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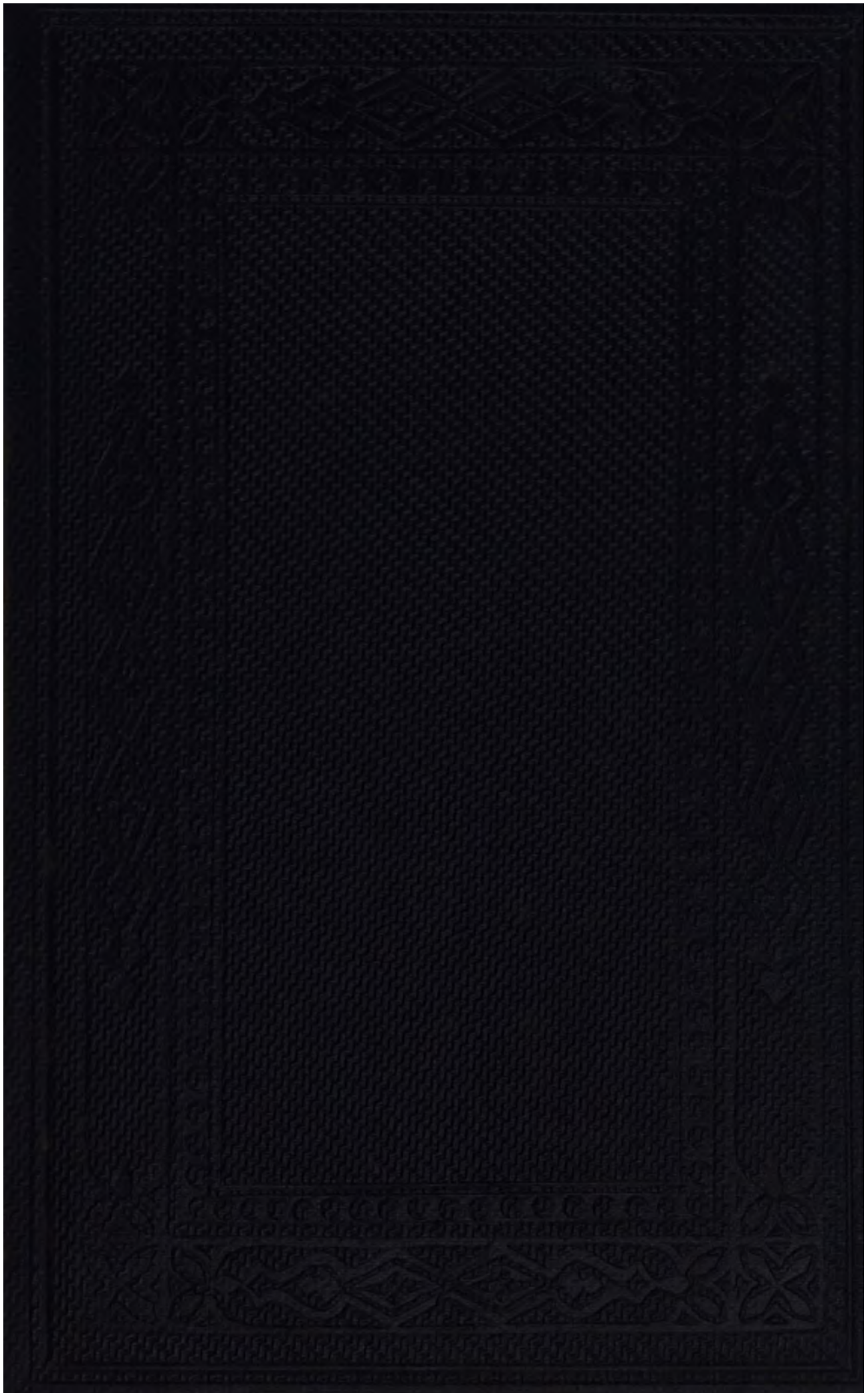
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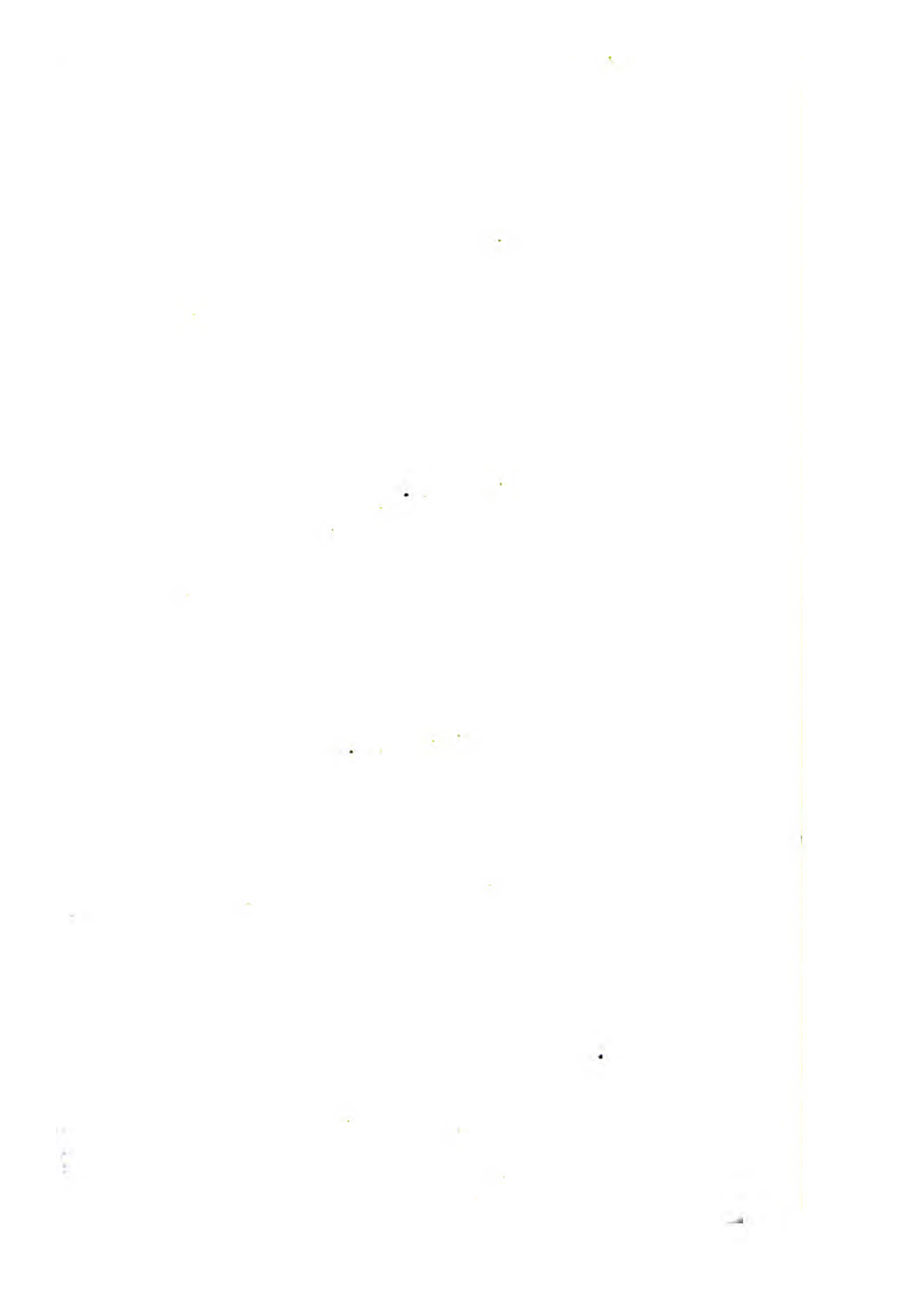
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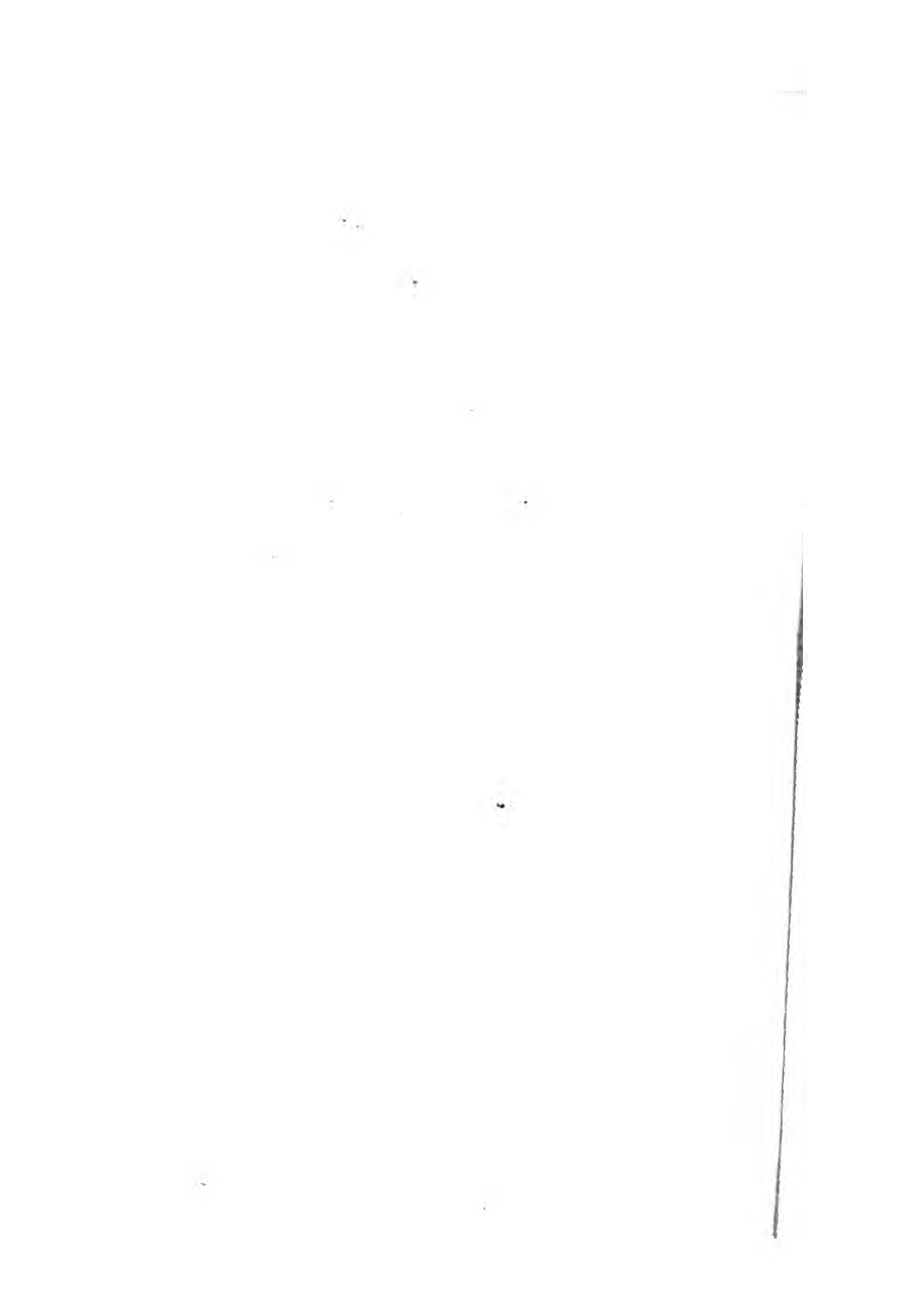


















SPECIMENS  
OF  
ENGLISH POETRY.

---

NEW EDITION.

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FOR THE USE OF  
CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.



LONDON:  
TAYLOR AND FRANCIS,  
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.  
1883.

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SPECIMENS  
OF  
ENGLISH POETRY.

---

PROVIDENCE.

A HYMN.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye:  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,                         5  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps he leads,                         10  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,                         15  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

B



Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,                   20  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys ;  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth                   5  
 The gratitude declare,  
 That glows within my ravish'd heart !  
 But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redrest,                                   10  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd                   15  
 To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant heart conceived  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.                           20

When in the slippery paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,

Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man ;

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death, 25  
 It gently clear'd my way,  
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
 More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renew'd my face ; 30  
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
 Has made my cup run o'er,  
 And in a kind and faithful friend 35  
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ,  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy. 40

Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I 'll pursue,  
 And after death in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night 45  
 Divide thy works no more,  
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to Thee  
 A joyful song I 'll raise, 50  
 But oh ! Eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

4 INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

AN INVITATION TO  
THE FEATHERED RACE.

AGAIN the balmy Zephyr blows,  
Fresh verdure decks the grove ;  
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,  
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly, 5  
And shun the noontide heat ;  
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,  
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray, 10  
Or weave the mossy nest ;  
Here rove and sing the livelong day,  
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,  
That trickles down the glade,  
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill, 15  
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,  
E'er shows his ruddy face,  
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone, 20  
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal Thrush repairs,  
Secure the Linnet sings,  
The Goldfinch dreads no slimy snares  
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel, ah, quit thy haunt 25  
Yon distant woods among,

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

5

And round my friendly grotto chant  
Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless Redbreast fear,  
Domestic bird, to come,  
And seek a sure asylum here  
With one that loves his home.

30

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,  
Shall store of fruit preserve :  
O, let me thus your friendship bribe ;  
Come, feed without reserve.

35

For you these cherries I protect,  
To you these plums belong :  
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,  
But sweeter far your song.

40

Let then this league betwixt us made  
Our mutual interest guard :  
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,  
Your songs be my reward.

GRAVES.

---

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

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

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

5

B

- "Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,  
 "To tempt the dangerous gloom ;                   10  
 For yonder faithless phantom flies  
 To lure thee to thy doom.
- "Here to the houseless child of want  
 My door is open still ;  
 And, though my portion is but scant,                   15  
 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.                                   20
- "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                   25  
 A guiltless feast I bring ;  
 A srip with herbs and fruits supplied,  
 And water from the spring.
- "Then, Pilgrim, turn, thy cares forgo ;  
 All earth-born cares are wrong ;                   30  
 Man wants but little here below,  
 Nor wants that little long."
- Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
 His gentle accents fell ;  
 The modest stranger lowly bends,                   35  
 And follows to the cell.
- Far in a wilderness obscure  
 The lonely mansion lay ;

A refuge to the neighbouring poor  
And strangers led astray. 40

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

And now, when busy crowds retire 45  
To take their evening rest,  
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
And cheer'd his pensive guest

And spread his vegetable store,  
And gaily press'd, and smiled, 50  
And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
Its tricks the kitten tries ;  
The cricket chirrups in the hearth, 55  
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
To soothe the stranger's woe ;  
For grief was heavy at his heart,  
And tears began to flow. 60

His rising cares the Hermit spied.  
With answering care opprest :  
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,  
"The sorrows of thy breast ?

"From better habitations spurn'd, 65  
Reluctant dost thou rove ;  
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
Or unregarded love ?

“Alas! the joys that fortune brings  
 Are trifling, and decay; 70  
 And those who prize the trifling 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, 75  
 And 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. 80

“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.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise, 85  
 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: 90  
 The lovely stranger stands confest  
 A maid in all her charms.

“And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,  
 And wretch forlorn,” she cried;  
 “Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude 95  
 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. 100
- “My father lived beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,  
He had but only me.
- “To win me from his tender arms 105  
Unnumber'd suitors came;  
Who praised me for imputed charms,  
And felt or feign'd a flame.
- “Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove: 110  
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, 115  
But these were all to me.
- “The blossom opening to the day,  
The dews of heaven refined,  
Could naught of purity display  
To emulate his mind. 120
- “The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine;  
Their charms were his: but, woe to me,  
Their constancy was mine.
- “For still I tried each fickle art, 125  
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 ; 130  
 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, 135  
 And stretch me where he lay.

“And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
 I ’ll lay me down and die ;  
 ’T was so for me that Edwin did,  
 And so for him will I.” 140

“Forbid it, Heaven !” the Hermit cried,  
 And clasp’d her to his breast :  
 The wondering fair-one turn’d to chide,—  
 ’T was Edwin’s self that prest.

“Turn, Angelina, ever dear, 145  
 My charmer, turn to see  
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
 Restored to love and thee.

“Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
 And every care resign : 150  
 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 155  
 Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

## EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,  
 Fast by a sheltering wood,  
 The safe retreat of Health and Peace,  
 A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,      6  
 Beneath a mother's eye;  
 Whose only wish on earth was now  
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads      10  
 Gave colour to her cheek;  
 Such orient colour smiles through heaven,  
 When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
 This charmer of the plains:  
 That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,      15  
 To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
 Each maiden with despair;  
 And though by all a wonder own'd,  
 Yet knew not she was fair:      20

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,  
 A soul devoid of art,  
 And from whose eyes, serenely mild,  
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;      25  
 Was quickly too reveal'd:  
 For neither bosom lodged a wish  
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss  
 Did love on both bestow ! 80  
 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, 35  
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,  
 Who love nor pity knew,  
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod  
 From whence his riches grew. 40

Long had he seen their secret flame,  
 And seen it long unmoved :  
 Then, with a father's frown, at last  
 Had sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war 45  
 Of differing passions strove :  
 His heart, that durst not disobey,  
 Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind  
 The spreading hawthorn crept, 50  
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanmore's wintry waste,  
 Beneath the moonlight shade,  
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul, 55  
 The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
 A deadly pale o'er cast :

## EDWIN AND EMMA.

13

So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
Before the northern blast. 60

The parents now, with late remorse,  
Hung o'er his dying bed;  
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,  
And fruitless sorrow shed.

"'T is past!" he cried—"but if your souls 65  
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 bathed with many a tear: 70  
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,  
So morning dews appear.

But, oh! his sister's jealous care,  
A cruel sister she,  
Forbade what Emma came to say; 75  
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept  
The church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's funeral song. 80

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 85  
The visionary vale,—  
When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,  
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd with trembling step,  
 Her aged mother's door— 90  
 "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; 95  
 She shivering sigh'd, and died.

MALLETT.

---

 CRAZY JANE.

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S BEING ALARMED AT A  
 MAD WOMAN KNOWN BY THAT APPELLATION.

WHY, fair maid, in every feature  
 Are such signs of fear express'd?  
 Can a wandering, wretched creature  
 With such terror fill thy breast?  
 Do my phrensied looks alarm thee? 5  
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain:  
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;  
 Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.  
 Dost thou weep to see my anguish?  
 Mark me, and avoid my woe; 10  
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,  
 Think them false; I found them so:  
 For I loved; Oh! so sincerely  
 None could ever love again;  
 But the youth I loved so dearly, 15  
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.  
 Fondly my young heart received him,  
 Which was doom'd to love but one;

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT. 15

He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believed him;  
He was false, and I undone. 20  
From that hour has Reason never  
Held her empire o'er my brain;  
Henry fled: with him for ever  
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted, 25  
And with phrenzied thoughts beset,  
On that spot where last we parted,  
On that spot where first we met,  
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,  
Still I slowly pace the plain; 30  
While each passer-by, in pity,  
Cries, "God help thee, Crazy Jane!"

LEWIS.

---

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,  
Afric's coast I left forlorn,  
To increase the stranger's treasures,  
O'er the raging billows borne.  
Men from England bought and sold me, 5  
Paid my price in paltry gold;  
But, though slave they have enroll'd me,  
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,  
What are England's rights, I ask, 10  
Me from my delights to sever,  
Me to torture, me to task?  
Fleecy locks and black complexion  
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;



Skins may differ, but affection                   15  
 Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature  
 Make the plant for which we toil?  
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
 Sweat of ours must dress the soil.                   20  
 Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,  
 Lolling at your jovial boards;  
 Think how many backs have smarted  
 For the sweet your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,                   25  
 Is there One who reigns on high?  
 Has He bid you buy and sell us,  
 Speaking from His throne, the sky?  
 Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,  
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,                   30  
 Are the means that duty urges  
 Agents of His will to use?

Hark! He answers—wild tornadoes,  
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,  
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,                   35  
 Are the voice with which He speaks.  
 He, foreseeing what vexations  
 Afric's sons should undergo,  
 Fix'd their tyrants' habitations  
 Where His whirlwinds answer—No.                   40

By our blood in Afric wasted,  
 Ere our necks received the chain;  
 By the miseries that we tasted,  
 Crossing, in your barks, the main;

THE ROSE.

17

By our sufferings, since ye brought us 45  
 To the man-degrading mart,  
 All sustain'd by patience, taught us  
 Only by a broken heart;

Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
 Till some reason ye shall find 50  
 Worthier of regard, and stronger  
 Than the colour of our kind.

Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings  
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,  
 Prove that you have human feelings, 55  
 Ere you proudly question ours!

COWPER.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,  
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd;  
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower  
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet, 5  
 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 seized it, unfit as it was  
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd, 10  
 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 15  
 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 wiped with a little address,  
 May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.” COWPER.

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 THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;  
 Oh! give relief; and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,                   5  
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years:  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
 Has been a channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road;   10  
 For Plenty there a residence has found,  
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode:

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor:)  
 Here as I craved a morsel of their bread,  
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,                   15  
 To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold:  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor and miserably old.                               20

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes: why should we repine? 25

'T is Heaven has brought me to the state you see:  
And your condition may be soon like mine,  
'The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;  
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn; 30  
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot;  
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,  
Lured by a villain from her native home,  
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage, 35  
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,  
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,  
And left the world to wretchedness and me. 40

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;  
Oh! give relief; and Heaven will bless your store.  
Moss.

## HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is Man;  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent and smart the spring, 5  
Vice seems already slain,  
But passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent  
 Finds out his weaker part; 10  
 Virtue engages his assent,  
 But pleasure wins his heart.

'T is here the folly of the wise  
 Through all his art we view,  
 And while his tongue the charge denies, 15  
 His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length  
 And dangers little known,  
 A stranger to superior strength,  
 Man vainly trusts his own. 20

But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
 To reach the distant coast;  
 The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,  
 Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

---

 THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are fell'd; farewell to the shade,  
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;  
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,  
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took a view 5  
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;  
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,  
 And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,  
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat, 10  
 And the scene where his melody charm'd me before  
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,  
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head, 15  
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,—  
 I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys ;  
 Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,  
 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we. 20

COWPER.

---

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,  
 Nor swifter greyhound follow,  
 Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,  
 Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo'

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind, 5  
 Who, nursed with tender care,  
 And to domestic bounds confined,  
 Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took  
 His pittance ev'ry night, 10  
 He did it with a jealous look,  
 And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,  
 And milk, and oats, and straw ;  
 Thistles, or lettuces instead, 15  
 With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,  
 On pippins' russet peel,  
 And, when his juicy salads fail'd,  
 Sliced carrot pleased him well. 20

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,  
 Whereon he loved to bound,  
 To skip and gambol like a fawn,  
 And swing his rump around.  
 His frisking was at evening hours,                   25  
 For then he lost his fear,  
 But most before approaching showers,  
 Or when a storm drew near.  
 Eight years and five round rolling moons                   30  
 He thus saw steal away,  
 Dozing out all his idle noons,  
 And every night at play.  
 I kept him for his humour's sake,  
 For he would oft beguile  
 My heart of thoughts that made it ache,                   35  
 And force me to a smile.  
 But now beneath his walnut shade  
 He finds his long last home,  
 And waits, in snug concealment laid,  
 Till gentler Puss shall come.                               40  
 He, still more aged, feels the shocks  
 From which no care can save,  
 And, partner once of Tiney's box,  
 Must soon partake his grave.

