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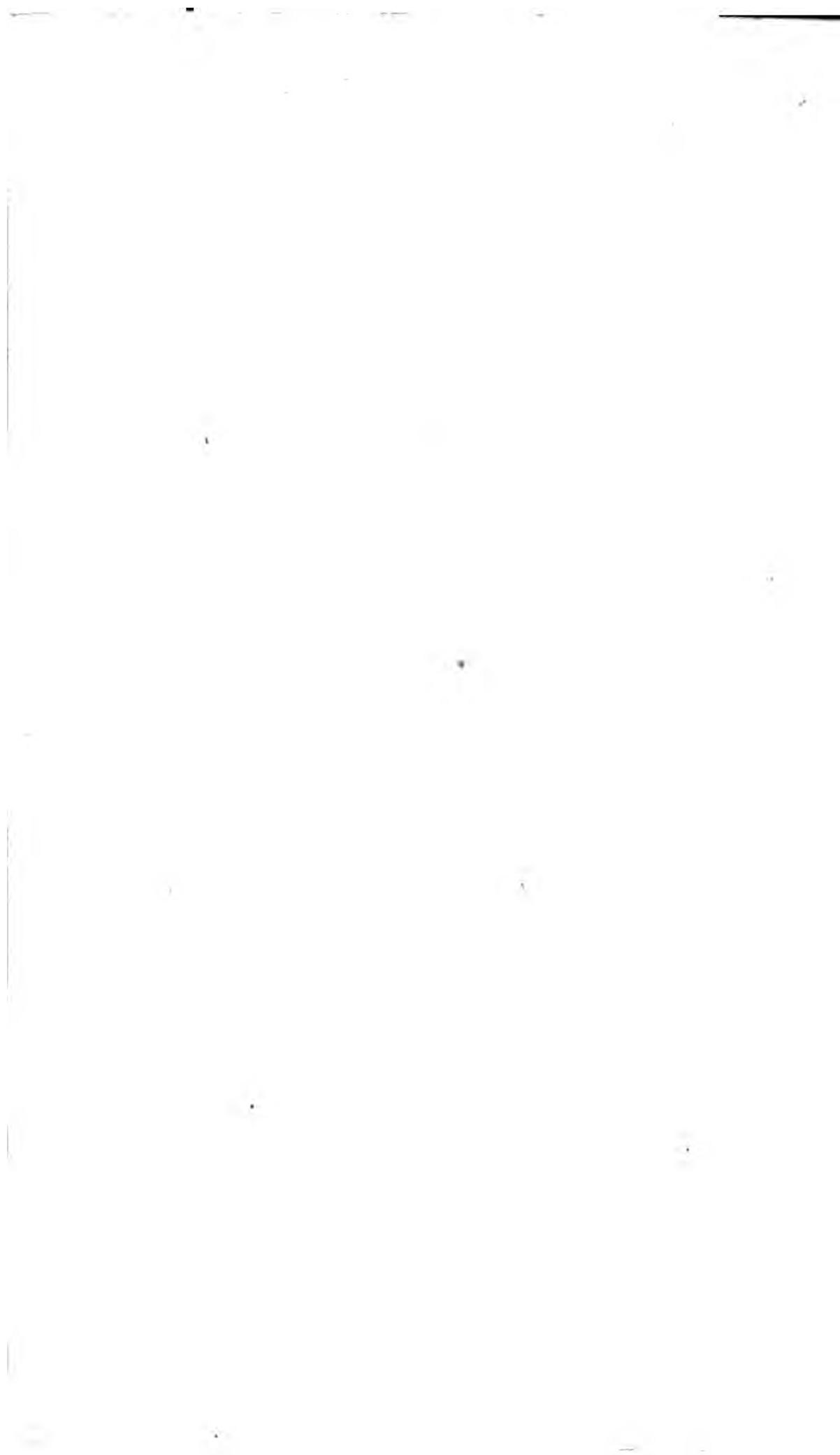


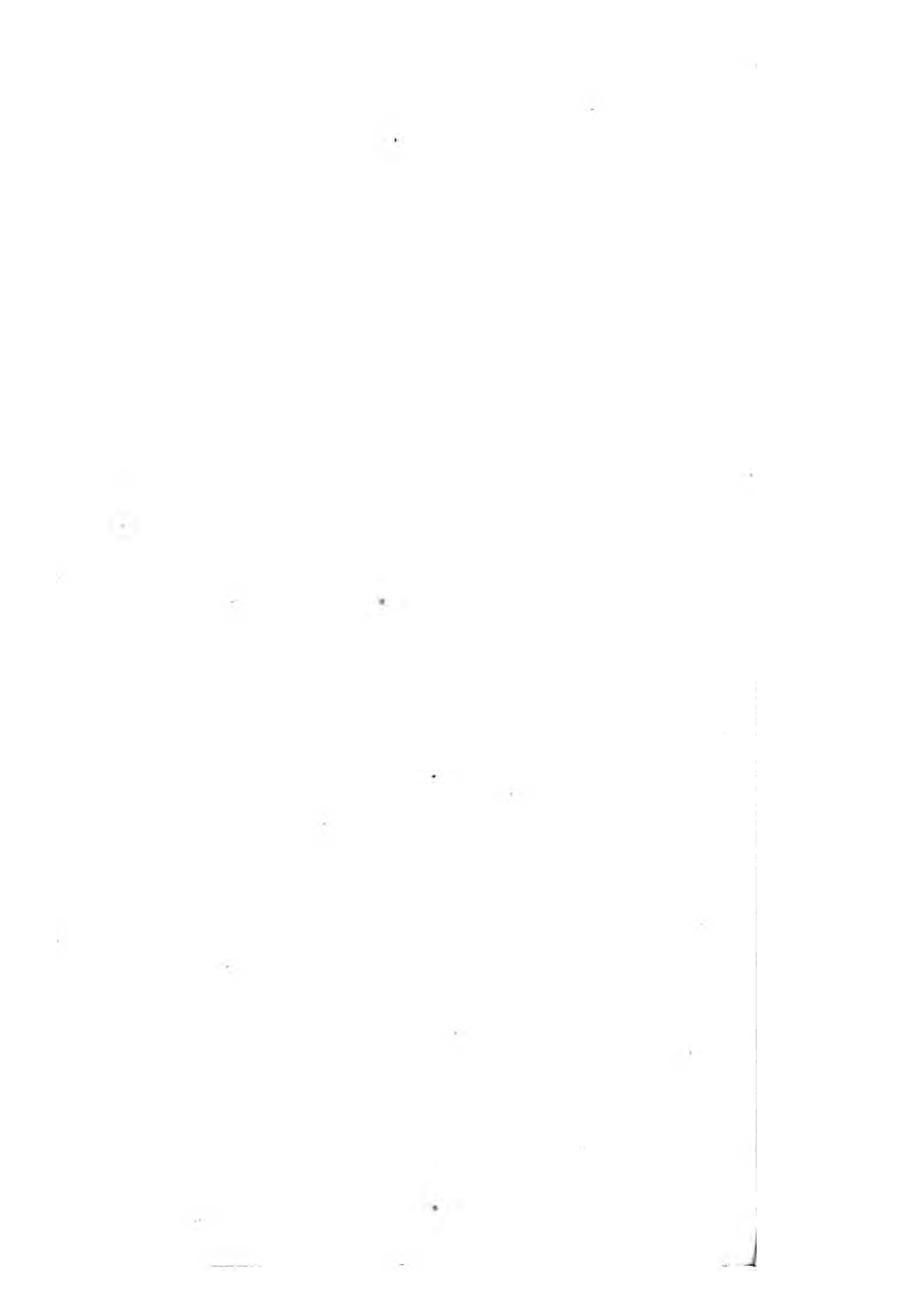


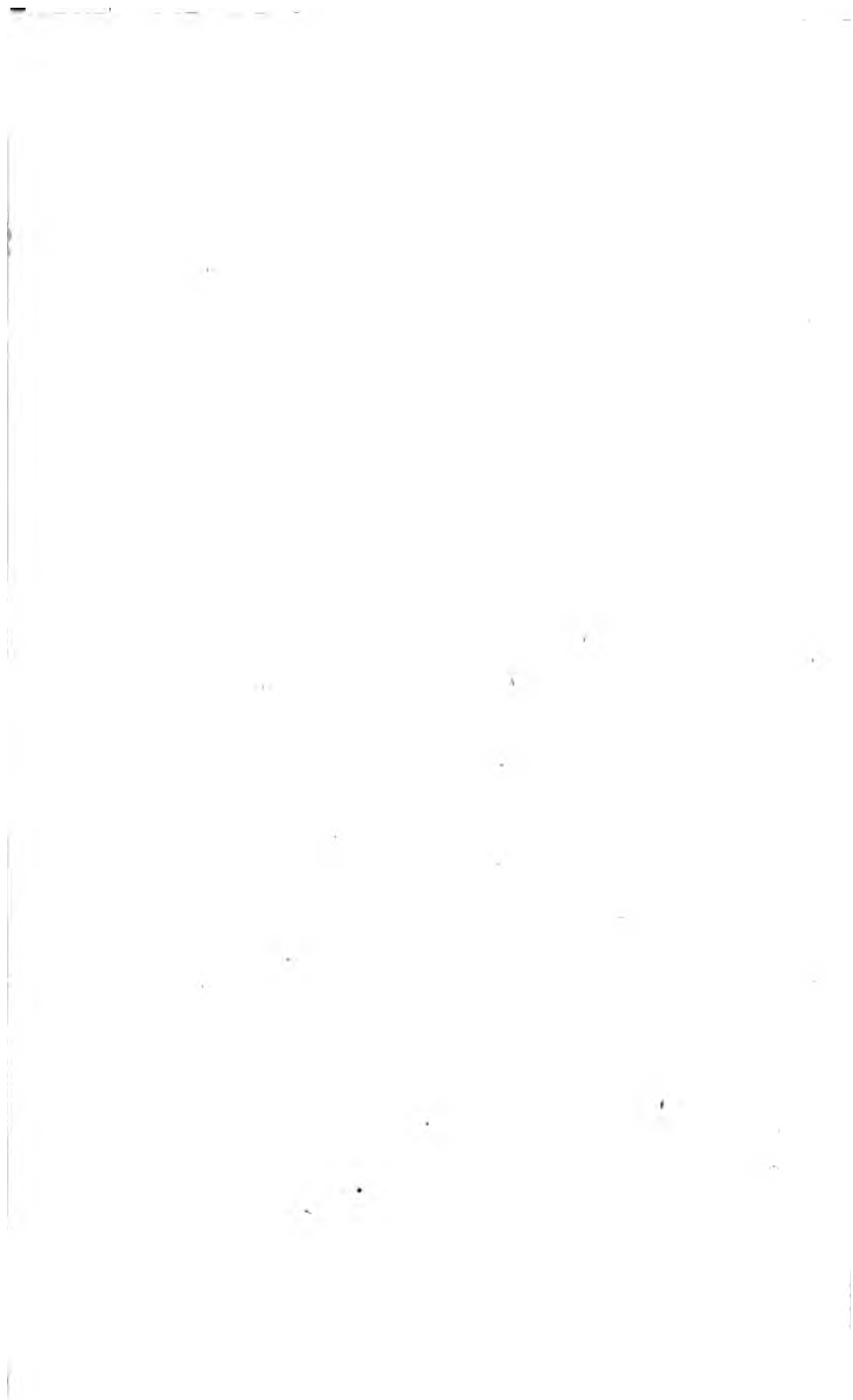


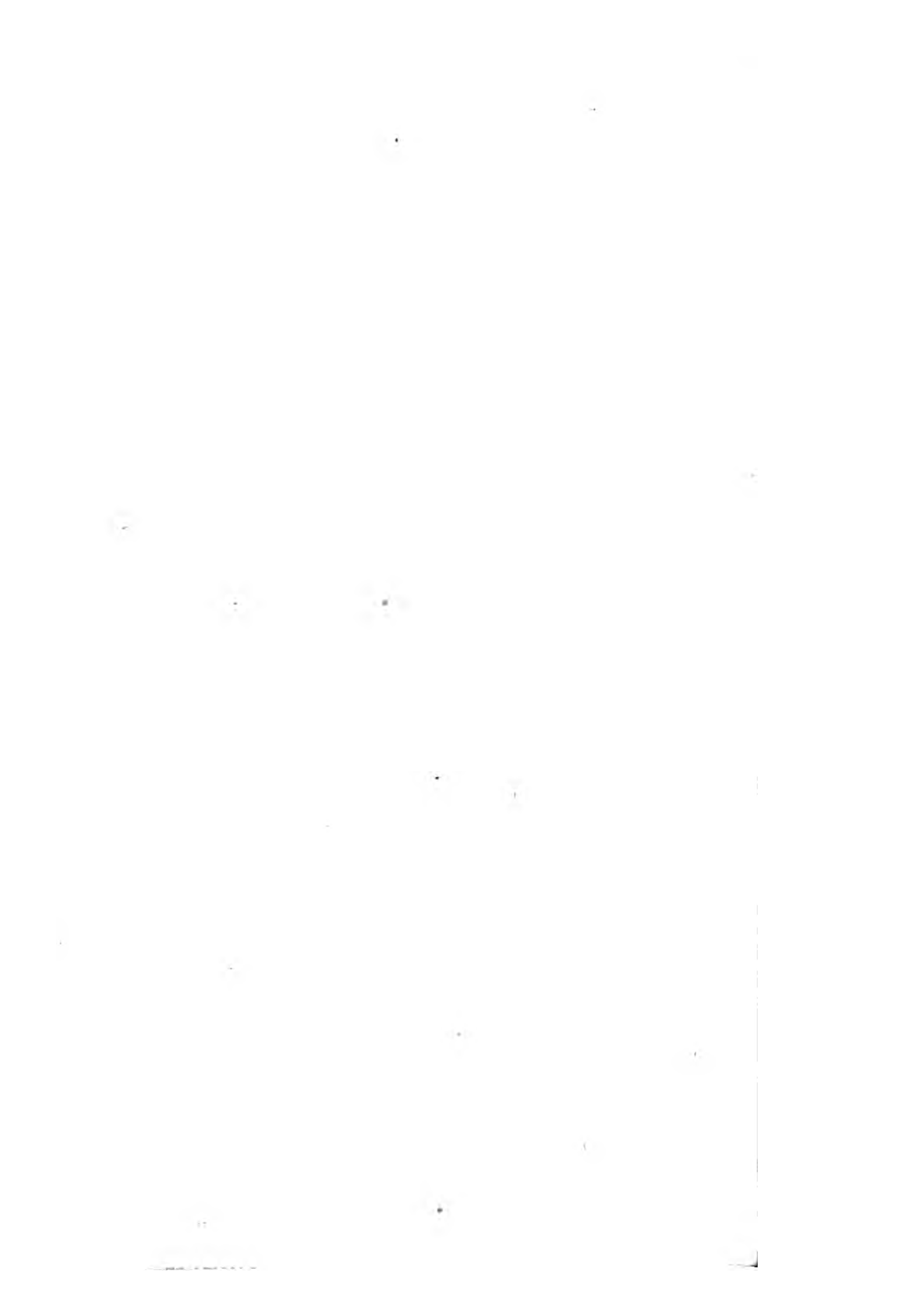
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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY E. COX;

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

M D C C L X X I X.



THE
P O E M S
O F
H A L I F A X,
S T E P N E Y,
A N D
W A L S H.

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the war. It is followed by a detailed account of the operations of the army and the navy. The report concludes with a summary of the results of the campaign and a statement of the resources available for the future.

The operations of the army have been successful in all respects. The enemy has been driven back to their original positions and our troops have captured a large amount of booty. The navy has also been successful in its operations and has destroyed several enemy ships.

The results of the campaign have been most satisfactory. The enemy has been defeated and our troops are now in a position to advance further. The resources available for the future are also ample.

P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.



P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

ON THE DEATH OF

His Most Sacred Majesty King CHARLES II.

FAREWEL, great Charles, monarch of blest renown,
The best good man that ever fill'd a throne ;
Whom Nature as her highest pattern wrought,
And mix'd both sexes virtues in one draught ;
Wisdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's sweetness, temper'd manly wit,
And loving power, did crown'd with meekness fit ;
His awful person reverence engag'd,
With mild address and tenderness asswag'd :
Thus the almighty gracious King above,
Does both command our fear, and win our love.

With wonders born, by miracles preserv'd,
 A heavenly Host the infant's cradle serv'd :
 And men his healing empire's omen read,
 When sun with stars, and day with night agreed,
 His youth for valorous patience was renown'd ;
 Like David, persecuted first, then crown'd :
 Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
 At once our nation's glory, and its shame :
 They blest the isle where such great spirits dwell,
 Abhorr'd the men, that could such worth expel.
 To spare our lives, he meekly did defeat
 Those Sauls, whom wand'ring asses made so great ;
 Waiting till heaven's election should be shown,
 And the Almighty should his unction own.
 And own he did—his powerful arm display'd ;
 And Israel, the belov'd of God, obey'd ;
 Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd
 The groaning nation, the black storms appeas'd,
 Did greater blessings, than he took, afford ;
 England itself was more, than he, restor'd.
 Unhappy Albion, by strange ills oppress'd,
 In various fevers tost, could find no rest ;
 Quite spent and weary'd, to his arms she fled,
 And rested on his shoulders her fair bending head.

In conquests mild, he came from exile kind ;
 No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind ;
 No malice shew'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
 But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd ;
 Eas'd us from endless wars, made discords cease,
 Restor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.

A mighty

A mighty series of new time began,
 And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
 Then wealth the city, business fill'd the port,
 To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to sport :
 Then learning flourish'd, blooming arts did spring,
 And the glad Muses prun'd their drooping wing :
 Then did our flying towers improvement know,
 Who now command as far as winds can blow ;
 With canvass wings round all the globe they fly,
 And, built by Charles's art, all storms defy ;
 To every coast with ready sails are hurl'd,
 Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the world ;
 From whose distractions seas do us divide ;
 Their riches here in floating castles ride.
 We reap the swarthy Indian's sweat and toil ;
 Their fruit, without the mischiefs of their soil.
 Here in cool shades their gold and pearls receive,
 Free from the heat which does their lustre give.
 In Persian silks, eat Eastern spice ; secure
 From burning fluxes, and their calenture :
 Under our vines, upon the peaceful shore,
 We see all Europe toast, hear tempests roar :
 Rapine, sword, wars, and famine, rage abroad,
 While Charles their host, like Jove from Ida, aw'd ;
 Us from our foes, and from ourselves did shield,
 Our towns from tumults, and from arms the field ;
 For when bold Faction goodness could disdain,
 Unwillingly he us'd a straiter rein :
 In the still gentle voice he lov'd to speak,
 But could with thunder harden'd rebels break.

Yet

Yet though they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
 Was undisturb'd, in wrath severely kind ;
 Tempting his power, and urging to assume ;
 Thus Jove in love did Semele consume.

As the stout oak, when round his trunk the vine
 Does in soft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
 Easy and slight appears ; the winds from far
 Summon their noisy forces to the war :
 But though so gentle seems his outward form,
 His hidden strength out-braves the loudest storm :
 Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the field,
 Shewing stout minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
 So when the good man made the crowd presume,
 He shew'd himself, and did the king assume :
 For goodness in excess may be a sin,
 Justice must tame, whom mercy cannot win.
 Thus winter fixes the unstable sea,
 And teaches restless water constancy,
 Which under the warm influence of bright days,
 The fickle motion of each blast obeys.

To bridle factions, stop rebellion's course,
 By easy methods, vanquish without force ;
 Relieve the good, bold stubborn foes subdue,
 Mildness in wrath, meekness in anger shew,
 Were arts great Charles's prudence only knew. }
 To fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
 While the bright bow secures the faithful souls.

