivate the mind :

S T R O P H E II. Measures 18.

Thus Poësy, harmonious spell,
 The source of pleasures ever new,
 With dignity does wonders tell; 55
 And we, amaz'd, believe each wonder true.
 Day, after day, brings truth to light,
 Unveil'd, and manifest to sight :

But,

But, of the blest'd, those lips which name
Foul deeds aloud, shall suffer blame. 60

Thee, son of Tantalus, my faithful song
Shall vindicate from every wrong,
The glories of thy house restore,
And baffle falsehoods told before:
Now, in his turn, thy fire prepar'd 65
A banquet; when the gods appear'd
At Sipylus, his sweet abode,
To grace the due proportion'd feast:
There, first, the trident-bearing feast:
There, first, the trident-bearing guest
Beheld thy lovely form; and now, he glow'd; 70

ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 18.

And now, his soul subdued by love,
Thee in his golden car he bore
Swift to the lofty towers of Jove,
Whose name the nations all around adore:
Thus Ganymede was caught on high, 75
To serve the power who rules the sky.
When thou no longer didst appear,
And those, who sought a pledge so dear,
Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
Some envious neighbour, to defame 80
Thy father's feast, a rumour spread,
The rumour through the country fled,
That thou, to heighten the repast,
Wast into seething water cast;
Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire, 85
Thy limbs without compassion carv'd,

Thy

Thy sodden flesh in messes serv'd,
To gorge the gods, and a voracious fire :

E P O D E II. Measures 16.

But, in thought ever pure, shall I deem it amiss,
Vile gluttons to call the partakers of blifs : 90
Let me then refrain, and dread :
A curse hangs over the blasphemer's head.
If they, who supervise and ward
The heavens, did ever shew regard
To mortal man this Tantalus might boast, 95
Of mortal men that he was honour'd most :
But he, not able to digest
The glut, the surfeit, of immortal joys,
One heinous forfeit all his blifs destroys :
For over him the godhead hung, in air, 100
A ponderous stone, a dreadful poise of care !
From his head to remove it, with terror oppress'd,
In vain he tries, and seeks in vain
One chearful moment to regain :

S T R O P H E III. Measures 18.

A life of woe, beyond relief, 105
His portion now ; ordain'd before
To torments of a three-fold grief,
This fourth was added to compleat his store,
Since, high presuming in his soul,
He nectar and ambrosia stole, 110
To give to men ; by which he knew
That, tasting, he immortal grew :

But be not man deceiv'd : the gods reveal
 What most we labour to conceal :
 For this the powers, who deathless reign, 115
 To earth sent down his son again,
 To dwell with men, a short-liv'd race,
 Whose sudden fate come on apace.
 His flowery age in all its pride,
 When, o'er his chin, a blackening shade 120
 Of down was cast, a vow he made,
 Deep in his soul, to win the profer'd bride.

ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 18.

Hippodamia, boasted name,
 From her great sire the Pisan proud.
 Alone, by night, the lover came 125
 Beside the hoary sea, and call'd aloud
 On him who sways the triple spear,
 And fills with din the deafen'd ear;
 When, at his feet, the god arose :
 Then Pelops, eager to disclose 130
 His mighty care, " O Neptune, if thy mind
 " In love did ever pleasure find,
 " Let not Oenomaüs prevail,
 " And let this brazen javelin fail :
 " Oh ! bear me hence, on wheels of speed, 135
 " To Elis, to the glorious meed :
 " To victory oh ! whirl me, strait :
 " Since, after ten, and other three,
 " Bold suiters slain, yet still we see,
 " From year to year, the promis'd nuptials wait 140

E P O D E III. Measures 16.

“ Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
 “ The dastard in heart, who despairs of his might.
 “ Since we all are born to die,
 “ Who, overcast, would in oblivion lie,
 “ In unreputed age decay, 145
 “ And meanly squander life away,
 “ Cut off from every praise? Then let me dare
 “ This conflict, in the dusty lists, to share;
 “ And prosper thou my glowing wheels.”
 Thus Pelops spoke; nor was his fervent prayer 150
 Pour'd forth in fruitless words, to waft in air:
 The deity his whole ambition grants;
 Nor shining car, nor courfers, now he wants:
 In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
 Extolting in the horses' feet, 155
 Unwearied ever, ever fleet:

S T R O P H E IV. Measures 18.

