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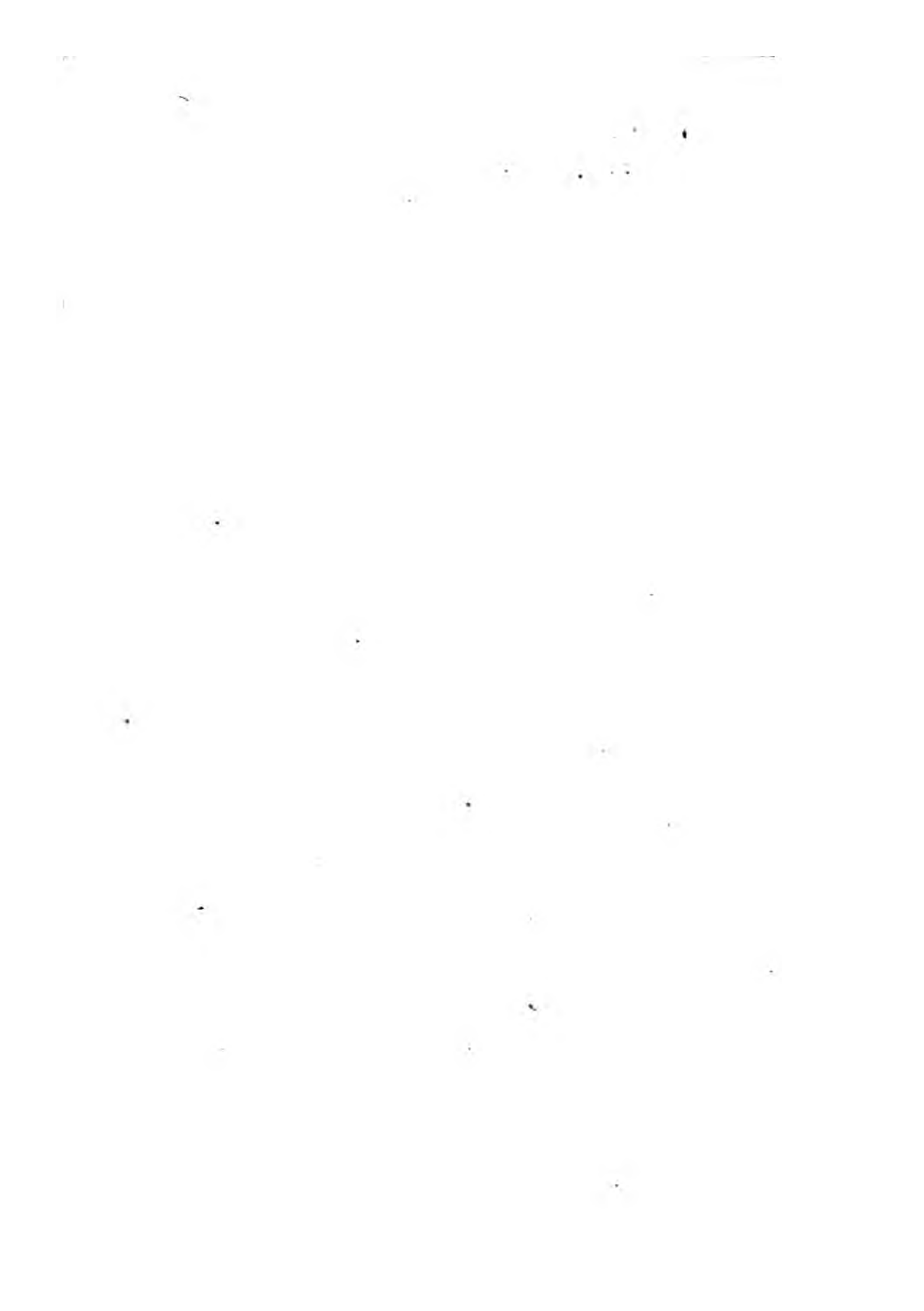
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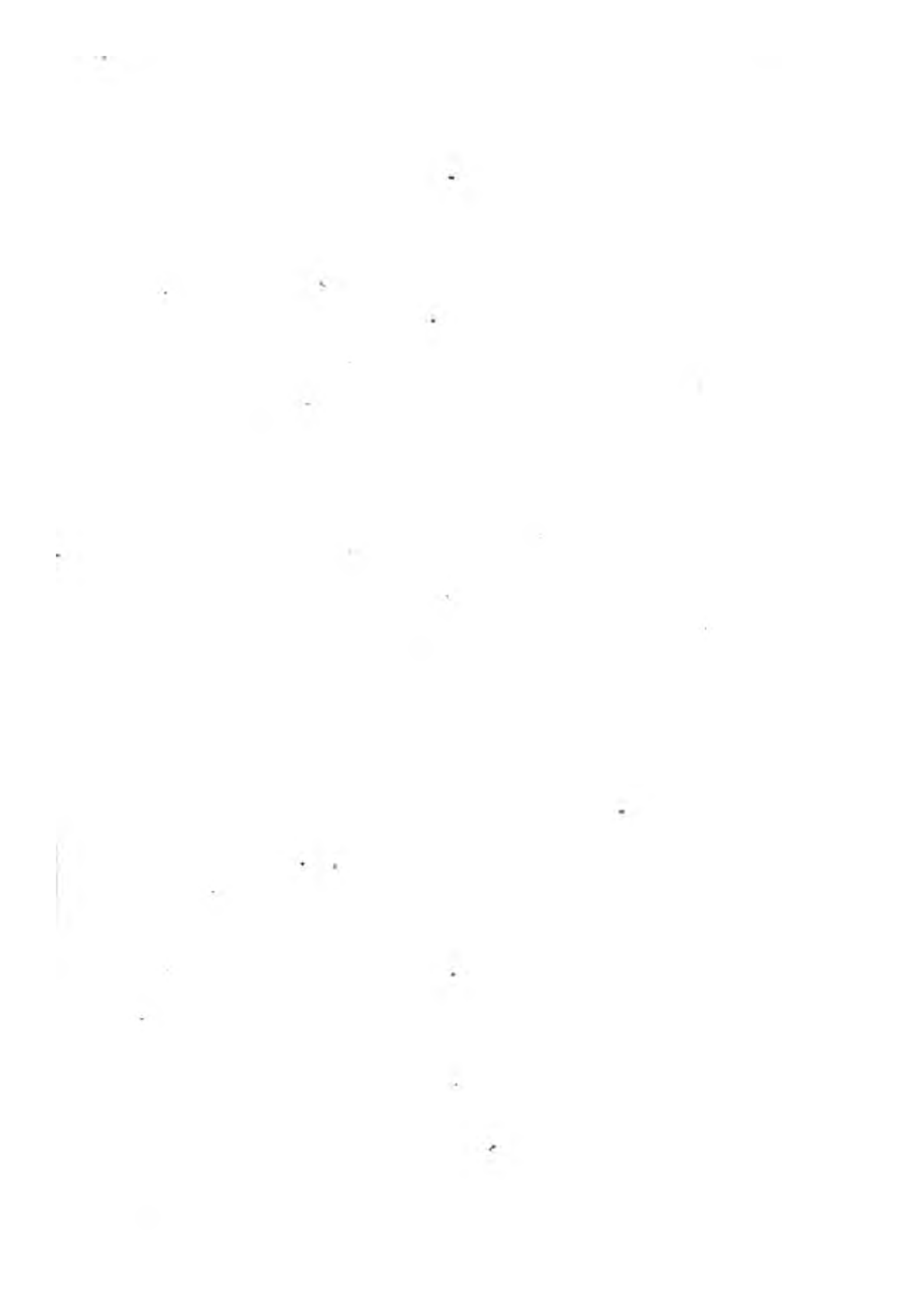
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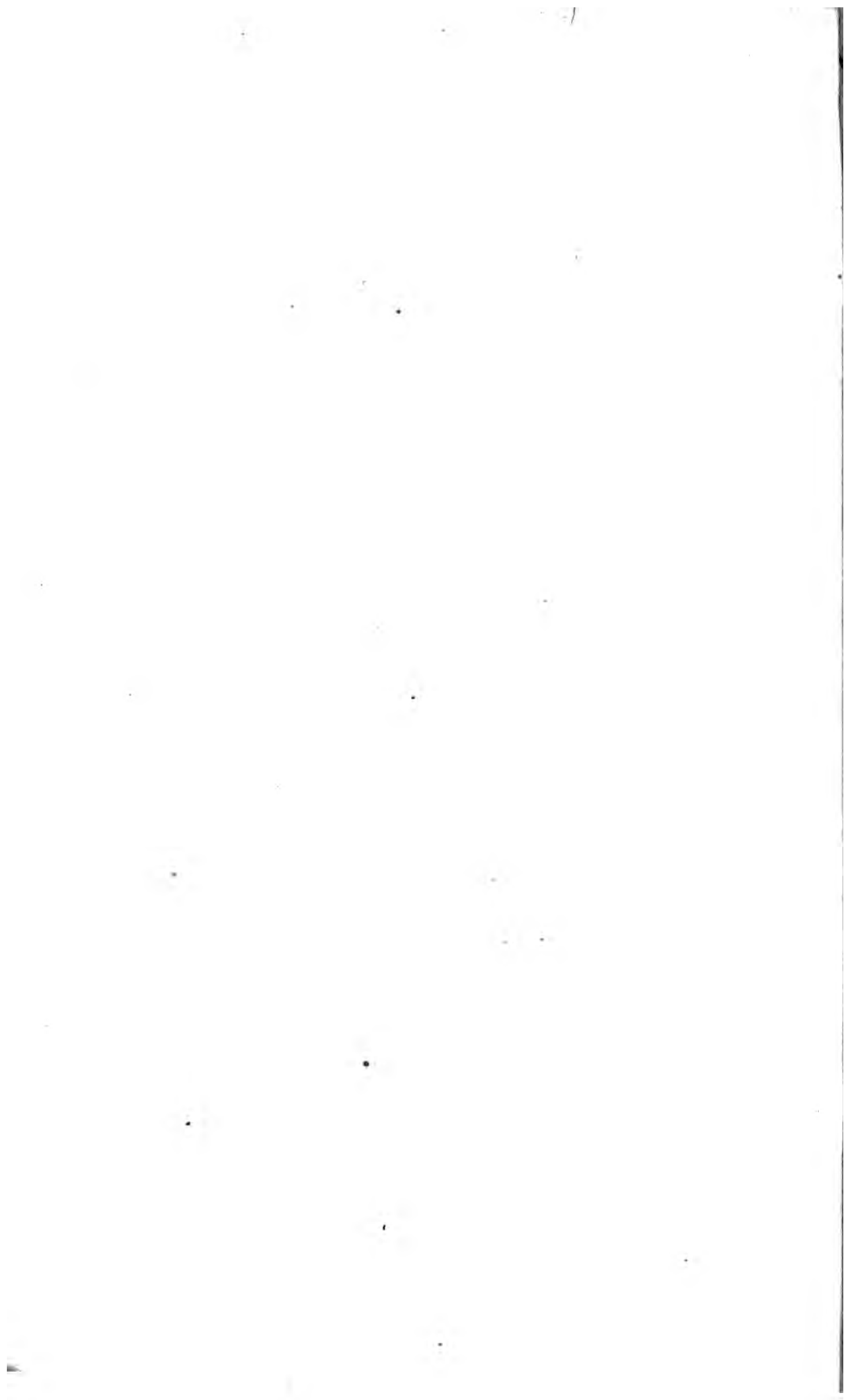


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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

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

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

L O N D O N:

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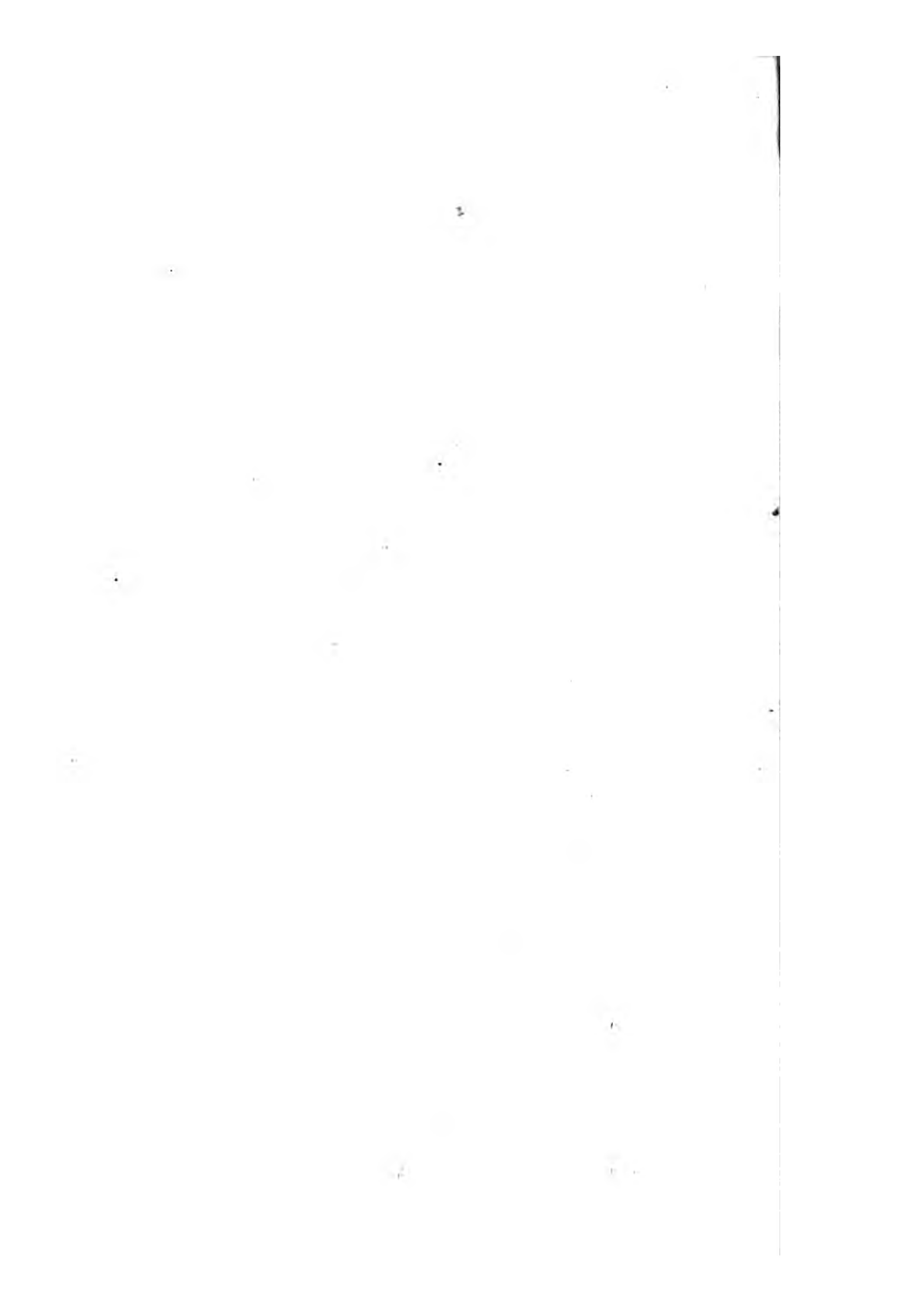






J. M. Delaune sculp.

THE
P O E M S
O F
R O W E
A N D
T I C K E L L.



[1]

P O E M S.

BY

MR. NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I HOPE the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the Author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the Author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

B

FIRST

When fools and lyars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.

This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern ;

Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,

To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.

Of good and ill by words or deeds exprest,

Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.

65

}

70

Let wary thought each enterprize forerun,

And ponder on thy task before begun,

Left folly should the wretched work deface,

And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.

Fools huddle on, and always are in haste,

75

Act without thought, and thoughtless words they waste.

But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares

Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs ;

That sorrow on the end may never wait,

Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.

80

Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try,

That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie ;

But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought

To search the profitable knowledge out.

So joys on joys for ever shall increase,

Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless

Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace.

}

Nor let the body want its part, but share

A just proportion of thy tender care :

For health and welfare prudently provide,

And let its lawful wants be all supply'd.

90

Let

THE GOLDEN VERSES. 5

Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
 Decaying nature's wasted force repair;
 And sprightly exercise the duller spirits chear. }
 In all things still which to this care belong,
 Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong. 95

By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,
 Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
 The glancing curse of her malicious eye.

Seek not in needless luxury to waste 100
 Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste.
 Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy mind,
 Prone to extremes, an equal danger find, }
 And be to sordid avaricé inclin'd.

Distant alike from each, to neither lean, 105
 But ever keep the happy Golden Mean.

Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
 And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.

Let not the stealing God of Sleep surprize,
 Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes, 110
 Ere every action of the former day
 Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
 With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,
 And answer justly to thy own demand.

Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd? 115
 What good or ill has this day's life express'd?
 Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
 In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?
 Inquire severe what-e'er from first to last,
 From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has past. 120

6 R O W E ' S P O E M S .

If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
 And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn.
 If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
 And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
 Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.

These thoughts, and chiefly these thy mind should
 move,

Employ thy study, and engage thy love.
 These are the rules which will to Virtue lead,
 And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
 This by his name I swear, whose sacred lore
 First to mankind explain'd the mystic Four,
 Source of eternal nature and almighty power.

In all thou dost first let thy prayers ascend,
 And to thy gods thy labours first commend:
 From them implore success, and hope a prosperous end.
 So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,
 And wisdom in her secret ways explore;
 To range through heaven above and earth below,
 Immortal gods and mortal men to know.

So shalt thou learn what power does all control, 140
 What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole:
 And rightly judge, in all this wondrous frame,
 How universal Nature is the same;
 So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
 On hopes of what shall never come to pass. 145

Man, wretched man, thou shalt be taught to know,
 Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.
 Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
 How near their good and happiness they dwell.

Depriv'd

THE GOLDEN VERSES. 7

Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see;
 Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,
 But stupid, to their own sad fate agree:
 Like ponderous rolling-stones, oppress'd with ill,
 The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,
 Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
 For native strife in every bosom reigns,
 And secretly an impious war maintains:
 Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
 And every yielding passion sue for peace.

Would'st thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,
 Reveal the Dæmon for that task assign'd,
 The wretched race an end of woes would find.
 And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
 And of the gods celestial essence part.

Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd, 165
 But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd.
 These if to know thou happily attain,
 Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
 Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore,
 And free from every pain she felt before. 170

Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
 So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul;
 So rightly judge; thy reason so maintain;
 Reason which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
 Let that best reason ever hold the rein.

Then if this mortal body thou forsake,
 And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,
 Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,
 Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
 The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave,
 And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.

A P O E M

O N

THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESES, &c.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counsels wait,
 And Anna trusts to thee the British state;
 While fame, to thee, from every foreign coast,
 Flies with the news of empires won and lost,
 Relates whate'er her busy eyes beheld, 5
 And tells the fortune of each bloody field;
 While, with officious duty, crowds attend,
 To hail the labours of thy god-like friend,
 Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler joy to hear;
 For sacred numbers shall be still thy care; 10
 Though mean the verse, though lowly be the strain,
 Though least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful
 train,

Yet rise, neglected nymph, avow thy flame, }
 Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim }
 To make thy numbers equal to thy theme. }
 From heaven derive thy verse; to heaven belong
 The counsels of the wise, and battles of the strong.
 To heaven the royal Anna owes, alone,
 The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
 Thence is her justice wretches to redress, 20
 Thence is her mercy and her love of peace;

ON THE QUEEN'S SUCCESS.

Thence is her power, her sceptre uncontrol'd,
To bend the stubborn, and repress the bold ;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,
To heal their breaches, and to sooth their rage ; 25
Thence is that happy prudence, which presides
In each design, and every action guides ;
Thence is she taught her shining court to grace,
And fix the worthiest in the worthiest place,
To trust at home Godolphin's watchful care, 30
And send victorious Churchill forth to war.

Arise, ye nations rescued by her sword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Arise, and join the heroine to bless,
Behold she sends to save you from distress ; 35
Rich is the royal bounty she bestows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and safety from your foes.

And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, disdain
To wear inflav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
For see ! the British genius comes, to cheer 40
Thy fainting sons, and kindle them to war.

With her own glorious fires their souls she warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
Unhappy land ! the foremost once in fame,
Once lifting to the stars thy noble name, 45
In arts excelling, and in arms severe,

The western kingdoms' envy, and their fear :
Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour, and thy first renown ?
How art thou sunk among the nations now !
How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And dropt the warrior's wreath inglorious from thy }
brow !

Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
 The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,
 But, oft, alternate, made the victors yield, 55
 And prov'd their might in many a well-fought field ;
 Bold in defence of liberty they stood,
 And doubly dy'd their crosses in Moorish blood :
 Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd,
 The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd. 60
 Then every nobler thought their minds did move,
 And those who fought for freedom, figh'd for love.
 Like one, those sacred flames united live,
 At once they languish, and once revive ;
 Alike they shun the coward and the slave, 65
 But bless the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
 Nor frown, ye fair, nor think my verse untrue ;
 Though we disdain that man should man subdue,
 Yet all the free-born race are slaves alike to you. }

Yet, once again that glory to restore, 70
 The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore.
 With echoing peals, at Anna's high command,
 Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land ;
 High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
 Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining sword ;
 His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
 Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe :
 With joy he reads, in every warrior's face,
 Some happy omen of a sure success ;
 Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand, 80
 And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.

Nor fate denies, what first his wishes name,
 Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,

With

With the first laurel binds his youthful brows,
 And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath bestows.
 But soon the equal of his youthful years,
 Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears ;
 Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
 (If glory can be in a tyrant's race)
 In numbers proud, he threatens no more from far, 90
 But nearer draws the black impending war ;
 He views his host, then scorns the rebel town,
 And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.

Now fame and empire, all the nobler spoils
 That urge the hero, and reward his toils, 95
 Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
 And fire their breasts with more than mortal rage.
 Not lawless love, not vengeance, nor despair,
 So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are, }
 As when ambition prompts the great to war ;
 As youthful kings, when, striving for renown,
 They prove their might in arms, and combat for a crown.

Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long
 Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung ;
 Till, forc'd at length, disdain'd much to yield, 105
 Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
 Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
 And ev'n the British valour seems to fail ;
 And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
 Conscious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
 They vow the youthful monarch's fate to share,
 Above distress, unconquer'd by despair,
 Still to defend the town, and animate the war.