Such is thy glory, Charles, thy lasting name,
 Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame ;

More

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES II. 219

More noble than the spoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.
'Tis less to conquer, than to make war cease,
And without fighting, awe the world to peace :
For proudest triumphs from contempt arise ;
The vanquish'd first the conqueror's arms despise :
Won ensigns are the gaudy marks of scorn,
They brave the victor first, and then adorn.
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods : while none
Dispute, all love, bless, reverence their throne.
Tigers and bears, with all the savage host,
May boldness, strength, and daring conquest boast ;
But the sweet passions of a generous mind
Are the prerogative of human-kind ;
The god-like image, on our clay impress'd,
The darling attribute which heaven loves best :
In Charles so good a man and king, we see
A double image of the deity.
Oh ! had he more resembled it ! Oh, why
Was he not still more like, and could not die ?
Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our blessing frame !
In Thames, the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleasing emblem of his reign does glide :
Thames the support and glory of our isle,
Richer than Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile :
Though no rich sand in him, no pearls are found,
Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around ;
Less wealth his bosom holds, less guilty stores,
For he exhausts himself, t'enrich the shores.

Mild

Mild and serene the peaceful current flows,
 No angry foam, no raging surges knows ;
 No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
 His crystal stream unstain'd by widows tear,
 His channel strong and easy, deep and clear. }
 No arbitrary inundations sweep }
 The plowman's hopes, and life into the deep ; }
 His even waters the old limits keep. }
 But oh ! he ebbs, the smiling waves decay,
 For ever, lovely stream, for ever stay !
 To the black sea his silent course does bend,
 Where the best streams, the longest rivers, end.
 His spotless waves there undistinguish'd pass,
 None see, how clear, how bounteous, sweet, he was.
 No difference now, though late so much, is seen,
 'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
 But lo ! the joyful tide our hopes restores,
 And dancing waves extend the widening shores.
 James is our Charles in all things but in name :
 Thus Thames is daily lost, yet still the same.

O D E on the Marriage of the Princess A N N E
 and Prince G E O R G E of D E N M A R K.

I.

WHILST black designs (that direful work of Fate)
 Distract the labouring state ;
 Whilst (like the sea) around loud discords roar,
 Breaking their fury on the frightened shore ;

I

And

And England does like brave Vienna stand,
Besieg'd by Infidels on either hand ;
What means this peaceful train, this pompous sight ?

What means this royal beauteous pair ?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once astonish and delight ;
Great Charles, and his illustrious brother here,
No bold assassinate need fear ;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and Beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this scene appear
To us, who might too justly fear
We never should have seen again
Aught bright, but armour on the plain !
Ne'er in their chearful garb t' have seen the fair,
While all, with melting eyes and wild dishevel'd hair,
Had mourn'd their brothers, sons, and husbands slain.
These dusky shadows make this scene more bright ;
The horror adds to the delight.
This glorious pomp our spirits cheers ; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happiness commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering clouds a storm prepare,
And their black force associate in the air ;
(Endeavouring to eclipse the bounteous light,
Who, with kind warmth, and powerful rays,
Them to that envy'd height
From their mean native earth did raise.)

A thoughtful

A thoughtful sadness sits on all,
 Expecting where the full-charg'd clouds will fall :
 But if the heavenly bow
 Deck'd like a gaudy bride appears,
 And all her various robes displays,
 Painted by th' conquering sun's triumphant rays,
 It mortals drooping spirits cheers ;
 Fresh joy, new light, each visage wears :
 Again the seaman trusts the main,
 The jocund swains their coverts leave again ;
 Again, in pleasant warbling notes,
 The cheerful poets of the wood extend their tuneful
 throats.

IV.

Then, then, my Muse, raise with the lyre thy voice,
 And with thy lays make fields and woods rejoice :
 For lo ! the heavenly pledge appears,
 And in bright characters the promise bears :
 The factious deluge shall prevail no more ;
 In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
 Buffet in vain the unmov'd shore,
 Her charms, and Charles's power, their fury shall assuage.
 See ! see ! how decently the bashful bride
 Does bear her conquest ; with how little pride
 She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
 Who made the North with fear to quake,
 And did that powerful empire shake ;
 Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
 The frighted Roman Eagles fled.

V. What-

V.

Whatever then was his desire,
 His cannons did command in fire :
 Now he himself for pity prays,
 His love in timorous sighs he breathes,
 While all his spoils, and glorious wreaths
 Of laurel, at her feet the vanquish'd warrior lays.
 Great prince ! by that submission you'll gain more
 Than e'er your haughty courage won before ;
 Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
 Than that you brought from Lunsden's famous plain ;
 Where, when your brother, fired with success,
 Too daringly upon the foe did press,
 And was a captive made, then you alone
 Did with your single arm support the throne :
 Your gen'rous breast, with fury boiling o'er,
 Like lightning through their scatter'd troops you flew,
 And from th' amazed foe the royal prize in triumph bore.

VI.

You have your ancestors in this one act out-done,
 Though their successful arms did this whole isle o'er-run.
 They, to revenge a ravish'd lady, came,
 You, to enjoy one spotless as your fame :
 Before them, as they march'd, the country fled,
 And back behind them threw
 Their curses as they flew ;
 On the bleak shore, expecting you, they stand,
 And with glad shouts conduct to land :
 Through gaping crowds you 're forc'd to press your way,
 While virgins sigh, the young men shout, and old ones
 pray.

And

And with this beauteous lady you may gain

(This lady, that alone
Of greater value is than any throne)

Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,

By a calm and even fate,

That empire, which they did so short a while maintain.

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

Occasioned by a Postscript of Penn's Letter.

NOT all the threats or favour of a crown,

A prince's whisper, or a tyrant's frown,

Can awe the spirit, or allure the mind,

Of him, who to strict honour is inclin'd.

Though all the pomp and pleasure that does wait

On public places, and affairs of state,

Should fondly court him to be base and great;

With even passions, and with settled face,

He would remove the harlot's false embrace.

Though all the storms and tempests should arise,

That church-magicians in their cells advice,

And from their settled basis nations tear,

He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;

Secure in innocence contemn them all,

And decently array'd in honours fall.

For this, brave Shrewsbury and Lumley's name

Shall stand the foremost in the list of fame;

Who first with steady minds the current broke,

And to the suppliant monarch boldly spoke;

“ Great

THE MAN OF HONOUR. 21

“ Great Sir, renown’d for constancy, how just
“ Have we obey’d the crown, and serv’d our trust,
“ Espous’d your cause and interest in distress,
“ Yourself must witness, and our foes confess !
“ Permit us then ill-fortune to accuse,
“ That you at last unhappy councils use,
“ And ask the only thing we must refuse. }
“ Our lives and fortunes freely we’ll expose,
“ Honour alone we cannot, must not lose ;
“ Honour, that spark of the celestial fire,
“ That above nature makes mankind aspire ;
“ Enobles the rude passions of our frame
“ With thirst of glory, and desire of fame ;
“ The richest treasure of a generous breast,
“ That gives the stamp and standard to the rest.
“ Wit, strength, and courage, are wild dangerous forces
“ Unless this softens and directs their course ;
“ And would you rob us of the noblest part ?
“ Accept a sacrifice without a heart ?
“ ’Tis much beneath the greatness of a throne,
“ To take the casket when the jewel’s gone ;
“ Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
“ And teach the nobles to be false and base ;
“ What confidence can you in them repose,
“ Who, ere they serve you, all their value lose ?
“ Who once enslave their conscience to their lust,
“ Have lost their reins, and can no more be just.
“ Of honour, men at first like women nice,
“ Raise maiden scruples at unpractis’d vice ;

Q

“ The

" Their modest nature curbs the struggling flame,
 " And stifles what they wish to act, with shame :
 " But once this fence thrown down, when they perceive
 " That they may taste forbidden fruit and live ;
 " They stop not here their course, but safely in,
 " Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in sin ;
 " True to no principles, press forward still,
 " And only bound by appetite their will :
 " Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
 " But shift with every veering blast their sails.
 " Mark those that meanly truckle to your power,
 " They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
 " And would to-morrow Mahomet adore. }
 " On higher springs true men of honour move,
 " Free is their service, and unbought their love :
 " When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
 " With joy they follow, and with pride obey :
 " When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
 " And shook with gathering multitudes the throne,
 " Where were the minions then ? What arm, what force,
 " Could they oppose to stop the torrent's course ?
 " Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly stood,
 " Free of their lives, and lavish of their blood ;
 " But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
 " With the same constancy they all resign."

Thus spake the youth, who open'd first the way,
 And was the Phosph'rus to the dawning day ;
 Follow'd by a more glorious splendid host,
 Than any age, or any realm can boast :

So great their fame, so numerous their train,
 To name were endless, and to praise in vain ;
 But Herbert and great Oxford merit more ;
 Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar ;
 So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
 Exceeding wonder, and surpassing fame :
 Rise, glorious church, erect thy radiant head ;
 The storm is past, th' impending tempest fled ;
 Had Fate decreed thy ruin or disgrace,
 It had not given such sons so brave a race ;
 When for destruction heaven a realm designs,
 The symptoms first appear in slavish minds.
 These men would prop a sinking nation's weight,
 Stop falling vengeance, and reverse ev'n fate.
 Let other nations boast their fruitful soil,
 Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil ;
 In breathing colours, and in living paint,
 Let them excel ; their mastery we grant.
 But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
 With virtue which no dangers can control ;
 Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
 That horror cannot shake, or pleasure bend ;
 These are the English arts, these we profess,
 To be the same in misery and success ;
 To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
 Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.
 Such are our souls : but what doth worth avail
 When kings commit to hungry priests the scale ?
 All merit's light when they dispose the weight,
 Who either would embroil or rule the state ;

Defame those heroes who their yoke refuse,
 And blast that honesty they cannot use ;
 The strength and safety of the crown destroy,
 And the king's power against himself employ ;
 Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave ;
 Bereft of these, he must become their slave.
 Men, like our money, come the most in play,
 For being base, and of a coarse alloy.
 The richest medals, and the purest gold,
 Of native value, and exactest mould,
 By worth conceal'd, in private closets shine,
 For vulgar use too precious and too fine ;
 Whilst tin and copper with new stamping bright,
 Coin of base metal, counterfeit and light,
 Do all the business of the nation's turn,
 Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in scorn ;
 So shining virtues are for courts too bright,
 Whose guilty actions fly the searching light :
 Rich in themselves, disdain to aspire,
 Great without pomp, they willingly retire ;
 Give place to fools, whose rash misjudging sense
 Increases the weak measures of their prince ;
 They blindly and implicitly run on,
 Nor see those dangers which the others shun :
 Who, slow to act, each business duly weigh,
 Advise with freedom, and with care obey ;
 With wisdom fatal to their interest, strive
 To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
 Such have no place where priests and women reign,
 Who love fierce drivers, and a looser rein.

A N E P I S T L E

T O

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

Occasioned by his Majesty's Victory in Ireland.

WHAT! shall the king the nation's genius raise,
 And make us rival our great Edward's days;
 Yet not one Muse, worthy a conqueror's name,
 Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
 Oh, Dorset! you alone this fault can mend,
 The Muses' darling, confident, and friend;
 The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
 You should be fin'd to furnish abler wit;
 Oblig'd to quit your ease, and draw again,
 To paint the greatest hero, the best pen.

A hero, who thus early doth out-shine
 The ancient honours of his glorious line;
 And, soaring more sublimely to renown,
 The memory of their pious triumphs drown;
 Whose actions are deliver'd o'er to fame,
 As types and figures of his greater name.

When fate some mighty genius has design'd,
 For the relief and wonder of mankind,
 Nature takes time to answer the intent,
 And climbs, by slow degrees, the steep ascent:

She toils and labours with the growing weight,
 And watches carefully the steps of fate ;
 Till all the feeds of providence unite,
 To set the hero in a happy light ;
 Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
 Exerts her force, and calls forth all her power.

In Nassau's race she made this long essay ;
 Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
 And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day ;
 A public spirit distinguish'd all the line,
 Successive virtues in each branch did shine,
 Till this last glory rose, and crown'd the great design. }
 Blest be his name ! and peaceful lie his grave,
 Who durst his native soil, lost Holland, save !
 But William's genius takes a wider scope,
 And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope ;
 Born to subdue insulting tyrants' rage,
 The ornament and terror of the age ;
 The refuge where afflicted nations find
 Relief from those oppressors of mankind, }
 Whom laws restrain not, and no oaths can bind.
 Him, their deliverer Europe does confess,
 All tongues extol, and all religions bless ;
 The Po, the Danube, Bœtis, and the Rhine,
 United in his praise, their wonder join ;
 While, in the public cause, he takes the field,
 And shelter'd nations fight behind his shield.
 His foes themselves dare not applause refuse :
 And shall such actions want a faithful Muse ?

Poets have this to boast ; without their aid,
 The freshest laurels nipp'd by malice, fade,
 And virtue to oblivion is betray'd :

}
 }
 }

The proudest honours have a narrow date,
 Unless they vindicate their names from fate.

But who is equal to sustain the part ?
 Dryden has numbers, but he wants a heart ;
 Injoin'd a penance, which is too severe
 For playing once the fool, to persevere.

Others, who knew the trade, have laid it down ;
 And, looking round, I find you stand alone.

How, Sir, can you, or any English Muse,
 Our country's fame, our monarch's arms, refuse ?

'Tis not my want of gratitude, but skill,
 Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
 I cannot sing of conquests as I ought,
 And my breath fails to swell a lofty note.
 I know my compass, and my Muse's size,
 She loves to sport and play, but dares not rise ;
 Idly affects, in this familiar way,
 In easy numbers loosely to convey,
 What mutual friendship would at distance say.

}
 }

Poets assume another tone and voice,
 When victory's their theme, and arms their choice.
 To follow heroes in the chace of fame,
 Asks force and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
 What words can paint the royal warrior's face ?
 What colours can the figure boldly raise,
 When, cover'd o'er with comely dust and smoke,
 He pierc'd the foe, and thickest squadrons broke ?

His bleeding arm, still painful with the fore,
 Which, in his people's cause, the pious father bore :
 Whom, cleaving through the troops a glorious way,
 Not the united force of France and hell could stay.

Oh, Dorset! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
 And, if my strength could answer my desire,
 In speaking paint this figure should be seen,
 Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mein;
 And gods descending should adorn the scene.

See, see! upon the banks of Boyne he stands,
 By his own view adjusting his commands :
 Calm and serene the armed coast surveys,
 And, in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs :
 Then, fir'd with fame, and eager of renown,
 Resolves to end the war, and fix the throne.
 From wing to wing the squadrons bending stand,
 And close their ranks to meet their king's command ;
 The drums and trumpets sleep, the sprightly noise
 Of neighing steeds, and cannons louder voice,
 Suspended in attention, banish far

All hostile sounds, and hush the din of war :
 The silent troops stretch forth an eager look,
 Listening with joy, while thus their general spoke,

“ Come, fellow-soldiers, follow me once more,
 “ And fix the fate of Europe on that shore ;
 “ Your courage only waits from me the word,
 “ But England's happiness commands my sword :
 “ In her defence I every part will bear,
 “ The soldier's danger, and the prince's care,
 “ And envy any arm an equal share.

“ Set all that’s dear to men before your fight ;
 “ For laws, religion, liberty, we fight ;
 “ To save your wives from rape, your towns from flame,
 “ Redeem your country fold, and vindicate her name :
 “ At whose request and timely call I rose,
 “ To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expose ;
 “ Struggled with adverse storms and winter seas,
 “ That in my labours you might find your ease.
 “ Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
 “ And write the empty triumphs of the war ;
 “ In lazy palaces supinely rust ;
 “ My sword shall justify my people’s trust,
 “ For which—But I your victory delay ;
 “ Come on ; I and my genius lead the way.”

He said, new life and joy ran through the host,
 And sense of danger in their wonder lost ;
 Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
 In vain the waves, the banks, the men, withstood :
 The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
 The king—and carries millions in the name.

As when the swelling ocean bursts his bounds,
 And foaming overwhelms the neighbouring grounds,
 The roaring deluge, rushing headlong on,
 Sweeps cities in its course, and bears whole forests down ;
 So on the foe the firm battalions prest,
 And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the rest ;
 Fierce, gallant, young, he shot through every place,
 Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace ;
 He hung upon their rear, or lighten’d in their face. }

Stop!

Stop! stop! brave Prince! allay that generous flame,
 Enough is given to England, and to fame.
 Remember, Sir, you in the centre stand,
 Europe's divided interests you command,
 All their designs uniting in your hand :
 Down from your throne descends the golden chain,
 Which does the fabric of our world sustain ;
 That once dissolv'd by any fatal stroke,
 The scheme of all our happiness is broke.

Stop! stop! brave Prince! fleets may repair again,
 And routed armies rally on the plain ;
 But ages are requir'd to raise so great a man !
 Hear, how the waves of French ambition roar,
 Disdaining bounds, and breaking on the shore,
 Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild destructive
 power,
 That strength remov'd ; again, again, they flow,
 Lay Europe waste, nor law, nor limits know.

Stop! stop! brave Prince! ---what, does your Muse,
 Sir, faint?

Proceed, pursue his conquests---faith, I can't:
 My spirits sink, and will no longer bear ;
 Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
 Transported and amaz'd——
 That rage once spent, I can no more sustain
 Your flights, your energies, and tragic strain,
 But fall back to my natural pace again ;
 In humble verse provoking you to rhyme ;
 I wish there were more Dorsets at this time.

Oh!

Oh! if in France this hero had been born,
 What glittering tinsel would his acts adorn!
 There 'tis immortal fame, and high renown,
 To steal a country, and to buy a town:
 There triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms sold,
 And captive virtue led in chains of gold.
 If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay
 What fums would Lewis give, that France might say }
 That victory follow'd where he led the way?
 He all his conquests would for this refund,
 And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
 Then, what advice, to spread his real fame,
 Would pass between Versailles and Nôtre-dame?
 Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,
 And operas repeat no other sound;
 Boyne would, for ages, be the painter's theme,
 The Gobelins labour, and the poets dream;
 The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,
 And bleed for ever scarlet in the looms:
 Boileau with this would plume his artful pen:
 And can your Muse be silent? Think again.

Spare your advice; and since you have begun,
 Finish your own design; the work is done.

Done! nothing's done! nor the dead colours laid,
 And the most glorious scenes stand undisplay'd;
 A thousand generous actions close the rear;
 A thousand virtues, still behind, stand crowding to appear.

The Queen herself, the charming Queen should grace }
 The noble piece, and in an artful place
 Soften war's horror with her lovely face.

Who

Who can omit the Queen's auspicious smile,
 The pride of the fair sex, the goddess of our isle ?
 Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
 Her fears for him, her prudence for the state ?
 Disguising cares, she smooth'd her looks with grace,
 Doubts in her heart, and pleasure in her face.
 As danger did approach, her spirits rose,
 And, putting on the king, dismay'd his foes.
 Now, all in joy, she gilds the chearful court ;
 In every glance descending angels sport.
 As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
 Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads
 The chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
 A thousand shining maids, and form the dance ;
 The stately Goddess with a graceful pride,
 Sweet and majestic, does the figure guide,
 Treading in just and easy measures round ;
 The silver arrows on her shoulder found ;
 She walks above them all. Such is the scene
 Of the bright circle, and the brighter Queen.

These subjects do, my Lord, your skill command,
 These none may touch with an unhallow'd hand :
 Tender the strokes must be, and nicely writ,
 Disguis'd encomiums must be hid in wit,
 Which modesty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
 Who made no other steps to such a throne,
 But to deserve, and to receive, the crown.

Written

Written at ALTHROP, in a blank Leaf of
WALLER'S POEMS, upon seeing VANDYKE'S
Picture of the old Lady SUNDERLAND.

