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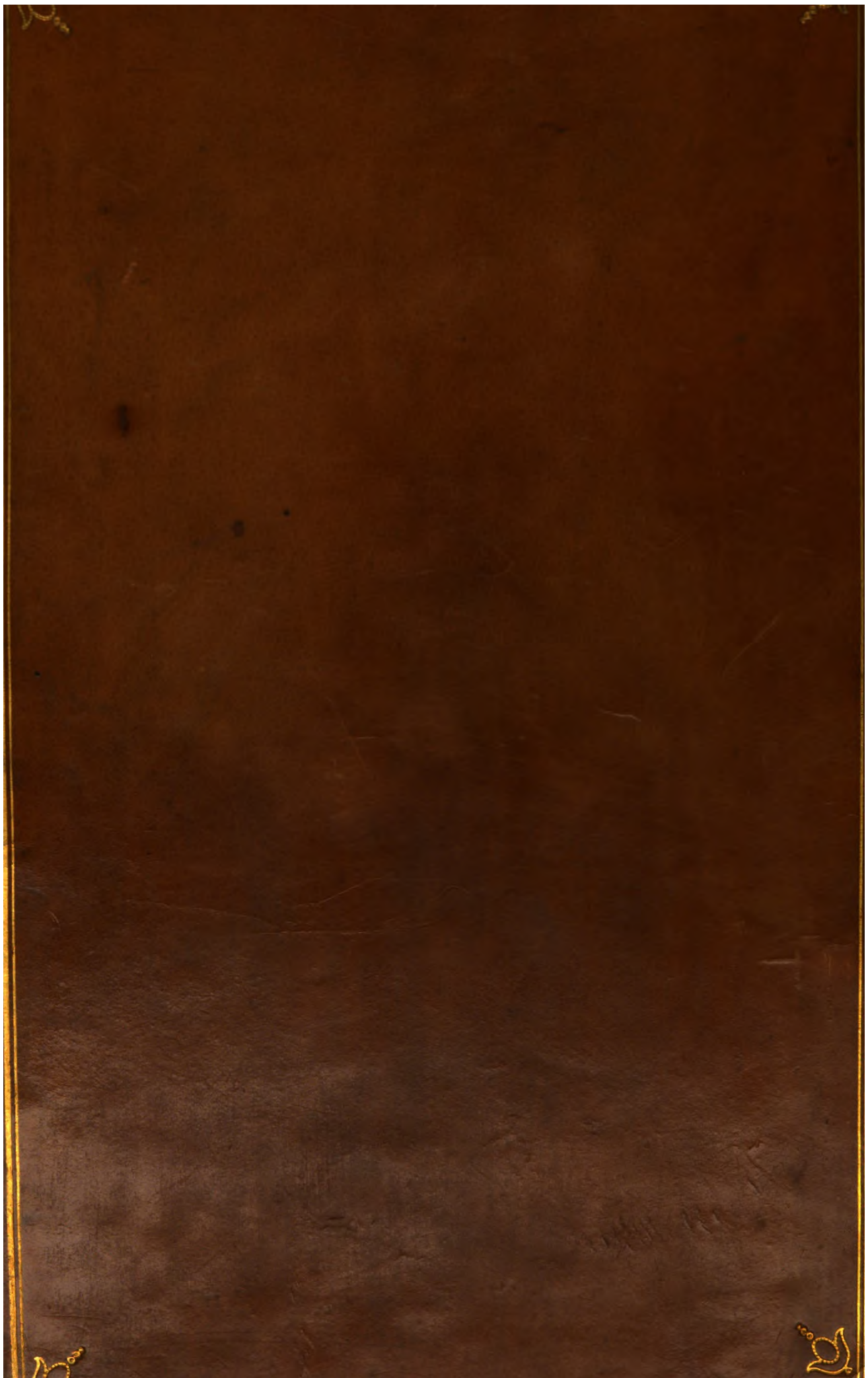
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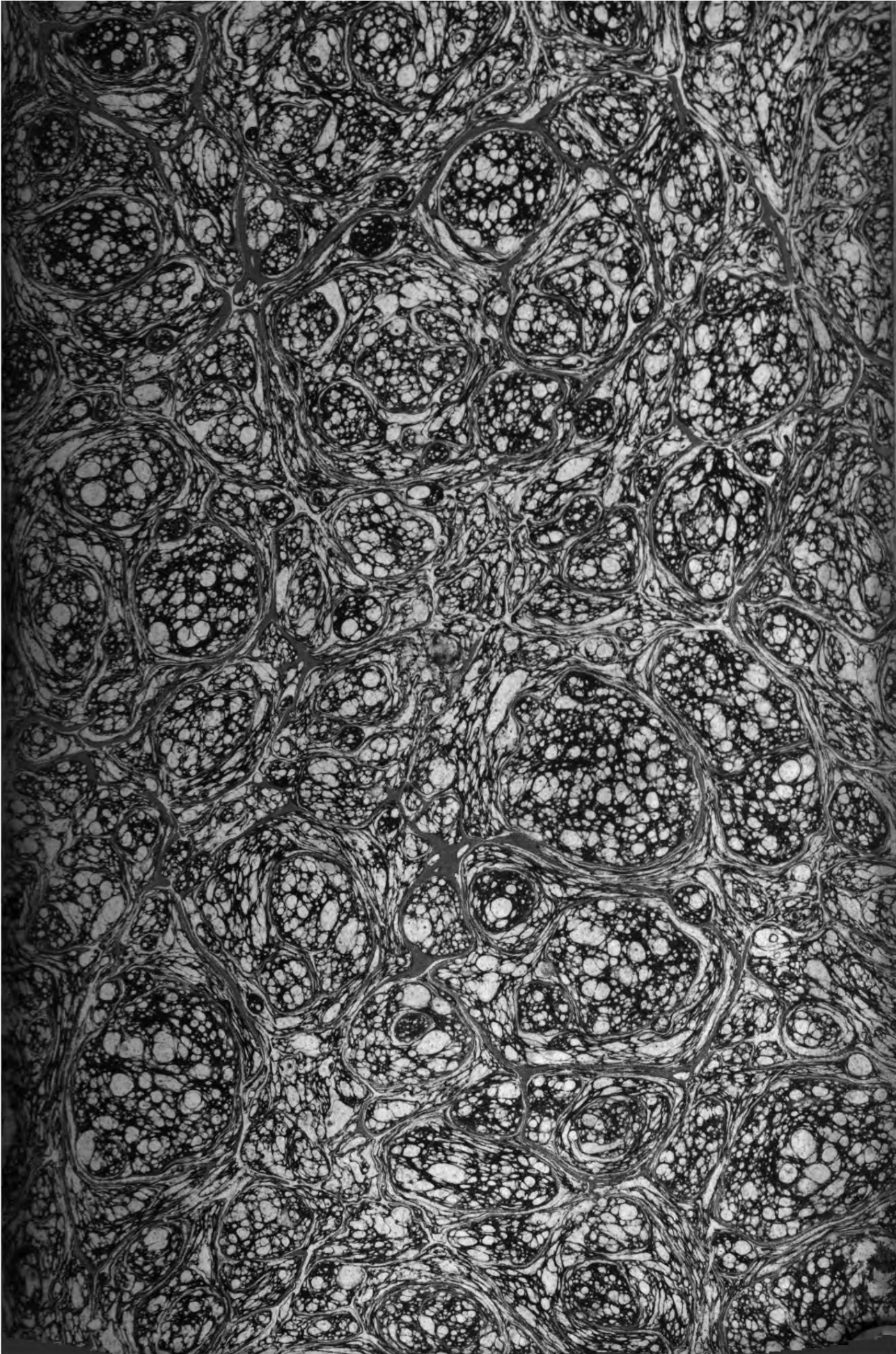


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Henry Charles Blaksley.

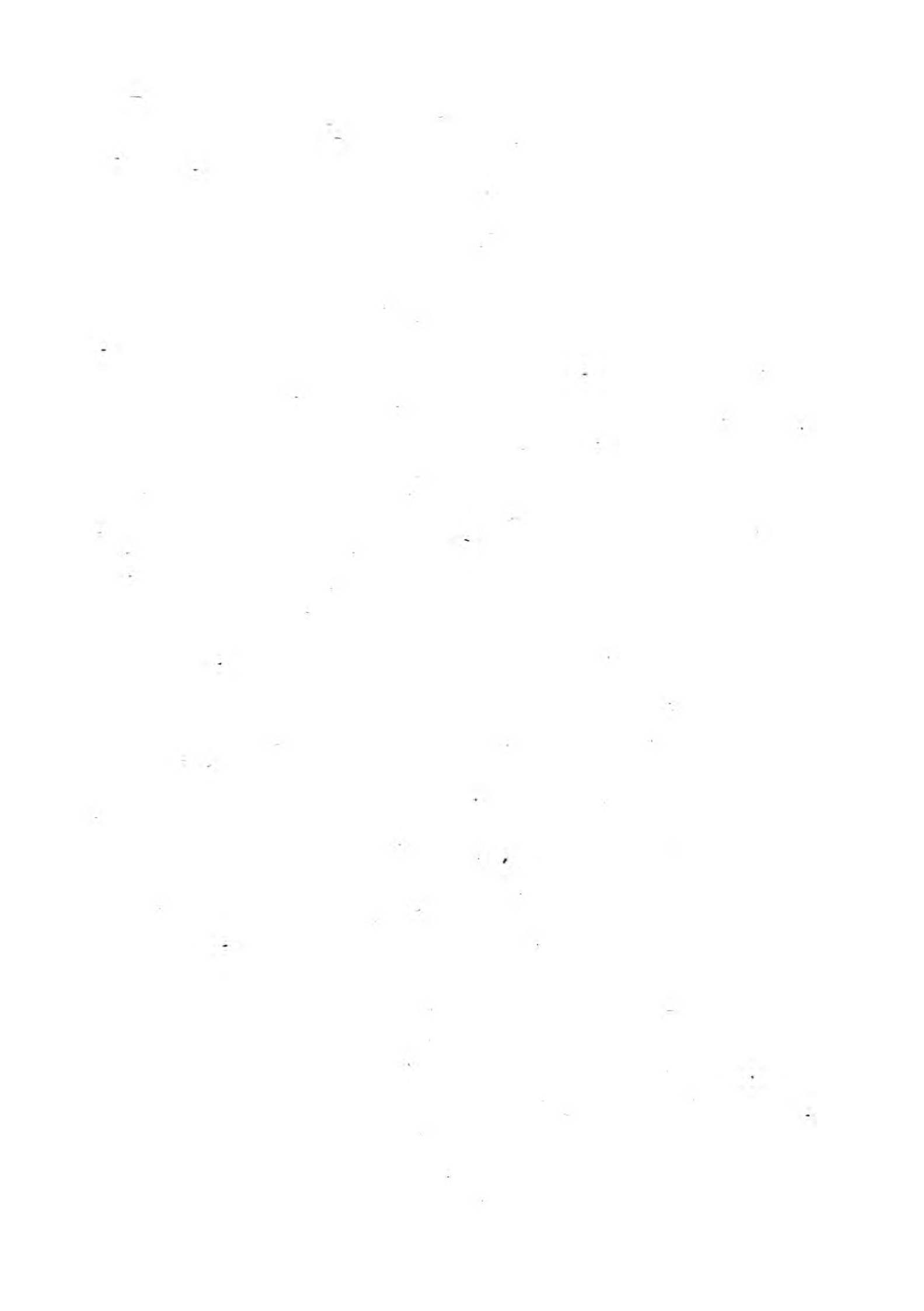


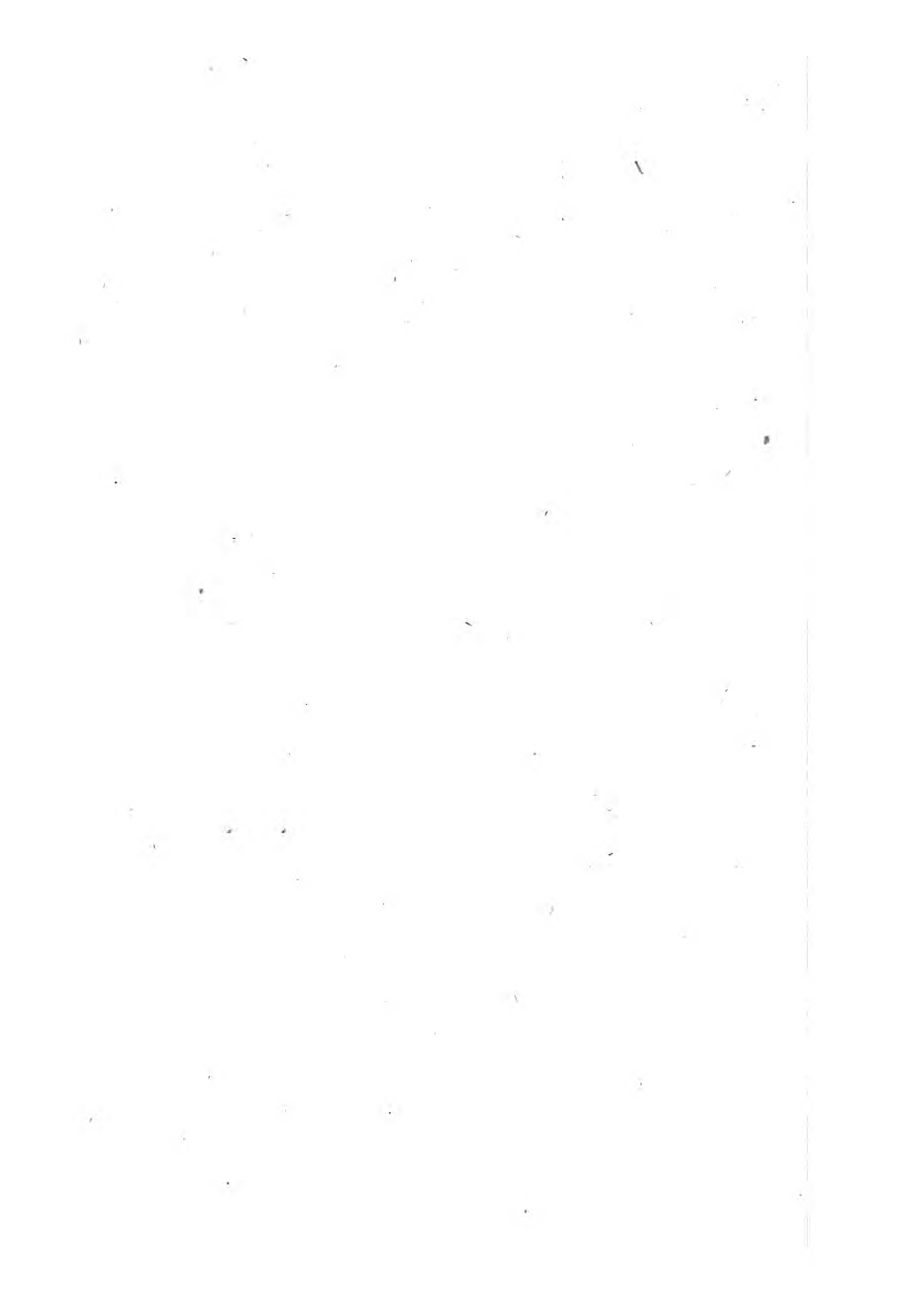
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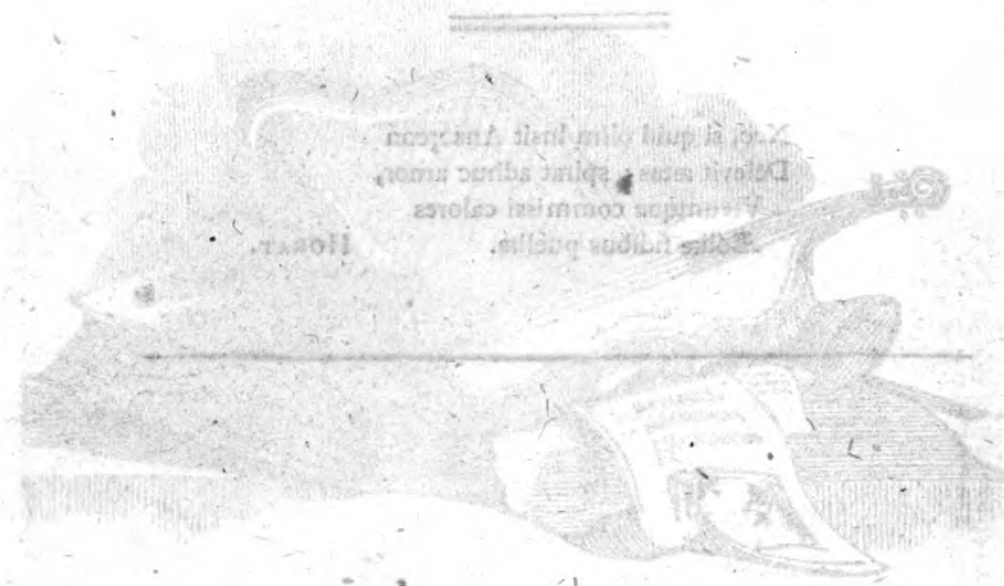






AIKIN
ON
SONG-WRITING.

Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon
Delevit ætas, spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ: HORAT.



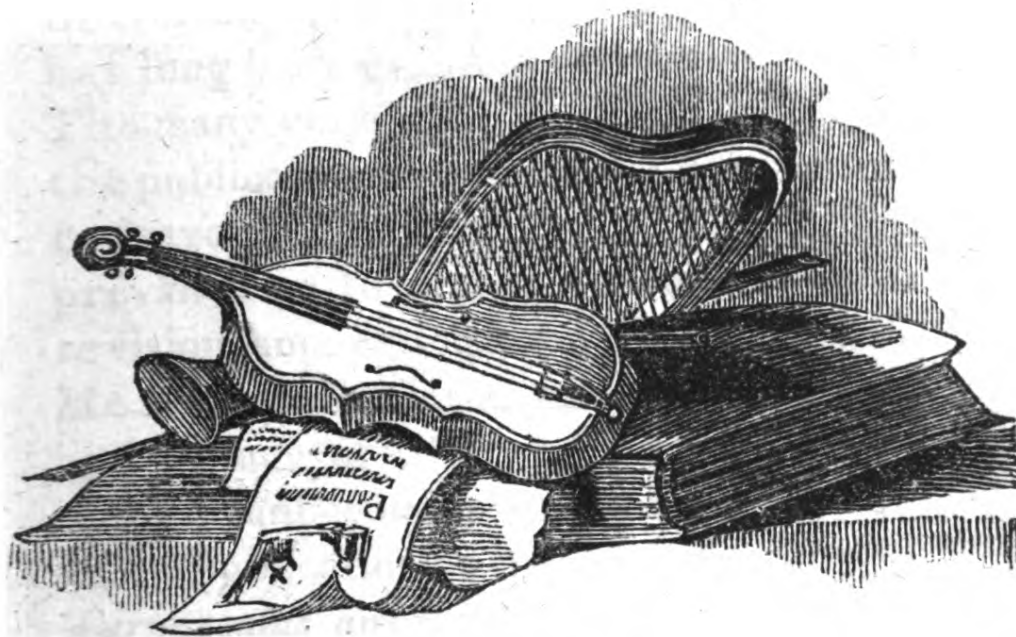
ESSAYS ON SONG-WRITING;
WITH A COLLECTION OF SUCH
ENGLISH SONGS
AS ARE MOST
EMINENT FOR POETICAL MERIT.

BY JOHN AIKIN.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS,

AND A SUPPLEMENT,

BY R. H. EVANS.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. H. EVANS, PALL-MALL,
BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW.

1810.

which induced the Publishers to under-
take a new edition of the following ele-
gant little volume. The War has been
universally recognized and its severity
has long been a subject of popular regret.
The many years which have elapsed since
the publication of the last Edition seemed
to leave no hope that the Volume could be
prevalled on to undergo a further
revision and enlargement. The War
He had desired the new edition to be
and visited it with interest and joy.
think it a happy thing that the
and republication of this volume
The present time, and the fact that
claim, and though it may be placed to



LONDON

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is not necessary to detain the Reader long by an explanation of the motives which induced the Publisher to undertake a new edition of the following elegant little Work. Its merit has been universally recognized, and its scarcity has long been a subject of popular regret. The many years which have elapsed since the publication of the last Edition, seemed to leave no hope that Dr. Aikin could be prevailed on to gratify the public by a revision and enlargement of his Work. He had declined the task in the prime and vigour of life; and he might now think it unbecoming his years, to engage in a republication of these *nugæ canoræ*.—*Turpe senilis amor*, the Doctor might exclaim, and though he might be pleased to see his volume ranged by the side of

those of Percy, Ellis, and some other similar publications, yet he has abandoned the friendly office of revision to other hands. The present Editor has diligently revised the text, which had been rather hastily printed in the former Editions; he has assigned to their proper Authors the Poems which had before been erroneously ascribed, and he has annexed the Writers' names to various others which were printed as anonymous; and, lastly, he has added a Supplement, which he flatters himself will render this new Edition a complete Collection of the best Songs in the language. The Editor feels confident, that in prefixing to this new Edition Mrs. Barbauld's Poem on the Origin of Song-Writing, he anticipates the wishes of every Reader.

P R E F A C E.

ON conversing with a few of my friends who were lovers of Poetry, I have frequently joined them in lamenting that the number of excellent Songs which our language afforded, were so dispersed through a variety of authors, or overwhelmed in injudicious Collections, that it was a most difficult matter to discover and enjoy the riches of this kind which we possessed. We observed that every collection of Songs, without exception, was degraded by dullness, or debased by indecency ; and that Song-Writing scarcely seemed in any of them to be considered as a pleasing species of poetical composition, but merely as serving for the conveyance of some favourite Tunes. We were concerned to find that the more

modern any Collection was, it was remarkably the more deficient in poetical merit; so that a total decay of all taste for genuine Poetry, in this pleasing branch of it, was to be apprehended. This we in great measure attributed to the fashionable rage for Music, which had encouraged such a mushroom growth of Comic Operas, that vile mongrel of the Drama, where the most enchanting Tunes are suited with the most flat and wretched combinations of words that ever disgraced the genius of a nation; and where the miserable versifier only appears as the hired underling of a Musical Composer. We thought, therefore, that it would be a meritorious piece of service to the cause of Poetry, by uniting into one firm body the most excellent productions in Song-Writing, to form a barrier against the modish insipidity of the age, and to gratify such real lovers of genius as yet remain amongst us.

This task I was induced to undertake; and were I to make a boastful recital of the numerous volumes of Song-Collections

and Miscellany Poems which I have turned over for the purpose, it would show that industry at least had not been wanting in accomplishing it. This kind of praise, however, is of so inferior a nature, that, I confess, it would scarcely satisfy my ambition. During the progress of my researches, I was insensibly led to make some remarks on the peculiar character and diversities of the pieces which passed in review before me, and to form comparisons between them and others, the produce of a different age and country. As the subject had novelty to recommend it, and was suited to my inclinations, I was incited to pursue it to a length which seemed to render it lawful for me to take the title of an Essayist, instead of a mere Compiler. If the attempts which should support this more honourable character have not the fortune to meet with approbation, I must be contented with my humble endeavours to please by the merits of others; yet I cannot acknowledge any impropriety in the design, well remembering that Horace promises his friends

not only to present them with verse, but to tell them the worth of his present.