110

But

But lo! when every better hope was past,
 When every day of danger seem'd their last, 115
 Far on the distant ocean, they survey,
 Where a proud navy plows its watery way.
 Nor long they doubted, but with joy descry,
 Upon the chief's tall top-masts waving high, }
 The British cross and Belgic lion fly.
 Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
 Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air ;
 In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,
 Spread swift, and rattle through the spacious skies ;
 While, from below, old ocean groans profound, }
 The walls, the rocks, the shores, repel the sound, }
 Ring with the deafening shock, and thunder all around. }
 Such was the joy the Trojan youth express'd
 Who, by the fierce Rutilian's siege distress'd, }
 Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd ; }
 When young Ascanius, then in arms first try'd, }
 Numbers and every other want supply'd, }
 And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd ; }
 Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
 And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome. 135

But oh! what verse, what numbers, shall reveal
 Those pangs of rage and grief the vanquish'd feel!
 Who shall retreating Philip's shame impart,
 And tell the anguish of his labouring heart!
 What paint, what speaking pencil, shall express 140
 The blended passions striving in his face!
 Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorse,
 With thoughts of glory past, the loser's greatest curse.

Fatal

ON THE QUEEN'S SUCCESS.

13

Fatal ambition ! say what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms !

145

When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleasure, pays not half thy pain.

All hail ! ye softer, happier arts of peace,

150

Secur'd from harms, and blest with learned ease ;
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unskill'd,

Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field ;

But chief, thee, Goddess Muse ! my verse would raise,

And to thy own soft numbers tune thy praise ;

155

Happy the youth inspir'd, beneath thy shade,

Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid !

There, safe, no pleasures, there no pains they know,

But those which from thy sacred raptures flow,

Nor wish for crowns, but what thy groves bestow.

Me, nymph divine ! nor scorn my humble prayer,

Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care,

Doom'd to a gentler, though more lowly, fate,

Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be great ;

Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring,

Where secret thy celestial sisters sing,

Past by their sacred hill, and sweet Castalian spring.

But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,

And raise his heart with high triumphant joy ;

From hence a better course of time rolls on,

170

And whiter days successive seem to run.

From hence his kinder fortune seems to date

The rising glories of his future state,

From

From hence!---But oh! too soon the hero mourns
 His hopes deceiv'd, and war's inconstant turns. 175
 In vain, his echoing trumpets loud alarms
 Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
 Careless of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
 In sullen sloth supinely proud they fate;
 Or to be slaves or free alike prepar'd, 180
 And trusting heaven was bound to be their guard,
 Untouch'd with shame, the noble strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the field;
 But sought in the cold shade, and rural seat,
 An unmolested ease and calm retreat: 185
 Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
 Then with a lazy dull indifference
 Turn'd to their rest, and left the world to chance. }
 So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
 Thaumantian Iris left the realms above, 190
 And swift descending on her painted bow,
 Sought the dull god of sleep in shades below;
 Nodding and slow, his drowsy head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred message heard;
 Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain, 195
 And sunk to his first sloth and indolence again.
 But oh, my Muse! th' ungrateful toil forsake,
 Some task more pleasing to thy numbers take,
 Nor choose in melancholy strains to tell
 Each harder chance the juster cause besel. 200
 Or rather turn, auspicious turn thy flight,
 Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
 Where highest deeds the poet's breast inspire
 With rage divine, and fan the sacred fire.

See I

ON THE QUEEN'S SUCCESS. 15

See! where at once Ramillia's noble field 205
Ten thousand themes for living verse shall yield.
See! where at once the dreadful objects rise, }
At once they spread before my wondering eyes, }
And shock my labouring soul with vast surprize; }
At once the wide extended battles move, 210
At once they join, at once their fate they prove.
The roar ascends promiscuous; groans and cries, }
The drums, the cannons' burst, the shout, supplies }
One universal anarchy of noise. }
One din confus'd, found mixt and lost in sound, 215
Echoes to all the frighted cities round.
Thick dust and smoke in wavy clouds arise,
Stain the bright day, and taint the purer skies;
While flashing flames like lightening dart between, 220
And fill the horror of the fatal scene.
Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
Hate, fury, and insatiate slaughter roam;
Discord with pleasure o'er the ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds; 225
While fierce Bellona thunders in her car, }
Shakes terrible her steely whip from far, }
And with new rage revives the fainting war. }
So when two currents rapid in their course
Rush to a point, and meet with equal force, 230
The angry billows rear their heads on high, }
Dashing aloft the foaming surges fly, }
And rising cloud the air with misty spray; }
The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
By listening shepherds on the distant shore, 235
While much they fear, what ills it should portend,
And wonder why the watery gods contend.

High in the midst, Britannia's warlike chief,
 Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,
 Is seen to press where death and dangers call,
 Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest fall,
 He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul. }
 Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms,
 And animates the social warriors' arms,
 Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold, 245
 Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
 In forms divine around him watchful wait
 The guardian genii of the British state;
 Justice and Truth his steps unerring guide,
 And faithful Loyalty defends his side; 250
 Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard,
 And pleasing Liberty his labours cheer'd;
 But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
 The union-cross his silver shield did bear, }
 And in his decent hand he shook a warlike spear.
 While Victory celestial soars above,
 Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
 Hangs o'er the chief, whom she delights to bless,
 And ever arms his sword with sure success,
 Dooms him the proud oppressor to destroy, 260
 Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
 Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
 Or such the * painter did the hero feign,
 Where rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,
 With graceful ardor, and majestic pride, }
 With all the gods of Greece and fortune on his side. }
 Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
 Labours the fight unequal to maintain;

* Le Brun.

ON THE QUEEN'S SUCCESS.

17

He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
 Shall share the shame, and in one ruin fall ; 270
 Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
 And heaven contending on the victor's side ;
 Then mourns his rash ambition's crime too late,
 And yields reluctant to the force of fate.

So when Æneas, through night's gloomy shade,
 The dreadful forms of hostile gods survey'd,
 Hopeless he left the burning town and fled :
 Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
 Or save what heaven had destin'd to destroy.

}

What vast reward, O Europe, shalt thou pay, 280
 To him who sav'd thee on this glorious day !
 Bless him, ye grateful nations, where he goes,
 And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.

In every land, in every city freed,
 Let the proud column rear its marble head,
 To Marlborough and Liberty decreed ;
 Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raise,
 To teach your wondering sons the hero's praise ;
 To him your skilful bards their verse shall bring,
 For him the tuneful voice be taught to sing,
 The breathing pipe shall swell, shall sound the trem-
 bling string.

}

}

O happy thou ! where peace for ever smiles,
 Britannia ! noblest of the ocean's isles,
 Fair queen ! who dost amidst thy waters reign,
 And stretch thy empire o'er the farthest main : 295
 What transports in thy parent bosom roll'd,
 When fame at first the pleasing story told !

How didst thou lift thy towery front on high !
 Not meanly conscious of a mother's joy,
 Proud of thy son as Crete was of her Jove,
 How wert thou pleas'd heaven did thy choice approve, }
 And fixt success where thou hast fixt thy love !
 How with regret his absence didst thou mourn !
 How with impatience wait his wisht return !
 How were the winds accus'd for his delay !
 How didst thou chide the gods who rule the sea, }
 And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way ! }
 At length he comes, he ceases from his toil,
 Like kings of old returning from the spoil ;
 To Britain and his queen for ever dear, 310
 He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to share ;
 Lowly he kneels before the royal seat,
 And lays its proudest wreaths at Anna's feet.
 While, form'd alike for labours or for ease,
 In camps to thunder, or in courts to please, 315
 Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,
 In all his dangers, all his triumphs, share.
 Conquering he lends the well-pleas'd fair new grace,
 And adds fresh lustre to each beauteous face ;
 Britain preserv'd by his victorious arms, }
 With wondrous pleasure each fair bosom warms, }
 Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms. }
 Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauty's store }
 So rich she seem'd incapable of more, }
 Now shines with graces never known before ; }
 Fierce with transporting joy she seems to burn,
 And each soft feature takes a sprightly turn ;

ON THE QUEEN'S SUCCESS.

19

New flames are seen to sparkle in her eyes,
 And on her blooming cheek fresh roses rise ;
 The pleasing passion heightens each bright hue, 330
 And seems to touch the finish'd piece anew,
 Improves what nature's bounteous hand had given,
 And mends the fairest workmanship of heaven.

Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
 But spreads to all the grateful people round ; 335
 Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
 To tend the flocks and turn the mellow soil,
 In homely guise their honest hearts express,
 And blefs the warrior who protects the peace,
 Who keeps the foe aloof' and drives afar 340
 The dreadful ravage of the wasting war.

No rude destroyer cuts the ripening crop,
 Prevents the harvest, and deludes their hope ;
 No helpless wretches fly with wild amaze,
 Look weeping back, and see their dwellings blaze ; 345
 The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
 Nor hear the threats of the insulting foe,
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
 The chearful voice of mirth is heard to sound, }
 And Plenty doles her various bounties round, }
 The humble village, and the wealthy town,
 Consenting join their happiness to own :
 What heaven and Anna's gentlest reign afford,
 All is secur'd by Marlborough's conquering sword.

O sacred, ever honour'd name ! O thou ! 355
 That wert our greatest William once below !
 What place so'er thy virtues now possess
 Near the bright source of everlasting blifs,

Where-e'er exalted to ethereal height,
 Radiant with stars, thou tread'st the fields of light, 360
 Thy seats divine, thy heaven a-while forsake,
 And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight
 To hear the fortune of the glorious fight, }
 How fail'd oppression, and prevail'd the right.
 What once below, such still thy pleasures are,
 Europe and Liberty are still thy care ;
 Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind }
 Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
 Is still the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind. }
 Behold where Marlborough, thy last best gift,
 At parting to thy native Belgia left,
 Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
 Thy watchful counsels, and laborious wars ;
 Like thee, aspires by virtue to renown, }
 Fights to secure an empire not his own, }
 Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown. }
 At length thy prayer, O pious prince ! is heard, 380
 Heaven has at length in its own cause appear'd
 At length Ramillia's field atones for all
 The faithless breaches of the perjur'd Gaul ;
 At length a better age to man decreed, }
 With truth, with peace, and justice, shall succeed ; }
 Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed. }
 One triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,
 Another vengeance yet the Gaul shall find ;
 On Lombard plains, beyond his Alpine hills,
 Louis the force of hostile Britain feels : 390

ON THE QUEEN'S SUCCESS.

217

Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,
 And distant wars her wealthy sons supply :
 From slow unactive courts, they grieve to hear
 Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
 By tedious languishing delays is held 395
 Repining, and impatient, from the field ;
 While factious statesmen riot in excess,
 And lazy priests whole provinces possess,
 Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
 And the starv'd soldier sues for bread in vain ; 400
 At once with generous indignation warn,
 Britain the treasure sends, and bids the hero arm,
 Straight eager to the field, he speeds away,
 There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay }
 The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day :
 Cheer'd by the presence of the chief they love,
 Once more their fate the warriors long to prove ;
 Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head,
 Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead ;
 Again their crests the German eagles rear, 410
 Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air ;
 Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
 And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
 The chief commands, and soon in dread array
 Onwards the moving legions urge their way ; 415
 With hardy marches and successful haste,
 O'er every barrier fortunate they pass'd, }
 Which nature or the skilful foe had plac'd.
 The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
 To mark which way the wary leader bends, 420

Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wise,
 Lurks where tall woods and thickest coverts rise,
 And meanly hopes a conquest from surprize.
 Now with swift horse the plain around them beats,
 And oft advances, and as oft retreats; 425
 Now fix'd to wait the coming force, he seems,
 Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams;
 While river-gods in vain exhaust their store;
 From plenteous urns the gushing torrents pour,
 Rise o'er their utmost margins to the plain, 430
 And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain;
 Alike they pass the plain and closer wood,
 Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood,
 Unshaken still pursue the stedfast course,
 And where they want their way, they find it or they force.

But anxious thoughts Savoy's great Prince infest,
 And roll ill-boding in his careful breast;
 Oft he revolves the ruins of the great,
 And sadly thinks on lost Bavaria's fate,
 The hapless mark of fortune's cruel sport,
 An exile, meanly forc'd to beg support
 From the slow bounties of a foreign court. }
 Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his last retreat,
 His glory once and empire's ancient seat,
 He sees from far where wide destructions spread, 445
 And fiery showers the goodly town invade,
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state,
 And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate.

But great Eugene prevents his every fear,
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there; 450
 Not

Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
 Nor all the Gallic powers his promis'd aid delay.
 Like truth itself unknowing how to fail,
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
 Thus ever certain does the fun appear, 455

Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
 Thus constant to his course sets out at morn,
 Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is born, }
 And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.

Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
 Their friendly succour for the brave prepare, }
 And on the foe united bend the war.

O'er the steep trench and ramparts guarded height,
 At once they rush, and drive the rapid flight;
 With idle arms the Gallic legions seem 465

To stem the rage of the resistless stream;
 At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the field;
 Resistance ceases, and 'tis war no more,
 At once the vanquish'd own the victor's power; 470

Throughout the field, where-e'er they turn their fight,
 'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight;
 Swift to their rescued friends their joys they bear,
 With life and liberty at once they cheer, }
 And save them in the moment of despair.

So timely to the aid of sinking Rome,
 With active haste did great Camillus come:
 So to the Capitol he forc'd his way,
 So from the proud Barbarians snatch'd his prey, }
 And sav'd his country in one signal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis cease!
 And leave at length the labouring world in peace,
 Lest heaven disclose some yet more fatal scene,
 Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin ;
 Lest from thy hand thou see thy sceptre torn, 485
 And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn :
 Lest urg'd at length thy own repining slave,
 Though fond of burdens, and in bondage brave, }
 Pursue thy hoary head with curses to the grave.

A N E P I S T L E T O F L A V I A .

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES ON
 THE SPLEEN AND VANITY.

WRITTEN BY A LADY * HER FRIEND.

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
 This verse, the secret failing of your friend.
 To your good-nature I securely trust,
 Who know, that to conceal, is to be just.
 The Muse, like wretched maids by love undone,
 From friends, acquaintance and the light would run ;
 Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
 Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.
 Some confident by chance she finds (though few
 Pity the fools, whom love or verse undo)
 Whose fond compassion sooths her in the sin,
 And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure,

* Anne Countess of Winchelsea.

Sure, in the better ages of old time,
 Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime ;
 From heaven they both the gods best gifts were sent,
 Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
 Then were bad poets and loose loves not known ;
 None felt a warmth which they might blush to own,
 Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,
 And spent in pure untainted joys the day :
 Artless their loves, artless their numbers were,
 While Nature simply did in both appear,
 Now could the censor or the critic fear. }
 Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what heaven bestow'd,
 Nor were too curious of the given good.
 At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
 We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.
 In one curs'd age, to punish verse and sin,
 Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
 Wit and the laws had both the same ill fate,
 And partial tyrants sway'd in either state.
 Ill-natur'd censure would be sure to damn
 An alien-wit of independent fame,
 While Bays grown old, and harden'd in offence,
 Was suffer'd to write on in spite of sense ;
 Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along }
 A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
 To ruin and enslave the free-born English song ;
 Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
 And to four volumes let his Plays run on ;
 Then a lewd tide of verse, with vicious rage,
 Broke in upon the morals of the age.

The Stage (whose art was once the mind to move
 To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
 Precept, with pleasure mix'd, no more profess,
 But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jest:
 The shocking sounds offend the blushing fair,
 And drive them from the guilty Theatre.
 Ye wretched bards! from whom these ills have sprung,
 Whom the avenging powers have spar'd too long,
 Well may you fear the blow will surely come,
 Your Sodom has no Ten to avert its doom;
 Unless the fair Ardelia will alone
 To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
 Nor can Ten Saints do more than such a One.
 Since she alone of the poetic crowd
 To the false gods of wit has never bow'd,
 The empire, which she saves, shall own her sway,
 And all Parnassus her blest'd laws obey.

Say, from what sacred fountain, nymph divine!
 The treasures flow, which in thy verse do shine?
 With what strange inspiration art thou blest,
 What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breast?
 Our sordid earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,
 But from the skies, thy kindred skies, it came.
 To numbers great like thine, th' angelic quire
 In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
 Viewing, with pitying eyes, our cares with thee,
 They wisely own, that "All is Vanity;"
 Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
 And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to those blest'd mansions reach,
 And mortal Muses may immortal teach,

In

In verse like his, the heavenly nation raise
 Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise.
 Nor shall celestial harmony disdain,
 For once, to imitate an earthly strain,
 Whose fame secure, no rival e'er can fear,
 But those above, and fair Ardelia here.
 She who undaunted could his raptures view,
 And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue;
 Safe through the Dithyrambic stream she steer'd,
 Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;
 Not so the rest, who with successless pain
 Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.

So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
 While the Etruscans struck with wonder stood:
 Amidst the waves her rash pursuers dy'd,
 The matchless dame could only stem the tide,
 And gain the glory of the farther side.

See with what pomp the antic masque comes in!
 The various forms of the fantastic spleen.
 Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
 False joy, bred by false hope, and falser fears;
 Each vice, each passion which pale nature wears,
 In this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears.
 Like Bays's dance, confusedly round they run,
 Statesman, Coquet, gay Fop, and pensive Nun,
 Spectres and Heroes, Husbands and their Wives,
 With Monkish Drones that dream away their lives.
 Long have I labour'd with the dire disease,
 Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, ease:
 The dancing verse runs through my sluggish veins,
 Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.

Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste,
 And to returning joy resign my breast ;
 Then free from every pain I did endure,
 I bless the charming author of my cure.
 So when to Saul the great musician play'd,
 The sullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
 And left the monarch's breast, to seek some safer shade. }

S O N G .

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
 Her dear Philenis charms,
 With equal joy the nymph appears
 Dissolving in his arms.

Thus to themselves alone they are
 What all mankind can give ;
 Alternately the happy pair
 All grant, and all receive.

Like the Twin-stars, so fam'd for friends,
 Who set by turns, and rise ;
 When one to Thetis' lap descends,
 His brother mounts the skies.

With happier fate, and kinder care,
 These nymphs by turns do reign,
 While still the falling does prepare
 The rising to sustain.

The joys of either sex in love,
 In each of them we read ;
 Successive each to each does prove,
 Fierce youth and yielding maid.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS
FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

THOUGH in the Commons House you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Master Hale;
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
Burgefs for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predeceffors have been oddly fated;
Afgill and Shippen have been both *translated*.

VERSES MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our house the fervants brawl,
And raife an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
In sneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them filent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And scatters tempefts brewing there:
Thus bullies fometimes keep the peace,
And one scold makes another ceafe.

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S FIRST COMING
TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and stone conspire
To raise the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praise
Two Latian Signors come,
A sinking theatre to raise
And prop Van's tottering dome.
But how this last should come to pass
Must still remain unknown,
Since these poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither brick nor stone.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT:

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM:

A COMEDY. BY MR. FARQUHAR.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL
IN DRURY-LANE, 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great Original *, to-day
We took the hint of this our Modern Play:
Our author, from his lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant:

* See, The Wild-Goose Chase.

With

E P I L O G U E.

31

With a gay soul, with sense, and will to rove,
 With language, and with softness fram'd to move,
 With little truth, but with a world of love. }

Such forms on maids in morning slumbers wait,
 When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat,
 When first they wish, and sigh for what they know
 not yet. }

Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
 Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way ;

Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise,
 There 's danger still in darkness and surprize ;
 Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
 Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.

With easy freedom, and a gay address,
 A pressing lover seldom wants success :
 Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,
 And wastes a ten years siege before one town.

For her own sake let no forsaken maid,
 Our wanderer for want of love, upbraid ;
 Since 'tis a secret, none should e'er confess,
 That they have lost the happy power to please.

If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break,
 Break first, and swear you 've turn'd him off a week ;
 As princes when they resty states-men doubt,
 Before they can surrender, turn them out.

What-e'er you think, grave uses may be made,
 As much, ev'n for Inconstancy be said.

Let the good man for Marriage Rites design'd,
 With studious care, and diligence of mind,
 Turn over every Page of Womankind ;

}
 Mark

Mark every Sense, and how the Readings vary,
 And when he knows the worst on't--let him marry.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER:

A COMEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN
 LIOCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IF humble wives, that drag the marriage-chain
 With cursed dogged husbands, may complain;
 If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
 They may, at least, for alimony sue.
 Know, we resolve to make the case our own,
 Between the plaintiff stage, and the defendant town.
 When first you took us from our father's house,
 And lovingly our interest did espouse,
 You kept us fine, carefs'd, and lodg'd us here,
 And honey-moon held out above three year;
 At length, for pleasures known do seldom last,
 Frequent enjoyment pall'd your sprightly taste;
 And though at first you did not quite neglect,
 We found your love was dwindled to respect.
 Some times, indeed, as in your way it fell,
 You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
 Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched place you shun,
 Like bad wine, bus'ness, duels, and a dun.

Have

E P I L O G U E.

33

Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race?
 Been often pregnant with your wits embrace?
 And borne you many chopping babes of grace?
 Some ugly toads we had, and that 's the curse,
 They were so like you, that you far'd the worse;
 For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
 Look on 't, and if you like it, entertain:
 If all the midwife says of it be true,
 There are some features too like some of you:
 For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
 We mean to run away, and let the parish take it.

}
 }
 }

E P I L O G U E

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April the 7th,
 1709, at her playing in LOVE FOR LOVE with
 Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the benefit of Mr. Betterton.

AS some brave knight, who once with spear and
 shield
 Had fought renown in many a well-fought field;
 But now no more with sacred fame inspir'd,
 Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd:
 There, if by chance disastrous tales he hears,
 Of matrons wrongs, and captive virgins tears,
 He feels soft pity urge his generous breast,
 And vows once more to succour the distress'd.
 Buckled in mail, he fallies on the plain,
 And turns him to the feats of arms again.

D

So

So we, to former leagues of friendship true,
 Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
 To aid Old Thomas, and to pleasure you,
 Like errant damsels, boldly we engage,
 Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless stage.
 Time was when this good man no help did lack,
 And scorn'd that any she should hold his back;
 But now, so age and frailty have ordain'd,
 By * two at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd,
 You see what failing nature brings man to;
 And yet let none insult, for ought we know,
 She may not wear so well with some of you.
 Though old, yet find his strength is not clean past,
 But true as steel he's metal to the last.

If better he perform'd in days of yore,
 Yet now he gives you all that's in his power;
 What can the youngest of you all do more?

What he has been, though present praise be dumb,
 Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
 As now we talk of Roscius, and of Rome.

Had you withheld your favours on this night,
 Old Shakespeare's ghost had ris'n to do him right.

With indignation had you seen him frown
 Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless town;
 Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say,
 Why are the Muse's labours cast away?
 Why did I write what only he could play?

But

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round
 the waste.