VANDYKE had colours, softness, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sacharissa was his fond desire.
Why then at Althrop seems her charms to faint,
In these sweet numbers, and that glowing paint?
This happy seat a fairer mistress warms;
This shining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brightest Sacharissa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could soar;
But she ne'er made a finish'd piece before.

V E R S E S,

Written for the TOASTING-GLASSES of the
KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Duchess of ST. ALBANS.

THE line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Albans' charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race compleat;
They rose in Valour, and in Beauty set.

Duchess

Duchefs of BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful fire,
 Bleft with more than mortal fire;
 Likenefs of a mother's face,
 Bleft with more than mortal grace;
 You with double charms surprize,
 With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

Faireft and lateft of the beauteous race,
 Bleft with your parents wit, and her firft blooming face;
 Born with our liberties in William's reign,
 Your eyes alone that liberty refrain.

Duchefs of RICHMOND.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
 Theirs was the firft, and ours the brighteft toast;
 Th' adorers offerings prove who's moft divine,
 They facrific'd in water, we in wine.

Lady SUNDERLAND.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
 Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear:
 Yet ftill their force, to men not fafely known,
 Seems undifcover'd to herfelf alone.

Mademoifelle SPANHEIME.

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,
 Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
 The ftubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
 And with their native toasts enrol your name.

O N T H E
COUNTESS DOWAGER OF * * * *

COURAGE, dear Moll, and drive away despair.
 Mopfa, who in her youth was scarce thought fair,
 In spite of age, experience, and decays,
 Sets up for Charming, in her fading days;
 Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow,
 Have at the heart of every ogling beau!
 This goodly goose, all feather'd like a jay,
 So gravely vain, and so demurely gay,
 Last night, t' adorn the court, did overload
 Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:
 Her steps were manag'd with such tender art,
 As if each board had been a lover's heart.
 In all her air, in every glance, was seen
 A mixture strange, twixt fifty and fifteen.
 Admiring fops about her crowding prefs;
 Hambden himself delivers their address,
 Which she, accepting with a nice disdain,
 Owns them her subjects, and begins to reign:
 Fair Queen of Fopland is her royal style;
 Fopland! the greatest part of this great isle!
 Nature did ne'er so equally divide
 A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
 Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
 And, all in order, on her toilet lay

Prayer-

Prayer-books, patch-boxes, sermon-notes, and paint,
 At once t' improve the sinner and the saint.
 Farewel, friend Moll: expect no more from me;
 But if you would a full description see,
 You'll find her somewhere in the Litany,
 With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocrisy.

O N O R P H E U S

A N D

SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITA.

HAIL, tuneful pair! say, by what wondrous charms,
 One 'scap'd from hell, and one from Greber's arms?
 When the soft Thracian touch'd the trembling strings,
 The winds were hush'd, and curl'd their airy wings:
 And when the tawny Tuscan rais'd her strain,
 Rooke furls his sails, and dozes on the main.
 Treaties unfinish'd in the office sleep,
 And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.
 Thus equal charms and equal conquests claim;
 To him high woods and bending timber came,
 To her shrub Hedges, and tall Nottingham.

C O N T E N T S

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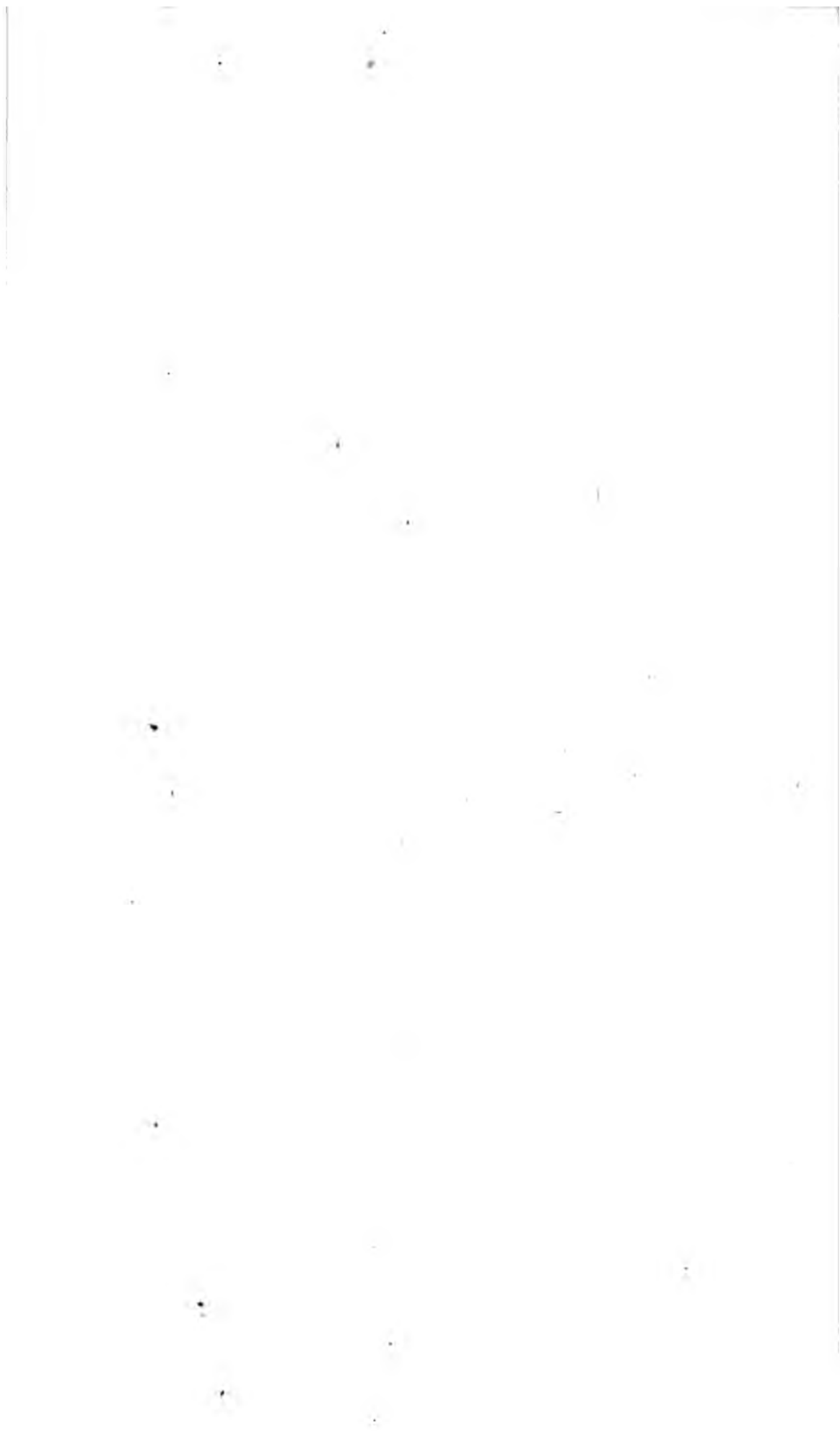
P O E M S

P O E M S

B Y

GEORGE STEPNEY, Esq.

R 2



P O E M S

B Y

G E O R G E S T E P N E Y, Esq.

T O K I N G J A M E S I I.

Upon his Accession to the THRONE.

The Author then of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

AS victors lose the trouble they sustain
In greater trophies which the triumphs gain ;
And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
Forget the pain by which they purchas'd heaven :
So when the Phœnix of our empire dy'd,
And with a greater heir the empty throne supply'd ;
Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
Mysterious fate, whose one decree could prove
The high extreme of cruelty and love !

May then no flight of a blaspheming Muse,
Those wise resolves of Providence accuse,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
Since stronger Hercules supports the state.

England no more shall pensive thoughts employ
 On him she 'as lost; but him she has, enjoy.
 So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
 And Bacchus honour'd the deserted bed,
 Ceas'd with her tears to raise the swelling flood,
 Forgot her Theseus, and embrac'd the god.

On the University of CAMBRIDGE's burning the
 Duke of MONMOUTH's Picture, 1685, who
 was formerly their Chancellor.—In Answer
 to this Question,

“ — Sed quid
 “ Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit
 “ Damnatos —”

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
 Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
 With what applause you once receiv'd his grace,
 And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
 But when the sage Vice Chancellor was fure
 The original in limbo lay secure,
 As greasy as himself he sends a lictor
 To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
 The beadle's wife endeavours all she can
 To save the image of the tall young man,
 Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
 That with strong thoughts she might improve her race;
 But all in vain, since the wise house conspire
 To damn the canvas traitor to the fire,

Left

ON BURNING MONMOUTH'S PICTURE. 247

Left it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythe-men next harvest to renew the fight.

Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He 'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge ;
But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuses,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses ;
And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James ;
And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.
The heads, lest he get all the profit t' himself,
Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf,
This motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet
Should gather from each noble Doctor a billet.
The kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it :
Thus joining their stocks for a bonfire together,
As they club for a cheese in the parish of Chedder ;
Confusedly crowd on the sops and the doctors,
The hangman, the townsmen, their wives, and the
proctors,

While the troops from each part of the countries in ale
Come to quaff his confusion in bumpers of stale ;
But Rosalin, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
The tender creature could not see his fate,
With whom she 'ad danc'd a minuet so late.
The heads, who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd sixscore pounds to the flames,

Then his air was too proud, and his features amiss,
 As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz :
 So the rabble of Rome, whose favour ne'er fettle,
 Melt down their Sejanus to pots and brass kettles.

An EPISTLE to CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq;
 afterwards Earl of HALIFAX.

On his Majesty's Voyage to HOLLAND.

S I R,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
 Art I've either lost, or never knew,
 Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
 And fondly lose the critick in the friend ;
 Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
 From grave to dull insensibly betray'd,
 I'll contradict the humour of the times,
 Inclī'd to business, and averse to rhymes,
 And, to obey the man I love, in spite
 Of the world's genius and my own, I'll write.

But think not that I vainly do aspire
 To rival what I only would admire,
 The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
 And force like that with which your hero fought ;
 Like Samson's riddle is that powerful song,
 Sweet as the honey, as the lion strong ;
 The colours there so artfully are laid,
 They fear no lustre, and they want no shade ;
 But shall of writing a just model give,
 While Boyne shall flow, and William's glory live.

Yet since his every act may well infuse
 Some happy rapture in the humblest Muse,
 Though mine despairs to reach the wondrous height,
 She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
 The King's the theme, and I've a subject's right. }
 When William's deeds, and rescued Europe's joy
 Do every tongue and every pen employ,
 'Tis to think treason sure, to shew no zeal,
 And not to write, is almost to rebel.

Let Albion then forgive her meanest son,
 Who would continue what her best begun;
 Who, leaving conquests and the pomp of war,
 Would sing the pious King's divided care;
 How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
 Did for the seed of future actions wait;
 And how two nations did with transport boast,
 Which was lov'd, and lov'd the victor most:
 How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
 Trophies and vows for her returning lord;
 How the fair isle with rival passion strove,
 How by her sorrow she express'd her love,
 When he withdrew from what his arm had freed,
 And how she bless'd his way, yet figh'd, and said:

Is it decreed my hero ne'er shall rest,
 Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd?
 Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
 By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
 But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
 Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.

O generous prince, too prodigally kind !
 Can the diffusive goodness of your mind
 Be in no bounds, but of the world confin'd ?
 Should sinking nations summon you away,
 Maria's love might justify your stay.
 Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
 Which for your safety to the Gods were made,
 While on the Boyne they labour'd to out-do
 Your zeal for Albion by their care for you ;
 When, too impatient of a glorious ease,
 You tempt new dangers on the winter seas.
 The Belgic state has rested long secure
 Within the circle of thy guardian power ;
 Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
 Mature in strength, can range the woods alone :
 When to my arms they did the Prince resign,
 I blest'd the change, and thought him wholly mine ;
 Conceived long hopes I jointly should obey
 His stronger, and Maria's gentle sway ;
 He fierce as thunder, she as lightning bright ;
 One my defence, and t'other my delight :
 Yet go---where honour calls the hero, go :
 Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow ;
 Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due ;
 Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new ;
 Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
 The next large harvest to thy prosperous sword :
 Again in Crecy let my arms be rear'd,
 And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd :

While

While under Mary's tutelary care,
Far from the danger, or the noise of war,
In honourable pleasure I possess
The spoils of conquest, and the charms of peace.
As the great lamp by which the globe is blest'd,
Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
Through different regions does his course pursue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new ;
While, by a pleasing change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his lustre with a milder light :
So when your beams do distant nations cheer,
The partner of your crown shall mount the sphere,
Able alone my empire to sustain,
And carry on the glories of thy reign----
But why has fate maliciously decreed,
That greatest blessings must by turns succeed ?

Here she relented, and would urge his stay
By all that fondness and that grief could say ;
But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
On scenes of triumphs and returning joy.
Thus, like the tide, while her unconstant breast
Was swell'd with rapture, by despair depress'd,
Fate call'd ; the hero must his way pursue,
And her cries lessen'd as the shore withdrew.

The winds were silent, and the gentle main
Bore an auspicious omen of his reign ;
When Neptune, owning whom those seas obey,
Nodded, and bade the chearful Tritons play.
Each chose a different subject for their lays,
But Orange was the burden of their praise :

Some

Some in their strains up to the fountain ran,
 From whence this stream of virtue first began :
 Others chose heroes of a later date,
 And sung the * founder of the neighbouring state;
 How daringly he tyranny withstood,
 And seal'd his country's freedom with his blood;
 Then to the two illustrious † brethren came,
 The glorious rivals of their father's fame ;
 And to the ‡ youth, whose pregnant hopes out-ran
 The steps of time, and early shew'd the man ;
 For whose alliance monarchs did contend,
 And gave a daughter to secure a friend.
 But as by Nature's law the Phœnix dies,
 That from its urn a nobler bird may rise,
 So fate ordain'd the § parent soon should set,
 To make the glories of his heir compleat.

At William's name each fill'd his vocal shell,
 And on the happy sound rejoic'd to dwell :
 Some sung his birth, and how discerning fate
 Sav'd infant virtue against powerful hate ;
 Of poisonous snakes by young Alcides quell'd,
 And palms that spread the more, the more with-held.
 Some sung Seneffe, and early wonders done
 By the bold youth, himself a war alone ;
 And how his firmer courage did oppose
 His country's foreign and intestine foes ;
 The lion he, who held their arrows close. }

* William.

† Maurice and Henry.

‡ William.

§ James II.

Others sung Perseus, and the injur'd maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid ;
Or in mysterious numbers did unfold
Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old ;
How Saturn, flush'd with arbitrary power,
Design'd his lawful issue to devour ;
But Jove, reserv'd for better fate, withstood
The black contrivance of the doating god ;
With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
'T was Italy secur'd his frighted head,
And by his flight resign'd his empty throne
And triple empire to his worthier son.

Then in one note their artful force they join,
Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne ;
How on the wondering bank the hero stood,
Lavishly bold and desperately good ;
Till fate, designing to convince the brave
That they can dare no more than Heaven can save,
Let death approach, and yet withheld the sting,
Wounded the man, distinguishing the King.

They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too strong,
And in soft notes allay'd the bolder song :
Flow, gentle Boyne, they cry'd, and round thy bed
For ever may victorious wreaths be spread ;
No more may travellers desire to know
Where Simois and Granicus did flow ;
Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten stream,
Be or the soldier's rant, or poet's theme :
All waters shall unite their fame in thee,
Lost in thy waves, as those are in the sea.

They

They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er,
 And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore :
 Smooth was the liquid plain ; the sleeping wind,
 More to the sea, than to it's master kind,
 Detain'd a treasure, which we value more
 Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
 But he, with a superior genius born,
 Treats chance with insolence, and death with scorn :
 Darknes and ice in vain obstruct his way,
 Holland is near, and nature must obey ;
 Charg'd with our hopes the boat securely rode,
 For Cæsar and his fortune were the load.

With eager transport Belgia met her son,
 Yet trembling for the danger he had run ;
 Till, certain of her joy, she bow'd her head,
 Confess'd her Lord, blest'd his return, and said :
 If passion by long absence does improve,
 And makes that rapture, which before was love ;
 Think on my old, my intermitted blifs,
 And by my former pleasure measure this :
 Nor by these feeble pillars which I raise,
 Unequal to sustain the hero's praise ;
 Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
 To represent your glories, or my heart :
 These humble emblems are design'd to show,
 Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
 Here from your childhood take a short review,
 How Holland's happiness advanc'd with you ;
 How her stout vessel did in triumph ride,
 And mock'd her storms, while Orange was her guide.

What

EPISTLE TO MR. MONTAGUE.

255

What since has been our fate---I need not say,
Ill suiting with the blessings of the day,
Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
Conquest was only there where he led on.
Like the Palladium, wheresoe'er you go,
You turn all death and danger on the foe.
In you we but too sadly understood
How angels have their spheres of doing good ;
Else the same soul which did our troops possess,
And crown'd their daring courage with success,
Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
And Fleurus had been still a guiltless plain.
What pity 'tis, ye Gods ! an arm and mind
Like yours should be to time and place confin'd !
But thy return shall fix our kinder fate,
For thee our councils, thee our armies wait ;
Discording Princes shall with thee combine,
And center all their interests in thine ;
Proud of thy friendship, shall forego their sway
As Rome her great Dictator did obey ;
And all united make a Gordian knot,
Which neither craft shall loose, nor force shall cut.

O N T H E L A T E

H O R R I D C O N S P I R A C Y .

TH E * youth whose fortune the vast globe obey'd,
 Finding his † royal enemy betray'd,
 And in his chariot by ‡ vile hands oppress'd,
 With noble pity and just rage possess'd,
 Wept at his fall from so sublime a state,
 And by the traitor's death reveng'd the fate
 Of majesty profan'd---so acted too
 The generous Cæsar, when the Roman knew
 A § coward King had treacherously slain,
 ** Whom scarce he foil'd on the Pharfalian plain:
 The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
 And the base author of the crime dethron'd.
 Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
 Free from the servile arts of barbarous hate:
 They knew no foe but in the open field,
 And to their cause and to the gods appeal'd.
 So William acts---and if his rivals dare
 Dispute his reign by arms, he'll meet them there,
 Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the scale,
 And lets the good, the just, and brave, prevail.

* Alexander. † Darius. ‡ Bossus.
 § Ptolomy. ** Pompey.

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE

Upon the Death of his Son before LUXEMBURG!

HE's gone! and was it then by your decree,
 Ye envious powers, that we should only see
 This copy of your own divinity?
 Or thought ye it surpassing human state,
 To have a blessing lasting as 't was great?
 Your cruel skill you better ne'er had shown,
 Since you so soon design'd him all your own.
 Such fostering favours to the damn'd are given,
 When, to increase their hell, you show them heaven.
 Was it too godlike, he should long inherit
 At once his father's and his uncle's spirit?
 Yet as much beauty, and as calm a breast,
 As the mild dame whose teeming womb he blest.
 H' had all the favours Providence could give,
 Except its own prerogative to live;
 Reserv'd in pleasures, and in dangers bold,
 Youthful in action, and in prudence old;
 His humble greatness, and submissive state,
 Made his life full of wonder, as his fate;
 One, who, to all the heights of learning bred,
 Read books and men, and practis'd what he read.
 Round the wide globe scarce did the busy sun
 With greater haste and greater lustre run.
 True gallantry and grandeur he descry'd,
 From the French fopperies, and German pride.

And like th' industrious bee, where'er he flew,
 Gather'd the sweets which on sweet blossoms grew.
 Babel's confused speeches on his tongue,
 With a sweet harmony and concord hung.
 More countries than for Homer did contest
 Do strive who most were by his presence blest.
 Nor did his wisdom damp his martial fire,
 Minerva both her portions did inspire,
 Use of the warlike bow and peaceful lyre.
 So Cæsar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
 Showing like wit, as valour when he fought.