It may perhaps be a matter of surprise, that after so much labour I have not been able to furnish a larger Collection than is here offered; but on considering the manner in which these pieces have been ushered into the world, the wonder will cease. The chief sources of good Songs, are the Miscellany Poems and Plays from the time of Charles the Second, to the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign. Most of these were given in the earliest Collections, mixed however with the trash of the times, and copied from one to another with no farther variation than substituting new trash for such as was out of date. In the most modern Collections, all the beauties, as well as the insipid Pieces of the early ones are discarded, and the whole is made up of favourite airs from the fashionable Comic Operas of the winter, and the summer warblings at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Spring Gardens; so that in a year's time they are as much out of date as an Almanack. From this

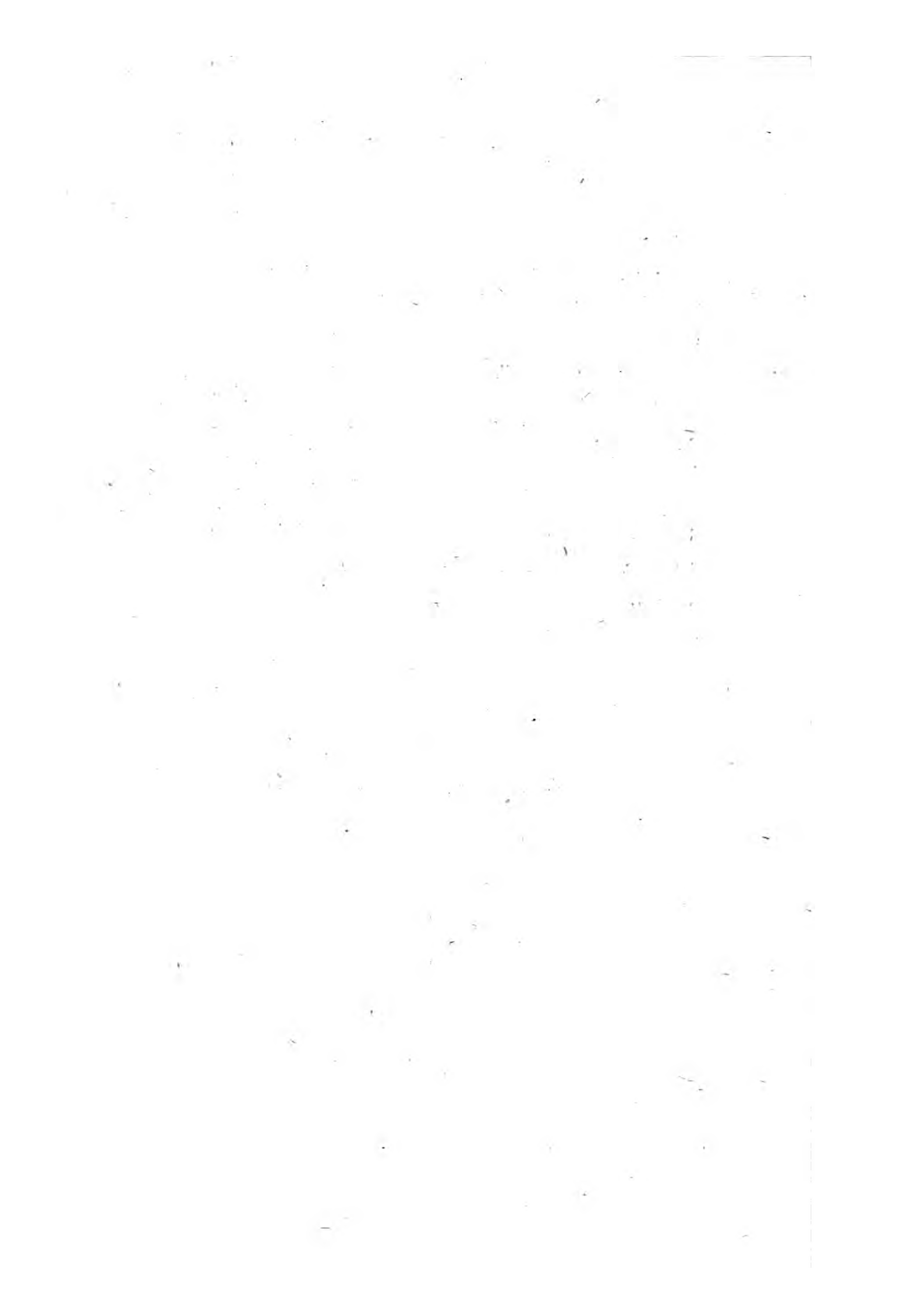
account it will be perceived, that after making use of one of the best old Collections as a standard, all the rest were little more than mere repetitions; and that the very modern ones were entirely useless.

After all, I would not presume to say that I have culled every valuable production which this branch of Poetry affords. Difference of taste will always prevent uniformity of judgment, even where the faculties of judging are equal; and I have been much less solicitous to give a Collection to which nothing could be added, than one from which nothing could reasonably be rejected. In Song-Writing, as well as in every other production of art, there is a large class of the mediocres, which are of such dubious merit, as would allow the Reader to hesitate in his approbation of them. I have felt very little scruple in rejecting a number of these. It is not enough that Poetry does not disgust, it ought to give raptures. A much more disagreeable piece of severity was the rejection of several Pieces, marked with a rich vein of genuine Poetry, but not suf-

ficiently guarded from offending that charming delicacy of the sex, which every man must admire, and ought to respect. These were the luxuriances of an age, when the men of pleasure lavished wit and genius, as well as health and fortune, upon their diversions. Had they lived at a time when taste was more refined, and manners were less licentious, their natural gallantry would have restrained them from offering an outrage to those, whom they most wished for readers and admirers.

I hope I have now said enough to intimate for what class of readers this Work is calculated. The soft warbler, who fills up a vacancy of thought with a tune, in which the succession of words gives no idea but that of a succession of sounds, will here be much disappointed in meeting with the names of Prior, Congreve, and Landsdowne, instead of Arne, Brent, and Tenducci. The midnight roarer of coarse jest and obscenity will be still farther out of his element. But to those who are enamoured with that sacred art, which beyond every other elevates and

refines the soul, to whom the sprightly lyre of Horace and Anacreon, and the melting music of Sappho still sound, though ages have passed since they vibrated on the ear, I will venture to promise a source of enjoyment, from the Works of those great masters whose names adorn this Collection, which I hope they will not think too dearly purchased by the perusal of such introductory matter as is submitted to their candid examination.



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THE
ORIGIN OF SONG-WRITING.

Addressed to DR. AIKIN.

[MRS. BARBAULD.]

Illic indocto primum se exercuit arcu ;
Hei mihi quam doctas nunc habet ille manus !
Tibullus.

WHEN Cupid, wanton boy, was young,
His wings unfledg'd, and rude his tongue,
He loiter'd in Arcadian bowers,
And hid his bow in wreaths of flowers ;
Or pierc'd some fond unguarded heart,
With now and then a random dart ;
But heroes scorn'd the idle boy,
And love was but a shepherd's toy :
When Venus, vex'd to see her child
Amid the forests thus run wild,
Would point him out some nobler game,
Gods, and godlike men to tame.
She seiz'd the boy's reluctant hand,
And led him to the virgin band,
Where the sister Muses round
Swell the deep majestic sound ;
And in solemn strains unite,
Breathing chaste, severe delight ;

Songs of chiefs, and heroes old,
 In unsubmitting virtue bold ;
 Of even valour's temperate heat,
 And toils to stubborn patience sweet ;
 Of nodding plumes, and burnish'd arms,
 And glory's bright terrific charms.
 The potent sounds like lightning dart
 Resistless thro' the glowing heart ;
 Of power to lift the fixed soul
 High o'er fortune's proud controul ;
 Kindling deep, prophetic musing ;
 Love of beauteous death infusing ;
 Scorn, and unconquerable hate
 Of tyrant pride's unhallow'd state.
 The boy abash'd, and half afraid,
 Beheld each chaste immortal maid ;
 Pallas spread her Egis there ;
 Mars stood by with threatening air ;
 And stern Diana's icy look
 With sudden chill his bosom struck,

Daughters of Jove, receive the child,
 The queen of beauty said, and smil'd ;
 Her rosy breath perfum'd the air,
 And scatter'd sweet contagion there ;
 Relenting nature learn'd to languish ;
 And sicken'd with delightful anguish :
 Receive him, artless yet and young ;
 Refine his air, and smooth his tongue ;

Conduct him thro' your fav'rite bowers,
 Enrich'd with fair perennial flowers,
 To solemn shades and springs that lie
 Remote from each unhallow'd eye ;
 Teach him to spell those mystic names
 That kindle bright immortal flames ;
 And guide his young unpractis'd feet
 To reach coy learning's lofty seat.

Ah, luckless hour ! mistaken maids !
 When Cupid sought the Muses' shades :
 Of their sweetest notes beguil'd,
 By the sly insidious child ;
 Now of power his darts are found,
 Twice ten thousand times to wound.
 Now no more the slacken'd strings
 Breathes of high immortal things,
 But Cupid tunes the Muse's lyre
 To languid notes of soft desire.
 In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry tongue,
 'Tis love inspires the poet's song :
 Hence Sappho's soft infectious page ;
 Monimia's woe ; Othello's rage ;
 Abandon'd Dido's fruitless prayer ;
 And Eloisa's long despair :
 The garland bless'd with many a vow,
 For haughty Sacharissa's brow ;
 And, wash'd with tears, the mournful verse
 That Petrarch laid on Laura's herse.

xxviii ORIGIN OF SONG-WRITING.

But more than all the sister quire,
Music confess'd the pleasing fire.
Here sovereign Cupid reign'd alone ;
Music and Song were all his own.
Sweet as in old Arcadian plains,
The British pipe has caught the strains ;
And where the Tweed's pure current glides,
Or lofty rolls her limpid tides,
Or Thames his oozy waters leads
Thro' rural bowers, or yellow meads,
With many an old romantic tale
Has cheer'd the lone sequester'd vale,
With many a sweet and tender lay
Deceiv'd the tiresome summer day.

Tis your's to cull with happy art
Each meaning verse that speaks the heart,
And fair array'd, in order meet,
To lay the wreath at Beauty's feet.

ESSAY

ON

SONG-WRITING IN GENERAL.

WHILE the two capital species of poetry, the epic and dramatic, have long engaged the nicest attention of taste and criticism, the humbler but not less pleasing productions of the Muse have not obtained that notice from the critic to which the exertions of the poet would seem to entitle them. This will appear the more extraordinary when we reflect that some of the most excellent productions in the former have been the spontaneous growth of a rude and uncultivated

soil, whereas the latter have never flourished without acquired richness in the soil and the fostering hand of art. This critical neglect has given rise to uncertainty in the distinctions, and irregularity in the composition of most of the minor classes of poetry; and while the long established divisions of ode, elegy, and epigram, are involved in these difficulties, it is not a matter of wonder to meet with them in the modern pieces which range under the general title of *Songs*.

Although many of our most celebrated poets have exercised their talents in composing these little pieces, and their pleasing effect is universally known and acknowledged, yet have we but one professed criticism on their composition; and this, though elegant and ingenious, is both too short and too superficial to give precision and accuracy to our ideas on this subject. It is contained in a paper of the Guardian, written by Mr. Phillips.

In attempting the task of determining

with exactness the nature of *song-writing*, and the various distinctions of which it is susceptible, together with the specific excellence of each, I find it therefore necessary to go far back into the origin of poetry in general, and to recur to those first principles existing in the human mind, which alone can give a firm foundation to our deductions.

The original poetry of all nations must have been very much confined to the description of external objects, and the narration of events. This is a necessary consequence of the barrenness of infant language with regard to abstract ideas, and is confirmed by the remains of antiquity which have reached us. Among a fierce and warlike people constantly engaged in enterprises of arms, poetry was solely employed in rehearsing the valorous deeds of their heroes; and the horrid pictures of war and desolation were enlivened by the kindred imagery of whatever nature afforded of the awful, terrific and stupendous. In happier

regions, where the mild inhabitants were suited to the softness and luxury of the climate, the business of poetry was to paint the surrounding profusion of beautiful objects, the pleasing incidents of a pastoral life, the tender cares and ravishing delights of love. This passion found as apt a comparison with the beautiful scenes of nature, as war and destruction could do with its glooms and horrors.

Ossian and Theocritus will afford complete instances of the first poetry in its two different branches. Mingling storms, roaring torrents, swelling oceans, lightning and thunder, paint the dreadful battle pieces of the Caledonian; while the murmuring brook, the green meadow, the bleating flock, the simple shepherd and his artless fair, deck out the rural landscape of the Grecian. Thus heroic and pastoral poetry are at first formed, consisting chiefly of description and imagery. The passion of military glory in the one, and of love in the other, would indeed add sentiment to the picture, but

even these sentiments must be expressed by a reference to external objects. The lover who had sought for natural comparisons to paint the charms of his mistress, must seek for others to express the emotions of his mind. He must *burn* with desire, and *freeze* with disdain; rage with the *ocean*, and sigh with the *zephyr*; hope must *enlighten* him with its *rays*, and despair *darken* him with its *gloom*. The effects which the passions produce upon the body, would also prove a happy source of the description of emotions. Thus, the fluttering pulse, the changing colour, the feverish glow, the failing heart, and the confused senses, being natural and invariable symptoms of the passion of love, would soon be observed by the poet, and successfully used to heighten his description. Hitherto all is simple and natural, and poetry, so far from being the art of fiction, is the faithful copyist of external objects and real emotions. But the mind of man cannot long be confined within prescribed limits; there is an internal eye

constantly stretching its view beyond the bounds of natural vision, and something new, something greater, more beautiful, more excellent, is required to gratify its noble longing. This eye of the mind is the imagination—it peoples the world with new beings, it embodies abstract ideas, it suggests unexpected resemblances, it creates first, and then presides over its creation with absolute sway. Not less accurately and philosophically, than poetically, has our great Shakspeare described this faculty in the following lines.

The Poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to aery nothing
A local habitation and a name.

The most essential differences in poetical composition may be referred to the circumstance of its turning upon nature or fiction, and on this will depend its fitness or unfitness to produce peculiar effects.

In general, whatever is designed to move the passions, cannot be too natural and simple. It is also evident, that when the professed design of the poet is to paint the beauties of nature and the rural landscape of pastoral life, he must give as great an air of reality as possible to his piece, since a bad imitation necessarily produces disgust. On the other hand, when the aim is to elevate and surprise, to gratify a love of novelty, and the pleasing luxury of indulging the fancy, all the powers of fiction must be set at work, and the imagination employed without control to create new images, and discover uncommon resemblances and connections. To pursue our instance taken from the passion of love; the poet who wishes rather to please and surprise than to move, will ransack heaven and earth for objects of brilliant and unusual comparison with every circumstance relating to the passion itself or its object. He will not value sentiment as the real offspring of an emotion, but as susceptible of ingenious turns,

striking contrasts and pleasing allusions. He will not compose from the heart but the head, and will consult his imagination rather than his sensations. This quality is peculiarly termed wit, and a just taste for it is never acquired without a considerable degree of national refinement. Pieces of wit are therefore later in their date than any others.

This brief account of the progress of poetry in general being premised, let us proceed to a nearer inspection of our subject.

In attempting to fix a meaning to the word *song*, the first idea which strikes us arises from its name, signifying something to be sung. We shall discuss this a little at large.

The union of music with poetry must appear extremely natural. We find it to have taken place universally in the uncultivated state of all nations, and to have continued partially in the most refined. In all languages the words expressing vocal music have been also used indiscri-

minately to signify poetry ; and though we at present consider such expressions as figurative, there is no doubt but they were originally natural. The sacred name of *song* was not then prostituted to a succession of unmeaning sounds tortured into music through the odious pipe of an equivocal mutilated animal ; it was a general term to express all that the sister Muses of poetry and melody could combine to delight the ear, and ravish the heart. This enchanting union is now in great measure dissolved, yet I will venture to assert that it was not poetry, but her less sentimental companion music who began the separation. The luxury of artificial harmony, taking place of the simple graces of melody, rendered instrumental music chiefly sought after, and the assistance of poetry in consequence unnecessary. The present age is characterised by a languid, sensual indolence, averse even in its pleasures to any thing that requires attention of the mind. The ear, instead of being an avenue to the

heart, expects to be gratified merely as an organ of sense, and the heroine, poetry, must give place to the harlot, music. And when the latter has deigned to borrow the vehicle of words, she has shown by her choice that she has regarded poetry rather as a burden upon her exertions than an assistant.

The term *song* may therefore be considered in a double sense—if the idea of music prevails, it signifies no more than a set of words calculated for adaptation to a tune: if poetry be the principal object, it is a species of poetical composition regulated by peculiar laws, and susceptible of a certain definition; still however retaining so much of the musical idea, as to make it an essential circumstance, that by a regularly returning measure it be capable of being set to a tune.

A song, as a poetical composition, may be defined, a short piece, divided into returning portions of measure, and formed upon a single incident, thought, or sentiment. Under this definition the general

subject from which the particular topic is taken is not restricted; but it has been found that emotions of tenderness and gaiety are peculiarly adapted to song-writing. Custom therefore has almost solely confined the general subject of songs to love and wine, and it must be acknowledged that the nature of the composition, and the assistance of music, contribute to give these subjects a peculiar air of gracefulness and propriety.

A number of distinctions have been formed in modern poetry from trifling particularities in the versification of these pieces, such as the number of lines composing a stanza, the repetition of a line at regular distances, the ordonnance of the rhyme, and the like.

The laborious Baron Bielfield, in his *Elements of universal Erudition*, has thought it worth while to particularize a great variety of these distinctions in French poetry, such as the Sonnet, the Rondeau, the Vaudeville, &c. I cannot but consider these petty diversities as very unessential

to the poetical character of any composition; this cursory mention is therefore all the notice I shall bestow on them.

If we examine the poetical remains of antiquity, we shall find various examples of pieces which come under the foregoing description of a *song*. That beautiful relique of Sappho, which is well known to the English reader, by Mr. Phillips's excellent translation,

“Blest as the immortal Gods is he,” &c.

is an exact model of song-writing. The poems of the gay and sprightly Anacreon are almost all *songs* in every respect, except the measure, which instead of being divided into returning stanzas, is uniform. Yet this would not necessarily disqualify it for musical adaptation, and there is no doubt but they were really sung and accompanied with instrumental music. The Odes of Horace contain many beautiful specimens of the *song* complete in every circumstance. All these pieces are handed down to us under

the denomination of Lyric poetry, the nature of which, as intimately connected with our subject, it will be proper to examine with some attention.

The union of music and poetry among the ancients was very strict. It would seem that they had no idea of the music of sounds without words, and they appear seldom or never to have used vocal music without accompaniment with instrumental. The lyre was the favourite instrument for this purpose, and hence that species of poetry designed to be sung to music acquired the denomination of Lyric. Yet we have variety of proof that this term is applied with equal propriety to poetry accompanied with any other instrument. Horace abounds with such instances—it will be sufficient to refer to his first ode

————— *si neque tibus*

Enterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia

Lesbom refugit tendere barbiton.

Immediately after, to fix the class of poets to which he belongs, he says

Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseres.

To answer this purpose of musical adaptation, Lyric poetry has always been in possession of a variety of measures, differing indeed greatly among themselves, but all very distinguishable from the stately regular march of heroics, and the languid inequality of elegy. Thus the Anacreontic is smart and lively, the Sapphic tender and melodious, the irregular Pindaric suited to the sudden changes and unbounded flights of the wild various music of the passions. Horace affords a fine profusion of regularly returning measures suited to all the varieties of musical expression, many of which one can scarcely read without falling into a natural music.

So far Lyric poetry is characterised by its manner of composition; will it also admit of a Character from the nature of its subjects? It has been already observed that the pieces of Sappho and Anacreon are formed entirely upon gay

and amorous topics. A beautiful variety of poems of this cast is to be met with in Horace, and he frequently mentions the peculiar suitability of them to the Lyric muse. Thus

Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum
 Strictis in juvenes unguibus acrium
 Cantamus -----
 Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
 Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare
 Pœno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
 Aptari citharæ modis.

Non hoc jocosæ conveniet lyræ.
 Quo Musa tendis? desine pervicax
 Referre sermones Deorum, et
 Magna modis tenuare parvis.

But what must we think of these declarations when he nobly breaks out "Quem virum aut heroa," &c. when he undertakes with such success to sing the great actions of Augustus, the praises of Drusus, and the poetical character of Pindar, with Pindar's own fire and sub-

limity? In that beautiful ode, the 9th of the 4th book, where he sketches out the Grecian bards, his predecessors in Lyric poetry, we find the

Cæaque, Alceique *minaces*
Stesichorique *graves* Camenæ,

as well as the wanton gaiety of Anacreon and the amorous softness of the Lesbian maid. One of the oldest pieces of Grecian Lyric poetry extant, is a heroic ode sung by the Athenians at their public feasts in commemoration of Harmodius and Aristogiton. The odes of Pindar celebrate the victors at Olympic games, and the hymns of Callimachus rise to the praises of the Gods.

From these instances it appears that Lyric poetry does not admit of any distinguishing characteristic from its subject, but merely from the circumstance of its accompaniment with music: thus Horace briefly defines it “*verba socianda chordis.*” But this circumstance will in some measure influence the choice of a

subject, as it is evident that long continued narration, the didactic part of any art or science, and satire are not suitable topics for a species of poetry which above all others is calculated to please, elevate, and surprise.

If we now compare the idea here given of Lyric poetry, with what was before observed concerning song-writing, it will plainly appear that the latter is one branch of the former ; that, to wit, which in its subject is confined to gaiety and tenderness, or, to express it classically, the Sapphic and Anacreontic. The graver and sublimer strains of the Lyric Muse are exemplified in the modern ode, a species of composition which admits of the boldest flights of poetical enthusiasm, and the wildest creations of the imagination, and requires the assistance of every figure that can adorn language, and raise it above its ordinary pitch.

Critics have very commonly lamented that the moderns fall short of the ancients more particularly in this species of poetry

than in any other; yet, did it belong to my present subject, I should not despair of convincing an impartial reader, that the English names of Dryden, Gray, Akenside, Mason, Collins, Warton, are not inferior in real poetical elevation to the most renowned Grecian or Roman antiquity can produce. The modern ode and the song are in general distinguishable by their subject, by the different degree of elevation and ornament in the language, and by a greater length and irregularity in the measure of the former, which is not adapted to vocal music. Yet as these distinctions are rather relative than absolute, it is easy to see that they may approach each others limits so as to render it dubious under which class they range, which would be the case with many of Horace's odes if converted to English poems.

We are now prepared to make use of the general deduction of the progress of the mind through the different stages of poetical composition, formerly attempted,

in forming an arrangement of songs into a few distinct classes.

The rude original pastoral poetry of our country furnishes the first class in the popular pieces called Ballads. These consist of the Village Tale, the Dialogue of Rustic Courtship, the Description of Natural Objects, and the Incidents of a Rural Life. Their language is the language of nature, simple and unadorned; their story is not the wild offspring of fancy, but the probable adventure of the cottage; and their sentiments are the unstudied expressions of passions and emotions common to all mankind.