Oenomaüs, he triumphs o'er
 Thy prowess, and, to share his bed,
 Claims the bright maid; who to him bore
 Six princely sons, to manly virtues bred. 160
 Now, solemniz'd with steaming blood,
 And pious rites, near Alpheus' flood
 Intomb'd, he sleeps, where th' altar stands,
 That draws the vows of distant lands:
 And round his tomb the circling racers strive: 165
 And round the wheeling chariots drive.

In thy fam'd courses, Pelops, rise
 Th' Olympian glories to the skies,
 And shine afar : there we behold
 The stretch of manhood, strenuous, bold, 170
 In fore fatigues, and there the strife
 Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,
 Who overcomes ! for he shall see
 Unclouded days, and taste the sweets of life,

ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Thy boon, O victory ! thy prize. 175
 The good that, in a day obtain'd,
 From day to day fresh joy supplies,
 Is the supreme of blifs to man ordain'd :
 But let me now the rider raise,
 And crown him with Æolian lays, 180
 The victor's due : and I confide,
 Though every welcome guest were try'd,
 Not one, in all the concourse, would be found
 For fairest knowledge more renown'd,
 Nor yet a master more to twine, 185
 In lasting hymns, each wreathing line.
 The guardian god, who watchful guides
 Thy fortunes, Hiero, presides
 O'er all thy cares with anxious power :
 And soon, if he does not deny 190
 His needful aid, my hopes run high
 To sing more pleasing in the joyful hour,

E P O D E

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E P O D E IV. Measures 16.

On thy chariot, triumphant when thou shalt appear,
And fly o'er the course with a rapid career,
Tracing paths of language fair, 195
As I to Cronion's sunny mount repair.
Even now the Muse prepares to raise,
Her growth, the strongest dart of praise,
For me to wield. Approv'd in other things,
Do others rise, conspicuous: only kings, 200
High mounting on the summit fix:
There bound thy view, wide-spread, nor vainly try
Farther to stretch the prospect of thine eye:
Be, then, thy glorious lot to tread sublime,
With steady steps, the measur'd tract of time: 205
Be mine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,
In Greece, throughout the learned throng,
Proclaim'd unrival'd in my song.

THE SECOND OLYMPIQUE.

TO THERON of AGRIGENTUM, victorious
in the CHARIOT-RACE.

A R G U M E N T.

He praises Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic Games, with a chariot and four horses; likewise for his justice, his hospitality, his fortitude, and the illustriousness of his ancestors; whose adventures are occasionally mentioned: then he interweaves digressions to Semele, Ino, Peleus, Achilles, and others, and describes the future state of the righteous and of the wicked. Lastly, he concludes with extolling his own skill in panegyrick, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

S T R O P H E I. Measures 16.

SOVEREIGN hymns, whose numbers sway
The sounding harp, what god, what hero, say,
What man, shall we resound?
Is not Pisa Jove's delight?
And did not Hercules, with conquest crown'd, 5
To him ordain
Th' Olympiad for an army slain,
Thank-offering of the war?
And must we not, in Theron's right,
Exert our voice, and swell our song? 10
Theron, whose victorious car
Four coursers whirl, fleeting along, To

To stranger-guests indulgent host,
 Of Agrigentum the support and boast,
 Cities born to rule and grace, 15
 Fair blossom of his ancient race,

ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 16.

Worthies fore perplex'd in thought,
 Till, wandering far, they found, what long they fought,
 A sacred seat, fast by
 Where the stream does rapid run, 20
 And reign'd, of Sicily the guardian eye,
 When happy days,
 And wealth, and favour, flow'd, and praise,
 That in-born worth inflames.
 Saturnian Jove, O! Rhea's son, 25
 Who o'er Olympus dost preside,
 And the pitch of lofty games,
 And Alpheus, of rivers the pride,
 Rejoicing in my songs, do thou
 Incline thine ear, propitious to my vow, 30
 Blessing, with a bounteous hand,
 The rich hereditary land

EPODE I. Measures 10.

Through their late lineage down. No power can actions
 pass,
 Whether deeds of right or wrong,
 As things not done recall, 35
 Not even Time, the father, who produces all;
 Yet can Oblivion, waiting long,

Gathering strength
 Through the length
 Of prosperous times, forbid those deeds to last : 40
 Such force has sweet-healing joy
 The festering smart of evils to destroy,

S T R O P H E II. Measures 16.