 If God, as Plato taught, example takes
 From his own works, and souls by patterns makes,
 Much of himself in him he did unfold,
 And cast them in his darling Sidney's mold,
 Of too refin'd a substance to be old.

Both did alike disdain an hero's rage
 Should come like an inheritance by age.
 Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
 Bays with the ivy, with their temples kist :
 Scorning to wait the slow advance of time,
 Both fell like early blossoms in their prime,
 By blind events, and Providence's crime.
 Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe,
 Obtain'd the conquest, in their overthrow ;
 And longer life do purchase by their death,
 In fame completing what they want in breath.
 Oh ! had kind fate stretch'd the contracted span,
 To the full glories of a perfect man ;

And

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE. 259

And, as he grew, could every rolling year
A new addition to our wonder bear,
H' had paid to his illustrious line that stock
Of ancient honour, which from thence he took.

But oh !

So hasty fruits, and too ambitious flowers,
Scorning the midwifery of ripening showers,
In spite of frosts, spring from th' unwilling earth,
But find a nip untimely as their birth :
Abortive issues so delude the womb,
And scarce have being, ere they want a tomb.

Forgive, my Lord, the Muse that does aspire
With a new breath to fan your raging fire ;
Whose each officious and unskilful sound
Can with fresh torture but enlarge the wound.
Could I, with David, curse the guilty plain,
Where once more lov'd than Jonathan was slain ;
Or could I flights high as his merits raise,
Clear as his virtue, deathless as his praise ;
None who, though laurels crown'd their aged head,
Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
With more devotion should enrol his name
In the long-consecrated list of fame.
But, since my artless and unhallow'd strain
Will the high worth, it should commend, profane ;
Since I despair my humble verse should prove
Great as your loss, or tender as your love ;
My heart with sighings, and with tears mine eye,
Shall the defect of written grief supply.

A P O E M,

Dedicated to the blessed Memory of her late gracious Majesty Queen MARY.

ONCE more, my Muse,---we must an altar raise;---
 May it prove lasting, as Maria's praise;
 And, the song ended, be the swan's thy doom;
 Rest ever silent, as Maria's tomb.

But whence shall we begin? or whither steer?
 Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
 Where judgment lies in admiration lost,
 Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

Some angel, from your own, describe her frame,
 For sure your godlike beings are the same:
 All that was charming in the fairer kind,
 With manly sense and resolution join'd;
 A mien compos'd of mildness and of state,
 Not by constraint or affectation great;
 But form'd by nature for supreme command;
 Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's hand;
 Yet such her meekness, as half-veil'd the throne,
 Left, being in too great a lustre shown,
 It might debar the subject of access,
 And make her mercies and our comforts less.
 So Gods, of old, descending from their sphere
 To visit men, like mortals did appear:
 Lest their too awful presence should affright
 Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

Thus

TO THE MEMORY OF Q. MARY.

Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
From her bright orb, diffusive like the sun,
She did her healing influence display,
And cherish'd all our nether world, that lay
Within the circle of her radiant day;
Reliev'd not only those who bounty sought,
But gave unask'd, and as she gave forgot;
Found modest Want in her obscure retreat,
And courted timorous Virtue to be great.
The Church, which William fav'd, was Mary's care
Taught by her life, and guarded by her pray'r;
What her devotions were, ye cherubs, tell,
Who ever round the feat of mercy dwell;
For here she would not have her goodness known,
But you beheld how she address'd the throne,
And wonder'd at a zeal so like your own.
Since she was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like ye
She should, alas! have been immortal too.

A mind so good, in beauteous strength array'd,
Assur'd our hopes she might be long obey'd;
And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have seen
The hoary grandeur of an aged Queen,
Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
As that bright pair which rules the heavenly sphere

Grace and mild mercy best in her were shown,
In him the rougher virtues of the throne;
Of Justice she at home the balance held;
Abroad, Oppression by his sword was quell'd;
The generous lion, and the peaceful dove;
The God of battle, and the Queen of love,

Did in their happy nuptials well agree ;
 Like Mars, he led our armies out ; and she
 With smiles presid'd o'er her native sea. }

Such too their meetings, when our Monarch came
 With laurels loaden, and immortal fame ;
 As when the God on Hæmus quits his arms,
 Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms :
 Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
 And lay the reins of empire at his feet !

With the same temper as the * Latian hind
 Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd ;
 So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,
 And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view, }
 Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the clew ;
 Forgot the sceptre she so well had sway'd,
 And, with that mildness she had rul'd, obey'd ;
 Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove, }
 When in disguise he leaves his power above,
 And drowns all other attributes in love. }

Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred ear
 Of Majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,
 Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,
 Our joy while living ; our despair now dead.

Yet though with Mary one supporter fall,
 Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.
 Of Sibyl's books, that volume which remain'd,
 The perfect value of the whole retain'd.
 When in the fiery car Elijah fled,
 His spirit doubled on his partner's head ;

* Lucius Quintius.

TO THE MEMORY OF Q. MARY. 263

So will thy people's love, now Mary's gone,
Unite both streams, and flow on thee alone.
The grateful senate with one voice combine
To breathe their sorrows, and to comfort thine,
By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
Does on thy counsels and thy courage wait:
But, when the vastness of thy grief they see,
They own 'tis just, and melt in tears with thee.

Blush not, great soul, thus to reveal thy woe;
Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow;
Shed by degrees, they pass unfelt away;
But raise a storm and deluge where they stay.

The bravest heroes have the softest mind,
Their nature's, like the Gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human passions nicely knew,
When his illustrious Grecian chief he drew,
Left likewise in his soul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguish too might reach his heart;
For a lost mistress, in despair he fate,
And let declining Troy still struggle with her fate:
But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,
Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans slew,
And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.

Still greater is thy loss,—be such thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may assuage.

She who on earth secur'd thee by her prayer,
Return'd to heaven, shall prove thy guardian angel there,
And, hovering round thee with her heavenly shield,
Unseen protect thee in the doubtful field.

Go then, by different paths to glory go,
The church's both estates with Mary show ;
And while above she triumphs, fight below.--- }

'Tis done---our Monarch to the camp returns,---
The Gallic armies fly---their navy burns,
And earth and seas all bow at his command,
And Europe owns her peace from his victorious hand.

T H E A U S T R I A N E A G L E .

AT Anna's call the Austrian eagle flies,
 Bearing her thunder to the southern skies ;
 Where a rash Prince, with an unequal sway,
 Inflames the region, and misguides the day ;
 Till the usurper, from his chariot hurl'd,
 Leaves the true Monarch to command the world.

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

AT dead of night imperial Reason sleeps,
 And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps,
 Then airy phantoms a mix'd scene display,
 Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day ;
 For memory those images retains,
 Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.
 Huntsmen renew the chace they lately run,
 And generals fight again their battles won.
 Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams,
 Grants or disgraces are the courtier's themes.
 The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard,
 The cit 's a knight, the sycophant a lord.

Thus

THE NATURE OF DREAMS. 265

Thus fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
 With what we most abhor, or covet most.
 But of all passions that our dreams control,
 Love prints the deepest image in the soul;
 For vigorous fancy and warm blood dispense
 Pleasures so lively that they rival sense.
 Such are the transports of a willing maid,
 Not yet by time and place to act betray'd,
 Whom spies or some faint virtue force to fly
 That scene of joy, which yet she dies to try.
 Till fancy bawds, and, by mysterious charms,
 Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
 Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce delight,
 And curses the returns of envious light.
 In such blest dreams Byblis enjoys a flame,
 Which waking she detests, and dares not name.
 Ixion gives a loose to his wild love,
 And in his airy visions cuckolds Jove.
 Honours and state before this phantom fall;
 For sleep, like death its image, equals all.

V E R S E S

Imitated from the FRENCH of Mons. MAYNARD,
 to Cardinal RICHELIEU.

I.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
 My muse was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
 The sports and smiles did round her fly,
 Enamour'd with her smart concetti.

Now

II.

Now (who 'd have thought it once?) with pain
 She strings her harp, whilst freezing age
 But feebly runs through evry vein,
 And chills my brisk poetic rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
 To wine and women, dead in law;
 And soon from fate I shall receive
 A summons to the shades to go.

IV.

The warrior ghosts will round me come
 To hear of fam'd Ramillia's fight,
 Whilst the vext Bourbons through the gloom
 Retire to th' utmost realms of night.

V.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
 With pensions every muse inspire;
 Who Marlborough's conquests did pursue,
 And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

VI.

But should some drolling sprite demand,
 'Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray?
 How like a coxcomb should I stand!
 What would your Lordship have me say?

JUVENAL. SATIRE VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satire, the poet proves that nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being insolent, by reason of his high birth; and lays down an instance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horses, who are valued rather according to their personal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He advises his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the satire) to lead a virtuous life, dissuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppression, cruelty, and other vices, by his severe censures on Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in opposition to these, displays the worth of persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The translator of this satire industriously avoided imposing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes; but finding towards the latter end many examples of noblemen who disgraced their ancestors by vicious practices, and of men meanly born, who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought some historical relations were necessary towards rendering those instances more intelligible; which is all he pretends

to

to by his remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy passage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius, which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confined himself to the strict rules of translation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphrasing, or reconciling the Roman customs to our modern usage; he hopes this freedom is pardonable, since he has not used it but when he found the original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of such a change.

WHAT 's the advantage, or the real good,
 In tracing from the source our ancient blood?
 To have our ancestors in paint or stone,
 Preserv'd as relicks, or like monsters shewn?
 The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
 The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
 Corvinus, with a mouldering nose, that bears
 Injurious scars, the sad effects of years;
 And Galba grinning without nose or ears?
 Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
 By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
 Though plodding heralds through each branch may trace
 Old Captains and Dictators of their race,
 While their ill lives that family bely,
 And grieve the brass which stands dishonour'd by.
 'Tis mere burlesque, that to our Generals praise
 Their progeny immortal statues raise,

Yet

Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
 To game before their images all night,
 And steal to bed at the approach of day,
 The hour when these their ensigns did display.

Why should soft Fabius impudently bear
 Names gain'd by conquests in the Gallic war?
 Why lays he claim to Hercules's strain,
 Yet dares be base, effeminate and vain?
 The glorious altar to that hero built
 Adds but a greater lustre to his guilt,
 Whose tender limbs and polish'd skin disgrace
 The grisly beauty of his manly race;
 And who, by practising the dismal skill
 Of poisoning, and such treacherous ways to kill,
 Makes his unhappy kindred marble sweat,
 When his degenerate head by theirs is set.

Long galleries of ancestors, and all
 The follies which ill-grace a country hall,
 Challenge no wonder or esteem from me;
 "Virtue alone is true nobility."
 Live therefore well: to men and gods appear,
 Such as good Paulus, Cossus, Drusus, were;
 And in thy consular triumphal show,
 Let these before thy father's statues go;
 Place them before the ensigns of the state,
 As choosing rather to be good than great.
 Convince the world that you're devout and true,
 Be just in all you say, and all you do;
 Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
 A peer of the first magnitude to me:

Rome for your sake shall push her conquests on,
 And bring new titles home from nations won,
 To dignify so eminent a son.

With your blest name shall every region sound,
 Loud as mad Egypt, when her priests have found
 A new Osiris for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call those noble, who deface,
 By meaner acts, the glories of their race ;
 Whose only title to our fathers' fame
 Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name ?
 A dwarf as well may for a giant pass ;
 A negro for a swan ; a crook-back'd lass
 Be call'd Europa ; and a eur may bear
 The name of tiger, lion, or whate'er
 Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast :
 Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
 Should thee just so with the mock titles greet,
 Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and censure due ?
 Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you ;
 Who think your person second to divine,
 Because descended from the Drusian line ;
 Though yet you no illustrious act have done,
 To make the world distinguish Julia's son
 From the vile offspring of a trull, who sits
 By the town wall, and for a living knits.

“ You are poor rogues (you cry) the baser scum

“ And inconsiderable dregs of Rome ;

“ Who know not from what corner of the earth

“ The obscure wretch, who got you, stole his birth :

“ Mine

IMITATION OF JUVENAL. 271

“ Mine I derive from Cecrops”——May your Grace
Live and enjoy the splendor of your race!—

Yet of these base plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence, have grown
Great senators, and honours to that gown :
Some at the bar with subtilty defend
The cause of an unlearned noble friend ;
Or on the bench the knotty laws untie :
Others their stronger youth to arms apply,
Go to Euphrates, or those forces join
Which garrison the conquests near the Rhine.
While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely ;
Though you resemble your great family
No more, than those rough statues on the road
(Which we call Mercuries) are like that God :
Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
You are a living statue, that of stone.

Great Son of Troy, who ever prais'd a beast
For being of a race above the rest,
But rather meant his courage, and his force ?
To give an instance---We commend a horse
(Without regard of pasture or of breed)
For his undaunted mettle and his speed ;
Who wins most plates with greatest ease, and first
Prints with his hoofs his conquests on the dust.
But if fleet Dragon's progeny at last
Prove jaded, and in frequent matches cast,
No favour for the stallion we retain,
And no respect for the degenerate strain ;

The

The worthless brute is from New-Market brought,
 And at an under-rate in Smithfield bought,
 To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
 Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
 First, Sir, some honour of your own acquire;
 Add to that stock which justly we bestow
 On those blest shades to whom you all things owe.

This may suffice the haughty youth to shame,
 Whose swelling veins (if we may credit fame)
 Burst almost with the vanity and pride
 That their rich blood to Nero's is ally'd:
 The rumour's likely; for "We seldom find
 " Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd."

But Ponticus, I would not you should raise
 Your credit by hereditary praise;
 Let your own acts immortalise your name;
 "'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
 For, take the pillars but away, and all
 The superstructure must in ruins fall;
 As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
 From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.

Be a good soldier, or upright trustee,
 An arbitrator from corruption free.
 And if a witness in a doubtful cause,
 Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws;
 Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
 And he would dictate what he'd have you swear,
 Be not so profligate, but rather chuse
 To guard your honour, and your life to lose,

Rather

IMITATION OF JUVENAL. 273

Rather than let your virtue be betray'd ;
Virtue the noblest cause for which you 're made.

“ Improperly we measure life by breath ;
“ Such do not truly live who merit death ;”
Though they their wanton senses nicely please
With all the charms of luxury and ease ;
Though mingled flowers adorn their careless brow,
And round them costly sweets neglected flow,
As if they in their funeral state were laid,
And to the world, as they 're to virtue, dead.

When you the province you expect, obtain,
From passion and from avarice refrain ;
Let our associates poverty provoke
Thy generous heart not to increase their yoke,
Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.

To what the laws enjoin, submission pay ;
And what the Senate shall command, obey.
Think what rewards upon the good attend,
And how those fall unpitied who offend :
Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
Who felt the thunder of the States decree,
For robbing the Cecilians, though they
(Like lesser pikes) only subsist on prey.
But what avails the rigour of their doom ?
Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
Nor give the miserable province ease,
Since what one plunderer left, the next will seize.

Cherippus then, in time yourself bethink,
And what your rags will yield by auction, sink ;

T

Ne'er

Ne'er put yourself to charges to complain
 Of wrong which heretofore you did sustain,
 Make not a voyage to detect the theft :
 'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

When Rome at first our rich allies subdued,
 From gentle taxes noble spoils accrued ;
 Each wealthy province, but in part oppress'd,
 Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
 All treasuries did then with heaps abound ;
 In every wardrobe costly silks were found ;
 The least apartment of the meanest house
 Could all the wealthy pride of art produce ;
 Pictures which from Parrhasius did receive
 Motion and warmth ; and statues taught to live ;
 Some Polyclete's, some Myron's work declar'd,
 In others Phidias' master-piece appear'd ;
 And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
 Emboss'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
 Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
 These Dolabella's rapine did excite,
 These Antony for his own theft thought fit,
 Verres for these did sacrilege commit ;
 And when their reigns were ended, ships full fraught
 The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
 Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
 Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.

This was of old ; but our confederates now
 Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
 Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed ;
 Yet left this provident design succeed,

They

They drive the father of the herd away,
 Making both stallion and his pasture prey.
 Their rapine is so abject and prophane,
 They not from trifles nor from Gods refrain;
 But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
 If they be little images that please.

Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
 And are the greatest, nay, they 're all that 's left.

Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppress,
 Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:

For how can fops thy tyranny control,

“ Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul.”

But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
 Sclavonia, France; thy gripes from those restrain,
 Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain,

And send us plenty, while our wanton day

Is lavish'd at the Circus, or the play.

For, should you to extortion be inclin'd,

Your cruel guilt will little booty find,

Since gleaning Marius has already seiz'd

All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeeze'd.

But, above all, “ Be careful to with-hold

“ Your talons from the wretched and the bold;

“ Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;

“ For, though your violence should leave them bare

“ Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,

“ And will revenge the wrongs which they sustain;

“ The plunder'd still have arms ——.”

Think not the precept I have here laid down

A fond, uncertain notion of my own;

No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure, as the decrees of fate.

Let none but men of honour you attend;
Choose him that has most virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
'To all affizes and through every town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey
(For which your justice and your fame will pay).
Keep yourself free from scandals such as these;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you please:
If he's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Choose any Titan who the Gods withstood
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.

But should you prove ambitious, lustful, vain;
Or could you see with pleasure and disdain,
Rods broke on out associates bleeding backs,
And heads-men labouring till they blunt their ax;
Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expose your shame;
"For still more public scandal vice extends,
"As he is great and noble who offends."

How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,

IMITATION OF JUVENAL. 277

In the same temple which your grandfire built ;
 Making his statue privy to the guilt.
 Or in a bawdy masquerade are led
 Muffled by night to some polluted bed.

Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
 Where his forefathers peaceful ashes sleep;
 Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
 And (though a consul) links himself the wheel :
 To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
 Yet the moon sees, and every smaller light
 Pries as a witness of the shameful fight. }
 Nay when his year of honour 's ended, soon
 He 'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon ;
 Nor blush should he some grave acquaintance meet,
 But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet :
 And when his fellow-beasts are weary grown,
 He 'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them down.
 If, after Numa's ceremonial way,
 He at Jove's altar would a victim slay,
 To no clean goddess he directs his prayers,
 But by Hippona most devoutly swears,
 Or some rank deity, whose filthy face
 We suitably o'er stinking stables place.

When he has run his length, and does begin
 To steer his course directly for the inn
 (Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night),
 A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight,
 Presents him essence, while his courteous host
 (Well knowing nothing by good-breeding 's lost)

Tags ev'ry sentence with some fawning word,
 Such as "My King, My Prince," at least "My Lord;"
 And a tight maid, ere he for wine can ask,
 Guesses his meaning, and uncoils the flask.
 Some, friends to vice, industriously defend
 These innocent diversions, and pretend
 That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
 Alledging that when young we did the same.
 I grant we did, yet when that age was past,
 The frolic humour did no longer last;
 We did not cherish and indulge the crime:
 What 's foul in acting, should be left in time.
 'Tis true, some faults, of course, with childhood end, }
 We therefore wink at wags when they offend, }
 And spare the boy, in hopes the man may mend. }

But Lateranus (now his vigorous age
 Should prompt him for his country to engage,
 The circuit of our empire to extend,
 And all our lives in Cæsar's to defend)
 Mature in riots, places his delight
 All day in plying bumpers, and at night
 Reels to the bawds, over whose doors are set
 Pictures and bills, with "Here are whores to let,"
 Should any desperate unexpected fate
 Summon all heads and hands to guard the state,
 Cæsar, send quickly to secure the port;
 "But where's the general? where does he resort?"
 Send to the futler's; there y' are sure to find
 The bully match'd with rascals of his kind,

Quacks,

IMITATION OF JUVENAL. 279

Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and sailors;
 Rooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves, and tailors;
 With Cybele's priests, who, weary'd with processions,
 Drink there, and sleep with knaves of all professions,
 A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
 And all, who can, have liberty to jest:
 One flaggon walks the round, that none should think
 They either change, or stint him of his drink:
 And, lest exceptions may for place be found,
 Their stools are all alike, their table round.