Nature, farther refined, but still nature, gives the second class of pieces containing the sentimental part of the former, abstracted from the Tale and Rural Landscape, and improved by a more studied observation of the internal feelings of passion and their external symptoms. It is the natural philosophy of the mind, and the description of sensations. Here love appears in all its various forms of

desire, doubt, jealousy, hope, despair; and suggests a language, rich, strong, and figurative. This is what may strictly be called the pathetic in poetry.

The third class is formed upon an artificial turn of thinking, and the operation of the fancy. Here the sentiments arise from cool reflection and curious speculation, rather than from a present emotion. They accordingly require enlivening by ingenious comparison, striking contrast, unexpected turns, a climax finishing in a point, and all the pleasing refinements of art which give the denomination of ingenious and witty to our conceptions. Some essential distinctions will appear in this class arising from the various kinds of wit; but they all agree in the circumstance of springing rather from fancy than passion, and consequently of exciting pleasure and surprise rather than the sympathetic emotions.

It is observable that it is this class alone which answers the idea Mr. Phillips gives of song-writing in his little Essay; and

hence he has been betrayed into a little inconsistency; for while he compares song-writing in general to the gay and amorous species of ancient Lyric poetry, he refers us to the French Songs, as examples of perfection, which are almost solely of the witty and ingenious kind, and totally different from most of the remains of antiquity. In particular, the little epigrammatic song which he there cites and translates, is so entirely dissimilar to the celebrated piece of Sappho which he has so happily made his own, that it is wonderful the distinction did not strike him.

I shall just farther remark with regard to the proposed arrangement of our collection, that when genius is left to itself without fixed laws to conduct it, each different species of writing is so apt by imperceptible gradations to slide into the next in kindred, that it is frequently impossible for the critic to preserve his classes pure and free from mixture, without a too scrupulous rejection of pieces really beau-

tiful, though somewhat faulty in regularity. The reader will easily perceive, and I hope make proper allowances for several instances of equivocal arrangement, which from this cause I have not been able to avoid.

E S S A Y

ON

BALLADS AND PASTORAL SONGS.

THE Ballad may be considered as the native species of Poetry of this country. It very exactly answers the idea formerly given of original Poetry, being the rude uncultivated verse in which the popular tale of the times was recorded. As our ancestors partook of the fierce warlike character of the northern nations, the subjects of their Poetry would chiefly consist of the martial exploits of their heroes, and the military events of national history, deeply tinged with that passion

for the marvellous, and that superstitious credulity, which always attend a state of ignorance and barbarism. Many of the antient Ballads have been transmitted to the present times, and in them the character of the nation displays itself in striking colours. The boastful history of her victories, the prowess of her favourite kings and captains, and the wonderful adventures of the legendary saint and knight errant, are the topics of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration which was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an object of curiosity to the antiquarian and man of taste. As it is not my design to collect pieces of this sort, which is already done in a very elegant manner by Dr. Percy, in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, I shall proceed to consider the Ballad more as an artificial than a natural species of composition.

When language became refined, and poetical taste elevated, by an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin authors, the subjects of the Epic Muse were no longer

drest in the homely garb of the popular Ballad, but assumed the borrowed ornament and stately air of heroic poetry; and every poetical attempt in the sublime and beautiful cast was an imitation of the classic models. The native Poetry of the country was reserved merely for the humourous and burlesque; and the term Ballad was brought by custom to signify a comic story, told in low familiar language, and accompanied with a droll trivial tune. It was much used by the wits of the time as a vehicle for laughable ridicule, and mirthful satire; and a great variety of the most pleasing specimens of this kind of writing is to be found in the Ballads of the witty æra of English genius, which I take to be comprehended between the beginning of Charles the Second's reign, and the times of Swift and Prior. Since that period the genius of the age has chiefly been characterised by the correct, elegant, and tender; and a real or affected taste for beautiful simplicity has almost universally prevailed. This

has produced several imitations of the ancient Ballad as a serious composition, turned however in its general subject from the story of martial adventure to the pathetic tale of the peaceful village. It is a just taste, founded upon real observation of nature, which enjoins simplicity of expression in every attempt to engage the sympathetic emotions ; we have many delightful examples of its success, and I hope in this collection to prove by some powerful appeals to the heart, how sweetly the ancient Ballad, judiciously imitated, is adapted to this purpose. A delicate sense of propriety, and nice judgment are required to conduct the plan of simplicity in such a manner as to retain all its beauties without sinking into insipidity or disgusting vulgarity. In general, we should aim at it rather by dropping all ornament and glitter, than by putting on an affected rusticity, and making use of antiquated expressions. We should be particularly careful that simplicity reigns in the thoughts as well as the language, a very

essential piece of uniformity; which yet some writers of eminence have not always observed. If the piece be narrative, such circumstances of the story as tell it in the most striking manner are to be held out to view, and their effect is not to be interrupted by simile or metaphor, or any of the artificial prettinesses of language that may fall in his way. They have no business here; they do not accord with that string of the soul which is here to be struck.

As it is absolutely essential to all imitations of the ancient Ballad, that the story on which they are founded, with all its circumstances and manners, should be perfectly natural, and appropriated to our own soil, I cannot include several pieces of the *pastoral* kind under the title of Ballads, though very nearly resembling them in point of simplicity and style of composition. Pastoral Poetry is a native of happier climates, where the face of nature, and the manners of the people are widely different from those of our

northern regions. What is reality on the soft Arcadian and Sicilian plains, is all fiction here; and though by reading we may be so familiarized to these imaginary scenes as to acquire a sort of natural taste for them, yet, like the fine fruits of the south, they will never be so far naturalized to the soil, as to flourish without borrowed warmth and forced culture. The justice of this observation is sufficiently proved, by the ill success of those attempts in the mixed pastoral, where the rude speech and rough manners of our English hinds have been engrafted upon the foreign poetical character of the shepherd swain. This gave occasion to Pope's well known ridicule of Phillips; and it is this incongruity of character which is the foundation of the burlesque in Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, in which some natural strokes of beautiful simplicity and the real pathetic are designedly paired in so odd a manner with humour and parody, that one is at a loss whether to take it as jest or earnest—whether to laugh or cry. Indeed this

effect is also produced in his two dramatic burlesques, the Beggar's Opera, and *What d'ye Call it*; for how ludicrous soever the general character of the piece may be, when he comes so near to hanging and shooting in good earnest, the joke ceases; and I have observed the tolling of St. Pulchre's bell received by an audience with as much tragical attention, and sympathetic terror as that in *Venice Preserved*.

No attempt to naturalize pastoral poetry appears to have succeeded better than Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*: it has a considerable air of reality, and the descriptive parts, in general, are in the genuine taste of beautiful simplicity. Yet the sentiments and manners are far from being entirely proper to the characters; and while some descend so low as to be disgusting, others are elevated far beyond nature. The real character of a Scottish or English shepherd is by much too coarse for Poetry. I suspect Ramsay gains a great advantage among us by writing in

the Scotch dialect: this not being familiar to us, and scarcely understood, softens the harsher parts, and gives a kind of foreign air that eludes the critic's severity. Some writers, in aiming at a natural simplicity of sentiment, have sunk into silliness, and have given their characters not only the innocence, but the weakness of a child. In that admirable piece of burlesque criticism, the Bathos of Scriblerus, are some ludicrous instances of puerility of sentiment and expression from Phillips's Pastorals, and, I confess, this fault to me appears palpable in a piece which, by being introduced to notice in the Spectator, is universally known and admired—I mean the pastoral song of Colin and Phœbe.

There is one point in which a pastoral writer of any country may venture to follow nature exactly, and with a minute nicety: this is in the scenery and description. Natural objects are scarcely ever disgusting; and there is no country so unblessed as to be unprovided with an

ample store of beauties, which must ever please in an accurate representation, independently on all fashion or peculiarity of taste. It is unpardonable in a poet to borrow these from any fountain but nature herself, and hereby he will most certainly avoid the mistakes and incongruity of imagery, which they are so apt to fall into who describe from ideas gained by reading rather than observation. The preservation of propriety in this respect is of capital importance in description, since nothing so effectually ruins the beauty of picturesque scenery, as the introduction of any circumstance which tends to falsify it. It awakens the mind from her dream of fancy, and the "baseless fabric of the vision" instantly vanishes. An ingenious critic has instanced this fault from Milton's *Comus*, where in the Spirit's address to Sabrina, after very properly wishing,

May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss,
Summer's drought or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,

He adds,

May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore,

And here and there thy banks along
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon;

which have no propriety when applied to an English river. It gives me pleasure to instance the opposite beauty. Michael Drayton, an old English poet, in a pastoral song entitled Dowsabel, describes his shepherdess in the following comparisons.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grasse that grows by Dove,
And lyth as lasse of Kent:
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swanne that swims in Trent.

He goes on in the story,

This mayden in a morn betime
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
To get sweet cetywall;
The honey-suckle, the harloeke,
The lily and the lady smocke,
To deck her summer hall.

It is impossible for description to be more lively, or more consistently proper.

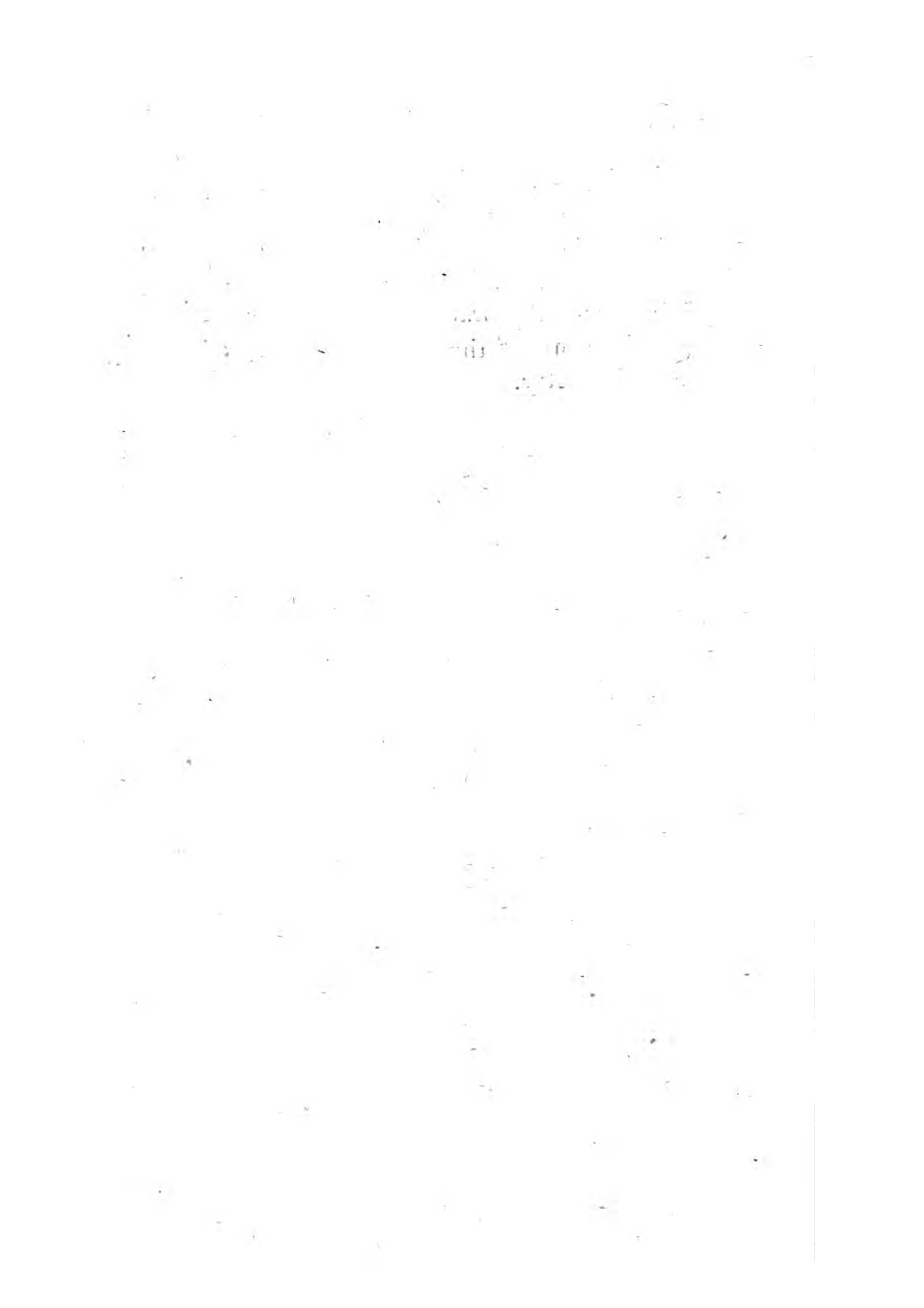
That there is still room for novelty in this walk has lately been agreeably shown in the pastorals of Mr. Smith, the Landscape painter, which, however unequal and deficient in harmony and correctness, have infinitely more merit than Pope's melodious echoes of echo. Mr. Smith's pieces will also illustrate my former remark, that the manners and sentiments of our rural vulgar cannot be rendered pleasing subjects for poetry; for where he paints them most naturally they are least agreeable.

This then appears to be the rule of taste for modern pastoral writers—to be general in character and sentiment, but particular in description. The poetical shepherd and shepherdess are characters of great uniformity; for, the originals having been long extinct, all have copied after the same models. The passion of love is the eternal source of pastoral sentiment, and however various it may be

in its nature, all its changes and intricacies must surely be at length explored, after it has in so many ages and countries exercised the utmost abilities of human genius.

Nothing therefore remains to produce novelty, but a variation of circumstances, whether relating to the subjects of the passion, or the accompanying scenery. The pastoral song formed upon the Ballad model, is capable of being made the most pleasing piece of the pastoral kind. The simplicity of language gives it an air of nature and reality, though the fictitious character be entirely kept up; and throwing the subject into a little tale, gives an opportunity of novelty in description from the variety of incidents. When the story has a tender and mournful turn, the ballad simplicity has a peculiarly happy effect. Perhaps the English alone, of all the moderns, have known how to unite the most perfect simplicity with real elegance and poetical expression; and it is to be hoped we shall never want taste to

relish the beauties of this kind that we are possessed of. The little collection of Ballads and Pastoral Songs here offered, contains some of the sweetest flowers of English poetry.



BALLADS
AND
PASTORAL SONGS.

FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

[By Percy.]

IT was a friar of orders gray,*
Walk'd forth to tell his beads ;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

* In the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Dr. Percy gives us the following Ballad, as formed upon a number of detached fragments of ancient composition, which he has attempted to fill up and throw into a little connected tale. Though his modesty has induced him to place it among his antique remains, I think it but justice to him and to my own collection to place it here as a very judicious and beautiful imitation of the ancient Ballad ; for certainly he has the best right to it, since the merit of the story is all his own, and the difficulty of interweaving the few ancient stanzas into it, and suiting his own language to them with such judgment, was greater than that of producing an entirely new piece.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou did'st see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one ?
O by his cockle* hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady he is dead and gone !
Lady he's dead and gone !
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

* These are the distinguishing marks of a Pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond the sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the intention, or performance of their devotion.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !
And art thou dead and gone !
And did'st thou die for love of me !
Break, cruel heart of stone !

O weep not, lady, weep not so ;
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas ! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain :
For, violets pluck'd the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee, say not so :
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The com'liest youth was he :
But he is dead, and laid in his grave :
Alas ! and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so ;
My love he had the truest heart :
O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me ?
Then farewell home ; for, evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall :
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
O stay me not, I pray ;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love
 These holy weeds I sought :
 And here amid these lonely walls
 To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace*
 Is not yet pass'd away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart ;
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.

THE HERMIT.

[By Goldsmith.]

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way,
 To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 With hospitable ray.

* The year of probation, or noviciate.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.

Forbear, my son, the hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom,
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And tho' my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn :
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
For earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little wrong.

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And stranger led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd ;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups on the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit 'spied,
With answering cares opprest :
And whence, unhappy youth, he cried,
The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those that prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest :
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth ; thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex, he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd ! he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, she cried :
Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd for mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came :
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour the mercenary crowd,
With richest presents strove :
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but woe is me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I tried each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
 In secret where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I.

Forbid it, Heaven ! the hermit cried,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

COLIN AND LUCY.

[By Tickell.]

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face.

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, her damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen the lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd this slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware!

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd her wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn-boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke,
The maidens 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 the bride
Is twice as rich as I?

Ah, Colin, give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone !
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
And 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, ye comrades dear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet !

She spoke and died, her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Oh ! what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?
How were those nuptials kept ?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell :
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
The varying crimson fled ;
When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this place the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen :
With garlands gay, and true love knots
They deck the sacred green:

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear !
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

[By Mallet.]

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown ;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime ;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

Awake, she cried, thy true love-calls
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the mirk and fearful hour
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
Now dreary graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

How could you say my lips were sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red ;
Dark are mine eyes now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding sheet I wear,
And cold and weary lasts our night
Till that last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence,
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she lies
That died for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile
And shew her glist'ring head ;
Pale William shook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spake never more.

[By Gay.*]

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd :
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean
And let a lover rest ;
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?

The merchant robb'd of treasure
Views tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

* In the What D'ye call it.

How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear ;
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corps she 'spied ;
Then like a lily drooping
She bow'd her head and died.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

[By Gay.]

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among your crew ?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below ;
The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list ye winds, my heart shall be,
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
At every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white ;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head :
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu, she cries, and waved her lily hand.

[Gay.]

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade.
 With arms across, and head reclin'd :
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind :
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
 Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
 My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats ?
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains ;
 I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
 My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains :
 Yet why should you your song forbear ?
 Your mates delight your song to hear,
 But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the sound ; my heart-strings move :
'Twas not the nightingale that sung ;
No, 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue,
Hark, hark, what says my love !

How foolish is the nymph, she cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain !
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love denied,
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew ;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain,
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too !

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek ;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
That lip should other pleasures seek :
Much, much thy music I approve ;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
 Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone ;
 Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
 Love by such trifles first comes on.
 Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
 My tongue would now my heart obey,
 Ah Chloe, thou art won !

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
 And found where wishing Chloe lay ;
 Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
 Confus'd she knew not what to say.
 At last in broken words she cried,
 To-morrow you in vain had tried,
 But I am lost to-day !

DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

[By Rowe.]

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid,
 And whilst 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 ! silly swain that I was !

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

How foolish was I to believe

She would doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folks of the town ;
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove,
To go clad like our maidens in gray,
And live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,

Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd ?
What tho' 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 fair 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 ;
Tho' thro' the wide world we should range,
'Tis in vain from our 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 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 heard of her seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.

[Rowe.]

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.

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 lie?

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?

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

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

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

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

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

THE DESPONDING SHEPHERD.

[PRIOR.]

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains ;
 Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow !
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame,
 The fatal cause all kindly seek ;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
And she too kind concern exprest
 And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal ?
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
 You are the cause of all my care ;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, have I heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
 And yet I pardon you, she cried ;
But you shall promise ne'er again,
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain,
 He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

THE MAD MAIDEN.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing,
Her chains she rattled on her hands while sweetly
thus sung she,

I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel cruel was the ship that bore my love
from me, [ruin'd me,
Yet I love his parents since they're his, altho' they've
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to
the sky, [to fly;
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love
To guard him from all dangers how happy should
I be!

For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous
fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from
sea,
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest !
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should
 be ;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky !
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love
 might spy ;
But ah ! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall
 see,
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill
The western clouds were lined with gold,
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold ;
When in the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain ;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold :
They ask no vows of sacred truth,
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove ?
But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast
What wealth, what riches would suffice ?
Yet India's shore should never boast
The lustre of thy rival eyes ;
For there the world too cheap must prove ;
Can I then buy ?—who have but love.

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere ;
Let treasure meaner beauties move ;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
But Mary's still sweeter than those
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark and the thrush ;
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove
With music enchant every bush.
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare,
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed :
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

[MALLETT.]

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
 Beneath a mother's eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek ;
 Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n
 When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains ;
That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art,
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heartfelt bliss,
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at last,
He sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove;
His heart, which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cried, but, if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear ;
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she !)
Forbad what Emma came to say,
My Edwin, live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd with trembling steps,
Her aged mother's door;
He's gone, she cried, and I shall see
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side:
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

[SHENSTONE.]

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falshood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove :

But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale :
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank, the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
And every shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide ;
Bright as the water lily sprung
And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view ;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, strait, and fair ;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet !
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet.

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline ;
Prove to your equals true, she cried,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good will ;
To her I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth
I clasp'd the constant fair ;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I these charms forego,
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

CONTENT.

[CUNNINGHAM.]

O'ER moorlands and mountains rude barren and
bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home : [crown'd,
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ; [round,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best, [cast,
Whilst thrown off my guard by some glances she
Love slily stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly replied
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I've rich one's rejected, and great one's denied,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks, by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
And mark out new themes for my Muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have named her—CONTENT.

A PASTORAL BALLAD, IN FOUR PARTS.

[BY SHENSTONE.]

I. A B S E N C E.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that we find;
None once was so watchful as I:
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine ;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before :
But now they are past, and I sigh ;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?
Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown ;
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought, but it might not be so,
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
My path I could hardly discern ;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ?
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold :
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay !
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow ?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow !
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed :
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove ;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs !
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise ?
Dear regions of silence and shade !
Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray ?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine ;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?
Why term it a folly to grieve ?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave ;
With her wit she engages the free ;
With her modesty pleases the grave ;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays ;
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while ;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown ;
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is be-studded around ;
And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold :
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet ;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet than the jessamin's flow'r !
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare ?
What is eglantine, after a show'r ?

Then the lily no longer is white ;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;
Then the violets die with despight,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise ;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue ;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep :
They have nothing to do, but to stray ;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair, and my passion begun ;
She smil'd, and I could not but love ;
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire :
It banishes wisdom the while ;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree ;
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes ?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain :
The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace ;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
Was faithless, and I am undone !

To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.

[BY CUNNINGHAM.]

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid :
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain :
In sooth, he was gentle and kind ;
He mark'd in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

92 BALLADS AND PASTORAL SONGS.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell ;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan :
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear ;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng ;
They listen'd, and envied his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song ?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain ;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

ESSAY

ON

PASSIONATE AND DESCRIPTIVE SONGS.

THE Poet's rapturous descriptions of beauty, with the expression of his warm sensations and emotions, are the subjects of this class of song-writing.

Its models exist in the classical remains of Lyric poetry, and all the praise the moderns can here expect, must arise from imitating with success these examples of perfection.