But since, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
 Go on, and make the generous work compleat :
 Be true to merit, and still own his cause,
 Find something for him more than bare applause.
 In just remembrance of your pleasures past,
 Be kind, and give him a discharge at last ;
 In peace and ease life's remnant let him wear,
 And hang his consecrated Buskin * there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT.

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN
 DRURY-LANE, 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL—'twas a narrow 'scape my Lover made,
 That Cup and Message—I was sore afraid—
 Was that a Present for a new-made Widow,
 All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido ?
 When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
 There was—Oh! Gad! a nasty Heart and Blood †,

D 2

If

* Pointing to the top of the stage.

† This tragedy was founded upon the story of Segismonda and Guiscardo, one of Boccace's novels; wherein the Heart of the Lover is sent by the Father to his Daughter, as a present.

If the old man had shewn himself a father,
 His Bowl should have inclos'd a Cordial rather,
 Something to chear me up amidst my trance,
L'Eau de Bardè—or comfortable Nants * !
 He thought he paid it off with being smart,
 And, to be witty, cry'd, he'd fend the heart.
 I could have told his gravity, moreover
 Were I our sex's feciets to discover,
 'Tis what we never look'd for in a Lover. }
 Let but the Bridegroom prudently provide
 All other Matters fitting for a Bride,
 So he make good the Jewels and the Jointure,
 To miss the Heart, does seldom disappoint her.
 Faith, for the fashion Hearts of late are made in,
 They are the vilest Baubles we can trade in.
 Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
 With Hearts of Oak, so much of old renown'd ?
 How many worthy gentlemen of late
 Swore to be true to Mother-Church and State ;
 When their false Hearts were secretly maintaining
 Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning ?
 Shame on the canting crew of Soul-Infurers,
 The Tyburn Tribe of speech-making Non-jurors ;
 Who, in new-fangled Terms, old Truths explaining,
 Teach honest Englishmen, damn'd Double-Meaning.
 Oh ! would you lost integrity restore
 And boast that Faith your plain fore-fathers bore ;

What

* i. e. Citron-Water and good Brandy.

What surer pattern can you hope to find,
 Than that dear pledge * your Monarch left behind !
 See how his Looks his honest Heart explain,
 And speak the blessings of his future Reign !
 In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
 And read Plain-dealing written in his Face.

PROLOGUE TO THE NON-JUROR.

A COMEDY. BY MR. CIBBER.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN
 DRURY-LANE, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO-night, ye Whigs and Tories, both be safe,
 Nor hope at one another's cost to laugh.
 We mean to fouse old Satan and the Pope ;
 They've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
 A tool of theirs supplies the comic stage
 With just materials for satiric rage :
 Nor think our colours may too strongly paint
 The stiff Non-Juring Separation Saint.
 Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the nation to the devil ;
 Who at our surest, best foundation strike,
 And hate our monarch and our church alike ;
 Our church—which, aw'd with reverential fear,
 Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.

D 3

Long

* The prince of Wales then present.

Long may she these her worst of foes defy,
 And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky :
 While theirs-----but satire silently disdains
 To name, what lives not, but in madmen's brains.
 Like bawds, each lurking pastor seeks the dark,
 And fears the justice's enquiring clerk.
 In close back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
 And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies :
 There safe, he lets his thundering censures fly,
 Unchristens, damns us, gives our laws the lye, }
 And excommunicates three stories high.
 Why, since a land of liberty they hate,
 Still will they linger in this free-born state ?
 Here, every hour, fresh, hateful, objects rise,
 Peace and prosperity afflict their eyes ;
 With anguish, prince and people they survey,
 Their just obedience, and his righteous sway.
 Ship off, ye slaves, and seek some passive land,
 Where tyrants after your own hearts command.
 To your Transalpine master's rule resort,
 And fill an empty abdicated court :
 Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,
 And buy ye lands and lordships at Urbino.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF
SCARSDALE.

I.

DO not, most fragrant earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown;
But publicly espouse the dame,
And say, G—— d—— the town.

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply smitten been,
Although right good commanders;
Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
And some who've been in Flanders.

III.

Did not base Greber's * Pegg inflame
The sober earl of Nottingham,
Of sober fire descended?
That, careless of his soul and fame,
To play-houses he nightly came,
And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is hight,
Who rules the roaft with matchless might,
Since William went to heaven;
Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
Who was but Scarron's leaving.

D 4

Though

* Signora Francesco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian songstress.

V.

Though thy dear's father kept an inn
At grisly head of Saracen,
For carriers at Northampton ;
Yet she might come of gentler kin,
Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
Which she with scorn rejected :
And can a nymph so virtuous be
Of base-born blood suspected ?

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguish eye,
Her slender waste, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking ;
But, faith, though I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, friend : for why ?
My lady marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er should hurt ye ;
Besides, you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN JACOB
TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

T O N S O N.

W H I L E at my house in Fleet-street once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time pass'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
I was the happiest creature on God's yearth *."

C O N G R E V E.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion;
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies;
Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert to my conceiving,
The chearfullest, best, honest fellow living.

T O N S O N.

I'm in with captain Vanburgh at the present,
A most *sweet-natur'd* gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your comedies, draws schemes, and models,
And builds dukes houses upon very odd hills:
For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to heaven, would die.

C O N G R E V E.

Temple † and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;

And

* Tonson (Sen.) his dialect.

† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards lord Cobham.

And though for them I shall scarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven.

T O N S O N .

What if from Van's dear arms I should retire,
And once more warm my * Bunnians at your fire;
If I to Bow-Street should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come? }

C O N G R E V E .

Though the gay failor, and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing-bear;
Yet for your sake I 'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob, with only you.

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

T O H I S C A S K .

I.

HAIL, gentle Cask, whose venerable head
With hoary down and ancient dust o'er-spread,
Proclaims, that since the vine first brought thee forth
Old age has added to thy worth.
Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain,
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
Or sleep, the cure of these and every other pain.

II. Since

* Jacob's term for his corns.

II.

Since to some day propitious and great,
 Justly at first thou was design'd by fate ;
 This day, the happiest of thy many years,
 With thee I will forget my cares :
 To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
 (Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
 And longer age would bring decay)
 Till every anxious thought in the rich stream be drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
 And Socrates himself a while forget.
 Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
 The rugged stiffness of his mind,
 Stern and severe, the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
 His frozen virtue felt the charm,
 And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm,
 And bless'd the sprightly power that cheer'd his gloomy
 soul.

IV.

With kind constraint ill-nature thou dost bend,
 And mould the snarling cynic to a friend.
 The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
 Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
 And by thy power unlock'd, grows easy, gay, and free. }
 The swain, who did some credulous nymph persuade }
 To grant him all, inspir'd by thee,
 Devotes her to his vanity,
 And to his fellow-fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

V. The

V.

The wretch who, prefs'd beneath a load of cares,
 And labouring with continual woes, despairs,
 If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
 From earth he rears his drooping head,
 Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;
 His flying cares give way to haste,
 And to the god resign his breast,
 Where hopes of better days, and better things return.

VI.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
 Amidst his wants, a wretched life maintains;
 If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
 Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,
 Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,
 And how by impious arms they reign,
 Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
 And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch, no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine, }
 Hear every grace, and all ye powers divine, }
 All that to mirth and friendship do incline, }
 Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy night,
 With all things that can give delight;
 Be every care and anxious thought away;
 Ye tapers still be bright and clear,
 Rival the moon, and each pale star,
 Your beams shall yield to none, but his who brings
 the day.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

T O V E N U S.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my breast
 Late, with long ease and peaceful pleasures blest;
 Spare, spare the wretch, that still has been thy slave,
 And let my former service have
 The merit to protect me to the grave.
 Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
 When under Cynera the good and fair,
 With joy I did thy fetters wear,
 Bless'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.
 Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
 With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why
 Dost thou not much rather fly
 To youthful breasts, to mirth and gaiety?
 Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand,
 And swiftly through the yielding air
 To Damon thee their goddesses bear,
 Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.
 Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
 Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue.
 Skill'd in a thousand soft prevailing arts,
 With wondrous force the youth imparts
 Thy power to unexperienc'd virgins hearts.
 Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy command;
 And if thou shalt his wishes bless,
 Beyond his rivals with success,
 In gold and marble shall thy statues stand.

Beneath

Beneath the sacred shade of Odel's wood,
 Or on the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,
 With odorous beams a temple he shall raise,
 For ever sacred to thy praise,
 Till the fair stream, and wood, and love itself decays.
 There while rich incense on thy altar burns,
 Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains,
 In melting, soft harmonious strains,
 Mix'd with the softer flutes, shall tell their flames by
 turns.

As love and beauty with the light are born,
 So with the day thy honours shall return ;
 Some lovely youth, pair'd with a blushing maid,
 A troop of either sex shall lead,
 And twice the Salian measures round thy altar tread.
 Thus with an equal empire o'er the light,
 The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
 Together rise, together sit :

But, goddess, do thou stay, and bless alone the night.
 There may'st thou reign, while I forget to love ;
 No more false beauty shall my passion move ;
 Nor shall my fond believing heart be led,
 By mutual vows and oaths betray'd,
 To hope for truth from the protesting maid.
 With love the sprightly joys of wine are fled ;
 The roses too shall wither now,
 That us'd to shade and crown my brow,
 And round my chearful temples fragrant odours shed.
 But tell me, Cynthia, say, bewitching fair,
 What mean these sighs ? why steals this falling tear ?

And when my struggling thoughts for passage strove,
 Why did my tongue refuse to move ; }
 Tell me can this be any thing but love ? }
 Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew,
 Still the is present to my eyes,
 And still in vain I, as she flies,
 O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scornful maid
 pursue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE IV. IMITATED.

T O

RICHARD THORNHILL, Esq*.

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my heart commend
 The critic's art, and candour of a friend,
 Say what thou dost in thy retirement find,
 Worthy the labours of thy active mind ;
 Whether the tragic Muse inspires thy thought,
 To emulate what moving Otway wrote ;
 Or whether to the covert of some grove
 Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove,
 Where to thyself thou all those rules dost show,
 That good men ought to practise, or wise know.
 For sure thy mass of men is no dull clay,
 But well-inform'd with the celestial ray.
 The bounteous gods, to thee compleatly kind,
 In a fair frame inclos'd thy fairer mind ;

And

* Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

And though they did profusely wealth bestow,
 They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.
 Could ev'n the nurse wish for her darling boy
 A happiness which thou dost not enjoy :
 What can her fond ambition ask beyond
 A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd ?
 To this fair speech, and happy utterance join'd,
 T' unlock the secret treasures of the mind,
 And make the blessing common to mankind. }
 On these let health and reputation wait,
 The favour of the virtuous and the great :
 A table chearfully and cleanly spread,
 Stranger alike to riot and to need :
 Such an estate as no extremes may know,
 A free and just disdain for all things else below.
 Amidst uncertain hopes, and anxious cares,
 Tumultuous strife, and miserable fears,
 Prepare for all events thy constant breast,
 And let each day be to thee as thy last.
 That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise,
 Whose light shall unexpected bless thy eyes.
 Me, when to town in winter you repair,
 Battening in ease you 'll find, sleek, fresh, and fair ;
 Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
 To snatch the blessings of the flying hour,
 Whom every Friday at the Vine* you 'll find
 His true disciple, and your faithful friend.

* A Tavern in Long-Acre.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest red the blushing Rose
 Her freshest opening beauties did disclose;
 Her, the rough Thistle from a neighbouring field,
 With fond desires and lover's eyes beheld:
 Straight the *fierce plant* lays by his pointed darts,
 And woos the *gentle flower* with softer arts.
 Kindly *she* heard, and did *his* flame approve,
 And own'd the *warrior* worthy of *her* love.
 Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,
 Who does in fields and painted meads preside,
 And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride,
 With pleasure saw the *wishing pair* combine,
 To favour what their Goddesses did design,
 And bid them in eternal Union join.
 Henceforth, she said, in each returning year,
One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear:
 The Thistle's lasting grace, thou, O my Rose! shalt be,
 The warlike Thistle's *arms*, a sure *defence* to thee.

ON CONTENTMENT.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD*.

MANY that once, by Fortune's bounty rear'd,
 Amidst the wealthy and the great appear'd;
 Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,
 Have sunk to that just level of mankind,
 Where nor *too little* nor *too much* gives the *true*
peace of mind.

E

ON

* In his *Meditationes Sacræ*.

O N T H E L A S T J U D G M E N T ,

A N D

T H E H A P P I N E S S O F T H E S A I N T S I N H E A V E N .

D O N E F R O M T H E L A T I N O F J . G E R H A R D .

IN that blest'd day, from every part, the just,
 Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering dust,
 The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
 All of past ages, present and to come,
 In full assembly shall at once resort,
 And meet within high heaven's capacious court :
 There famous names rever'd in days of old,
 Our great forefathers there we shall behold,
 From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
 And worthily in long succession ran ;
 The reverend fires with pleasure shall we greet,
 Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
 Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat. }
 There all those tender ties, which here below, }
 Or kindred, or more sacred friendship know, }
 Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow. }
 Refin'd from passion, and the dregs of sense, }
 A better, truer, dearer love from thence, }
 Its everlasting Being shall commence : }
 There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be done, }
 No night shall rise, to shade heaven's glorious sun, }
 But one eternal holy-day go on. }

C O L I N ' S

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A S O N G,

TO THE TUNE OF GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, filly swain that I was !
 Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
 She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear tongue ;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town ?

To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove ;
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love ?

What though I have skill to complain,
 Though the Muses my temples have crown'd ;
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around.
 Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;
 Thy false-one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Though through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly,
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then

REPLY TO MR. ROWE'S BALLAD. 53

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day ;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

YE winds to whom Colin complains,
In ditties so sad and so sweet,
Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
He 's wretched, to shew he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is some pretty new art ;
Ah ! Colin 's a jugler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face,
Can tremble, and alter his tale,
Ah ! Colin has every pace :
The willow my rover prefers
To the breast, where he once beg'd to lie
And the stream, that he swells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

III.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon beat him to rest ;
 Let the swain that is slighted despair,
 But Colin is only in jest :
 No death the deceiver designs,
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair ;
 For Colin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air.

IV.

Can shepherds, bred far from the court,
 So wittily talk of their flame ?
 But Colin makes passion his sport,
 Beware of so fatal a game :
 My voice of no music can boast,
 Nor my person of ought that is fine,
 But Colin may find, to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine.

V.

Ah ! then I will break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I 'll bequeath all my sheep,
 And die in the much-favour'd brook,
 Where Colin does now sit and weep :
 Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
 In sonnets so smooth and divine ;
 Perhaps, I may rise from my grave,
 To hear such soft music as thine.

VI.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
 The hearts-ease, the lily, and pink,
 Did thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown'd by the rivulet's brink ;
 How oft, my dear swain, did I swear,
 How much my fond love did admire
 Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Though deck'd in thy rural attire !

VII.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
 That all your small subjects obey'd ;
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraid ;
 How often, my swain, have I said,
 Thy arms are a palace to me,
 And how well I could live in a shade,
 Though adorned with nothing but thee !

VIII.

Oh ! what are the sparks of the town,
 Though never so fine and so gay ?
 I freely would leave beds of down,
 For thy breast on a bed of new hay :
 Then, Colin, return once again,
 Again make me happy in love,
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove.

E P I G R A M

ON A LADY WHO SHED HER WATER AT SEEING
THE TRAGEDY OF CATO; OCCASIONED BY AN
EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO WEPT AT IT.

WHILSTmaudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia fate :
But though her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Though secret yet with copious streams she mourns,
Like twenty River-Gods with all their urns.
Let others screw an hypocritic face,
She shews her grief in a sincerer place !
Here Nature reigns, and passion void of art ;
For this road leads directly to the heart.

I M I T A T E D I N L A T I N .

PLORAT fata sui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce ! oculis ficcis Cælia fixa fedet ;
At quanquam lacrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenêre viam quâ per opaca fluant :
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua.
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem :
Quæ magè sincera est Cælia parte dolet.
Quâ mera natura est, non personata per artem,
Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

MÆCENAS.

M Æ C E N A S.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE HONOURS CONFERRED ON THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALIÉAX, 1714;
BEING THAT YEAR INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

PHOEBUS and Cæsar once conspir'd to grace
A noble knight, of ancient Tuscan race.
The monarch, greatly conscious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the patriot with the Civic crown,
The Consul's Fasces and Patrician gown:
The world's whole wealth he gave him to bestow,
And teach the streams of treasure where to flow:
To him he bade the suppliant nations come,
And on his counsels fix'd the fate of Rome.

The God of Wit, who taught him first to sing,
And tune high numbers to the vocal string,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.

Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my share;
Our common favourite is our common care.
Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
But Phœbus only bids the poet live.

The service of his faithful heart is thine;
There let thy Julian Star an emblem shine;
His mind, and her imperial feat are mine.
Then bind his brow, ye Thespian maids, he said:
The willing Muses the command obey'd,
And wove the deathless laurel for his head.

E P I G R A M,

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, THEN REGENT, AP-
PEARING AT THE FIRE IN SPRING-GARDEN,
1776.

THU Guardian, blest Britannia, scorns to sleep,
When the sad subjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
He faces danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;
He knows, to *save*, is greater than *destroy*.

V E R S E S

MADE TO A SIMILE OF MR. POPE.

WHEN at our house the servants brawl,
And raise an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
In sneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them silent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air
And scatters tempests brewing there:
Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
And one scold makes another cease.

SONG

S O N G

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL
HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bless their light divine;
I stand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they shine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
Nor wakens into sense.

III.

Lost and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That nature's lavish hand had wrought
This fairest work in vain.

IV.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-Fool to bed.

OCCASIONED

OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY
WARWICK AT HOLLAND-HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bower crown'd
The summit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like servants on her will.

II.

I went, and found 'twas as they said,
That every thing look'd fresh and fair;
Her herds in flowery pastures stray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood shade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneasy grown within my breast,
My breath come short, and in each part
Some new disorder seem to start,
Which pain'd me fore and broke my rest:

IV.

Some noxious vapour sure, I said,
From this unwholsome soil must rise;
Some secret venom is convey'd
Or from this field, or from that shade,
That does the powers of life surprize.

V. Soon

V.

Soon as the skilful Leach beheld
 The change that in my health was grown :
 Blame not, he cry'd, nor wood nor field ;
 Diseases which such symptoms yield,
 Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

VI.

Alike she kills in every air,
 The coldest breath her beauties warm ;
 And though the fever took you there,
 If Chloe had not been so fair,
 The place had never done you harm.

 S T A N Z A S

 TO LADY WARWICK ON MR. ADDISON'S
 GOING TO IRELAND.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea !
 Who chain loud storms, and still the raging main !
 With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
 And bring the faithful lover safe again.

II.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
 Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
 Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
 And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood.

III. Ah,

III.

Ah, fairest maid ! whom, as I well divine,
 The righteous gods his just reward ordain ;
 For his return thy pious wishes join,
 That thou at length may'st pay him for his pain.

IV.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,
 In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range ;
 I charge thee be by his example true,
 And shun thy sex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
 And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart ;
 When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and state,
 Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

VI.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
 When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise ;
 When harmony shall thy soft soul surprize,
 Sooth all thy senses, and thy passions raise :

VII.

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
 Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn ;
 Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere,
 Till thy own truest Lycidas return.

THE VISIT.

WIT and Beauty t' other day,
 Chanc'd to take me in their way ;
 And, to make the favour greater,
 Brought the Graces and Good-nature,
 Conversation care-beguiling,
 Joy in dimples ever smiling,
 All the pleasures here below,
 Men can ask, or gods bestow.
 A jolly train, believe me ! No :
 There were but two, Lepell* and How.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D——.

I.

AS on a summer's day
 In the greenwood shade I lay,
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way.

II. And

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.

II.

And as she passed by
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 What a shame, quoth she,
 For a swain must it be,
 Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

And dost thou nothing heed,
 What Pan our god has decreed;
 What a prize to-day
 Shall be given away,
 To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

IV.

There 's not a single swain
 Of all this fruitful plain,
 But with hopes and fears
 Now busily prepares
 The bonny boon to gain.

V.

Shall another maiden shine
 In brighter array than thine?
 Up, up, dull swain,
 Tune thy pipe once again,
 And make the garland mine.

VI. Alas!

VI.

Alas! my love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

VII.

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely ruffet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen;
Or the brightest Queen of May.

VIII.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a filken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

S O N G. A H W I L L O W.

TO THE SAME, IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

F

II. Sweet

II.

Sweet stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow.

Ah willow, &c.

And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe,

Ah willow, &c.

III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,

Ah willow, &c.

And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.

Ah willow, &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers repair;

Ah willow, &c.

Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
your care. Ah willow, &c.

V.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,

Ah willow, &c.

Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.

Ah willow, &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,

Ah willow, &c.

So the sleep that I lose brings my fair-one repose,

Ah willow, &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;

Ah willow, &c.

If the loss of my dear-one, my love is decreed;

Ah willow, &c.

If

VIII.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheer'd ;
 Ah willow, &c.
 If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard ;
 Ah willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair-one ; thou dear-one, believe,
 Ah willow, &c.
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.
 Ah willow, &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,
 Ah willow, &c.
 And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.
 Ah willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle brook ; and to lose thyself, haste ;
 Ah willow, willow.
 Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last ;
 Ah willow, willow ; ah willow, willow.

 TO THE SAME, SINGING,

I.

WHAT charms in melody are found
 To soften every pain !
 How do we catch the healing sound,
 And feel the soothing strain !

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my fair,
 I bid my heart rejoice ;
 I shake off every fullen care,
 For sorrow flies thy voice.

III.

The seasons Philomel obey,
 Whene'er they hear her sing ;
 She bids the winter fly away,
 And she recalls the spring.

S O N G ,

T H E F A I R I N C O N S T A N T .

H E .

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
 And doted on every feature ;
 Give me at length but leave to complain
 Of so ungrateful a creature.
 Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
 The wanton symptoms of ranging ;
 Still I resolv'd against being wise,
 And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

S H E .

Why should you blame what heaven has made,
 Or find any fault in creation ?
 'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid,
 But nature's inclination.

'Tis not because I love you less,
 Or think you not a true one ;
 But if the truth I must confess,
 I always lov'd a new-one.

TO LORD WARWICK ON HIS
 BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN, fraught with all that grateful minds can
 move,
 With friendship, tenderness, respect, and love ;
 The Muse had wish'd, on this returning day,
 Something most worthy of herself to say :
 To Jove she offer'd up an humble prayer,
 To take the noble Warwick to his care.
 Give him, she said, whate'er diviner grace
 Adorns the soul, or beautifies the face :
 Let manly constancy confirm his truth,
 And gentlest manners crown his blooming youth.
 Give him to fame, to virtue to aspire,
 Worthy our songs and thy informing fire :
 All various praise, all honours, let him prove,
 Let men admire, and fighting virgins love :
 With honest zeal inflame his generous mind,
 To love his country, and protect mankind.
 Attentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
 Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd ?
 Jove's bounteous hand has lavish'd all his power,
 And making what he is, can add no more.