What think you, Ponticus, yourself might do,
 Should any slave so lewd belong to you?
 No doubt, you 'd send the rogue in fetters bound
 To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
 But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
 Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
 Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
 As if what we esteem in cobblers base,
 Would the high family of Brutus grace.

Shameful are these examples, yet we find
 (To Rome's disgrace) far worse than these behind;
 Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
 Fluttering with coach and six about the town,
 Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
 And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
 For now he must (since his estate is lost)
 Or represent, or be himself, a ghost:
 And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
 Were I a judge, he should not feign the part.

Nor would I their vile insolence acquit,
 Who can with patience, nay diversion, sit,
 Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
 And clapping farces acted by the court,
 While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport :
 Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try ;
 Certain to fall unpity'd if they die ;
 Since none can have the favourable thought
 That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
 But that their lives they willingly expose,
 Bought by the Prætors to adorn their shows.

Yet say, the stage and lifts were both in fight,
 And you must either choose to act, or fight ;
 Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
 That a rank coward basely would escape
 By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
 Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
 Yet a peer actor is no monstrous thing,
 Since Rome has own'd a fidler for a king :
 After such pranks, the world itself at best
 May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.

Go to the lifts where feats of arms are shown,
 There you'll find Gracchus (from patrician) grown }
 A fencer and the scandal of the town.
 Nor will he the Mirmilla's weapons bear,
 The modest helmet he disdains to wear ;
 As Retiarius he attacks his foe ;
 First waves his trident ready for the throw,

Next

Next casts his net, but neither level'd right,
 He stares about expos'd to public fight,
 Then places all his safety in his flight. }
 Room for the noble gladiator ! See
 His coat and hatband shew his quality.

Thus when at last the brave Mirmillo knew
 'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
 To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
 Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.

Had we the freedom to express our mind,
 There 's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,
 But will own, Seneca did far excel
 His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell :
 To expiate whose complicated guilt,
 With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
 Rome should more serpents, apes, and facks provide,
 Than one for the compendious parricide.

'Tis true, Orestes a like crime did act ;
 Yet weigh the cause, there 's difference in the fact :
 He slew his mother at the gods' command,
 They bid him strike, and did direct his hand ;
 To punish falshood, and appease the ghost
 Of his poor father treacherously lost,
 Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
 With a full tide enlarg'd his chearful soul.
 Yet kill'd he not his sister, or his wife,
 Nor aim'd at any near relation's life ;
 Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
 Ne'er play'd or sung upon a public stage ;

Never

Never on verſe did his wild thoughts employ,
 To paint the horrid ſcene of burning Troy,
 Like Nero, who, to raiſe his fancy higher,
 And finiſh the great work, ſet Rome on fire.
 Such crimes make treaſon juſt, and might compel
 Virginius, Vindex, Galba, to rebel ;
 For what could Nero's ſelf have acted worſe
 To aggravate the wretched nation's curſe ?

 Theſe are the bleſt endowments, ſtudies, arts,
 Which exerciſe our mighty Emperor's parts ;
 Such frolicks with his roving genius ſuit,
 On foreign theatres to proſtitute
 His voice and honour, for the poor renown
 Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
 And winning at a wake their parſley-crown,
 Let this triumphal chaplet find ſome place
 Among the other trophies of thy race ;
 By the Domitii's ſtatues ſhall be laid
 The habit and the maſk in which you play'd
 Antigone's, or bold Thyeſtes' part,
 (While your wild nature little wanted art)
 And on the marble pillar ſhall be hung
 The lute to which the Royal Madman ſung.

 Who, Catiline, can boaſt a nobler line
 Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine ?
 Yet you took arms, and did by night conſpire
 To ſet your houſes and our gods on fire
 (An enterprize which might indeed become
 Our enemies, the Gauls, not ſons of Rome,

To

IMITATION OF JUVENAL. 283

To recompense whose barbarous intent
 Pitch'd shirts would be too mild a punishment) :
 But Tully, our wise consul, watch'd the blow,
 With care discover'd, and disarm'd the foe ;
 Tully, the humble mushroom, scarcely known,
 The lowly native of a country town
 (Who till of late could never reach the height
 Of being honour'd as a Roman knight),
 Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
 Dealing an equal share to every ward,
 And by the peaceful robe got more renown
 Within our walls, than young Octavius won
 By victories at Actium, or the plain
 Of Thessaly, discolour'd by the slain :
 Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
 The Father of his Country, which he freed.

Marius (another consul we admire)
 In the same village born, first plow'd for hire ;
 His next advance was to the soldier's trade,
 Where, if he did not nimbly ply the spade,
 His surly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
 His knotty cudgel on his tougher back :
 Yet he alone secur'd the tottering state,
 Withstood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate :
 So when the eagles to their quarry flew
 (Who never such a goodly banquet knew)
 Only a second laurel did adorn
 His colleague Catulus, though nobly born ;
 He shar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
 But Marius won the glory of the day.

From

From a mean flock the pious Decii came,
 Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
 Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
 For Rome and all our legions did atone;
 Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
 Themselves more worth than all the host they sav'd.
 The last good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
 Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
 Yet he those robes of empire justly bore,
 Which Romulus, our sacred founder, wore:
 Nicely he gain'd, and well possess'd the throne,
 Not for his father's merit, but his own,
 And reign'd, himself a family alone. }

When Tarquin, his proud successor, was quell'd,
 And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd,
 The consuls sons (who, for their country's good,
 And to enhance the honour of their blood,
 Should have asserted what their father won,
 And, to confirm that liberty, have done
 Actions which Cocles might have wish'd his own; }
 What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
 And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
 Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
 Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power:
 Whilst a poor slave, with scarce a name, betray'd
 The horrid ills these well-born rogues had laid;
 Who therefore for their treason justly bore
 The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
 And courage to sustain a ten years war;

Though

IMITATION OF JUVENAL. 285

Though foul Therfites got thee, thou shalt be
More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from some hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage stretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
You'll find, in these hereditary tales,
Your ancestors the scum of broken jails;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient source,
But a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE VII.

I M I T A T E D.

I.

DEAR Molly, why so oft in tears?
Why all these jealousies and fears.

For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy closet shall be stor'd with Nantz;
Ye ladies like such plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he fights
For thee in lousy cabin:
And though the Captain's Chloe cries,
" 'Tis I, dear Bully, pr'ythee rise"—
He will not let the drab in.

III. But

III.

But she, the cunning'ft jade alive,
 Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
 By fharing female bounties :
 And, if he'll be but kind one night,
 She vows he fhall be dubb'd a knight,
 When she is made a countefs.

IV.

Then tells of fmooth young pages whipp'd,
 Caffier'd, and of their liveries stripp'd ;
 Who late to peers belonging,
 Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
 With links, because they would not drudge
 To fave their ladies longing.

V.

But Val the eunuch cannot be
 A colder cavalier than he,
 In all fuch love-adventures :
 Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
 Some Chriftian care, and do not break
 Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair ! (who does not Bellair know ?
 The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
 Gives out, he loves you dearly :
 And many a nymph attack'd with fighs,
 And foft impertinence and noife,
 Full oft has beat a parley.

VII. But

IMITATION OF HORACE. 287

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
Shall come with amorous ferenade,
 Soon from the window rate him :
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale
 Discharge the jordan at him.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IX:

I.

VERSES immortal as my bays I sing,
 When suited to my trembling string :
When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleasing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
 (For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
 Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
 Still does Stesichorus's tongue
 Sing sweeter than the bird which on it hung.
 Anacreon n'er too old can grow,
 Love from every verse does flow ;
Still Sappho's strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her sex to love.

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
 More than Helen did ensnare ;
 Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
 And, wondering, melted to desire.
 Not only skilful Teucer knew
 To direct arrows from the bended yew.
 Troy more than once did fall,
 Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
 Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
 A subject fit for lasting poetry ?
 Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
 Who, to save others lives, expos'd his own ?
 Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
 And be the pillar of a tottering state ?
 No ; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
 As silent as their grave,
 Because no charitable poet gave
 Their well-deserved immortality.

III.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave,
 Are level'd in th' impartial grave,
 If they no poet have.

}

But I will lay my music by,
 And bid the mournful strings in silence lie ;
 Unless my songs begin and end with you,
 To whom my strings, to whom my songs, are due.
 No pride does with your rising honours grow,
 You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.

Should

IMITATION OF HORACE. 289

Should fortune change your happy state,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
Your equal hand holds an unbias'd scale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail :
You with a generous honesty despise
What all the meaner world so dearly prize :
Nor does your virtue disappear,
With the small circle of one short-liv'd year :
Others, like comets, visit and away ;
Your lustre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
But with the constant Sun makes an eternal day.

IV.

We barbarously call those blest,
Who are of largest tenements possess'd,
Whilst swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those, who can
Govern that little empire, Man ;
Bridle their passions and direct their will
Through all the glittering paths of charming ill ;
Who spend their treasure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent heaven ;
Who, in a fixt unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate ;
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear ;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold Death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

TRANSLATION of the following VERSE from
L U C A N .

“ *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

The Gods and Cato did in this divide,
They choose the conquering, he the conquer'd side.

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH.

MUN, rarely credit Common Fame,
Unheeded let her praise or blame ;
As whimsies guide the gossip tattles
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles ;
To-day the warrior's brow she crowns,
For naval spoils, and taken towns ;
To-morrow all her spite she rallies,
And votes the victor to the gallies.
Nor in her visits can she spare
The reputation of the fair.
For instance :—Chloe's bloom did boast
A while to be the reigning toast ;
Lean hectic sparks abandon'd bohea,
And in beer-glasses pledg'd to Chloe :
What fops of figure did she bring
To the Front-boxes and the Ring ?
While nymphs of quality look fullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.

Blest

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH. 293

Blest charmer she, till prying Fame
Incog. to Miss's toilet came;
Where in the gally-pots she spy'd
Lillies and roses, that defy'd
The frost of age, with certain pickles
They call—Cosmetics for the freckles:
Away she flew with what she wanted,
And told at Court that Chloe painted.

“ Then who'd on Common Fame rely,
“ Whose chief employment's to decry?
“ A cogging, fickle, jilting female,
“ As ever ply'd at six in the Mall;
“ The father of all fibs begat her
“ On some old newfman's fusty daughter.”

O Captain! Taisez-vous---'twere hard
Her novels ne'er should have regard:
One proof I'll in her favour give,
Which none but you will disbelieve.

When Phœbus sent her to recite
The praises of the most polite,
Whose scenes have been, in every age,
The glories of the British stage;
Then she, to-rigid truth confin'd,
Your name with lofty Shakespeare join'd;
And, speaking as the God directed,
The praise she gave was unsuspected.

T H E S P E L L .

WHENE'ER I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the noose preside !

Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,
Or let me still a rover live :

But if all these no nymph can share,
And I'm predestin'd to the snare,
Let mine, ye powers ! be doubly fair.

}

Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood ;
And twitching him, said, Youth, be wise,
Ask not impossibilities :

A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met :
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court some bright Phyllis of the brain ;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.
But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair :

Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,
Their beauty 's but a SPELL, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring ;
Ere the sack posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,

From

From which you fragrant kisses stole,
 And seem to suck her springing soul.---
 These, and the rest, you doted on,
 Are nauseous or insipid grown ;
 The SPELL dissolves, the cloud is gone,
 And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

E L E G Y
 UPON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.

F R O M O V I D .

IF Memnon's fate, bewail'd with constant dew,
 Does, with the day, his mother's grief renew ;
 If her son's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
 To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind ;
 If mighty Gods can mortals' sorrow know,
 And be the humble partners of our woe ;
 Now loose your tresses, pensive Elegy,
 (Too well your office and your name agree)
 Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
 Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
 Sad Cupid now despairs of conquering hearts,
 Throws-by his empty quiver, breaks his darts ;
 Eases his useless bows from idle strings,
 Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
 He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, rest,
 And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast.

Those graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
 The whiter rivals of the falling snow,
 Forget their beauty, and in discord lie,
 Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
 Not more Æneas' loss the boy did move;
 Like passions for them both, prove equal love.
 Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddess more,
 More swells her eyes, than when the savage boar
 Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.

Poets large souls heaven's noblest stamps do bear
 (Poets, the watchful angels darling care) :
 Yet death (blind archer) that no difference knows,
 Without respect his roving arrows throws.
 Nor Phœbus, nor the Muses' queen, could give
 Their son, their own prerogative, to live.
 Orpheus, the heir of both his parents' skill,
 Tam'd wondering beasts, and Death's more cruel will.
 Linus' sad strings on the dumb lute do lie,
 In silence forc'd to let their master die.
 Homer (the spring to whom we poets owe
 Our little all does in sweet numbers flow)
 Remains immortal only in his fame,
 His works alone survive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
 And needless victims prodigally pay,
 Worship their sleeping deities: yet Death
 Scorns votaries, and stops the praying breath.
 To hallow'd shrines intruding Fate will come,
 And drag you from the altar to the tomb.

ON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS. 295

Go, frantic poet, with delusions fed,
 Think laurels guard your consecrated head,
 Now the sweet master of your art is dead.
 What can we hope? since that a narrow span
 Can measure the remains of thee, great man!
 The bold rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
 And see Tibullus, and not trembling die,
 Durst seize on temples, and their gods defy.
 Fair Venus (fair ev'n in such sorrows) stands,
 Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
 Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
 To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His mother weeping does his eye-lids close,
 And on his urn tears, her last gift, bestows.
 His sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
 Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.

With those, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
 And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
 Both hug his urn, both his lov'd ashes kiss,
 And both contend which reap'd the greater bliss.
 Thus Delia spoke (when sighs no more could last)
 Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;
 "When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
 "I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
 "I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,
 "And kept alive, till age, his active fire."
 To her then Nemesis (when groans gave leave),
 "As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
 "Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
 "About my neck his dying arms did twine;

“ I snatch'd his soul, which true to me did prove :

“ Age ended yours, death only stopp'd my love.”

If any poor remains survive the flames,
 Except thin shadows, and more empty names ;
 Free in Elysium shall Tibullus rove,
 Nor fear a second death should cross his love.
 There shall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
 To his far dearer friend his open heart:
 There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
 Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
 Such shall our poet's blest companions be,
 And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
 But thou, rich urn, obey my strict commands,
 Guard thy great charge from sacrilegious hands:
 Thou, Earth, Tibullus' ashes gently use,
 And be as soft and easy as his Muse.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Englised from a Greek Idyllium.

BRIGHT Star! by Venus fix'd above
 To rule the happy realms of love ;
 Who in the dewy rear of day,
 Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
 Dost other lights as far out-shine
 As Cynthia's silver glories thine ;
 Known by superior beauty there,
 As much as Pastorella here.

Exert,

TO THE EVENING STAR. 297

Exert, bright star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night;
Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

C O N T E N T S

O F

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P O E M S

P O E M S

B Y

WILLIAM WALSH, Esq.



P R E F A C E.

IT has been so usual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him some account before-hand of what he is to expect in the book.

The greatest part of this collection consists of amorous verses. Those who are conversant with the writings of the ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the moderns have published upon this subject. The occasions upon which the poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every man almost that is in love; and the thoughts such, as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for occasions that none meet with but themselves; and fill their verses with thoughts that are surprizing and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of these two are in the right; we ought to consider the end that people propose in writing love verses: and that I take not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their mistresses; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched similies, and shining points; but by a true and lively representation of the pains and thoughts attending such a passion.

“ — Si vis me flere, dolendum est

“ Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.”

I would as soon believe a widow in great grief for her husband, because I saw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his mistress for his writing such verses as some great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their mistresses while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in transports of jealousy, to treat his mistress with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuse himself with such trifles as the other. I am pleased with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a desert with his mistress where never any human footsteps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says: but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other sustenance than his mistress's looks. I can very easily believe a man may love a woman so well as to desire no company but hers; but I can never believe a man can love a woman so well as to have no need of meat and drink if he may look upon her. The first is a thought so natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love, but thinks the same thing; the other is

not.

not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impose upon us with a pretended love (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this point; and any man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the antients and moderns have said upon the same occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the moderns who have written love-verses: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this false sort of wit in the world: for people, seeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have satisfied themselves with the imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in love-verses than the English; and it is indeed just that the fairest ladies should inspire the best poets. Never was there a more copious fancy or greater reach of wit than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or genteel than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or sprightly than those of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be observed, that among all these, that softness, tenderness, and violence of passion, which the ancients thought most proper for love-verses, is wanting: and at the same
time

time that we must allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit; Mr. Waller a very gallant writer; Sir John Suckling a very gay one; and Mr. Cowley a great genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me that the ancients, who could never have handsomer women than we have, should nevertheless be so much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reason of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man must be imprudent indeed to let his passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a petition made to the fair, that they would be pleased sometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verse. I do not mean that they should confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that would be too great a confinement indeed; but that they would admit them upon the same foot with other people: and if they please now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three sorts of poems that are proper for love: pastorals, elegies, and lyric verses; under which last, I comprehend all songs, odes, sonnets, madrigals, and stanzas. Of all these, pastoral is the lowest, and, upon that account, perhaps most proper for love; since it is the nature of that passion, to render the soul soft and humble. These three sorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the designs, and in every thought of them. Though we have no dif-
ference

ference between the verses of pastoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the first ought to be looser and not so sonorous as the other; the thoughts more simple, more easy, and more humble. The design ought to be the representing the life of a shepherd, not only by talking of sheep and fields, but by showing us the truth, sincerity, and innocence, that accompanies that sort of life: for though I know our masters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence; Theocritus, in his *Daphnis*, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his *Alexis*, placed his passion upon a boy; yet (if we may be allowed to censure those whom we must always reverence) I take both those things to be faults in their poems, and should have been better pleased with the *Alexis* if it had been made to a woman; and with the *Daphnis*, if he had made his shepherds more modest. When I give humility and modesty as the character of pastoral, it is not, however, but that a shepherd may be allowed to boast of his pipe, his songs, his flocks, and to shew a contempt of his rival, as we see both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this must be still in such a manner as if the occasion offered itself, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the shepherd's passion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observed between pastorals and elegies as between the life of the country and the court. In the first, love ought to be represented as among shepherds, in the other as among

gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender, and passionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in pastoral. The passions they represent, either more gallant or more violent, and less innocent than the others. The subjects of them, prayers, praises, expostulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatenings, jealousies, and in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyricks may be allowed to handle all the same subjects with elegy, but to do it however in a different manner. An elegy ought to be so entirely one thing, and every verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone; or, to make use of the words of a * great modern critic, there must be

“ ——— a just coherence made
 “ Between each thought, and the whole model laid,
 “ So right, that every step may higher rise,
 “ Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies.”

Lyricks, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may consist of parts that are entire of themselves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every stanza ought to make up a complete sense without running into the other. Frequent sentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Besides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the stanzas of six lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of

* Lord Mulgrave.

ten lines, at the third and the seventh. And it must be confessed that this exactness renders them much more musical and harmonious ; though they have not always been so religious in observing the latter rule as the former.

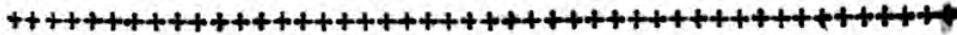
But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very foolish design : those who are critics, it would be a presumption in me to pretend I could instruct ; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write myself, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's simile) like selling arms to an enemy in time of war : though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence shewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, because they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not supposed to be very old ; and all young people, especially of the fair sex, are more taken with the liveliness of fancy, than the correctness of judgment. It may be also observed, that to write of love well, a man must be really in love ; and to correct his writings well, he must be out of love again. I am well enough satisfied I may be in circumstances of writing of love, but I am almost in despair of ever being in circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reason for the fair and the young to pass over some of the faults ; and as for the grave and wise, all the favour I shall beg of them is, that they would not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verses work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himself with what the critics say of them : and if they do not, all

the commendations the critics can give him will make but very little amends. All I shall say for these trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living who are able to write better on all subjects than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldness to say, that there is no one man among them all who shall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do justice to the merits of other people.