When felicity is sent
 Down by the will supreme with full content :
 Thy daughters, Cadmus, they 45
 Greatly wretched here below,
 Bless'd evermore, this mighty truth display.
 No weight of grief,
 But, whelm'd in pleasures, finds relief,
 Sunk in the sweet abyss. 50
 Thou, Semele, with hair a-flow,
 Thou by thunder doom'd to die,
 Mingling with the gods in bliss,
 Art happy, for ever, on high :
 Thee Pallas does for ever love, 55
 Thee chiefly Jupiter, who rules above ;
 Thee thy son holds ever dear,
 Thy son with the ivy-wreath'd spear.

A N T I S T R O P H E II. Measures 16.

Beauteous Ino, we are told,
 With the sea-daughters dwells of Nereus old, 60
 And has, by lot, obtain'd
 Lasting life, beneath the deep,
 A life within no bounds of time restrain'd.
 The hour of death,
 The day when we resign our breath, 65

That

That offspring of the sun,
 Which bids us from our labours sleep,
 In vain do mortals seek to know,
 Or who destin'd is to run
 A life unintangled with woe;
 For none are able to disclose
 The seasons of th' uncertain ebbs and flows
 Now of pleasures, now of pains,
 Which hidden fate to men ordains :

79

E P O D E II. Measures 10.

Thus Providence, that to thy ancestry, long-fam'd,
 Portions out a pleasing share
 Of heaven-sprung happiness,
 Does, ceasing in another turn of time to bless,
 Distribute some reverse of care,

80

As from years
 Past appears,
 Since the predestin'd son, at Pytho nam'd,
 Did Laius, blindly meeting, kill,
 And the oracle, of old pronounc'd, fulfil :

S T R O P H E III. Measures 16.

Fell Erinnyes, quick to view
 The deed, his warlike sons in battle flew,
 Each by the other's rage :

85

But to Polynices slain
 Surviv'd Thersander, glory of his age,
 For feats of war,
 And youthful contests, honour'd far,
 The scion, kept alive
 To raise th' Adrastian house again :

90

From whence Ænefidamus' heir
 Does his spreading root derive, 95
 To branch out a progeny fair ;
 Who, springing foremost in the chace
 Of fame, demands we should his triumph grace,
 Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
 Sweet union of melodious praise ; 100

ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 16.

For not only has he borne
 Th' Olympian prize, but, with his brother, worn
 The garland of renown,
 At Pytho and at Isthmus ; where,
 Victorious both, they shar'd th' allotted crown, 105
 Joint-honour, won
 In twelve impetuous courses, run
 With four unwearied steeds.
 To vanquish, in the strife severe
 Does all anxiety destroy : 110
 And to this, if wealth succeeds
 With virtues enamel'd, the joy
 Luxuriant grows ; such affluence
 Does glorious opportunities dispense,
 Giving depth of thought to find 115
 Pursuits which please a noble mind,

EPODE III. Measures 10.

Refulgent star ! to man the purest beam of light !
 The possessor of this store,
 Far-future things discerning, knows
 Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, to immediate woes
 Consign'd, too late their pains deplore ; 121
 For

For below
 Ere they go,
 Sits one in judgment, who pronounces right
 On crimes in this wide realm of Jove;
 Whose dire decree no power can e'er remove :

125

STROPHE IV. Measures 16.

But the good, alike by night,
 Alike by day, the sun's unclouded light
 Beholding, ever blest'd,
 Live an unlaborious life,
 Nor anxious interrupt their hallow'd rest
 With spade and plow,

130

The earth to vex, or with the prow
 The briny sea, to eat
 The bread of care in endless strife.

135

The dread divinities among
 The few unaccustom'd to wrong,
 Who never broke the vow they swore,
 A tearless age enjoy for ever-more ;
 While the wicked hence depart
 To torments which appall the heart :

140

ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 16.