Yet since I joy in what I did create,
 I will prolong the favourite Warwick's fate,
 And lengthen out his years to some uncommon date. }

TO LADY JANE WHARTON, ON HER
 STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the globe, fair nymph, your searches
 run,

And trace its rolling circuit round the sun,
 You seem'd the world beneath you to survey,
 With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.
 With two fair lamps methought your nations shone,
 While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
 How did those rays your happier empire gild !
 How clothe the flowery mead and fruitful field !
 Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,
 And laughing joy amidst its natives play'd.

Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,
 No friendly moon reflects your absent light :
 And oh ! when yet ere many years are past,
 Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd,
 When some young hero, with resistless art,
 Shall draw those eyes, and warm that virgin heart :
 How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,
 And want those suns that rise for them no more ?
 The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,
 And for his sake your world must be undone.

TO MRS. PULTENEY, UPON HER GOING
ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent mischiefs of her eyes,
To distant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She sees her spreading flames consume around,
And not another conquest to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain.
One only joy which in her heart she wears,
The dear companion of her flight she bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forsook,
Thus into banishment his gods he took:
But, to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious rising year,
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden footsteps tread,
Pleasures all around thee spread;
Bliss and beauty grace thy train;
Muse, strike the lyre to some immortal strain.

But oh! what skill, what master hand,
 Shall govern or constrain the wanton band!
 Loose like my verse they dance, and all without com-
 mand.

Images of fairest things,
 Crowd about the speaking strings;
 Peace and sweet prosperity,
 Faith and chearful loyalty,
 With smiling love and deathless poesy.

II.

Ye scowling shades who break away,
 Well do ye fly and shun the purple day.
 Every fiend and fiend-like form,
 Black and fullen as a storm,
 Jealous fear, and false surmise,
 Danger with her dreadful eyes,
 Faction, fury, all are fled,
 And bold rebellion hides her daring head.
 Behold, thou gracious year, behold,
 To whom thy treasures all thou shalt unfold,
 For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!
 See thy George, for this is he!
 On his right hand waiting free,
 Britain and fair Liberty:
 Every good is in his face,
 Every open honest grace.
 Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

III.

See! the sacred feyon springs,
 See the glad promise of a line of kings!

Royal

Royal youth ! what bard divine,
 Equal to a praise like thine,
 Shall in some exalted measure
 Sing thee, Britain's dearest treasure ?
 Who her joy in thee shall tell,
 Who the sprightly note shall swell
 His voice attempering to the tuneful shell ?
 Thee Audenard's recorded field,
 Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
 And saw with hopeless heart thy fainting rival yield :
 Troubled he, with sore dismay,
 To thy stronger fate gave way,
 Safe beneath thy noble scorn,
 Wingy-footed was he borne,
 Swift as the fleeting shades upon the golden corn.

IV.

What valour, what distinguish'd worth,
 From thee shall lead the coming ages forth ?
 Crested helms and shining shields,
 Warriors fam'd in foreign fields ;
 Hoary heads with olive bound,
 Kings and lawgivers renown'd ;
 Crowding still they rise anew,
 Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view,
 Young Augustus ! never cease !
 Pledge of our present and our future peace,
 Still pour the blessings forth, and give thy great increase.
 All the stock that fate ordains
 To supply succeeding reigns,

Whether

Whether glory shall inspire
 Gentler arts or martial fire,
 Still the fair descent shall be
 Dear to Albion all, like thee,
 Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden lights who shine on high,
 Ye potent planets who ascend the sky,
 On the opening year dispense
 All your kindest influence ;
 Heavenly powers be all prepar'd
 For our Carolina's guard ;
 Short and easy be the pains,
 Which for a nation's weal the heroine sustains.
 Britannia's angel, be thou near ;
 The growing race is thy peculiar care ;
 Oh spread thy sacred wing above the royal fair.
 George by thee was wafted o'er,
 To the long expected shore :
 None presuming to withstand
 Thy celestial armed hand,
 While, his sacred head to shade,
 The blended cross on high thy silver shield display'd.

VI.

But oh ! what other form divine
 Propitious near the hero seems to shine !
 Peace of mind, and joy serene,
 In her sacred eyes are seen,
 Honour binds her mitred brow,
 Faith and truth beside her go,
 With zeal and pure devotion bending low.

A thousand storms around her threat,
 A thousand billows roar beneath her feet,
 While, fix'd upon a rock, she keeps her stable seat.
 Still in sign of sure defence,
 Trust and mutual confidence,
 On the monarch, standing by,
 Still she bends her gracious eye,
 Nor fears her foes approach, while heaven and he are
 nigh.

VII.

Hence then with every anxious care!
 Be gone, pale Envy, and thou cold Despair!
 Seek ye out a moody cell,
 Where deceit and treason dwell;
 There repining, raging, still
 The idle air with curses fill;
 There blast the pathless wild, and the bleak northern
 hill;
 There your exile vainly moan;
 There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
 Beneath the sweeping winds, the bending forests groan;
 But thou, Hope, with smiling cheer,
 Do thou bring the ready year;
 See the hours! a chosen band!
 See with jocund looks they stand,
 All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
 Hope leads increase and chaste connubial love:

Flora

Flora sweet her bounty spreads,
 Smelling gardens, painted meads ;
 Ceres crowns the yellow plain ;
 Pan rewards the shepherd's pain ;
 All is plenty, all is wealth,
 And on the balmy air sits rosy-colour'd health.
 I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
 Like many waters swells the pealing noise,
 While to their monarch, thus, they raise the public voice.
 Father of thy country, hail !
 Always every where prevail ;
 Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
 Better suns for thee arise,
 Purer breezes fan the skies,
 Earth in fruits and flowers is drest,
 Joy abounds in every breast,
 For thee thy people all, for thee the year is blest.

 S O N G

FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY,
 MAY 28, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flowery garlands by,
 Ever-blooming gentle May !
 Other honours now are nigh ;
 Other honours see we pay.
 Lay thy flowery garlands by, &c.

II. Majesty

II.

Majesty and great renown
 Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
 Parent of our hero, thou,
 George on Britain didst bestow.
 Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
 With the plummy helm, become :
 Thee the spear and shining shield,
 With every trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better blessings forth,
 For the honour of his birth :
 Still the voice of loud commotion,
 Bid complaining murmurs cease,
 Lay the billows of the ocean ;
 And compose the land in peace.
 Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
 For this boon, this happy day,
 Janus with the double face
 Shall to thee resign his place,
 Thou shalt rule with better grace :
 Time from thee shall wait his doom,
 And thou shalt lead the year for every age to come.

V.

Fairest month, in Cæsar pride thee,
 Nothing like him canst thou bring,
 Though the Graces smile beside thee :
 Though thy bounty gives the Spring.

VI. Though

VI.

Though like Flora thou array thee,
 Finer than the painted bow ;
 Carolina shall repay thee
 All thy sweetness, all thy show.

VII.

She herself a glory greater
 Than thy golden sun discloses ;
 And her smiling offspring sweeter
 Than the bloom of all thy roses.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1717.

I.

WINTER ! thou hoary venerable fire,
 All richly in thy furry mantle clad ;
 What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inspire,
 To make thy careful wrinkled brow so glad !

II.

Now I see the reason plain,
 Now I see thy jolly train :
 Snowy-headed Winter leads,
 Spring and Summer next succeeds ;
 Yellow Autumn brings the rear,
 Thou art father of the year.

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth
 Abounding plenty takes her birth,
 The conscious fire exulting sees
 The seasons spread their rich increase ;

So

ON THE NEW YEAR.

79

So dusky night and chaos smil'd
On beauteous form their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety !
What blifs thou dost supply !
The foul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing year.
When our old pleasures die,
Some new one still is nigh ;
Oh ! fair variety !

V.

Our passions, like the seasons, turn ;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppress'd with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head :
A better visage now she wears,
And now at once she quits her fears :
Strife and war no more she knows,
Rebel sons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty master,
In security she sits ;
Plants her loose foundations faster,
And her sorrows past forgets.

VII.

Happy isle ! the care of heaven,
To the guardian hero given,
Unrepining still obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII. Though

VIII.

Though he parted from thy shore,
 While contesting kings attend him;
 Could he, Britain, give thee more
 Than the pledge he left behind him ?

ODE TO PEACE, FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU fairest, sweetest daughter of the skies,
 Indulgent, gentle, life-restoring Peace !
 With what auspicious beauties dost thou rise,
 And Britain's new-revolving Janus blest !

II.

Hoary winter smiles before thee,
 Dances merrily along :
 Hours and seasons all adore thee,
 And for thee are ever young :
 Ever, goddess, thus appear,
 Ever lead the joyful year.

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day is blest ;
 In thee the dearest of the purple east :
 'Tis thine immortal pleasures to impart,
 Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping heart :
 To thee the pipe and tuneful string belong,
 Thou theme eternal for the poet's song.

IV. Awake

EPISTLE TO FLAVIA.

81

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir ;
Swell every note still higher,
And melody inspire
At heaven and earth's desire.

V.

Hark, how the sounds agree,
With due complacency !
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who, by nature's fairest creatures,
Can describe her heavenly features ?
What comparison can fit her ?
Sweet are roses, she is sweeter ;
Light is good, but Peace is better.
Would you see her such as Jove
Form'd for universal love,
Bless'd by men and gods above ?
Would you every feature trace,
Every sweetly smiling grace ?
Seek our Carolina's face.



VII.

Peace and she are Britain's treasures,
Fruitful in eternal pleasures :
Still their bounty shall increase us,
Still their smiling offspring bless us.
Happy day, when each was given
By Cæsar and indulging Heaven.

G

CHORUS

C H O R U S .

Hail, ye celestial pair !
 Still let Britannia be your care,
 And Peace and Carolina crown the year.

ODE FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

I.

OH touch the string, celestial Muse, and say,
 Why are peculiar times and seasons blest ?
 Is it in Fate, that one distinguish'd day
 Should with more hallow'd purple paint the East?

II.

Look on life and nature's race !
 How the careless minutes pass,
 How they wear a common face :
 One is what another was !
 Till the happy hero's worth
 Bid the festival stand forth ;
 Till the golden light he crown,
 Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
 Unthought-of as the things that never were ;
 Had not our greatest Cæsar been its lot,
 And call'd it from amongst the vulgar year !

IV. Now

ODE FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY. 83

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay
In the pride of thy May,
To court let thy graces repair :
Let Flora bestow
The crown from her brow,
For our brighter Britannia to wear.

V.

Through every language of thy peopled earth,
Far as the sea's or Cæsar's influence goes,
Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
And bless the author of the world's repose.

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in cascades,
And Po that glides through poplar shades,
And Tagus bright in sands of gold,
And Arethusa, rivers old,
Their great deliverer sing.
Not, Danube, thou whose winding flood
So long has blush'd with Turkish blood,
To Cæsar shall refuse a strain,
Since now thy streams without a stain
Run crystal as their spring.

C H O R U S.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe, raise :
In the great Mediator's praise
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's festival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES, FOR THE YEAR 1719.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly stars ordain
 To fold alternate in thy winding train,
 The lofty palace and the fertile vale ;
 King of the Floods, Britannia's darling, hail !
 Hail with the year so well begun,
 And bid his each revolving fun,
 Taught by thy streams, in smooth succession run.

II.

From thy never-failing urn
 Flowers, bloom and fair increase
 With the seasons take their turn ;
 From thy tributary seas
 Tides of various wealth attend thee ;
 Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the skies,
 Augusta's hallow'd domes arise ;
 And there thy ample bosom pours
 Her numerous souls and floating towers ;
 Whose terrors late to vanquish'd Spain were known,
 And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fullest flags thou dost sustain,
 While thy banks confine thy course ;
 Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,
 Mingling clemency and force.

V. So

ODE TO THE THAMES.

85

V.

So may'st thou still, secur'd by distant wars,
Ne'er stain thy crystal with domestic jars :
As Cæsar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bless the coming year.

VI.

On thy shady margin,
Care its load discharging,
Is lull'd to gentle rest :
Britain thus disarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast.

VII.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,
To sleep auspicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames, to feeding sheep,
To thirst, thy silver streams :
More sweet than all, the praise
Of Cæsar's golden days :
Cæsar's praise is sweeter ;
Britain's pleasure greater ;
Still may Cæsar's reign excel ;
Sweet the praise of reigning well.

C H O R U S.

Gentle Janus, ever wait,
As now, on Britain's kindest fate ;
Crown all our vows, and all thy gifts bestow ;
Till Time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow.

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph; the fair assembly broke;
 The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook:
 While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,
 Swift to the safer shore returns again.
 There o'er the sandy margin, unarray'd,
 With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid;
 Or in some winding creek's secure retreat
 She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noonday's heat.
 Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
 New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god.
 He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love,
 With many an artful blandishment he strove
 Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove. }
 The more he sues, the more she wings her flight,
 And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height,
 Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,
 A neighbouring mountain bare and woodless stood;
 Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,
 And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.
 His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appall,
 And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall;
 She sees his face divine, and manly brow,
 End in a fish's wreathy tail below:
 She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
 Whether he comes of god, or monster kind.
 This Glaucus soon perceiv'd; and, Oh! forbear }
 (His hand supporting on a rock lay near)
 Forbear, he cry'd, fond maid, this needless fear. }

Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main,
 But equal with the watery gods I reign ;
 Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excell,
 Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.
 My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
 And I myself but late a mortal was :
 Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd ;
 The seas my hours, and all my cares, employ'd.
 In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew ;
 Now skilfully the slender line I threw,
 And silent fate the moving float to view. }
 Not far from shore, there lies a verdant mead,
 With herbage half, and half with water spread :
 There, nor the horned heifers browsing stray,
 Nor shaggy kids nor wanton lambkins play ;
 There, nor the sounding bees their nectar cull,
 Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull ;
 Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,
 To crop the flowers, or cut the bushy grafs :
 Thither, sure first of living race came I,
 And sat by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
 My scaly prize, in order all display'd,
 By number on the greensword there I lay'd,
 My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
 Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
 Strange to behold ! yet what avails a lye ?
 I saw them bite the grafs, as I fate by ;
 Then sudden darting o'er the verdant plain,
 They spread their finns, as in their native main :
 I paus'd, with wonder struck, while all my prey
 Left their new master, and regain'd the sea.

Amaz'd, within my secret self I fought,
 What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought :
 But sure no herbs have power like this, I cry'd ;
 And strait I pluck'd some neighbouring herbs, and try'd.
 Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taste,
 When strong convulsions shook my troubled breast ;
 I felt my heart grow fond of something strange,
 And my whole nature labouring with a change.
 Restless I grew, and every place forsook,
 And still upon the seas I bent my look.
 Farewell, for ever ! farewell, land ! I said ;
 And plung'd amidst the waves my sinking head.
 The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
 Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep ;
 To Tethys, and to Ocean old, they pray,
 To purge my mortal earthy parts away.
 The watery parents to their suit agreed,
 And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
 Then with lustrations purify my limbs,
 And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams :
 A hundred streams from various fountains run,
 And on my head at once come rushing down.
 Thus far each passage I remember well,
 And faithfully thus far the tale I tell ;
 But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell.
 Again at length my thought reviving came,
 When I no longer found myself the same ;
 Then first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,
 And these large honours on my spreading brow ;
 My long-descending locks the billows sweep,
 And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep ;

GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA. 89

My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,
And every part divinely chang'd, I view.
But what avail these useless honours now ?
What joys can immortality bestow ?
What, though our Nereids all my form approve ?
What boots it, while fair Scylla scorns my love ?
Thus far the god ; and more he would have said ;
When from his presence flew the ruthless maid.
Stung with repulse, in such disdainful sort,
He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

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END OF ROWE'S POEMS.

T H E
P O E M S
O F
M R. T I C K E L L.

TO THE SUSPOSED AUTHOR OF THE
SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious, and a shameless stage,
How long the war shall wit with virtue wage ?
Inchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare ;
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
And suck pollution through their tingling veins ?
Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear ;
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride,
Thy glass betrays what treacherous love would hide ;
Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor share the fopling's heart :
Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit :
From felon gamesters the raw squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee.
His miss the frolic Viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third cure the shallow Templar boast ;
And the rash fool, who scorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.

The brainless stripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.

A fauntering

A fauntering tribe! such born to wide estates,
 With *yea* and *no* in senates hold debates:
 At length despis'd each to his fields retires,
 First with the dogs, and king amidst the squires;
 From pert to stupid, sinks supinely down,
 In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.

Such readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring flight
 Above the stars, and tread'st the fields of light;
 Fame, heaven and hell, are thy exalted theme,
 And visions such as Jove himself might dream;
 Man sunk to slavery, though to glory born,
 Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.

Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,
 And thou alone deserve from such a friend;
 A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame,
 And fame when shar'd with him is double fame.
 So, flush'd with sweets by Beauty's Queen bestow'd,
 With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd:
 Such generous strifes Eugene and Marlborough try,
 And as in glory, so in friendship vie.

Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
 A Muse that pants and languishes for fame;
 That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,
 Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things:
 Receiv'd by thee, I prophecy, my rhymes,
 The praise of virgins in succeeding times:
 Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds shall see,
 But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee.

So some weak shoot, which else would poorly rise,
 Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies;

Through

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE. 97

Through the new pupil fostering juices flow,
Thrust forth the gems, and give the flowers to
blow.

Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A P O E M,

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD PRIVY-
SEAL, ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

“ — Sacerdos

“ Fronde super Mitram, & felici comptus Oliva.”
VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the subject of the British song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube chok'd with slain!
Exhausted themes! a gentler note I raise,
And sing returning peace in softer lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade:
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,
And Heaven and Anna bless Britannia's isle.

H

Well

Well sends our queen her mitred Bristol forth,
 For early counsels fam'd, and long-try'd worth;
 Who, thirty rolling years, had oft withheld
 The Swede and Saxon from the dusty field;
 Completely form'd to heal the Christian wounds,
 To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds;
 The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
 By leagues to soften earth, and heaven by prayer,
 To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,
 And make the crozier o'er the sword prevail.

So when great Moses, with Jehovah's wand,
 Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,
 Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,
 Now turn'd Nile's fattening streams to putrid gore;
 Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,
 And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.

O thou, from whom these bounteous blessings
 flow,

To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
 (For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
 To stifle companion, and to make their friend,
 Great Strafford, rich in every courtly grace,
 With joyful pride accepts the second place)
 From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring,
 One hour, oh! listen while the Muses sing.
 Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,
 With beating hearts to learn their masters' fate,
 One hour forbear to speak thy queen's commands,
 Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands;

The

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE. 99

The blissful prospects, in my verse display'd,
May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade :
Ev'n thou to peace shalt speedier urge the way,
And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'er-
thrown,

Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground :
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows, and brib'd the faints in vain ;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams ;
On glory past reflects with secret pain,
On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.

To Britain's Queen the sceptred suppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.
At her decree, the war suspended stands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands,
Their open brows no threatening frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,

Doubt if they 're those, whom dreadful to the view
 In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew ;
 At whose dire names ten thousand widows prest
 Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
 In silent rapture each his foe surveys ;
 They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.
 Brave minds, how'er at war, are secret friends ;
 Their generous discord with the battle ends ;
 In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
 And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
 And social clarions mix their sprightly sound.
 The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
 And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
 The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,
 The manly charms and honours of the war,
 Who hop'd to share his friends' illustrious doom,
 And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
 Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
 And fighting bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with smiles,
 O'er-pay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils ;
 Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,
 For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
 In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires,
 When English valour English beauty fires ;
 The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
 Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
 Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,

Hangs



ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE. 101

Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And smiles, or trembles, at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies ;
His little listening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire achievements sings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow,
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to distant nations run,
To visit fields, their valiant fathers won ;
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,
Till far Germania shews her blasted face.
Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria try'd :
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame,
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name ;
Here fled the Household, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,
On those steep banks, near Danube's raging flood,
The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood :
When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
But plung'd amidst the waves, a desperate throng,
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watery bed,
And drove the current to its distant head.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
 A warlike courser on the canvas stands,
 Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
 Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore ;
 If chance a generous steed the work behold,
 He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold ;
 So, Hochtet seen, tumultuous passions roll,
 And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,
 In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,
 And all the tempest of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye powers, with scenes less nobly bright,
 Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,
 Content to see the honours of the field
 By plough-shares level'd, or in flowers conceal'd.
 O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
 And grass luxuriant clothe the harmless mine.
 Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
 Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground ;
 While shepherds sleep, along the rampart laid,
 Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man? Oblivion blast his name,
 Torn out, and blotted from the list of fame !
 Who, fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,
 First sunk the filial subject to a slave,
 His neighbour's realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
 In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
 Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,
 And fitted murder to the rules of art.

Ah! curst ambition, to thy lures we owe
 All the great ills, that mortals bear below.

Curst

Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
 His year's whole sweat, and vainly ripen'd fields;
 Curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
 When left a widow, though not yet a bride;
 By mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed,
 And scatter uselefs roses on the dead.

Oh, sacred Bristol! then, what dangers prove
 The arts, thou smil'st on with paternal love?
 Then, mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,
 In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows;
 To shades obscure the glittering sword pursues
 The gentle poet, and defenceless Muse.

A voice like thine, alone, might then assuage
 The warrior's fury, and control his rage;
 To hear thee speak, might the fierce Vandal stand,
 And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driven to Scythia's stormy shore
 The drum's harsh music, and the cannon's roar;
 Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain,
 Where Tartar clans and grizzly Cossacks reign;
 Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
 See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,
 To death gray heads and smiling infants doom,
 Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,
 O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
 The savage lord of an unpeopled land.

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
 From pure religion, and impartial laws,
 To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,
 And holds in equal scales the rival kings:

Her generous sons in choicest gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)
Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean springs,
With smiles she sees the threatening billows rise,
Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the louring skies.
Light, o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd,
The pearly conch and silver turtles bound ;
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
Britannia's isle, the ocean's stately queen ;
In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall :
Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader, or what land oppress'd,
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redress'd !
Say, where have e'er her union-crosses sail'd,
But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd !
Her labours are, to plead th' Almighty's cause,
Her pride, to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws :
Who conquers wins by brutal strength the prize ;
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne
The king, whose power half Europe's regions own,
Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth
In swarms the harness'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice pursued his tedious way
To court our friendship, and our fame survey !
Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
And round his empire spread the learned store :

(T' adorn old realms is more than new to raise,
 His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)
 His bands now march in just array to war,
 And Caspian gulphs unusual navies bear;
 With Runick lays Smolensko's forests ring,
 And wondering Volga hears the Muses sing.
 Did not the painted kings of India greet
 Our queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet?
 Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,
 Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd shaft,
 Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
 Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before.
 Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
 And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.