P O E M S

B Y

W I L L I A M W A L S H, Esq.



T O H I S B O O K.

GO, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Those who love's dear deluding pains have known
May in my fatal stories read their own.
Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate.
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was tost.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspensions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be best
To chace the fatal poison from our breast?
But, since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,

Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
 That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
 Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away ;
 What 's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

E L E G Y .

T H E U N R E W A R D E D L O V E R .

LET the dull Merchant curse his angry fate,
 And from the winds and waves his fortune wait :
 Let the loud Lawyer break his brains, and be
 A slave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee :
 Let the rough Soldier fight his prince's foes,
 And for a livelihood his life expose :
 I wage no war, I plead no cause, but Love's ;
 I fear no storms but what Celinda moves.
 And what grave censor can my choice despise ?
 But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies :
 The Merchant, after all his hazards past,
 Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last ;
 The Soldier high in his king's favour stands,
 And, after having long obey'd, commands ;
 The Lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
 Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar :
 While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
 And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

E P I G R A M.

Written in a Lady's Table-Book.

WITH what strange raptures would my soul be
blest,

Were but her book an emblem of her breast!

As I from that all former marks efface,

And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place;

So might I chace all others from her heart,

And my own image in the stead impart.

But, ah! how short the blifs would prove, if he

Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me!

E L E G Y.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

WHILE those bright eyes subdue where-e'er you will,

And, as you please, can either save or kill;

What youth so bold the conquest to design?

What wealth so great to purchase hearts like thine?

None but the Muse that privilege can claim,

And what you give in love, return in fame.

Riches and titles with your life must end;

Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend:

Verſe can give fame, can fading beauties ſave,
 And, after death, redeem them from the grave :
 Embalm'd in verſe, through diſtant times they come,
 Preſerv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
 Poets (like monarchs on an Eaſtern throne,
 Reſtrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
 Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
 And, as they pleaſe, give infamy or fame.
 In vain the * Tyrian Queen reſigns her life,
 For the bright glory of a ſpotleſs wife,
 If lying bards may falſe amours rehearſe,
 And blaſt her name with arbitrary verſe ;
 While † one, who all the abſence of her lord
 Had her wide courts with preſſing lovers ſtor'd,
 Yet, by a Poet grac'd, in deathleſs rhymes,
 Stands a chaſte pattern to ſucceeding times.
 With pity then the Muſes' friends ſurvey,
 Nor think your favours there are thrown away ;
 Wiſely like ſeed on fruitful foil they're thrown,
 To bring large crops of glory and renown :
 For as the ſun, that in the marſhes breeds
 Nothing but nauſeous and unwholſome weeds,
 With the ſame rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
 To pleaſant flowers and uſeful fruits gives birth :
 So favours caſt on fools get only ſhame,
 On Poets ſhed, produce eternal fame ;
 Their generous breaſts warm with a genial fire,
 And more than all the Muſes can inſpire.

* Dido.

† Penelope.

J E A L O U S Y.

J E A L O U S Y.

I.

WHO could more happy, who more blest could live,
 Than they whom kind, whom amorous passions
 move ?

What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
 Than the soft chains, the slavery of Love ?
 Were not the blifs too often crost
 By that unhappy, vile distrust,
 That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dangerous
 malady,
 That terrible tormenting rage, that madness, Jealousy.

II.

In vain Celinda boasts she has been true,
 In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her charms ;
 Dire Jealousy does all my pains renew,
 And represents her in my rival's arms :
 His sighs I hear, his looks I view,
 I see her damn'd advances too ;
 I see her smile, I see her kifs ; and, oh ! methinks I see
 Her give up all those joys to him, she should reserve
 for me.

III.

Ingrateful Fair-one ! canst thou hear my groans ?
 Canst thou behold these tears that fill my eyes ?
 And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
 Into another's arms resign my prize ?

If merit could not gain your love,
 My sufferings might your pity move ;
 Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies,
 more
 New pangs to one whom hopeless love had plagued too
 much before.

IV.

Think not, false nymph, my fury to out-storm ;
 I scorn your anger, and despise your frown :
 Dress up your rage in its most hideous form,
 It will not move my heart when love is flown ;
 No, though you from my kindness fly,
 My vengeance you shall satisfy :
 The Muse, that would have sung your praise, shall now
 aloud proclaim
 To the malicious, spiteful world, your infamy and shame.

V.

Ye Gods ! she weeps ; behold that falling shower !
 See how her eyes are quite dissolv'd in tears !
 Can she in vain that precious torrent pour ?
 Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears :
 'Twas Pity sure that made it flow :
 For the same pity, stop it now ;
 For every charming, heavenly drop that from those eyes
 does part,
 Is paid with streams of blood, that gush from my o'er-
 flowing heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love ; I will believe you true,
 And raise my passions up as high as e'er ;
 Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,
 Let the least sign of penitence appear. I'll

I'll frame excuses for your fault,
Think you surpriz'd, or meanly caught ;
Nay in the fury, in the height of that abhorr'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at least you wish'd, me in
the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in those arms,
And on that bosom lull asleep my cares :
Forgive those foolish fears of fancy'd harms
That stab my soul, while they but move thy tears ;
And think, unless I lov'd thee still,
I had not treated thee so ill ;
For these rude pangs of jealousy are much more certain
signs
Of love, than all the tender words an amorous fancy
coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more ;
Oh smile, and grant one reconciling kiss !
Ye Gods, she's kind ! I'm ecstasy all o'er !
My soul 's too narrow to contain the bliss.
Thou pleasing torture of my breast,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my rest,
Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my peace
destroy ;
That kills me with excess of grief, this with excess
of joy.

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on some fair-one's charms,
They think she yields them to their rival's arms?

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if sharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover when his breast
By jealous phrenzy is possess'd ;
Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet straight to her whom he forswears returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fear goes out ;
The cloud of Jealousy 's dispell'd,
And the bright sun of innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he blest !
Raptures too great to be express'd.
Though hard the torment 's to endure,
Who would not have the sickness for the cure ?

SONNET.

S O N N E T.
D E A T H.

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our
care ?

After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd !
Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee ;
Courting those tyrant-fins that chain us fast,
And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
(Why should they fear who keep their souls from' stains ?)
That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see :
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name ;
'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the losing thee.

E . L E G Y.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

CÆLIA, your tricks will now no longer pass,
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
I know my happier rival does obtain
All the vast bliss for which I sigh in vain.

Him,

Him, him you love, to me you use your art ;
 I had your looks, another had your heart :
 To me you 're sick, to me of spies afraid ;
 He finds your sickness gone, your spies betray'd :
 I sigh beneath your window all the night ;
 He in your arms possesses the delight.
 I know you treat me thus, false fair, I do ;
 And, oh ! what plagues me worse, he knows it too ;
 To him my sighs are told, my letters shown,
 And all my pains are his diversion grown.
 Yet, since you could such horrid treasons act,
 I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the fact :
 His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
 And 'tis by that I have your falsehood known.
 What shall I do ! for, treated at this rate,
 I must not love, and yet I cannot hate :
 I hate the actions, but I love the face ;
 Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty less !
 I'm all confusion, and my soul 's on fire,
 Torn by contending reason and desire ;
 This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er,
 One counsels best, the other pleases more.
 I know I ought to hate you for your fault,
 But, oh ! I cannot do the thing I ought.
 Canst thou, mean wretch ! canst thou contented prove
 With the cold relicks of a rival's love ?
 Why did I see that face to charm my breast ?
 Or, having seen, why did I know the rest ?
 Gods ! if I have obey'd your just commands,
 If I've deserv'd some favour of your hands ;

Make

Make me that tame, that easy fool again,
 And rid me of my knowledge and my pain :
 And you, false fair ! for whom so oft I 've griev'd,
 Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd ;
 Forswear yourself for one who dies for you.
 Vow, not a word of the whole charge was true ;
 But scandals all, and forgeries, devis'd
 By a vain wretch, neglected and despis'd.
 I too will help to forward the deceit,
 And, to my power, contribute to the cheat.
 And thou, bold man, who think'st to rival me,
 For thy presumption I could pardon thee ;
 I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
 I could forgive thy rifling all her charms :
 But, oh ! I never can forgive the tongue
 That boasts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHAT fury does disturb my rest ?
 What hell is this within my breast ?
 Now I abhor, and now I love ;
 And each an equal torment prove.
 I see Celinda's cruelty,
 I see she loves all men but me ;
 I see her falsehood, see her pride,
 I see ten thousand faults beside ;
 I see she sticks at nought that 's ill ;
 Yet, oh ye Powers ! I love her still.

Others

Others on precipices run,
 Which, blind with love, they cannot shun :
 I see my danger, see my ruin ;
 Yet seek, yet court, my own undoing :
 And each new reason I explore
 To hate her, makes me love her more.

T H E A N T I D O T E .

WHEN I see the bright nymph who my heart does
 enthrall,

When I view her soft eyes, and her languishing air,
 Her merit so great, my own merit so small,
 It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.

But when I consider, she squanders on fools
 All those treasures of beauty with which she is stor'd ;
 My fancy it damps, my passion it cools,
 And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise :
 I love, and I hate, but I never esteem :
 The passion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
 Which my rivals destroy when I look upon them.

How wisely does Nature things so different unite ?
 In such odd compositions our safety is found ;
 As the blood of a scorpion's a cure for the bite,
 So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does
 wound.

U P O N

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

CÆLIA, too late you would repent;
 The offering all your store,
 Is now but like a pardon sent
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the blifs too late;
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
 When first my court I made;
 But when your falsehoods plain appear,
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shown,
 Whose worth you first deface,
 Is melting valued medals down,
 And giving us the brass.

Oh, since the thing we beg 's a toy
 That 's priz'd by love alone,
 Why cannot women grant the joy,
 Before our love is gone?

THE RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye sighs! be gone, ye tears!
 Begone, ye jealousies and fears!
 Celinda swears she never lov'd,
 Celinda swears none ever mov'd
 Her heart, but I; if this be true,
 Shall I keep company with you?
 What though a senseless rival swore
 She said as much to him before?
 What though I saw him in her bed?
 I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
 Curse on the prudent and the wise,
 Who ne'er believe such pleasing lies:
 I grant she only does deceive;
 I grant 'tis folly to believe;
 But by this folly I vast pleasures gain,
 While you with all your wisdom live in pain.

D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

[IRREGULAR VERSES.]

FRIEND.

VALUE thyself, fond youth, no more
 On favours Mulus had before;
 He had her first, her virgin flame,
 You like a bold intruder came

To

To the cold relicks of a feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

L O V E R.

When he, dull sot, had seiz'd the worse,
I came in at the second course ;
'Tis chance that first makes people love,
Judgment their riper fancies move,
Mulus, you say, first charm'd her eyes ;
First, she lov'd babies and dirt-pies ;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the folly of those toys and him.

F R I E N D.

If wisdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous wits.
But wisdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

L O V E R.

I grant you, no man can foresee his doom ;
But shall I grieve because an ill may come ?
Yet I 'll allow her change, when she can see
A man deserves her more than me,
As much as I deserve her more than he.

F R I E N D.

Did they with our own eyes see our desert,
No woman e'er could from her lover part.

But, oh ! they see not with their own,
All things to them are through false optics shewn.
Love at the first does all your charms increase,
When the tube's turn'd, hate represents them less.

Y 2

L O V E R.

L O V E R .

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
 For dangers that I can't believe.
 She'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,
 'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.

E P I G R A M .

L Y C E .

GO, said old Lyce, senseless lover, go,
 And with soft verses court the fair; but know,
 With all thy verses, thou canst get no more
 Than fools without one verse have had before.
 Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew,
 And that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

T H E F A I R M O U R N E R ,

IN what sad pomp the mournful charmer lies!
 Does she lament the victim of her eyes?
 Or would she hearts with soft compassion move,
 To make them take the deeper stamp of love?
 What youth so wise, so wary to escape,
 When Rigour comes, drest up in Pity's shape?
 Let not in vain those precious tears be shed,
 Pity the dying fair-one, not the dead;
 While you unjustly of the fates complain,
 I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
 Each to relentless judges make their moan;
 Blame not Death's cruelty, but cease your own.

THE FAIR MOURNER. 325

While raging passion both our souls does wound,
A sovereign balm might sure for both be found ;
Would you but wipe your fruitless tears away,
And with a just compassion mine survey.

E P I G R A M.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

THOU saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldst abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn :
See what thy falsehood gets ; I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

E P I G R A M.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive !
Love 's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts :
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

E L E G Y.

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

IN IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

IS there a pious pleasure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean fordid actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrsis, thou hast sure blessings laid in store,
From thy just dealing in this curst amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be shown,
Which to the fair thou hast not said and done?
On her false heart they all are thrown away;
She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many vows she broke,
Free my just soul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
Or with an equal passion burn at last;
The one she cannot practise, though she would;
And I contemn the other, though she should:
Nor ask I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
'Tis punishment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balsam for my bleeding breast,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours rest.

E L E G Y.

E L E G Y,

UPON QUITTING HIS MISTRESS.

I KNOW, Celinda, I have borne too long,
 And, by forgiving, have increas'd my wrong :
 Yet if there be a power in verse to slack
 Thy course in vice, or bring fled virtue back,
 I'll undertake the task, howe'er so hard ;
 A generous action is its own reward.
 Oh ! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
 I'd fly from crowns to live within those arms :
 But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee just,
 When such known falsehoods have destroy'd all trust ?

Farewel, false fair ! nor shall I longer stay.
 Since we must part, why should we thus delay ?
 Your love alone was what my soul could prize,
 And missing that, can all the rest despise ;
 Yet should I not repent my follies past,
 Could you take up and grow reserv'd at last,
 'Twould please me, parted from your fatal charms,
 To see you happy in another's arms.
 Whatever threatnings fury might extort,
 Oh fear not I should ever do you hurt :
 For though my former passion is remov'd,
 I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
 Adieu ! While thus I waste my time in vain,
 Sure there are maids I might entirely gain :

I'll search for such, and to the first that 's true,
 Resign the heart so hardly freed from you.

T O H I S M I S T R E S S ,

A G A I N S T M A R R I A G E .

Y E S, all the world must sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of having thee,
 Will be entirely blest;
 But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
 To make one who has been so long
 My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
 That were for public good design'd;
 Could we in foolish pride,
 Make the sun always with us stay,
 'Twould burn our corn and grafs away,
 To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
 Two souls, which passion does unite;
 For while our love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away;
 And why the devil should we stay,
 When once that love is past?

E P I G R A M.

C H L O E.

CHLOE new-marry'd looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

E P I G R A M.

C O R N U S.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife's a whore;
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

E P I G R A M.

T H R A S O.

THRA SO picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;
When sober in the morning dares not fight.
Thrafo, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

E P I G R A M.

G R I P E A N D S H I F T E R.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T' increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.

How

How happy would appear to each his fate,
 Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
 Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
 And of two wretches make one happy man!

T O C Æ L I A ,

UPON SOME ALTERATIONS IN HER FACE.

A H, Cælia! where are now the charms
 That did such wondrous passions move?
 Time, cruel Time, those eyes difarms,
 And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
 To womens' interest, and to ours?
 Beauties in which the public share,
 The greedy villain first devours.

Who, without tears, can see a prince
 That trains of fawning courtiers had,
 Abandon'd, left without defence?
 Nor is thy hapless fate less sad.

Thou who so many fools hast known,
 And all the fools would hardly do,
 Shouldst now confine thyself to one!
 And he, alas! a husband too.

See the ungrateful slaves, how fast
 They from thy setting glories run;
 And in what mighty crowds they haste
 To worship Flavia's rising sun!

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
 In vain those eyes would love impart;
 Not all th' advances, all the smiles,
 Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, still
 By cruelty her cause maintains;
 And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile
 To the poor slaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waste their tears;
 But sure they will in time repine,
 That thou hast not a face like hers,
 Or she has not a heart like thine.

THE RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye fields, where constant peace attends!
 All hail, ye sacred solitary groves!
 All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
 Whose conversation pleases and improves!

Could one who study'd your sublimer rules
 Become so mad to search for joys abroad?
 To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
 And undistinguish'd pass among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
 Thinks happiness in great preferment lies;
 Nor fears for that his country to betray,
 Curs'd by the fools, and laugh'd at by the wise.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Consume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others the name of pleasure does invite,
All their dull time in sensual joys they live;
And hope to gain that solid firm delight
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplex, alas! is human fate!
I, whom nor avarice nor pleasures move,
Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
If beauty always must my heart enthrall,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one
Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of state
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn);
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly say, The Trifle I contemn.

In her blest arms contented could I live,
Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impossible to find.

In women how should sense and beauty meet?
The wisest men their youth in follies spend;
The best is he that earliest finds the cheat,
And sees his errors while there 's time to mend.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
 For Phyllis the fair,
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon, her lover,
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish;
 But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep;
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get,
 But a neck when once broken
 Can never be set;
 And, that he could die
 Whenever he would,
 But, that he could live
 But as long as he could:

How

How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd
 At thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again.

S O N G .

OF all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our lives are curst;
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst!
 By partners, in each other kind,
 Afflictions easier grow;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are labouring in my breast;
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest!
 How great so'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

A SONG

A S O N G T O P H Y L L I S .

I.

PH Y L L I S, we not grieve that Nature,
 Forming you, has done her part ;
 And in every single feature
 Shew'd the utmost of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended
 That a mighty grievance lies,
 That your heart should be defended,
 Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love 's a senseless inclination,
 Where no mercy 's to be found ;
 But is just, where kind compassion
 Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.

Persians, paying solemn duty,
 To the rising Sun inclin'd,
 Never would adore his beauty,
 But in hopes to make him kind.

P H Y L L I S ' S R E S O L U T I O N .

I.

WH E N slaves their liberty require,
 They hope no more to gain,
 But you not only that desire,
 But ask the power to reign.

II. Think

II.

Think how unjust a suit you make,
 Then you will soon decline ;
 Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
 But trespass not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
 I ne'er will grant the thing,
 That he, who once has been my slave,
 Should ever be my king.

A N E P I S T L E ,

To a L A D Y who had resolved against M A R R I A G E .

M A D A M, I cannot but congratulate
 Your resolution for a single state ;
 Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
 Must never put on Hymen's livery ;
 Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair,
 But underneath is nothing else but care.
 If once you let the Gordian Knot be ty'd,
 Which turns the name of virgin into bride ;
 That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
 And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
 Whose strange meanders you may search about,
 But never find the clue to let you out.
 The married life affords you little ease,
 The best of husbands is so hard to please :

This

This in wives careful faces you may spell,
 Though they dissemble their misfortunes well.
 No plague 's so great as an ill-ruling head,
 Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread :
 For Love's insinuating fire they fan,
 With sweet ideas of a god-like man.
 Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their swains,
 And sung their praises on the neighbouring plains ;
 Oh ! they were brave, accomplish'd, charming men,
 Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
 Sure some resistless power with Cupid sides,
 Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides ;
 For single lives afford the most content,
 Secure and happy, as they 're innocent :
 Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
 And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon seas :
 Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares,
 No bawling children to disturb your prayers ;
 No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
 No blustering husband to renew your fears !
 Therefore, dear madam, let a friend advise,
 Love and its idle deity despise :
 Suppress wild Nature, if it dares rebel ;
 There 's no such thing as " leading apes in hell."

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

A N O D E .

I.

