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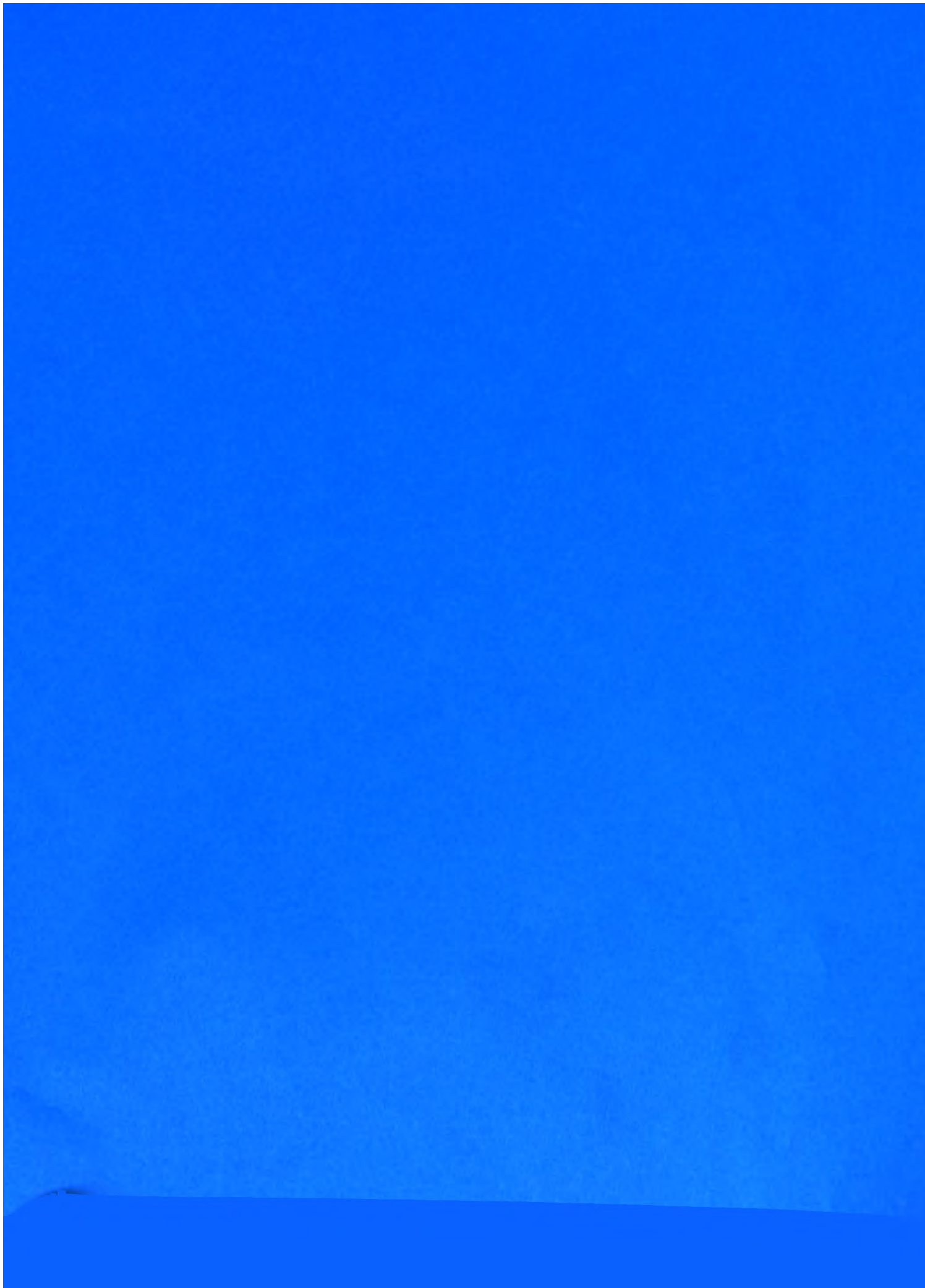
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M U S Æ U S :

A

M O N O D Y

To THE

MEMORY of Mr. *POPE*.

I N

Imitation of MILTON's *Lycidas*.

---

By Mr. *M A S O N*.

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The THIRD EDITION.



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L O N D O N :

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# M U S Æ U S.

**S**orrowing I catch the reed, and call the muse ;  
If yet a muse on Britain's plain abide,  
Since rapt Musæus tun'd his parting strain :  
With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.  
For who e'er since their virgin train espy'd,  
Or on the banks of Thames, or that mild plain,  
Where Isis sparkles to the funny ray ?  
Or have they deign'd to play,  
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,

Feeding

Feeding each white pink, and each daisie pied,  
That mingling paint his rusby-fringed side ?