But the souls who greatly dare,
 Thrice try'd in either state, to persevere
 From all injustice pure,
 Journeying onward in the way
 Of Jupiter, in virtue still secure,
 Along his road
 Arrive at Saturn's rais'd abode ;

145

Where

Where soft sea-breezes breathe
 Round the island of the blest'd; where gay 150
 The trees with golden blossoms glow;
 Where, their brows and arms to wreath,
 Bright garlands on every side below;
 For, springing thick in every field,
 The earth does golden flowers spontaneous yield;
 And, in every limpid stream, 156
 The budding gold is seen to gleam:

EPODE IV. Measures 10.

Fair heritage! by righteous Rhadamanth's award;
 Who, coëqual, takes his seat.
 With Saturn, fire divine, 160
 Thy consort, Rhea, who above the rest doth shine,
 High thron'd, thou matron-goddes great:
 These among
 (Blissful throng!)
 Does Peleus and does Cadmus find regard; 165
 And, through his mother's winning prayer
 To Jove, Achilles dwells immortal there:

STROPHE V. Measures 16.

He who Hector did destroy,
 The pillar firm, the whole support, of Troy,
 And Cynus gave to die, 170
 And Aurora's Æthiop son.
 My arm beneath yet many darts have I,
 All swift of flight,
 Within my quiver, sounding right
 To every skilful ear: 175
 But, of the multitude, not one

Discerns

Discerns the mystery unexplain'd.
 He transcendent does appear
 In knowledge, from Nature who gain'd
 His store: but the dull-letter'd croud, 180
 In censure vehement, in nonsense loud,
 Clamour idly, wanting skill,
 Like crows, in vain, provoking still

ANTISTROPHE V. Measures 16.

The celestial bird of Jove:
 But, to the mark address thy bow, nor rove, 185
 My soul: and whom do I
 Single out with fond desire,
 At him to let illustrious arrows fly?
 My fix'd intent,
 My aim, on Agrigentum bent, 190
 A solemn oath I plight,
 Sincere as honest minds require,
 That through an hundred circling years,
 With recorded worthies bright,
 No rivaling city appears 195
 To boast a man more frank to impart
 Kind offices to friends with open heart,
 Or, with hand amidst his store,
 Delighting to distribute more

EPODE V. Measures 10.

Than Theron: yet foul calumny, injurious blame,
 Did the men of rancour raise 200
 Against his fair renown,
 Defamers who by evil actions strove to drown
 His good, and to conceal his praise.

Can the sand, 205
 On the strand,
 Be number'd o'er? Then, true to Theron's fame,
 His favours showering down delight
 On thousands who is able to recite?

THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON:
 ON HIS LUTE.

THE line of Atreus will I sing;
 To Cadmus will I tune the string:
 But, as from string to string I move,
 My lute will only sound of Love. 4
 The chords I change through every screw,
 And model the whole lute anew.
 Once more, in song, my voice I raise,
 And, Hercules, thy toils I praise: 8
 My lute does still my voice deny,
 And in the tones of love reply.
 Ye heroes then, at once farewell:
 Loves only echo from my shell. 12

THE SECOND ODE.
 ON WOMEN.

NATURE the bull with horns supplies,
 The horse with hoofs she fortifies,
 The fleeting foot on hares bestows,
 On lions teeth, two dreadful rows! 4
Grants

Grants fish to swim, and birds to fly,
And on their skill bids men rely.

Women alone defenceless live,
To women what does Nature give? 8
Beauty she gives instead of darts,
Beauty, instead of shields, imparts;
Nor can the sword, nor fire, oppose
The fair, victorious where she goes. 12

T H E T H I R D O D D E.
O N L O V E.

ONE midnight when the bear did stand
A-level with Böotes' hand,

And, with their labour sore oppress'd,
The race of men were laid to rest, 4
Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came Love, and tried to force the bars.

Who thus assails my doors, I cry'd?
Who breaks my slumbers? Love reply'd, 8
Open: a child alone is here!

A little child! — you need not fear:
Here through the moonless night I stray,
And, drench'd in rain, have lost my way. 12

Then mov'd to pity by his plight,
Too much in haste my lamp I light,
And open: when a child I see,
A little child, he seem'd to me; 16
Who bore a quiver, and a bow;
And wings did to his shoulders grow.

Within

Within the earth I bid him stand,
 Then chafe and cherish either hand 20
 Between my palms, and wring, with care,
 The trickling water from his hair.

Now come, said he, no longer chill,
 We'll bend this bow, and try our skill, 24
 And prove the string, how far its power
 Remains unslacken'd by the shower.