TH E dismal regions which no sun beholds,
Whilst his fires roll some distant world to cheer,
Which in dry darkness, frost, and chilling cold,
Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
At his returning influence never knew
More joy than Clelia, when she thinks of you.

II.

Those zealots, who adore the rising sun,
Would soon their darling deity despise,
And with more warm, more true devotion run,
To worship nobler beams, Urania's eyes ;
Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
Where rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.

But, ah ! frail mortals, though you may admire
At a convenient distance all her charms,
Approach them, and you 'll feel a raging fire,
Which scorches deep, and all your power disarms :
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleasure breeds.

S O N G .

S O N G.

I.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd.
 And Strephon to adore her born,
 In vain her pity is implor'd,
 Who kills him twice, with charms and scorn.

II.

Fair faint, to your blest orb repair,
 To learn in heaven a heavenly mind;
 Thence hearken to a sinner's prayer,
 And be less beauteous, or more kind.

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
 And persecute this breast no more:
 Ah! tell me why must every dart
 Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
 I never murmur'd or repin'd,
 But patiently myself resign'd
 To all the torments, which through thee
 Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
 But oh! I can no more sustain
 This long-continued state of pain,
 Though 'tis but fruitless to complain.
 My heart, first soften'd by thy power,
 Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:

}

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW. 341

Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
 It took again its fatal flight.
 'Tis thus, malicious deity,
 That thou hast banter'd wretched me ;
 Thus made me vainly lose my time,
 Thus fool away my youthful prime ;
 And yet, for all the hours I've lost,
 And sighs, and tears, thy bondage cost,
 Ne'er did thy slave thy favours bless,
 Or crown his passion with success.
 Well — since 'tis doom'd that I must find
 No love for love from womankind ;
 Since I no pleasure must obtain,
 Let me at least avoid the pain :
 So weary of the chace I'm grown,
 That with content I'd fit me down,
 Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
 And bid all womankind farewell.
 Nay, ask for all I felt before,
 Only to be disturb'd no more.
 Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
 Will give my torments no relief ;
 But now, ev'n now, thou mak'st me die,
 And love I know not whom, nor why,
 In every part I feel the fire,
 And burn with fanciful desire ;
 From whence can love its magic draw ?
 I doat on her, *I never saw* :
 And who, but lovers, can express
 This strange, mysterious tenderness ?

And yet methinks 'tis happier so,
Than whom it is I love to know :
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I should something find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did bestow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus she sings, she looks, she talks.
Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,
Could she my trickling tears but see,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cause to grieve,
I pleasingly myself deceive ;
And sure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair :
Lest she should be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by Fancy's height :
Lest (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, lost in an amaze ;
My trembling lips and eyes should tell,
'Tis her I dare to love so well) ;
She, with an angry, scornful eye,
Or some unkind, severe reply,
My hopes of bliss should overcast,
And my presuming passion blast.

If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
 And let me not see her I love,
 Thy altars prostrate I'll adore,
 And call thee tyrant-god no more.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

E C L O G U E I.

D A P H N E.

SICILIAN Muse, my humble voice inspire
 To sing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire.
 Long had the faithful swain suppress his grief,
 And, since he durst not hope, ne'er ask'd relief.
 But at th' arrival of the fatal day
 That took the nymph and all his joys away ;
 With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
 And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare :
 Till with deep sighs, as if his heart-strings broke,
 Pressing her hand, these tender things he spoke :

D A M O N.

Ah, lovely nymph ! behold your lover burn,
 And view that passion which you'll not return.
 As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine,
 So no swain's love did ever equal mine :
 How happy, fair, how happy should I be,
 Might I but sacrifice myself for thee !

Could I but please thee with my dying verse,
And make thee shed one tear upon my hearse !

D A P H N E .

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not power to take :
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve ;
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the rest at first assail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh, blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

D A M O N .

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I must despair.
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lovers flame,
For flocks, for pastures, for an empty name.
Yet though the blest possession fate denies,
Oh let me gaze for ever on those eyes :
So just, so true, so innocent 's my flame,
That Phaon, did he see it, could not blame.

D A P H N E .

Such generous ends I know you still pursue,
What I can do, be sure I will for you.
If on esteem or pity you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
Those you may have, but cannot have my heart :
And since we now perhaps for ever part,
Such noble thoughts through all your life express,
May make the value more, the pity less.

D A M O N .

D A M O N.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part,
 (Ye Gods! what shivering pains surround my heart!)
 And have one thought to make your pity less?
 Ah Daphne, could I half my pangs express,
 You could not think, though hard as rocks you were,
 Your pity ever could too great appear.
 I ne'er shall be one moment free from pain,
 Till I behold those charming eyes again.
 When gay diversions do your thoughts employ,
 I would not come to interrupt the joy;
 But when from them you some spare moment find,
 Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
 Think with what heart I shall behold the green,
 Where I so oft those charming eyes have seen!
 Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
 When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
 Yet, oh! that little time you have to stay,
 Let me still speak, and gaze my soul away!
 But see my passion that small aid denies;
 Grief stops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes.

E C L O G U E II.

G A L A T E A.

THYRSIS, the gayest one of all the swains,
 Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains;
 While love's mad passion quite devour'd his heart,
 And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his smart;
 Strives

Strives in low numbers, such as shepherds use,
 If not to move her breast, his own amuse.
 You, Chloris, who with scorn refuse to see
 The mighty wounds that you have made on me ;
 Yet cannot sure with equal pride disdain,
 To hear an humble hind of his complain.

Now while the flocks and herds to shades retire,
 While the fierce sun sets all the world on fire ;
 Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
 And to the hills and woods declare my love.
 How small 's the heat ! how easy is the pain
 I feel without, to that I feel within !

Yet scornful Galatea will not hear,
 But from my songs and pipe still turns her ear :
 Not so the sage Corisca, nor the fair
 Climena, nor rich Ægon's only care ;
 From them my songs a just compassion drew ;
 And they shall have them, since contemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaste Cynthia stays,
 And Pan himself, to listen to my lays ?
 Pan, whose sweet pipe has been admir'd so long,
 Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my song :
 Yet Galatea scorns whate'er I say,
 And Galatea's wifer sure than they.

Relentless nymph ! can nothing move your mind ?
 Must you be deaf, because you are unkind ?
 Though you dislike the subject of my lays,
 Yet sure the sweetness of my voice might please.
 It is not thus that you dull Mopfus use ;
 His songs divert you, though you mine refuse :

Yet

Yet I could tell you, fair-one, if I would,
 (And since you treat me thus, methinks I should)
 What the wise Lycon said, when in yon' plain
 He saw him court in hope, and me in vain ;
 Forbear, fond youth, to chace a heedless fair,
 Nor think with well-tun'd verse to please her ear ;
 Seek out some other nymph, nor e'er repine
 That one who likes his songs, should fly from thine.

Ah, Lycon ! ah ! your rage false dangers forms ;
 'Tis not his songs, but 'tis his fortune charms :
 Yet, scornful maid, in time you'll find those toys
 Can yield no real, no substantial joys ;
 In vain his wealth, his titles gain esteem,
 If for all that you are ashamed of him.

Ah, Galatea, would'st thou turn those eyes,
 Would'st thou but once vouchsafe to hear my cries ;
 In such soft notes I would my pains impart,
 As could not fail to move thy rocky heart ;
 With such sweet songs I would thy fame make known,
 As Pan himself might not disdain to own.
 Oh could'st thou, fair-one, but contented be
 To tend the sheep, and chace the hares, with me ;
 To have thy praises echo'd through the groves,
 And pass thy days with one who truly loves :
 Nor let those gaudy toys thy heart surprize,
 Which the fools-envy, and the sage despise.

But Galatea scorns my humble flame,
 And neither asks my fortune, nor my name.
 Of the best cheese my well-stor'd dairy 's full,
 And my soft sheep produce the finest wool ;

The richest wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And smiling crops of grain adorn my field.

Ah, foolish youth! in vain thou boast'st thy store,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopfus still has more.

See whilst thou sing'st, behold her haughty pride,
With what disdain she turns her head aside!

Oh, why would Nature, to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with such an angel's face?

Cease, shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.

While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes resound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!

The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.

Take, shepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks pursue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

E C L O G U E III.

D A M O N .

TAKEN FROM THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

ARISE, O Phosphorus! and bring the day,
While I in sighs and tears consume away;

Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Nisa's love;
And to the gods my vain petitions move:

Though they've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.

Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Arcadia's famous for its spacious plains,
Its whistling pine-trees, and its shady groves,
And often hears the swains lament their loves.

Great

Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
 Who first taught reeds to warble rural notes.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Mopfus weds Nifa! oh, well-fuited pair!
 When he succeeds, what lover can despair?
 After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
 And hounds with hares in friendly consort feed.
 Go, Mopfus, go; provide the bridal cake,
 And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
 In her soft arms thou shalt securely rest,
 Behold, the evening comes to make thee blest!
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh, Nifa, happy in a lovely choice!
 While you with scorn neglect my pipe and voice;
 While you despise my humble songs, my herd,
 My shaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
 While through the plains disdainfully you move,
 And think no shepherd can deserve your love;
 Mopfus alone can the nice virgin win,
 With charming person, and with graceful mien.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal plains,
 I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
 Scarce had you seen the thirteenth spring appear:
 Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
 I gaz'd, and blushes did your charms increase.
 'Tis love, thought I, that 's rising in her breast;
 Alas, your passion, by my own, I grieve;
 Then upon trust I fed the raging pains.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh,

Oh, love! I know thee now; thou ow'st thy birth
 To rocks; some craggy mountain brought thee forth:
 Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Relentless love to bold Medea show'd,
 To stain her guilty hands in children's blood.
 Was she more cruel, or more wicked he?
 He was a wicked counsellor, a cruel mother she.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Now let the screech-owls vie with warbling swans;
 Upon hard oaks let blushing peaches grow,
 And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
 The harmless wolves the ravenous sheep shall shun;
 And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run:
 Let the sea rise, and overflow the plains.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Adieu, ye flocks; no more shall I pursue!
 Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!
 And you, coy nymph, who all my vows disdain,
 Take this last present from a dying swain.
 Since you dislike whate'er in life I said,
 You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
 This leap shall put an end to all my pains.
 Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian strains.

Thus Damon sung while on the cliff he stood,
 Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
 All with united grief the loss bemoan,
 Except the authoress of his fate alone,
 Who hears it with an unrelenting breast.
 Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your scorns at last.

How much foe'er you may the love despise,
'Tis barbarous to insult on one that dies.

E C L O G U E IV.

L Y C O N.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming swains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
Both in the lustre of their blooming youth:
No fullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No passions discompose their souls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as story goes,
Between the youths a fierce dispute arose;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
(Though both deserv'd, yet both despis'd, that praise);
But for a cause of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmost care.
Each swain the prize of beauty strove to gain,
For the bright shepherdes that caus'd his pain.
Lycon they chose, the difference to decide,
Lycon, for prudence and sage counsel try'd;
Who love's mysterious arts had study'd long.
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
For the dispute alternate verse they choose,
Alternate verse delights the rural Muse.

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou justly ow'st the prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.

DAM. Though Sylvia, for herself, love's power defies,
What crowds of vassals has she made to love!

STREP!

STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
Each curl, each flower she wears, a charm exprefs.

DAM. Sylvia, without a foreign aid, inflames;
Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her drefs.

STREP. Have you feen Flavia with her flaxen hair?
She feems an image of the queen of love!

DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.

STREP. Flavia by crouds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who fhall the fair enjoy!

DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!

STREP. Flavia, where-e'er ſhe comes, the fwains ſub-
dues,

And every ſmile ſhe gives conveys a dart.

DAM. Sylvia the fwains with native coldnefs views,
And yet what ſhepherd can defend his heart?

STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an inſtant ſtrike;
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.

DAM. Sylvia's ſoft charms, as ſoon as ſeen, we like;
But ſtill the more we think, we love the more.

STREP. Who is ſo ſtupid, that has Flavia ſeen,
As not to view the nymph with vaſt delight?

DAM. Who has ſeen Sylvia, and ſo ſtupid been,
As to remember any other fight?

STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care ſhe
views

Her charming graces in the cryſtal lakes?

DAM. To ſee hers, Sylvia need no mirrors uſe;
She ſees them by the conqueſts that ſhe makes.

STREP.

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STREP. With what assurance Flavia walks the plains !

She knows the nymphs must all their lovers yield.

DAM. Sylvia with blushes wounds the gazing swains,

And while she strives to fly, she wins the field.

STREP. Flavia at first young Melibœus lov'd ;

For me she did that charming youth forsake.

DAM. Sylvia's relentless heart was never mov'd ;

Gods ! that I might the first impresson make !

STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her ;

What indignation would the charmer show !

DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herself prefer :

There we alone her judgment disallow.

STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare,

Why is this crowded still, and that alone ?

DAM. Because their ways of life so different are ;

Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCON. Shepherds, enough ; now cease your amorous
war ;

Or too much heat may carry both too far ;

I well attended the dispute, and find

Both nymphs have charms, but each in different kind,

Flavia deserves more pains than she will cost ;

As easily got, were she not easily lost.

Sylvia is much more difficult to gain ;

But, once possess'd, will well reward the pain.

We wish them Flavias all, when first we burn ;

But, once possess'd, wish they would Sylvias turn.

And, by the different charms in each express'd,

One we should soonest love, the other best.

E C L O G U E V .

D E L I A .

Lamenting the Death of Mrs. TEMPEST, who
died upon the Day of the great Storm.

YE gentle swains, who pass your days and nights
In Love's sincere and innocent delights !
Ye tender virgins, who with pride display
Your beauty's splendor, and extend your sway !
Lament with me ! with me your sorrows join !
And mingle your united tears with mine !
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore !
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more !
Begin, my Muse ! begin your mournful strains !
Tell the sad tale through all the hills and plains !
Tell it through every lawn and every grove !
Where flocks can wander, or where shepherds rove !
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the distant sea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey !
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore !
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more !
'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse !
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news !
The foaming sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd shore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And stately towers in heaps of ruin mourn !

The

The gentle Thames, that rarely passion knows,
 Swells with this sorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
 What shrieks are heard! what groans! what dying cries!
 Ev'n nature's self in dire convulsions lies!
 Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!
 Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

O! why did I survive the fatal day,
 That snatch'd the joys of all my life away?
 Why was not I beneath some ruin lost?
 Sunk in the seas, or shipwreck'd on the coast?
 Why did the Fates spare this devoted head?
 Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?
 By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd;
 Nor knew I pleasure but as thou wert pleas'd.
 Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?
 What use have I of life, now thou art gone?
 I have no use, alas! but to deplore
 Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!

What living nymph is blest with equal grace?
 All may dispute, but who can fill thy place?
 What lover in his mistress hopes to find
 A form so lovely, with so bright a mind?
 Doris may boast a face divinely fair,
 But wants thy shape, thy motions, and thy air.
 Lucinda has thy shape, but not those eyes,
 That, while they did th' admiring world surprize,
 Disclos'd the secret lustre of the mind,
 And seem'd each lover's inmost thoughts to find.
 Others, whose beauty yielding swains confess,
 By indiscretion make their conquest less,

And want thy conduct and obliging wit
 To fix those slaves who to their chains submit.
 As some rich tyrant hoards an useless store,
 That would, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more :
 So didst thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd
 Would make a thousand other nymphs admir'd.
 Gay, modest, artless, beautiful and young,
 Slow to resolve ; in resolution strong ;
 To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all ;
 None could himself the favour'd lover call :
 That which alone could make his hopes endure,
 Was, that he saw no other swain secure.
 Whither, ah ! whither are those graces fled ?
 Down to the dark, the melancholy shade ?
 Now, shepherds, now lament ! and now deplore !
 Delia is dead, and beauty is no more !

For thee each tuneful swain prepar'd his lays,
 His fame exalting while he sung thy praise.
 Thyrsis, in gay and easy measures, strove
 To charm thy ears, and tune thy soul to love :
 Menalcas, in his numbers more sublime,
 Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme.
 Glycon whose satire kept the world in awe,
 Soften'd his strain, when first thy charms he saw,
 Confess'd the goddess who new-form'd his mind,
 Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
 Cease, shepherd, cease ; the charms you sung are fled,
 The glory of our blasted isle is dead.
 Now join your griefs with mine ! and now deplore
 Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more !

Behold

Behold where now she lies, depriv'd of breath!
 Charming though pale, and beautiful in death!
 A troop of weeping Virgins by her side;
 With all the pomp of woe and sorrows pride!
 O, early lost! O, fitter to be led
 In chearful splendor to the bridal-bed,
 Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,
 A spotless virgin in her beauty's bloom!
 Whatever hopes superior merit gave,
 Let me, at least, embrace thee in the grave;
 On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiss:
 O that thy coynefs could refuse me this!
 Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,
 Shall thaw their numbness, and thy warmth restore,
 Claspt to my glowing breast, thou may'st revive;
 I'll breathe such tender sighs shall make thee live,
 Or, if severer fates that aid deny,
 If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.
 In one cold grave together may be laid
 The truest lover and the loveliest maid.
 Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;
 Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.

But see, those dreadful objects disappear!
 The sun shines out, and all the heavens are clear:
 The warring winds are hush'd, the sea serene;
 And nature, soften'd, shifts her angry scene.
 What means this sudden change? methinks I hear
 Melodious music from the heavenly sphere!
 Listen, ye shepherds, and devour the sound!
 Listen; the faint, the lovely faint, is crown'd!

While we, mistaken in our joy and grief,
 Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief :
 From the pleas'd orbs she views us here below,
 And with kind pity wonders at our woe.

Ah, charming faint! since thou art blest'd above,
 Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love.
 Forgive their tears, who, press'd with grief and care,
 Feel not thy joys, but feel their own despair.

H O R A C E , O D E I I I . B O O K I I I .

I M I T A T E D , 1705.

I.

TH E man that 's resolute and just,
 Firm to his principles and truth,
 Nor hopes nor fears can blind ;
 No passions his designs control,
 Not Love, that tyrant of the soul,
 Can shake his steady mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
 Nor threatenings of a court enrag'd,
 Nor storms where fleets despair ;
 Not thunder pointed at his head ;
 The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
 Not touch his soul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory rose,
 By this the Romans aw'd their foes ;
 Of this their poets sing.

These

These were the paths their heroes trod,
 These acts made Hercules a god ;
 And great Nassau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,
 Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
 With blackening storms combin'd.
 " Virtue, he cry'd, will force its way ;
 " The wind may for a while delay,
 " Not alter our design.

V.

" The men whom selfish hopes inflame,
 " Or vanity allures to fame,
 " May be to fears betray'd :
 " But here a church for succour flies,
 " Insulted law expiring lies,
 " And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

" Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
 " I come, the wounded heart to heal,
 " The wounded hand to bind :
 " See tools of arbitrary sway,
 " And priests, like locusts, scout away
 " Before the western wind.

VII.

" Law shall again her force resume ;
 " Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
 " With brighter rays advance.
 " The British fleet shall rule the deep,
 " The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,
 " Strike terror into France.

VIII.

VIII.

- " Nor shall these promises of fate
 " Be limited to my short date :
 " When I from cares withdraw,
 " Still shall the British sceptre stand,
 " Still flourish in a female hand,
 " And to mankind give law.

IX.

- " She shall domestic foes unite,
 " Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,
 " Whole armies drag her chain :
 " She shall lost Italy restore,
 " Shall make th' imperial eagle soar,
 " And give a king to Spain.

X.

- " But know, these promises are given,
 " These great rewards impartial heaven
 " Does on these terms decree ;
 " That, strictly punishing mens faults,
 " You let their consciences and thoughts
 " Rest absolutely free.

XI.

- " Let no false politicks confine,
 " In narrow bounds, your vast design
 " To make mankind unite ;
 " Nor think it a sufficient cause
 " To punish man by penal laws,
 " For not believing right.