COWPER.

---

 DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

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



THE CHAMELEON.

23

No wailing ghost shall dare appear                   5  
    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 :                   10  
The female Fays shall haunt the green,  
    And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,  
    Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,                   15  
    To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,  
    In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;  
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,  
    The tender thought on thee shall dwell ;                   20

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

COLLINS.

---

THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark  
A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
With eyes that hardly served at most  
To guard their master 'gainst a post ;  
Yet round the world the blade has been,                   5  
To see, whatever could be seen.  
Returning from his finish'd tour,  
Grown ten times pertter than before,



Whatever word you chance to drop,  
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop ; 10  
 "Sir, if my judgement you 'll allow—  
 I 've seen, and sure, I ought to know,"  
 So begs you 'd pay a due submission,  
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast, 15  
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,  
 And on their way, in friendly chat,  
 Now talk'd of this and then of that,  
 Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,  
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature. 20

"A stranger animal," cries one,  
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun!  
 A lizard's body, lean and long,  
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
 Its foot, with triple claw disjoin'd ; 25  
 And, what a length of tail behind!  
 How slow its space! and then its hue!  
 Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,  
 "'T is green: I saw it with these eyes, 30  
 As late with open mouth it lay  
 And warm'd it in the sunny ray;  
 Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,  
 And saw it eat the air for food."

"I 've seen it, Sir, as well as you, 35  
 And must again affirm it blue;  
 At leisure I the beast survey'd  
 Extended in the cooling shade."

"'T is green, 't is green, Sir, I assure ye."  
 "Green!" cries the other in a fury, 40

“Why, Sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes?”

“’T were no great loss,” the friend replies;

“For, if they always serve you thus,

You’ll find them of but little use.”

So high at last the contest rose, 45

From words they almost came to blows:

When luckily came by a third:

To him the question they referr’d;

And begg’d he’d tell ’em if he knew,

Whether the thing was green or blue. 50

“Sirs,” cries the umpire, “cease your pother;

The creature’s neither one nor t’ other.

I caught the animal last night,

And view’d it o’er by candlelight:

I mark’d it well; ’t was black as jet. 55

You stare: but, Sirs, I’ve got it yet,

And can produce it.” “Pray, Sir, do;

I’ll lay my life, the thing is blue.”

“And I’ll be sworn that, when you’ve seen

The reptile, you’ll pronounce him green.” 60

“Well then, at once to ease the doubt,”

Replies the man, “I’ll turn him out;

And when before your eyes I’ve set him,

If you don’t find him black, I’ll eat him.”

He said; then full before their sight 65

Produced the beast, and, lo! ’t was white.

Both stared; the man look’d wondrous wise:

“My children,” the chameleon cries,

(Then first the creature found a tongue,)

“You all are right and all are wrong: 70

When next you talk of what you view,

Think others see as well as you;

Nor wonder, if you find that none  
 Prefers your eyesight to his own."

MERRICK

---

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute,  
 From the centre all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O Solitude! where are the charms                   5  
 That sages have seen in thy face?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone,                   10  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,—  
 I start at the sound of my own.  
 The beasts that roam over the plain  
 My form with indifference see;  
 They are so unacquainted with man,—             15  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
 Oh had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again!             20  
 My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth,  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold                   25  
 Resides in that heavenly word!

More precious than silver and gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford.  
 But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard, 30  
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial endearing report 35  
 Of a land I shall visit no more.  
 My friends, do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me?  
 O tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see. 40

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
 Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
 When I think of my own native land, 45  
 In a moment I seem to be there;  
 But, alas! recollection at hand  
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
 The beast is laid down in his lair 50  
 Even here is a season of rest,  
 And I to my cabin repair.  
 There's mercy in every place,  
 And mercy, encouraging thought!  
 Gives even affliction a grace,  
 And reconciles man to his lot.

## THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
 'When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove:  
 'T was thus by the cave of the mountain afar,      5  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

" Ah ! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?      10  
 For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthal.  
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay ; [mourn :  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, Man calls thee to  
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :  
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.      16

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :  
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.      20  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again :  
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew !  
 Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain

' 'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more :      25  
 I mourn, but ye woodlands. I mourn not for you ;  
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with  
 dew :

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;  
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save : 30  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !  
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

“T was thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind. 36  
 ‘O pity, great Father of light!’ then I cried,  
 ‘Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee ;  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

“And darkness and doubt are now flying away ; 41  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending, 45  
 And Nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are  
 blending,  
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb !”

BEATTIE.

## A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.

VIRGIL.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds ! so cheerful and gay,  
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;  
 Should Corydon’s happen to stray,  
 Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.

D 3



Allow me to muse and to sigh, 5  
 Nor talk of the change that ye find :  
 None once was so watchful as I ;  
 —I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove 10  
 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 evening repel :  
 Alas ! I am faint and forlorn : 15  
 I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed 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. 20  
 I prized every hour that went by  
 Beyond all that had pleased me before ;  
 But now they are past, and I sigh ;  
 And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ; 25  
 Why wander thus pensively here ?  
 O 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 ; 30  
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,  
 I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forgo,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart !

A PASTORAL BALIAD.

31

Yet I thought,—but it might not be so,— 35  
    'T was with pain that she saw me depart.  
She gazed, as I slowly withdrew ;  
    My path I could hardly discern ;  
So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
    I thought that she bade me return. 40

The pilgrim that journeys all day  
    To visit some far-distant shrine,  
If he bear but a relic away,  
    Is happy, nor heard to repine.  
Thus widely removed from the fair, 45  
    Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,  
Soft Hope is the relic I bear,  
    And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
    Whose murmur invites one to sleep; 50  
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, 55  
    Where the harebells 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. 60  
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      65  
 To the bower I have labour'd to rear;  
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 But I hasted and planted it there.  
 O how sudden the jessamine strove  
 With the lilac to render it gay!      70  
 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      75  
 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.      80

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 't was a barbarous deed.  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,      85  
 Who would rob a poor bird of its young:  
 And I loved 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;      90  
 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,

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

33

Let her speak, and whatever she say, 95  
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain  
Unmoved, when her Corydon sighs ?  
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
These plains and this valley despise ? 100  
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 ? 105  
And where are her grotts and her bowers ?  
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, 110  
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 show you the charms of my love ? 115  
She's 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 every way pleasing to me. 120

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 125  
 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, 130  
 O how, with one trivial glance,  
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!  
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,  
 And his crook is bestudded around;  
 And his pipe: O may Phyllis beware 135  
 Of a magic there is in the sound!

'T is his with mock passion to glow,  
 'T is his in smooth tales to unfold,  
 "How her face is as bright as the snow,  
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold: 140  
 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, 145  
 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 jessamine's flower! 150  
 What are pinks in a morn to compare?  
 What is eglantine after a shower?"

"Then the lily no longer is white;  
 The rose is deprived of its bloom;

Then the violets die with despite ;  
 And the woodbines give up their perfume.”  
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer :  
 Yet I never could envy the song,  
 Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear. 160

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 165  
 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 : 170  
 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 smiled—and I could not but love ; 175  
 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. 180  
 Ah ! Love every 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 : 185  
     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 a higher degree : 190  
 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 195  
     The glance that undid my repose.  
 Yet time may diminish the pain ;  
     The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,  
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,  
     In time may have comfort for me. 200

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 shown to the sight, 205  
     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 ; 210  
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;  
     I would vanish from every eye.  
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove  
     With the same sad complaint it begun ;  
 How she smiled—and I could not but love ; 215  
     Was faithless—and I am undone ! SHENSTONE.

I WISH I WAS WHERE ANNA LIES.

I WISH I was where Anna lies ;  
For I am sick of lingering here ;  
And every hour Affection cries,  
"Go and partake her humble bier."

I wish I could ; for when she died, 5  
I lost my all ; and life has proved,  
Since that sad hour, a dreary void,  
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,  
Shall duly to her grave repair, 10  
And pluck the ragged moss away,  
And weeds, that have "no business there?"

And who with pious hand shall bring  
The flower she cherish'd, snowdrops cold,  
And violets that unheeded spring, 15  
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould ?

And who, while Memory loves to dwell  
Upon her name for ever dear,  
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,  
And pour the bitter, bitter tear ? 20

I did it ; and, would fate allow,  
Should visit still, should still deplore :  
But health and strength have left me now,  
And I, alas, can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid, this simple strain, 25  
The last I offer at thy shrine ;  
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,  
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,  
     Thy voice, that might with music vie,      30  
 Thy air, that every gazer took,  
     Thy matchless eloquence of eye ;  
 Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,  
     Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,  
 Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued,      35  
     Thy gay good-humour, can they fade ?  
 Perhaps——But sorrow dims my eye ;  
     Cold turf, which I no more must view,  
 Dear name, which I no more must sigh,  
     A long, a last, a sad adieu.      40

GIFFORD.

## HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly :  
 But Linden saw another sight,      5  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.  
 By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,      10  
 And furious every charger neigh'd,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.  
 Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven      15  
 Far flash'd the red artillery.



CATHARINA.

39

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave, 25  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding sheet, 30  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

---

CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—  
And meet perhaps never again;  
The sun of that moment is set,  
And seems to have risen in vain;  
Catharina has fled like a dream, 5  
(So vanishes pleasure, alas!)  
But has left a regret and esteem  
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,  
Catharina, Maria, and I, 10



Our progress was often delay'd  
 By the nightingale warbling nigh.  
 We paused under many a tree,  
 And much she was charm'd with a tone  
 Less sweet to Maria and me, 15  
 Who so lately had witness'd her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,  
 And gave them a grace so divine,  
 As only her musical tongue  
 Could infuse into numbers of mine. 20  
 The longer I heard, I esteem'd  
 The work of my fancy the more,  
 And e'en to myself never seem'd  
 So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed 25  
 In number the days of the year,  
 Catharina, did nothing impede,  
 Would feel herself happier here ;  
 For the close-woven arches of limes,  
 On the banks of our river, I know, 30  
 Are sweeter to her many times  
 Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued  
 With a well-judging taste from above,  
 Then, whether embellish'd or rude, 35  
 'T is nature alone that we love.  
 The achievements of art may amuse,  
 May even our wonder excite ;  
 But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse  
 A lasting, a sacred delight. 40

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

41

Since then in the rural recess  
Catharina alone can rejoice,  
May it still be her lot to possess  
The scene of her sensible choice !  
To inhabit a mansion remote 45  
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,  
And by Philomel's annual note  
To measure the life that she leads.  
  
With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,  
To wing all her moments at home, 50  
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,  
As oft as it suits her to roam.  
She will have just the life she prefers,  
With little to hope or to fear ;  
And ours would be pleasant as hers, 55  
Might we view her enjoying it here.

COWPER.

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THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !  
  
Thou Great First Cause, least understood, 5  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind ;  
  
Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill ; 10  
And binding nature fast in fate,  
Let free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,      15  
 That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
 Let me not cast away ;  
 For God is paid when man receives ;  
 To enjoy is to obey.      20

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
 Thy goodness let me bound,  
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
 When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand      25  
 Presume thy bolts to throw,  
 And deal damnation round the land,  
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
 Still in the right to stay ;      30  
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
 To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
 Or impious discontent,  
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,      35  
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see ;  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.      40

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quicken'd by thy breath :

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY. 43

O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot: 45  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies; 50  
One chorus let all Being raise!  
All nature's incense rise!

POPE.

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THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

FIRST PUBLISHED BY DR. PERCY.

It was a Friar of Orders Grey  
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;  
And he met with a lady fair,  
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend Friar, 5  
I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at yon holy shrine  
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love 10  
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, 15  
And eyne of lovely blue."

- "O Lady, he is dead and gone!  
 Lady he is dead and gone!  
 And at his head a green-grass turf,  
 And at his heels a stone. 20
- "Within these holy cloisters long  
 He languish'd, and he died,  
 Lamenting of a lady's love,  
 And 'plaining of her pride.
- "Here bore him barefaced on his bier 25  
 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! 30  
 And didst 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, 35  
 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. 40
- "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, 45  
 Thy sorrow is in vain:

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY. 45

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? 50  
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, 55  
'T is meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?  
Will he ne'er come again?  
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,  
For ever to remain. 60

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

"Sigh no more, Lady, sigh no more, 65  
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; 70  
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; 75  
O he was ever true!

“And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,  
 And didst thou die for me?  
 Then farewell home; for evermore  
 A pilgrim I will be. 80

“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 85  
 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; 90  
 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 grey 95  
 Thy own true-love appears.

“Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,  
 These holy weeds I sought;  
 And here amid these lonely walls  
 To end my days I thought. 100

“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 105  
 Once more unto my heart:



For since I 've found thee, lovely youth,  
We never more will part."

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## THE FIRE-SIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
In folly's maze advance ;  
Though singularity and pride  
Be call'd our choice, we 'll step aside,       5  
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs ;  
No noisy neighbour enters here,       10  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam :       15  
The world has nothing to bestow ;  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
When with impatient wing she left       20  
That safe retreat, the ark ;  
Giving her vain excursions o'er,  
The disappointed bird once more  
Explored the sacred bark.



Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers, 25  
 We, who improve his golden hours,  
     By sweet experience know,  
 That marriage, rightly understood,  
 Gives to the tender and the good  
     A paradise below. 30

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;  
 If tutor'd right, they 'll prove a spring  
     Whence pleasures ever rise ;  
 We 'll form their minds with studious care  
 To all that 's manly, good, and fair, 35  
     And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
 They 'll joy our youth, support our age,  
     And crown our hoary hairs ;  
 They 'll grow in virtue every day, 40  
 And thus our fondest love repay,  
     And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they 're all our own,  
 While to the world we live unknown,  
     Or by the world forgot : 45  
 Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;  
 We look with pity on the great,  
     And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,  
 But then how little do we need, 50  
     For Nature's calls are few !  
 In this the art of living lies,  
 To want no more than may suffice,  
     And make that little do.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

49

We'll therefore relish with content 55  
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
Nor aim beyond our power;  
For if our stock be very small,  
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour. 60

To be resign'd when ills betide,  
Patient when favours are denied,  
And pleased with favours given;  
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
This is that incense of the heart, 65  
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,  
(Since winter-life is seldom sweet);  
But when our feast is o'er,  
Grateful from table we'll arise, 70  
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;  
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe  
With cautious steps we'll tread; 75  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble, or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead:

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend, 80  
And cheer our dying breath;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

COTTON.

F

## ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain 10  
 Of such, as wandering near her secret bower  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around  
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease ;  
 In still small accents whispering from the ground, 15  
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. 20

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, 25  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke : 30  
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile 35  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour ;  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave. 40

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust, 45  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ; 50  
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage, 55  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air. 60

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command, 65  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ; 70  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride 75  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way : 80

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply ; 86  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd, 90  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries, 95  
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd Dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, 100

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech, 105  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Him have we seen the greenwood side along,  
 While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done, 110  
 Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,  
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
 Now drooping, woful—wan, like one forlorn, 115  
 Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:



Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he: 120

“The next, with dirges due in sad array  
 Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne.  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

## THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth 125  
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send: 130  
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,  
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,) 135  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

## ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Fair Venus' train, appear,  
 Disclose the long-expected flowers,  
 And wake the purple year!  
 The Attic warbler pours her throat, 5  
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
 The untaught harmony of Spring:

ODE ON THE SPRING.

55

While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
Their gather'd fragrance fling. 10

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader, browner shade,  
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade,  
Beside some water's rushy brink 15  
With me the muse shall sit, and think  
(At ease reclined in rustic state)  
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,  
How low, how little are the Proud,  
How indigent the Great! 20

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;  
The panting herds repose :  
Yet hark, how through the peopled air  
The busy murmur glows !  
The insect youth are on the wing, 25  
Eager to taste the honeyd spring,  
And float amid the liquid noon :  
Some lightly o'er the current skim ;  
Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
Quick glancing to the sun. 30

To Contemplation's sober eye  
Such is the race of Man ;  
And they that creep, and they that fly,  
Shall end where they began.  
Alike the Busy and the Gay 35  
But flutter through life's little day,  
In Fortune's varying colours drest :



Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,  
 Or chill'd by age, their airy dance  
 They leave, in dust to rest. 40

Methinks I hear in accents low,  
 The sportive kind reply :  
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?  
 A solitary fly!  
 Thy joys no glittering female meets, 45  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display :  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—  
 We frolic while 't is May. 50

GRAY.

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 ODE

## ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the watery glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her HENRY'S\* holy shade ;  
 And ye, that from the stately brow 5  
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver-winding way : 10  
 Ah happy rills ! ah pleasing shade !  
 Ah fields beloved in vain !

\* King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain!  
 I feel the gales that from ye blow 15  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring. 20

Say, father Thames, (for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race,  
 Disporting on thy margent green,  
 The paths of pleasure trace,) 25  
 Who foremost now delight to cleave  
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?  
 The captive linnet which enthrall?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball? 30

While some on earnest business bent,  
 Their murmuring labours ply  
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
 To sweeten liberty; 35  
 Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare descry:  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possess'd;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast :  
 Their's buxom health, of rosy hue, 45  
 Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer of vigour born ;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly the approach of morn. 50

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play !  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day :  
 Yet see how all around them wait 55  
 The Ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train :  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murderous band !  
 Ah, tell them they are men ! 60

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind ;  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth, 65  
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart ;  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart. 70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,

## ODE.

59

To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of falsehood those shall try, 75  
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,

That mocks the tear it forced to flow;  
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe. 80

Lo! in the Vale of Years beneath  
A grisly troop are seen,

The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their queen: 85  
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,

That every labouring sinew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage:

Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
And slow-consuming Age. 90

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
Condemn'd alike to groan;  
The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate? 95  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies.

Thought would destroy their paradise.

No more;—where ignorance is bliss,  
'T is folly to be wise. 100

GRAY.

## THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground  
 'T was therefore said by ancient sages,  
     That love of life increased with years  
 So much, that in our latter stages,                   5  
 When pain grows sharp, and sickness rages,  
     The greatest love of life appears.  
 This great affection to believe,  
 Which all confess, but few perceive,  
 If old assertions can 't prevail,                   10  
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round and all were gay,  
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,  
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom  
 With him into another room,                   15  
 And looking grave, "You must," says he,  
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
 "With you? and quit my Susan's side?  
 With you?" the hapless husband cried;  
 "Young as I am? 't is monstrous hard—           20  
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;  
 My thoughts on other matters go;  
 This is my wedding night, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard;  
     His reasons could not well be stronger:       25  
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
     And left to live a little longer.  
 Yet calling up a serious look,  
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,

THE THREE WARNINGS.

61

“Neighbour,” he said, “farewell ; no more 30  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;  
And further, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station, 35  
Three several Warnings shall you have,  
Before you’re summon’d to the grave :  
Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve ;  
In hopes you’ll have no more to say, 40  
But when I call again this way,  
Well-pleas’d the world will leave.”  
To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell, 45  
How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursued his course,  
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,  
The willing Muse shall tell :  
He chaffer’d then, he bought, he sold, 50  
Nor once perceived his growing old,  
Nor thought of Death as near ;  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,  
He pass’d his hours in peace : 55  
But while he view’d his wealth increase,  
While thus along life’s dusty road  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncall’d, unheeded, unawares, 60  
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night in musing mood,  
 As all alone he sat,  
 The unwelcome messenger of Fate  
 Once more before him stood. 65

Half-kill'd with anger and surprise,  
 "So soon return'd?" old Dobson cries;  
 "So soon, d' ye call it?" Death replies;  
 "Surely, my friend, you're but in jest:  
 Since I was here before, 70  
 'T is six-and-thirty years at least,  
 And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd;  
 "To spare the aged would be kind:  
 However, see your search be legal; 75  
 And your authority, is 't regal?  
 Else you come on a fool's errand,  
 With but a Secretary's warrant.  
 Besides you promised me three warnings,  
 Which I have look'd for nights and mornings: 80  
 But for that loss of time and ease,  
 I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,  
 I seldom am a welcome guest:  
 But be not captious, friend, at least: 85  
 I little thought you'd still be able  
 To stump about your farm and stable;  
 Your years have run to a great length:  
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength."

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast; 90  
 I have been lame these four years past."  
 "And no great wonder," Death replies;



LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. 63

“However, you still keep your eyes ;  
And sure, to see one’s loves and friends,  
For legs and arms would make amends.” 95

“Perhaps,” says Dobson’ “so it might ;  
But latterly I’ve lost my sight.”

“This is a shocking story, ’faith ;  
Yet there’s some comfort still,” says Death :  
“Each strives your sadness to amuse : 100  
I warrant you hear all the news.”

“There’s none,” cries he ; “and if there were,  
I’m grown so deaf, I could not hear.”

“Nay then,” the spectre stern rejoin’d,  
“These are unjustifiable yearnings : 105

If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,  
You’ve had your Three sufficient Warnings.  
So come along, no more we’ll part : ”

He said, and touch’d him with his dart ;—  
And now old Dobson, turning pale, 110  
Yields to his fate. So ends my tale.

Piozzi.

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LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o’ daisies white  
Out o’er the grassy lea :  
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams, 5  
And glads the azure skies ;  
But naught can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.



64 LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,	<i>larks</i>
Aloft on dewy wing;	10
The merle, in his noontide bower,	<i>blackbird</i>
Makes woodland echoes ring;	
The mavis wild wi' many a note,	<i>thrush</i>
Sings drowsy day to rest:	
In love and freedom they rejoice,	15
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.	

Now blooms the lily by the bank,	
The primrose down the brae;	<i>brow</i>
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,	
And milk-white is the slae;	<i>sloe</i> 20
The meanest hind in fair Scotland	
May rove their sweets amang;	<i>among</i>
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,	
Maun lie in prison strang.	<i>must strong</i>

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,	25
Where happy I hae been;	
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,	<i>rose</i>
As blithe lay down at e'en:	
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,	
And mony a traitor there;	30
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,	
And never-ending care.	

But as for thee, thou false woman,	
My sister and my fae,	<i>foe</i>
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword	35
That through thy soul shall gae:	<i>go</i>
The weeping blood in woman's breast	
Was never known to thee;	

THE HERMIT.

65

Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe *drops*  
 Frae woman's pitying e'e. *from eyes* 40

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars  
 Upon thy fortune shine ;  
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
 That ne'er wad blink on mine ! *would look*  
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes, 45  
 Or turn their hearts to thee :  
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
 Remember him for me.

O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns  
 Nae mair light up the morn ! *no more* 50  
 Nae mair to me the autumn winds  
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !  
 And in the narrow house o' death  
 Let winter round me rave ;  
 And the next flowers that deck the spring, 55  
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

BURNS.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
 From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;  
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :  
 Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days, 5  
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
 Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—  
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;  
 This sprang some doubt of Providence's sway : 10

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost :  
 So, when a smooth expanse receives imprest  
 Calm nature's image on its watery breast,  
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow, 15  
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow :  
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run. 20

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
 To find if books, or swains, report it right,  
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)

He quits his cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore, 25  
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
 Then with the rising sun a journey went,  
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ; 30  
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;  
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
 And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.