He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,
 And pierces, like a breeze, my liver: 28
 Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,
 Rejoice with me, my host, he said:
 My bow is found in every part,
 And you shall rue it at your heart. 32

A N H Y M N . T O V E N U S .

From the GREEK of SAPPHO.

I.

O V E N U S , beauty of the skies,
 To whom a thousand temples rise,
 Gayly false in gentle smiles,
 Full of love-perplexing wiles, 4
 O, goddess! from my heart remove
 The wasting cares and pains of love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
 A song in soft distress prefer'd, 8
 Propitious to my tuneful vow,
 O, gentle goddess! hear me now.

Descend,

Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confes'd.

12

III.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above :
The car thy wanton sparrows drew ;
Hovering in air they lightly flew ;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

16

IV.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again :
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature simil'd,
And ask'd, what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid ?

20

24

V.

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what care to be assuag'd ?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure ?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who ?

28

VI.

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms ;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

32

36

VII. Celest-

VII.

Celestial visitant, once more
 Thy needful presence I implore!
 In pity come and ease my grief,
 Bring my distemper'd soul relief: 40
 Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
 And give me all my heart desires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

I.

BLESS'D as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile. 4

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gaz'd, in transport tofs'd,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost. 8

III.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
 Ran quickly through all my vital frame;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung. 12