Yet ah ! cœlestial maids, ye are not dead ;  
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die :  
And well I ween, ye cannot quite be fled,  
E'er ye entune his mournful elegy.  
Stay then awhile, O stay, ye fleeting fair ;  
Revisit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,  
Nor Thespia's shade ; till your harmonious teen  
Be grateful pour'd in some slow-dittied air.  
Such tribute paid, again ye may repair  
To what lov'd haunt you whilom did elect ;  
Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair  
Trim Mænalus, with piny verdure deckt.  
But now it boots you not in these to stray,  
Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to chuse,  
Or where mild Ladon's welling waters play.  
Forego each vain excuse,  
And haste to Thames's shores ; for Thames shall join

Our

Our sad society, and passing mourn,  
 Letting cold tears bedew his silver urn.  
 And, when the poet's widow'd grot he laves,  
 His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head shall bow,  
 His tide no more in eddies blith shall rove,  
 But creep soft by with long-drawn murmurs flow.  
 For oft the poet rous'd his charmed waves  
 With martial notes, or lull'd with strain of love.  
 He must not now in brisk mæanders flow  
 Gamesome, and kiss the sadly-silent shore,  
 Without the loan of some poetic woe.

Can I forget, how erst his officers made  
 Sad fullen music, as bleak Eurus fann'd?  
 Can I forget, how gloom'd yon laureat shade,  
 E'er death remorseless wav'd his ebon wand?  
 How, midst yon grot, each silver trickling spring  
 Wander'd the shelly channels all among;  
 While as the coral roof did softly ring  
 Responsive to their sweetly-doleful song.

Meanwhile all pale th' expiring poet laid,  
 And sunk his awful head,  
 While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong ;  
 For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,  
 They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,  
 Came \* TITYRUS flow, with head all silver'd o'er,  
 And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,  
 And thus in antique guise short talk did hold.

“ Grete clerk of Fame' is house, whose excellence

“ Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,

“ Mickle of wele betide thy houres laft,

“ For mich gode wirkè to me don and past.

“ For fyn the days whereas my lyre ben strongen,

“ And deftly many a mery laie I fongen,

“ Old

*Came \* Tityrus &c.] i. e. CHAUCER, a name frequently given him by Spenser, vide Shep. Cal. Ecl. 2, 6, 12, and elsewhere.*



- " Old Time, which alle things don maliciously,  
 " Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,  
 " Gnatrid my lines, that they all cancrid ben,  
 " Till at the laft thou smoothen 'hem haft again ;  
 " Sithence full femely gliden my rymes rude,  
 " As, (if fitteth thilk fimilitude)  
 " Whannè shallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,  
 " Ovir rough stones it maken full rough fong ;  
 " But, them stones removen, this lite rivere  
 " Stealen forth by, making plefaunt murmere :  
 " So my fely rymes, whofo may them note,  
 " Thou maken everichone to ren right fote ;  
 " And in thy verfe entuneth fo fetifely,  
 " That men fayen I make trewe melody,  
 " And fpeaken every dele to myne honoure.  
 " Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre ! "

B

He

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.  
 When † COLIN CLOUT, Eliza's shepherd swain,  
 The blitheft lad that ever pip'd on plain,  
 Came with his reed foft-warbling on the way,  
 And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,  
 And thus his gliding numbers gan effay.

“ \* Ah ! lucklefs swain, alas ! how art thou lorn,  
 “ Who once like me could'ft frame thy pipe to play  
 “ Shepherds' device, and cheer the ling'ring morn :  
 “ Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay.  
 “ Ah plight too fore fuch worth to equal right !  
 “ Ah worth too high to meet fuch piteous plight !  
 “ **III.** But

† *Colin Clout.*] i. e. SPENSER, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

\* The two first ftanzas of this fpeech, as they relate to Pastoral, are written in the meafure which Spenser ufes in the first eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*; the reft, where he fpeaks of Fable, are in the ftanza of the *Faery Queen*.

II.

- “ But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare  
“ My Hobbin's, or my Thenot's rustic skill  
“ To thy deft swains, whose dapper dities rare  
“ Surpafs ought elfe of quaintest shepherd's quill.  
“ Ev'n Roman Tityrus, that peerless wight,  
“ Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

III.

- “ Eke when in Fable's flow'ry paths you stray'd,  
“ Masking in cunning feints truth's splendent face ;  
“ Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendence paid,  
“ To sheild Belinda's lock from felon bafe,  
“ But all mote nought avail fuch harm to chace.  
“ Then Una fair 'gan droop her princely mien,  
“ Eke Florimel, and all my faery race:  
“ Belinda far furpafst my beauties sheen,  
“ Belinda, fubject meet for fuch foft lay I ween.