Then near approaching, " Father, hail !" he cried ; 35  
 And, " Hail, my son !" the reverend Sire replied :  
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
 And talk of various kind deceived the road,  
 Till with each other pleased, and loath to part,  
 While in their age they differ, join in heart : 40  
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day  
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;  
 Nature in silence bade the world repose ;                   45  
 When near the road a stately palace rose :  
 There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,  
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
 It chanced the noble master of the dome  
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home :50  
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
 Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
 The pair arrive : the liveried servants wait ;  
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
 The table groans with costly piles of food,                   55  
 And all is more than hospitably good.  
 Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.  
 At length 't is morn, and at the dawn of day,  
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :                   60  
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.  
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;  
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;  
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,                   65  
 Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.  
 Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go ;  
 And, but the landlord, none had cause for woe :  
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise  
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize. 70  
 As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
 Glistening and basking in the sunny ray,  
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;

So seem'd the Sire ; when far upon the road,       75  
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.  
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :  
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard  
 That generous actions meet a base reward.       80  
     While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;  
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,  
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
 Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,   85  
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.  
 T' was built with turrets, on a rising ground,  
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;  
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,  
 Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.       90  
     As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;  
 The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,  
 And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.  
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,   95  
 Driven by the wind and battered by the rain.  
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,  
 ('T was then his threshold first received a guest,)  
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair :     100  
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls :  
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
 (Each hardly granted) served them both to dine ;  
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,     105  
 A ready warning bade them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,  
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;  
 "And why should such," within himself he cried,  
 "Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?" 110  
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place  
 In every settling feature of his face,  
 When from his vest the young companion bore  
 That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,  
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl 115  
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly ;  
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day : 120  
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought  
 With all the travail of uncertain thought ;  
 His partner's acts without their cause appear, 125  
 'T was there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :  
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky, }  
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie, } 130  
 Again they search and find a lodging nigh : }  
 The soil improved around, the mansion neat,  
 And neither poorly low nor idly great :  
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind. 135

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :



Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :  
 " Without a vain, without a grudging heart,      140  
 To Him who gives us all, I yield a part ;  
 From Him you come, for Him accept it here,  
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."  
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,      145  
 When the grave household round his hall repair,  
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.  
 At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,  
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.  
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept      150  
 Near the closed cradle, where an infant slept,  
 And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,  
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.  
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !  
 How look'd the hermit when the fact was done ? 155  
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.  
 Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,  
 He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.  
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay      160  
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :  
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er  
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before :  
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,  
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide. 165  
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
 Approach'd the careless guide and thrust him in :  
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes, 170  
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
 "Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began,  
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:  
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;  
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet; 175  
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;  
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;  
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight, 180  
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;  
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
 And in a calm his settling temper ends. 185  
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
 The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:  
 These charms, success in our bright region find, 190  
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;  
 For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky;—  
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine. 195

"The Maker justly claims that world he made;  
 In this the right of Providence is laid;  
 Its sacred majesty through all depends  
 On using second means to work his ends.  
 'T is thus, withdrawn in state from human eye, 200  
 The Power exerts his attributes on high,



Your actions uses, nor controls your will,  
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

“What strange events can strike with more surprise,  
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes? 205  
Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty just,  
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

“The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;  
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine, 210  
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,  
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door,  
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor; 215  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead, 220  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

“Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;  
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain, 226  
And measured back his steps to earth again.  
To what excesses had his dotage run!  
But God, to save the father, took the son.  
To all, but thee, in fits he seem'd to go, 230  
And 't was my ministry to deal the blow.  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

“But now had all his fortunes felt a wrack,  
 Had that false servant sped in safety back! 235  
 'This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,  
 And what a fund of charity would fail!

“Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,  
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew ; 240  
 The sage stood wondering, as the seraph flew.  
 Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,  
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;  
 The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;  
 The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too. 245

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun, [DONE! ”  
 “LORD ! AS IN HEAVEN, ON EARTH THY WILL BE  
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PARNELL.

## ODE TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best!  
 Bound in thine adamantine chain, 5  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple Tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.  
 When first thy Sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd, 10  
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
 And bade to form her infant mind.

Æ

Stern, rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore :  
 What sorrow was, thou badest her know,           15  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.                   20  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;  
 By vain Prosperity received,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,                   25  
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
 Warm Charity, the general friend,               30  
 With Justice to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O ! gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,               35  
 Nor circled with the vengeful Band  
 (As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thundering voice and threatening mien,  
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.   40

Thy form benign, O goddess ! wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

75

Thy philosophic Train be there  
To soften, not to wound my heart.  
The generous spark extinct revive, 45  
Teach me to love and to forgive,  
Exact my own defects to scan,  
What others are to feel, and know myself a MAN.  
GRAY.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd :  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, 5  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm, 10  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade  
For talking age and whispering lovers made !  
How often have I blest the coming day, 15  
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey'd ; 20  
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;

And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,      25  
 By holding out to tire each other down;  
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,  
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;  
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,      29  
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!      35  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green:  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:      40  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But choked with sedges works its weedy way;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,      45  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.      50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied. 55

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more : 60  
His best companions, innocence and health ;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;  
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose, 65  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;  
And every want to opulence allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room, 70  
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour, 75  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here as I take my solitary rounds  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew, 80  
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown, 85  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;



To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :  
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill, 90  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
 And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past, 95  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine :  
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,  
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ; 100  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly !  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state, 105  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate :  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way ; 110  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose :  
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow, 115  
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;  
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school ; 120  
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.  
 But now the sounds of population fail : 125  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled ;  
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ; 130  
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
 She only left of all the harmless train, 135  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place :  
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power, 145  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ; 150



The long remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;  
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155  
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.  
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe; 160  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;  
 But in his duty prompt at every call, 165  
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, 175  
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place:  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. 180  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;

Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest, 185  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule, 195  
 The village master taught his little school :  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;  
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning face ; 200  
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :  
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught, 205  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;  
 The Village all declared how much he knew,  
 'T was certain he could write and cipher too ;  
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
 And ev'n the story ran—that he could gauge : 210  
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,  
 For ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;  
 While words of learned length, and thundering sound,  
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew 215  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame; the very spot,  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, 220  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225

The parlour splendours of that festive place;  
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day; 230

The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show, 235  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours! could not all  
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart; 240

Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, 245  
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train :  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;  
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play, 255  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd, 260  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toilsome pleasure sickens into pain ;  
 And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey 265  
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
 'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
 Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ; 270  
 Hoards ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,  
 And rich men flock from all the world around.

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name  
 That leaves our useful product still the same.  
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride 275  
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;  
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;

The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;  
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,           281  
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;  
 Around the world each needful product flies,  
 For all the luxuries the world supplies :  
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,       285  
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,  
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,  
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;       290  
 But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,  
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.  
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd ;           295  
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,  
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;  
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;     300  
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
 The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,       305  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there ?  
 To see profusion that he must not share ;       310



To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;  
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,  
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,        315  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;  
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;  
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
 Here, richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train ;    320  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
 Sure scenes like these no trouble e'er annoy !  
 Sure these denote one universal joy !  
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes 325  
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies :  
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence distrest ;  
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;    330  
 Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,  
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
 And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour  
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,        335  
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.  
 Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,  
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?  
 Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !    340  
 Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene.  
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
 Far different there from all that charm'd before, 345  
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;  
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling; 350  
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,  
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey, 355  
 And savage men more murderous still than they;  
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
 Far different these from every former scene,  
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, 360  
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love. [day,  
 Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting  
 That call'd them from their native walks away!  
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, 365  
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,  
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
 For seats like these beyond the western main;  
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep. 370  
 The good old sire the first prepared to go  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.



His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375  
 The fond companion of his helpless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose ; 380  
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;  
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree, 385  
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!  
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own : 390  
 At every draught more large and large they grow,  
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;  
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,  
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Ev'n now the devastation is begun, 395  
 And half the business of destruction done ;  
 Ev'n now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,  
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400  
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;  
 And piety with wishes placed above, 405  
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,  
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,  
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; 410  
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;  
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;  
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel, 415  
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!  
 Farewell! and, O! where'er thy voice be tried,  
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420  
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
 Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;  
 Aid, slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain;  
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
 Teach him, that states of native strength possesst, 425  
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;  
 While self-dependent power can time defy,  
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

GOLDSMITH.

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 MESSIAH.

## A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,  
 Delight no more—O thou, my voice inspire,      5  
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!  
     Rapt into future times, the bard begun :  
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !  
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies : 10  
 The Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.  
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !  
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,      15  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;  
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend. 20  
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !  
 O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !  
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :  
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance ;      25  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !  
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;  
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :      30  
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !  
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise !

With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ; 35  
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !  
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :  
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day : 40  
 'T is he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forgo,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45  
 From every face he wipes off every tear ;  
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,  
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.  
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50  
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55  
 The promised Father of the future age.  
 No more shall nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more : 60  
 But useless lances into sithes shall bend,  
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.  
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son  
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65  
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;  
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear  
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear. 70  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;  
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed, 75  
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
 Pleased the green lustre of their scales survey,  
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.  
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise ! 85  
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes !  
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies ! 90  
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !

No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ; 100  
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

POPE.

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 CREATION.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim :  
 The unwearied sun, from day to day, 5  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.  
 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale, 10  
 And nightly to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth :  
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets, in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
 What though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball !



THE PASSIONS.

93

What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ! 20  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

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THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The PASSIONS oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, 5  
Possess beyond the Muse's painting :  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;  
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired, 10  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each (for Madness ruled the hour) 15  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
Ev'n at the sound himself had made. 20



Next ANGER rush'd ; his eyes on fire,  
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings ;  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan DESPAIR, 25  
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;  
 'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O HOPE, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure ? 30  
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
 She call'd on Echo still, through all the song ; 35  
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
 And HOPE enchanted smiled, and waved her golden  
 hair.

And longer had she sung ;—but, with a frown,  
 REVENGE impatient rose : 40  
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;  
 And with a withering look,  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe ! 45  
 And, ever and anon, he beat  
 The doubling drum, with furious heat ;  
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
 Dejected PITY, at his side,  
 Her soul-subduing voice applied, 50

Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien [his head.  
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from  
 Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to naught were fix'd ;  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state !  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ; 55  
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.  
 With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
 Pale MELANCHOLY sat retired ;  
 And, from her wild sequester'd seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet, 60  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :  
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,  
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay, 65  
 Round a holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs died away.  
 But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,  
 When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue, 70  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !  
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,  
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen, 76  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :  
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;  
 And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.  
 Last came JOY's ecstatic trial : 80  
 He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand address'd !  
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;  
 They would have thought, who heard the strain, 85  
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ; 90  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound :  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O MUSIC ! sphere-descended maid, 95  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !  
 Why, Goddess ! why to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
 You learn'd an all-commanding power, 100  
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !  
 Can well recall what then it heard ;  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?  
 Arise, as in that elder time, 105  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—  
 'T is said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail, 110  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age ;



(Such is the power of mighty love.)  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode, 25  
     When he to fair Olympia press'd; [world.  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;  
 A present deity, they shout around :  
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound : 30  
     With ravish'd ears  
     The monarch hears,  
     Assumes the god,  
     Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres. 35

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung ;  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :  
     The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
     Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;  
     Flush'd with a purple grace 40  
     He shows his honest face :  
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.  
     Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
     Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
     Bacchus' blessings are a treasure, 45  
     Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
     Rich the treasure,  
     Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ; 50  
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew  
     the slain.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

99

The master saw the madness rise ;  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
And, while he heaven and earth defied, 55  
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse  
Soft pity to infuse :  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate, 60

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood ;  
Deserted, at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed ; 65  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
Revolving in his alter'd soul  
The various turns of chance below ; 70  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;  
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see  
That love was in the next degree :  
'T was but a kindred sound to move, 75  
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
Honour but an empty bubble ; 80

Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying :  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying :



- Lovely Thais sits beside thee, 85  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair 90  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
 At length, with love and wine at once opprest,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast. 95
- Now strike the golden lyre again :  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound 100  
 Has raised up his head !  
 As awaked from the dead,  
 And amazed, he stares around.
- Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
 See the Furies arise : 105  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand ! 110
- Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain :  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew. 115



Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy; 119  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow, 125  
 While organs yet were mute;  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came, 130  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds, 134  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown:  
 He raised a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

---

 L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn, [holy!  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks and sights un-

Find out some uncouth cell, 5  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night raven sings;  
 There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10  
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
 In Heaven y'clep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men heart-easing Mirth;  
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
 With two sister Graces more, 15  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:  
 Or whether (as some sages sing)  
 The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-Maying; 20  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee 25  
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it, as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee 35  
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;

And, if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free; 40  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come, in spite of sorrow, 45  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:  
While the cock, with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin; 50  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before:  
Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill, 55  
Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
Some time walking not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate  
Where the great sun begins his state, 60  
Robed in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
While the ploughman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65  
And the mower whets his sithe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures;      70  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The labouring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pide,      75  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.      80  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,  
 Are at their savoury dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,      85  
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.      90  
     Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,      95  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holy-day,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail:  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,      100

With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat :  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she sed,  
 And he, by friar's lantern led,  
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet, 105  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend, 110  
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear 125  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,

Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever, against eating cares, 135  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse ;  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out, 140  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning ;  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony ;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice. 150  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

---

 IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred !  
 How little you bestead,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !  
 Dwell in some idle brain, 5  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless

As the gay notes that people the sunbeams ;  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.      10  
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view      15  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above      20  
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended :  
 Yet thou art higher far descended :  
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore :  
 His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign,      25  
 Such mixture was not held a stain :  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.      30  
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of cyprus lawn,      35  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait ;



And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing :  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure : 50  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation ;  
 And the mute Silence hist along, 55  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night ;  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
 Gently o'er the accustom'd oak : 60  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen 65  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray,  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ; 70

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I heard the far-off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-water'd shore, 75  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar :  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ; 80  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour, 85  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90  
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent 95  
 With planet, or with element.  
 Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine ; 100  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower !  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105  
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears from Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek !  
 Or call up him that left half-told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass ;  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride : 115  
 And if aught else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120  
 Thus Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt,  
 But kerchief'd in a comely cloud, 125  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130  
 And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,

IL PENSEROSO.

111

Of pine, or monumental oak, 135  
 Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honied thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep, 145  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in aery stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid, 150  
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.  
 But let my due feet never fail 155  
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
 And love the high-embowed roof,  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light: 160  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voiced quire below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies, 165  
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

112            ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell            170  
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.  
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,            175  
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

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ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing,  
The breathing instruments inspire,  
Wake into voice each silent string,  
And sweep the sounding lyre !  
In a sadly-pleasing strain            5  
Let the warbling lute complain :  
Let the loud trumpet sound,  
Till the roofs all around  
The shrill echoes rebound :  
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,            10  
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
Hark ! the numbers soft and clear  
Gently steal upon the ear ;  
Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;            15  
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY. 113

Till, by degrees, remote and small,  
The strains decay,  
And melt away, 20  
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,  
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25  
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,  
Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds;  
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:  
Melancholy lifts her head, 30  
Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
Listening Envy drops her snakes;  
Intestine War no more our Passions wage,  
And giddy Factions hear away their rage. 35

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,  
How martial music every bosom warms!  
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,  
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,  
While Argo saw her kindred trees 40  
Descend from Pelion to the main.  
Transported demi-gods stood round,  
And men grew heroes at the sound,  
Inflamed with glory's charms:  
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd, 45  
And half unsheathed the shining blade:  
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound  
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when, through all the infernal bounds,  
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds, 50  
     Love, strong as Death, the Poet led  
     To the pale nations of the dead,  
 What sounds were heard,  
 What scenes appear'd,  
     O'er all the dreary coasts ! 55  
     Dreadful gleams,  
     Dismal screams,  
     Fires that glow,  
     Shrieks of woe,  
     Sullen moans, 60  
     Hollow groans,  
     And cries of tortured ghosts !  
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre !  
 And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,  
     See, shady forms advance ; 65  
     Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
     Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
     And the pale spectres dance,  
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds, 69  
 And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,  
 By the fragrant winds that blow  
     O'er the Elysian flowers ;  
 By those happy souls who dwell  
 In yellow meads of asphodel, 75  
     Or amaranthine bowers ;  
 By the heroes' armed shades,  
 Glittering through the gloomy glades ;  
 By the youths that died for love,  
 Wandering in the myrtle grove, 80



Restore, restore Eurydice to life :  
 O take the Husband, or return the Wife !  
     He sung, and hell consented  
     To hear the Poet's prayer :  
 Stern Proserpine relented, 85  
     And gave him back the fair.  
     Thus song could prevail  
     O'er death and o'er hell,  
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !  
     Though fate had fast bound her 90  
     With Styx nine times round her,  
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :  
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ? 95  
 No crime was thine, if 't is no crime to love.  
     Now under hanging mountains,  
     Beside the fall of fountains,  
     Or where Hebrus wanders,  
     Rolling in meanders, 100  
     All alone,  
     Unheard, unknown,  
     He makes his moan ;  
     And calls her ghost,  
     For ever, ever, ever lost ! 105  
     Now with Furies surrounded,  
     Despairing, confounded,  
     He trembles, he glows,  
     Amidst Rhodope's snows :  
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ; 110  
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries.—  
                     Ah, see ! he dies.

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,  
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;  
     Eurydice the woods, 115  
     Eurydice the floods,  
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
 And fate's severest rage disarm :  
 Music can soften pain to ease, 120  
 And make despair and madness please :  
 Our joys below it can improve,  
 And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,  
 And to her Maker's praise confined the sound. 125  
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,  
     The immortal powers incline their ear ;  
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,  
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;  
     And angels lean from heaven to hear. 130  
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,  
     To bright Cecilia greater power is given ;  
 His numbers raised a shade from hell,  
     Hers lift the soul to heaven.

POPE.

### HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!  
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;  
 That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,  
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,  
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5  
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.

Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,  
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?  
 Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,  
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine? 10  
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?  
 Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,  
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.  
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15  
 'T is nowhere to be found, or everywhere;  
 'T is never to be bought, but always free,  
 And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way: the learn'd are blind;  
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20  
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;  
 Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;  
 Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;  
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25  
 To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
 Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30  
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;  
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;  
 And mourn our various portions as we please,  
 Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, man, "the Universal Cause 35  
 Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"  
 And makes what Happiness we justly call,  
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There 's not a blessing individuals find,  
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;      40  
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,  
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied :  
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,  
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.  
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,      45  
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :  
 Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,  
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.  
     Order is Heaven's first law ; and this confest,  
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,      50  
 More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence  
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.  
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,  
 If all are equal in their happiness :  
 But mutual wants this happiness increase ;      55  
 All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.  
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;  
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,  
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,  
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend :      60  
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole  
 One common blessing, as one common soul ;  
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possest,  
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?  
 If then to all men happiness was meant,      65  
 God in externals could not place content.  
     Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;  
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,  
 While those are placed in hope, and these in fear : 70

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,  
But future views of better or of worse.

O sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise,  
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?  
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75  
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,  
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,  
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.  
POPE.

## ELEGY.

## TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?  
'T is she!—But why that bleeding bosom gored?  
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell, 5  
Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?  
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?  
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10  
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire  
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;  
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:  
Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15  
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 't is true, but peep out once an age,  
 Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage ;  
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years  
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20  
 Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,  
 And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die,)  
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
 As into air the purer spirits flow, 25  
 And separate from their kindred dregs below ;  
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
 Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood ! 30  
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death ;  
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball, 35  
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :  
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;  
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,  
 (While the long funerals blacken all the way,) 40  
 "Lo ! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,  
 And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield."

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !  
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45  
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, O ever-injured shade !  
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?



No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier. 50  
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!  
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear, 55  
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
 And bear about the mockery of woe  
 To midnight dances and the public show;  
 What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face; 60  
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65  
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.  
 So peaceful rest, without a stone, a name,  
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70  
 How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot;  
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
 'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!  
 Poets themselves must fall like those they sung, 75  
 Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;  
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80



122 PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED.

Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

POPE.

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THE PRESENT CONDITION OF  
MAN VINDICATED.

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,  
All but the page prescribed, their present state;  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;  
Or who could suffer Being here below?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,                   5  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
O, blindness to the future! kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;   10  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;   15  
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.  
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:  
Man never IS, but always TO BE blest.                   20  
The soul, uneasy and confined, from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

His soul proud Science never taught to stray      25  
 Far as the solar walk or milky way ;  
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler Heaven ;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,      30  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
 To BE, contents his natural desire,  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,      35  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.  
 Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense,  
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;  
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,  
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much :      40  
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
 Yet cry, if man 's unhappy, God 's unjust ;  
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there :  
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,      45  
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.  
 In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies ;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.      50  
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of ORDER, sins against the Eternal Cause.

POPE.

## ON VERSIFICATION.

BUT most by numbers judge a poet's song,  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:  
 In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,  
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;  
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear, } 5  
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair, }  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire:  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join, 10  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:  
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes.  
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
 In the next line it "whispers through the trees;" 15  
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"  
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 20  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.  
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;  
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 24  
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows, 30  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar :  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw :  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow : 35  
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.  
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !  
 While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove 40  
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;  
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of Nature found,  
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound ! 45

POPE.

## HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father ! these  
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ; 5  
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;  
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.  
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,  
 With light and heat refulgent : then thy sun  
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year : 10  
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,

M 3

By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales  
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15  
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms  
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing  
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,  
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast. 20

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,  
 Such beauty and beneficence combined;  
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade; 25  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30  
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
 One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales, 40  
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes;  
 O, talk of Him in solitary glooms!  
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.



And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45  
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;  
 And let me catch it as I muse along.  
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound; 50  
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,  
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
 Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice  
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55  
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,  
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints:  
 Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him;  
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60  
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65  
 Great source of day! best image here below  
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world; 70  
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,  
 Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;  
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75  
 Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song

Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. 80  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear 85  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.  
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove, 90  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray 95  
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget, my heart, to beat!  
 Should fate command me to the farthest verge 100  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; 't is nought to me;  
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105  
 In the void waste as in the city full;  
 And where He vital breathes there must be joy.  
 When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,



THE STORY OF LAVINIA.

129

And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers, 110  
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go  
Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;  
From seeming Evil still educing Good,  
And better thence again, and better still, 115  
In infinite progression. But I lose  
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable:  
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

THOMSON.

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THE STORY OF LAVINIA.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;  
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,  
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 5  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;  
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 10  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 15  
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, O, grateful think!

How good the God of Harvest is to you ; 20  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind  
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want 25  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.  
 The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;  
 And Fortune smiled deceitful on her birth ;  
 For, in her helpless years deprived of all,  
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 30  
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired  
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 35  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride ;  
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;  
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 40  
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,  
 As is the lily or the mountain snow.  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 45  
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ;  
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune promised once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 50  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace

Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,                   55  
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,  
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,  
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills                   60  
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;  
 So flourish'd—blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd  
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,                   65  
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
 Palemon was, the generous and the rich;  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy  
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song                   70  
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;  
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
 Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train                   75  
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.                   80  
 That very moment love and chaste desire  
 Sprung in his bosom to himself unknown;  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,

Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field; 85  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :  
 " What pity, that so delicate a form,  
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace 90  
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind  
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands, 95  
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.  
 'T is said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
 Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 His aged widow and his daughter live, 100  
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !"  
 When, strict inquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak 105  
 The mingled passions that surprised his heart,  
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?  
 Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once. 110  
 Confused and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :  
 " And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ? 115

She, whom my restless gratitude has sought  
 So long in vain? O, heavens! the very same,  
 The soften'd image of my noble friend;  
 Alive his every look, his every feature,  
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring! 120  
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
 That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah, where,  
 In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn  
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?  
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 125  
 Though Poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
 Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?  
 O let me now into a richer soil  
 Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers  
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 130  
 And of my garden be the pride and joy!  
 It ill befits thee, O! it ill befits  
 Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,  
 Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 The father of a country, thus to pick 135  
 The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 But ill applied to such a rugged task;  
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine; 140  
 If to the various blessings which thy house  
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"  
 Here ceased the youth: yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 145  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.



Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 150  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While pierced with anxious thought, she pined away  
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate.  
 Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam 155  
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours:  
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 160

THOMSON.

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ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen 5  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night, 10  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.  
 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of Stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn, 15

Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise 20  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,  
 With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their orb that flies:  
 And ye five other wandering Fires, that move 25  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Aia, and ye Elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix 30  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold, 35  
 In honour to the world's Great Author rise;  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow, 40  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living Souls: Ye Birds, 45  
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.



136 DISCOURSE BETWEEN ADAM AND EVE.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even, 50  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail, Universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us only good; and if the night  
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd, 55  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

MILTON.

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DISCOURSE BETWEEN ADAM AND EVE ON  
RETIRING TO REST.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale; 5  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleased; Now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length 10  
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour  
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set 15  
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines  
Our eyelids: Other creatures all day long

Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest; 20  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account. 25  
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon flowery arbour, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown, 30  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
 That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease; 35  
 Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:  
 "My author and disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargued I obey: So God ordains;  
 God is thy law, thou mine: To know no more 40  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time;  
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun, 45  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night, 50  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,

138 DISCOURSE BETWEEN ADAM AND EVE.

And these the gems of Heaven her starry train :  
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower, 55  
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom 60  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ? ”  
To whom our general ancestor replied :  
“ Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,  
These have their course to finish round the earth  
By morrow evening, and from land to land 65  
In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;  
Lest total Darkness should by night regain  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things ; which these soft fires 70  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
Of various influence, foment and warm,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
On earth, made hereby apter to receive 75  
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were none,  
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise :  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth, 80  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night. How often from the steep

Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices, to the midnight air, 85  
 Sole, or responsive to each other's note,  
 Singing their great Creator! oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs 90  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."  
 Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd  
 On to their blissful bower.

MILTON.

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 NORVAL.

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills  
 My father feeds his flock; a frugal swain,  
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd 5  
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;  
 And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
 This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,  
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,  
 A band of fierce barbarians from the hills 10  
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled  
 For safety and for succour. I alone,  
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd 15  
 The road he took, then hasted to my friends;  
 Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men  
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,

'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.  
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn, 20  
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,  
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
 The shepherd's slothful life; and, having heard  
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers, 25  
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
 I left my father's house, and took with me  
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps,  
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.  
 Journeying with this intent, I past these towers, 30  
 And, heaven directed, came this day to do  
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

HOMER.

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OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,  
 My very noble and approved good masters,—  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true; true, I have married her:  
 The very head and front of my offending 5  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field; 10  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious patience,



I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 15  
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal,)  
 I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me; oft invited me; 20  
 Still question'd me the story of my life,  
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it. 25

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence, 30  
 And portance in my travels' history:

Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle, [heaven,  
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
 It was my hint to speak, such was the process;

And of the Cannibals that each other eat, 35

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline:

But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch, 40

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,

Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate, 45  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

But not intently: I did consent;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done, 50  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 Sheswore, In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,  
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:  
 She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd 54  
 That Heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me;  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake;  
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
 And I loved her that she did pity them. 60  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

SHAKSPEARE.

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HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.

WHAT 's he that wishes for more men from England?  
 My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:  
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
 To do our country loss; and if to live,  
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour. 5  
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;  
 It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;  
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires: 10  
 But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
 I am the most offending soul alive.  
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:



God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me, 15  
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more;  
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
 That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse: 20  
 We would not die in that man's company,  
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:  
 He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, 25  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age,  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
 And say—To-morrow is saint Crispian:  
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars, 30  
 And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.  
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
 But he'll remember, with advantages,  
 What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,  
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,— 35  
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:  
 This story shall the good man teach his son;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by, 40  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered:  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
 For he; to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
 Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile, 45

This day shall gentle his condition :  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,  
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's Day. 50

SHAKSPEARE.

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CASSIUS.

I CANNOT tell what you and other men  
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be, as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you : 5  
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, " Darest thou, Cassius, now 10  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point ? " Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.  
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it 15  
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
 Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink ! " 20  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar ; And this man  
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body, 25  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:  
His coward lips did from their colour fly; 30  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:  
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
"Alas!" it cried, "give me some drink, Titinius"—  
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me, 36  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

SHAKSPEARE.

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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

.....ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits, and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant; 5  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:  
And then, the whining School-boy; with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school: And then, the Lover;  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad 10  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then a Soldier;  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth : And then, the Justice ;  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,           16  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon ;               20  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose well-saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,       25  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.  
SHAKSPEARE.

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LIFE.

.....REASON thus with life,—  
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
 That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,  
 (Servile to all the skyey influences,  
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,       5  
 Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;  
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet run'st toward him still : Thou art not noble :  
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,       9  
 Are nursed by baseness : Thou art by no means valiant ;  
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
 Of a poor worm : Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provokest ; yet grossly fear'st  
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;  
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 15  
 That issue out of dust : Happy thou art not ;  
 For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get ;  
 And, what thou hast, forget'st : Thou art not certain ;  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
 After the moon : If thou art rich, thou art poor ; 20  
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And death unloads thee : Friend hast thou none ;  
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 25  
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum, [age ;  
 For ending thee no sooner : Thou hast nor youth, nor  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth  
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms 30  
 Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old, and rich,  
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,  
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life  
 Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear, 35  
 That makes these odds all even.

SHAKSPEARE.

## CLARENCE'S DREAM.

## CLARENCE AND BRAKENBURY.

*Brak.* WHY looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

*Clar.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night, 5  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you,  
tell me.

*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ; 10  
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster, 15  
That had befallen us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought, that Glo'ster stumbled ; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that sought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20  
O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !  
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;  
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ; 25  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept 30  
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure, in the time of death,



To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ? 35

*Clar.* Methought, I had ; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air ;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

*Clar.* O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul !  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood, 45  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul  
Was my great father-in-law, renown'd Warwick ;  
Who cried aloud, " What scourge for perjury 50  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?"

And so he vanish'd : Then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud, 54  
" Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,  
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury ;  
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !"

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60  
I trembling waked, and for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it. 65

*Clar.* O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,

That now give evidence against my soul,  
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!  
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, 70  
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:  
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!  
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

SHAKSPEARE.

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 CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror  
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul 5  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'T is the Divinity that stirs within us;  
 'T is Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought! 10  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us, 15  
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue  
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.  
 But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.  
 I am weary of conjectures—this must end them. 20

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and life,  
 My bane and antidote are both before me :  
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles           25  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,                 30  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.  
ADDISON.

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ORLANDO AND ADAM.

*Orlan.* WHO'S there ?

*Adam.* What! my young master? O my gentle master,  
 O my sweet master, O you memory  
 Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?  
 Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ? 5  
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant ?  
 Why would you be so fond to overcome  
 The bony priser of the humorous duke ?  
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men         10  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?  
 No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it !                             15

*Orlan.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
 Come not within these doors; within this roof  
 The enemy of all your graces lives:  
 Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son— 20  
 Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—  
 Of him I was about to call his father)—  
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means  
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
 And you within it: if he fail of that, 25  
 He will have other means to cut you off;  
 I overheard him, and his practices.  
 This is no place, this house is but a butchery:  
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orlan.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have  
 me go? 30

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orlan.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my  
 food;

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce  
 A thievish living on the common road?  
 This I must do, or know not what to do; 35  
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can:  
 I rather will subject me to the malice  
 Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,  
 The thrifty hire I saved under your father, 40  
 Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,  
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
 Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, 45  
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:

All this I give you. Let me be your servant :  
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ; 50  
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility ;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;  
 I'll do the service of a younger man 55  
 In all your business and necessities.

*Orlan.* O good old man ; how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world,  
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed !  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times, 60  
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;  
 And having that, do choke their service up  
 Ev'n with the having : it is not so with thee.  
 But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,  
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield, 65  
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :  
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;  
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on ; and I will follow thee, 70  
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty :—  
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;  
 But at fourscore it is too late a week : 75  
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,  
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

SHAKSPEARE.

## HENRY IV.'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness? 5  
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state, 10  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
 In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast 15  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them 20  
 With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night, 25  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPEARE.



## WOLSEY.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;         5  
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;         10  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;         15  
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;         20  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

SHAKSPEARE.

## ODE TO TRUTH.

## I. 1.

SAY, will no white-robed Son of Light,  
 Swift darting from his heavenly height,  
 Here deign to take his hallow'd stand ;

Here wave his amber locks ; unfold  
 His pinions clothed with downy gold ;           5  
 Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand ?  
 And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known  
 Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,  
 Though now ye circle yon eternal throne  
 With harpings high of inexpressible praise,       10  
 Will not your train descend in radiant state, [Fate ?  
 To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud of

## I. 2.

'T is silence all. No Son of Light  
 Darts swiftly from his heavenly height ;  
 No train of radiant Saints descend.           15  
 "Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,  
 If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,  
 Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."  
 So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound  
 Burst from the centre of her burning throne ;       20  
 Where aye she sits with star-wreathed lustre  
 A bright sun clasps her adamant zone. [crown'd :  
 So Truth proclaims : her awful voice I hear :  
 With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

## I. 3.

"Attend, ye sons of men ; attend, and say,  
 Does not enough of my refulgent ray  
 Break through the veil of your mortality ?  
 Say, does not reason in this form descry  
 Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass       29  
 The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace?

## II. 1.

"Shall then your earth-born daughters vie  
 With me ? Shall she, whose brightest eye

But emulates the diamond's blaze,  
 Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,  
 Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume, 35  
 Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,  
 Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form  
 Of elemental dross, of mouldering clay,  
 Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm  
 Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day 40  
 Shall pass, and she is gone; while I appear [year.  
 Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heaven's eternal

## II. 2.

"Know, Mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,  
 Ere first these orbs in ether hung,  
 I shone amid the heavenly throng. 45  
 These eyes beheld Creation's day,  
 This voice began the choral lay,  
 And taught Archangels their triumphant song.  
 Pleased I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,  
 Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread, 50  
 Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flowering earth,  
 And Ocean heave on his extended bed;  
 Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,  
 The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

## II. 3.

"Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace, 55  
 Heaven's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,  
 And as he rose the high behest was given,  
 That I alone, of all the host of Heaven,  
 Should reign Protectress of the godlike youth:  
 Thus the Almighty spake: he spake, and call'd me  
 Truth." MASON.

## THE BARD.

## I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!  
 Confusion on thy banners wait;  
 Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state.  
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail, 5  
 Nor ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"  
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay, 10  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:  
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering  
 lance.

## I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15  
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;  
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air) 20  
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
 "Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,  
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!  
 O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave, 25  
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;  
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

## I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
 That hush'd the stormy main : 30  
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :  
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
 Modred, whose magic song  
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.  
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, 35  
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :  
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail  
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.  
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes, 40  
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.  
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—  
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
 On yonder cliff, a grisly band,  
 I see them sit; they linger yet, 45  
 Avengers of their native land :  
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."

## II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race; 50  
 Give ample room, and verge enough  
 The characters of hell to trace.  
 Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
 The shrieks of death thro' Berkeley's roof that ring, 55  
 Shrieks of an agonizing king !  
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,

That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs 59  
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!  
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,  
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

## II. 2.

“Mighty victor, mighty lord!  
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65  
 A tear to grace his obsequies.  
 Is the sable warrior fled?  
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
 The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born,  
 Gone to salute the rising morn. 70  
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,  
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway, 75  
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

## II. 3.

“Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
 The rich repast prepare;  
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:  
 Close by the regal chair, 80  
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course, 85  
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.



Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,  
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head. 90  
 Above, below, the rose of snow,  
 Twined with her blushing foe we spread :  
 The bristled Boar in infant gore  
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom, 95  
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

## III. I.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)  
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
 (The web is wove. The work is done.) 100  
 Stay, O, stay! nor thus forlorn  
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :  
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,  
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 But, O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height 105  
 Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll!  
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!  
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.  
 All hail, ye genuine kings; Britannia's issue, hail! 110

## III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold  
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,  
 In bearded majesty appear.  
 In the midst a form divine! 115  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line :

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,  
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.  
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air!  
 What strains of vocal transport round her play! 120  
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;  
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,  
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

## III. 3.

“The verse adorn again, 125  
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,  
 And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.  
 In buskin'd measures move  
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast. 130  
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,  
 Gales from blooming Eden bear;  
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
 That lost in long futurity expire. 134  
 Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,  
 Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
 Enough for me: with joy I see  
 The different doom our fates assign. 140  
 Be thine despair, and sceptred care;  
 To triumph, and to die, are mine.”  
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

GRAY.

## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues, from the Flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

“THUS thou hast seen one world begin and end;  
 And Man, as from a second stock, proceed.  
 Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive  
 Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine  
 Must needs impair and weary human sense:         5  
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate;  
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

“This second source of Men, while yet but few,  
 And while the dread of judgment past remains  
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,         10  
 With some regard to what is just and right  
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;  
 Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
 Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or flock,  
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,         15  
 With large wine-offerings pour'd and sacred feast,  
 Shall spend their days in joys unblamed; and dwell  
 Long time in peace, by families and tribes,

Under paternal rule: till one shall rise  
 Of proud ambitious heart; who, not content 20  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserved  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of nature from the earth;  
 Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his game) 25  
 With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous:  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall he styled  
 Before the Lord; as in despite of heaven,  
 Or from heaven, claiming second sovranty; 30  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find 35  
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:  
 Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build  
 A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven;  
 And get themselves a name; lest, far dispersed 40  
 In foreign lands, their memory be lost;  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 But God, who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen and through their habitations walks  
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 45  
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tower  
 Obstruct heaven-towers; and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase  
 Quite out their native language; and, instead,  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown: 50

Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,  
 Among the builders; each to other calls  
 Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 As mock'd they storm: great laughter was in heaven,  
 And looking down to see the hubbub strange, 55  
 And hear the din: Thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work *Confusion* named."

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd:  
 "O execrable son! so to aspire  
 Above his brethren; to himself assuming 60  
 Authority usurp'd, from God not given:  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By his donation; but man over men  
 He made not lord; such title to himself 65  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on Man; to God his tower intends  
 Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither, to sustain 70  
 Himself and his rash army; where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"

To whom thus Michael: "Justly thou abhorr'st  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men 75  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being: 80  
 Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires,

And upstar passions, catch the government  
 From reason; and to servitude reduce  
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits 85  
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords;  
 Who oft as undeservedly inthral  
 His outward freedom: tyranny must be; 90  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty; 95  
 Their inward lost. Witness the irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark; who, for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
 'Servant of servants,' on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world, 100  
 Still tend from bad to worse; till God at last,  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways; 105  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring;  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship: O, that men 110  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch lived, who 'scaped the flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone



For gods! Yet him, God the Most High vouchsafes  
 To call, by vision, from his father's house,      116  
 His kindred, and false gods, into a land  
 Which He will show him; and from him will raise  
 A mighty nation; and upon him shower  
 His benediction so, that in his seed      120  
 All nations shall be blest: he straight obeys;  
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,  
 Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford      125  
 To Haran; after him a cumbrous train  
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;  
 Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him in a land unknown.  
 Canaan he now attains; I see his tents      130  
 Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain  
 Of Moreh; there by promise he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the Desert south;  
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed;)  
 From Hermon east to the great western Sea;      136  
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea; each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shore  
 Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,  
 Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons      140  
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
 This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
 Shall in his seed be blessed: By that seed  
 Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
 The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon  
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,

Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
 A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves ;  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown :  
 The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs 150  
 From Canaan to a land hereafter call'd  
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;  
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
 Into the sea : To sojourn in that land  
 He comes, invited by a younger son 155  
 In time of dearth ; a son, whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that realm  
 Of Pharaoh : there he dies, and leaves his race  
 Growing into a nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks 160  
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant males :  
 Till by two brethren (these two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 165  
 His people from inthralment, they return,  
 With glory and spoil, back to their promised land.  
 But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies  
 To know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire ; 170  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd ;  
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
 With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
 His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;  
 Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss, 175  
 And all his people ; thunder mix'd with hail,  
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,  
 And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls ;

What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 180  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
 Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born  
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 185  
 The river-dragon, tamed, at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart; but still, as ice  
 More harden'd after thaw; till, in his rage  
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 190  
 Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass,  
 As on dry land, between two crystal walls;  
 Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
 Divided, till his rescued gain their shore:  
 Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend, 195  
 Though present in his angel; who shall go  
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire;  
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;  
 To guide them in their journey, and remove  
 Behind them while the obdurate king pursues: 200  
 All night he will pursue; but his approach  
 Darkness defends between till morning watch;  
 Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,  
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
 And craze their chariot-wheels: when, by command,  
 Moses once more his potent rod extends 206  
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
 And overwhelm their war: the race elect  
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 210

Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,  
 Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,  
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life **215**  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
 This also shall they gain by their delay  
 In the wide wilderness; there they shall found  
 Their government, and their great senate choose **220**  
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:  
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
 Shall tremble, He descending, will Himself  
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,  
 Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain **225**  
 To civil justice; part, religious rites  
 Of sacrifice; informing them by types  
 And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise  
 The serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God **230**  
 To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech  
 That Moses might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought,  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without mediator, whose high office now **235**  
 Moses in figure bears; to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
 And all the prophets in their age the times  
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus, laws and rites  
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men **240**  
 Obedient to His will, that He vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up His tabernacle;

The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:  
 By His prescript a sanctuary is framed  
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein 245  
 An ark, and in the ark His testimony,  
 The records of His covenant; over these  
 A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim; before Him burn  
 Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing 250  
 The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud  
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night;  
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,  
 Conducted by His Angel, to the land  
 Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest 255  
 Were long to tell; how many battles fought;  
 How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won;  
 Or how the sun shall in mid heaven stand still  
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand, 260  
 And thou, Moon, in the vale of Ajalon,  
 Till Israel overcome!' so call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac; and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."  
 Here Adam interposed: "O sent from Heaven, 265  
 Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly, which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find  
 Mine eyes true-opening, and my heart much eased,  
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would become  
 Of me and all mankind: but now I see 271  
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest;  
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.



This yet I apprehend not, why to those                    275  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,  
 So many and so various laws are given;  
 So many laws argue so many sins  
 Among them; how can God with such reside?"  
 To whom thus Michael: "Doubt not but that sin  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot;                    281  
 And therefore was law given them, to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight: that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,                    285  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man;  
 Just for unjust; that, in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find                    290  
 Justification towards God and peace  
 Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies  
 Cannot appease; nor man the mortal part  
 Perform; and, not performing, cannot live.  
 So law appears imperfect; and but given                    295  
 With purpose to resign them, in full time,  
 Up to a better covenant; disciplined  
 From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit;  
 From imposition of strict laws to free  
 Acceptance of large grace; from servile fear                    300  
 To filial; works of law to works of faith.  
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
 Highly beloved, being but the minister  
 Of law, his people in to Canaan lead;  
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,                    305  
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell



The adversary serpent, and bring back  
 Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed, 310  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
 National interrupt their public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies ;  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By judges first, then under kings ; of whom 315  
 The second, both for piety renown'd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing  
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock 320  
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
 A Son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
 All nations ; and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last ; for of his reign shall be no end, 325  
 But first, a long succession must ensue ;  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.  
 Such follow him, as shall be register'd 330  
 Part good, part bad ; of bad the longer scroll ;  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark, 335  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion ; Babylon thence call'd.

There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of seventy years; then brings them back,  
 Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn 341  
 To David, 'stablish'd as the days of heaven.  
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God  
 They first re-edify; and for a while 345  
 In mean estate live moderate; till, grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
 But first among the priests dissension springs,  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings 350  
 Upon the temple itself: at last they seize  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King Messiah might be born  
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star, 355  
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come;  
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:  
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night; 360  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the Most High: he shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 365  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens."  
 He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words; which these he breathed:  
 "O prophet of glad tidings, finisher 370

Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;  
 Why our great Expectation should be call'd  
 The seed of woman: virgin mother, hail,  
 High in the love of Heaven; yet from my loins 375  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God Most High: so God with man unites!  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain: say where and when 379  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel."  
 To whom thus Michael: "Dream not of their fight,  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 385  
 Satan, whose fall from heaven, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:  
 Which He, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
 In thee, and in thy seed: nor can this be, 390  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the law of God, imposed  
 On penalty of death, and suffering death;  
 The penalty to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow 395  
 So only can high justice rest appaid.  
 The law of God exact he shall fulfil  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment  
 He shall endure, by coming in the flesh 400  
 To a reproachful life, and cursed death;  
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe

In his redemption ; and that his obedience,  
 Imputed, becomes theirs by faith ; his merits  
 To save them, not their own, though legal, works. 405  
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,  
 Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd  
 A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross  
 By his own nation ; slain for bringing life :  
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 410  
 The law that is against thee, and the sins  
 Of all mankind, with him there crucified,  
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
 In this his satisfaction ; so he dies,  
 But soon revives ; death over him no power 415  
 Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light  
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
 Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
 His death for man, as many as offer'd life, 420  
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
 By faith not void of works : This godlike act  
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,  
 In sin for ever lost from life ; this act  
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength, 425  
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms ;  
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
 Than temporal death, shall bruise the Victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems ; a death, like sleep,  
 A gentle wafting to immortal life. 430  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on earth, than certain times to appear  
 To his disciples, men who in his life  
 Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge

To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 435  
 And his salvation; them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the Redeemer died. 440  
 All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world  
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 445  
 Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the air,  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
 The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume 451  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in heaven; and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead;  
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward 456  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in heaven or earth; for then the earth  
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days." 460  
 So spake the archangel Michael; then paused,  
 As at the world's great period; and our sire,  
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied:  
 "O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 465  
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful



Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness ! Full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin  
 By me done, and occasion'd ; or rejoice 470  
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring ;  
 To God more glory, more good-will to men  
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
 But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven  
 Must re-ascend, what will betide the few 475  
 His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,  
 The enemies of truth ? Who then shall guide  
 His people, who defend ? Will they not deal  
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt ?"  
 "Be sure they will," said the angel ; "but from  
 heaven 480  
 He to his own a Comforter will send,  
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
 His Spirit within them ; and the law of faith,  
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,  
 To guide them in all truth ; and also arm 485  
 With spiritual armour, able to resist  
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
 What man can do against them, not afraid,  
 Though to the death ; against such cruelties  
 With inward consolations recompensed, 490  
 And oft supported so as shall amaze  
 Their proudest persecutors : for the Spirit,  
 Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends  
 To evangelize the nations, then on all  
 Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue 495  
 To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win



Great numbers of each nation to receive  
 With joy the tidings brought from heaven: at length  
 Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 500  
 Their doctrine and their story written left,  
 They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
 Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven  
 To their own vile advantages shall turn 505  
 Of lucre and ambition; and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,  
 Left only in those written records pure,  
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names, 510  
 Places, and titles, and with these to join  
 Secular power; though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promised alike and given  
 To all believers; and, from that pretence, 515  
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
 Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind 520  
 His consort Liberty? what but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith, not another's? for, on earth,  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? yet many will presume: 525  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all, who in the worship persevere  
 Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms

Religion satisfied; truth shall retire 530  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
 Rarely be found. So shall the world go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
 Under her own weight groaning; till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just, 535  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promised to thy aid,  
 The woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold,  
 Now ampler known thy Saviour and thy Lord;  
 Last, in the clouds, from heaven to be reveal'd 540  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted world; then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,  
 New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,  
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love; 545  
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

He ended; and thus Adam last replied:  
 "How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,  
 Measured this transient world, the race of time,  
 Till time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss, 550  
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart;  
 Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 555  
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
 And love with fear the only God; to walk  
 As in his presence; ever to observe  
 His providence; and on him sole depend,  
 Merciful over all his works, with good 560  
 Still overcoming evil, and by small

Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
 By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory, 565  
 And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;  
 Taught this by his example, whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

To whom thus also the Angel last replied:  
 "This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 570  
 Of wisdom: hope no higher, though all the stars  
 Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,  
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
 Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,  
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 575  
 And all the rule, one empire; only add  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance: add love,  
 By name to come call'd charity, the soul  
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth 580  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.  
 Let us descend now therefore from this top  
 Of speculation; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence; and see! the guards, 585  
 By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.  
 We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd, 590  
 Portending good, and all her spirits composed  
 To meek submission: thou, at season fit,  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;

Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her seed to come      595  
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind:  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,  
 With cause, for evils past; yet much more cheer'd  
 With meditation on the happy end."      600

He ended, and they both descend the hill;  
 Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve  
 Lay sleeping, ran before: but found her waked;  
 And thus with words not sad she him received:  
 "Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;  
 For God is also in sleep; and dreams advise,      606  
 Which he has sent propitious, some great good  
 Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
 In me is no delay: with thee to go,      610  
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
 Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure      615  
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
 By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

MILTON.