XII.

- " Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind ;
 " Rome's sons shall your compassion find,
 " Who ne'er compassion knew,

" By

“ By nobler actions theirs condemn :
 “ For what has been reproach’d in them,
 “ Can ne’er be prais’d in you.”

• XIII.

These subjects suit not with the lyre ;
 Muse ! to what height dost thou aspire,
 Pretending to rehearse
 The thoughts of gods, and god-like kings ?
 Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
 By mean ignoble verse.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED, 1703.

An Imitation of the FOURTH ECLOGUE of
 VIRGIL:

Supposed to have been taken from a Sibylline Prophecy.

“ ——— Paulò majora canamus.”

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier flight ;
 Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight :
 Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
 Make your shades fit for able statesmens view.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
 Restoring the Saturnian age of gold ;
 The vile, degenerate, whiggish offspring ends,
 A high-church progeny from heaven descends.

O learned

O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains
To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley
reigns.

And thou great Scarfdale, darling of this land,
Dost foremost in that fam'd commission stand ;
Whose deep remarks the listening world admires,
By whose auspicious care old Ranelagh expires.
Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind ;
You punish men for crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates shall now like holy synods be,
And holy synods senate-like agree.
Monmouth and Mostyn here instruct the youth,
There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the sacred truth.
Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim,
Through wide West-Saxon realms extend their fame ;
There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
Nor treat their bishops in a human way.

Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
Harley shall cease to trick, and Seymour cease to rail :
The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with distant care,
Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear :
Pacific admirals, to save the fleet,
Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet :
Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost,
And honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.

Brereton and Burnaby the court shall grace,
 And Howe shall not disdain to share a place.
 Forgotten Molyneux and Mason now
 Revive and shine again in Fox and Howe.

But as they stronger grow and mend their strain,
 By choice examples of King Charles's reign;
 Bold Bellasis and patriot D'Avenant then,
 One shall employ the sword, and one the pen:
 Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
 The tool of faction shall to peace invite,
 And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.

Yet still some Whigs among the peers are found,
 Like brambles flourishing in barren ground.
 Somers maliciously employs his care
 To make the lords the legislature share.
 Burnet declares how French dragooning rose,
 And bishops persecuting bills oppose:
 Till Rochester's * cool temper shall be fir'd,
 And North's and Nottingham's strong reasonings
 admir'd.

But when due time their counsels shall mature,
 And fresh removes have made the game secure;
 When Somerset and Devonshire give place
 To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace
 Both converts great; when justice is refin'd,
 And corporations garbled to their mind;
 Then passive doctrines shall with glory rise,
 Before them hated moderation flies,
 And anti-christian toleration dies.

* Bishop Sprat.

Granvil

Granville shall seize the long-expected chair,
 Godolphin to some country seat repair ;
 Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd,
 And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his just
 reward.

France, that this happy change so wisely has begun,
 Shall bless the great design, and bid it smoothly run.
 Come on, young James's friends, this is the time,
 come on ;

Receive just honours, and surround the throne.
 Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
 Hedges now rules the state, and Rooke the main.
 Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
 And troops are trusted to your own Gerhard.
 The faithful club assembles at the Vine,
 And French intrigues are broach'd o'er English wine.
 Freely the senate the design proclaims,
 Affronting William, and applauding James.
 Good ancient members, with a solemn face,
 Propose that safety give to order place ;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by expedients ineffectual made.
 Ev'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court cares,
 Exalt its praises, but its power depress ;
 And, that impartial justice may be seen,
 Confirm to friends what they refus'd the Queen.
 Bishops who most advanc'd good James's cause
 In church and state, now reap deserv'd applause :
 While those who rather made the Tower their choice,
 Are styl'd unchristian by the nation's voice.

Avow'dly

Avow'dly now St. David's cause they own,
 And James's votes for simony atone.
 Archbishop Ken shall from Long-Leat be drawn,
 While firm Nonjurors from behind stand crouding for
 the lawn.

And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
 Shalt fail to Lambeth in his Grace's barge.

See by base rebels James the Just betray'd,
 See his three realms by vile usurpers sway'd ;
 Then see with joy his lawful heir restor'd,
 And erring nations own their injur'd lord.

O would kind heaven so long my life maintain,
 Inspiring raptures worthy such a reign !
 Not Thracian Saint John should with me contend,
 Nor my sweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend :
 Not though young D'Avenant, Saint John should protect,
 Or the shrewd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct.
 Nay, should Tredenham in St. Mawes compare his
 songs to mine,
 Tredenham, though St. Mawes were judge, his laurel
 should resign.

Prepare, auspicious youth, thy friends to meet ;
 Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.
 Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
 In times of danger still this chief confin'd)
 Now send the gout, the hero to disgrace,
 Honest George Churchill may supply his place,

* Rooke.

C O N-

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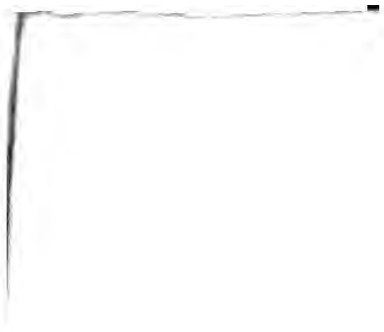
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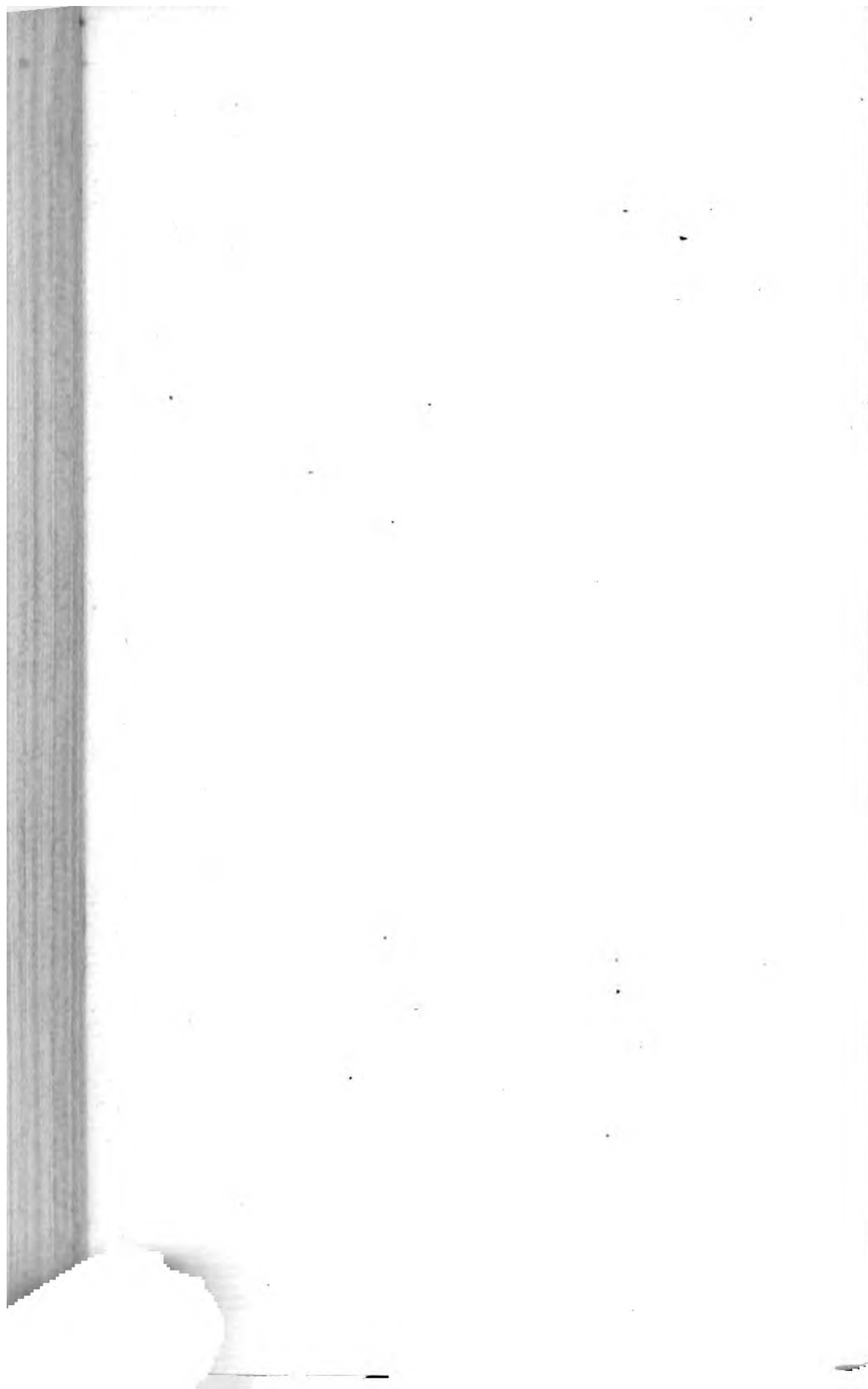
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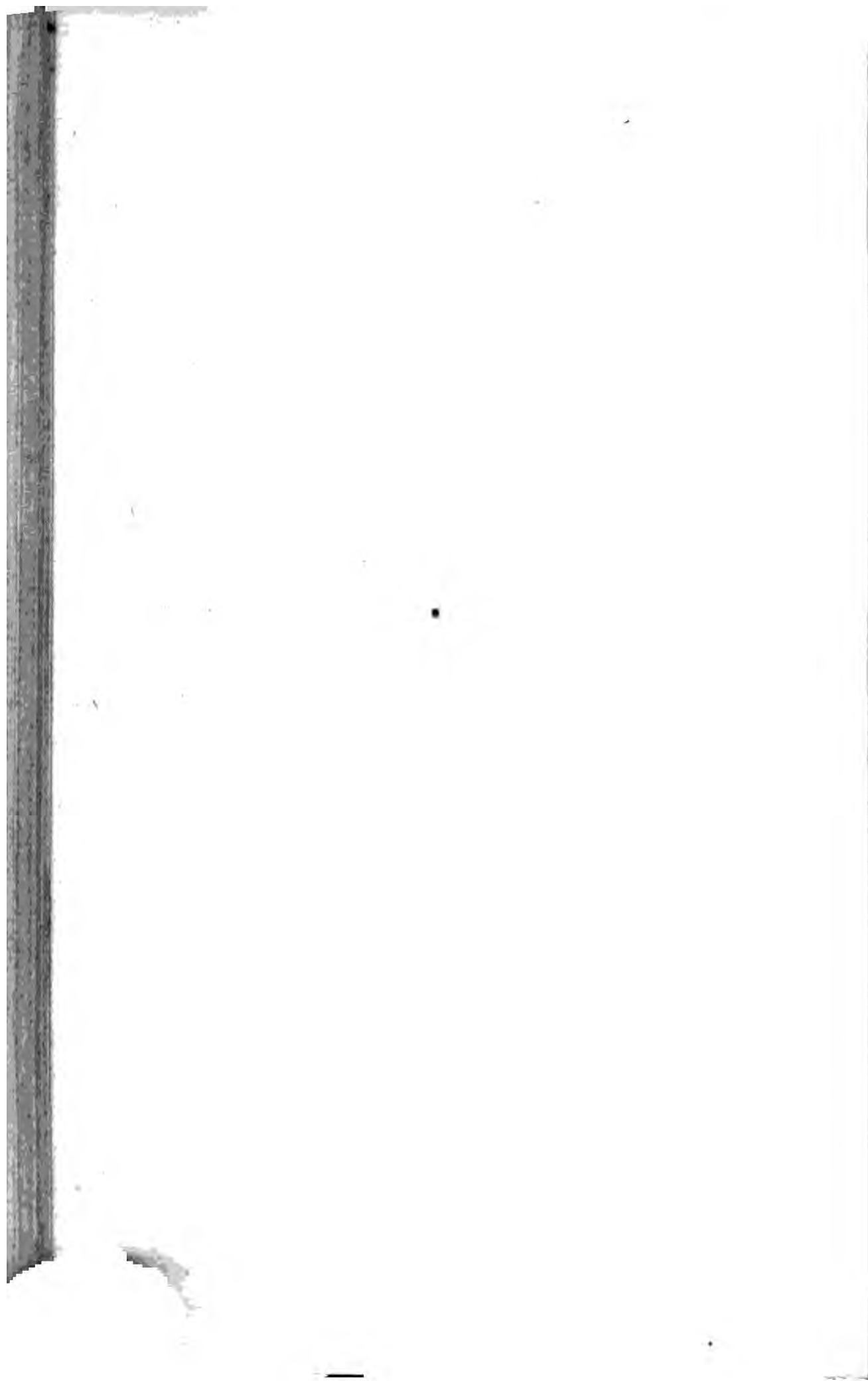
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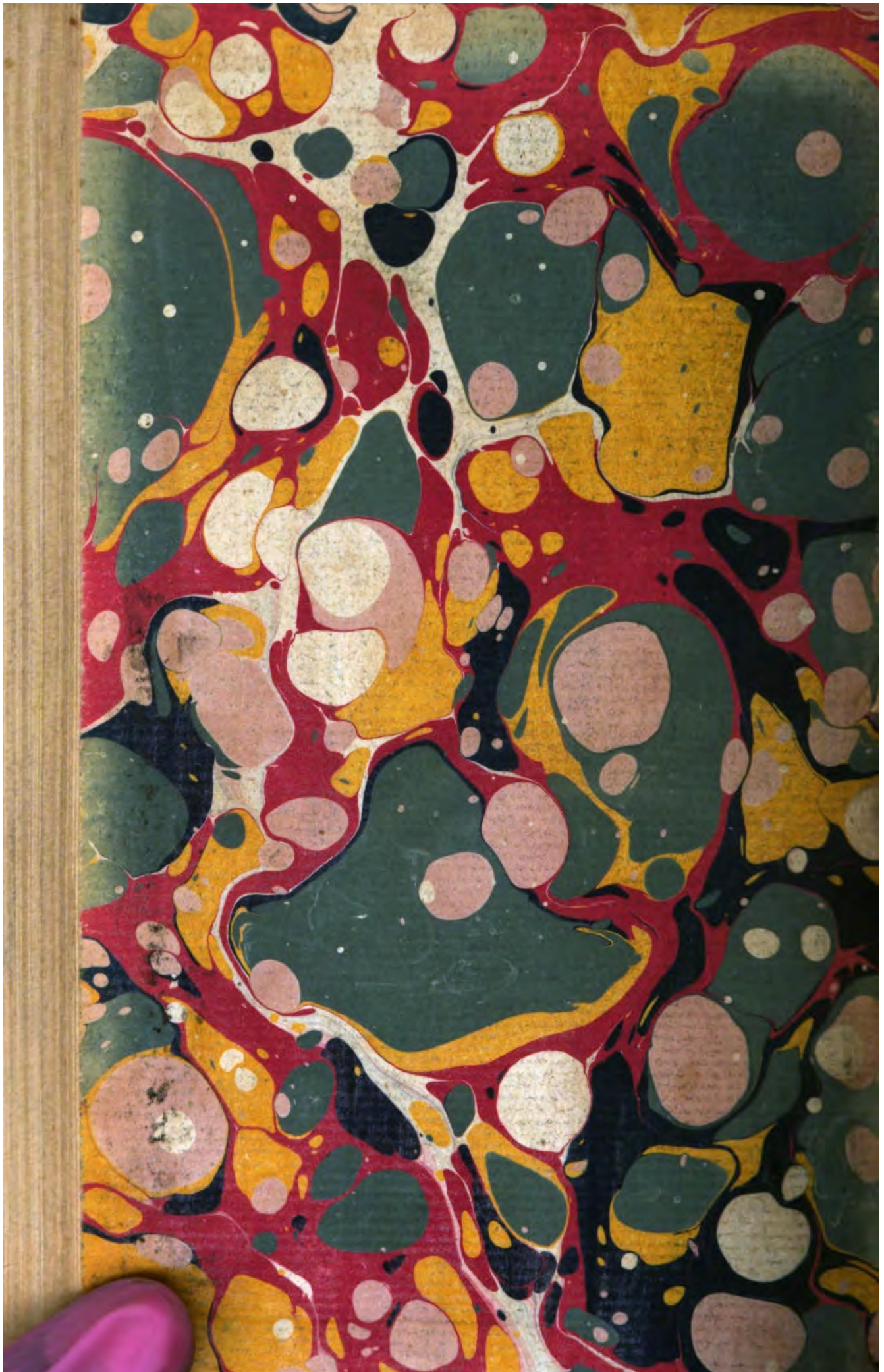


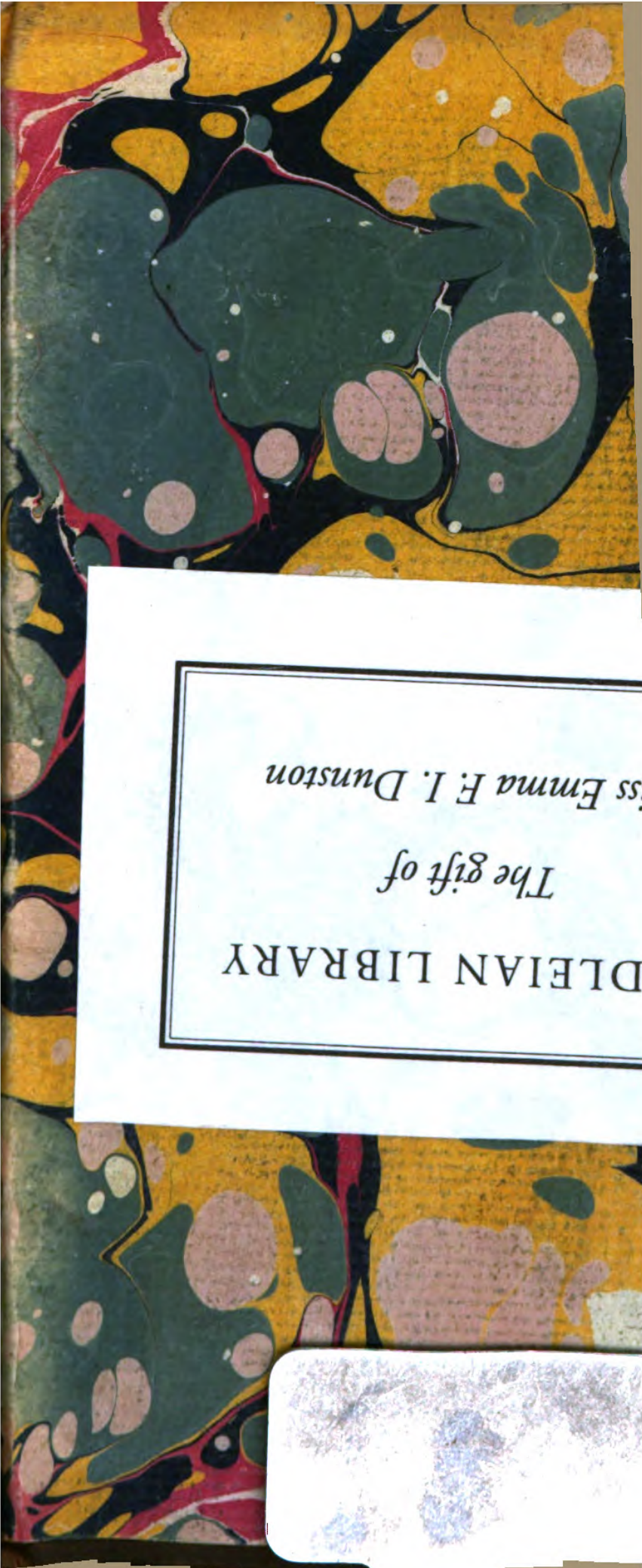












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