The sublime and beautiful of nature, were first combined with the elegance and refinement of art, by the Grecians: and this superiority in their poetry, and the other fine arts, entitled them to distinguish the rest of the world from themselves, as Barbarians. Their Roman

conquerors, first by their arms, and then by their borrowed arts, obtained a share in the honourable exclusion. Among these people, even simple nature was graceful, and ornament was elegant and magnificent. Glaring splendour reigned in the East, and terrible sublimity in the North, but grace and dignity belonged to Greece and Rome alone. Fancy, in her wildest flights, could in them restrain herself within the limits of harmony and proportion. Even superstition here wore a graceful aspect. While the Deities of other nations were present to their minds in the horrid forms of cruel rage and gigantic deformity, they gave divinity to the sublime and beautiful conceptions of their poets and painters. These they embodied with suitable symbols and attributes; and the enthusiastic votary worshipped the God of his own enraptured imagination. There is no circumstance in which the genius of these people shows itself more strongly than in the character of these fancy-formed divinities. Besides those particularly distin-

guished by the title of the *Graces*, there were many whose attributes expressed the different shades and variations of whatever is elegant and graceful. Their *Venus* was the abstract idea of all these united—she was grace and beauty itself, and parent of every thing *lætum et amabile*—gladsome and lovely. With the charming image of this ideal excellence in their minds, the poets of Greece and Rome selected every pleasing object from the whole compass of nature, and carefully separated them from every thing disgusting and incongruous. From a crowd of surrounding images they knew how to choose such as were not only intrinsically beautiful, but suitable to their subject; and they knew when to drop all ornament, and recur to simple nature. They distinguished with the nicest judgment between the purposes of elevating the fancy, and interesting the heart, and could give full force to each, without confounding and mixing their effects.

In the species of Lyric poetry which we are now to consider, both these de-

signs have their place. The poetical description of a fair form requires the comparison of every kindred object of delight, and the richest colouring that art can bestow. The expression of emotions, on the other hand, must be conducted upon a simple plan; the feelings of the soul must declare themselves in artless touches of nature, and the real symptoms of passion; and the poet's hand must only appear in the delicacy of his strokes, and the softness and harmony of his versification.

Sappho, the genuine favourite of Venus, has given us a perfect model of the *passionate* song. She poured forth her whole soul in those amorous odes, of which time has indeed left us very scanty remains, but such as will ever be the finest examples of elegance and sensibility. The joyous Anacreon succeeded, but with a different turn of sentiment. His lyre was tuned rather to gaiety than tenderness, and his Venus was rather the easy companion of a bacchanalian, than the object of delicate and refined emotions.

In Horace, the passionate warmth of Sappho, the easy gaiety of Anacreon, and a superior strain of fancy and poetical enthusiasm proper to himself, are united; but on the whole, he is less frequently tender, than gay, or sublime. Among the Romans, the elegiac poets chiefly excelled in the natural and simple pathetic, and Tibullus is the purest example of this kind of writing. His flowing, elegant, and unadorned style, sweetly corresponds with the tender sentiments of complaining love, and some of the most affecting touches of nature that ever were expressed, have dropt from his pen. Ovid, though thoroughly acquainted with the passion of love, and abounding with warm and natural descriptions of it, was in general too much under the dominion of a lively fancy, and too fond of brilliant expression, to be long a pathetic writer. If he had composed in the Lyric form, his pieces would have resembled our next class of *witty and ingenious songs*, more nearly than those of any ancient Lyric poet.

The following songs of the *passionate* and *descriptive* kind, resemble in various degrees the ancient masters above-mentioned.

There are many imitations of the Sapphic Ode, in its warm descriptions of the external symptoms of love. Besides that piece of Dr. Smollet's, which is only a variation of Sappho's famous ode, I would particularly point out

“ Ah, the shepherd's mournful fate,”

as a near copy from this model.

Horace, a poet the most familiar to a scholar of all the ancients, has been imitated in several songs. These are such as in common language would be peculiarly entitled Odes, from their high strain of fancy and poetical diction. That of Prior,

“ If wine and music have the power.”

May be marked as truly Horatian.

The simple pathetic of Tibullus and the writers of Elegy, is most sweetly manifested in that charming song of Dr. Percy's,

“ O Nancy wilt thou go with me,”

which has scarcely its equal for real tenderness in this or any other language.

Other resemblances might be pointed out, but I imagine it is unnecessary to go farther. What has been already observed may serve to put a reader of taste upon remarking those niceties of composition, and delicate variations, which he might otherwise have passed over; and I would not anticipate the pleasure he will receive from his own discoveries of this kind. An ample store of beauties lies open for his inspection, and he will probably find reason to flatter himself, that in this species of poetry, as well as in every other, the English follow the classic ancients with a bold and vigorous step, and strain hard for the palm of victory.



PASSIONATE AND DESCRIPTIVE
SONGS.

[PHILLIPS.]

BLESS'D as th' immortal Gods is he,*
The youth that fondly sits by thee ;
And sees, and hears thee, all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

Tw'as this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

* Though it may seem irregular to begin a collection of *English Songs* with an Ode of Sappho, yet I am tempted to do it on account of the excellence of the translation, which has almost the merit of an original, and that the reader may have so nearly in view a pattern of perfection with which he may compare the rest.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

[SMOLLETT.]

TH Y fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love ;
I feel the soft resistless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows ;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport overwhelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
 In soothing numbers to complain ;
 My tongue some secret magic ties,
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
 And ever drop the silent tear,
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpitied die.

[HAMILTON.]

AH ! the shepherd's mournful fate !
 When doom'd to love, and doom' to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling thro' my eyes
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So artfully beguiling !
Thy every look, and every grace
So charms whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase
Still will my hopes pursue thee :
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

[DRYDEN.]

Go, tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain ;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy voice will more prevail than mine :
For souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind relief,
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh, or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her, my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress ;
For ah ! the wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

[PRIOR.]

YEs, fairest proof of beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart ;
Nature points this my fatal hour ;
And I have liv'd ; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed ;
That nothing may disturb thy life
Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better fated youth
Shall with his amorous parly move thee,
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying thus persists to love thee.

[PRIOR.]

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over :
Alas ! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love ?
Alas ! what dangers on the main
Can equal those which I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain ?
Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose ;
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

[LYTTELTON.]

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me ;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long ?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same ;
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus Delia, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love ;

All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die and think you mine.

[PRIOR.]

IF wine and music have the power
 To ease the sickness of the soul,
 Let Phœbus every string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
 Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my Chloe's absence light,
 And seek for pleasure to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return ;
 Venus be thou to-morrow great,
 Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind Goddess, to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own ;
 The darling Loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

[LYTTELTON.]

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move ;
Tell me my heart if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear ;
No other wit but her's approve ;
Tell me my heart if this be love ?

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove,
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

AH! why must words my flame reveal?
Why needs my Damon bid me tell,
What all my actions prove?
A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh
Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain
Mine eyes still fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve;
The rest unheeded dance or play,
From all he steals my praise away,
And can he doubt my love?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
The joys that all my soul possess,
And every care remove;
Still, still too short appears his stay,
The moments fly too fast away,
Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise,
So pleas'd am I with all he says,
I every word approve ;
But is he blam'd, although in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas ! because I love.

But ah ! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart
The least desire to rove !
I hate the maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
My passion these will prove ;
Words oft deceive and spring from art,
The true expressions of my heart
To Damon, must be love.

[MRS. BARBAULD.]

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me,
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither and thy flame approve ;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,
To live upon a smile for years,
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet ;
To kneel, to languish and implore,
And still, tho' she disdain, adore ;
It is to do all this and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprize,
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
As wretches feel who wait their doom ;
Nor must one ruder thought presume
Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost,
Tho' heav'n and earth thy passion crost ;
Tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears ;
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
Tho' she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If, when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe ;
And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so,

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,
Thou never yet his power hast known ;
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
 Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
 And prove whose patience longest can endure ;
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
 In dreams of fondest passion most,
 For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh ! never hope a cure.

ADDRESS TO CUPID.

[MRS. BARBAULD]

IF ever thou didst joy to bind
 Two hearts in equal passion join'd,
 Oh son of Venus ! hear me now,
 And bid Florella bless my vow.

If any bliss reserv'd for me
 Thou in the leaves of fate should'st see,
 If any white propitious hour,
 Pregnant with hoarded joys in store ;

Now, now the mighty treasure give,
 In her for whom alone I live ;
 In sterling love pay all the sum,
 And I'll absolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms
Yield her, relenting, to my arms ;
Her bosom touch with soft desires,
And let her feel what she inspires.

But, Cupid, if thine aid be vain
The dear reluctant maid to gain,
If still with cold averted eyes
She dash my hopes, and scorn my sighs ;

O ; grant ('tis all I ask of thee)
That I no more may change than she ;
But still with duteous zeal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languish,
Think not time can heal my anguish,
Pity the woes which I endure
But never, never grant a cure.

[MRS. BARBAULD.]

As near a weeping spring reclin'd,
The beauteous Araminta pin'd,
And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth ;
While dying echoes caught the sound,
And spread the soft complaints around
Of broken vows and alter'd truth ;

An aged shepherd heard her moan,
And thus in pity's kindest tone
Address'd the lost despairing maid ;
Cease, cease, unhappy fair, to grieve,
For sounds, tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve
A breaking heart by love betray'd.

Why shouldst thou waste such precious showers,
That fall like dew on wither'd flowers,
But dying passion ne'er restor'd ;
In beauty's empire is no mean,
And woman, either slave or queen,
Is quickly scorn'd when not ador'd.

Those liquid pearls from either eye,
Which might an eastern empire buy,
Unvalued here and fruitless fall ;
No art the season can renew
When love was young, and Damon true,
No tears a wandering heart recall.

Cease, cease to grieve, thy tears are vain,
Should those fair orbs in drops of rain,
Vie with a weeping southern sky ;
For hearts o'ercome with love and grief
All nature yields but one relief ;
Die, hapless Araminta, die.

[SOAME JENYNS.]

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare ;
But for heaven's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,
Nor further urge your sway ;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey,

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very power
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame.

Resolve not then to do an ill
Because perhaps you may,
But rather use your utmost skill.
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend and not pursue,
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love and you.

STREPHON when you see me fly
 Let not this your fear create,
 Maids may be as often shy
 Out of love as out of hate ;
 When from you I fly away,
 It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of hatred run
 Less you'd be my pain and care ;
 But the youth I love, to shun,
 Who can such a trial bear ?
 Who that such a swain did see
 Who could love and fly like me ?

Cruel duty bids me go,
 Gentle love commands me stay ;
 Duty's still to love a foe,
 Shall I this or that obey ?
 Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles,
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams
 I could sit and hear thee sigh,
 Ravish'd with these pleasing dreams
 O 'tis worse than death to fly :
 But the danger is so great
 Fear gives wings, instead of hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me,
If you stay I am undone ;
Oh ! with ease you may deceive me,
Prithee, charming swain, be gone.
Heav'n decrees that we should part,
That has my vows, but you my heart.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love ?
If love thou art, then farewell rest !

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
Tho' hopeless of a warm return,
Yet kill me not with cold despair,
But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create ;
And, tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, oh ! forbear to hate.

Now see *my* Goddess, earthly born.*
With smiling looks, and sparkling eyes,
And with a bloom that shames the morn
New risen in the eastern skies !

Furnish'd from nature's boundless store,
And one of pleasure's laughing train,
Stranger to all the wise explore,
She proves all far-sought knowledge vain.

Untaught as Venus, when she found
Herself first floating on the sea,
And laughing begg'd the Tritons round
For shame to look some other way.

And unaccomplish'd all as Eve
In the first morning of her life,
When Adam blush'd, and ask'd her leave
To take her hand, and call her wife.

Yet there is something in her face,
Tho' she's unread in Plato's lore,
Might bring e'en Plato to disgrace,
For leaving precepts taught before.

* This Song is designed as a contrast to an Address to Wisdom.

And there is magic in her eye,
Tho' she's unskill'd to conjure down
The pale moon from th' affrighted sky,
Would draw Endymion from the moon.

And there are words that she can speak,
Most easy to be understood,
More sweet than all the Heathen Greek
By Helen spoke, when Paris woo'd.

And she has raptures in her pow'r,
More worth than all the flatt'ring claim
Of learning's unsubstantial dow'r,
In present praise or future fame.

Let me but kiss her soft warm hand,
And let me whisper in her ear
What Knowledge would not understand,
And Wisdom would disdain to hear.

And let her listen to my tale,
And let one smiling blush arise,
Blest omen that my vows prevail!
I'll scorn the scorn of all the wise.

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight ;
Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light ;
'Tis not that air which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face ;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new shorn sheep, equal and fair ;
Nor even that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare ;
'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love ;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor aught below, nor aught above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painters thought :
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly answering my desire ; [move,
That grace with which you look, and speak, and
That thus have set my soul on fire.

[LEE.]

HAIL to the myrtle shade,
All hail to the nymphs of the fields
Kings would not here invade
The pleasure that virtue yields.
Beauty here opens her arms ;
To soften the languishing mind,
And Phyllis unlocks her charms ;
Ah Phyllis ! oh why so unkind ?

Phyllis, thou soul of love,
Thou joy of the neighbouring swains ;
Phyllis, that crowns the grove,
And Phyllis that gilds the plains ;
Phyllis, that ne'er had the skill
To paint, to patch and be fine,
Yet Phyllis whose eyes can kill,
Whom nature hath made divine.

Phyllis, whose charming song
Makes labour and pains a delight ;
Phyllis, that makes the day young,
And shortens the live-long night ;
Phyllis, whose lips like May
Still laugh at the sweets they bring ;
Where love never knows decay,
But sits with eternal spring.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

[CROXALL.*]

W A F T me some soft and cooling breeze
To Windsor's shady kind retreat,
Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees
Repel the raging dog-star's heat.

Where tufted grass, and mossy beds
Afford a rural calm repose ;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by
Along the smiling valley plays ;
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadows strays.

His fertile banks with herbage green
His vales with smiling plenty swell ;
Where'er his purer stream is seen
The Gods of health and pleasure dwell.

* Written when the author was at Eton School.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
With naked arm once more divide ;
In thee my glowing bosom lave
And stem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me with damask roses crown'd
Beneath some osier's dusky shade,
Where water lilies paint the ground
And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there
With azure mantle lightly drest ;
Ye nymphs bind up her silken hair ;
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting breast.

O haste away, fair maid, and bring
The Muse, the kindly friend to love,
To thee alone the Muse shall sing
And warble thro' the vocal grove.

WHILE in the bower with beauty blest
The lov'd Amintor lies,
While sinking on Zelinda's breast
He fondly kiss'd her eyes ;

A waking nightingale who long
Had mourn'd within the shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song,
And warbled thro' the glade.

Melodious songstress, cried the swain,
To shades less happy go,
Or if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in Zelinda's arms I lie
To song I am not free ;
On her soft bosom while I sigh
I discord find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect joys ;
Then cease thy fond intrusion ;
Be silent ; music now is noise
Variety, confusion.

[SMOLLETT.]

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain ;
With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quiv'ring wire
The eager breast was all on fire ;
And when she join'd the vocal lay
The captive soul was charm'd away.

But had she added still to these
Thy softer, chaster, power to please ;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth ;

She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain ;
Despair had ne'er her soul possest
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

[HAMILTON.]

Go plaintive sounds ! and to the fair
My secret wounds impart,
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart.

But she, methinks, is list'ning now
To some enchanting strain ;
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds ! yet, yet delay,
Howe'er my love repine ;
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds ! no longer crost,
Your grief shall soon be o'er ;
Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds ! she now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move ;
Essay to soften all her powers,
And be that softness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds ! your task is done ;
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won ;
I see you melting there.

Return, ye smiles, return again,
Return each sprightly grace ;
I yield up to your charming reign
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward shew amiss,
Rove where you will, her eyes ;
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
So she but hear my sighs.

WHEN charming Teraminta sings,
Each new air new passion brings ;
Now I resolve, and now I fear ;
Now I triumph, now despair ;
Frolic now, now faint I grow ;
Now I freeze, and now I glow.
The panting zephyrs round her play,
And trembling on her lips would stay ;

Now would listen, now would kiss
Trembling with divided bliss ;
Till, by her breath repuls'd, they fly,
And in low pleasing murmurs die.
Nor do I ask that she would give
By some new note, the pow'r to live ;
I would, expiring with the sound,
Die on the lips that gave the wound.

[ROCHESTER.]

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me :

But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Wounding pleasures, killing blisses,
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses ;
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
 But my jealous heart would break
 Should we live one day asunder.

[DORSET.]

LET the ambitious favour find
 In courts and empty noise,
 Whilst greater love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys.

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great
 And the world think 'em wise,
 Whilst I lie dying at her feet,
 And all that world despise.

Let conquering kings new trophies raise,
And melt in court delights,
Her eyes can give me brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

[SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.]

FR OM all uneasy passions free;
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented, I had been too blest
If love and you had let me rest :
Yet that dull life I now despise ;
Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires
Which beauty moves, and love inspires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

[BY THEOBALD.]

OFT on the troubled ocean's face
 Loud stormy winds arise ;
 The murmuring surges swell apace,
 And clouds obscure the skies.

But when the tempest's rage is o'er,
 Soft breezes smooth the main ;
 The billows cease to lash the shore,
 And all is calm again.

Not so in fond and amorous souls
 If tyrant love once reigns,
 There one eternal tempest rolls
 And yields unceasing pains.

FLY, thoughtless youth, th' enchantress fly !*
 To other climes direct thy way ;
 Let honour's plume attract thine eye,
 Nor waste in indolence the day :

* This piece is taken from a publication entitled, *Sentimental Tales*, in which the loves of Catullus and Lesbia are formed into a fictitious story, intermixed with several poetical translations and imitations from Catullus's Works. —This however seems entirely original.

She nor regards thy sighs or tears,
 She triumphs in thy jealous fears, [years.
 And would rejoice to blast the blossom of thy

Yet yonder myrtle's fragrant shade,
 Where sparkling winds the crystal rill,
 Has seen this false, this cruel maid,
 Fond as her wanton lover's will :
 Has seen thee on her breast reclin'd,
 Has seen her arms around thee twin'd, [kind.
 While with caresses sweet she woo'd thee to be

But since no more th' inconstant fair
 Will listen to thy tender vow,
 Let nobler objects claim thy care,
 And bid the faithless maid adieu.
 Adieu, false beauty ! hence no more
 Catullus will thy smile implore, [shore.
 To shun thy hated charms he seeks a foreign

Him thou wilt mourn, when sure decay
 Shall rob that form of every grace ;
 And for each charm it steals away,
 Shall add a wrinkle to that face :
 No lover then for thee will sigh,
 Or read the glances of thine eye, [die.
 Or on thy once lov'd breast in amorous transports

Alas, Catullus! you in vain
Would spurn imperial beauty's sway;
Fast bound in Venus' magic chain,
Soon will each rebel wish decay;
Ev'n now, should Lesbia hither move
In her accustom'd looks of love,
How weak, how feeble all thy strong resolves
would prove.

[LANSDOWN.]

PREPAR'D to rail, resolved to part,
When I approach the perjur'd maid
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why is my tongue afraid?

With the least glance a little kind
Such wond'rous power have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

[OTWAY.]

COME all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled,
By cruel beauty's pride ;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide :
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love ;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrows knew ;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew :
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as heaven whose stamp she bears,
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

[DRYDEN.]

ON a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Aminta sigh'd alone :
From the cheerless dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus she made her moan ;
Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover,
Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me ;
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore ;
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before ;
Death come end me
To befriend me ;
Love and Damon are no more !

[ROWE.]

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow! willow!
Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his pain.
Sweet stream, he cried, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
All restless and painful my Celia now lies,
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies :
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers
repair, [your care ;
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.
Sweet stream ! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
 And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
 Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give ;
 One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
 And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.
 Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,
 Bear this to my willow ; this verse is my last.

Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

[COLLINS.]

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or 'midst the chase upon the plain
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
-For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

[DORSET.]

WHEN here Lucinda first we came,
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
How blith the nymphs, the swains how gay,
Content inspir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung,
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But now since good Palæmon died,
The chief of shepherds and the pride,
Old Arno's sons must all give place
To northern swains an iron race.
The taste of pleasure now is o'er,
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more,
The Muses droop, the Goths prevail,
Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale.

[GOLDSMITH.]

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

TELL my Stephon that I die ;
Let echoes to each other tell,
Till the mournful accents fly
To Strephon's ear, and all is well.

But gently breathe the fatal truth,
And soften every harsher sound,
For Strephon's such a tender youth,
The softest words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, echoes, all be dumb ;
For should I cost my swain a tear,
I should repent it in my tomb,
And grieve I bought my rest so dear.

[STEEL.]

FROM place to place, forlorn, I go,
With downcast eyes, a silent shade,
Forbidden to declare my woe ;
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,
My soft consenting looks betray ;
He loves, but gives me no relief ;
Why speaks not he who may ?

THERE is one dark and sullen hour,
Which fate decrees our lives should know,
Else we should slight th' Almighty power,
Wrapt in the joys we find below :
'Tis past, dear Cynthia, now let frowns begone,
A long, long penance I have done
For crimes, alas! to me unknown.

In each soft hour of silent night
Your image in my dream appears ;
I grasp the soul of my delight,
Slumber in joys, but wake in tears :
Ah ! faithless charming saint, what will you do ?
Let me not think I am by you
Lov'd less for being true.

THE INCONSTANT.

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
All charm ! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung,
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart.
Ah ! why, cried I, and dropt a tear.
(Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone)
Was so much sweetness made for one ?

But growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my care :
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess !
Ah ! fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one ?

But long I had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew ;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms
She sunk into another's arms.

But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me :
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

[HENRY CAREY.]

TH o' cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true ;
Yet, Phyllis, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven would it be !
To him but a woman you seem,
But, ah ! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow ;
Still clinging around that dear waist
Which he spans as beside him you go.

That arm, like a lily so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they could press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.

But if I must feel your disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh ! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

[HAMILTON.]

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number a lover so true
Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies ;
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my
sighs.

A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her feet and implore her with tears ;
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears :
When softly she tells me to hope no relief
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, when I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair.
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she could love whom she cannot admire :
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave
Commend her to heaven, and thyslf to the grave.

[ETHERIDGE.]

YE happy swains whose hearts are free
From love's imperial chain,
Take warning and be taught by me
T' avoid th' enchanting pain ;

Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
To careless seamen hidden rocks,
To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex if bliss you prize,
The snake's beneath the flower ;
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes
That tasted quiet more ?
How faithless is the lover's joy !
How constant is their care !
The kind with falsehood do destroy
The cruel with despair.

[PARNEL.]

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

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

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

[SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.]

As Amoret with Phillis sat
 One evening on the plain,
 And saw the gentle Strephon wait
 To tell the nymph his pain,
 The threat'ning danger to remove,
 She whisper'd in her ear,
 Ah Phillis! if you would not love,
 That shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an art
 His passion to convey
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
 And steal her soul away.
 Fly, fly betimes for fear you give
 Occasion for your fate,
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive
 Alas! 'tis now too late.

[BY BERKELEY.*]

CAN love be controll'd by advice,
Can madness and reason agree ?
O Molly, who'd ever be wise,
If madness is loving of thee ?
Let sages pretend to despise
The joys they want spirits to taste,
Let us seize old time as he flies,
And the blessings of life while they last.
Dull wisdom but adds to our cares ;
Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy,
Too soon we may meet with gray hairs,
Too late may repent being coy.
Then, Molly, for what should we stay
Till our best blood begins to run cold ?
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

MORTALS, learn your lives to measure
Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
Now the hours invite, comply ;
While you idly pause, they fly :
Blest, a nimble pace they keep,
But in torment, then they creep.