## APPENDIX.

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### THE GOOD PARSON.

A GOOD man ther was of religioun,  
That was a poure Persone of a toun : *Parson*  
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.  
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,  
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche. 5  
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.  
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent, *kind wonderful*  
And in adversite ful patient :  
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes. *such proved times*  
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes, 10  
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute, *given*  
Unto his poure parishens aboute,  
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.  
He coude in litel thing have suffisance. *sufficiency*  
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder, 15  
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,  
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite  
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite, *great little*  
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staff.  
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf, *gave* 20  
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.  
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught.

And this figure he added yet therto,  
 That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do ?  
 For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,                   25  
 No wonder is a lewed man to rust :  
 Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,                   *give*  
 By his clenenesse, how his shepe should live.  
 He sette not his benefice to hire,  
 And lette his shepe acombred in the mire, *leave encumbered*  
 And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,                   31  
 To seken him a chanterie for soules,  
 Or with a brotherhede to be withold :  
 But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,  
 So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.                   35  
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.  
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,  
 He was to sinful men not dispitous,                   *angry to excess*  
 Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,                   *proud*  
 But in his teching discrete and benigne.                   40  
 To drawen folk to Heven, with fairenesse,  
 By good ensample, was his besinesse :  
 But if were any persone obstinat,  
 What so he were of highe, or low estat,                   44  
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.                   *reprove*  
 A better preest I trowe that no wher non is.                   *[occasion*  
 He waited after no pompe ne reverence,  
 Ne maked him no spiced conscience,  
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.                   50

CHAUCER.



TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep! O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,  
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and low;  
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease\*  
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw; 6  
O, make in me those civil wars to cease;  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light; 10  
A rosy garland, and a weary head.  
And if these things, as being thine by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

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THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,  
And all the steepy mountain yields:

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

\* Press or crowd.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
 And a thousand fragrant posies,                   10  
 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 ;                   15  
 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.                   20

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.

MARLOWE.

UNA.

NAUGHT is there under heavens wide hollownesse  
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,  
 Than beautie brought to unworthie wretchednesse,  
 Through Envies snares, or Fortunes freaks unkind.  
 I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,                   5  
 Or through aileageance, and fast fealty,  
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,  
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,                   *pierced*  
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe, 10  
 For fairest *Unaes* sake, of whom I sing,  
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,  
 To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,  
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,  
 Though faire as ever living wight was fayre, 15  
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,  
 Is from her Knight divorced in dispayre,  
 And her dew loves deryvd to that vile Witches shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while  
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd, 20  
 Far from all peoples prease, as in exile, *press or crowd*  
 In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,  
 To seeke her Knight; who, subtilly betrayd  
 Through that late vision which the Enchaunter wrought,  
 Had her abandond: She, of naught affrayd, 25  
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;  
 Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,  
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;  
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay 30  
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:  
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,  
 And layd her stole aside: her angels face, *long robe*  
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
 And made a sunshine in the shady place; 35  
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood  
 A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,  
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:

Soone as the royall Virgin he did spy, 40  
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse:  
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,  
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,  
 And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse. 45  
 Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,  
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;  
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.  
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong! 50  
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,  
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion;  
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.  
 "The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field," 55  
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,  
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:—  
 But he, my Lyon, and my noble lord, 60  
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate  
 Her, that him lovd, and ever most adord  
 As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"  
 Redounding teares did choke the end of her plaint,  
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood; 65  
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,  
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;  
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.  
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,  
 Arose the Virgin borne of heavenly brood, 70

And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,  
To seek her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,  
But with her went along, as a strong gard  
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate 75  
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :  
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;  
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,  
With humble service to her will prepar'd :  
From her fayre eyes he took commandement, 80  
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

SPENSER.

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 THE WORLD'S VANITY.

LOOKING far foorth into the ocean wide,  
A goodly ship, with banners bravely dight,  
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide,  
Through the maine sea making her merry flight :  
Faire blew the wind into her bosome right ; 5  
And the heavens looked lovely all the while ;  
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,  
And at her owne felicitie did smile.  
All sodainely there clove unto her keele  
A little fish, that men call *Remora*, 10  
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,  
That winde nor tide could move her thence away.  
Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing  
Should able be so great an one to wring !

SPENSER.

## CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd  
 At cardes for kisses ; Cupid pay'd ;  
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
 His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows ;  
 Loses them too ; then down he throws           5  
 The coral of his lippe, the rose  
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how) ;  
 With these, the crystal of his browe,  
 And then the dimple of his chinne ;  
 All these did my Campaspe winne.           10  
 At last he set her both his eyes ;  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
     O Love ! has she done this to thee ?  
     What shall, alas ! become of mee ?

LVLV.

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A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON GOING  
TO TRAVEL.

My blessing with you,  
 And these few precepts in thy memory.  
 Look thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act :  
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :           5  
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,           10  
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee :



Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment :  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;      15  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.  
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 'This above all ;—to thine own self be true ;      20  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

SHAKSPEARE.

## BEAUTY.

O ! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,  
   By that sweet ornament which Truth doth give !  
   The Rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
   For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye      5  
   As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;  
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,  
   When summer's breath their masked buds discloses.  
 But, (for their virtue only is their show)  
   They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;      10  
   Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;  
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :  
   And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
   When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE  
SHEPHERD.

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.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,     5  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb;  
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields;     10  
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,     15  
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.     20

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.

RALEIGH.

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;  
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose whose hue angry and brave           5  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,           10  
My musick shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like season'd timber, never gives;  
But, though the whole world turn to coal,   15  
Then chiefly lives.

HERBERT.

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KNOWELL'S REPROOF TO MASTER  
STEPHEN.

FROM "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

WHAT would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;  
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;  
That would I have you do: and not to spend  
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,  
Or every foolish brain that humours you.           5

I would not have you to invade each place,  
 Nor thrust yourself on all societies,  
 Till men's affections, or your own desert,  
 Should worthily invite you to your rank.  
 He that is so disrespectful in his courses, 10  
 Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.  
 Nor would I you should melt away yourself  
 In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect  
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,  
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it; 15  
 And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,  
 Whose property is only to offend.  
 I 'd have you sober, and contain yourself,  
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;  
 But moderate your expenses now, at first, 20  
 As you may keep the same proportion still:  
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,  
 Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,  
 From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,  
 Except you make, or hold it. 25

BEN JONSON.

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A DEFENCE OF POETRY.

I CAN refell opinion, and approve  
 The state of poesy, such as it is,  
 Blessed, eternal, and most true divine:  
 Indeed, if you will look on poesy,  
 As she appears in many, poor and lame, 5  
 Patch'd up in remnants and old worn-out rags,  
 Half-starved for want of her peculiar food,  
 Sacred invention; then, I must confirm

Both your conceit and censure of her merit :  
 But view her in her glorious ornaments, 10  
 Attired in the majesty of art,  
 Set high in spirit with the precious taste  
 Of sweet philosophy ; and, which is most,  
 Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul,  
 That hates to have her dignity prophaned 15  
 With any relish of an earthly thought,  
 O, then how proud a presence doth she bear !  
 Then is she like herself, fit to be seen  
 Of none but grave and consecrated eyes.  
 Nor is it any blemish to her fame, 20  
 That such lean, ignorant, and blasted wits,  
 Such brainless gulls, should utter their stolen wares  
 With such applauses in our vulgar ears ;  
 Or that their slubber'd lines have current pass,  
 From the fat judgements of the multitude ; 25  
 But that this barren and infected age  
 Should set no difference 'twixt these empty spirits,  
 And a true poet ; than which reverend name  
 Nothing can more adorn humanity.

BEN JONSON.

## TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN, and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep :  
 Hesperus entreats thy light, 5  
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose ;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to clear, when day did close :           10  
     Bless us then with wished sight,  
     Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal shining quiver ;  
 Give unto the flying hart                       15  
     Space to breathe, how short soever ;  
     Thou that makest a day of night,  
     Goddess excellently bright.

BEN JONSON.

## SONG TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine ;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I 'll not look for wine :  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,           5  
     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,                   10  
 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,       15  
     Not of itself, but thee.                   BEN JONSON.



THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill :  
Whose passions not his masters are, 5  
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of public fame, or private breath :  
Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice hath ever understood ; 10  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :  
Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15  
Nor ruin make oppressors great :  
Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend ! 20  
This man is freed from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall :  
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

WOTTON.

---

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT.

You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes

More by your number than your light ;  
 You common people of the skies,  
 What are you when the Moon shall rise ? 5

Ye violets that first appear,  
 By your pure purple mantles known,  
 Like the proud virgins of the year,  
 As if the Spring were all your own ;  
 What are you when the Rose is blown ? 10

Ye curious chanters of the wood,  
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
 Thinking your passions understood  
 By your weak accents ; what 's your praise,  
 When Philomel her voice shall raise ? 15

So when my mistress shall be seen  
 In sweetness of her looks and mind ;  
 By virtue first, then choice a queen ;  
 Tell me, if she was not design'd  
 The eclipse and glory of her kind ? 20

WOTTON.

---

THE POVERTY OF RICHES.

WANT is the badge of poverty : then he  
 That wanteth most, is the most poor, say we.  
 The wretch that hunger drives from door to door,  
 Aiming at present alms, desires no more.  
 The toiling swain, that hath with pleasing trouble 5  
 Cookt a small fortune, would that fortune double,  
 Which dearly bought with slavery, then (alas !)  
 He would be deem'd a man, that 's well to pass :  
 Which got, his mind 's now tickled with an itch,  
 But to deserve that glorious stile of rich. 10

That done, he enjoys the crown of all his labour,  
 Could he but once out-nose his right-hand neighbour  
 Lives he at quiet now? Now he begins  
 To wish that usury were the least of sins :  
 But great or small, he tries, and sweet 's the trouble, 15  
 And for its sake he wisheth all things double ;  
 Thus wishing still, his wishes never cease,  
 But as his wealth, his wishes still increase.

Wishes proceed from want ; the richest then,  
 Most wishing, want most, and are poorest men : 20  
 If he be poor, that wanteth much, how poor  
 Is he that hath too much, and yet wants more !  
 Thrice happy he, to whom the bounty of Heaven,  
 Sufficient, with a sparing hand, hath given :  
 'T is grace, not gold, makes great ; sever but which, 25  
 The rich man is but poor, the poor man rich.  
 The fairest crop, of either grass or grain,  
 Is not for use, undew'd with timely rain :  
 The wealth of Croesus, were it to be given,  
 Were not thank-worthy, if unblest by Heaven. 30

Lord, pair my wealth by my capacity,  
 Lest I with it, or it suit not with me.  
 This humbly do I sue for at thy hand,  
 Enough, and not too much for thy command.  
 Lord, what thou lend'st shall serve but in the place 35  
 Of reckoning counters, to sum up thy grace.

QUARLES.

---

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
 That from the nunnerie

Of thy chaste breast, and quiet minde,  
To warre and armes I flie.

True ; a new mistresse now I chase,                   5  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,  
As you too shall adore :                                   10  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

LOVELACE.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfin'd wings,  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates :  
When I lye tangled in her haire,                           5  
And fetter'd with her eye,—  
The birds, that wanton in the aire,  
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,                                   10  
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,  
Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
When thirsty grieffe in wine we steepe,  
When healths and draughts goe free,  
Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,                       15  
Know no such libertie.

When linnet-like, confined I  
 With shriller note shall sing  
 The mercye, sweetness, majesty,  
 And glories of my king: 20  
 When I shall voyce aloud how good  
 He is, how great should be,—  
 The enlarged windes, that curle the flood,  
 Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make, 25  
 Nor iron barres a cage;  
 Mindes, innocent and quiet, take  
 That for an hermitage;  
 If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soule am free,— 30  
 Angels alone, that soare above,  
 Enjoy such libertie.

LOVELACE.

## LOYALTY CONFINED.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;  
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;  
 Your incivility doth show,  
 That innocence is tempest-proof;  
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm; 5  
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,  
 A private closet is to me:  
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
 And innocence my liberty; 10  
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,  
 Make me no prisoner but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retired,  
 Into this private room was turn'd,  
 As if their wisdoms had conspired 15  
 The salamander should be burn'd:  
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,  
 I am constrain'd to suffer, what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;  
 The pelican her wilderness; 20  
 And 't is the Indian's pride to be  
 Naked on frozen Caucasus:  
 Contentment cannot smart; Stoics, we see,  
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm 25  
 I, as my mistress' favours, wear;  
 And for to keep my ankles warm,  
 I have some iron shackles there:  
 These walls are but my garrison; this cell,  
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel. 30

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,  
 Like some high-prized margarite,  
 Or like the Great Mogul, or Pope,  
 Am cloyster'd up from public sight:  
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty, 35  
 And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,  
 Where tempting objects are not seen;  
 And these strong walls do only serve,  
 To keep vice out, and keep me in: 40  
 Malice of late 's grown charitable, sure;  
 I'm not committed, but am kept secure.



So he that struck at Jason's life,  
 Thinking to have made his purpose sure,  
 By a malicious friendly knife, 45  
 Did only wound him to a cure.  
 Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant  
 Mischief, oftentimes proves favour by the event.

When once my prince affliction hath,  
 Prosperity doth treason seem; 50  
 And to make smooth so rough a path,  
 I can learn patience from him:  
 Now not to suffer, shows no loyal heart;  
 When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king, 55  
 Neither in person or in coin;  
 Yet contemplation is a thing  
 That renders what I have not, mine  
 My king from me what adamant can part,  
 Whom I do wear engraven on my heart? 60

Have you not seen the nightingale,  
 A prisoner like, coopt in a cage;  
 How doth she chant her wonted tale  
 In that her narrow hermitage!  
 Even then her charming melody doth prove, 65  
 That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine  
 Thus to deprive of liberty;  
 But though they do my corps confine,  
 Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:  
 And though immured, yet can I chirp, and sing  
 Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

My soul is free as ambient air,  
 Although my baser part's immew'd,  
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair                   75  
 To accompany my solitude:  
 Although rebellion do my body binde,  
 My king alone can captivate my minde.

*Attributed to L'ESTRANGE.*

### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things:  
 There is no armour against fate:  
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
 Sceptre and crown   5  
 Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill,           10  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
 They tame but one another still:  
 Early or late  
 They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath,       15  
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds:  
 Upon Death's purple altar now  
 See, where the victor-victim bleeds!           20

All heads must come  
 To the cold tomb:—  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

SHIRLEY.

CONTENT.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie  
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.  
 Some honour I would have,  
 Not from great deeds, but good alone ;  
 The unknown are better than ill known ; 5  
 Rumour can ope the grave ;  
 Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
 Not on the number, but the choice of friends.  
 Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
 And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night. 10  
 My house a cottage more  
 Than palace, and should fitting be  
 For all my use, no luxury.  
 My garden painted o'er  
 With Nature's hand, not Art's; can pleasures yield,  
 Horace might envy in his Sabine field. 16  
 Thus would I double my life's fading space ;  
 For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.  
 And in this true delight,  
 These unbought sports, this happy state, 20  
 I would not fear, nor wish my fate :  
 But boldly say each night,  
 To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
 Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

COWLEY.

T

## THE DIRGE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life  
 But open war or slumber'd strife;  
 Where sickness to his sense presents  
 The combat of the elements,  
 And never feels a perfect peace 5  
 Till death's cold hand signs his release?

It is a storm—where the hot blood  
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood;  
 And each loud passion of the mind  
 Is like a furious gust of wind, 10  
 Which beats the bark with many a wave,  
 Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds and grows,  
 And withers as the leaves disclose;  
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep, 15  
 Like fits of waking before sleep,  
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould  
 Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth  
 Is moralized in age and youth: 20  
 Where all the comforts he can share  
 As wandering as his fancies are;  
 Till in a mist of dark decay  
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out 25  
 The sunset as it moves about;  
 And shadows out in lines of night  
 The subtle stages of Time's flight.

Till all-obscuring earth hath laid  
His body in perpetual shade. 30

It is a weary interlude—  
Which doth short joys, long woes, include :  
The world the stage, the prologue tears ;  
The acts vain hopes and varied fears :  
The scene shuts up with loss of breath, 35  
And leaves no epilogue but Death !

KING.

## ATHENS.

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold ;  
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil :  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts 5  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.  
See there the olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird 10  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;  
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls  
His whispering stream : within the walls then view 15  
The schools of ancient sages ; his, who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :  
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit 20

By voice or hand ; and various-measured verse,  
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,  
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own :      25  
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight received  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,      30  
 High actions and high passions best describing :  
 Thence to the famous orators repair,  
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
 Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece      35  
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

MILTON.

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 EXTRACT FROM LYCIDAS.

RETURN, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use      5  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks ;  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.      10  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,



The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,      15  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :  
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.      20  
 For, so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise :  
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,      25  
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount      30  
 Looks towards Namanco's and Bayona's hold ;  
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth :  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.  
 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,      35  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :      40  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves,  
 Where, other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song      45

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes. 50

MILTON.

## THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!  
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,  
     That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spied,  
     That hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retired:  
     Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die! that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
     May read in thee:  
 How small a part of time they share  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair. 20

WALLER.

TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND.

To all you ladies now at land,  
We men at sea indite;  
But first would have you understand  
How hard it is to write: 5  
The Muses now, and Neptune too,  
We must implore to write to you.

For though the Muses should prove kind,  
And fill our empty brain;  
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind  
To wave the azure main, 10  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,  
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,  
Think not we are unkind;  
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost 15  
By Dutchmen, or by wind:  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way;  
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The King, with wonder and surprise,  
Will swear the seas grow bold; 20  
Because the tides will higher rise,  
Than e'er they did of old:  
But let him know, it is our tears  
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know 25  
Our sad and dismal story;  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,  
And quit their fort at Goree:

212 TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND.

For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts behind? 30

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind;  
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find:  
'T is then no matter how things go, 35  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,  
We throw a merry main;  
Or else at serious ombre play;  
But why should we in vain 40  
Each other's ruin thus pursue?  
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,  
And cast our hopes away;  
Whilst you, regardless of our woe, 45  
Sit careless at a play;  
Perhaps, permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,  
That dies in every note; 50  
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.

In justice you cannot refuse 55  
To think of our distress;  
When we for hopes of honour lose  
Our certain happiness:

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS. 213

All those designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your love. 60

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, 65  
We have too much of that at sea.

DORSET.

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THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I the other day  
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:  
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,  
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;  
And, on the surface of the deep, 5  
The winds lay only not asleep:  
The nymph did like the scene appear,  
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:  
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.  
With secret joy I heard her say, 10  
That she would never miss one day  
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, O, the change! the winds grow high;  
Impending tempests charge the sky;  
The lightning flies, the thunder roars, 15  
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.  
Struck with the horror of the sight,  
She turns her head, and wings her flight;  
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again  
Approach the shore, or view the main. 20

"Once more at least look back," said I,  
 "Thyself in that large glass descry :  
 When thou art in good humour drest ;  
 When gentle reason rules thy breast ;  
 The sun upon the calmest sea 25  
 Appears not half so bright as thee :  
 'T is then that with delight I rove  
 Upon the boundless depth of love :  
 I bless my chain ; I hand my oar ;  
 Nor think on all I left on shore. 30  
 "But when vain doubt and groundless fear  
 Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;  
 When the big lip and watery eye  
 Tell me, the rising storm is nigh ;  
 'T is then, thou art yon angry main, 35  
 Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain .  
 And the poor sailor, that must try  
 Its fury, labours less than I.  
 "Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,  
 While love and fate still drive me back : 40  
 Forced to dote on thee thy own way,  
 I chide thee first, and then obey :  
 Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,  
 I with thee, or without thee, die." PRIOR.

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 THE POET AND THE ROSE.

## A FABLE.

I HATE the man who builds his name  
 On ruins of another's fame :  
 Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,  
 Imagine that they raise their own.





Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,  
 To sound her praise on our abuse?  
 Must we, to flatter her, be made  
 To wither, envy, pine, and fade?"

40

GAY.

## THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

## A FABLE.

THE man to Jove his suit preferr'd;  
 He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.  
 Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:  
 For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes. And now for heirs  
 Again he worries Heaven with prayers.  
 Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys  
 And a fine girl reward his joys.

5

Now, more solicitous he grew,  
 And set their future lives in view;  
 He saw that all respect and duty  
 Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

10

"Once more," he cries, "accept my prayer;  
 Make my loved progeny thy care:  
 Let my first hope, my favourite boy,  
 All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.

15

My next with strong ambition fire;  
 May favour teach him to aspire;  
 Till he the step of power ascend,  
 And courtiers to their idol bend.  
 With every grace, with every charm,  
 My daughter's perfect features arm.

20

If Heaven approve, a Father's bless'd."  
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart, 25  
Studious of every griping art,  
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,  
And all his life devotes to gain.  
He feels no joy, his cares increase,  
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace; 30  
In fancied want (a wretch complete)  
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew;  
The thriving art of courts he knew;  
He reach'd the height of power and place, 35  
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies  
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.  
The vain coquette each suit disdains,  
And glories in her lover's pains. 40  
With age she fades, each lover flies;  
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,  
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,  
Thus spoke the God:—"By outward show, 45  
Men judge of happiness and woe:  
Shall ignorance of good and ill  
Dare to direct the eternal will?  
Seek virtue; and, of that possest,  
To Providence resign the rest." 50

GAY.

## HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
 By all their country's wishes blest !  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5  
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
 There honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ; 10  
 And freedom shall awhile repair,  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.

## PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day ! 't is madness to defer :  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;  
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life !  
 Procrastination is the thief of time :  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled, 5  
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?  
 That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.  
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears 10  
 The palm, "That all men are about to live,"  
 For ever on the brink of being born :  
 All pay themselves the compliment to think

They one day shall not drivel, and their pride  
 On this reversion, takes up ready praise ; 15  
 At least, their own ; their future selves applaud.  
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !  
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ;  
 That lodged in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign ;  
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone. 20  
 'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool,  
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.  
 All promise is poor dilatory man,  
 And that through every stage. When young indeed,  
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest, 25  
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,  
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.  
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;  
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;  
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay, 30  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought  
 Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.  
 And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.  
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves ! 35  
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of Fate  
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread :  
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,  
 Soon close ; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.  
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains, 40  
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel ;  
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death ;  
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds  
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER, AT  
WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien  
Of him who first with harmony inform'd  
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt  
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls  
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe 5  
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles  
Of homely life: through each estate and age,  
The fashions and the follies of the world,  
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance  
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come,  
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain 11  
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold  
To him, this other hero; who, in times  
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse  
To tame the rudeness of his native land. 15

AKENSIDE.

---

THE SCHOLAR.

WHEN first the college-rolls receive his name,  
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;  
Resistless burns the fever of renown  
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;  
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread, 5  
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.  
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth;  
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!  
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,  
Till captive Science yields her last retreat; 10



Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,  
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;  
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;  
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,                   15  
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;  
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;  
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;               20  
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
 Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee:  
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;  
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,               25  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.  
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,  
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.                       30  
 Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,  
 The glittering eminence exempt from foes:  
 See when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,  
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
 From meaner minds, though smaller fines content, 35  
 The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;  
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,  
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block:  
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep;  
 But hear his death, ye blockheads! hear and sleep. 40

JOHNSON.

## THE WARRIOR.

THE festal blazes, the triumphal show,  
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,  
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,  
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,       5  
 For such the steady Roman shook the world!  
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;  
 This power has praise, that Virtue scarce can warm  
 Till Fame supplies the universal charm.       10  
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,  
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,  
 And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,  
 From age to age in everlasting debt;  
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey 15  
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.  
 On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;  
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;       20  
 O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,  
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;  
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;  
 Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,   25  
 And one capitulate, and one resign;  
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;  
 "Think nothing gain'd, (he cries) till nought remain;  
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."       30

The march begins in military state,  
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,  
 And winter barricades the realms of Frost:  
 He comes: not want nor cold his course delay;— 35  
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:  
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,  
 And shows his miseries in distant lands;  
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,  
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate. 40  
 But did not Chance at length her error mend?  
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
 His fall was destined to a barren strand, 45  
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;  
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

JOHNSON.

---

 A MORAL THOUGHT.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark, and still,  
 Low vales and mossy cells among,  
 In silent paths, the careless rill,  
 Which languid murmurs, steals along.

Awhile it plays with circling sweep, 5  
 And lingering leaves its native plain,  
 Then pours impetuous down the steep,  
 And mingles with the boundless main.

O, let my years thus devious glide,  
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm,      10  
 Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,  
 Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires and pleasure palls,  
 Still let the stream untroubled be,  
 As down the steep of age it falls,      15  
 And mingles with eternity.

HAWKESWORTH.

---

CORYDON, A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF SHENSTONE.

COME, shepherds, we 'll follow the hearse;  
 We 'll see our loved Corydon laid:  
 Though sorrow may blemish the verse,  
 Yet let a sad tribute be paid.  
 They call'd him the pride of the plain;      5  
 In sooth he was gentle and kind!  
 He mark'd on his elegant strain  
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,  
 That birds in the covert might dwell;      10  
 He cultured his 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,      15  
 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; 20  
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
 (Our hedges so vocal before)  
 Since he, that should welcome the spring,  
 Salutes the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise, 25  
 And poets came round in a throng;  
 They listen'd—they envied his lays,  
 But which of them equall'd his song?  
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,  
 For lost is the pastoral strain: 30  
 So give me my Corydon's flute,  
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

---

 JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE were three kings into the East,  
 Three kings both great and high,  
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down, 5  
 Put clods upon his head,  
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,  
 And showers began to fall; 10  
 John Barleycorn got up again,  
 And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
 And he grew thick and strong,  
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,      15  
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,  
 When he grew wan and pale;  
 His bending joints and drooping head  
 Show'd he began to fail.      20

His colour sicken'd more and more,  
 He faded into age;  
 And then his enemies began  
 To show their deadly rage.

They 've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,      25  
 And cut him by the knee;  
 Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
 And cudgell'd him full sore;      30  
 They hung him up before the storm,  
 And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit  
 With water to the brim,  
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,      35  
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
 To work him further woe,  
 And still, as signs of life appear'd,  
 They toss'd him to and fro.      40

They wasted o'er a scorching flame  
 The marrow of his bones;



THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER. 227

But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.  
And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood, 45  
And drank it round and round ;  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.  
John Barleycorn was a hero bold,  
Of noble enterprise, 50  
For if you do but taste his blood,  
'T will make your courage rise.  
'T will make a man forget his woe ;  
'T will heighten all his joy ;  
'T will make the widow's heart to sing, 55  
Though the tear were in her eye.  
Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
Each man a glass in hand ;  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in old Scotland ! 60

BURNS.

---

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOL.

My Lord, I know your noble ear  
Woe ne'er assails in vain ;  
Embalden'd thus, I beg you 'll hear  
Your humble slave complain,  
How saucy Phoebus' scorching beams, 5  
In flaming summer-pride,  
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,  
And drink my crystal tide.

228 THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.

The lightly-jumpin', glowrin' trouts,      *staring*  
 That through my waters play,      10  
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,  
 They near the margin stray;  
 If, hapless chance! they linger lang,  
 I'm scorching up so shallow,  
 They're left, the whitening stanes amang,      15  
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,      *wept*    *grief*  
 As Poet Burns came by,  
 That, to a bard, I should be seen  
 Wi' half my channel dry:      20  
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,  
 Ev'n as I was he shored me;      *offered*  
 But had I in my glory been,  
 He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,      25  
 In twisting strength I rin;  
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,  
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn:      *precipice*  
 Enjoying large each spring and well,  
 As nature gave them me,      30  
 I am, although I say 't mysel,  
 Worth gaun a mile to see.      *going*

Would then my noble master please  
 To grant my highest wishes,  
 He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees      35  
 And bonnie spreading bushes.  
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,  
 You'll wander on my banks,

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER. 229

And listen mony a grateful bird  
Return you tuneful thanks. 40

The sober laverock, warbling wild, *lark*  
Shall to the skies aspire ;

The gowdspink, music's gayest child, *goldfinch*  
Shall sweetly join the choir :

The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear, *linnet* 45  
The mavis mild and mellow ; *thrush*

The robin pensive autumn cheer,  
In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall ensure,  
To shield them from the storms ; 50

And coward maukins sleep secure, *ares*  
Low in their grassy forms :

The shepherd here shall make his seat,  
To weave his crown of flowers ;

Or find a sheltering safe retreat, 55  
From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,  
Shall meet the loving pair,

Despising worlds, with all their wealth,  
As empty idle care. 60

The flowers shall vie in all their charms  
The hour of heaven to grace,

And birks extend their fragrant arms *beech-trees*  
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn, 65  
Some musing bard may stray,

And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,  
And misty mountain, grey ;

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,  
 Mild-chequering through the trees,           70  
 Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,  
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool  
 My lowly banks o'erspread,  
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,           75  
 Their shadows' watery bed!

Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest  
 My craggy cliffs adorn;  
 And, for the little songster's nest,  
 The close embowering thorn.           80

So may old Scotia's darling hope,  
 Your little angel band,  
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop  
 Their honour'd native land!  
 So may through Albionugh's farthest ken,   85  
 To social-flowing glasses,  
 The grace be—"Athol's honest men,  
 And Athol's bonnie lasses!"

BURNS.

---

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:  
 Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:  
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care  
 Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,  
 And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line? 5  
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?  
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:  
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;  
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;      10  
 And if so fair, from vanity as free ;  
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love,  
 Tell them, though 't is an awful thing to die,  
 ('T was ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,  
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,      15  
 And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

MASON.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S  
PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has pass'd  
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;  
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,      5  
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !"  
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.      10  
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !  
 Who bids me honour with an artless song,  
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
 I will obey, not willingly alone,      15  
 But gladly, as the precept were her own ;  
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.      20

My Mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;     25  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
 Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.  
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew     30  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
 But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!     35  
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,  
 And disappointed still, was still deceived;  
 By expectation every day beguiled,     40  
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.     45  
 Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;  
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
 Drew me to school along the public way,  
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt     50  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,  
 'T is now become a history little known,  
 That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.



Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,  
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there, 55  
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced  
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, 60  
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd :  
 All this, and more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, 65  
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,  
 That humour interposed too often makes ;  
 All this still legible in memory's page,  
 And still to be so to my latest age,  
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay 70  
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;  
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.  
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, 75  
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)  
 Could those few pleasant days again appear, 80  
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?  
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—  
 But no—what here we call our life is such,  
 So little to be loved, and thou so much, 85

That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,  
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)  
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle, 90  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay: 95  
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,  
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"\*  
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, 100  
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—  
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,  
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course. 105  
But O, the thought, that thou art safe, and he!  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise— 110  
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.  
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.  
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again; 115  
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,  
Without the sin of violating thine;

\* Garth.

And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft— 120  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

---

O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

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? 5  
No longer drest in silken sheen,  
No longer deck'd with jewels rare;  
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou art far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a look behind? 10  
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
O, can that soft and gentle mien  
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,  
Nor sad regret each courtly scene, 15  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen with me to go,  
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of woe? 20  
Say, should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,

Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?  
 And when at last thy love shall die,                   25  
 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,           30  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

PERCY.

---

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun,  
 And by him sported on the green                   5  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.  
 She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 Which he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there had found;                       10  
 He came to ask what he had found,  
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.  
 Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by;  
 And then the old man shook his head,           15  
 And with a natural sigh,  
 " 'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
 " Who fell in the great victory.

- "I find them in the garden,  
For there's many here about ; 20  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out !  
For many a thousand men," said he,  
"Were slain in that great victory."
- "Now tell us what 't was all about," 25  
Young Peterkin, he cries ;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
"Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for." 30
- "It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout ;  
But what they fought each other for,  
I could not well make out ;  
But every body said," quoth he, 35  
"That 't was a famous victory."
- "My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly ; 40  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head."
- "With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then, 45  
And new-born baby died ;  
But things like that you know, must be  
At every famous victory."

238 THEY SIN WHO TELL US LOVE CAN DIE.

“They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won; 50  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know must be  
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won. 55  
And our good Prince Eugene—”

“Why ’t was a very wicked thing!”  
Said little Wilhelmine.

“Nay—nay—my little girl,” quoth he,  
“It was a famous victory. 60

“And everybody praised the Duke  
Who this great fight did win.”

“But what good came of it at last?”  
Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he, 65  
“But ’t was a famous victory.”

SOUTHEY.

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THEY SIN WHO TELL US LOVE CAN DIE.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell; 5  
Earthly these passions of the Earth,  
They perish where they have their birth;  
But Love is indestructible.  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth; 10



Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,  
 At times deceived, at times opprest,  
     It here is tried and purified,  
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest;  
     It soweth here with toil and care,      15  
 But the harvest time of Love is there.

O! when a Mother meets on high  
     The Babe she lost in infancy,  
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
 The day of woe, the watchful night,      20  
     For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
     An over-payment of delight?

SOUTHEY.

## THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,  
     And a clearer one never was seen;  
 There is not a wife in the west country  
     But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.  
 An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,      5  
     And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
 And a willow from the bank above  
     Droops to the water below.  
 A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;  
     Joyfully he drew nigh,      10  
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
     And there was not a cloud in the sky.  
 He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
     For thirsty and hot was he,

- And he sat down upon the bank  
Under the willow-tree. 15
- There came a man from the house hard by  
At the Well to fill his pail ;  
On the Well-side he rested it,  
And he bade the Stranger hail. 20
- “Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger ?” quoth he,  
“For an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.
- “Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast, 25  
Ever here in Cornwall been ?  
For an if she have, I ’ll venture my life  
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne.”
- ‘I have left a good woman who never was here,”  
The Stranger he made reply, 30  
“But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you answer me why ?”
- “St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “many a time  
Drank of this crystal Well,  
And before the Angel summon’d her, 35  
She laid on the water a spell.
- “If the Husband of this gifted Well,  
Shall drink before his Wife,  
A happy man thenceforth is he,  
For he shall be Master for life : 40
- “But if the Wife should drink of it first,—  
God help the Husband then !”  
The Stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,  
And drank of the water again.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE. 241

“ You drank of the Well I warrant betimes ?” 45.  
He to the Cornish-man said :  
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spake,  
And sheepishly shook his head.  
“ I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my Wife in the porch ; 50  
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,  
For she took a bottle to church.”

SOUTHEY.

---

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.  
We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5  
The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.  
No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ; 10  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.  
Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead, 15  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.  
We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
 But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done, 25  
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
 And we heard the distant and random gun,  
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory; 30  
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
 But left him alone with his glory!

WOLFE.

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

### A NAVAL ODE.

YE Mariners of England!  
 That guard our native seas;  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze!  
 Your glorious standard launch again 5  
 To match another foe!  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow. 10

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave!—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave:

TO THE RAINBOW.

243

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,                   15  
     Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
     While the stormy winds do blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
     And the stormy winds do blow.                   20

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
     No towers along the steep;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
     Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak,                   25  
     She quells the floods below,—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
     When the stormy winds do blow;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
     And the stormy winds do blow.                   30

The meteor flag of England  
     Shall yet terrific burn;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
     And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!                   35  
     Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
     When the storm has ceased to blow;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
     And the storm has ceased to blow.                   40

CAMPBELL.

---

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky,  
     When storms prepare to part,

I ask not proud Philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art.—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,                   5  
 A midway station given  
 For happy spirits to alight  
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold  
 Thy form to please me so,                               10  
 As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
 Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face  
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
 What lovely visions yield their place                   15  
 To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
 But words of the Most High,  
 Have told why first thy robe of beams  
 Was woven in the sky.                                   20

When o'er the green undeluged earth  
 Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
 How came the world's grey fathers forth  
 To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled                       25  
 O'er mountains yet untrod,  
 Each mother held aloft her child  
 To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,  
 The first-made anthem rang                               30  
 On earth deliver'd from the deep,  
 And the first poet sang.



ON PRAYER.

245

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
 Unraptured greet thy beam :  
 Theme of primeval prophecy, 35  
 Be still the prophet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
 The lark thy welcome sings,  
 When glittering in the freshen'd fields  
 The snowy mushroom springs. 40

How glorious is thy girdle, cast  
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
 Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,  
 A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark, 45  
 As young thy beauties seem  
 As when the eagle from the ark  
 First sported in thy beam :

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span, 50  
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
 That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

ON PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Utter'd or unexpressed;  
 The motion of a hidden fire  
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh, 5  
 The falling of a tear;  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
 That infant lips can try; 10  
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
 The Majesty on high.  
 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
 The Christian's native air;  
 His watchword at the gates of death: 15  
 He enters heaven by prayer.  
 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
 Returning from his ways;  
 While angels in their songs rejoice,  
 And say, "Behold he prays!" 20  
 In prayer on earth the saints are one;  
 They are one in word and mind,  
 When with the Father and his Son  
 Sweet fellowship they find.  
 No prayer is made on earth alone: 25  
 The Holy Spirit pleads;  
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
 For sinners intercedes.  
 O, Thou, by whom we come to God;  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way; 30  
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod;  
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

J. MONTGOMERY.

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THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun;  
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;  
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,  
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below

Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow;     5  
 Ev'n in its very motion there was rest;  
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,  
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.  
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!  
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;  
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll     11  
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;  
 Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,  
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

## HYMN.

WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers,  
 To paint the laughing soil;  
 When Summer's balmy showers  
 Refresh the mower's toil;  
 When Winter binds in frosty chains     5  
 The fallow and the flood;  
 In God the earth rejoiceth still,  
 And owns his Maker good.  
 The birds that wake the morning,  
 And those that love the shade;     10  
 The winds that sweep the mountain,  
 Or lull the drowsy glade;  
 The sun that from his amber bower  
 Rejoiceth on his way;  
 The moon and stars, their Master's name     15  
 In silent pomp display.  
 Shal man, the lord of nature,  
 Expectant of the sky;—

Shall man, alone unthankful,  
     His little praise deny? 20  
 No; let the year forsake his course,  
     The seasons cease to be;  
 Thee, Master, must we always love;  
     And, Saviour, honour thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither, 25  
     The hope of Summer fade;  
 The Autumn droop in Winter,  
     The birds forsake the shade;  
 The winds be lull'd; the sun and moon  
     Forget their old decree; 30  
 But we, in Nature's latest hour,  
     O Lord, will cling to thee.

HEBER.

HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
     From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
     Roll down their golden sand;  
 From many an ancient river, 5  
     From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
     Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes  
     Blow soft o'er Java's isle, 10  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
     And only man is vile:  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
     The gifts of God are strown,

ON SOLITUDE.

249

The heathen in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone ! 15

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With Wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny ? 20

Salvation ! O, Salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learn'd Messiah's name !

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ; 25  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole ;  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain, 30

Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign !

HEBER.

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ON SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,  
 That bids the silent tear to flow ;  
 It is not grief that bids me moan ;  
 It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam, 5  
 When the tired hedger hies him home ;  
 Or by the woodland pool to rest,  
 When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,  
 With hallow'd airs and symphonies, 10

250 OF THE BRIGHT THINGS IN EARTH AND AIR

My spirit takes another tone,  
And sighs that it is all alone.  
The autumn leaf is sear and dead—  
It floats upon the water's bed;  
I would not be a leaf, to die 15  
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,  
Tell all the same unvaried tale;  
I've none to smile when I am free;  
And when I sigh, to sigh with me. 20

Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
That thinks on me and loves me too;  
I start; and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone.

K. WHITE.

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THE BRIGHT THINGS IN EARTH AND  
AIR.

OF the bright things in earth and air  
How little can the heart embrace!  
Soft shades and gleaming lights are there—  
I know it well, but cannot trace.

Mine eye unworthy seems to read 5  
One page of Nature's beauteous book:  
It lies before me, fair outspread—  
I only cast a wishful look.

I cannot paint to Memory's eye 10  
The scene, the glance, I dearest love—  
Unchanged themselves, in me they die,  
Or faint, or false, their shadows prove.



OF THE BRIGHT THINGS IN EARTH AND AIR. 251

In vain with dull and tuneless ear,  
I linger by soft Music's cell,  
And in my heart of hearts would hear      15  
What to her own she deigns to tell.

'T is misty all, both sight and sound—  
I only know 't is fair and sweet—  
'T is wandering on enchanted ground  
With dizzy brow and tottering feet.      20

But patience! there may come a time  
When these dull ears shall scan aright  
Strains, that outring Earth's drowsy chime,  
As heaven outshines the taper's light.

These eyes, that dazzled now and weak,      25  
At glancing motes in sunshine wink,  
Shall see the King's\* full glory break,  
Nor from the blissful vision shrink:

In fearless love and hope uncloy'd  
For ever on that ocean bright      30  
Empower'd to gaze; and undestroy'd,  
Deeper and deeper plunge in light.

Though scarcely now their laggard glance  
Reach to an arrow's flight, that day  
They shall behold, and not in trance,      35  
The region "very far away."

If Memory sometimes at our spell  
Refuse to speak, or speak amiss,  
We shall not need her where we dwell  
Ever in sight of all our bliss.      40

\* "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISAIAH, xxxiii. 17.

252 DEAR IS THE MORNING GALE OF SPRING.

Meanwhile, if over sea or sky  
Some tender lights unnoticed fleet,  
Or on loved features dawn and die,  
Unread, to us, their lessons sweet;  
Yet are there saddening sights around, 45  
Which Heaven, in mercy, spares us too,  
And we see far in holy ground,  
If duly purged our mental view.  
The distant landscape draws not nigh 50  
For all our gazing; but the soul,  
That upward looks, may still descry  
Nearer each day, the brightening goal.  
And thou, too curious ear, that fain  
Wouldst thread the maze of Harmony,  
Content thee with one simple strain, 55  
The lowlier, sure, the worthier thee;  
Till thou art duly train'd, and taught  
The concord sweet of love divine:  
Then, with that inward Music fraught,  
For ever rise, and sing, and shine. 60

KEBLE.

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DEAR IS THE MORNING GALE OF SPRING.

DEAR is the morning gale of Spring,  
And dear the autumnal eve;  
But few delights can Summer bring  
A Poet's crown to weave.  
Her bowers are mute, her fountains dry, 5  
And ever Fancy's wing  
Speeds from beneath her cloudless sky,  
To Autumn or to Spring.

DEAR IS THE MORNING GALE OF SPRING. 253

- Sweet is the infant's waking smile,  
And sweet the old man's rest— 10  
But middle age by no fond wile,  
No soothing calm, is blest.
- Still in the world's hot restless gleam  
She plies her weary task,  
While vainly for some pleasant dream 15  
Her wandering glances ask.—
- O shame upon thee, listless heart,  
So sad a sigh to heave,  
As if thy SAVIOUR had no part  
In thoughts, that make thee grieve. 20
- As if along His lonesome way  
He had not borne for thee  
Sad languors through the summer day,  
Storms on the wintry sea.
- Youth's lightning-flash of joy secure 25  
Pass'd seldom o'er His spright,—  
A well of serious thought and pure,  
Too deep for earthly light.
- No spring was His—no fairy gleam—  
For He by trial knew 30  
How cold and bare what mortals dream,  
To worlds where all is true.
- Then grudge not thou the anguish keen  
Which makes thee like thy LORD,  
And learn to quit with eye serene 35  
Thy youth's ideal hoard.
- Thy treasured hopes and raptures high—  
Unmurmuring let them go,

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Nor grieve the bliss should quickly fly  
 Which CHRIST disdain'd to know. 40

Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon ;  
 The pure, calm hope be thine,  
 Which brightens, like the eastern moon,  
 As day's wild lights decline.

Thus souls by nature pitch'd too high, 45  
 By sufferings plunged too low,  
 Meet in the Church's middle sky,  
 Half way 'twixt joy and woe,

To practise there the soothing lay  
 That sorrow best relieves : 50  
 Thankful for all God takes away,  
 Humbled by all He gives.

KEBLE.