Blest use of power! O virtuous pride in kings!
 And like his bounty, whence dominion springs!
 Which o'er new worlds makes heaven's indulgence shine,
 And ranges myriads under laws divine!
 Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
 With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.

Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
 And roams securely o'er the boundless main.
 Now o'er his head the polar bear he spies,
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
 With glittering spoils where Indian grottoes shine,
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
 Here nearer suns prepare the ripening gem,
 To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,

And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield
 On faithful coins each memorable field,
 Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
 May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.

In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,
 And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe ;
 In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
 Webb's firm platoon, and Lumley's faithful band,
 Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
 And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast,
 Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
 And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
 And if the Muse, O Bristol, might decree,
 Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,
 The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.

Such are the honours grateful Britain pays ;
 So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.
 O'er distant times such records shall prevail,
 When English numbers, antiquated, fail :
 A trifling song the Muse can only yield,
 And sooth her soldiers panting from the field.
 To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
 And raise their battles in the rural shade.
 From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms,
 (The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
 Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the string :
 Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to sing.

Hail, fabled grotto ! hail, Elysian soil !
 Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle !
 Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
 And beauty was content to shine unknown ;

Where

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE. 107

Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear ;
The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen
By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty shades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound ;
And hill to hill reflect the favourite found.

Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.
Vice of great souls alone ! O thirst of fame !
The Muse admires it, while she strives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chace the bounding deer,
Or view the courfers stretch in wild career.
This lovely scene shall sooth thy soul to rest,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breast.
With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see
Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free.
No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,
But what thou giv'st the world, thyself enjoy.

Sweet Solitude ! when life's gay hours are past,
How'er we range, in thee we fix at last :
Toft through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er),
Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly shore.
Our own strict judges our past life we scan,
And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span :
If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,
Trust future ages, and contented die.

When

When strangers from far distant climes shall come,
 To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
 Where rear'd aloft dissembled trophies stand,
 And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
 Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
 And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall ;
 Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board
 Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword,
 Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
 And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls,
 Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore
 The costly robes that slaughter'd generals wore,
 Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
 (Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broidery wrought)
 Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horse-man's pride,
 And Gaul's fair flowers, in human crimson dy'd.
 Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy
 Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,
 Shall gaze transported on its glittering charms,
 And reach it struggling with unequal arms,
 By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,
 Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

So, in the painter's animated frame,
 Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
 The little Loves in sport his fauchion wield,
 Or join their strength to heave his ponderous shield :
 One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore embrued,
 And one the spear, that reeks with Typhon's blood :
 Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
 He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Thus

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE. 109

Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'er-blown,
Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on,
Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.
But, oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd Albion mourns!
If your thin forms yet discontented moan,
And haunt the mangled mansions, once your own;
Behold what flowers the pious Muses strow,
And tears, which in the midst of triumph flow;
Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,
Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,
And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound.

Accept, great Anne, the tears their memory draws,
Who nobly perish'd in their sovereign's cause:
For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath must tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.

Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs
pale,
On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale,
Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
On whose decree the nations anxious wait:
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.

Thee,

Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,
 And savage Indians swear by Anna's name ;
 The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,
 And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain
 The watery kingdoms, and control the main ;
 Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join,
 Across the seas a formidable line ;
 The fight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
 But pleas'd see Dunkirk, now a guiltless shore ;
 In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
 And meant his waters for Britannia's bound ;
 Her giant genius takes a mighty stride,
 And sets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide ;
 On either bank the land its master knows,
 And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes, across the raging flood,
 Stupendous form ! the vast Colossus stood,
 (While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,
 A whole hour's sail scarce reach'd the further side)
 Betwixt his brazen thighs, in loose array,
 Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By Harley's counsels Dunkirk now restor'd
 To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.
 In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
 Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,
 Who boldly faithful met his sovereign's frown,
 And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
 His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,
 And France still trembles at an Harley's name.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE. 211

A fort so dreadful to our English shore,
 Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more,
 Whose vast expences to such sums amount,
 That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out th' account,
 Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast towers restrain,
 Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and main,
 His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
 Thy friendship, Anna, with the mighty prize.
 Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
 Sees the new glories of the British crown :
 Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
 Nor foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite.
 Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage
 Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
 To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
 Thy realm, the sea, o'er their precarious land.

Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the skies,
 Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise,
 To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
 Chace the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war,
 Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
 And turn God's fury from an impious age.
 Blest change ! the soldier's late destroying hand
 Shall rear new temples in his native land ;
 Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
 And beg admittance in our sacred fold ;
 On her own works the pious queen shall smile,
 And turn her cares upon her favourite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
 Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames ;

He

He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
 And his red arm the forky vengeance flings ;
 At length, heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
 To roll his orb, and guide his destin'd star,
 To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,
 And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait,
 These guard the church, and those direct the state.
 To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
 The church her towery forehead gently rears;
 She begs her pious son t' assert her cause,
 Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws,
 With holy zeal the sacred work begin,
 To bend the stubborn, and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's earl in careful thought shall stand,
 To raise his queen, and save a sinking land.
 The wealthiest glebe to ravenous Spaniards known
 He marks, and makes the golden world our own,
 Content with hands unfoil'd to guard the prize,
 And keep the store with undefiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Hesperian gold,
 The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
 His eyes up-rearing to th' untasted prey,
 The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
 Her ancient pride shall every art renew,
 (The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall defend,
 And courtly Bolingbroke the Muse's friend.)
 With piercing eye some search where nature plays,
 And trace the wanton through her darksome maze,

Whence

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE. 113

Whence health from herbs; from seeds how groves begun,
 How vital streams in circling eddies run.
 Some teach why round the sun the spheres advance,
 In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance,
 How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'erflow,
 And sun-born Iris paints her showery bow.
 In happy chains our daring language bound,
 Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,
 But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
 And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage:
 Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands
 And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
 Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
 To mend our morals, and our taste refine,
 Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
 Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
 Nor, Prior, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,
 Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,
 New tales shall now be told; if right I see,
 The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
 Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars
 Shall raise mock heroes, and fantastic wars;
 Like the young spreading laurel, Pope, thy name
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame;
 With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
 And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
 That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
 To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join:
 He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
 Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,

To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
 The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.
 Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays
 Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
 Cherish'd by you in time may grow to fame,
 And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glittering scene displays,
 And smit with passion for my country's praise,
 My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
 Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
 In cloister'd domes the great Philippa's pride,
 Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preside,
 Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
 And Edward form'd his Cressy, yet unfought,
 Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
 The feat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
 Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame
 My eager breast to raise the British name,
 Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,
 To woo the Muse, whom Addison enjoy'd,
 See that bold swan to heaven sublimely soar,
 Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS OPERA OF
ROSAMOND.

“ — — — Ne fortè pudori
“ Sit tibi Musa lyræ folers, & cantor Apollo.”

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,
Inrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
Nonfense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong.
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
The height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landscips how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flowery groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze?
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!

No further could imagination roam,
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlborough rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain);
Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them great.
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.

Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.
Unrival'd as unmatched be still thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies }
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise, }
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes. }

TO THE SAME, ON HIS TRAGEDY OF
CATO.

TOO long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage :
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes !
The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame :
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with generous pleasure glow !
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great ;
Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
With conscious virtue and becoming pride !

The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare ;
'Midst storms and earthquakes, he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight :
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes ;
Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.

Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
 Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
 Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
 And kings and priests without a blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
 Alike to British arms, and British wit :
 No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
 Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.

Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
 The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
 Like old acquaintance at their native home,
 In thee we find : each deed, each word express'd,
 And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast,
 We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
 With Virgil's judgement, and with Lucan's fire ;
 We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
 We most admire, because we know thee most.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN Brunswick first appear'd, each honest heart,
 Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art ;
 For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
 Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
 In golden chains the kings of India led,
 Or rent the turban from the sultan's head.

One, in old fables, and the pagan strain,
 With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
 Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
 And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
 A third awakes some druid, to foretel
 Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
 Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
 While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
 My Muse th' expected hero shall pursue
 From clime to clime, and keep him still in view;
 His shining march describe in faithful lays,
 Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
 Their charms; if charms they have, the truth supplies,
 And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.

By longing nations for the throne design'd,
 And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;
 With secret grief his god-like soul repines,
 And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
 While prayers and tears his destin'd progress stay,
 And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's way.
 Not so he march'd, when hostile squadrons stood
 In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
 When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
 And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.
 His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,
 And crosses the level fields his march pursues.
 Here pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,
 He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.
 O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies
 Transplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure rise;

Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
 From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
 With fruit and flowers the careful hind supplies,
 And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.
 Such wealth for frugal hands doth heaven decree,
 And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty!

Through stately towns, and many a fertile plain,
 The pomp advances to the neighbouring main,
 Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,
 And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales
 Propitious rise to swell the British sails.
 Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
 The vows and friendships of the neighbouring kings;
 Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
 Takes in the blended interests of mankind,
 The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast,
 Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;
 Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
 By rocks or streams, the mounds which heaven design'd;
 The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
 Nor shall thy hills, Pirene, rise in vain.

But see! to Britain's isle the squadrons stand,
 And leave the sinking towers, and lessening land.
 The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
 Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
 O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
 A watery prospect bounded by the skies:
 Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,
 Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores:

Behold

Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,
And see the wide horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; though now the chearful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs; just whitening to the view.
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound;
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarse-responding main.

As in the flood he sails, from either side
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;
A various scene the wide-spread landskip yields,
O'er rich inclosures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
Shade above shade, now rises to the sight:
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.

The sun now rolling down the western way,
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge enfold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.

For thee the East breath'd out a prosperous breeze,
 Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.
 Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
 And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.
 That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
 The same their aspect, and their voice the same.

So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
 At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
 Show each the other with reflected grace,
 And the same beauties bloom in either face ;
 The puzzled strangers which is which enquire ;
 Delusion grateful to the smiling fire.

From that fair * hill, where hoary sages boast
 To name the stars, and count the heavenly host,
 By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
 Proud town ! the noblest scene beneath the skies.
 O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
 And a vast navy hides his ample bed,
 A floating forest. From the distant strand
 A line of golden carrs strikes o'er the land ;
 Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
 Before their king, triumphant, lead the way.
 Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
 A bright procession, shines along the plain.

So, haply, through the heaven's wide pathless ways
 A comet draws a long extended blaze ;
 From east to west burns through the ethereal frame,
 And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.

Now

* Mr. Flamstead's house.

Now to the regal towers securely brought,
 He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
 Resumes the delegated power he gave,
 Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
 Whom shall the Muse from out the shining throng
 Select, to heighten and adorn her song?
 Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
 O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consign'd.
 Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,
 By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
 An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
 And thy own care once more returns to thee.
 O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
 Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease:
 Though call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
 To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:
 For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,
 And envy less thy garter, than thy bays.

The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
 Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,
 Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
 And sing the opening wonders of his reign;
 Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
 Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.
 A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
 A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;
 Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd,
 And through his line from age to age convey'd.

AN IMITATION OF THE PROPHECY OF
NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. BOOK III. ODE XXV.

“ Dicam infigne, recens, adhuc
 “ Indictum ore alio : non fecus in jugis
 “ Ex somnis stupet Eneas
 “ Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam
 “ Thracen, ac pede barbaro
 “ Lustratam Rhodopen.” HOR.

AS Mar his round one morning took,
 (Whom some call earl, and some call duke)
 And his new brethren of the blade,
 Shivering with fear and frost, survey'd,
 On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy
 An aged wizard six foot high,
 With bristled hair and visage blighted,
 Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-fighted.
 The grizly sage in thought profound
 Beheld the chief with back so round,
 Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
 O'er his paternal hills of snow,
 And into these tremendous speeches
 Broke forth the prophet without breeches:
 Into what ills betray'd, by thee,
 This ancient kingdom do I see!
 Her realms un-peopled and forlorn!
 Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!

Proud

PROPHECY OF NEREUS IMITATED. 125

Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottish pads shall amble home ;
I see them drest in bonnets blue
(The spoils of thy rebellious crew) ;
I see the target cast away,
And chequer'd plaid become their prey,
The chequer'd plaid to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.

In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
The shield, the pistol, durk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have fally'd out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peacefull village,
Or, while their neighbours were asleep,
Have carry'd off a low-land sheep,

What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With popish cut-throats, perjurd ruffians,
And Forster's troop of raggamuffins ?

In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bag-pipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true, and voice so rusty,
(A loyal soul) thy troops affright,
While hoarsely he demands the fight ?
Dost thou not generous Ilay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head ?
Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms ?

Douglas, who draws his lineage down
 From Thanes and Peers of high renown,
 Fiery, and young, and uncontrol'd,
 With knights, and squires, and barons bold,
 (His noble household-band) advances,
 And on the milk-white courser prances.
 Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
 Grown swarthy in Iberian wars :
 And Monroe, kindled into rage,
 Sourly defies thee to engage ;
 He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
 And horse to boot — if thou hadst any.

But see Argyll, with watchful eyes,
 Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies !
 Couch'd like a lion in thy way,
 He waits to spring upon his prey ;
 While, like a herd of timorous deer,
 Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
 Led by their doughty general's skill,
 From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

Is thus thy haughty promise paid
 That to the Chevalier was made,
 When thou didst oaths and duty barter,
 For dukedom, generalship, and garter ?
 Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,
 With Highland sceptre in his hand,
 Too good for his pretended birth,
 -----Then down shall fall the king of Perth.

'Tis so decreed : for George shall reign,
 And traitors be forsworn in vain.

Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
 And bless him still with an Argyll.
 While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,
 Condemn'd to barren rocks and snaws,
 And hinder'd passing Inverlocky,
 Shall burn thy clan, and curse poor Jocky.

AN EPISTLE
 FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A
 GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

TO thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,
 The health, the wants, thy gentle Chloe sends.
 Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
 Worse than an exile on my native shore.
 Companions in your master's flight you roam,
 Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
 For ever near the royal outlaw's side
 You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
 On glorious schemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
 And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
 The passive doctrine, and the right divine,
 Say, what new succours does the chief prepare?
 The strength of armies? or the force of prayer?
 Does he from heaven or earth his hopes derive?
 From saints departed, or from priests alive?
 Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops withstand,
 And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand;

Heaven

Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But skill and courage win the crowns below.

Ere to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night :
But now, with fears and public cares possess'd,
The church, the church, for ever breaks my rest.
The postboy on my pillow I explore,
And sift the news of every foreign shore,
Studious to find new friends, and new allies ;
What armies march from Sweden in disguise ;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold :
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,
Cross many a region marks the winding way ;
From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a meer geographer by love :
But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast
That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most :
Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, despair,
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair :
In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.
Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their powers ;
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.
We reason with such fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,

Against

TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON. 129

Against her prelates plead the church's cause,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms lost ;
A crown, though late, thy sacred brows may boast ;
Heaven seems through us thy empire to decree ;
Those who win hearts, have given their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that when, profusely gay,
Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sovereign's day,
We stubborn damsels met the public view
In lothsome wormwood, and repenting rue ?
What Whig but trembled, when our spotless band
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land !
Who can forget what fears the foe possess'd,
When oaken-boughs mark'd every loyal breast !
Less scar'd than Medway's stream the Norman stood,
When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,
Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering shade ?

Those who the succours of the fair despise,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bards, O prince by fortune cross'd,
At least more courage than thy men can boast :
Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street.
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots fallying oft have put to flight
With all their poles the guardians of the night,
And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side
The leader's staff in all its painted pride.

Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
 To vend the discontented statesman's thought,
 Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,
 Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,
 The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,
 Like Philomela darkling in the shade.
 Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
 And hums in concert o'er his easy chair.

Meanwhile, regardless of the royal cause,
 His sword for James no brother sovereign draws.
 The Pope himself, surrounded with alarms,
 To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms,
 And though he hears his darling son's complaint,
 Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,
 But lifts them all to guard his own abodes,
 And into ready money coins his gods.
 The dauntless Swede, pursued by vengeful foes,
 Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows;
 Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorraine
 With feasts regale our garter'd youth again.
 Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy silent grove
 The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove:
 The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
 Th' adventurous knight, now quits the sylvan war;
 Thy brinded boars may slumber undismay'd,
 Or grunt secure beneath the chesnut shade.
 Inconstant Orleans (still we mourn the day
 That trusted Orleans with imperial sway,)
 Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
 Far from the call of his desponding friends.

TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON. 131

Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace !
And such the terrors of the Brunswick race !
Was it for this the sun's whole lustre fail'd,
And sudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd !
For this did heaven display to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the skies !
Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red !
And Thames driv'n backward show'd his secret bed !
False auguries ! th' insulting victor's scorn !
Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn !
O portents construed on our side in vain !
Let never Tory trust eclipse again !
Run clear, ye fountains ! be at peace, ye skies !
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders rise !
To Rome then must the royal wanderer go,
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe ?
His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in prayer !
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.
Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his trusty vote !
Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,
And with his casting suffrage fix a creed !
Shall he in robes on stated days appear,
And English heretics curse once a year !
Garnet and Faux shall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoke !

Forbid it, heaven! my soul, to fury wrought,
Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
And still the double claim divides my breast.

The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:
To James my passion and my weakness guide,
But reason sways me to the victor's side.

Though griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear!
You know my language, and my heart, sincere.
In vain did falsehood his fair frame disgrace;
What force had falsehood, when he show'd his face!
In vain to war our boastful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire shock they fled:
France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame
A second Dunkirk in another name:
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious town sees fifty churches rise:
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long prospect of succeeding years.
The son, aspiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his fire: another and the same.
He, blest in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms:

With

TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON. 133

With pain and joy at strife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face ;
Half sickening at the sight, too well I spy
The father's spirit through the mother's eye :
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And strive to hate their innocence in vain,

O princess! happy by thy foes confest!
Blest in thy husband! in thy children blest!
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn.
Transplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom,
Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair descendants of thy sacred bed,
Wide-branching o'er the western world shall spread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot
To earthward bending of itself takes root,
Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand
In verdant arches on the fertile land ;
Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.

O thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,
My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend ;
Since heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain ;
Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake ?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,
Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree ?
If not to Brunswick, O return to me!

Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend :
 What spares whole thousands, may to thee extend.
 Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
 Great Brunswick's virtues shall secure thy fame :
 Say these invite thee to approach his throne,
 And own the monarch, heaven vouchsafes to own :
 The world, convinc'd, thy reasons will approve ;
 Say this to them ; but swear to me 'twas love.

A N O D E,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF
 STANHOPE'S VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718.

“ Idem

“ Pacis eras mediufque belli.” HOR.

I.

FAIR daughter once of Windsor's woods !
 In safety o'er the rolling floods,
 Britannia's boast and darling care,
 Big with the fate of Europe, bear.
 May winds propitious on his way
 The minister of peace convey ;
 Nor rebel wave, nor rising storm,
 Great George's liquid realms deform.

II.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded sails
 Already swell with western gales ;

Already

Already Albion's coast retires,
 And Calais multiplies her spires :
 At length has royal Orleans prest,
 With open arms, the well-known guest ;
 Before in sacred friendship join'd,
 And now in counsels for mankind :

III.

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,
 And plans the threaten'd world's repose,
 They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
 And bless whole ages yet to come.
 Henceforth great Brunswick shall decree
 What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea ;
 From whom the Tuscan grape shall glow,
 And fruitful Arethusa flow.

IV.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
 The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine !
 Nor, Ebro, let thy single rage
 With half the warring world engage.
 Oh ! call to mind thy thousands slain,
 And Almanara's fatal plain ;
 While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,
 Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1713.

WHAT kings henceforth shall reign, what states
be free,

Is fix'd at length by Anna's just decree :
Whose brows the Muse's sacred wreath shall fit,
Is left to you the arbiters of wit.

With beating hearts the rival poets wait,
Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate ;
Secure, when to these learned feats they come,
Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.

Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown
Is but the praise of a capricious town ;
While, with mock-majesty, and fancy'd power,
He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour.
Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart :
In turn and simile resign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
We blush, when plays like these receive applause ;
And laugh, in secret, at the tears we cause ;
With honest scorn our own success disdain,
A worthless honour, and inglorious gain.

No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear ;
Well, what we blush to act, may you to hear.
To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
The work of poets, whom you taught to sing :
Though crown'd with fame, they dare not think it due,
Nor take the laurel till bestow'd by you.

Great

Great Cato's self the glory of the stage,
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
Begg here he may be try'd by Roman laws ;
To you, O fathers, he submits his cause ;
He rests not in the people's general voice,
Till you, the senate, have confirm'd his choice.

Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
To wind the passions, and command the heart ;
For fancy'd ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the generous soul in love with woe ;
To raise the shades of heroes to our view ;
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew.
How hard the task ! how rare the godlike rage !
None should presume to dictate for the Stage,
But such as boast a great extensive mind,
Enrich'd by Nature, and by Art refin'd ;
Who from the ancient stores their knowledge bring,
And tasted early of the Muses' spring.
May none pretend upon her throne to sit,
But such as, sprung from you, are born to wit :
Chosen by the mob, their lawless claim we slight :
Yours is the old hereditary right.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT
OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF KING
CHARLES I.

TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

“ — Animum pictura pascit inani

“ Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.”

VIRG.

CAN this be he ! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be sunk by heaven to such a dismal state !
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care !
What steady sadness, and august despair !
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart disdain'd, from me o'erflow, }
Thus to survey God's substitute below, }
In solemn anguish, and majestic woe.

When spoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands ;
Rent from, what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,
His helpless children, and his bosom wife ;
Doom'd for the faith, plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land ;
Then thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The king, the father, and the saint to mourn.—
How could'st thou, artist, then thy skill display ?
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray :

Near

Near thy bold work the stunn'd spectators faint,
 Nor see unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'st paint.
 What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
 Th' insulting judge, the solemn-mocking show,
 The horrid sentence, and accursed blow.

Where then, just heaven, was thy unactive hand,
 Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
 Thy adamant shield, thy angel wings,
 And the great Genii of anointed kings!
 Treason and fraud shall thus the stars regard!
 And injur'd virtue meet this sad reward!
 So sad, none like, can Time's old records tell,
 Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell.
 All names but one too low—that one too high:
 All parallels are wrongs, or blasphemy.