* It has been said that this song was written for the once well known Lady Vane.

Mortals, learn your lives to measure
 Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
 Soon your spring must have a fall ;
 Losing youth, is losing all :
 Then you'll ask, but none will give,
 And may linger, but not live.

B ID me, when forty winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow,
 When from my head, a scanty store,
 Lankly the wither'd tresses flow ;
 When the warm tide, that bold and strong
 Now rolls impetuous on and free,
 Languid and slow scarce creeps along,
 Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene
 Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
 Unerring guide, could only mean,
 That age should reason, youth desire.
 Shall then that rebel man, presume
 (Inverting nature's law) to seize
 The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
 And join impossibilities ?

No—let me waste the frolic May
In wanton joys and wild excess,
In revel sport and laughter gay
And mirth, and rosy chearfulness ;
Woman, the soul of all delights,
And wine, the aid of love, be near ;
All charms me that to joy incites,
And every she that's kind is fair.

[SIR JOHN EATON.]

TELL me not I my time mispend,
'Tis time lost to reprove me ;
Pursue thou thine, I have my end,
So Chloris only love me.

Tell me not others' flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise me,
Who more abound in milk and wool,
So Chloris only prize me.

Tire others' easier ears with these
Unappertaining stories ;
He never feels the world's disease
Who cares not for her glories.

For pity, thou that wiser art,
 Whose thoughts lie wide of mine,
 Let me alone with my own art,
 And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit,
 That seeks no higher prize,
 Than in unenvied shades to sit,
 And sing of Chloris' eyes.

[LANSDOWN.]

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent,
 To vex a tender heart ?
 To gold and title you relent ;
 Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great,
 For pay let armies move :
 Beauty should have no other bait,
 But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
 The value that's their due ;
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay ;
 A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Celia ! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

[CARTER.]

FOREVER, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love ;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part ?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care ;
All other wishes I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield ;
How to keep, and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me some of you
While I yet am young and true ;
Ere I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way
How to lie and to betray ;
He that has me first, is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth
Full of love, and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a janty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

SAY not, Olinda, I despise
The faded glories of your face,
The languish'd vigour of your eyes,
And that once only-lov'd embrace.

In vain, in vain, my constant heart
On aged wings, attempts to meet,
With wonted speed, those flames you dart,
It faints, and flutters at your feet,

I blame not your decay of power,
You may have pointed beauties still,
Tho' me, alas ! they wound no more ;
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.

On youthful climes your beams display
There you may cherish with your heat,
And rise the sun to gild their day,
To me, benighted, when you set.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain ;
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain :
Your maxim that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill-grounded
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn
Your kindness will vastly improve ;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sunshine of love :
And though the bright beams of your eyes,
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby with Joan by his side
You oft have regarded with wonder ;
He is dropsical, she is sore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder ;
Together they totter about
And sit in the sun at the door,
And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess
Their several failings to smother,
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other ?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last
Which sickness nor time can remove ;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these,
And the current of fondness still flows
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

[GILBERT COOPER.]

Away, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move thy fear,
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name while virtue thus we tender
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age in love excelling
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear 'em lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys ;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

[PERCY.]

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town :
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown ?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wint'ry wind ?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear.
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe ?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death;
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear;
Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

ESSAY

ON

INGENIOUS AND WITTY SONGS.

THERE is no product of mental cultivation for which we are so little indebted to the ancients, as *wit*. This has been observed in a former Essay, to be the latest growth of the mind; and the ancients had scarcely attained to it, before the deluge of Gothic barbarity broke in, and swept away all the tender plants of literary genius.

Though some of their early writers carried sublimity and beauty to their highest perfection, yet were they in general utterly devoid of a just taste for that elegant and delightful artifice of composition termed wit, and their attempts in it were to the highest degree

coarse and unpolished. Ovid had a brilliancy and artificial turn of fancy, which frequently produced true wit, but more frequently that false glitter which is only its counterfeit. Martial advanced so far as to give perfect models of his particular branch of wit, the epigrammatic; yet a prevailing number of faulty pieces demonstrates that he was void of judgment to distinguish the most excellent parts of a faculty which he possessed. By the Lyric poets, wit appears to have been quite unknown or disregarded. Anacreon and Horace, have indeed a gaiety and smartness of sentiment, but extremely different from the turn of thought in such modern pieces as we shall include in the present class.

A taste for true wit soon followed the revival of learning and the fine arts in Europe; for, modern literature being founded upon the classical remains of antiquity, had not a tedious gradation to go through, but acquired immediate refinement; and genius awaking from her long slumber, seemed to proceed towards per-

fection as if she had never been interrupted. Italy, where the arts had been entombed, first felt the genial warmth of their revival. Every elegant production there shone forth with its wonted lustre; and wit, peculiarly favoured by the temper of the inhabitants, flourished more extensively and with greater brilliancy than it had ever done. From thence it made excursions into Spain and France, and came late, but in full vigour and maturity into England. After having in time refined itself from the debasing mixture of quibble and conceit, it became so universally admired and sought after, that a considerable period of English genius may be distinguished by the title of the Witty Æra. During this period, the dominion of wit was so extensive, that it usurped a place in several compositions where its presence was altogether improper, and foreign to the purpose; this however does not appear to be the case with respect to its alliance with the Lyric Muse, whose versatility of character is such, that she is capable of adapt-

ing herself to the sprightly and ludicrous, equally with the tender and pathetic.

Various writers have attempted to give a definition of wit, but like most of the qualities of thought, it is more easily described, and pointed out by instances, than defined. Opinion has considerably varied concerning the proper application of this term ; for while our oldest authors use it to signify knowledge and good sense in general, the succeeding restrain it to what is called *fine writing*, and its more modern signification is still farther limited. *Fine writing* has been ingeniously defined to consist of *thoughts, natural, but not obvious* ; the effects of which are, that besides the emotions or sensations excited by their particular nature, they also occasion a degree of pleasing surprise at their uncommonness. Surprise is also the effect which characterises wit ; but in this it is so much more the object, that scarcely any other effect, except what secondarily results from it, is produced. The thought therefore is

neither obvious nor natural, but entirely artificial.

The best definition of wit I take to be that of Lock and Addison, thus contracted by Lord Kaims: *A junction of things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they are unexpected.*

The figures of *comparison*, simile, allusion, metaphor, and allegory, being the most obvious means of junction between different objects, will, from this definition, appear to be the chief sources of wit. Comparison is used for various purposes. It is employed in grave and didactic subjects for the sake of illustration. In sublime and pathetic poetry it is used to elevate and adorn, and like a reflected light to redouble the effect of the simple object. For both these purposes it is evident, that the more complete the resemblance is, between the object of comparison and thing compared, the more perfectly the intention is answered. The mind is pleased at discovering a number of concurring circumstances; and by minutely touching upon

similar parts in both objects, the emotion is heightened. This is finely exemplified by that beautiful simile in Virgil, where the lamentation of Orpheus for the loss of his Eurydice is compared to that of a nightingale robbed of its young. The thought itself, though beautiful, is nothing new or uncommon; but the poet's skill and judgment is shewn in particularizing, with a minuteness of description, such circumstances of the compared object as sweetly correspond with the pathetic turn of the original story.

Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub umbra
 Amissos queritur foetus, quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, et moestis late loca questibus implet.

Georgic. IV.

As in some poplar shade the nightingale,
 With piercing moans does her lost young bewail,
 Which the rough hind, observing as they lay
 Warm in their downy nest, had stol'n away:
 But she in mournful sounds does still complain }
 Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain, }
 And still renews her miserable strain. }

Lee's Theodosius.

When comparison is employed as the source of wit, its excellence lies in such opposite qualities, that the more dissimilar the objects are in general circumstances, the more strongly do they promote that effect, which as the definition imports, proceeds from the *junction of things by distant and fanciful relations*. Thus in the following simile from Hudibras,

Now like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

the total dissimilarity of the objects in every circumstance, except that which brings them forcibly together, raises the highest degree of surprise.

For this reason, contrast joined to comparison perfects the idea of wit: and as the effect of this is almost always *ludicrous*, one is apt to consider it as an essential property of wit that the surprise excited should have something *comic* or *mirthful* in it. Lord Kaimes appears to have fallen into this opinion; yet if we take our ideas of wit from such instances as have ever been allowed standard

examples of perfection, we shall find that this rule cannot be admitted without the exclusion of the finest thoughts in our most witty writers. Cowley and Waller abound in instances of serious and delicate wit, which to a high degree cause *surprise* and admiration, but totally unmixed with any thing ludicrous. I might copy almost their whole works, with those of all the amorous and gallant poets in that age for such examples. It would be an unprecedented severity to deny wit to Waller's celebrated allusion to the story of Apollo and Daphne;

Like Phœbus, thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, but fill'd his arms with bays.

The following instance, (from Mrs. Greville's Prayer for Indifference,) which even nearly approaches to the pathetic, must be allowed to possess real wit.

Nor ease nor peace that heart can know,
That like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning, trembles too.

Even Hudibras, which affords such a profusion of ludicrous wit, contains also some of the serious kind. Thus, referring to the constancy of an unfavoured lover, there is this delicately witty simile,

True as the dial to the sun
Altho' it be not shin'd upon.

Comparison is not the only source from whence wit is derived. The agreeable surprise which characterises it, is produced not only by the unexpected junction of an object with another foreign to it, but from some uncommon turn of a thought, as it were, within itself; where some unexpected deduction is made from the premises; or in other words, to speak in the language of the definition, where the *relation* of cause and effect, antecedent and consequent, is *distant and fanciful*. This kind of wit is chiefly to be met with in epigram, and the variations in those pieces which are promiscuously ranged under this title, will very well serve to point out the circumstances by which a thought becomes ingenious and witty.

The original Greek epigram was merely, as its name imports, an inscription, containing a single thought, simply turned and expressed. It was generally some moral sentence, or some plain fact relating to the particular subject of the inscription; and its sole merit consisted in propriety of expression, and harmony of versification. In short, let critics as much as they please affect to admire the simplicity of the Greek epigram, it was certainly a very insipid piece of composition. Martial, first of any writer whose works are descended to our time, changed the nature of the epigram, by introducing unusual thoughts, and artificial turns of sentiment. Some of his epigrams exactly answer the idea of *fine writing* before given; consisting of natural, but uncommon thoughts, and exciting rather a calm admiration and applause, than a sudden surprise. To these, the term of *ingenious*, may, I think, be properly applied. The following examples are translated from him.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death ; the brave lives on.

I offer love, but thou respect wilt have ;
Take, Sextus, all thy pride and folly crave,
But know I can be no man's friend and slave. }

He's grave and sober—well, what's that to me?
Such let my slave, not my companion be.

Add this of Prior,

Blest be the princes who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion ;
Since by their error we are taught
That happiness is but opinion.

If with these the following instances
be carefully compared, it will perhaps go
nearer than abstract definitions can do, to
give a just notion of the gradation from
fine writing and ingenuity, to wit.

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is her's ; who would have thought it ?
She swears 'tis her's, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting Syren in thy tongue,
 What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd !
 But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

Cinna cries out, I am not worth a groat ;
 And is, plague on him ! what he would be thought.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
 His spouse is in despair,
 With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
 They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause, says parson Sly,
 The same effect may give ;
 Poor Lubin fears that he shall die ;
 His wife, that he may live.

On a LADY'S PATCH.

That envious speck upon your face
 Had been a foil on one less fair,
 On you it hides a charming grace,
 And you, in mercy, placed it there.

She gazes all around her,
 And wins a thousand hearts ;
 But Cupid cannot wound her,
 For she has all his darts.

In all these, an unexpected conclusion from the premises, or accounting for effects by fanciful causes, excites that sudden emotion of *surprise*, which is the surest mark of a witty conception.

I have purposely selected some ludicrous and some serious instances, to show that in this branch of wit, as well as in that arising from comparison, the effect may vary without essentially altering its quality.

These brief observations on the nature of wit in general, are not offered either as new, or as sufficient for the accurate discussion of so nice a subject; but they appeared necessary to introduce our particular remarks upon the class of *witty and ingenious songs*; and I shall now proceed to them.

An artificial turn of thought was at one time so much the fashion in song-writing, that, as before observed, Mr. Phillips seems to consider it as essential to this species of composition. This unavoidably led him to take notice of the difficulty in distinguishing between *song*

and *epigram*, yet he has done nothing towards removing it. The truth is, that in like manner as the passionate song is sometimes entirely the same with the amorous *ode*, so the witty and ingenious song is entirely the same with the *epigram*. Yet, in this case, as well as in the former, there are peculiar characters of each, which in general render it sufficiently obvious what name to apply.

The epigram is a single piece of wit, put into verse. Its perfection consists in great brevity, ease and perspicuity of language, and in such a manner of conducting the thought as to conclude with that striking turn which constitutes the point of wit. Its most happy subject seems to be laughable satire, and the species of wit most proper to it, that depending upon the artificial turn of a thought within itself, and not a figure of comparison. A song has been defined to consist also of a single thought, but divided into returning portions of measure, so as to be fitted for music. Its subject has been in general restricted to love and gaiety, and its

poetical character ought not to depend upon harmony of versification alone, but upon some of those ornamental figures which elevate sentiment and description above the pitch of ordinary language. Hence the wit most proper to song-writing is of that kind which arises from imagery and comparison, and a mere repartee in verse will not come up to the strain of poetry expected in a song. For this reason I should not hesitate to pronounce the little French piece which Mr. Phillips says passes abroad for an excellent song, an epigram and no song.

Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee ;
Yet spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.

Here is not one circumstance which agrees with the true character of song-writing. When the epigram is upon a subject within the province of love or wine, and its measure has the variety and uniformity which suits the union with music, it becomes much more dubious by

what term to distinguish it. There is an extremely apt instance in Congreve's *Double Dealer*, (Act III. Scene 10.) not only with respect to the piece itself, but his own opinion of this difficulty, which is given by the mouth of one of the characters.

Brisk. "'Tis not a song neither—'tis a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet; I don't know what to call it, but its satire."

Ancient Phillis has young graces,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one,
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
Where's the wonder now?

In the following Collection several instances of this kind will be met with, which the circumstance of measure alone has determined me without scruple to admit in the rank of songs. I cannot point out a more complete example than a piece of Lord Lansdowne's;

Chloe's the wonder of her sex.

It is universally agreed that absolute singleness of thought is essential to the epigram. Whether this rule be so strictly applicable to the song, will admit of some discussion. Mr. Phillips very justly censures the great licentiousness of Cowley, and some of our most witty poets, in the variety of thoughts which they admit into their songs. A succession of new ideas started in every line, just touched upon, and immediately lost, distracts the attention, and enfeebles the effect of the whole; and amidst the profusion of ornament, real elegance and beauty is overwhelmed. Yet if the ornamental character of Lyric poetry be considered, it will not perhaps appear inconsistent with a just taste, that the single original thought, which is the foundation of every piece, may through the course of several stanzas be enlivened with a moderate variety of imagery, if the general tendency of the whole be similar, and if the most striking point be reserved for the conclusion. Wit, indeed, in its highest perfection, is a rarity of too rich a

taste and too delicious a flavour, to be devoured like common food; it is properly the desert that crowns the feast, and it rather shows the glutton than the true epicure to take it promiscuously with other things. For this reason, though there may be in a song a variety of such ingenious turns as come under the denomination of fine writing, yet the point of genuine wit ought to be single. The surprise which it excites, is of a kind that does not mix readily with any other emotion, and when it occurs in different parts of a song, it seems to divide it into so many distinct portions. Thus the following piece rather appears like three excellent epigrams united, than a connected song.

Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays;
Who young in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.

Cosmelia cruel at three score,
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life pass'd guiltless o'er,
But in the fifth she slays.

If e'er impatient for the bliss
 Within her arms you fall,
 The plaster'd fair returns the kiss,
 Like Thisbe, thro' a wall.

There cannot be a more complete instance of fine taste and elegant simplicity in the management of a witty conception, than in the song,

Why will Florella, while I gaze;

and among a variety of beautiful pieces of a similar kind which this Collection affords, I would fix upon it as the most perfect. The two songs by which Mr. Phillips exemplifies his idea of song-writing,

On Belvidera's bosom lying,

and

Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art,

must be acknowledged finished pieces of the *ingenious* song, where, without any remarkable brilliancy, there is a pleasing vein of uncommon sentiment expressed with great delicacy of language, and

managed so as to conclude with a striking turn of thought.

For this kind of writing he justly cites the French as peculiarly excellent; and it may not be improper to give a few specimens of their songs, by way of comparison with ours of a similar turn.

Quand le sage Damon dit, que d'un trait mortel,
L'Amour blesse les cœurs sans qu'ils osent s'en plaindre;
Que c'est un Dieu traître et cruel,
L'Amour pour moi n'est pas à craindre.

Mais quand le jeune Atis me vient dire à son tour,
Ce Dieu n'est qu'un enfant, doux, caressant, aimable,
Plus beau mille fois que le jour;
Que je le trouve redoutable!

Dieu des amants, viens accorder ma lyre,
Me pourrois-tu refuser mes leçons?
La jeune Iris, l'honneur de ton empire,
Attend de moi d'amoureuses chansons.

A mes accents rend la belle attentive,
Fai moi trouver la route de son cœur;
Viens endormir une raison craintive,
Qui lui defend d'écouter ma langueur.

Va, dit Amour, j'exauce ta prière,
Tu recevras le prix que tu prétends :
Aux petits soins d'un cœur tendre et sincère
On ne sauroit se refuser long tems.

Pourriez vous bien être encore inflexible,
Après ces mots du plus puissant des Dieux ?
Quand il promet de vous rendre sensible,
Charmante Iris, il étoit dans vos yeux.

La Raison n'est pas raisonnable,
Bien fou qui s'en laisse charmer,
Elle me dit, Iris, que vous êtes aimable,
Et me defend de vous aimer.
Aime Iris, dit l'Amour, puisque elle a su te plaire,
Profite des beaux jours de ta belle saison ;
Ma foi, l'Amour sur cette affaire
Raisonne mieux que la Raison.

Tircis, votre langueur extrême
A passé jusques dans mon cœur ;
Parlez, il n'est plus tems de feindre ;
Mais vous ne dites rien, hélas !
Aurois-je le malheur de plaindre
Un mal que je ne cause pas ?

Le berger qui suivoit mes loix
Se derobe enfin à ma chaîne ;
Pour me croire trop inhumaine
Il va fixer ailleurs son choix.
D'une inconstance si cruelle
Je me plaindrois avec éclat,
Si Tircis n'étoit qu' infidelle ;
Mais, par malheur, il est ingrat.

Pensez y bien, jeune Climène,
Remplissez mes tendres désirs ;
Helas ! si près de vous j'allois perdre ma peine
Vous perdriez mille plaisirs.

Autrefois la charmante Hortense,
Dont mille amants formoient la cour,
Par une heureuse préférence,
Me donna des leçons d'amour.

Par elle j'appris l'art de plaire,
Ces transports, ces empressements,
Ces petits soins, la grande affaire,
Et le grand savoir des amants.

Elle m'avoit instruit à peine
De ces doux mystères d'amour,
Qu'aussitôt à la jeune Ismene
J'en fis des leçons à mon tour.

Mais en l'instruisant comme on aime
Que j'aimois à voir ses progrès !
Le plaisir d'être instruit moi-même
Avoit eu pour moi moins d'attraits.

Ismène eut toute ma tendresse,
Et mon élève à mes regards
Fut plus chère que ma maitresse ;
C'en est ainsi dans tous les arts.

Pourquoi soupirez vous, charmante Celimène ?
Vous qui causez aux cœurs des sensibles tourments ?
Ah ! si je soulageois une si rude peine,
Je guerirois aussi des maux que je ressens.

Quand tu vois soupirer la triste Celimène
C'est que l'amour la livre aux sensibles tourments ;
Ah ! s'il m'étoit permis de soulager ta peine,
Je guerirois aussi des maux que je ressens.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located in the lower right quadrant of the page.

INGENIOUS AND WITTY
SONGS.

[PHILLIPS.]

ON Belvidera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying
The cold regardless maid to move
 With unavailing prayers I sue ;
You first have taught me how to love,
 Ah ! teach me to be happy too.

But she, alas ! unkindly wise,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
 Her lover's fondness to improve ;
If to be happy you should learn,
 You quickly would forget to love.

[PHILLIPS.]

BOAST not mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes ;
The charms that have subdued my heart
Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright ;
Perhaps, by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion know
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire,
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind ;
But be not of my judgment proud
Whom love has render'd blind.

[ADDISON.]

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart,
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke;
Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false inconstant lover
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.

[SEDLEY.]

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or truer than the rest ;
For I would change each hour like them,
Were it my interest.

But I'm so fix'd alone to thee
By every thought I have,
That should you now my heart set free
'Twould be again your slave.

All that in woman is ador'd
In thy dear self I find ;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power
This constancy is due,
When change itself can give no more
'Tis easy to be true.

[ETHERIDGE.]

IT is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last ;
It may be we within this hour
May lose the joys we now do taste :
The blessed that immortal be
From change of love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last ;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past :
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die ?

[LYTTELTON.]

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move ;
Which can be just and kind ?

Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest ;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast ?

Alas ! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain :
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

[CONGREVE.]

CYNTHIA frowns whenc'er I woo her,
 Yet she's vex'd if I give over ;
 Much she fears I should undo her,
 But much more to lose her lover :
 Thus in doubting she refuses,
 And not winning thus she loses.

Pr'ythee, Cynthia, look behind you,
 Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you,
 Then too late desire will find you
 When the power does forsake you.
 Think, oh ! think, the sad condition
 To be past, yet wish fruition.

[CONGREVE.]

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind
When 'tis not with ambition join'd ;
A sickly flame, which if not fed, expires,
And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or amorous youth, that gives the joy ;
But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a swain
For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes ;
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

[CONGREVE.]

FAIR Amoret is gone astray,
Pursue and seek her, every lover ;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wand'ring shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, tho' both seem neglected,
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

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

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

[How.]

IN Chloris all soft charms agree,
Inchanting humour, pow'rful wit,
Beauty from affectation free,
And for eternal empire fit.
Where'er she goes love waits her eyes,
The women envy, men adore;
Tho' did she less the triumph prize,
She would deserve the conquest more..

But vanity so much prevails,
She begs what none else would deny her,
Makes such advances with her eyes,
The hope she gives prevents desire :
Catches at every trifling heart,
Grows warm with every glimm'ring flame ;
The common prey so deads her dart,
It scarce can pierce a noble game.

I could lie ages at her feet,
Adore her, careless of my pain,
With tender vows her rigours meet,
Despair, love on, and not complain ;
My passion from all change secure
No favours raise, no frown controls ;
I any torment can endure
But hoping with a crowd of fools.

[SHENSTONE.]

YEs, Fulvia is like Venus fair,
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air ;
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

'The crown majestic Juno wore,
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
A helmet mark'd Minerva's mien ;
But smiles distinguish'd beauty's Queen.