## MORNING.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,  
 That, ere the glorious sun be born,  
 By some soft touch invisible  
 Around his path are taught to swell ;—  
 Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay, 5  
 That dancest forth at opening day,  
 And brushing by with joyous wing,  
 Wakenest each little leaf to sing ;—  
 Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,  
 By which deep grove and tangled stream 10  
 Pay, for soft rains in season given,  
 Their tribute to the genial heaven ;—  
 Why waste your treasures of delight  
 Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;



Who day by day to sin awake, 15  
 Seldom of heaven and you partake?  
 O! timely happy, timely wise,  
 Hearts that with rising morn arise!  
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
 Which evermore makes all things new! 20  
 New every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove;  
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.  
 New mercies, each returning day, 25  
 Hover around us while we pray;  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.  
 If on our daily course our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find, 30  
 New treasures still, of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice.  
 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
 As more of heaven in each we see:  
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer 35  
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.  
 As for some dear familiar strain  
 Untired we ask, and ask again,  
 Ever, in its melodious store,  
 Finding a spell unheard before; 40  
 Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
 When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,  
 Counting the cost, in all to espy  
 Their God, in all themselves deny.  
 O, could we learn that sacrifice, 45  
 What lights would all around us rise!

How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
 Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!  
 We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,  
 Our neighbour and our work farewell,                   50  
 Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
 For sinful man beneath the sky:  
 The trivial round, the common task,  
 Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
 Room to deny ourselves; a road                         55  
 To bring us, daily, nearer God.  
 Seek we no more: content with these,  
 Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,  
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—  
 The secret this of Rest below.                         60  
 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love  
 Fit us for perfect Rest above;  
 And help us, this and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE.

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EVENING.

T' is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,  
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze;  
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.  
 In darkness and in weariness                         5  
 The traveller on his way must press,  
 No gleam to watch on tree or tower,  
 Whiling away the lonesome hour.  
 Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if thou be near:                         10

O! may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.  
 When round thy wondrous works below  
 My searching rapturous glance I throw,  
 Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love, 15  
 In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—  
 Or by the light thy words disclose  
 Watch Time's full river as it flows,  
 Scanning thy gracious Providence,  
 Where not too deep for mortal sense:— 20  
 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
 And all the flowers of life unfold;  
 Let not my heart within me burn,  
 Except in all I Thee discern.  
 When the soft dews of kindly sleep 25  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.  
 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live: 30  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.  
 Thou Framer of the light and dark,  
 Steer through the tempest thine own ark:  
 Amid the howling wintry sea 35  
 We are in port if we have Thee.  
 The rulers of this Christian land,  
 'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,—  
 Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,  
 Let all do all as in thy sight. 40  
 O! by thine own sad burden, borne  
 So meekly up the hill of scorn,

Teach Thou thy Priests their daily cross  
 To bear as thine, nor count it loss!  
 If some poor wandering child of thine                   45  
 Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,  
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
 Let him no more lie down in sin.  
 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor  
 With blessings from thy boundless store:               50  
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.  
 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take;  
 Till in the ocean of thy love                         55  
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

KEBLE.

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 THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,               5  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.  
  
 Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!   10  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, 15  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise 20  
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies 25  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals, 30  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar 35  
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey 40  
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now. 45

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne 51  
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.  
BYRON.

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## MODERN GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers 5  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),  
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that 's there,  
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek, 10  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
     That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
     And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart, 15  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;  
 Yes, but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ; 20



So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !  
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair, 25  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb, 30  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !  
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth, 34  
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!  
 Clime of the unforgotten brave !  
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !  
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,  
 That this is all remains of thee ? 40  
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :  
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?  
 These waters blue that round you lave,  
 O servile offspring of the free—  
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ? 45  
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
 These scenes, their story not unknown,  
 Arise, and make again your own ;  
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
 The embers of their former fires ; 50  
 And he who in the strife expires  
 Will add to theirs a name of fear  
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,

And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
 They too will rather die than shame : 55  
 For Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
 Though baffled oft is ever won.  
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
 Attest it many a deathless age ! 60  
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
 Have left a nameless pyramid,  
 Thy heroes, though the general doom  
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
 A mightier monument command, 65  
 The mountains of their native land !  
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
 The graves of those that cannot die !  
 'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,  
 Each step from splendour to disgrace ; 70  
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;  
 Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way  
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.

BYRON.

---

 ATHENIAN PROSPECT.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,  
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;  
 Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,  
 But one unclouded blaze of living light !  
 O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws, 5  
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.

On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,  
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
 O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,  
 Though there his altars are no more divine. 10  
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss  
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!  
 Their azure arches through the long expanse  
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,  
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven, 15  
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;  
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,  
 When—Athens! here thy Wisest look'd his last. 20  
 How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,  
 That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!  
 Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—  
 The precious hour of parting lingers still;  
 But sad his light to agonizing eyes, 25  
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:  
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,  
 The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before,  
 But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,  
 The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled; 30  
 The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—  
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,  
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign.  
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm, 35  
 Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;  
 With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,  
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,

264 'T IS TIME THIS HEART SHOULD BE UNMOVED.

And, bright around with quivering beams beset,  
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret. 40

The groves of olives scatter'd dark and wide,  
Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,  
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,  
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,  
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm, 45  
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,  
All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye,  
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,  
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war; 50  
Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,  
Mixt with the shades of many a distant isle,  
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

BYRON.

---

'T IS TIME THIS HEART SHOULD BE  
UNMOVED.

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move;  
Yet though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf; 5  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys 10  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;

'T IS TIME THIS HEART SHOULD BE UNMOVED. 265

No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
    A funeral pile!  
The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
    The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,                   15  
    But wear the chain.

But 't is not *thus*—and 't is not *here*—  
    Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
    Or binds his brow.   20

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
    Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan borne upon his shield,  
    Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)                   25  
    Awake, my spirit! think through *whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
    And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
    Unworthy manhood!—unto thee                         30  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
    Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live*?  
    The land of honourable death  
Is here :—up to the field, and give                   35  
    Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
    A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
    And take thy rest.   40

BYRON.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

SO ENDS CHILDE HAROLD HIS LAST PILGRIMAGE !  
 Upon the shores of Greece he stood, and cried  
 "LIBERTY!" and those shores, from age to age  
 Renown'd, and Sparta's woods and rocks replied  
 "LIBERTY!" but a Spectre, at his side, 5  
 Stood mocking:—and its dart, uplifting high,  
 Smote him;—he sank to earth in life's fair pride:  
 SPARTA! thy rocks then heard another cry,  
 And Old Ilissus sigh'd—"Die, generous exile, die!"

I will not ask sad Pity to deplore 10  
 His wayward errors, who thus early died;  
 Still less, CHILDE HAROLD, now thou art no more,  
 Will I say aught of genius misapplied;  
 Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:—  
 But I will bid the Arcadian cypress wave, 15  
 Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,  
 And pray thy spirit may such quiet have, [grave.  
 That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy

So HAROLD ENDS, IN GREECE, HIS PILGRIMAGE !  
 There fitly ending,—in that land renown'd, 20  
 Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,—  
 He, on the Muses' consecrated ground,  
 Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound  
 With their unfading wreath!—To bands of mirth,  
 No more in TEMPE let the pipe resound! 25  
 HAROLD, I follow to thy place of birth [earth.  
 The slow hearse; and thy LAST sad PILGRIMAGE on  
 Slow moves the plumed hearse, the mourning train;  
 I mark the sad procession with a sigh,



Silently passing to that village fane, 30  
 Where, HAROLD, thy forefathers mouldering lie ;—  
 There sleeps THAT MOTHER, who with tearful eye,  
 Pondering the fortunes of thy early road,  
 Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy ;  
 Her son, released from mortal labours' load, 35  
 Now comes to rest with her, in the same still abode.

Bursting Death's silence, could that mother speak.  
 (Speak when the earth was heap'd upon his head)  
 In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,  
 She thus might give the welcome of the dead : 40  
 " Here rest, my son, with me ; the dream is fled ;  
 The motley mask and the great stir is o'er :  
 Welcome to me, and to this silent bed,  
 Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar 44  
 Of life, and fretting passions waste the heart no more."

BOWLES.

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 THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have call'd me long,  
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song !  
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
 By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass, 5  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers  
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,  
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
 Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains : 10  
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,  
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth :  
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea, 15  
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
 And the pine has a tinge of softer green,  
 And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,  
 And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky, 20  
 From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,  
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
 When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,  
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main, 26  
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,  
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves. 30

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !  
 Where the violets lie, may now be your home :  
 Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,  
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly  
 With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay, 35  
 Come forth to the sunshine ; I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,  
 The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !  
 Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,  
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth ! 40  
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye—ye are changed since ye met me last!  
 A shade of earth has been round you cast!  
 There is that come over your brow and eye, 45  
 Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!  
 Ye smile, but your smile hath a dimness yet:  
 O, what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here  
 All whom I saw in the vanish'd year! 50  
 There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,  
 Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;  
 There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay  
 No faint remembrance of dark decay!

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head, 55  
 As if for a banquet all earth were spread;  
 There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,  
 And had not a sound of mortality! [pass'd?  
 Are they gone? is their mirth from the green hills  
 Ye have look'd on death since ye saw me last! 60

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now:  
 Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!  
 Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,  
 She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,  
 With their laughing eyes and their festal crown, 65  
 They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,  
 Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!  
 But I know of a world where there falls no blight;  
 I shall find them there, with their eyes of light: 70  
 Where death midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,  
 I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,  
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !  
 For me, I depart to a brighter shore,                    75  
 Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.  
 I go where the loved who have left you dwell,  
 And the flowers are not death's : fare ye well, farewell!

HEMANS.

THE BETTER LAND.

" I HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
 Thou callest its children a happy band ;  
 Mother ! O, where is that radiant shore ?  
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,                    5  
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"  
 —" Not there, not there, my child ! "

" Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?  
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,                    10  
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,  
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"  
 —" Not there, not there, my child ! "

" Is it far away, in some region old,                    15  
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?  
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?  
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ? "                    20  
 —" Not there, not there, my child ! "

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;                   25  
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
 —It is there, it is there, my child!"

HEMANS.

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 IN HEAVEN THERE'S REST.

"In Heaven there's rest:" that thought hath a power  
 To scatter the shades of life's dreariest hour;  
 Like a sunbeam, it dawns on a stormy sky;  
 Like the first glimpse of home, to a traveller's eye.  
 'T is the balm of the heart, of sorrow the cure;           5  
 The hope that deceives not, the promise that's sure.

How sweet to the weary, "In Heaven there's rest!"  
 The tears are all dried from the eyes of the blest;  
 And the smiles that succeed are so dazzling and bright,  
 That none, but a spirit, could dwell in their light. 10  
 O! not like the smiles that here glow on the cheek,  
 But to hide the deep anguish no language may speak.

"In Heaven there's rest:" earth's happiest hour  
 Fades softly away, like a morning flower;  
 There, fadeless the bowers, unclouded the skies;   15  
 There, joy hath no end, and time never flies:  
 There, nature is freed from its earliest stain;  
 There, love hath no sorrows, and life hath no pain.

"In Heaven there's rest:" O, how deep that repose!  
 Life's bitterness past, with its follies and woes,   20

Its passions all hush'd like the waves of the deep,  
 When tempests expire, and winds are asleep ;  
 And only soft airs and sweet odours arise,  
 Like the evening incense that soars to the skies.

Those sounds breathe sweet music, "In Heaven there's  
 rest:" 25

I long to escape to that land of the blest,  
 Inspired by the prospect through life's busy day,  
 To act and to suffer, to watch and to pray :  
 Then gladly exchange, when the summons is given,  
 The tumults of earth for the calmness of Heaven. 30

ANON.

### AN ENGLISH PEASANT.

NEXT to these ladies, but in naught allied,  
 A noble Peasant, *Isaac Ashford*, died.  
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,  
 His truth unquestion'd and his soul serene :  
 Of no man's presence *Isaac* felt afraid ; 5  
 At no man's question *Isaac* look'd dismay'd :  
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;  
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;  
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,  
 Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved : 10  
 To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,  
 And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind ;  
 Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,  
 And gave allowance where he needed none ;  
 Good he refused with future ill to buy, 15  
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh.



A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
 No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd ;  
 (Bane of the Poor ! it wounds their weaker mind,  
 To miss one favour, which their neighbours find :) 20  
 Yet far was he from stoic pride removed ;  
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :  
 I mark'd his action, when his infant died,  
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;  
 The still tears, stealing down that furrow'd cheek, 25  
 Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.  
 If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride,  
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;  
 Nor pride in learning,—though my Clerk agreed,  
 If fate should call him, *Ashford* might succeed ; 30  
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew  
 None his superior, and his equals few :—  
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,  
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;  
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd, 35  
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd ;  
 Pride, in the power that guards his country's coast,  
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;  
 Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied,—  
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed *Pride*. 40

He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim ;  
 Christian and countryman was *all* with him :  
 True to his Church he came ; no Sunday-shower  
 Kept him at home in that important hour ;  
 Nor his firm feet could one persuading Sect, 45  
 By the strong glare of their new light, direct ;  
 "On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,  
 But should be blind and lose it in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain  
 Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;      50  
*Isaac* their wants would soothe, his own would hide,  
 And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,  
 His strength departed and his labour done;  
 When he, save honest fame, retain'd no more,      55  
 But lost his Wife and saw his Children poor:  
 'T was then, a spark of—say not discontent—  
 Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:

“Kind are your laws, ('t is not to be denied,)  
 That in yon house, for ruin'd Age, provide,      60  
 And they are just;—when young, we give you all,  
 And for assistance in our weakness call.—  
 Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,  
 To join your poor, and eat the parish-bread?  
 But yet I linger, loath with him to feed,      65  
 Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;  
 He who, by contract, all your paupers took,  
 And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:  
 On some old master I could well depend;  
 See him with joy and thank him as a friend;      70  
 But ill on him, who doles the day's supply,  
 And counts our chances, who at night may die:  
 Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain  
 Of what I suffer, but my fate sustain.”

Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew;  
 Daily he placed the Workhouse in his view!      76  
 But came not there, for sudden was his fate,  
 He dropp'd, expiring, at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of Prayer,  
 And view his seat and sigh for *Isaac* there:      80

I see no more those white locks thinly spread  
 Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;  
 No more that awful glance on playful wight,  
 Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,  
 To fold his fingers, all in dread the while, 85  
 Till Mister *Ashford* soften'd to a smile;  
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,  
 Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there—  
 But he is blest, and I lament no more  
 A wise good Man contented to be poor. 90

CRABBE.

THE SEXTON.—CHARACTER OF OLD DIBBLE  
 AND HIS RECTORS.

MY Record ends:—But hark! ev'n now I hear  
 The bell of death, and know not whose to fear;  
 Our farmers all, and all our hinds were well;  
 In no man's cottage danger seem'd to dwell:—  
 Yet death of man proclaim these heavy chimes, 5  
 For thrice they sound, with pausing space, three times.  
 “Go; of my Sexton seek, Whose days are sped?—  
 What! he himself!—and is old *Dibble* dead?”  
 His eightieth year he reach'd, still undecay'd,  
 And Rectors four to one close vault convey'd: 10  
 But he is gone; his care and skill I lose,  
 And gain a mournful subject for my Muse:  
 His masters lost, he'd oft in turn deplore,  
 And kindly add,—‘Heaven grant I lose no more!’  
 Yet while he spake, a sly and pleasant glance 15  
 Appear'd at variance with his complaisance:  
 For, as he told their fate and varying worth,  
 He archly look'd,—‘I yet may bear thee forth.’  
 “When first”—(he so began)—my trade I plied,  
 Good master *Addle* was the parish guide; 20

His clerk and sexton, I beheld with fear,  
 His stride majestic and his frown severe;  
 A noble pillar of the church he stood,  
 Adorn'd with college-gown and parish-hood.  
 Then, as he paced the hallow'd aisles about, 25  
 He fill'd the sevenfold surplice fairly out!  
 But in his pulpit, wearied down with prayer,  
 He sat and seem'd as in his study's chair;  
 For while the anthem swell'd and when it ceased,  
 The expecting people view'd their slumbering priest:—  
 Who, dozing, died.—Our Parson *Peele* was next; 31  
 'I will not spare you,' was his favourite text;  
 Nor did he spare, but raised them many a pound;  
 Ev'n me he mulct for my poor rood of ground;  
 Yet cared he naught, but with a gibing speech, 35  
 'What should I do,' quoth he, 'but what *I* preach?'  
 His piercing jokes (and he'd a plenteous store)  
 Were daily offer'd both to rich and poor;  
 His scorn, his love, in playful words he spoke;  
 His pity, praise, and promise, were a joke: 40  
 But though so young and blest with spirits high,  
 He died as grave as any judge could die:  
 The strong attack subdued his lively powers,—  
 His was the grave, and Doctor *Grandspear* ours.  
 "Then were there golden times the village round:  
 In his abundance all appear'd to abound; 46  
 Liberal and rich, a plenteous board he spread,  
 Ev'n cool Dissenters at his table fed;  
 Who wish'd, and hoped,—and thought a man so  
 kind,  
 A way to Heaven, though not their own, might find;  
 To them, to all, he was polite and free, 51  
 Kind to the poor, and, ah! most kind to me:—

‘*Ralph*,’ would he say, ‘*Ralph Dibble*, thou art old;  
 That doublet fit, ’t will keep thee from the cold:  
 How does my Sexton?—What! the times are hard; 55  
 Drive that stout pig, and pen him in thy yard.’  
 But most, his Reverence loved a mirthful jest;—  
 ‘Thy coat is thin; why, man, thou ’rt *barely* drest;  
 It’s worn to the thread! but I have nappy beer;  
 Clap that within and see how they will wear!’ 60

“Gay days were these; but they were quickly past:  
 When first he came, we found he could n’t last:  
 A whoreson cough (and at the fall of leaf)  
 Upset him quite:—but what’s the gain of grief?

“Then came the *Author-Rector*; his delight 65  
 Was all in books; to read them or to write:  
 Women and men he strove alike to shun,  
 And hurried homeward when his tasks were done:  
 Courteous enough, but careless what he said,  
 For points of learning he reserved his head; 70  
 And when addressing either poor or rich,  
 He knew no better than his cassock which:  
 He, like an osier, was of pliant kind,  
 Erect by nature, but to bend inclined;  
 Not like a creeper falling to the ground, 75  
 Or meanly catching on the neighbours round:—  
 Careless was he of surplice, hood, and band,—  
 And kindly took them as they came to hand:  
 Nor, like the doctor, wore a world of hat,  
 As if he sought for dignity in that: 80  
 He talk’d, he gave, but not with cautious rules:  
 Nor turn’d from gypsies, vagabonds, or fools;  
 It was his nature, but they thought it whim,  
 And so our beaux and beauties turn’d from him:



Of questions much he wrote, profound and dark,— 85  
 How spake the Serpent, and where stopp'd the Ark;  
 From what far land the Queen of Sheba came;  
 Who Salem's Priest, and what his father's name;  
 He made the Song of Songs its mysteries yield,  
 And Revelations, to the world, reveal'd. 90

He sleeps in the aisle,—but not a stone records  
 His name or fame, his actions or his words:  
 And truth, your Reverence, when I look around,  
 And mark the tombs in our sepulchral ground,  
 (Though dare I not of one man's hope to doubt,) 95  
 I'd join the party who repose without.

Such was his end; and mine approaches fast;  
 I've seen my best of preachers,—and my last.”—

He bow'd, and archly smiled at what he said,  
 Civil but sly:—‘And is old *Dibble* dead?’ 100

Yes! he is gone: And We are going all;  
 Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall;—  
 Here, with an infant, joyful sponsors come,  
 Then bear the new-made Christian to its home;  
 A few short years and we behold him stand, 105  
 To ask a blessing with his Bride in hand:

A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear  
 His widow weeping at her husband's bier:—  
 Thus, as the months succeed, shall infants take  
 Their names: thus parents shall the child forsake; 110  
 Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,  
 By love or law compell'd their vows to seal,  
 Ere I again, or one like me explore,  
 These simple Annals of the Village Poor.

CRABBE.



## THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

LET me not have this gloomy view,  
 About my room, around my bed;  
 But morning roses wet with dew,  
 To cool my burning brows instead.  
 As flowers that once in Eden grew, 5  
 Let them their fragrant spirit shed,  
 And every day the sweets renew,  
 Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O! let the herbs I loved to rear  
 Give to my sense their perfumed breath; 10  
 Let them be placed about my bier,  
 And grace the gloomy house of death.  
 I'll have my grave beneath a hill,  
 Where only Lucy's self shall know;  
 Where runs the pure pellucid rill 15  
 Upon its gravelly bed below;  
 There violets on the borders blow,  
 And insects their soft light display,  
 Till, as the morning sun-beams glow,  
 The cold phosphoric fires decay. 20

That is the grave to Lucy shown,  
 The soil a pure and silver sand,  
 The green cold moss above it grown,  
 Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand:  
 In virgin earth, till then unturn'd, 25  
 There let my maiden form be laid,  
 Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,  
 Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark,—the lamb, in sport,  
 In air,—on earth,—securely play, 30

And Lucy to my grave resort,  
 As innocent, but not so gay.  
 I will not have the church-yard ground,  
 With bones all black and ugly grown,  
 To press my shivering body round, 35  
 Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,  
 In clammy beds of cold blue clay,  
 Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,  
 And on the shrouded bosom prey; 40  
 I will not have the bell proclaim  
 When those sad marriage rites begin,  
 And boys, without regard or shame,  
 Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care; 45  
 I cannot these cold truths allow;  
 These thoughts may not afflict me there,  
 But, O! they vex and teaze me now.  
 Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,  
 That man a maiden's grave may trace; 50  
 But thou, my Lucy, come alone,  
 And let affection find the place.

O! take me from a world I hate,  
 Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;  
 And, in some pure and blessed state, 55  
 Let me my sister minds behold:  
 From gross and sordid views refined,  
 Our heaven of spotless love to share,  
 For only generous souls design'd,  
 And not a man to meet us there. 60

CRABBE.

EPITAPH.

THOUGH short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,  
 Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,  
 Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope  
 For mild, redeeming virtues, faith and hope :  
 Meek resignation ; pious charity : 5  
 And, since this world was not the world for thee,  
 Far from thy path removed, with partial care,  
 Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,  
 Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,  
 And fix'd on heaven thine unreverted eye ! 10  
 O ! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies !  
 In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise !  
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !  
 Simple as unwean'd infancy and pure !  
 Pure from all stain ! (save that of human clay, 15  
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away !)  
 By mortal sufferings now no more opprest,  
 Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest !  
 While I, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,  
 Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb. 20

CANNING.

FROM "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is my own, my native land !  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd, 5  
 From wandering on a foreign strand !

2 B 3

282 FROM "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;      10  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,      15  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,      20  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand!  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,      25  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Ev'n in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,      30  
Though none should guide my feeble way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;  
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,      35  
The bard may draw his parting groan.

SCOTT.

## FLODDEN FIELD.

———THOUGH deep the evening fell,  
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,  
 For still the Scots, around their King,  
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.  
 Where's now their victor vaward wing,           5  
     Where Huntley, and where Home?—  
 O, for a blast of that dread horn,  
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
     That to King Charles did come,  
 When Rowland brave, and Olivier,           10  
 And every paladin and peer,  
     On Ronscesvalles died!  
 Such blast might warn them not in vain,  
 To quit the plunder of the slain,  
 And turn the doubtful day again,           15  
     While yet on Flodden side,  
 Afar, the Royal Standard flies,  
 And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,  
     Our Caledonian pride!