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

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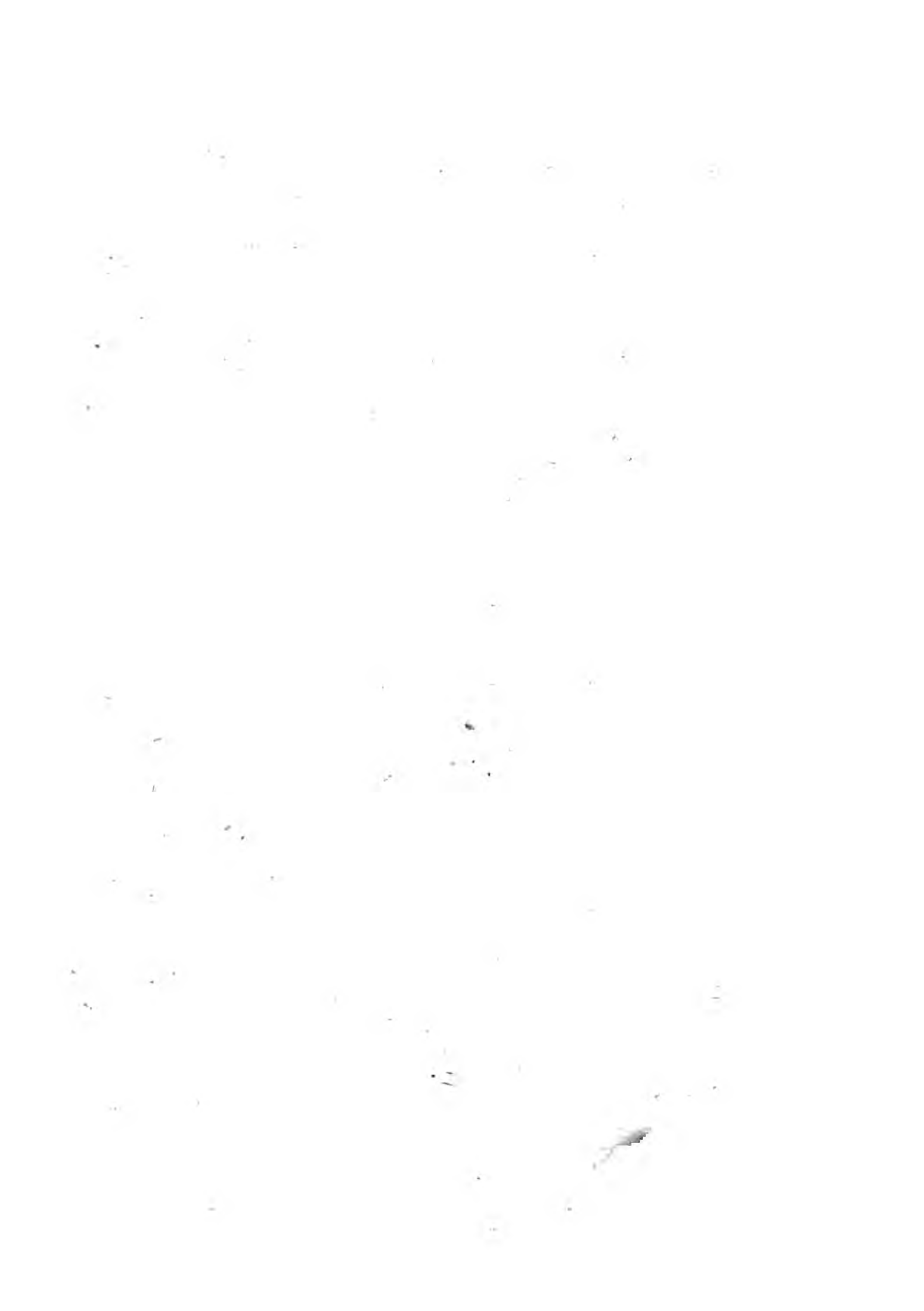
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