Her train was form'd of Smiles and Loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves,
And from her zone the nymph may find
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair ; and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

[CONGREVE.]

I TELL thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I should my earliest off'ring give ;
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I should all my oaths and vows renew,
But, to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary truth, I find,
Love hates to centre in a point assign'd,
But runs with joy the circle of the mind :
Then let us never chain what should be free,
But for relief of either sex agree ;
Since women love to change, and so do we.

[SEDLEY.]

DAMON, if you will believe me,
'Tis not sighing on the plain,
Song nor sonnet can relieve ye ;
Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
And be master of the field ;
To a powerful kind invasion
'Twere a madness not to yield.

Love gives out a large commission,
Still indulgent to the brave ;
But one sin of base omission
Never woman yet forgave.

INGENIOUS AND

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity ;
Be not merciful, for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,
Chloris time enough will find
This her cruel furious lover
Much more gentle, not so kind.

WHAT! put off with one denial,
And not make a second trial?
You might see my eyes consenting,
All about me was relenting ;
Women, oblig'd to dwell in forms,
Forgive the youth that boldly storms.

Lovers, when you sigh and languish,
When you tell us of your anguish,
To the nymph you'll be more pleasing
When those sorrows you are easing :
We love to try how far men dare,
And never wish the foe should spare.

[STEEL.]

LET not Love on me bestow
Soft distress and tender woe ;
I know none but substantial blisses,
Eager glances, solid kisses.

I know not what the lovers feign
Of finer pleasure mix'd with pain
Then pr'ythee give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

[PHILLIPS.]

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know ;
Random chance, or wilful fate
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madness 'tis all in me to grieve ;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live.

INGENIOUS AND

If I for Zelinda die
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
Ask not me the reason why ;
Seek the riddle in the skies.

[LADY MARY W. MONTAGUE.]

DEAR Colin prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain ?
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
O ! can't you their meaning explain ?

My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame ;
Then don't you expect a confession,
Of what is too tender to name.

Since your's is the province of speaking,
Why should you expect it from me ?
Our wishes should be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover ?
Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.



THE ANSWER.

[SIR W. YONGE.]

GOOD Madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool ;
For me I would not give a shilling
For one that can love without rule.

At least you should wait for our offers,
Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
If you've liv'd to these years without proffers,
Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your blushing,
And not speak the matter too plain ;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing ;
'Tis yours to affect a disdain.

That you're in a terrible taking
From all your fond oglings I see ;
But the fruit that will fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

[SOAME JENYNS.]

WHEN first I sought fair Cælia's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the God's above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and sigh'd in vain;
Still she protested, vow'd, and swore
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome she made me blest,
And yielded all her charms;
And I forsook her when possess'd,
And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Cælia, now
To rage thy breast incline,
For why, since you forget your vow,
Should I remember mine?

CORINNA cost me many a prayer,
Ere I her heart could gain,
But she ten thousand more should hear
To take that heart again.

Despair I thought the greatest curse,
But to my cost I find
Corinna's constancy still worse,
Most cruel when too kind.

How blindly then does Cupid carve,
How ill divide the joy,
Who does at first his lovers starve,
And then with plenty cloy.

[ROCHESTER.]
ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

INGENIOUS AND

The time that is to come, is not ;
 How then can it be mine ?
 The present moment's all my lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phyllis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts, and broken vows ;
 If I, by miracle, can be
 This live-long minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that heaven allows.

THE JE NE SCAIS QUOI.

[WHITEHEAD.]

YEs, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me ;
 But yet I swear I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel ;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common ;
And all her sense is only chat
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm,
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither ;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Celia altogether.

YE little Loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As Celia on her pillow lies,
Ah ! gently whisper—Strephon dies.

If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair disdains to love,
Smile and say 'tis all a lie,
And haughty Strephon scorns to die.

LOVE and Folly were at play,
 Both too wanton to be wise,
 They fell out, and in the fray
 Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

Straight the criminal was tried,
 And had this punishment assign'd,
 Folly should to Love be tied,
 And condemn'd to lead the blind.

AN amorous swain to Juno pray'd,
 And thus his suit did move;
 Give me, oh! give me the dear maid,
 Or take away my love.

The Goddess thunder'd from the skies,
 And granted his request;
 To make him happy, made him wise,
 And drove her from his breast.

SWAIN, thy hopeless passion smother,*
 Perjur'd Celia loves another;
 In his arms I saw her lying,
 Panting, kissing, trembling, dying;
 There the fair deceiver swore,
 All she did to you before.

Oh! said you, when she deceives me,
 When that constant creature leaves me,
 Isis' waters back shall fly,
 And leave their oozy channels dry;
 Turn, ye waters, leave your shore,
 Perjur' Celia loves no more.

* The turn in this song is ingeniously copied out of
 Ovid's epistle from Oenone to Paris :

*Cum Paris Oenone poterit spirare relictæ,
 Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurret aqua ;
 Xanthe retro propera, versæque recurrite lymphæ,
 Sustinet Oenone deseruisse Paris.*

Oenone left, when Paris can survive,
 The waves of Xanthus shall reverse their course;
 Turn waters, turn, flow upward to your source,
 Oenone's left, yet Paris bears to live.

CUPID, instruct an amorous swain
Some way to tell the nymph his pain
 To common youths unknown ;
To talk of sighs, and flames, and darts,
Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,
 Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell ? (the God replied)
That love the shepherd cannot hide,
 The nymph will quickly find ;
When Phœbus does his beams display,
To tell men gravely that 'tis day,
 Is to suppose them blind.

THE ILLUSION.

LOVE's a dream of mighty treasure,
 Which in fancy we possess ;
In the folly lies the pleasure,
 Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,
 We a Goddess have in chace,
 Like Ixion we are cheated,
 And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover
 Whom his mistress well deceives ;
 Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at ease.

While the wretch who would be knowing
 What the fair one would disguise,
 Labours for his own undoing,
 Changing happy to be wise.

[CONGREVE.]

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

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

[CHESTERFIELD.]

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving,
For while he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon without a master ;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest
With mutual inclination ;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at least your Sherlock give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

[LANSDOWNE.]

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender ;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her !

But nature graciously inclin'd
With liberal hand to please us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.

[LISLE.]

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions be-
Which men are forbidden to see ; [low,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far ; but how vast their surprise
When they heard that he came for his wife !

To find out a punishment due for his fault
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain,
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such merit had music in hell.

[PULTENEY, EARL OF BATH.]

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair ;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread
Not o'er her face, but hair.

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace
With open force defies ;
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambush lies.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And amorous warmth inspire ;
Thro' glass, who darts her pointed rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years,
My peace or bliss destroy ;
Alive, she gives no jealous fears,
And dead, she crowns my joy.

CHLOE brisk and gay appears,
On purpose to invite ;
Yet, when I press her, she, in tears
Denies her sole delight:

Whilst Celia, seeming shy and coy,
To all her favours grants ;
And secretly receives that joy,
Which others think she wants.

I would, but fear I never shall,
With either fair agree ;
For Celia will be kind to all,
But Chloe won't to me.

OH ! turn away those cruel eyes,
The stars of my undoing ;
Or death in such a bright disguise
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride
Who dare contemn thy glory ;
It was my fall that deified
Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

Yet no new suff'rings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee ;
Tho' my first death proclaim thee fair,
My second will dethrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
No other for thy fuel ;
And if thou burn one victim twice,
Think thee both poor and cruel.

IN vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er ;
What more, alas ! can Flavia do ?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore :
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more ;
Should heav'n and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain ; since any pow'r,
To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But, if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
And all that I inflict, endure.

[PRIOR.]

TH E merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrow'd name ;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,
 When Chloe noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd ; Euphelia frown'd ;
 I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembled ;
 And Venus to the loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

CELIA, hoard thy charms no more,
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
 Still the vain possessor's poor,
 What are riches without pleasure ?
 Endless pains the miser takes
 To increase his heaps of money,
 Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,
 Yet he fears to taste his honey.

Views with aching eyes his store,
Trembling lest he chance to lose it,
Pining still for want of more,
Tho' the wretch wants power to use it.
Celia thus with endless arts
Spends her days, her charms improving,
Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,
Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving.

Views with pride her shape and face,
Fancying still she's under twenty ;
Age brings wrinkles on apace,
While she starves with all her plenty.
Soon or late they both will find
Time their idol from them sever,
He must leave his gold behind,
Lock'd within his grave for ever.

Celia's fate will still be worse,
When her fading charms deceive her,
Vain desire will be her curse
When no mortal will relieve her.
Celia hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure,
Taste a little of thy store ;
What is beauty without pleasure ?

As the snow in vallies lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
 Soon dissolves and runs away ;
So the beauties, so the graces
Of the most bewitching faces
 At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant when degraded
Is despis'd, and is upbraided
 By the slaves he once controll'd ;
So the nymph if none could move her
Is contemn'd by every lover
 When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling and pining
 Are th' effects your rigours move ;
Soft caresses, amorous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
 Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones, while your beauty's blooming
Use your time, lest age resuming
 What your youth profusely lends,
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
 To your unbelieving friends.

[WALSH.]

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

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

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

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

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

IF the quick spirit of your eye,
Now languish, and anon must die;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauty ever fade;
Then, Celia, fear not to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow.

Thus either time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings,

LATE when love I seem'd to slight,
Phyllis smil'd, as well she might !

Now, said she, our throne may tremble,
Men our province now invade,
Men take up our royal trade,
Men, ev'n men, do now dissemble,
In the dust our empire's laid.

Tutor'd by the wise and grave,
Loath I was to be a slave ;
Mistress sounded arbitrary ;
So I chose to hide my flame,
Friendship, a discreeter name ;
But she scorns one jot to vary,
She will love, or nothing, claim.

Be a lover, or pretend,
Rather than the warmest friend ;
Friendship of another kind is,
Swedish coin of gross allay,
A cart-load will scarce defray ?
Love, one grain is worth the Indies,
Only love is current pay.

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain !
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine ;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine :
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart :
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a beauty, she
Employ'd the utmost of her art ;
To make a lover, he.

THE Graces and the wand'ring Loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or in deep groves
To wound admiring swains.
With their bright mistress there they stray,
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs ; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

But see ! implor'd by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you, she'll e'er resign ?
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood, like you ;
Or you, like her, divine.

[WALLER.]

SAY, lovely dream, where could'st thou find
Shadows to counterfeit that face ?
Colours of this glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert drest
With that angel-like disguise ;
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah ! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream !
Cruel Sacharissa's mind
Never put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream, if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine ;
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe ; or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so,
Softly in her sleeping ear,
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surprised she may fall :
Sleep does disproportion hide.
And death resembling equals all.

[MARVELL.]

COME, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen,
Such as yours should swifter move,
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me, time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful Fate ;
 And if good to us she meant,
 We that good should antedate,
 Or if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus as kingdoms frustrating
 Other titles to their crown,
 In the cradle crown their king,
 So all foreign claims to drown.

So to make all rivals vain
 Now I crown thee with my love ;
 Crown me with thy love again,
 And we both shall monarchs prove.

A S I G H.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
 Vapour from a secret fire,
 Which by thee itself discovers,
 Ere yet daring to aspire.

Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
 Harmony's refined part,
 Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
 Full upon the list'ners heart.

Safest messenger of passion,
Stealing thro' a cloud of spies,
Which constrain the outward fashion,
Close the lips, and guard the eyes.

Shapeless sigh, we ne'er can show thee,
Form'd but to assault the ear ;
Yet ere to their cost they know thee,
Every nymph may read thee here.

[COWLEY.]

SHE loves, and she confesses too ;
Then there's at last no more to do ;
The happy work's entirely done,
Enter the town which thou hast won.
The fruits of conquest now begin,
Io triumphè! enter in.

What's this, ye gods, what can it be ?
Remains there still an enemy ?
Bold honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate.
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose ?

Noisy nothing, stalking shade,
 By what witchcraft wert thou made?
 Empty cause of solid harms!
 But I shall find out counter charms,
 Thy airy devilship to remove
 From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
 By the night's obscurity,
 And obscurer secrecy.
 Unlike to every other spright,
 Thou attempt'st not men t'affright,
 Nor appear'st, but in the light.

[SUCKLING.]

'T IS now since I sat down before
 That foolish fort, a heart,
 (Time strangely spent) a year and more,
 And still I did my part.

Made my approaches, from her hand
 Unto her lip did rise,
 And did already understand
 The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer ;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in ;
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place my own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and where,
These hopes, and this relief ;
A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I), the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide :
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

PU R S U I N G beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treasures of the land of love.

We women like weak Indians stand,
Inviting from our golden coast
The wand'ring rovers to our land ;
But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the heart ;
But by possession settled in,
They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign
In ignorance our shining store ;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
How he can court, or you be won ;
For love is but discovery ;
When that is made, the pleasure's done.

[MRS. PILKINGTON.]

STELLA and Flavia every hour
Do various hearts surprise ;
In Stella's soul is all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd ;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a heavenly mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
 Thy beauty's only store,
 Each day that makes thy charms decrease
 Will yield to Stella more.

[MRS. BARBAULD.]

WHEN gentle Celia first I knew,
 A breast so good, so kind, so true,
 Reason and taste approv'd ;
 Pleas'd to indulge so pure a flame,
 I call'd it by too soft a name,
 And fondly thought I lov'd.

Till Chloris came, with sad surprise
 I felt the lightning of her eyes
 Thro' all my senses run ;
 All glowing with resistless charms,
 She fill'd my breast with new alarms,
 I saw, and was undone.

O Celia ! dear unhappy maid,
 Forbear the weakness to upbraid
 Which ought your scorn to move :
 I know this beauty false and vain,
 I know she triumphs in my pain,
 Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
Nor can thy softest friendship ease
 The torments I endure ;
Think what that wounded breast must feel
Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
 Nor even thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain,
And wish again thy milder reign
 With long and vain regret ;
All that I can, to thee I give,
And could I still to reason live
 I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild impetuous sea
Hurries me far from peace and thee,
 'Twere vain to struggle more :
Thus the poor sailor slumbering lies,
While swelling tides around him rise,
 And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,
His pitying friends with fond alarms
 In vain deplore his state ;
Still far and farther from the coast,
On the high surge his bark is tost,
 And foundering yields to fate.

[MRS. BARBAULD.]

WHEN first upon your tender cheek
I saw the morn of beauty break
 With mild and chearing beam,
I bow'd before your infant shrine,
The earliest sighs you had were mine,
 And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn
For beauty's boundless empire born,
 And first confess'd your sway ;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
 I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
And gaz'd apon that angel face,
 While yet 'twas safe to gaze ;
And fondly blest each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
 The peace of future days.

But now despotic o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crowds adore ;
These charms arise too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the sight,
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising God of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And bless the spreading fire ;
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon
Pours on their heads the burning noon,
They sicken and expire.

[CHARLES DRYDEN.]

As Ariana young and fair
By night the starry choir did tell,
She found in Cassiopeia's chair
One beauteous light the rest excel :
This happy star unseen before,
Perhaps was kindled from her eyes,
And made for mortals to adore
A new-born glory in the skies.

Or if within the sphere it grew,
 Before she gaz'd, the lamp was dim ;
But from her eyes the sparkles flew
 That gave new lustre to the gem :
Bright omen ! what dost thou portend,
 Thou threat'ning beauty of the sky ;
What great, what happy monarch's end ?
 For sure by thee 'tis sweet to die.

Whether to thy foreboding fire
 We owe the crescent in decay ;
Or must the mighty Gaul expire,
 A victim to thy fatal ray ?
Such a presage will late be shewn
 Before the world in ashes lies ;
But if less ruin will atone,
 Let Strephon's only fate suffice.

WHEN first I saw Lucinda's face,
And view'd the dazzling glories there,
She seem'd of a diviner race,
 Than that which nature planted here.

With sacred homage down I feel,
Wond'ring whence such a form could spring;
Tell me, I cried, fair vision, tell
The dread commands from heaven you bring.

For if past sins may be forgiven,
By this bright evidence I know
The careful Gods have made a heaven,
That made such angels for it too.

[WALLER.]

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he used to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

[MRS. TAYLOR.]

STREPHON has fashion, wit and youth
 With all things else that please ;
 He nothing wants but love and truth
 To ruin me with ease :
 But he is flint, and bears the art
 To kindle strong desire ;
 His pow'r inflames another's heart,
 Yet he ne'er feels the fire.

O ! how it does my soul perplex,
 When I his charms recall,
 To think he should despise the sex,
 Or worse, should love 'em all.
 My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
 Thus seeks in vain for rest ;
 Finding no hope to fix its love,
 Returns into my breast.

AT Cynthia's feet I sigh'd, I pray'd,
 And wept : yet all the while
 The cruel unrelenting maid
 Scarce paid me with a smile.

Such foolish timorous arts as these
Wanted the power to charm ;
They were too innocent to please,
They were too cold to warm.

Resolv'd, I rose, and softly prest
The lilies of her neck ;
With longing eager lips I kist
The roses of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boldness, she relents,
And burns with equal fire ;
To all my wishes she consents,
And crowns my fierce desire.

With heat like this Pygmalion mov'd
His statue's icy charms ;
Thus warm'd, the marble virgin lov'd,
And melted in his arms.

WINE, wine in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like eagles we soar
In the pride of the day ;
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light ;
We imitate him
When by noon we're at height ;
They steal wine who take it
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines ;
The higher he rises
The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

[SIR WILLIAM YONGE.]

IN vain, dear Chloe, you suggest
That I, inconstant, have possess
Or lov'd a fairer she ;
Would you with ease at once be cur'd
Of all the ills you've long endur'd,
Consult your glass and me.

If then you think that I can find
A nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've reason for your fears ;
But if impartial you will prove
To your own beauty or my love,
How needless are your tears !

If in my way I should by chance
Receive, or give a wanton glance,
I like but while I view ;
How slight the glance, how faint the kiss,
Compar'd to that substantial bliss,
Which I receive from you !

With wanton flight the curious bee
From flower to flower still wanders free ;
 And where each blossom blows,
Extracts the juice from all he meets,
But, for his quintessence of sweets,
 He ravishes the rose.

So my fond fancy to employ
On each variety of joy,
 From nymph to nymph I roam
Perhaps see fifty in a day,
These are but visits that I pay,
 For Chloe is my home.

SHOULD some perverse malignant star
 (As envious stars will sometimes shine)
Throw me from my Florella far,
 Let not my lovely fair repine
If in her absence I should gaze
With pleasure on another's face.

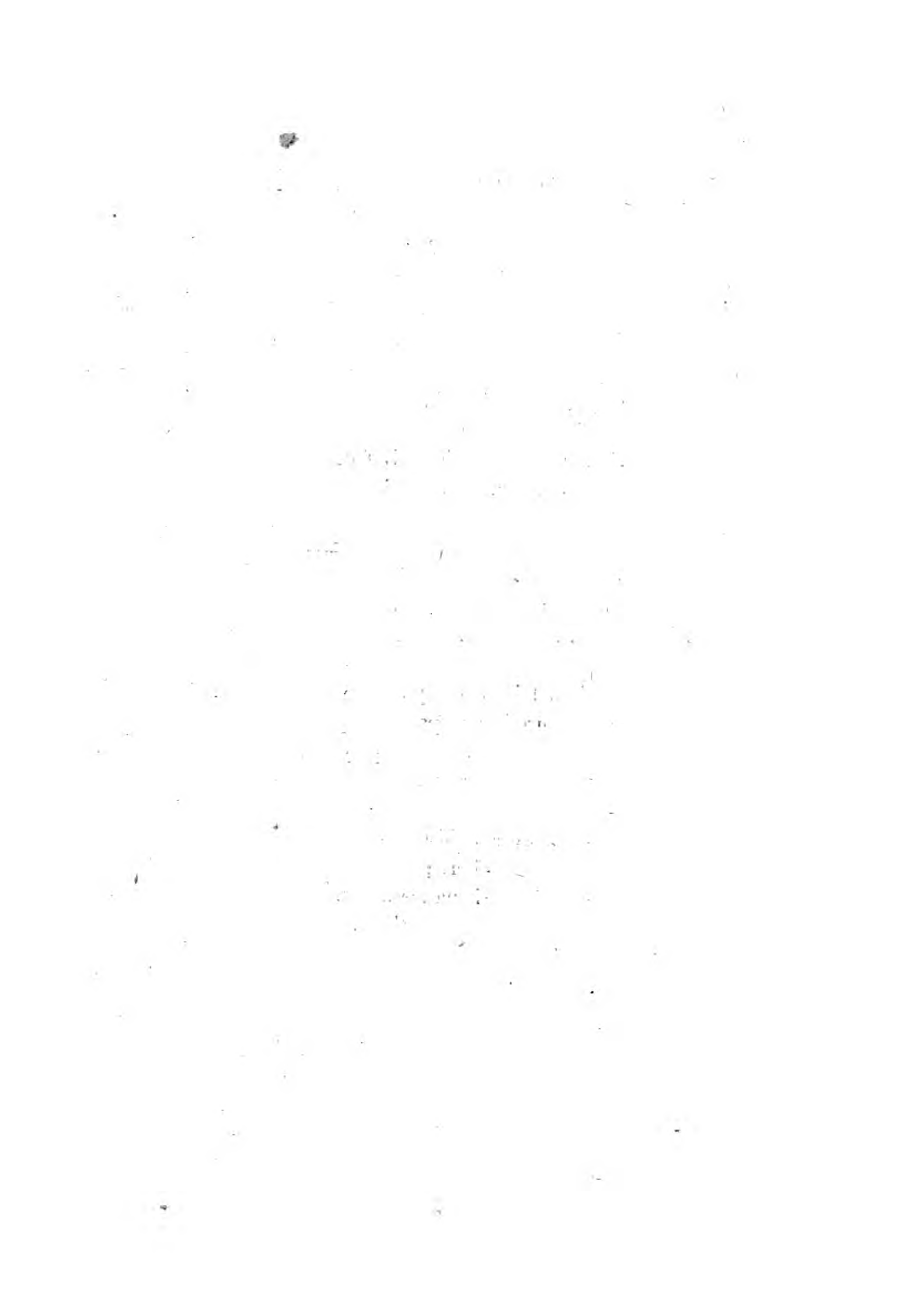
The wearied pilgrim, when the sun
 Has ended his diurnal race,
With pleasure sees the friendly moon
 By borrow'd light, supply his place :
Not that he slights the God of day,
But loves ev'n his reflected ray.

WH Y will Florella, while I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love ?

To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind,
And while I rove from fair to fair
Still gentle usage find.

But oh ! how faint is every joy
Where nature has no part ;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles doom'd to roam
Meet pity every where ;
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.



ORIGINAL PIECES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the former Edition, the greater part of the following article consisted of some pieces, which having since appeared in a publication of Miscellaneous Poems, are now incorporated with the foregoing Collection. The very favourable reception they met with, in common with the other productions of their Author, will, it is hoped, prevent the imputation of fraternal partiality in allotting them a place among pieces of acknowledged poetical merit.

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE.*

“ONE parting kiss, my Ethelinde !”
Young Edwin fault’ring cried,
“ I hear thy father’s hasty tread,
Nor longer must I bide.