O power supreme! How secret are thy ways!
 Yet man, vain man, would trace the mystic maze,
 With foolish wisdom, arguing, charge his God,
 His balance hold, and guide his angry rod;
 New-mould the spheres, and mend the sky's design,
 And sound th' immense with his short scanty line.
 Do thou, my soul, the destin'd period wait,
 When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,
 His now unequal dispensations clear,
 And make all wise and beautiful appear;
 When suffering saints aloft in beams shall glow,
 And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
 A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
 Then this pale image seem'd t' invade his room,
 Gaz'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb,

While

While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
And the storm wings his spotted soul away.

A blast more bounteous ne'er did heaven command
To scatter blessings o'er the British land.
Not that more kind, which dash'd the pride of Spain,
And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main;
Not those more kind, which guide our floating towers,
Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours:
That only kinder, which to Britain's shore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.

O Clarke, to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main;
Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn,
Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
This sight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
The poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest;
To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
And, one destroy'd, a thousand kings defend.

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON HUNTING.

“ Dona cano divûm, lætas venantibus artes,
“ Auspicio, Diana, tuo—— GRATIUS.

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beasts, that range the rural chace,
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
The laws and glory of the sylvan wars,

I first in British verse presume to raise ;
 A venturous rival of the Roman praise.
 Let me, chaste Queen of Woods, thy aid obtain,
 Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and sprightly train :
 If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
 To rouse the foe, and press the bounding prey,
 Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,
 And grant me genius for the bold design.
 In this soft shade, O sooth the warrior's fire,
 And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre;
 And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,
 The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
 The minds and genius of the latrant race.
 In powers distinct the different clans excel,
 In fight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell ;
 By wiles ungenerous some surprize the prey,
 And some by courage win the doubtful day.
 Seest thou the gaze-hound ! how with glance severe
 From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer !
 How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
 The hare preventing in her airy maze ;
 The luckless prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
 And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane ;
 O'er all, the blood-hound boasts superior skill,
 To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill !
 His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
 True to the master's voice, and learned horn.

His

His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew;
Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the chosen game;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.

Some hounds of manners vile (nor less we find
Of fops in hounds, than in the reasoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain,
And from the scent divert the wiser train;
For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
And mar the music with their senseless tone;
Start at the starting prey, or rustling wind,
And, hot at first, inglorious lag behind.
A fauntering tribe! may such my foes disgrace!
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.

Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem.
Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
And sing the chosen worthies of their race;
How his sire's features in the son were spy'd,
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride.
Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.

Good shape to various kinds old bards confine,
Some praise the Greek, and some the Roman line;
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,
As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.

Immense

Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
 And paint the thousand families of hounds :
 First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,
 Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below.
 The task be mine, to teach Britannia's swains,
 My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.

Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'st to train,
 His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
 Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
 A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind ;
 Truss-thigh'd, straight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his
 paw,

Large-leg'd, dry sol'd, and of protended claw.
 His flat, wide nostrils snuff the savory steam,
 And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam ;
 Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
 With ears and chest that dash the morning dew :
 He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
 And charm the Dryads with his voice profound ;
 To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
 And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous board.

The matron bitch whose womb shall best produce
 The hopes and fortune of th' illustrious house,
 Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign feed,
 For various nature loaths incestuous breed,
 Is like the fire throughout. Nor yet displease
 Large flanks, and ribs, to give the teemer ease.

In Spring let loose thy pairs. Then all things prove
 The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love :
 Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial showers,
 Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flowers.

Hence

Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
 More kindly breezes, and a softer sky :
 Kind Venus revels. Hark ! on every bough,
 In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo.
 Fell tigers soften in th' infectious flames,
 And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames :
 Great Love pervades the deep ; to please his mate,
 The whale, in gambols, moves his monstrous weight,
 Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
 And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.

All Nature smiles ; come now, nor fear, my love,
 To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
 To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
 And, sweetly swearing, languish life away.
 An altar, bound with recent flowers, I rear
 To thee, best season of the various year ;
 All hail ! such days in beauteous order ran,
 So swift, so sweet, when first the world began,
 In Eden's bowers, when man's great sire assign'd
 The names and natures of the brutal kind.
 Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
 And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound ;
 Wonderful to tell ! but when, with luckless hand,
 Our daring mother broke the sole command,
 Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
 Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign :
 Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
 And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey ;
 Rude arts at first ; but witty want refin'd
 The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
 The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;
 He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
 And wheel the courser in his mid career:
 Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
 Let me, ye powers, an humbler wreath demand.
 No pomps I ask, which crowns and sceptres yield,
 Nor dangerous laurels in the dusty field;
 Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
 Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
 To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,
 A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

And now thy female bears in ample womb
 The bane of hares, and triumphs yet to come.
 No sport, I ween, nor blast of sprightly horn,
 Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
 Unlock'd, in covers let her freely run,
 To range thy courts, and bask before the sun;
 Near thy full table let the favourite stand,
 Strok'd by thy son's, or blooming daughter's hand.
 Carefs, indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
 T' improve her breed, and teem a vigorous tribe.

So, if small things may be compar'd with great,
 And Nature's works the Muse's imitate,
 So, stretch'd in shades, and lull'd by murmuring
 streams,

Great Maro's breast receiv'd the heavenly dreams.
 Recluse, serene, the musing prophet lay,
 Till thoughts in embryo, ripening, burst their way.

L

Hence

Hence bees in state, and foaming courfers come,
 Heroes, and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

I.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
 And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursued,
 When his wisdom, in manner most ample, exprest
 The long list of the graces his godship possest :

II.

I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays ;
 Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays ;
 I'm the god of the harp—stop my fairest—in vain ;
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.

III.

Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
 God of light I'm above, and of physick below :
 At the dreadful word physick, the nymph fled more fast ;
 At the fatal word physick she doubled her haste.

IV.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then, alter thy phrase,
 Bid her view the young bloom, and thy ravishing rays
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
 And, my life for 't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

THE

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
 The lavish praises of the babler, Fame :
 I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,
 And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye,
 Resolv'd to find some fault, before unspy'd,
 And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the vassal heart, that durst rebel,
 And, where a judge was meant, a victim fell :
 On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
 I gaz'd, at once, my pride and soul away ;
 All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
 And, in a look, the hasty conquest won.

Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
 And sports and flutters near the treacherous blaze ;
 Ravish'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
 Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light ;
 He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
 A bright destruction, and a flaming tomb.

 T O A L A D Y ;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold, appear the lines,
 Where Claudian's genius in the Phoenix shines ;
 A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
 And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd :
 A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
 Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.

Each fabled charm in matchless Cælia meets,
 The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets ;
 Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
 And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
 O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
 But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.

Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom disclose,
 Th' untainted lily, and unfolding rose ;
 Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
 You speak a Syren, and you move a Grace ;
 Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
 While virtue gives, what years shall steal away :
 The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
 In age shall with the charms of youth engage ;
 In every change still lovely, still the same,
 A fairer Phoenix in a purer flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX :

FROM CLAUDIAN.

IN utmost ocean lies a lovely isle,
 Where spring still blooms, and greens for ever smile
 Which sees the sun put on his first array,
 And hears his panting steeds bring on the day ;
 When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,
 And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course ;
 When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
 And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.

In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,
 The happy Phoenix keeps his balmy seat,

Far

Far from the world disjoin'd ; he reigns alone,
 Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
 A god-like bird ! whose endless round of years
 Out-lasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres ;
 Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
 Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill ;
 But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
 And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey ;
 Still he renews his life in these abodes,
 Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.
 His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
 And round his head ten thousand glories play ;
 High on his crest, a star celestial bright
 Divides the darkness with its piercing light ;
 His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,
 His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly ;
 Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
 Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropt with gold.

Begot by none himself, begetting none,
 Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son ;
 His life in fruitful death renews his date,
 And kind destruction but prolongs his fate :
 Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
 And on the funeral pile begin to live.
 For when a thousand times the summer sun
 His bending race has on the zodiac run,
 And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
 As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold ;
 Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
 And bends beneath the mighty load of years.

So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,
 The shade and glory of the mountain's brow.
 When pierc'd by blasts, and spouting clouds o'er-spread,
 It, slowly sinking, nods its tottering head,
 Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,
 And wasting age destroys the poor remains.

Then, as the silver empress of the night,
 O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
 So, froz'n with age, and shut from light's supplies,
 In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
 And those fleet wings, for strength and speed renown'd,
 Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.

Mysterious arts a second time create
 The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
 Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
 Parch'd by his fire the sun's intensest rays;
 The pile design'd to form his funeral scene
 He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
 And bids his spicy heap at once become
 A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
 Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries,
 To dart upon him in collected rays,
 And new-create him in a deadly blaze.

The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
 And stops the progress of his heavenly carr.

“ O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,

“ Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,

“ An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.

“ Thou, on whom heaven has fix'd th' ambiguous doom

“ To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,

“ Thy

THE PHOENIX.

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“ Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
 “ And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view.”

Thus speaking, 'midst the aromatic bed
 A golden beam he tosses from his head;
 Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies,
 And straight devours the willing sacrifice,
 Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
 Sink into strength, and into life expire.

In flames the circling odours mount on high,
 Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,
 The moon and stars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
 And nature startles at the doubtful sight;
 For, whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
 The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
 Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,
 The noblest product of the skill she claims.

Th' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
 And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear;
 In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
 And life returning revels in his veins:
 A new-born Phoenix starting from the flame,
 Obtains at once a son's, and father's name;
 And the great change of double life displays,
 In the short moment of one transient blaze.

On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
 And to the gods his parent urn commends,
 To Egypt bearing, with majestic pride,
 The balmy nest, where first he liv'd and dy'd.
 Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual sight,
 And grace the triumph of his infant flight;

In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
 Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky;
 Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
 Obstruct his journey through th' æthereal space;
 The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
 Forego their courage, and consent to fear;
 The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
 And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king.

Less glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
 Commanding legions to the dusty field;
 Though sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
 And royal gold his awful head surround;
 Though rich embroidery paint his purple vest,
 And his steed bound in costly trappings drest,
 Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
 In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.

Fam'd for the worship of the sun, there stands
 A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
 Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
 An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
 Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,
 A grateful offering to the beamy god;
 Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
 The seeds and relicks of himself he lays,
 Whence flaming incense makes the temple shine,
 And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.
 The wafted smell to far Pelusium flies,
 To cheer old ocean, and enrich the skies,
 With nectar's sweets to make the nations smile,
 And scent the seven-fold channels of the Nile.

Thrice

Thrice happy Phoenix ! heaven's peculiar care
 Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir ;
 By death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
 Which sinks to ruin all the world beside ;
 Thy age, not thee, assisting Phoebus burns,
 And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
 Whate'er events have been, thy eyes survey,
 And thou art fixt, while ages roll away ;
 Thou saw'st when raging ocean burst his bed,
 O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'er-spread ;
 When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
 Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
 When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
 Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign ;
 Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
 Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

V E R S E S T O M R S. L O W T H E R
 O N H E R M A R R I A G E.

F R O M M E N A G E.

TH E greatest swain that treads th' Arcadian grove,
 Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
 His charming nymph, his softer fair obtains,
 The bright Diana of our flowery plains ;
 He, 'midst the graceful, of superior grace,
 And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.

Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno, shed,
 And crown the pleasures of the genial bed :

Raise

Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
 Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
 Well may'st thou shower thy choicest gifts on those,
 Who boldly rival thy most hated foes;
 The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
 And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

T O A L A D Y ;

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

THE fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
 The choicest stores that youthful summer yields,
 Strephon to fair Elisa hath convey'd,
 The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
 O cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them rest
 On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
 And there regale the smell, and charm the view,
 With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.
 Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,
 Thy form divine, and beauty's matchless power:
 Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
 And thy ripe lips out-blush the opening rose:
 The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
 Lost in thy bosom's more unfullied white;
 And wreaths of jasmine shed perfumes, beneath
 Th' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.
 Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair,
 How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
 But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
 The fading lustre of one hastening day.

This

This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
The roses wither, and the lilies pine.

The garlands fate to thine shall be apply'd,
And what advance thy form, shall check thy pride:
Be wise, my fair, the present hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waste of love;
Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
And that which shew'd thy beauty, shew its use.

O N A L A D Y ' S P I C T U R E :

T O G I L F R E D L A W S O N , E S Q ;

AS Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting shade:
For Cupid taught the artist hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.

Now he laments a look so falsely fair;
And almost damns, what yet resembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing eyes;
Now fated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies. }
Her ivory neck his lips perfume to kiss,
And his bold hands the swelling bosom press;
The swain drinks-in deep draughts of vain desire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.

Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
What love inspires, may life itself impart.
Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;

Clasp

Clasp, new Pygmalion, clasp the seeming charms,
 Perhaps ev'n now th' enlivening image warms,
 Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms :
 Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invade,
 That she at once shall be, and cease to be a maid.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæsar, having resolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the same field. The behaviour of their soldiers, at their seeing and knowing one another, is the subject of the following verses.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
 Prepar'd for fight the wondering soldiers knew ;
 Brother, with brother in unnatural strife,
 And the son arm'd against the father's life :
 Curs'd civil war ! then conscience first was felt,
 And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
 Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
 Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand ;
 To vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
 The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
 All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
 And run, with transport, to the longing foe :
 Here the long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim,
 There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,
 Youths

Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.

Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
And kisses, broke by sobs, the words of grief;
Though yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.

Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitless pain,
Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in vain?
Why blame ye heaven, and charge your guilt on fate?
Why dread the tyrant, whom yourselves make great?
Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight.
Bids he the standards move? refuse the fight.
Your generals, left by you, will love again
A son and father, when they're private men.

Kind Concord, heavenly born! whose blissful reign
Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain,
Whose laws the jarring elements control,
And knit each atom close from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
This lucky hour, thy aid fair goddess bring!
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times.
No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
They know their duty, now their friends are known.
Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be,
New crimes, by love inhand'd, this night shall see:
Such is the will of fate, and such the hard decree.

'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
The soldiers mingling chearful feasts prepare:

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On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
 And hafty banquets pil'd upon the ground :
 Around the fire they talk ; one shews his scars,
 One tells what chance first led him to the wars ;
 Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
 And the mute circle listens to the tale ;
 They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could hate
 Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate ;
 Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,
 A short-liv'd blessing, but to heighten woe.

When to Petreius first the news was told,
 The jealous general thought his legions fold.
 Swift with the guards, his head-strong fury drew,
 From out his camp he drives the hostile crew ;
 Cuts clasping friends asunder with his sword,
 And stains with blood each hospitable board.

Then thus his wrath breaks out. ' Oh ! lost to fame !
 ' Oh ! false to Pompey, and the Roman name !
 ' Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands ?
 ' Oh ! die at least ; 'tis all that Rome demands.
 ' What ! will ye own, while ye can wield the sword,
 ' A rebel standard, and usurping lord ?
 ' Shall he be sued to take you into place
 ' Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace ?
 ' What ? shall my life be begg'd ? inglorious thought !
 ' And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought !
 ' The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,
 ' Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife ;
 ' But peace would lead to servitude and shame,
 ' A fair amusement, and a specious name.

' Never

' Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
 ' Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,
 ' Ne'er had the steed in harness fought the plain,
 ' Or fleets encounter'd on th' unstable main ;
 ' Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd
 ' Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
 ' By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,
 ' Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground ;
 ' Are you perfidious, who espouse the laws,
 ' And traitors only in a righteous cause ?
 ' Oh shame ! in vain through nations far and wide,
 ' Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,
 ' Fall'n Pompey ! while thy legions here betray
 ' Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away.'

He ended fierce. The soldier's rage returns,
 His blood flies upward, and his bosom burns.

So, haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
 Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands ;
 But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,
 He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar.
 He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,
 And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.

Now deeds are done, which man might charge aright
 On stubborn fate, or undiscerning night,
 Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,
 And made the whole malignity their own.
 The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
 And breasts are stabb'd, that were embrac'd before :
 Pity awhile their hands from slaughter kept.
 Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept,

But

But every blow their wavering rage assures,
In murder hardens, and to blood inures.
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends
descry,
But fires by sons, and sons by fathers die.
Black, monstrous rage! each, with victorious cries,
Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,
Exults in guilt, that throws the only shame
On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

THE DEDICATION.

WHEN I first entered upon this translation, I was ambitious of dedicating it to the earl of Halifax; but being prevented from doing myself that honour, by the unspeakable loss which our country hath sustained in the death of that extraordinary person, I hope I shall not be blamed for presuming to make a dedication of it to his memory. The greatness of his name will justify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work, which (if it had deserved his patronage) is perhaps the only one inscribed to his lordship, that will escape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from such a dedication, that nothing, I could say in it, would be suspected of flattery. Besides that the world would take a pleasure in hearing those things said of this great man, now he is dead, which he himself would have been offended at when living. But though I am sensible, so amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the publick, were I able to draw it in its full extent: I should be censured very deservedly, should I venture upon an undertaking, to which I am by no means equal.

M

His

His consummate knowledge in all kinds of business, his winning eloquence in public assemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the share he had in conveying the supreme power to an illustrious family famous for being friends to mankind, are subjects easy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhausted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune, which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of so generous and universal a patron.

He rested not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himself was so great a master; but was acted by that humanity they naturally inspire: which gave rise to many excellent writers, who have cast a light upon the age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to posterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been published for several years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or supported by his approbation, or recompensed by his bounty. And if the succession of men, who excel in most of the refined arts, should not continue; though some may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen; those, who are unacquainted with his lordship's character, will know more justly how to account for it.

The cause of liberty will receive no small advantage in future times, when it shall be observed that the earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that most of those, who were eminent in the several parts of polite or useful learning,
were

were by his influence and example engaged in the same interest.

I hope therefore the publick will excuse my ambition for thus intruding into the number of those applauded men, who have paid him this kind of homage: especially since I am also prompted to it by gratitude, for the protection with which he had begun to honour me; and do it at a time when he cannot suffer by the impertinency of my acknowledgments.

T O T H E R E A D E R.

I Must inform the reader, that when I began this first book, I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad: but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the publick to a translation of Homer's Odyssæis, wherein I have already made some progress.

T H E F I R S T B O O K O F T H E I L I A D.

A CHILLES' fatal wrath, whence discord rose,
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd
woes,

O goddess, sing. Full many a hero's ghost
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coast,
While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feast for dogs, and every bird of prey.

So did the fire of gods and men fulfil
 His stedfast purpose, and almighty will ;
 What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
 Atrides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike son.

What god in strife the princes did engage ?
 Apollo burning with vindictive rage
 Against the scornful king, whose impious pride
 His priest dishonour'd, and his power defy'd.
 Hence swift contagion, by the god's commands,
 Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.

For, wealth immense the holy Chryses bore,
 (His daughter's ransom) to the tented shore :
 His sceptre stretching forth, the golden rod,
 Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god,
 Of all the host, of every princely chief,
 But first of Atreus' sons, he begg'd relief :

' Great Atreus' sons and warlike Greeks attend.
 ' So may th' immortal gods your cause befriend,
 ' So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
 ' And rich in gather'd spoils to Greece return,
 ' As for these gifts my daughter you bestow,
 ' And reverence due to great Apollo show,
 ' Jove's favourite offspring, terrible in war,
 ' Who sends his shafts unerring from afar.'

Throughout the host consenting murmurs rise,
 The priest to reverence, and give back the prize ;
 When the great king, incens'd, his silence broke
 In words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke :

' Hence, dotard, from my sight. Nor ever more
 ' Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden shore ;

Left

' Lest thou stretch forth, my fury to restrain,
 ' The wreaths and sceptre of thy god, in vain.
 ' The captive maid I never will resign.
 ' Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine.
 ' To distant Argos shall the fair be led :
 ' She shall ; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.
 ' Begone, ere evil intercept thy way.
 ' Hence, on thy life : nor urge me by thy stay.'

He ended frowning. Speechless and dismay'd,
 The aged fire his stern command obey'd.
 Silent he pass'd, amid the deafening roar
 Of tumbling billows, on the lonely shore ;
 Far from the camp he pass'd : then suppliant stood ;
 And thus the hoary priest invoc'd his god :

' Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear.
 ' Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
 ' To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs ;
 ' Propitious Smintheus ! Oh ! redress my wrongs.
 ' If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
 ' The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
 ' O ! hear my prayer. Let Greece thy fury know,
 ' And with thy shafts avenge thy servant's woe.'

Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry.
 Down rush'd the vengeful warrior from the sky ;
 Across his breast the glittering bow he flung,
 And at his back the well-stor'd quiver hung :
 (His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight.)
 In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight ;
 Then took his stand, the well-aim'd shaft to throw :
 Fierce sprung the string, and twang'd the silver bow.

The dogs and mules his first keen arrow flew;
 Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,
 A deathful dart. The funeral piles around
 For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.

Nine days entire, he vex'd th' embattled host,
 The tenth, Achilles through the winding coast
 Summon'd a council, by the queen's command
 Who wields heaven's sceptre in her snowy hand:
 She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now inclose
 The hero, swiftly speaking as he rose:

‘ What now, O Atreus' son, remains in view,
 ‘ But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
 ‘ Doom'd to destruction, while our wasted powers
 ‘ The sword and pestilence at once devours?
 ‘ Why haste we not some prophet's skill to prove,
 ‘ Or seek by dreams? (for dreams descend from Jove.)
 ‘ What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
 ‘ What vow withheld, what hecatomb unflain:
 ‘ And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
 ‘ The price for guilt, and turn this curse away?’

Thus he. And next the reverend Calchas rose,
 Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose;
 The prince of augurs, whose enlighten'd eye
 Could things past, present, and to come, descry:
 Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
 His speech addressing to the godlike man:

‘ Me then command'ſt thou, lov'd of Jove, to show
 ‘ What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
 ‘ First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
 ‘ By words to aid me, or by arms defend.

‘ For

' For I foresee his rage, whose ample sway
 ' The Argian powers and sceptred chiefs obey.
 ' The wrath of kings what subject can oppose ?
 ' Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance glows,
 ' Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant youth,
 ' Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I speak the truth ?
 To this Achilles swift replies : ' Be bold.
 ' Disclose, what Phœbus tells thee, uncontrol'd.
 ' By him, who, listening to thy powerful prayer,
 ' Reveals the secret, I devoutly swear,
 ' That, while these eyes behold the light, no hand
 ' Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand :
 ' Not Atreus' son. Though now himself he boast
 ' The king of men, and sovereign of the host.'

Then boldly he. ' Nor does the god complain
 ' Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unslain.
 ' Chryseis to her awful fire refus'd,
 ' The gifts rejected, and the priest abus'd,
 ' Call down these judgments, and for more they call,
 ' Just ready on th' exhausted camp to fall ;
 ' Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,
 ' And hecatombs are sent to sooth the god,
 ' To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
 ' The gifts may expiate, and the priest assuage.'

He spoke, and sat. When, with an angry frown,
 The chief of kings upstart'd from his throne.
 Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,
 Lour in his brows, and sparkle in his eyes :
 Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent,
 And all at once his fury found a vent.