IV.

“ Like as in villag’d troop of birdlings trim,  
“ Where Chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,  
“ And quaking Ducks, that wont in lake to swim,  
“ And Turkeys proud, and Pigeons nothing bold ;  
“ If chance the Peacock doth his plumes unfold,  
“ Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,  
“ He glift’neth purple, and he glift’neth gold,  
“ Now with bright green, now blue himself arraying.  
“ Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties swaying.

V.

“ But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,  
“ And fancies light in simple guise pourtray ?  
“ Lifting to chear thee at this ruefull time,  
“ While as black Death doth on thy heartstrings prey.

“ Yet

" Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay  
 " Thou nathless judgest all too slight and vain,  
 " Let my well-meaning mend my ill essay :  
 " So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,  
 " When soon we meet for aye, in yon star-sprinkled plain."

Last came a bard of more exalted tread,  
 And † *THYRSIS* hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,  
 Whene'er he mingled with the sylvan train ;  
 But seldom that ; for higher thoughts he fed ;  
 For him full oft the heav'nly Muses led  
 To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,  
 To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes ;  
 All which the sacred bard would oft recount :  
 And thus in strain, unus'd in grove or shade,  
 To sad *MUSÆUS* rightful homage paid.

“ Thrice

† *Thyrsis hight.*] *i. e.* MILTON. *Lycidas* and the *Epitaphium Damonis* are the only Pastorals we have of Milton's, in the latter of which, where he laments *Car. Deodatus* under the name of *Damon*, he calls himself *Thyrsis*.

“ Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught Warbler ! last and best  
“ Of all the train ! Poet, in whom conjoin'd  
“ All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield  
“ Rapture ; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime.  
“ Accept this gratulation : may it cheer  
“ Thy sinking soul ; nor these corporeal ills  
“ Ought daunt thee, or appall. Know, in high heav'n  
“ Fame blooms eternal o'er that spirit divine,  
“ Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold Muse,  
“ Which while on earth could breath Mæonian fire,  
“ Shall soar seraphic heights ; while to her voice  
“ Ten thousand Hierarchies of Angels harp  
“ Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies  
“ Usher the song rejoicing. I meanwhile,  
“ To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,  
“ Approach thy visitant, with mortal laud  
“ To praise thee mortal. First, (as first beseems)  
“ For rhyme subdued ; Rhyme, erst the minstrel rude  
“ Of

“ Of Chaos, Anarch old : she near his throne  
“ Oft taught the rattling elements to chime  
“ With tenfold din ; till late to earth upborn  
“ On strident wing, what time fair Poésie  
“ Emerg'd from Gothic cloud, and faintly shot  
“ Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend  
“ Opprest ; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,  
“ Runic, or Leonine ; and with dire chains  
“ Fetter'd her scarce-fledg'd pinion. I such bonds  
“ Aim'd to destroy, mistaking : bonds like these  
“ 'Twere greater art t'ennoble, and refine.  
“ For this superiour part Musæus came :  
“ Thou can'st, and at thy magic touch the chains  
“ Off dropt, and (passing strange !) soft-wreathed bands  
“ Of flow'rs their place supply'd : which well the Muse  
“ Might wear for choice, not force ; !obstruction none,  
“ But lov'liest ornament. Wond'rous this, yet here  
“ The wonder rests not ; various argument

“ Remains for me, all doubting, where to cull  
“ The primal grace, where countless graces charm.  
“ Various this peaceful scene ; this mineral roof ;  
“ This ’semblage meet of coral, ore, and shell ;  
“ These pointed crystals fair, mid each obscure  
“ Bright glitt’ring ; all these slowly-dripping rills,  
“ That tinkling stray amid the cooly cave.  
“ Yet not this various peaceful scene : with this  
“ Its mineral roof ; nor this assemblage meet  
“ Of coral, ore, and shell ; nor mid th’ obscure  
“ These pointed crystals, glitt’ring fair ; nor rills,  
“ That straying tinkle thro’ the cooly cave ;  
“ Deal charms more various to each raptur’d sense,  
“ Than thy mellifluous lay -----”

“ Cease, friendly swain ;  
(MUSÆUS cry’d, and rais’d his aching head)

“ *All praise is foreign, but of true desert ;*

“ *Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.*

“ Ah !