To-morrow eve, in yonder wood,
Beneath the well-known tree,
Say, wilt thou meet thy own true love,
Whose only joy’s in thee ?”

She clasp’d the dear beloved youth,
And sigh’d and dropt a tear ;
“ Whate’er betide, my only love,
I’ll surely meet thee there.”

They kiss, they part ; a list’ning page
To malice ever bent,
O’erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal’d their fond intent.

* This piece was printed a few years since in the Gentleman’s Magazine,

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
And rage distain'd his cheek,
"Heavens ! shall a vassal shepherd dare
My daughter's love to seek !

But know, rash boy, thy bold attempt
Full sorely shalt thou rue ;
Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
Shalt thou thy lover view."

The dews of evening fast did fall,
And darkness spread apace,
When Ethelinde with beating breast
Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye she looks around,
No Edwin there was seen ;
"He was not wont to break his faith,
What can his absence mean !"

Her heart beat thick at every noise,
Each rustling thro' the wood ;
And now she travers'd quick the ground.
And now she list'ning stood.

Enlivening hope and chilling fear
By turns her bosom share,
And now she calls upon his name,
Now weeps in sad despair.

Mean-time the day's last glimmerings fled,
And blackening all the sky
A hideous tempest dreadful rose,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde aghast, dismay'd,
Beholds with wild affright
The threat'ning sky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

“ Where art thou now, my Edwin dear !
Thy friendly aid I want ;
Ah me ! my boding heart foretels
That aid thou canst not grant.”

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with storms
Confus'd and lost she roves ;
Now looks to heaven with earnest prayer,
Now calls on him she loves.

At length a distant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her sight ;
Thro' brakes she guides her fainting steps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
In this sequester'd wild,
Calm goodness sat upon his brow,
His words were soft and mild.

He ope'd his hospitable door,
And much admiring view'd
The tender virgin's graceful form,
Dash'd by the tempest rude.

“ Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
To this warm shelter'd cell;
Here rest secure thy wearied feet,
Here peace and safety dwell.”

He saw the heart-wrung starting tear,
And gently sought to know
With kindest pity's soothing looks,
The story of her woe.

Scarce had she told her mournful tale,
When struck with dread they hear
Voices confus'd with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

“ Help, father! help,” they loudly cry,
“ A wretch here bleeds to death,
Some cordial balsam quickly give
To stay his parting breath.”

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gash'd with many a wound;
When, woeful sight! 'twas Edwin's self
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantic grief poor Ethelinde
Besides his body falls ;
“ Lift up thine eyes, my Edwin dear,
’Tis Ethelinde that calls.”

That much lov’d sound recalls his life,
He lifts his closing eyes,
Then feebly murmuring out her name,
He gasps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid a while, in dumb despair
She gaz’d on Edwin dead ;
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn’d pale,
And life’s warm spirit fled.

A DIRGE.

Bow the head, thou lily fair,
Bow the head in mournful guise ;
Sickly turn thy shining white,
Bend thy stalk, and never rise.

Shed thy leaves, thou lovely rose,
Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay ;
Spread them wide on the cold earth,
Quickly let them fade away.

Fragrant woodbine all untwine,
All untwine from yonder bower ;
Drag thy branches on the ground,
Stain with dust each tender flower.

For, woe is me! the gentle knot,
That did in willing durance bind
My Emma and her happy swain,
By cruel death is now untwined.

Her head with dim half-closed eyes,
Is bowed upon her breast of snow ;
And cold and faded are those cheeks,
That wont with cheerful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice,
That wont to breathe the sounds of love ;
And lifeless are those beauteous limbs,
That with such ease and grace did move.

And I of all my bliss bereft,
Lonely and sad must ever moan ;
Dead to each joy the world can give,
Alive to memory alone.

TO SLEEP.

COME, gentle god of soft repose,
Come sooth this tortur'd breast ;
Shed kind oblivion o'er my woes,
And lull my cares to rest.

Come, gentle God, without thy aid
I sink in dark despair ;
O wrap me in thy silent shade,
For peace is only there.

Let hope in some propitious dream
Her bright illusions spread ;
Once more let rays of comfort beam
Around my drooping head.

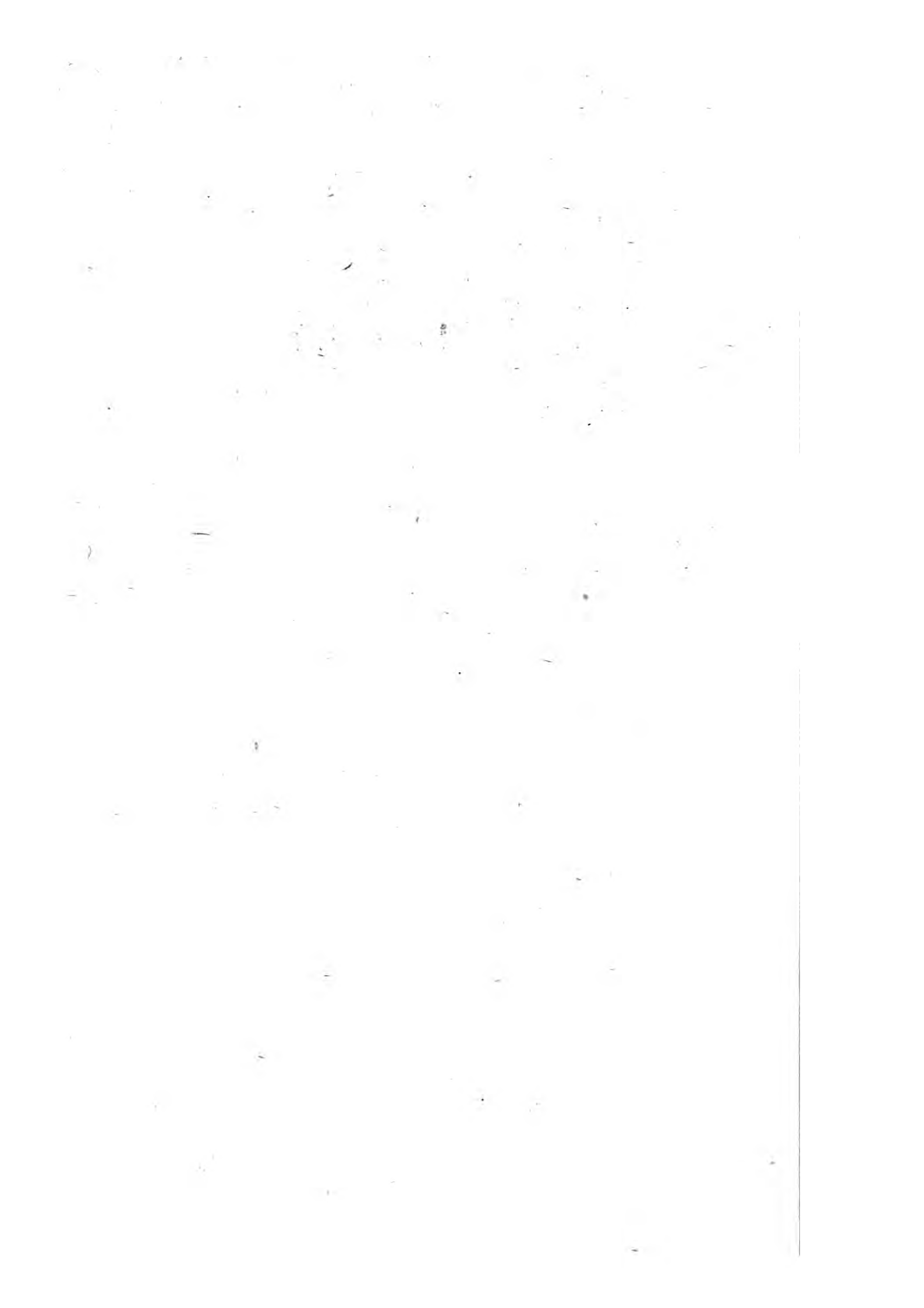
O quickly send thy kind relief,
These heartfelt pangs remove ;
Let me forget myself, my grief,
And every care—but love.

ASPASIA rolls her sparkling eyes,
And every bosom feels her power ;
The Indians thus view Phœbus rise,
And gaze in rapture, and adore.
Quick to the soul the piercing splendors dart,
Fire every vein, and melt the coldest heart.

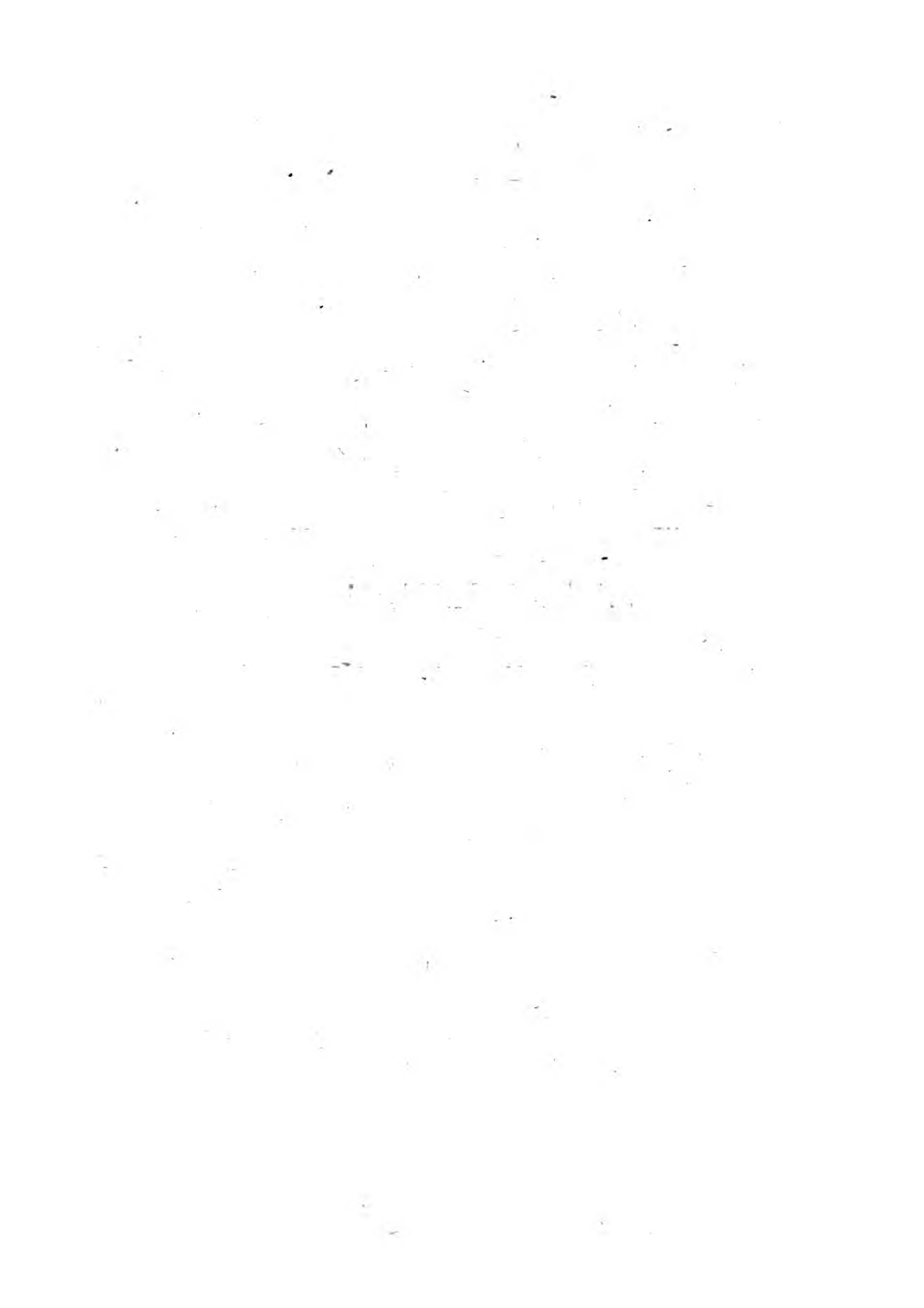
Aspasia speaks ; the listening crowd
Drink in the sound with greedy ears
Mute are the giddy and the loud,
And self-admiring folly hears.
Her wit secures the conquests of her face ;
Points every charm, and brightens every grace.

Aspasia moves ; her well turn'd limbs
Glide stately with harmonious ease ;
Now thro' the mazy dance she swims,
Like a tall bark o'er summer seas ;
'Twas thus Æneas knew the queen of love,
Majestic moving thro' the golden grove.

But ah? how cruel is my lot,
To doat on one so heavenly fair;
For in my humble state forgot,
Each charm but adds to my despair.
The tuneful swan thus faintly warbling lies,
Looks on his mate, and while he sings, he dies.



SUPPLEMENT.



MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

ARIEL'S SONG.

[SHAKSPEARE.]

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sun-set merrily ;
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SPRING.

[SHAKSPEARE.]

WHEN daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady smocks, all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he—
Cuckow !
Cuckow ! cuckow ! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he ;
Cuckow !
Cuckow, cuckow, O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

[SHAKSPEARE.]

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leafy,
 Then sigh not so, &c.

[SHAKSPEARE.]

TAKE, oh take, those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain !

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears ;
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears :
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee !

THE SILENT LOVER.

[SIR WALTER RALEIGH.]

WRONG not, sweet mistress of my heart !
 The merit of true passion,
 With thinking that he feels no smart,
 Who sues for no compassion.

Since, if my plaints were not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing :
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Thus those desires that boil so high
In any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion them must cover,

Yet when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that I could utter,
Then your discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion :
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

[BEN JONSON.]

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And 'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

[LORD BROOK.]

AWAY with these self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads !
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep,
In love of those that be asleep :
For Cupid is a merry God,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like destiny,
Do causeless good, or ill decree,
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward upon his wing doth go.
What fools are they that have not known
That love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays,
On every tree I write her name,
And ev'ry day I read the same ;
Where Honour Cupid's rival is
These miracles are seen of his.

The worth that worthiness should move
 Is love, that is the bow of love ;
 And love as well thee foster can
 As can the mighty nobleman.
 Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be
 Yet, without love, nought worth to me !

[BARTON BOOTH.]

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as air when zephyr blows,
 Refreshing as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun :
 Constant as gliding waters fall,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;
 From every other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues,
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring her note renews ;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise ;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer, th' approach of winter flies :
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow :
And marble towers, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low ;
But Time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide,

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove ;
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the bless'd above,
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain,

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
 Twin-born, from heaven together came :
 Love will the universe control,
 When dying seasons lose their name ;
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more.

[SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.]

MY sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook :
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
 Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 But what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide world secure me from love.
 Ah, fool, to imagine that aught could subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true !
 Ah give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine !
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine !
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected, return not again.
Ah ! what had my youth with ambition to do ?
Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?

[BYROM.]

My time, O ye Muses ! was happily spent,
When * Phœbe went with me wherever I went :
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast ;
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest !
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring, but, alas ! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep ;
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful, and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.

* The lady here celebrated under the name of Phœbe, was Joanna, daughter of the great critic Bentley, and mother of Mr. Cumberland, the dramatic writer.

But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known ;
 My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
 And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a
 pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear ;
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 And still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide ;
 Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain ?
 Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me
 complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes
 play,
 And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
 When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime !
 But now in their frolics, when by me they pass,
 I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass ;
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see,
 Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;
 And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
 Come hither, poor fellow ; and patted his head :

But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,
Cry, sirrah ; and give him a blow with my crook :
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be dull as his master, when Phœbe's away.

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen !
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green !
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn fields and hedges, and every thing made !
But since she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear :
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both, all the wood
through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too ;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet :
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone :
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile ?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?

Ah, rivals ! I see what it was that you dress'd,
 And made yourselves fine for ; a place in her breast :
 You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
 To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, till my Phœbe return !
 While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn ;
 Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
 I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down
 the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
 And rest so much longer for 't, when she is here.
 Ah, Colin ! old Time is full of delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
 To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove :
 But what swain is so silly to live without love ?
 No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair !
 Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

[LOGAN.]

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud,
 The moon in her beauty appears ;
 The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud,
 The music of love in our ears :
 Maria, appear ! now the season so sweet
 With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel
 I sigh—can a lover do more ?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
 Maria, my love ! do you long for the grove ?
 Do you sigh for our interview soon !
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove ?
 Alone by the light of the moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow ;
 Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through my ear
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
 Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond lover his boon ?
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine
 Alone by the light of the moon ?

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleasing pow'r admire ;
But I ne'er saw a face till now
That could like your's inspire :
Now I may say I've met with one
Amazes all mankind :
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet :
Like the divining prophets, wise ;
Like new-blown roses, sweet :
Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
Each happy night a bride ;
A mien like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to gain a wife,
Chaste, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long :
Ah ! were you to reward such cares,
And life so long could stay,
Not fourteen but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

[E. MOORE.]

How blest has my time been, what days have I
known
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we
stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year
through;
Time still as he flies brings encrease to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
 In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam !
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

[MASON.]

WHEN first I dar'd by soft surprise
 To breathe my love in Flavia's ear,
 I saw the mixt sensations rise
 Of trembling joy, and pleasing fear :
 Her cheek forgot its rosy hue,
 For what has art with love to do ?

But soon the crimson glow return'd,
 Ere half my passion was express'd,
 The eye that clos'd, the cheek that burn'd
 The quivering lip, the panting breast
 Shew'd that she wish'd or thought me true,
 For what has art with love to do ?

Ah ! speak, I cried, thy soft assent :
 She strove to speak, she could but sigh ;
 A glance, more heav'nly eloquent,
 Left language nothing to supply.
 She press'd my hand with fervour new ;
 For what has art with love to do ?

Ye practis'd nymphs, who form your charms
By fashion's rules, enjoy your skill ;
Torment your swains with false alarms,
And ere you cure pretend to kill ;
Still, still your sex's wiles pursue,
Such tricks she leaves to art and you.

Secure of native charms to please,
My Flavia scorns all mean pretence :
Her form is elegance and ease,
Her soul is truth and innocence ;
And these, oh heartfelt extacy !
She gives to honour, love, and me.

THE ADIEU.

[From the Arabic.]

[CARLYLE.]

THE boatmen shout " 'tis time to part,
No longer we can stay ;"—
" 'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance could say.

With trembling steps to me she came,
“Farewell” she would have cried,
But ere her lips the word could frame
In half-form’d sounds it died.

Then bending down with looks of love
Her arms she round me flung,
And as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embrac’d the maid,
My heart with raptures beat ;
While she but wept the more, and said,
“Would we had never met !”

ON LOVE.

[From the Arabic.]

[CARLYLE.]

I NEVER knew a sprightly fair
That was not dear to me,
And freely I my heart could share,
With every one I see,

It is not this or that alone
 On whom my choice would fall,
 I do not more incline to one
 Than I incline to all.

The circle's bounding line are they,
 Its centre is my heart,
 My ready love the equal ray
 That flows to every part.

THE ENCHANTMENT:

[OTWAY.]

I DID but look and love awhile,
 'Twas but for half an hour ;
 Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no pow'r.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease ;
 Sighs which do heat impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

Oh! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast ;
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

[R. B. SHERIDAN.]

AH! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd
The temper of my mind !
My heart by thee from mirth estrang'd,
Becomes like thee unkind.

By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was ;
And friends I had that fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applause.

But now my weakness all abuse,
Yet vain their taunts on me ;
Friends, fortune, fame itself, I'd lose,
To gain one smile from thee.

Yet only thou should'st not despise
My folly or my woe ;
If I am mad in others' eyes
'Tis thou hast made them so.

But days like these, with doubting curs'd,
 I will not long endure
 Am I despis'd—I know the worst,
 And also know my cure.

If, false, her vows she dare renounce,
 She instant ends my pain,
 For oh ! that heart must break at once
 Which cannot hate again.

[R. B. SHERIDAN.]

ASK'ST thou "how long my love shall stay,
 "When all that's new is past?"
 How long? ah, Delia! can I say
 How long my life will last?
 Dry be that tear—be hush'd that sigh;
 At least, I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too,
 The thought of Damon's death;
 That he who only lives for you,
 Must yield his faithful breath?
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
 Nor let us lose our heaven here.

THE ROSE.

[COWPER.]

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cups were all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely alas!
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing, and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile,
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

[HENRY CAREY.]

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
Is half so sweet as Sally :
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the steets does cry 'em ;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally !
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives our in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work
(I love her so sincerely)
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely :

But, let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day ;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named :
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey :

I would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally ;
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 - A slave, and row a galley ;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 Oh then I'll marry Sally,
 Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

[VANBRUGH.]

I SMILE at Love, and all his arts,
 The charming Cynthia cried ;
 Take heed, for Love has piercing darts,
 A wounded swain replied :

Once free, and bless'd, as you are now,
 I trifled with his charms,
 In pointed at his little bow,
 And sported with his arms :

Till urg'd too far—revenge, he cries !
 A fatal shaft he drew,
 Which took its passage through your eyes,
 And to my heart it flew :

To tear it thence I tried in vain,
 To strive, I quickly found,
 Was only to encrease my pain,
 And mortify the wound ;

Too well, alas ! I fear you know,
 What anguish I endure,
 Since what your eyes alone could do,
 Your heart alone can cure.

[H. CAREY.]

I'LL range around the shady bow'rs,
 And gather all the sweetest flow'rs ;
 I'll strip the garden and the grove,
 To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day,
 My thirsty nymph does panting lay,
 I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
 And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove,
A grassy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her rest invade.

And, whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
Myself shall never close these eyes ;
But gazing still with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as cheerful day
Has chas'd the gloomy shades away,
Forth to the forest I'll repair,
And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
Still mixing labour with delight,
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Should e'er unkind or faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
And never think of woman more.

[J. MOORE.]

WHEN gay Philander fell a prize
To Amoretta's conquering eyes,
He took his pipe, he sought the plain,
Regardless of his growing pain,
And resolutely bent to wrest
The bearded arrow from his breast.

Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cried,
Be Cupid and his bow defied :
But as the gales obsequious flew
With flow'ry scents and spicy dew,
He did unknowingly repeat,
The breath of Amoret is sweet.

His pipe again the shepherd tried,
And warbling nightingales replied.
Their sounds in rival measures move,
And meeting echoes charm the grove.
His thoughts that rov'd again repeat,
The voice of Amoret is sweet.

Since ev'ry fair and lovely view
The thoughts of Amoret renew,
From flow'ry lawn and shady green
To prospect gloomy change the scene :
Sad change for him ! for, sighing, there
He thought of lovers in despair.

Convinc'd, the sad Philander cries,
 Now, cruel god, assert your prize,
 For love its fatal empire gains ;
 Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
 These lines the nymph may oft repeat,
 And own Philander's lays are sweet.

WITH amorous wiles and perjur'd eyes,
 False Damon did me move
 Like charming winds his kindling sighs
 First fann'd me into love ;
 My thriving passion he did feed
 Whilst it was young and slight ;
 But ah ! when there was greatest need,
 Alas ! he starves it quite.