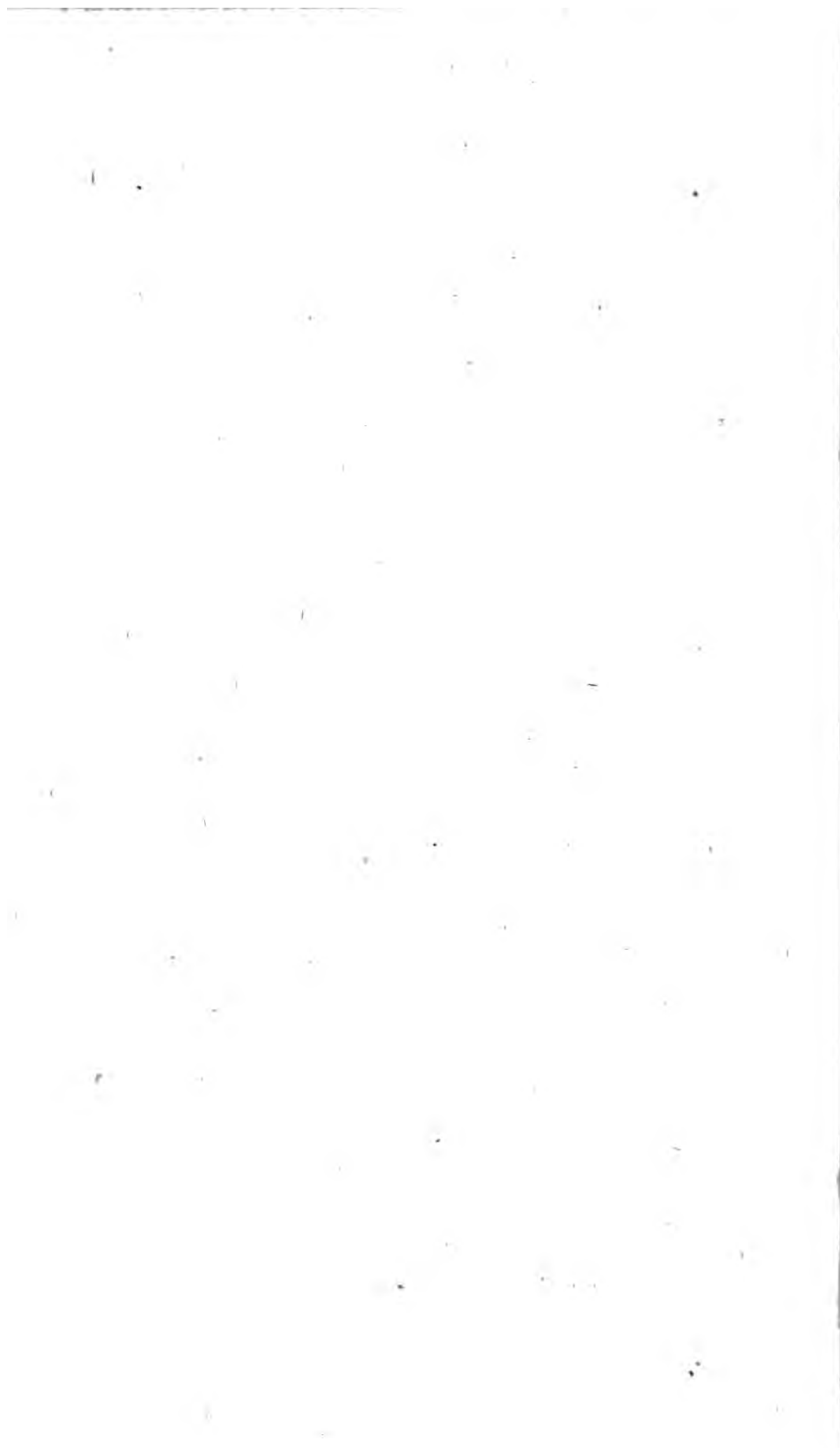
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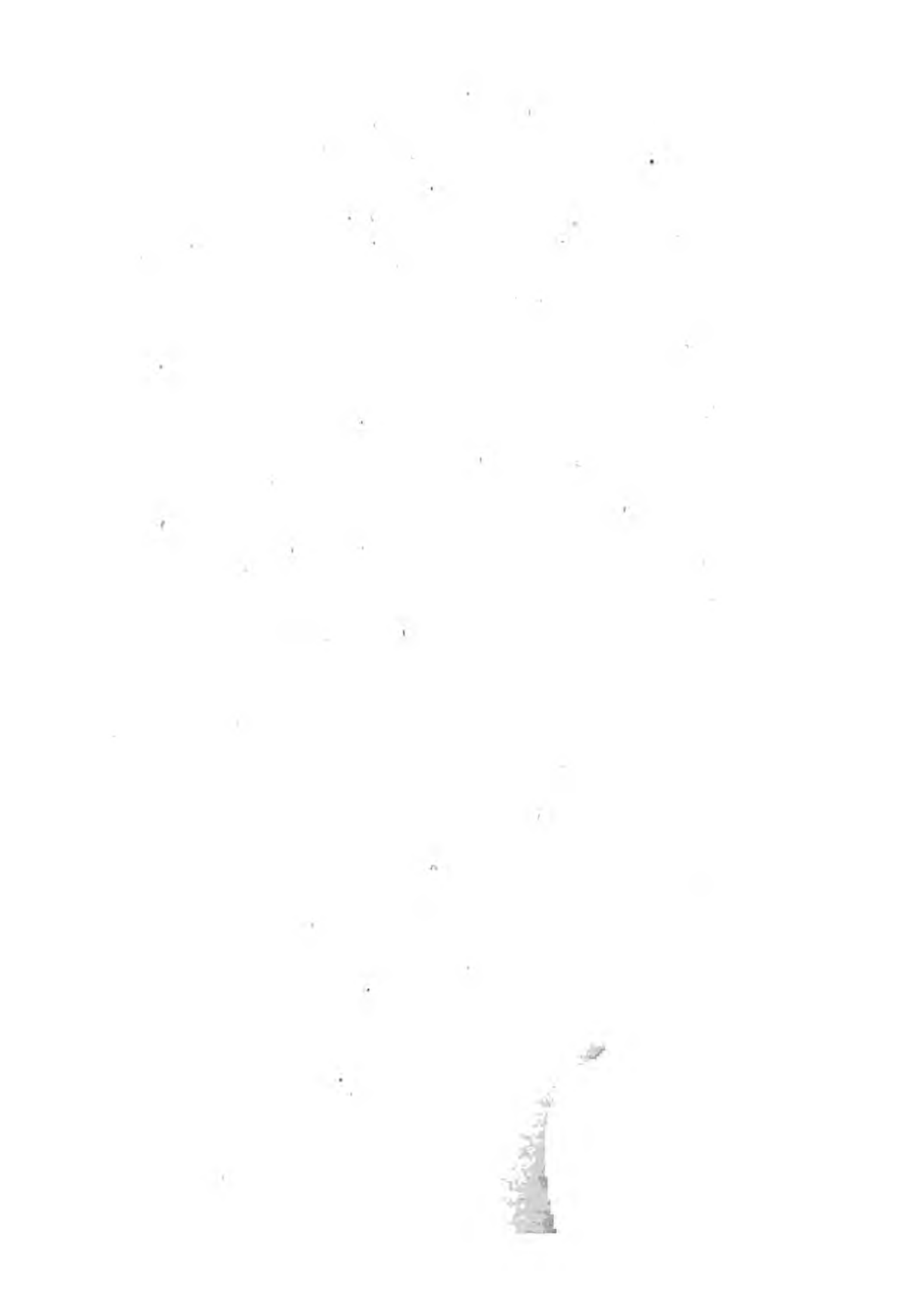
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