' Augur of ills, (for never good to me
 ' Did that most inauspicious voice decree)
 ' For ever ready to denounce my woes,
 ' When Greece is punish'd, I am still the cause ;
 ' And now when Phœbus spreads his plagues abroad,
 ' And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
 ' Because my blooming captive I detain,
 ' And the large ransom is produc'd in vain.
 ' Fond of the maid, my queen, in beauty's pride,
 ' Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride ;
 ' Not Clytæmnestra boasts a nobler race,
 ' A sweeter temper, or a lovelier face,
 ' In works of female skill hath more command,
 ' Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.
 ' Yet she shall go. The fair our peace shall buy :
 ' Better I suffer, than my people die.
 ' But mark me well. See instantly prepar'd
 ' A full equivalent, a new reward.
 ' Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his share,
 ' Your chief should lose his portion of the war :
 ' In vain your chief ; whilst the dear prize, I boast,
 ' Is wrested from me, and for ever lost.'

To whom the swift pursuer quick reply'd :
 ' Oh sunk in avarice, and swoln with pride !
 ' How shall the Greeks, though large of soul they be,
 ' Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee
 ' To search anew, and cull the choicest share
 ' Amid the mighty harvest of the war ?
 ' Then yield thy captive, to the god resign'd,
 ' Assur'd a tenfold recompence to find,

' When

' When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilium down,
 ' And give to plunder the devoted town.'
 ' Think not, Atrides answer'd, though thou shine,
 ' Graceful in beauty, like the powers divine,
 ' Think not, thy wiles, in specious words convey'd,
 ' From its firm purpose shall my soul dissuade.
 ' Must I alone bereft sit down with shame,
 ' And thou insulting keep thy captive dame?
 ' If, as I ask, the large-soul'd Greeks consent
 ' Full recompence to give, I stand content.
 ' If not: a prize I shall myself decree,
 ' From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.
 ' While the proud prince, despoil'd, shall rage in vain.
 ' But break we here. The rest let time explain.
 ' Launch now a well-trim'd galley from the shore,
 ' With hands experienc'd at the bending oar:
 ' Inclose the hecatomb; and then with care
 ' To the high deck convey the captive fair.
 ' The sacred bark let sage Ulysses guide,
 ' Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preside:
 ' Or thou, O mighty man, the chief shalt be.
 ' And who more fit to soothe the god than thee?'
 ' Shameless, and poor of soul,' the prince replies,
 And on the monarch casts his scornful eyes,
 ' What Greek henceforth will march at thy command,
 ' In search of danger on the doubtful strand?
 ' Who in the face of day provoke the fight,
 ' Or tempt the secret ambush of the night?
 ' Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free.
 ' For ne'er was Priam's house a foe to me.

' Far

' Far from their inroads, in my pastures feed
 ' The lowing heifer, and the pamper'd steed,
 ' On Phthia's hills our fruits securely grow,
 ' And ripen carelefs of the distant foe,
 ' Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore
 ' Unnumber'd mountains rise, and billows roar.
 ' For thine, and for thy baffled brother's fame,
 ' Across those seas, disdainful man, I came;
 ' Yet, insolent! by arbitrary sway,
 ' Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful prey,
 ' The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,
 ' And given by suffrage of the Grecian host.
 ' What town, when sack'd by our victorious bands,
 ' But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands?
 ' To me, thus scorn'd, contented dost thou yield
 ' My share of blood in the tumultuous field;
 ' But still the flower of all the spoil is thine;
 ' There claim'st thou most. Nor e'er did I repine.
 ' Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it best,
 ' With slaughter tir'd, and panting after rest.
 ' To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,
 ' My ships their crooked prows shall turn from shore.
 ' When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee
 ' What spoils and pillage will be won by thee.
 ' Hence! cry'd the monarch, hence! without delay:
 ' Think not, vain man! my voice shall urge thy stay.
 ' Others thou leav'st to the great cause inclin'd,
 ' A league of kings thou leav'st, and Jove behind.
 ' Of all the chiefs dost thou oppose me most:
 ' Outrage and uproar are thy only boast.

' Discor

' Discord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
 ' If thou art strong, 'tis Jove hath made thee so.
 ' Go, at thy pleasure. None will stop thy way.
 ' Go, bid thy base-born Myrmidons obey.
 ' Thou, nor thy rage, shall my resolves subdue ;
 ' I fix my purpose, and my threats renew.
 ' Since 'tis decreed I must the maid restore,
 ' A ship shall waft her to th' offended power ;
 ' But fair Briseïs, thy allotted prize,
 ' Myself will seize, and seize before thy eyes :
 ' That thou and each audacious man may see,
 ' How vain the rash attempt to cope with me.'

Stung to the soul, tumultuous thoughts began
 This way and that to rend the godlike man.
 To force a passage with his falchion drawn,
 And hurl th' imperial boaster from his throne,
 He now resolves : and now resolves again
 To quell his fury, and his arm restrain.
 While thus by turns his rage and reason sway'd,
 And half unsheath'd he held the glittering blade ;
 That moment, Juno, whose impartial eye
 Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the sky :
 She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
 (To him alone the radiant goddess shin'd.)
 Sudden he turn'd, and started with surprize ;
 Rage and revenge flash'd dreadful in his eyes.

Then thus with hasty words : ' O ! heavenly-born,
 ' Com'st thou to see proud Agamemnon's scorn ?
 ' But thou shalt see (my sword shall make it good)
 ' This glutted sand smoke with the tyrant's blood.'

' To sooth thy soul, the blue-ey'd maid replies,
 ' (If thou obey my voice) I left the skies.
 ' Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this command!
 ' Suppress thy wrath, and stay thy vengeful hand.
 ' Be all thy rage in taunting words express;
 ' But guiltless let the thirsty falchion rest.
 ' Mark what I speak. An hour is on its way,
 ' When gifts tenfold for this affront shall pay. }
 ' Suppress thy wrath; and heaven and me obey.' }

Then he: ' I yield; though with reluctant mind.
 ' Who yields to heaven shall heaven propitious find.'
 The silver hilt close-grasping, at the word,
 Deep in the sheath he plung'd his mighty sword.
 The goddess, turning, darted from his sight,
 And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.

But fierce Achilles, in a thundering tone,
 Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on:

' Valiant with wine, and furious from the bowl!
 ' Thou fierce-look'd talker with a coward soul!
 ' War's glorious peril ever slow to share:
 ' Aloof thou view'st the field; for death is there.
 ' 'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to sway,
 ' And peel the Greeks, at will, who disobey:
 ' A tyrant lord o'er slaves to earth debas'd;
 ' For, had they souls, this outrage were thy last.
 ' But, thou, my fix'd, my final purpose hear.
 ' By this dread sceptre solemnly I swear:
 ' By this (which, once from out the forest torn,
 ' Nor leaf nor shade shall ever more adorn;
 ' Which never more its verdure must renew,
 ' Lopp'd from the vital stem, whence first it grew:

' But

‘ But given by Jove the fons of men to awe,
 ‘ Now fways the nations, and confirms the law)
 ‘ A day fhall come, when for this hour’s difdain
 ‘ The Greeks fhall wifh for me, and wifh in vain;
 ‘ Nor thou, though griev’d, the wanted aid afford,
 ‘ When heaps on heaps fhall fall by Heftor’s fword:
 ‘ Too late with anguish fhall thy heart be torn,
 ‘ That the firft Greek was made the public fcorn.’

He faid. And, mounting with a furious bound,
 He dash’d his ftudded fceptre on the ground;
 Then fat. Atrides, eager to reply,
 On the fierce champion glanc’d a vengeful eye.

’Twas then, the madding monarchs to compofe,
 The Pylian prince, the fmoth-fpeech’d Neflor rofe.
 His tongue dropp’d honey. Full of days was he;
 Two ages paf’t, he liv’d the third to fee:
 And, his firft race of fubjects long decay’d,
 O’er their fons fons a peaceful fceptre fway’d.

‘ Alas for Greece! he cries, and what with joy
 ‘ Shall Priam hear, and every fon of Troy!
 ‘ That you, the firft in wifdom as in wars,
 ‘ Wafte your great fouls in poor ignoble jars!
 ‘ Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever’d
 ‘ Greater than you have the wife Neflor heard.
 ‘ Their equals never fhall thefe eyes behold:
 ‘ Cæneus the juft, Pirithous the bold,
 ‘ Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
 ‘ Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
 ‘ Thefeus unrival’d in his fire’s abodes,
 ‘ And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.

‘ They,

' They, greatest names that ancient story knows,
 ' In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes :
 ' Fearless through rocks and wilds their prey pursued,
 ' And the huge double Centaur race subdued.
 ' With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
 ' Through regions, far from my sweet native home ;
 ' They call'd me to the wars. No living hand
 ' Could match their valour, or their strength withstand ;
 ' Yet wont they oft my sage advice to hear.
 ' Then listen both, with an attentive ear.
 ' Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous slave,
 ' Th' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave.
 ' Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone
 ' Urge him to wrath, who fills that sacred throne,
 ' The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
 ' By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.
 ' Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
 ' Thou must obey a power more great than thine.
 ' And thou, O king, forbear. Myself will sue
 ' Great Thetis' son his vengeance to subdue :
 ' Great Thetis' valiant son, our country's boast,
 ' The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host.'
 ' Wise are thy words, O sire, the king began,
 ' But what can satiate this aspiring man ?
 ' Unbounded power he claims o'er human-kind,
 ' And hopes for slaves, I trust he ne'er shall find.
 ' Shall we, because the gods have form'd him strong,
 ' Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue !
 ' If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well despise
 ' My name,' the prince, precipitate, replies.

' In

' In vain thou nodd'st from thy imperial throne.
 ' Thy vassals seek elsewhere : for I am none.
 ' But break we here. The fair, though justly mine,
 ' With sword undrawn I purpose to resign.
 ' On aught beside, I once for all command,
 ' Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous hand.
 ' Come not within my reach. Nor dare advance.
 ' Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance.'

Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.
 The council broke, each takes his separate way.
 Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind ;
 Patroclus and his train move slow behind.

Mean time, a bark was haul'd along the sand,
 Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
 Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command. }
 The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
 Are all intrusted to Ulysses' care.

They mount the deck. The vessel takes its flight,
 Bounds o'er the surge, and lessens to the sight.

Next he ordains along the winding coast
 By hallow'd rites to purify the host.
 A herd of chosen victims they provide,
 And cast their offals on the briny tide.
 Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.
 In clouds the savory steam ascends the sky.

The Greeks to heaven their solemn vows address ;
 But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breast.
 Obsequious at his call two heralds stand :
 To them in frowns he gives this harsh command.
 ' Ye heralds, to Achilles' tent repair ;
 ' Thence swift the female slave Briseis bear.

' With

‘ With arms, if disobey’d, myself will come.

‘ Bid him resign her, or he tempts his doom.’

The heralds, though unwillingly, obey.

Along the sea-beat shore they speed their way:

And, now the Myrmidonian quarter past,

At his tent-door they find the hero plac’d.

Disturb’d the solemn messengers he saw:

They too stood silent, with respectful awe,

Before the royal youth, they neither spoke.

He guess’d their message, and the silence broke:

‘ Ye ministers of gods and men, draw near,

‘ Not you, but him whose heralds ye appear,

‘ Robb’d of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring

‘ The damsel forth for this disdainful king.

‘ But ye, my wrongs, O heralds, bear in mind,

‘ And clear me to the gods and all mankind,

‘ Ev’n to your thoughtless king; if ever more

‘ My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.

‘ Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,

‘ Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come,

‘ His best defence thus rashly to forgo,

‘ And leave a naked army to the foe.

He ceas’d. Patroclus his dear friend obey’d,

And usher’d in the lovely weeping maid.

Sore sigh’d she, as the heralds took her hand,

And oft look’d back slow-moving o’er the strand.

The widow’d hero, when the fair was gone,

Far from his friends sat bath’d in tears alone.

On the cold beach he sat, and fix’d his eyes

Where black with storms the curling billows rise,

And

And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,
With out-stretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd :

‘ Since to short life thy hapless son was born,
‘ Great Jove stands bound by promise to adorn
‘ His stinted course, with an immortal name.
‘ Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
‘ The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway,
‘ Demands, possesses, and enjoys my prey.’

Near her old fire enthron'd, she heard him weep
From the low silent caverns of the deep :

Then in a morning mist her head she rears,
Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears ;

Close grasps her darling's hand. ‘ My son, she cries,

‘ Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?
‘ Oh tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,

‘ That both may know it, and that both may share.’

‘ Oh! goddess! ’ cry'd he, with an inward groan,

‘ Thou know'st it all : to thee are all things known.

‘ Eëtian Thebes we sack'd, their ransack'd towers,

‘ The plunder of a people, all was ours.

‘ We stood agreed the booty to divide.

‘ Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, and glossy-ey'd,

‘ Fell to the king ; but holy Chryses bore

‘ Vast gifts of ransom, to the tented shore :

‘ His sceptre stretching forth (the golden rod

‘ Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)

‘ Of all the host, of every princely chief,

‘ But first of Atreus' sons, he begg'd relief.

‘ Throughout the host consenting murmurs ran,

‘ To yield her to the venerable man ;

' But the harsh king deny'd to do him right,
 ' And drove the trembling prophet from his sight.
 ' Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry,
 ' And dealt his arrows through th' infected sky;
 ' The swift contagion, sent by his commands,
 ' Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
 ' The guilty cause a sacred augur show'd,
 ' And I first mov'd to mitigate the god.
 ' At this the tyrant storm'd, and vengeance vow'd;
 ' And now too soon hath made his threatnings good.
 ' Chryseis first with gifts to Chrysa sent,
 ' His heralds came this moment to my tent,
 ' And bore Briseis thence, my beauteous slave,
 ' Th' allotted prize, which the leagu'd Grecians gave.
 ' Thou goddess, then, and thou, I know, hast power,
 ' For thine own son the might of Jove implore.
 ' Oft in my father's house I 've heard thee tell,
 ' When sudden fears on heaven's great monarch fell,
 ' Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
 ' And sav'd the mighty thunderer from shame.
 ' Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno, bound
 ' The fire in chains, and hem'd their sovereign round.
 ' Thy voice, O goddess, broke their idle bands,
 ' And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,
 ' The prodigy, whom heaven and earth revere,
 ' Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here.
 ' His father Neptune he in strength surpass'd;
 ' At Jove's right hand his hideous form he plac'd,
 ' Proud of his might. The gods with secret dread,
 ' Beheld the huge enormous shape and fled.

‘ Remind

- ‘ Remind him then : for well thou know’st the art :
 ‘ Go, clasp his knees, and melt his mighty heart.
 ‘ Let the driven Argians, hunted o’er the plain,
 ‘ Seek the last verge of this tempestuous main :
 ‘ There let them perish, void of all relief,
 ‘ My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief.
 ‘ Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn,
 ‘ That the first Greek was made the public scorn.’
 Then she (with tears her azure eyes ran o’er :)
 ‘ Why bore I thee ! or nourish’d, when I bore !
 ‘ Blest, if within thy tent, and free from strife,
 ‘ Thou might’st possess thy poor remains of life.
 ‘ Thy death approaching now the fates foreshow ;
 ‘ Short is thy destin’d term, and full of woe.
 ‘ Ill-fated thou ! and oh unhappy I !
 ‘ But hence to the celestial courts I fly,
 ‘ Where, hid in snow, to heaven Olympus swells,
 ‘ And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
 ‘ Meantime, my son, indulge thy just disdain :
 ‘ Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain,
 ‘ Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he cross’d,
 ‘ And fought the distant Ethiopian coast :
 ‘ Along the skies his radiant course he steer’d,
 ‘ Behind him all the train of gods appear’d,
 ‘ A bright procession. To the holy feast
 ‘ Of blameless men he goes a grateful guest.
 ‘ To heaven he comes, when twice six days are o’er !
 ‘ Then shall his voice the fire of gods implore,
 ‘ Then to my lofty mansion will I pass,
 ‘ Founded on rocks of ever-during brass :

' There wil I clasp his knees with wonted art,
' Nor doubt, my son, but I shall melt his heart.'

She ceas'd: and left him lost in doubtful care,
And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.

But, safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred strand,
The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land.

Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales,
Then lowers the lofty mast, and furls the sails;
Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.

The bark now fix'd amidst the rolling tide,
Chryseis follows her experienc'd guide:

The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
A herd of bulls went bellowing o'er the coast.
To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land,
He led, and near the altar took his stand,
Then gave her to the joyful father's hand.

' All hail! Atrides sets thy daughter free,
' Sends offerings to thy god, and gifts to thee.
' But thou intreat the power, whose dreadful sway
' Afflicts his camp, and sweeps his host away.'

He said, and gave her. The fond father smil'd
With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.

The victims now they range in chosen bands,
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands:
When with loud voice, and arms up-rear'd in air,
The hoary priest prefer'd this powerful prayer:

' Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear:
' Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
' About this dome thou walk'st thy constant round:
' Still have my vows thy power propitious found.

— ' Rous'd

' Rous'd by my prayers ev'n now thy vengeance burns,
 ' And smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
 ' Hear me once more; and let the suppliant foe
 ' Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow.'

He pray'd: and great Apollo heard his prayer.
 The suppliants now their votive rites prepare:
 Amid the flames they cast the hallow'd bread,
 And heaven-ward turn each victim's destin'd head:
 Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
 And from each carcase rend the smoking hide;
 On every limb large rolls of fat bestow,
 And chosen morsels round the offerings strow:
 Mysterious rites. Then on the fire divine
 The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine;
 Himself the offering burns. On either hand
 A troop of youths, in decent order, stand.
 On sharpen'd forks, obedient to the fire,
 They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire,
 Adorn the feast, see every dish well-stor'd,
 And serve the plenteous messes to the board.

When now the various feasts had cheer'd their souls,
 With sparkling wines they crown the generous bowls,
 The first libations to Apollo pay,
 And solemnize with sacred hymns the day:
 His praise in Iö Pæans loud they sing,
 And sooth the rage of the far-shooting king.
 At evening, through the shore dispers'd, they sleep,
 Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.

When now, ascending from the shades of night,
 Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,

The daughter of the dawn : th' awaken'd crew
 Back to the Greeks encamp'd their course renew.
 The breezes freshen : for with friendly gales
 Apollo swell'd their wide, distended, sails :
 Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
 And in hoarse murmurs break on either side.
 In safety to the destin'd port they pass'd,
 And fix'd their bark with grappling haulsers fast;
 Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coast,
 Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.

But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent,
 Cherish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
 Th' assembled chiefs he shun'd with high disdain,
 A band of kings : nor fought the hostile plain ;
 But long'd to hear the distant troops engage,
 The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.

Twelve days were past ; and now th' ethereal train,
 Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again :
 When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise,
 Shot through a big-swol'n wave, and pierc'd the skies.
 At early morn she reach'd the realms above,
 The court of gods, the residence of Jove.

On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
 With hills on hills, him far apart she found,
 Above the rest. The earth beneath display'd
 (A boundless prospect) his broad eye survey'd.
 Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
 And touch'd with blandishment his awful beard ;
 Then, suppliant, with submissive voice implor'd
 Old Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd :

« If

' If e'er, by rebel deities oppress,
 ' My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request.
 ' Since to short life my hapless son was born,
 ' Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
 ' Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway
 ' Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd prey.
 ' Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
 ' And doubled honours to my offspring give.'

She said. The god vouchsaf'd not to reply
 (A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye) :
 Once more around his knees the goddess clung,
 And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue :

' Oh ! speak. Or grant me, or deny my prayer.
 ' Fear not to speak, what I am doom'd to bear ;
 ' That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
 ' The most despis'd of all the gods am I.'

With a deep sigh the Thundering Power replies :
 ' To what a height will Juno's anger rise !
 ' Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
 ' My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
 ' I grant thy suit. But, hence ! depart unseen,
 ' And shun the sight of heaven's suspicious queen.
 ' Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,
 ' When Jove propitious hears the powers divine ;
 ' The sign that ratifies my high command,
 ' That thus I will : and what I will shall stand.'

This said, his kingly brow the fire inclin'd ;
 The large black curls fell awful from behind,
 Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god :
 Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.

The goddesses smil'd : and, with a sudden leap,
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.

But Jove repair'd to his celestial towers :
And, as he rose, up-rose th' immortal powers.
In ranks, on either side, th' assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he pass'd.

To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
Close at his knees the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary in the deep resides)
Big with invectives, Juno silence broke,
And thus, opprobrious, her resentments spoke :

‘ False Jove ! what goddesses whispering did I see ?
‘ O fond of counsels, still conceal'd from me !
‘ To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
‘ One single thought of thy close-cover'd heart.’
To whom the Sire of gods and men reply'd ;
‘ Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.
‘ Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,
‘ Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.
‘ The thoughts and counsels, proper to declare,
‘ Nor god nor mortal shall before thee share :
‘ But, what my secret wisdom shall ordain,
‘ Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain.
‘ Dread Saturn's son, why so severe ?’ replies
‘ The Goddesses of the large majestic eyes.
‘ Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide, or show ;
‘ Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.
‘ Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen
‘ To thy high throne the silver-footed queen,

‘ Daughters

- ‘ Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
- ‘ Aged and hoary in the deep resides.
- ‘ Thy nod assures me she was not deny’d :
- ‘ And Greece must perish for a madman’s pride.’

To whom the god, whose hand the tempest forms,
 Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with storms,
 Thus wrathful answer’d : ‘ Dost thou still complain ?
 ‘ Perplex’d for ever, and perplex’d in vain !
 ‘ Should’st thou disclose the dark event to come,
 ‘ How wilt thou stop th’ irrevocable doom !
 ‘ This serves the more to sharpen my disdain ;
 ‘ And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.
 ‘ Be silent then. Dispute not my command ;
 ‘ Nor tempt the force of this superior hand :
 ‘ Lest all the gods, around thee leagu’d, engage
 ‘ In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage.’

Mute and abash’d she sat without reply,
 And downward turn’d her large majestic eye,
 Nor further durst th’ offended fire provoke :
 The gods around him trembled, as he spoke.
 When Vulcan, for his mother sore distress,
 Turn’d orator, and thus his speech address’d :

- ‘ Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
- ‘ Stir up debate among the powers divine,
- ‘ If things on earth disturb the blest abodes,
- ‘ And mar th’ ambrosial banquet of the gods !
- ‘ Then let my mother once be rul’d by me,
- ‘ Though much more wise than I pretend to be :
- ‘ Let me advise her silent to obey,
- ‘ And due submission to our father pay,

‘ Nor

' Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise,
 ' Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the skies.
 ' For should he toss her from th' Olympian hill,
 ' Who could resist the mighty monarch's will?
 ' Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,
 ' And tempt him kindly on us all to smile.'

He said: and in his tottering hands up-bore
 A double goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.

' Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content,
 ' Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment,
 ' Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, dismay'd,
 ' Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
 ' Great Jove shall reign for ever, uncontrol'd:
 ' Remember, when I took thy part of old,
 ' Caught by the heel he swung me round on high,
 ' And headlong hurl'd me from th' ethereal sky:
 ' From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night;
 ' Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous fight,
 ' The Sintians hardly could my breath recall,
 ' Giddy and gasping with the dreadful fall.

She smil'd: and, smiling, her white arm display'd
 To reach the bowl her awkward son convey'd:
 From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
 And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.
 The gods laugh'd out, unwear'd, as they spy'd
 The busy skinker hop from side to side.

Thus, feasting to the full, they pass'd away,
 In blissful banquets, all the live-long day.
 Nor wanted melody. With heavenly art
 The Muses sung; each Muse perform'd her part,

Alternate

Alternate warbling; while the golden lyre,
 Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal choir.
 The sun at length declin'd, when every guest
 Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to rest:
 Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,
 A master-piece of Vulcan's matchless skill.
 Ev'n he, the god, who heaven's great scepter sways,
 And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,
 His bed of state ascending, lay compos'd;
 His eyes a sweet refreshing slumber clos'd:
 And at his side, all glorious to behold,
 Was Juno lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE
 DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
 Can I forget the dismal night that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
 How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
 What

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd ;
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
 Oh, gone for ever ! take this long adieu ;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
 To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine ;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
 My grief be doubled from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
 Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
 In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
 And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven ;
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON. 189

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind;
A winged *Virtue*, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unweari'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battle'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well-suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend;
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or croud'd courts invite;
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care;
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;

If pensive to the rural shades I rove ;
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song :
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe ;
 There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears !
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air !
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze !
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd ;
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found ;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing ;
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
 O ! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song !

Thefe

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON. 171

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell,
Farewel! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.
Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjurd swains, beware.

There

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring;
 And shrieking at her window thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound :
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke
 The virgins weeping round :

“ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
 “ Which says, I must not stay ;
 “ I see a hand, you cannot see,
 “ Which beckons me away.
 “ By a false heart, and broken vows,
 “ In early youth I die :
 “ Was I to blame, because his bride
 “ Was thrice as rich as I ?
 “ Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
 “ Vows due to me alone :
 “ Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kifs,
 “ Nor think him all thy own.
 “ To-morrow, in the church to wed,
 “ Impatient, both prepare !
 “ But know, fond maid ; and know, false man,
 “ That Lucy will be there !
 “ Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
 “ This bridegroom blithe to meet,
 “ He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 “ I in my winding-sheet.”

She

She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet,
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?
 How were these nuptials kept ?
 The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.
 Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell :
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more !
 The varying crimson fled,
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.
 Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen ;
 With garlands gray, and true-love knots,
 They deck the sacred green ;
 But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER AT HIS
COUNTRY SEAT.

TO Whitton's shades, and Hounslow's airy plain,
Thou, Kneller, tak'st thy summer flights in vain,
In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boastful Muse, of others fame so sure,
Implores thy aid to make her own secure;
The Great, the Fair, and, if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the Arts solicit thee.

How canst thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe sever'd by the circling main;
Sought by the kings of every distant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He still was mortal, till thy draught appear'd?
That Cosmo chose thy glowing form to place,
Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?
See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,
Her falling arts forlorn Hesperia mourns;
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace:

Vain

Vain care of parts ; if, impotent of soul,
Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,
The kindest mistress, and the surest guide,
To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,
And place the fairest in the fairest light ;
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,
Thy careless chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,
And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found,
Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound ;
Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life, O since the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth, flames un subdued by age ;
Though wealth, nor fame, now touch thy sated mind,
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind ;
Since after thee may rise an impious line,
Coarse manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, till Fate dissolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF
CADOGAN.

OF Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends,
The last, Cadogan, to the grave descends :
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory sprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who sung.
From his cold corse though every friend be fled,
Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead :
Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's hearse to mourn ;
Thus wept insidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn ;
To blast the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herself had tainted, trim'd anew.
Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wish a British heart can frame,
Add palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame.

An hour must come, when thou shalt hear with rage
Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age :
Nor yet for this decline the generous strife,
These ills, brave man, shall quit thee with thy life ;
Alive though stain'd by every abject slave,
Secure of fame and justice in the grave.
Ah! no—when once the mortal yields to Fate,
The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,
Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,
Or sooth the new inhabitant of light ;
Who hears regardless, while fond man, distress'd,
Hangs on the absent, and laments the blest.

Farewell

Farewell then Fame, ill fought through fields and blood,
 Farewell unfaithful promiser of good :
 Thou music, warbling to the deafen'd ear !
 Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier !
 Through life pursued in vain, by death obtain'd,
 When ask'd deny'd us, and when given disdain'd.

AN ODE INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF
 SUNDERLAND AT WINDSOR.

I.

THOU dome, where Edward first enroll'd
 His red-cross knights and barons bold,
 Whose vacant seats, by Virtue bought,
 Ambitious emperors have fought :
 Where Britain's foremost names are found,
 In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
 Who made the hostile nations moan,
 Or brought a blessing on their own :

II.

Once more a son of Spencer waits,
 A name familiar to thy gates ;
 Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd
 The Garter while thy founder reign'd,
 He offer'd here his dinted shield,
 The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field,
 Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
 For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

III.

These seats our fires, a hardy kind,
 To the fierce sons of war confin'd,
 The flower of chivalry, who drew
 With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew:
 Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
 Or who, in jousts and tourneys skill'd,
 Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
 Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

IV.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
 Our patriots in the list were join'd.
 Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
 Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
 Have in their crimson crosses glow'd;
 But, on just lawgivers bestow'd,
 These emblems Cecil did invest,
 And gleam'd on wife Godolphin's breast.

V.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
 Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,
 And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
 Bespangled with a thousand stars;
 Till letter'd Athens round the pole
 Made gentler constellations roll;
 In the blue heavens the Lyre she strung,
 And near the Maid the * Balance hung.

VI. Then,

* Names of Constellations.

VI.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,
 Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.
 What though the hero's flame repress'd
 Burns calmly in thy generous breast !
 Yet who more dauntless to oppose
 In doubtful days our home-bred foes !
 Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
 Or view'd with less desiring eye !

VII.

The sage who large of soul surveys
 The globe, and all its empires weighs,
 Watchful the various climes to guide,
 Which seas, and tongues, and faiths divide,
 A nobler name in Windsor's shrine
 Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,
 Than sprung of old, abhor'd and vain,
 From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

VIII.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
 The rage that sets the world on flame ?
 My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
 Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.
 For those, whom bloody garlands crown,
 The brass may breathe, the marble frown,
 To him, through every rescued land,
 Ten thousand living trophies stand.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

“ —Campos, ubi Troja fuit.” VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighbouring
lands

'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric, stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.

Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest,
Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air;
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You,



You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
 Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
 Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
 Where all unlevel'd the gay garden lies :
 If generous anguish for another's pains
 Ere heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,
 Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
 And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, where now in living rows
 Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
 Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
 A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave.
 The landskip now so sweet we well may praise :
 But far, far sweeter in its antient days,
 Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
 With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd.
 Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,
 Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king ;
 For every hedge of vegetable green,
 In happier years a crowded street was seen ;
 Nor all those leaves that now the prospect grace,
 Could match the numbers of its pygmy race.
 What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
 A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
 From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
 Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd
 On every hill, and danc'd in every shade.
 But, foes to sun-shine, most they took delight
 In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight :

There

There hew'd their houses in the arching rock ;
 Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak ;
 Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
 The distant murmurs of the falling rill.
 They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
 And pity'd the huge wretched sons of earth.
 Ev'n now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
 And strive to view their airy forms in vain :
 They to their cells at man's approach repair,
 Like the shy leveret, or the mother-hare,
 The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
 Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
 Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.
 From every region to his palace-gate
 Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
 Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,
 Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
 From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
 With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd :
 Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
 Shone every knight and every lovely fay,
 Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd,
 Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,
 May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
 The pomp and splendor of the fairy-race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
 No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground ;
 No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
 Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame :

For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine:
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy;
Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
And to the Elfin standard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisy's root,

Whence

Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
 And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
 Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
 His lofty port his human birth confess;
 A foot in height, how stately did he show!
 How look superior on the crowd below!
 What knight like him could tofs the rushy lance!
 Who move so graceful in the mazy dance!
 A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
 What elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!
 Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
 And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
 She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
 Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd,
 She, whom at distance thrones and principedoms view'd,
 To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,
 In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
 And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
 By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
 For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,
 Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
 He chac'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
 And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
 When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,
 Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
 He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
 And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
 To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,
 (Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred)

To

To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
 Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use:
 All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
 And well sung Ovid, "There 's no herb for love."

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,
 Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,
 The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
 His painful silence, till the mortal speak:
 So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
 Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.
 He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
 And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
 The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
 The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore
 In words so melting, that compar'd with those
 The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux
 Would sound like compliments, from country clowns
 To red-cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue
 A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew;
 'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
 The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,
 Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade
 Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
 They thought all fairies slept, ah, luckless pair!
 Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare!
 When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
 Thus all the softness of his soul express'd:

' All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays
 ' Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:

' Nor moon nor star in heaven's blue arch is seen
 ' With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
 ' Grateful to fairy eyes; they secret take
 ' Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
 ' This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
 ' A world to me, a multitude in one.
 ' Oh, sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
 ' When the sky opens, and the evening dawns!
 ' Straight as the pink, that towers so high in air,
 ' Soft as the blow-bell! as the daisy, fair!
 ' Blest be the hour, when first I was convey'd
 ' An infant captive to this blissful shade!
 ' And blest the hand that did my form refine,
 ' And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!
 ' Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
 ' And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
 ' Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
 ' Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
 ' So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
 ' A race unknown of demi-gods shall rise.
 ' O speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
 ' And sweetly swear my rising fears away.'

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
 More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies:

' By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,
 ' I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
 ' A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
 ' Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
 ' Where-e'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,
 ' May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green,

‘ May the keen east-wind blight my favourite flowers,
 ‘ And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers.
 ‘ Confin’d whole ages in an hemlock shade
 ‘ There rather pine I a neglected maid,
 ‘ Or worse, exil’d from Cynthia’s gentle rays,
 ‘ Parch in the sun a thousand summer-days,
 ‘ Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
 ‘ In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.’

She ended : and with lips of rosy hue
 Dip’d five times over in ambrosial dew,
 Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear’d,
 The frowning brow of Oberon appear’d.
 A sun-flower’s trunk was near, whence (killing sight !)
 The monarch’d issued, half an ell in height :
 Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
 Nor spoke ; but gave his bugle-horn a blast
 That through the woodland echoed far and wide,
 And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
 A hundred chosen knights, in war renown’d,
 Drive Albion banish’d from the sacred ground ;
 And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
 Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,
 For Kenna’s sudden bridal bids prepare,
 And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with antient birth combin’d,
 A faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,
 To love and praise can generous souls incline,
 That love, Azuriel, and that praise, was thine.
 Blood, only less than royal, fill’d thy veins,
 Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.

Where

Where now the skies high Holland-House invades,
 And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
 Thy dwelling stood: nor did in him afford
 A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.

For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,
 And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
 So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
 All fairy shouted with a general voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress,
 That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
 Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
 Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
 When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
 Beside their wages had good fairy vails,
 Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid
 The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,
 Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes
 He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
 And ere the night the face of heaven had chang'd,
 Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Mean-while, driven back to-earth, a lonely way
 The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day,
 A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns
 Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.
 Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd
 Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
 Twas then a spreading stream, though now, its fame
 Obscur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
 And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
 A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
 And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
 And thrice he groan'd; and thrice he beat his breast,
 And thus in tears his kindred gods address'd.

' If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
 ' From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
 ' Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
 ' Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive sound,
 ' And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
 ' To grace his offspring, and assert my birth.'

He said. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
 And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
 Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
 Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides.
 Rouz'd at the news, the sea's stern sultan swore
 Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore:
 But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
 And to her care the favourite boy commends.

As through the Thames her backward course she guides,
 Driv'n up his current by the reflux tides,
 Along his banks the pygmy legions spread
 She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
 Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
 And counts the ocean's god among his fires;
 ' The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown,
 ' (Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
 ' See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
 ' Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.
 ' Hear, and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
 ' By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'

She said. They bow'd : and on their shields up-bore
With shouts their new saluted emperor.

Ev'n Oriel smil'd : at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade
By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,
A slave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day.

What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast !

His thick embattled troops, with secret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide ;

More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy Muse, great Bard *, whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes !

Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.

But simple I, and innocent of art,

The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,

The tale I heard whole winter-eves, untir'd,

And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.

Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,

A grove of needles, glitter in the air ;

Loose in the winds small ribbon streamers flow,

Dipt in all colours of the heavenly-bow,

And the gay host, that now its march pursues,

Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

* Mr. Addison.

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful fight.
In various robes their silken troops were seen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green :
When blooming Brunswick, near the Danube's flood,
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood,

Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades.
In hope already vanquish'd by surprize,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies ;
Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes : and now in prospect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear.
For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,
Wore his prime visier in a magic ring,
A subtle spright, that opening plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a crescent form'd, his legions bright
With beating bosoms waited for the fight ;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess !
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant : and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy prince defies.

Forbear ! rash youth, th' unequal war to try ;
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.

No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandfire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love :
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting ;
But, tost in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.
Not so Azurriel's : with unerring aim,
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the seven-fold shield, and silken vest,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.
Rouz'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waste he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.

His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er :
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,
Or less than fairy, felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, how'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of China's purest mold,
With azure varnish'd, and bedropt with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands ;

The

The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
 And holds secure the coffee's fable waves :
 So did Azuriel's arm, if fame say true,
 Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew ;
 And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
 Plung'd the curst fabre in his heart's warm blood.

The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
 The breast, to Kenna sacred and to love,
 Lie rent and mangled : and the gaping wound
 Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
 The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes :
 On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshnes die ;
 ' Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to say,
 ' Kenna, farewell !' and sigh'd his soul away.

His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore,
 By sifter Naiads echo'd from the shore,
 Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd,
 Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral shade.
 The sea's great fire, with looks denouncing war,
 The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly carr :
 With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
 And works the madding ocean into storms.
 O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,
 Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
 Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
 It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his towering stature stood,
 Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
 To Brumpton's grove one ample stride he took,
 (The valleys trembled, and the forests shook)

The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
 Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid :
 Where now the vanquish'd, with the victors join'd,
 Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,
 And on their town his eye vindictive cast.
 In deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,
 And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves ;
 On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
 Which on the foe with force divine he flung :
 Aghast the legions, in th' approaching shade,
 Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
 That downward tumbling on the host below
 Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
 Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
 And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albion's ghost.

Such was the period, long restrain'd by fate,
 And such the downfall of the fairy state.
 This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
 This dale possess't they ; and had still possess't ;
 Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
 Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
 Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
 The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.
 Now, where his elves so sprightly danc'd the round,
 No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground,
 His towers and people fill one common grave,
 A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay
 Stunn'd and confounded a whole summer's day,

At length awak'd (for what can long restrain
 Unbody'd spirits!) but awak'd in pain:
 And as he saw the desolated wood,
 And the dark den where once his empire stood,
 Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
 In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
 He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
 The long possession of a thousand years.

Through bush, through brake, through groves and
 gloomy dales,
 Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,
 Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
 And start and started at each rustling wind.
 Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
 Disperse and wander into different lands.
 Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
 In silent glooms impervious to the sky;
 Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
 Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
 Where formidable Neptune never came,
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame:
 Some to dark woods and secret shade retreat:
 And some on mountains choose their airy seat.
 There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
 Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
 But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Mean-while sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
 Try'd every art, (vain arts!) to change his doom,
 And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.

What could she do? the fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows (the same old * Homer tells
Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)

Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
A stem that bends with flowrets milky white,
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal men below.

On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little shape by magic power
Grew less and less, contracted to a flower;
A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
To virgins sacred, and the snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet-regret she view'd,
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable snow,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains,
First leader of the flowery race aspires,
And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,
Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurst, the mark of Neptune's rage,

Till

* Odyss. Lib. x.

Till great Naffau recloath'd the defart shade,
 Thence facred to Britannia's monarchs made.
 'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
 (Kenna that gave the neighbouring town its name.)
 Proud when she faw th' ennobled garden fhine,
 With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
 She vow'd to grace the manfions once her own,
 And picture out in plants the fairy town.
 To far-fam'd Wife her flight unfeen she sped,
 And with gay profpects fill'd the craftsman's head,
 Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing fcheme,
 And plann'd that landfkip in a morning dream.

With the fweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,
 Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,
 The walls and ftreets in rows of yew defigns,
 And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
 The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
 And girds the palace with a verdant fquare;
 Nor knows, while round he views the rifing fcenes,
 He builds a city as he plants his greens.

With a fad pleafure the aërial maid
 This image of her ancient realm furvey'd,
 How chang'd, how fall'n from its primæval pride!
 Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
 Each moon his folemn obfequies the pays,
 And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
 Pleas'd in thefe fhades to head her fairy train,
 And grace the groves where Albion's kinfmen reign.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

OH! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart !
 By thousands fought, Clotilda, canst thou free
 Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me ?
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
 A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
 O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
 Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream !
 In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
 Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his mazy
 train ;
 Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
 Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat ;
 Already round the visionary feat
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green ?
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen ?
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,
 Ne'er travel'd further than ten furlongs round ;
 And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together died.
 Where early larks best tell the morning light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night ;
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
 With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies ;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend ;

And

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE. 219

And oh! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill shall warble cros the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Gush down the steep, and glitter though the glade.
What chearing scents those bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the skies.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn;
Or lure the trout with well-diffembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the sky.
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the filken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest;
Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every
 sense,
And to sweet heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wife, hale, and honest in the days of old;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well-spread, and right,
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night;

Mark how th' embroider'd colonel sneaks away,
To shun the withering dame that made him gay;
That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame;
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that nature never knew,
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps, perverse, the chearful suns away;
From goblets high-embost, his wine must glide,
Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide;
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage.
And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
Prone to ambition, to example blind,
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errors be for ever new.
Mean while in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
Hail humble shades where truth and silence dwell!
Thou noisy town, and faithless court, farewell!
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame!

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE. 221

In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though number'd, shall be all my own.
Here shall they end, (O! might they twice begin)
And all be white the fates intend to spin.

A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE COUT.

“ Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra—
—————Podagra hæc otia fecit.”

HAIL! ancient book, most venerable code!
Learning's first cradle, and its last abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee.
Yet future times, to thy sufficient store,
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.

Thee will I sing, in comely wainscot bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around;
The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preserving thy invaluable page;
Behind, thy patron faint in armour shines,
With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lines:
Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy scarlet cover dies;
Th' instructive handle 's at the bottom fix'd,
Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.

Or if to ginger-bread thou shalt descend,
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend;

Or

Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,
 Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold ;
 Thou still shalt be my song———Apollo's choir
 I scorn t' invoke ; Cadmus my verse inspire :
 'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
 Of all the learning which has since been taught,
 Soon made compleat ! for mortals ne'er shall know
 More than contain'd of old the Christ-crofs row ;
 What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,
 Wise matrons hence, e'en to our children teach :
 But as the name of every plant and flower
 (So common that each peasant knows its power)
 Physicians in mysterious cant express,
 T' amuse the patient, and inhance their fees ;
 So from the letters of our native tongue,
 Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung,
 Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
 And artful men strike out a gainful trade ;
 Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
 And heedless youth catch at the shining bait ;
 The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
 And * Tau's, and Delta's, make their mothers stare ;
 Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
 And what 's uncommon never costs too dear.
 Yet in all tongues the Horn-book is the same,
 Taught by the Grecian master, or the English dame.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
 In which thou dost all other books excell ?
 No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can foil,
 Nor crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil ;

In

* The Greek letters τ, Δ.

In idle pages no errata stand,
 To tell the blunders of the printer's hand :
 No fulsome dedication here is writ,
 Nor flattering verse, to praise the author's wit :
 The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
 Nor various readings to confound the text :
 All parties in thy literal sense agree,
 Thou perfect centre of concordancy !
 Search we the records of an antient date,
 Or read what modern histories relate,
 They all proclaim what wonders have been done
 By the plain letters taken as they run :
 " * Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
 " And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul ;
 " His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
 " And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued :
 " In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
 " None could suffice to stem the furious tide,
 " Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
 " And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat."

Thy heavenly notes, like angels music, cheer
 Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.

An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
 Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read ;
 The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
 And (eyes lift up) this savory lecture makes :
 Great A, he gravely read ; th' important found
 The empty walls and hollow roof rebound :

Th'

* The advice given to Augustus, by Athenodorus the stoic philosopher.

Th' expiring antient rear'd his drooping head,
 And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
 Great B, the yonker bauls ; O heavenly breath !
 What ghostly comforts in the hour of death !
 What hopes I feel ! great C, pronounc'd the boy.
 The grandfire dies with extasy of joy.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
 Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds.
 Of Essex hundreds fame gives this report,
 But fame, I ween, says many things in sport.
 Scarce lives the man to whom thou 'rt quite unknown,
 Though few th' extent of thy vast empire own.
 Whatever wonders magic spells can do
 On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below ;
 What words profound and dark wise Mahomet spoke,
 When his old cow an angel's figure took ;
 What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
 Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue,
 O mighty book, are all contain'd in you !
 All human arts, and every science meet,
 Within the limits of thy single sheet :
 From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,
 And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
 And, lo ! while thus thy wonders I indite,
 Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write ;
 The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
 Less frequent now, and less severe the fits :
 Loose grow the chains which bound my useles feet ;
 Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat ;

Surprising

POEM ON THE HORN BOOK. 225

Surprizing strength comes every moment on, 225
I stand, I step, I walk; and now I run.
Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
And at * thy handle hang my crutches up.

THERSITES; OR, THE LORDLING

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-
GRANDSON OF A BUTCHER.

THERSITES of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed :
By the dam from Lordlings sprung,
By the fire exhal'd from dung :
Think on every vice in both;
Look on him, and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride,
Positive and over-bearing,
Changing still, and still adhering,
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward :
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward :
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon ;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing.
Judgment weak, and passion strong ;
Always various, always wrong :
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates.

Q
* Votiva Tabula, HOR.

Talks

Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unpaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From his father's scoundrel race,
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons? Were they butchers?
Herald lend the Muse an answer,
From his atavus and grandfire;
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien,
In his dress and figure seen:
Hence that mean and fordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul:
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep:
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and smile:
Like a butcher doom'd for life,
In his mouth to wear his knife.
Hence he draws his daily food,
From his tenant's vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the mason-side.
Some, perhaps, may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.

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May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead descend.
In him, tell me, which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of hell?



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