Was ever more injustice known,
 Oh, Damon, prithee say,
 To fit my heart for thee alone,
 And cast it now away :
 Henceforth my passion I shall hate,
 'Cause it gain'd none for me ;
 Yet love it too, such is my fate,
 Because it was for thee.

Thy heart I never will upbraid,
 Altho' it mine did kill ;
 Ah ! think upon an injur'd maid
 That's forc'd to love thee still.
 But justice may the tables turn
 In vindicating me ;
 And thou with equal torments burn
 For one who loves not thee.

WITH women I have pass'd my days,
 And ev'ry minute bless'd :
 No secret sigh controll'd my ease,
 No wish disturb'd my rest.
 Thus void of care my hours have flown,
 For still I found my heart my own.

I often prais'd a handsome face,
 Extoll'd a sparkling eye,
 And safe, examin'd ev'ry grace
 Without a real sigh.
 Thus void of care my hours have flown,
 For still I found my heart my own.

I heard the force of sprightly wit,
With strength of reason fir'd,
Thoughts that a Muse's tongue might fit
And each bright turn admir'd.
Thus void of care my hours have flown,
For still I found my heart my own.

I listen'd to the Syren's voice
By magic art improv'd:
The Syren could not fix my choice,
The song alone I lov'd.
Thus void of care my hours have flown,
For still I found my heart my own.

But now, oh Love ! I own thy reign,
I find thee in my heart ;
I know, I feel the pleasing pain,
'Twas Chloe threw the dart.
Chloe her utmost power has shewn,
My heart is now no more my own.

I saw, I heard, and felt the flame,
For Chloe smil'd and spoke ;
Oh Cupid, take another aim,
Or else my heart is broke !
To Chloe let the dart be thrown,
And make her heart no more her own.

[EARL OF DORSET.]

To all you ladies now at land,*
 We men at sea indite ;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write :
 The Muses now, and Neptune too
 We must implore to write to you.
 With a fa, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain ;
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen and ink, and we
 Roll up and down our ships at sea.
 With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
 Think not we are unkind ;
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
 By Dutchmen or the wind :
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
 The tide shall bring them twice a day.
 With a fa, &c.

* Written at sea, in the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

The king with wonder and surprise
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than ere they did of old ;
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story ;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their post at Goree :
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind.
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main ;
Or else at serious ombre play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play :
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note ;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote :
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress,
When we, for hopes of honour, lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears ;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears :
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

[E. MOORE.]

You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,
 And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too,
 That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune:
 All this has been told me by twenty before,
 But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
 My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a
 spring.
 For charms such as these then, your praises give
 o'er,
 To love me for life, you must love me for more.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
 For Chloe, the wanton, can rival me there:
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good-humour, as sunshine the day;
 For that if you love me, your flame shall be true,
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

[E. MOORE.]

HARK ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !
“ Come, Lucy,” it cries, “ come away !
The grave of my Collin has room,
To rest thee beside his cold clay.”
I come, my dear Shepherd, I come ;
Ye friends and companions adieu,
I haste to my Collin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.”

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy arose ;
And forth to the green-turf she sprung,
Where Collin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

“ How long, my lov'd Collin,” she cried,
“ How long must thy Lucy complain ?
How long shall the grave my love hide ?
How long ere it join us again ?

For thee thy fond Shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.

“ Alas ! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain !
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain !
The shepherd that left her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more,
And Lucy forgot and alone,
To death shall her Collin deplore.”

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground :
“ I hear the kind call and obey,
Oh, Collin, receive me,” she cried !
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone and died.

[CAMPBELL.]

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, " Boatman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"

" Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together ;
For if he find us in the glen,
My blood will stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover."

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

“ And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heav'n each face
Grew dark, as they were speaking.

“ Oh ! haste thee, haste ;” the lady cries,
“ Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies ;
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her ;
When oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore :—
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover ;
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back, come back,” he cried in grief,
 “Across this raging water,
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief;
 My daughter, oh! my daughter!”

’Twas vain; the loud wave lash’d the shore,
 Return or help preventing,
 The waters wild went o’er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

TO A FEMALE CUPBEARER.

[From the Arabic.]

[CARLYLE.]

COME, Leila, fill the goblet up,
 Reach round the rosy wine,
 Think not that we will take the cup
 From any hand but thine.

A draught like this ’twere vain to seek,
 No grape can such supply,
 It steals its tint from Leila’s cheek,
 Its brightness from her eye.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chace is here,
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountains gray,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size,
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder, chaunt the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.



THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS
LOVE.

[MARLOW.]

COME, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs :
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE
 SHEPHERD.

[SIR WALTER RALEIGH.]

IF all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb ;
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reck'ning yields ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need ;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

[HERRICK.]

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair ;
Good-morrow, sir, to you ;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too ;
Good-morrow to each maid,
That will with flow'rs the tomb bestrew,
Wherein my love is laid.

I'll seek him there ! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not ; though he be dead
He knows well who do love him ;
And who with green-turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray, take heed—
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

[THOMSON.]

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh ! when her footsteps next are seen
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind,
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes,
 With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if at first her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

THE FOND LOVER.

[FALCONER.]

A NYMPH of ev'ry charm possess'd,
 That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all confess'd,
 In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play
 Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
 The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
▷ Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create ?
Since all her thoughts by sense refin'd,
Unartful truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress ?

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Through all my veins the sweet excess
In trembling motion thrills ;
Say whence this secret anguish grows
Congenial with my joy ?
And why the touch, where pleasure glows,
Should vital peace destroy ?

If when my fair, in melting song,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey ;
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
Why heaves this broken sigh ?
For then my blood forgets to move,
I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain
Which you alone inspire ;
To thee the dying strings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
Oh ! give this bleeding bosom ease,
That knows no joy but thee ;
Teach me thy happy art to please,
Or deign to love like me.

[BURGOYNE.]

FOR tenderness framed in life's early day,
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way ;
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
And ere words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,
The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion yet rest in the glow—
A warmth of more pain may this breast never
know,
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let reason awaken and govern the flame.

[SHERIDAN.]

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you ;
For though your tongue no promise claim'd
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
And act a brother's part ;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

[SHERIDAN.]

OH, had my love ne'er smil'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish ;
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish.
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half perish'd ;
And then with cold and fix'd disdain
To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it ;
Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it.
Then land was cried—no more resign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it ;
Not worse his fate, his woe to find,
The wreck must sink ere near it.

[SHERIDAN.]

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me ;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouch'd by art ?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?
I must press it to be sure ;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it grateful press again ;
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

[SIR W. JONES.]

WAKE, ye nightingales, oh, wake !
Can ye, idlers, sleep so long ?
Quickly this dull silence break ;
Burst enraptur'd into song :
Shake your plumes, your eyes unclose,
No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not, that winter drear
Still delays your promis'd tale,
That no blossoms yet appear,
Save the snow-drop in the dale :
Tell me not the woods are bare ;—
Vain excuse ! prepare, prepare.

View the hillock, view the meads :
All are verdant, all are gay ;
Julia comes, and with her leads
Health, and youth, and blooming May.
When she smiles, fresh roses blow ;
Where she treads, fresh lilies grow.

Hail ! ye groves of Bagley, hail,
Fear no more the chilling air :
Can your beauties ever fail ?
Julia has pronounc'd you fair.
She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
She could make a desert bloom.

[GILBERT COOPER.]

DEAR Chloe what means this disdain,
Which blasts each endeavour to please ?
Tho' forty, I'm free from all pain,
Save love, I am free from disease.

No Graces my mansion have fled,
No Muses have broken my lyre ;
The Loves frolic still round my bed,
And Laughter is cheer'd at my fire,

To none havé I ever been cold,
All beauties in vogue I'm among ;
I've appetite e'en for the old,
And spirit enough for the young.

Believe me, sweet girl, I speak true,
 Or else put my love to the test ;
 Some others have doubted like you,
 Like them do you bless and be blest.

[GILBERT COOPER.]

THE nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May ;
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
 And her face was as fair as the mother's of Love.

Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds,
 And receives gentle odours from violet beds,
 Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unsullied as new-fallen snow,
 Yet as lively as tints of young Iris's bow,
 As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,
 Where the peace-loving halcyon deposits her brood.

The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
 She cull'd as the bee would the bloom of each
 . . . flow'r.

Which treasur'd for me, O, how happy was I,
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

[P. WHITEHEAD.]

As Granville's soft numbers tune Myra's just
praise,
And Chloe shines lovely in Prior's sweet lays :
So, would Daphne but smile, their example I'd
follow,
And, as she looks like Venus, I'd sing like Apollo :
But alas ! while no smiles from the fair one in-
spire, [lyre !
How languid my strains, and how tuneless my

Go, zephyrs, salute in soft accents her ear,
And tell how I languish, sigh, pine, and despair ;
In gentlest numbers my passion commend ;
But whisper it softly, for fear you offend,
For sure, oh ye winds, ye may tell her my pain,
'Tis Strephon's to suffer, but not to complain.

Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
Still something presents the fair nymph to my view :
If I traverse the garden, the garden still shows
Me her neck in the lily, her lip in the rose :
But with her neither lily nor rose can compare ;
For sweeter's her lip, and her bosom more fair.

If, to vent my fond anguish, I steal to the grove,
 The spring there presents the fresh bloom of my
 The nightingale too with impertinent noise, [love;
 Pours forth her sweet strains in my Syren's sweet
 voice : [brings;

Thus the grove and its music her image still
 For like spring she looks fair, like the nightingale
 sings.

If forsaking the groves, I fly to the court,
 Where beauty and splendour united resort,
 Some glimpse of my fair in each charmer I spy,
 In Richmond's fair form, or in Brudenel's bright
 eye ; [appear ?

But, alas ! what would Brudenel or Richmond
 Unheeded they'd pass, were my Daphne but
 there.

If to books I retire, to drown my fond pain,
 And dwell over Horace, or Ovid's sweet strain ;
 In Lydia, or Chloe, my Daphne I find ;
 But Chloe was courteous, and Lydia was kind :
 Like Lydia, or Chloe, would Daphne but prove,
 Like Horace or Ovid I'd sing and I'd love.

THE IVY.

[WAY, translator of the Fabliaux.]

How yonder ivy courts the oak,
And clips it with a false embrace !
So I abide a wanton's yoke,
And yield me to a smiling face.
And both our deaths will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

How fain the tree would swell its rind !
But, vainly trying, it decays,
So fares it with my shackled mind,
So wastes the vigour of my days.
And soon our deaths will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

A lass, forlorn for lack of grace,
My kindly pity first did move ;
And in a little moment's space,
This pity did engender love.
And now my death must prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

For now she rules me with her look,
 And round me winds her harlot chain ;
 Whilst by a strange enchantment struck,
 My nobler will recoils in vain.
 And soon my death will prove, I guess,
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

But, had the oak denied its shade,
 The weed had trail'd in dust below ;
 And she, had I her suit gainsaid,
 Might still have pin'd in want and woe :
 Now, both our deaths will prove, I guess,
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

[MOORE.]

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
 And I beheld him true,
 The moments of delight how sweet !
 But ah ! how swift they flew !
 The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
 The garden and the grove
 Have echoed to his ardent tale,
 And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain,
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure timely pain.
But heaven will take the mourner's part
In pity to despair ;
And the last sigh that rends the heart
Shall waft the spirit there.

FROM anxious zeal and factious strife,
From all the uneasy cares of life,
From beauty still to merit blind,
And still to fools and coxcombs kind ;
To where the woods in brightest green,
Like rising theatres are seen,
Where gently murm'ring runs the rill,
And draws fresh streams from ev'ry hill ;

Where Philomel in mournful strains
Like me of hopeless love complains,
Retir'd I pass the livelong day,
And idly trifle life away :

My lyre to tender accents strung,
 I tell each slight, each scorn and wrong,
 Then reason to my aid I call,
 Review past scenes, and scorn them all.

Superior thoughts my mind engage,
 Allur'd by Newton's tempting page,
 Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,
 And trace the glorious source of light :
 But should Clarinda there appear,
 With all her charms of shape and air,
 How frail my fixt resolves would prove,
 Again I'd yield, again I'd love.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? ah what can it
 mean!
 Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?
 Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is
 near?
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Forever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
The thousand soft charms that embellish your face.
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find ;
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
mind.

Untainted by folly, unsullied by pride,
There native good humour and virtue reside.
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply [die.
With compassion for him, who, without thee must

TELL me, Damon, dost thou languish
With a slow, consuming fire ;
Melting still in speechless anguish,
For the maid thou dost admire ?
If thy heart such passion prove,
Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

Flying, dost thou still pursue her ?
Absent, does she haunt thy dream ?
Present, dost thou ceaseless woo her ?
Is her worth thy only theme ?

If thy heart such passion prove,
Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

Does each rival's merit grieve thee ?
 Whilst in health, dost thou complain ?
Can no balm but love relieve thee ?
 None but Celia ease thy pain ?
If thy heart such passion prove,
Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

Canst thou view each bright perfection
 In her mind, and in her face ?
Does each fault escape detection,
 Ev'ry blemish seem a grace ?
If thy heart such passion prove,
Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

Then in love if there be pleasure,
 Unallay'd by care or pain,
Venus shall confer the treasure
 On her true devoted swain.
Venus shall thy suit approve ;
Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

[KING.]

[Bishop of Chichester.]

TELL me not how fair she is,
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near :
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late :
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence doat myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame :
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

[MRS. TAYLOR.]

YE virgin powers ! defend my heart
From amorous looks and smiles,
From saucy love, or nicer art,
Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs, from vows, from awful fears,
That do to pity move ;
From speaking-silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.

But, if through passion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide ;
And where frail nature seems inclin'd,
There place a guard of pride.

A heart whose flames are seen, tho' pure,
Needs ev'ry virtue's aid,
And those who think themselves secure,
The soonest are betray'd.

[A. BRADLEY.]

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire ;
Softest notes will soothe her best.
Pleasing dreams assist in love ;
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,
Nature's verdant velvet bed,
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

SUSANNA.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
That scents the ambient air ;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
And warble through the grove ;
Bid wanton linnets quit their spray,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendor shine ;
Ye bards, unenvied laurels wear,
Be fair Susanna mine.

[MILTON.]

WOULD you taste the noontide air,
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a river flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round, the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose,
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone—and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till bless'd, and blessing you shall own
The joys of love are joys alone.

[DRYDEN.]

AH how sweet it is to love !
Ah, how gay is young desire !
And what pleasing pains we prove,
When we first approach love's fire ;
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart :
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart ;
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with rev'rence use,
Treat 'em like a parting friend ;
Nor the golden gifts refuse,
Which, in youth, sincere they send,
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
 Swells in ev'ry youthful vein :
But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again ;
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

CONSTANCY.

[ROCHESTER.]

I CANNOT change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn :
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
 A surer way I'll try :
And to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies ;
 And you to mind shall call,
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall :

That welcome hour that ends this smart,
 Will then begin your pain ;
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break in vain.

[SIR JOHN SUCKLING.]

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine :
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why then should you have mine ?

Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,
 To find it were in vain :
 For you've a thief in ev'ry eye,
 Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together ?
 Oh Love ! where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But Love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out :
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine :
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

[PARNELL.]

My days have been so wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly,
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were not so blest as I.

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

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

An eager hope within my breast
Does ev'ry doubt controul ;
And lovely Nancy stands confest,
The mistress of my soul.

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

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

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair,
And hardly covet to be great
Unless it be for her.

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

[GARRICK.]

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim,
He feels the passion void of art,
The pure, the constant flame.

Though sighing swains their torments tell,
Their sensual love contemn ;
They only prize the beauteous shell,
But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transient fire ;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
Your mind improves with years ;
As when the blossoms fade away,
The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heaven and Sylvia grant my suit,
And bless each future hour,
That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
May gather ev'ry flower.

[AKENSIDE.]

THE shape and face let others prize,
The features of the fair ;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win ;
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A soul where awful honour shines ;
Where sense and sweetness move ;
Where angel-innocence refines
The tenderness of love :

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd, all the features seem,
And all the roses dead.

But ah ! when all these charms unite,
How perfect is the view !
With ev'ry image of delight,
And graces ever new ;

Their pow'r but faintly to express,
All language must despair ;
But go—behold Aspasia's face !
And read it perfect there.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

IN a cottage embosom'd within a deep shade,
Like a rose in a desert O view the meek maid,
Her aspect all sweetness, all plaintive her eye,
And a bosom for which e'en a monarch might sigh ;
Then in neat Sunday gown see her met by the
squire,

All attraction her countenance, his all desire.
He accosts her, she blushes, he flatters, she smiles,
And soon blue-eyed Mary 's seduced by his wiles.

Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet o'er,
But the fleece when once stain'd can know white-
ness no more,

The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy,
To town the squire presses, how can she deny?
There—behold her in lodgings, she dresses in style,
Public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads
Hoyle, [hate,
Learns to squander ; they quarrel, his love turns to
And soon blue-eyed Mary is left to her fate.

Still of beauty possess'd, and not yet void of shame,
With a heart that recoils at a prostitute's name,
She tries for a service,—her character 's gone,
And for skill at her needle, alas! 'tis unknown:
Pale want now approaches, the pawn-broker's near,
And her trinkets and cloaths one by one disappear,
Till at length sorely pinch'd, and quite desperate
grown,
The poor blue-eyed Mary is forc'd on the town.

In a brothel next see her, trick'd out to allure,
And all ages, all humours compell'd to endure,
Compell'd, though disgusted, to wheedle and feign,
With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain,
Now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now
scorn'd,
And by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd.
This worst of all misery she's doom'd to endure,
For the poor blue-eyed Mary is now an impure.

While thus the barb'd arrow sinks deep in her soul,
She flies for relief to that traitor, the bowl,
Grows stupid and bloated, and lost to all shame,
Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame;
Now with eyes dim and languid the once blooming
maid,
In a garret on straw faint and helpless is laid;
O mark her pale cheek, see she scarce takes her
breath,
And lo! her blue eyes are now seal'd up in death.

LOCHINVAR.

[WALTER SCOTT.]

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
 That never was Knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river, where ford there was
 none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
 all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?

“ I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up,
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup ;
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,
 “ Now tread we a measure,” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, “ 'twere better
 by far [invar.”
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Loch-

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reach'd the hall door and the charger
 stood near ;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 “ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
 scaur, Lochinvar.
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
 clan ; [they ran :
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

[WILLIAM WOTY.]

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joys for a goblet of wine,
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair ?
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair.
 And pray what mighty joys can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass.

'Tis woman whose joys every rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart.
 The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
 Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

340 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up his head,
And poverty listens well pleas'd from his shed,
Whilst age in half extacy hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then fill me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest, the deepest that stands on the board:
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, then pledge me who dare.

PLATO'S ADVICE.*

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
Since bounteous heaven hath made him great?
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can splendid robes or beds of down,
Or costly gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

* An alteration of a song written by the Rev. Mathew
Pilkington, beginning

“Why, Lycidas, should man be vain,”

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die ;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore ;
The wealth and glory they possess'd
And all their honours are no more.

So glides the meteor thro' the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train,
But when its short-liv'd beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove us calls we must obey.

[DALTON.]

By the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass ;
By the hollow cask are told,
How the waning night grows old.

342 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Soon, too soon the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play;
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care! 't was made for you.

[SHERIDAN.]

THIS bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound!
You'll soon grow bright
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

FROM THE PERSIAN,

[SIR W. JONES.]

SWEET maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display ;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow ;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart ?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate : ah ! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom.
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream !
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom !

Beauty has such resistless power,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy ;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came,
A youth so lovely and so coy.

But ah ! sweet maid, my counsel hear :
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard,
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still :
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung :
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
But O ! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes, and bleeding hearts,
The hyperboles of love!
Be honest to yourself and me,
Speak truly what you hear and see,
And then your suit may move.

Why call me angel! why divine!
Why must my eyes the stars outshine!
Can such deceit prevail?
For shame! forbear this common rule,
'Tis low, 'tis insult, calls me fool:
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain my honest heart,
Address my nobler, better part;
Pay homage to my mind:
The passing hour brings on decay,
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a rose behind.

Let then your open manly sense
The moral ornaments dispense,
And to my worth be true:
So may your suit itself endear,
Not for the charms you say I wear,
But those I find in you.

[MRS. PILKINGTON.]

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
 Their equipage and state ;
 Give me but innocence and health,
 I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
 A joy unknown to kings ;
 For sceptres to a virtuous mind,
 Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough,
 With brighter lustre shone,
 Than guilty Cæsar e'er could shew,
 Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days and restless nights,
 Ambition ever knows,
 A stranger to the calm delights
 Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
 Keep me, ye powers divine ;
 And pleas'd when ye demand my life,
 May I that life resign.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there ;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To ev'ry passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my loud lute's romantic sound ;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danc'd in twilight glade ;
 The canzonet and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade.
 These simple joys that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

THE PRIMROSE.

[CAREW.]

ASK me why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant year :
Ask me why I send to you,
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break ;
I must tell you these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

ON THE BATTLE OF SABLA.

[From the Arabic.]

[CARLYLE.]

SABLA, thou saw'st th' exulting foe
In fancied triumphs crown'd ;
Thou heard'st their frantic females throw
These galling taunts around :

“ Make now your choice,—the terms we give,
 “ Desponding victims, hear ;
 “ These fetters on your hands receive,
 “ Or in your hearts the spear.”

“ And is the conflict o’er,” we cried,
 “ And lie we at your feet ?
 “ And dare you vauntingly decide
 “ The fortune we must meet ?

A brighter day we soon shall see,
 Tho’ now the prospect lowers,
 And conquest, peace, and liberty
 Shall gild our future hours.

The foe advanc’d :—in firm array
 We rush’d o’er Sabla’s sands,
 And the red sabre mark’d our way
 Amidst their yielding bands.

Then, as they writh’d in death’s cold grasp,
 We cried, “ Our choice is made,
 These hands the sabre’s hilt shall clasp,
 Your hearts shall have the blade”

CRUEL invader of my rest,
Thou fatal, bold, intruding guest,
Thy new assaults forbear :
Alas ! I know nor health nor ease,
My life is grown a mere disease
Abandon'd to despair !

When I the dear deceiver view,
I can't forbear to think her true :
But absent from her eye,
A thousand anxious fears arise,
A thousand racking jealousies,
I rave ! I rage ! I die !

Alone ! I would thy force elude,
But love delights in solitude,
And doubt still revels here ;
I seek relief from company,
But that affords no charms to me,
If Cynthia is not there.

All day I muse ! all night I dream !
My passion is my constant theme,
Nor take I food or rest :
I know and find myself undone ;
Yet madly push my ruin on,
Though slighted and opprest.

Oh Love! thy wond'rous power I own,
 Let now thy clemency be shown;
 And Cynthia bear a part:
 Transpire her breast with equal flame,
 Or let me be myself again,
 And take away thy dart.

OH! how vain is ev'ry blessing,
 How insipid all our joys,
 Life how little worth possessing,
 But when love its time employs!

Love, the purest, noblest pleasure,
 That the gods on earth bestow,
 Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,
 Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtues lay;
 Too soon did Heaven assert the claim,
 And call'd its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return ;
What now shall fill these widow'd arms ?
Ah ! me—my Anna's urn.