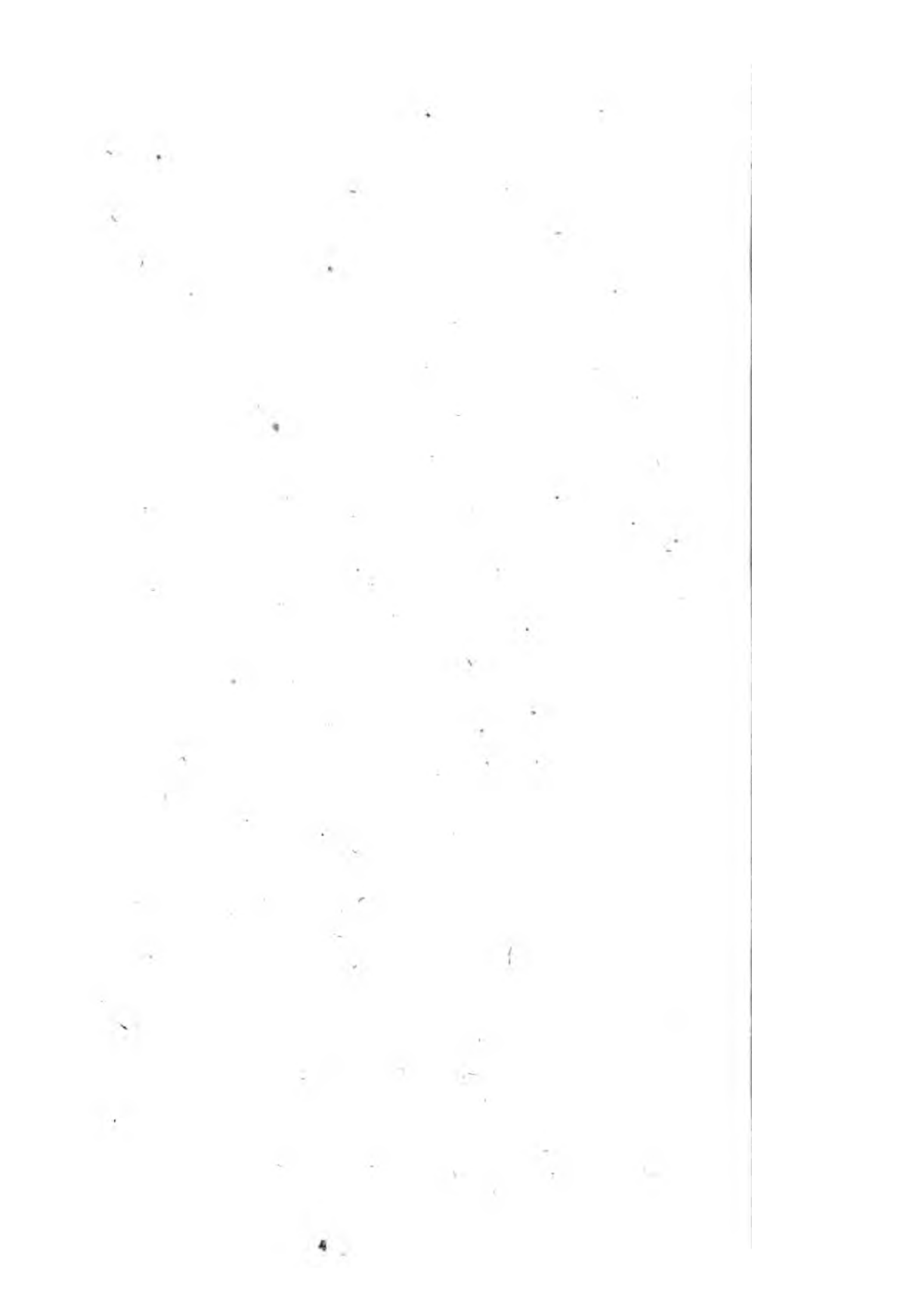
THE END OF A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.











10

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