“ Ah! why recall the toys of thoughtless youth?  
“ When flow’ry fiction held the place of truth;  
“ When fancy rul’d; when trill’d each trivial strain,  
“ But idly sweet, and elegantly vain.  
“ O! in that strain, if all of wit had flow’d,  
“ All music warbled, and all beauty glow’d;  
“ Had liveliest nature, happiest art combin’d;  
“ That lent each grace, and This each grace refin’d,  
“ Alas! how little were my proudest boast!  
“ The sweetest trifler of my tribe at most.

“ To sway the judgment, while he charms the ear;  
“ To curb mad passion in its wild career;  
“ To blend with skill, as loftiest themes inspire,  
“ All reason’s rigour, and all fancy’s fire:  
“ Be this the poet’s praise. With this uncrown’d,  
“ Wit dies a jest, and poetry a sound.

“ Come then that honest fame ; whose sober ray  
“ Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay ;  
“ Which dawns, tho’ thou, rough DONNE ! hew out the line :  
“ But beams, sage HORACE ! from each strain of thine.  
“ O ! if, like these, one poet more could brave  
“ The venal statesman, or the titled slave ;  
“ Brand frontless Vice, strip all her stars and strings,  
“ Nor spare her basking in the smile of Kings :  
“ Yet stoop to Virtue, tho’ the prostrate maid  
“ Lay sadly pale in bleak misfortune’s shade :  
“ If grave, yet lively ; rational, yet warm ;  
“ Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm ;  
“ He pour’d, for her lov’d cause, serene along  
“ The purest precept, in the sweetest song :  
“ For her lov’d cause, he trac’d his moral plan,  
“ Yon various region of bewild’ring man :

“ Explor’d alike each scene, that frown’d, or smil’d,  
“ The flow’ry garden, or the weedy wild ;  
“ Unmov’d by sophistry, unaw’d by name,  
“ No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame ;  
“ Led by no system’s devious glare astray,  
“ As earth-born meteors glitter to betray :  
“ But, all his soul to reason’s rule resign’d,  
“ And heav’n’s own views fair-op’ning on his mind,  
“ Catch’d from bright nature’s flame the living ray,  
“ Thro’ passion’s cloud pour’d in resistless day ;  
“ And this great truth in all its lustre shew’d,  
“ That GOD IS WISE, and ALL CREATION GOOD :  
“ If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays ;  
“ Praise less than this is impotence of praise.”

“ To pour that praise be mine,” fair VIRTUE cry’d ;  
And shot, all radiant, thro’ an op’ning cloud.

But ah! my Muse, how will thy voice express  
 Th' immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd?  
 Ill suits immortal strain a doric dress:  
 And far too high already hast thou soar'd.  
 Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o'er,  
 The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast.  
 But what might that avail? Blind Fate before  
 Had op'd her shears, to slit his vital thread;  
 And who may hope gain say her stern behest?  
 Then thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the head,  
 And sigh'd his soul to rest.

Then wept the Nymphs; witness, ye waving shades!  
 Witness, ye winding streams! the Nymphs did weep:  
 The heav'nly Goddess too with tears did steep  
 Her plaintive voice, that echo'd thro' the glades;  
 And, "cruel gods," and, "cruel stars," she cry'd:  
 Nor did the shepherds, thro' the woodlands wide,  
 On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,

Or

Or stagnant river, drive their thirsty flocks ;  
 Nor did the wild-goat brooze the steepy rocks :  
 And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook ,  
 And roses wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,  
 As Nature's self was sick ;  
 And ev'ry lilly droop'd its velvet head ;  
 And groan'd each faded lawn, and leafless grove :  
 Sad sympathy ! yet sure his rightful meed,  
 Who charm'd all nature : well might Nature mourn  
 Thro' all her sweets ; and flow'r, and lawn, and shade,  
 All vocal grown, all weep MUSÆUS dead.

Here end we, Goddess ! this your shepherd sang,  
 All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.  
 O ! make it worthy of the sacred bard,  
 And make it equal to the shepherd's love.  
 Nor thou, MUSÆUS ! from thine ear discard,  
 For well I ween thou hear'st my doleful song :  
 Whether 'mid angel troops, the stars among,

From

From golden harp thou call'st seraphic lays ;  
Or, anxious for thy dearest Virtue's fare,  
Thou still art hov'ring o'er our tuneless sphere,  
And mov'st some hidden spring her weal to raise.

Thus the fond swain on doric oate essay'd,  
Manhood's prime honours downing on his cheek :  
Trembling he strove to court the tuneful maid  
With stripling arts, and dalliance all too weak ;  
Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade.  
But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak ;  
And now down-dropt the larks, and ceas'd their strain ;  
They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the shepherd swain.

*F I N I S.*

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