The English shafts in volleys hail'd,           20  
 In headlong charge their horse assail'd;  
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep  
 To break the Scottish circle deep,  
     That fought around their King.  
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,           25  
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
 Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,  
     Unbroken was the ring;

The stubborn spearmen still made good  
 Their dark impenetrable wood, 30  
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
 The instant that he fell.  
 No thought was there of dastard flight;  
 Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,  
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight, 35  
 As fearlessly and well;  
 Till utter darkness closed her wing  
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.  
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
 Led back from strife his shatter'd bands; 40  
 And from the charge they drew,  
 As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,  
 Sweep back to ocean blue.  
 Then did their loss his foemen know,  
 Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low, 45  
 They melted from the field, as snow,  
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,  
 Dissolves in silent dew.  
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,  
 While many a broken band, 50  
 Disorder'd, through her currents dash,  
 To gain the Scottish land;  
 To town and tower, to down and dale,  
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
 And raise the universal wail. 55  
 Tradition, legend, tune and song,  
 Shall many an age that wail prolong:  
 Still from the sire the son shall hear  
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
 Of Flodden's fatal field, 60  
 Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
 And broken was her shield! SCOTT.



## THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

BUT scarce again his horn he wound,  
 When, lo! forth starting at the sound,  
 From underneath an aged oak,  
 That slanted from the islet rock,  
 A damsel guider of its way, 5  
 A little skiff shot to the bay,  
 That round the promontory steep  
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
 Eddying in almost viewless wave,  
 The weeping willow twig to lave, 10  
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
 The boat had touch'd this silver strand,  
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,  
 And stood conceal'd amid the brake, 15  
 To view this Lady of the Lake.  
 The maiden paused, as if again  
 She thought to catch the distant strain.  
 With head upraised, and look intent,  
 And eye and ear attentive bent, 20  
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
 Like monument of Grecian art,  
 In listening mood she seem'd to stand,  
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace 25  
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
 Of finer form or lovelier face!  
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—

The sportive toil, which short and light,           30  
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
 Served too in hastier swell to show  
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :  
 What though no rule of courtly grace  
 To measured mood had train'd her pace,—       35  
 A foot more light, a step more true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;  
 Ev'n the slight harebell raised its head,  
 Elastic from her airy tread :  
 What though upon her speech there hung       40  
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—  
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,  
 The listener held his breath to hear !

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid ;  
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,           45  
 Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.  
 And seldom was a snood amid  
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;           50  
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,  
 Mantled a plaid with modest care ;  
 And never brooch the folds combined  
 Above a heart more good and kind.  
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,           55  
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;  
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
 Than every free-born glance confess'd  
 The guileless movements of her breast ;       60

Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
 Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,  
 Or filial love was growing there,  
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,  
 Or tale of injury call'd forth 65  
 The indignant spirit of the North.  
 One only passion unreveal'd,  
 With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,  
 Yet not less purely felt the flame;—  
 O! need I tell that passion's name? 70

SCOTT.

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 LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of Love,  
     And feed his sacred flame.  
 Oft in my waking dreams do I 5  
 Live o'er again that happy hour,  
 When midway on the mount I lay,  
     Beside the ruin'd tower.  
 The moonshine stealing o'er the scene  
 Had blended with the lights of eve; 10  
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
     My own dear Genevieve!  
 She lean'd against the armed man,  
 The statue of the armed knight;  
 She stood and listen'd to my lay, 15  
     Amid the lingering light.  
 Few sorrows hath she of her own.  
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!  
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
     The songs that make her grieve. 20

I play'd a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush, 25  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand ; 30  
And that for ten long years he woo'd  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and, ah !  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love, 35  
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face ! 40

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den, 45  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and look'd him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright ; 50

- And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
 This miserable Knight!
- And that unknowing what he did,  
 He leap'd amid a murderous band,  
 And saved from outrage worse than death      55  
 The Lady of the Land;—
- And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;  
 And how she tended him in vain—  
 And ever strove to expiate      60  
 The scorn that crazed his brain;—
- And that she nursed him in a cave;  
 And how his madness went away,  
 When on the yellow forest leaves  
 A dying man he lay;—
- His dying words—but when I reach'd      65  
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
 My faltering voice and pausing harp  
 Disturb'd her soul with pity!
- All impulses of soul and sense  
 Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;      70  
 The music and the doleful tale,  
 The rich and balmy eve;
- And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
 An undistinguishable throng,  
 And gentle wishes long subdued,      75  
 Subdued and cherish'd long!
- She wept with pity and delight,  
 She blush'd with love, and virgin shame;  
 And like the murmur of a dream,  
 I heard her breathe my name.      80

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,  
 As conscious of my look she stept—  
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye,  
 She fled to me and wept.

She half-inclosed me with her arms, 84  
 She press'd me with a meek embrace ;  
 And bending back her head, look'd up,  
 And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,  
 And partly 't was a bashful art, 90  
 That I might rather feel, than see,  
 The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,  
 And told her love with virgin pride ;  
 And so I won my Genevieve, 95  
 My bright and beauteous Bride.

COLERIDGE.

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THE ANCIENT MARINER. PART VII.

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood  
 Which slopes down to the sea.  
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears !  
 He loves to talk with marineres  
 That come from a far countree. 5

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
 He hath a cushion plump :  
 It is the moss that wholly hides  
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd : I heard them talk, 10  
 “ Why, this is strange, I trow !



Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—  
"And they answer'd not our cheer! 15

The planks look'd warp'd! and see those sail  
How thin they are and sere!

I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag 20  
My forest-brook along;

When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look— 25  
(The pilot made reply)

I am a-fear'd"——"Push on, push on!"  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirr'd; 30

The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:

It reach'd the ship, it split the bay; 35  
The ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,

Like one that hath been seven days drown'd  
My body lay afloat; 40

But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round ;  
And all was still, save that the hill 45  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd  
And fell down in a fit ;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And pray'd where he did sit. 50

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
“Ha ! ha !” quoth he, “full plain I see, 55  
The Devil knows how to row.”

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land !  
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand. 60

“O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !”  
The hermit cross'd his brow.  
“Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou ?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd 65  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale ;  
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns : 70  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;  
 I have strange power of speech ;  
 That moment that his face I see, 75  
 I know the man that must hear me :  
 To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !  
 The wedding guests are there :  
 But in the garden-bower the bride 80  
 And bride-maids singing are :  
 And hark the little vesper bell,  
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been  
 Alone on a wide wide sea : 85  
 So lonely 't was, that God himself  
 Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
 'T is sweeter far to me,  
 To walk together to the kirk 90  
 With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,  
 And all together pray,  
 While each to his great Father bends,  
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends, 95  
 And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !  
 He prayeth well, who loveth well  
 Both man and bird and beast. 100

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
 All things both great and small ;

For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright, 105  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,  
And is of sense forlorn : 110  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn. COLERIDGE.

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ASTROLOGY.

(Translation from Schiller's Wallenstein.)

*Countess.* The Astrological tower!—How happens it  
That this same sanctuary, whose access  
Is to all others so impracticable,  
Opens before you ev'n at your approach?

*Thekla.* A dwarfish old man with a friendly face 5  
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services  
Were mine at first sight, open'd me the doors.

*Max.* That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

*Thekla.* He question'd me on many points; for in-  
stance,  
When I was born, what month, and on what day, 10  
Whether by day or in the night.

*Countess.* He wish'd  
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

*Thekla.* My hand too he examined, shook his head  
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought, 15  
Did not square over truly with his wishes. [tower?

*Countess.* Well, Princess, and what found you in this

My highest privilege has been to snatch  
 A side-glance, and away !

*Thekla.* It was a strange 20  
 Sensation that came o'er me, when at first  
 From the broad sunshine I stepp'd in ; and now  
 The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after  
 The closing door, was gone ; and all about me  
 'T was pale and dusky night, with many shadows 25  
 Fantastically cast. Here six or seven  
 Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me  
 In a half-circle. Each one in his hand  
 A sceptre bore, and on his head a star ;  
 And in the tower no other light was there 30  
 But from these stars : all seem'd to come from them.  
 " These are the planets," said that low old man ;  
 " They govern worldly fates, and for that cause  
 Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,  
 Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy, 35  
 With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.  
 He opposite, the king with the red light,  
 An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars :  
 And both these bring but little luck to man."  
 But at his side a lovely lady stood, 40  
 The star upon her head was soft and bright,  
 And that was Venus, the bright star of joy ;  
 On the left hand, lo ! Mercury, with wings.  
 Quite in the middle glitter'd silver bright  
 A cheerful man and with a monarch's mien ; 45  
 And this was Jupiter, my father's star :  
 And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

*Max.* O never rudely will I blame his faith  
 In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely  
 The human being's pride that peoples space 50  
 With life and mystical predominance ;

Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love  
 This visible nature, and this common world,  
 Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import  
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years                    55  
 Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.  
 For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place ;  
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,  
 And spirits ; and delightedly believes  
 Divinities, being himself divine.                                60  
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
 The fair humanities of old religion,  
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,                    65  
 Or chasms and watery depths ; all these have vanish'd :  
 They live no longer in the faith of reason !  
 But still the heart doth need a language, still  
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,  
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,                    70  
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
 With man as with their friend ; and to the lover  
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
 Shoot influence down : and even at this day  
 'T is Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,                    75  
 And Venus who brings everything that 's fair !  
*Thekla.* And if this be the science of the stars,  
 I too, with glad and zealous industry,  
 Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.  
 It is a gentle and affectionate thought,                    80  
 That in immeasurable heights above us,  
 At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,  
 With sparkling stars for flowers.

COLERIDGE.



## MY BIRTH-DAY.

“My birth-day”—what a different sound  
 That word had in my youthful ears!  
 And how each time the day comes round,  
 Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,                   5  
 It seems like pastime to grow old;  
 And as Youth counts the shining links,  
     That Time around him binds so fast,  
 Pleased with the task, he little thinks  
     How hard that chain will press at last.                   10  
 Vain was the man, and false as vain,  
     Who said—“were he ordain’d to run  
 His long career of life again,  
     He would do all that he *had* done.”  
 Ah, ’t is not thus the voice, that dwells                   15  
     In sober birth-days, speaks to me;  
 Far otherwise—of time it tells,  
     Lavish’d unwisely, carelessly;  
 Of counsel mock’d; of talents, made  
     Haply for high and pure designs,                   20  
 But oft, like Israel’s incense, laid  
     Upon unholy, earthly shrines;  
 Of nursing many a wrong desire;  
     Of wandering after Love too far,  
 And taking every meteor fire,                   25  
     That cross’d my pathway, for his star.—  
 All this it tells, and, could I trace  
     The imperfect picture o’er again,  
 With power to add, retouch, efface  
     The light and shades, the joy and pain,                   30

How little of the past would stay !  
 How quickly all should melt away—  
 All,—but that Freedom of the Mind,  
     Which hath been more than wealth to me ;  
 Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,     35  
     And kept till now unchangingly ;  
 And that dear home, that saving ark,  
     Where Love's true light at last I've found,  
 Cheering within, when all grows dark,  
     And comfortless, and stormy round !     40

MOORE.

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 MEMORY.

BUT is Her magic only felt below ?  
 Say, through what brighter realms she bids it flow ;  
 To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,  
 She yields delight but faintly imaged here :  
 All that till now their rapt researches knew,     5  
 Not call'd in slow succession to review ;  
 But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,  
 At once presented to their glad survey !  
     Each scene of bliss reveal'd, since chaos fled,  
 And dawning light its dazzling glories spread ;     10  
 Each chain of wonders that sublimely glow'd,  
 Since first Creation's choral anthem flow'd ;  
 Each ready flight, at Mercy's call divine,  
 To distant worlds that undiscover'd shine ;  
 Full on her tablet flings its living rays,     15  
 And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.  
     There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, soar ;  
 No more to part, to mingle tears no more !  
 And, as the softening hand of Time endears  
 The joys and sorrows of our infant-years,     20

So there the soul, released from human strife,  
 Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;  
 Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ;  
 As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours !  
 Oft may the spirits of the dead descend 25  
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;  
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,  
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;  
 To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,  
 And heaven and nature open'd to their view ! 30  
 Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees  
 A smiling circle emulous to please ;  
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
 And bless the scene they loved in life so well !  
 O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share 35  
 From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;  
 With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know  
 The humble walks of happiness below ;  
 If thy blest nature now unites above  
 An angel's pity with a brother's love, 40  
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;  
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
 Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd ;  
 Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise, 45  
 Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,  
 To meet the changes Time and Chance present,  
 With modest dignity and calm content.  
 When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,  
 Thy meek submission to thy God express'd ; 50  
 When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,  
 A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;

What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,  
 Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?  
 The sweet remembrance of unblemish'd youth,     55  
 The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!  
     Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine  
 From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!  
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!     60  
 Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;  
 The only pleasures we can call our own.  
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;  
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,     65  
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!  
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,  
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?  
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
 Pour round her path a stream of living light;     70  
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

ROGERS.

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 HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;  
 The bees have humm'd their noon-tide harmony.  
 Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,  
 Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:  
 For now the caudle-cup is circling there,     5  
 Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,  
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire  
 The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail  
 The day again, and gladness fill the vale ; 10  
 So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,  
 Eager to run the race his fathers ran.  
 Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;  
 The ale, now brew'd, in floods of amber shine ;  
 And basking in the chimney's ample blaze, 15  
 Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,  
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,  
 " 'T was on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;  
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees 20  
 Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,  
 And violets scatter'd round ; and old and young,  
 In every cottage-porch with garlands green,  
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;  
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side 25  
 Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,  
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;  
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,  
 And weepings heard where only joy has been ; 30  
 When by his children borne, and from his door  
 Slowly departing to return no more,  
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life : so gliding on,  
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone ! 35

ROGERS.

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 CHILDHOOD.

THE day arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd ;  
 The child is born, by many a pang endear'd.

And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;  
 O grant the cherub to her asking eye!  
 He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom press'd, 5  
 He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.  
 Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows;  
 How soon by his the glad discovery shows!  
 As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,  
 What answering looks of sympathy and joy! 10  
 He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word  
 His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.  
 And ever, ever to her lap he flies,  
 When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.  
 Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung, 15  
 (That name most dear for ever on his tongue)  
 As with soft accents round her neck he clings,  
 And cheek to cheek her lulling song she sings,  
 How bless'd to feel the beatings of his heart,  
 Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart; 20  
 Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,  
 And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!  
 But soon a nobler task demands her care.  
 Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,  
 Telling of Him who sees in secret there!— 25  
 And now the volume on her knee has caught  
 His wandering eye—now many a written thought,  
 Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,  
 His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.  
 Released, he chases the bright butterfly; 30  
 O, he would follow—follow through the sky!  
 ~limbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,  
 And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;  
 Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain-side,  
 Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide, 35



A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,  
 If now he wears the habit of a man,  
 Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,  
 And, like a miser digging for his treasure,  
 His tiny spade in his own garden plies, 40  
 And in green letters sees his name arise!  
 Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,  
 She looks, and looks, and still with new delight!  
 Ah, who, when fading of itself away,  
 Would cloud the sunshine of his little day! 45  
 Now is the May of life. Exulting round,  
 Joy wings his feet, Joy lifts him from the ground!  
 Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,  
 When the rich casket shone in bright array,  
 "These are my Jewels!" Well of such as he, 50  
 When Jesus spake, well might his language be,  
 "Suffer these little ones to come to me!"

ROGERS.

## NUTTING.

————It seems a day  
 (I speak of one from many singled out)  
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die;  
 When in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
 I left our cottage threshold, sallying forth 5  
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,  
 A nutting-crook in hand; and turn'd my steps  
 Toward some far-distant wood, a figure quaint,  
 Trick'd out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds  
 Which for that service had been husbanded, 10  
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame—  
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile

At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,  
 More ragged than need was ! O'er pathless rocks,  
 Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets, 15  
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook  
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
 Droop'd with its wither'd leaves, ungracious sign  
 Of devastation ; but the hazels rose  
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung, 20  
 A virgin scene !—A little while I stood,  
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
 As joy delights in ; and, with wise restraint  
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
 The banquet ;—or beneath the trees I sate 25  
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I play'd ;  
 A temper known to those, who, after long  
 And weary expectation, have been blest  
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.  
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves 30  
 The violets of five seasons re-appear  
 And fade, unseen by any human eye ;  
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
 For ever ; and I saw the sparkling foam,  
 And—with my cheek on one of those green stones, 35  
 That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,  
 Lay round me, scatter'd like a flock of sheep—  
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
 Tribute to ease ; and of its joy secure, 40  
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
 Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,  
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
 And dragg'd to earth both branch and bough, with crash  
 And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook 45

Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
 Deform'd and sullied, patiently gave up  
 Their quiet being: and, unless I now  
 Confound my present feelings with the past;  
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turn'd 50  
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.—  
 Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades  
 In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand 55  
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

WORDSWORTH.

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 THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

WE walk'd along, while bright and red  
 Uprose the morning sun;  
 And Matthew stopp'd, he look'd, and said,  
 "The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he, 5  
 With hair of glittering grey;  
 As blithe a man as you could see  
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
 And by the steaming rills, 10  
 We travell'd merrily, to pass  
 A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;  
 Then, from thy breast what thought,  
 Beneath so beautiful a sun, 15  
 So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop  
 And fixing still his eye  
 Upon the eastern mountain-top  
 To me he made reply: 20

“Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
 Brings fresh into my mind  
 A day like this which I have left  
 Full thirty years behind.

And just above yon slope of corn 25  
 Such colours, and no other,  
 Were in the sky, that April morn,  
 Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I sued the sport  
 Which that sweet season gave, 30  
 And, to the churchyard come, stopp'd short  
 Beside my daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
 The pride of all the vale;  
 And then she sang;—she would have been 35  
 A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay;  
 And yet I loved her more,  
 For so it seem'd, than till that day  
 I e'er had loved before. 40

And, turning from her grave, I met,  
 Beside the churchyard yew,  
 A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet  
 With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare; 45  
 Her brow was smooth and white:

To see a child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight!

No fountain from its rocky cave  
E'er tripp'd with foot so free ;  
She seem'd as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea. 56

There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine ;  
I look'd at her, and look'd again :  
And did not wish her mine." 55

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
Methinks I see him stand,  
As at that moment, with a bough  
Of wilding in his hand. 60

WORDSWORTH.

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THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

WE talk'd with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of Friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak, 5  
Beside a mossy seat ;  
And from the turf a fountain broke,  
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match  
This water's pleasant tune 10  
With some old border-song, or catch  
That suits a summer's noon ;

Or of the church-clock and the chimes  
 Sing here beneath the shade,  
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes 15  
 Which you last April made!

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
 The spring beneath the tree;  
 And thus the dear old man replied,  
 The grey-hair'd man of glee: 20

“No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;  
 How merrily it goes!  
 'T will murmur on a thousand years,  
 And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day, 25  
 I cannot choose but think  
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
 Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
 My heart is idly stirr'd, 30  
 For the same sound is in my ears  
 Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay:  
 And yet the wiser mind  
 Mourns less for what age takes away 35  
 Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
 The lark above the hill,  
 Let loose their carols when they please,  
 Are quiet when they will. 40

With Nature never do *they* wage  
 A foolish strife; they see



A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free :  
But we are press'd by heavy laws ; 45  
And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.  
If there be one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth, 50  
The household hearts that were his own ;  
It is the man of mirth.  
My days, my Friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me ; but by none 55  
Am I enough beloved."  
"Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains !  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains ; 60  
And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
I'll be a son to thee !"  
At this he grasp'd my hand, and said,  
"Alas ! that cannot be."  
We rose up from the fountain-side ; 65  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;  
And through the wood we went ;  
And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
He sang those witty rhymes 70  
About the crazy old church-clock,  
And the bewilder'd chimes.

## LAODAMIA.

" WITH sacrifice before the rising morn  
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired ;  
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn  
 Of night, my slaughter'd Lord have I required :  
 Celestial pity I again implore ;— 5  
 Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore !"  
 So speaking, and by fervent love endow'd  
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands ;  
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
 Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands ; 10  
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;  
 And she expects the issue in repose.  
 O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—O joy !  
 What doth she look on ?—whom doth she behold ?  
 Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy ? 15  
 His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?  
 It is—if sense deceive her not—'t is He !  
 And a God leads him, winged Mercury !  
 Mild Hermes spake—and touch'd her with his wand  
 That calms all fear ; " Such grace hath crown'd thy  
 Laodamia ! that at Jove's command [prayer, 20  
 Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air :  
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space ;  
 Accept the gift, behold him face to face !"  
 Forth sprang the impassion'd Queen her Lord to clasp ;  
 Again that consummation she essay'd ; 26  
 But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp  
 As often as that eager grasp was made.  
 The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,  
 And re-assume his place before her sight. 30

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:  
 This is our palace, yonder is thy throne;  
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.  
 Not to appal me have the Gods bestow'd      35  
 This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.'

"Great Jove, Laodamía! doth not leave  
 His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,  
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;  
 But in reward of thy fidelity.      40  
 And something also did my worth obtain;  
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold  
 That the first Greek who touch'd the Trojan strand  
 Should die; but me the threat could not withhold: 45  
 A generous cause a victim did demand;  
 And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
 A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!  
 Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,      50  
 Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
 By doubt, propell'd thee to the fatal shore;  
 Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—  
 A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

But thou, though capable of sternest deed,      55  
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;  
 And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
 Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave:  
 Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
 As when their breath enrich'd Thessalian air.      60

No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow this;  
 Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!  
 Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss  
 To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"  
 Jove frown'd in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw  
 Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue. 66

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:  
 Nor should the change be mourn'd, ev'n if the joys  
 Of sense were able to return as fast  
 And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys 70  
 Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:  
 Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control  
 Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve  
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul; 75  
 A fervent, not ungovernable love.  
 Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn  
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—did not Hercules by force  
 Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb 80  
 Alcestis, a reanimated corse,  
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?  
 Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,  
 And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

The Gods to us are merciful—and they 85  
 Yet further may relent: for mightier far  
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway  
 Of magic potent over sun and star,  
 Is love, though oft to agony distrest, 89  
 And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

But if thou goest, I follow—"Peace!" he said,—  
 She look'd upon him and was calm'd and cheer'd;  
 The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;  
 In his deportment, shape and mien, appear'd  
 Elysian beauty, melancholy grace, 95  
 Brought from a pensive though a happy place:

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel  
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure;  
 No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—  
 The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure; 100  
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there  
 In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,  
 An ampler ether, a diviner air, 105  
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams;  
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earn'd  
 That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he, 110  
 "The end of man's existence I discern'd,  
 Who from ignoble games and revelry  
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,  
 While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

And while my youthful peers before my eyes 115  
 (Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
 Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
 By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,  
 Chieftains and kings in council were detain'd;  
 What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchain'd. 120

The wish'd-for wind was given.—I then revolved  
 The oracle, upon the silent sea;  
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be  
 The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,— 125  
 Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang  
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!  
 On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
 And on the joys we shared in mortal life,— 130  
 The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers;  
 My new-plann'd cities, and unfinish'd towers.

But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,  
 'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,  
 Yet of their number no one dares to die!' 135  
 In soul I swept the indignity away:  
 Old frailties then recurr'd:—but lofty thought,  
 In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak  
 In reason, in self-government too slow; 140  
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
 Our blest re-union in the shades below.  
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;  
 Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend— 145  
 Seeking a higher object. Love was given,  
 Encouraged, sanction'd, chiefly for that end;  
 For this the passion to excess was driven—  
 That self might be annull'd: her bondage prove  
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love." 150

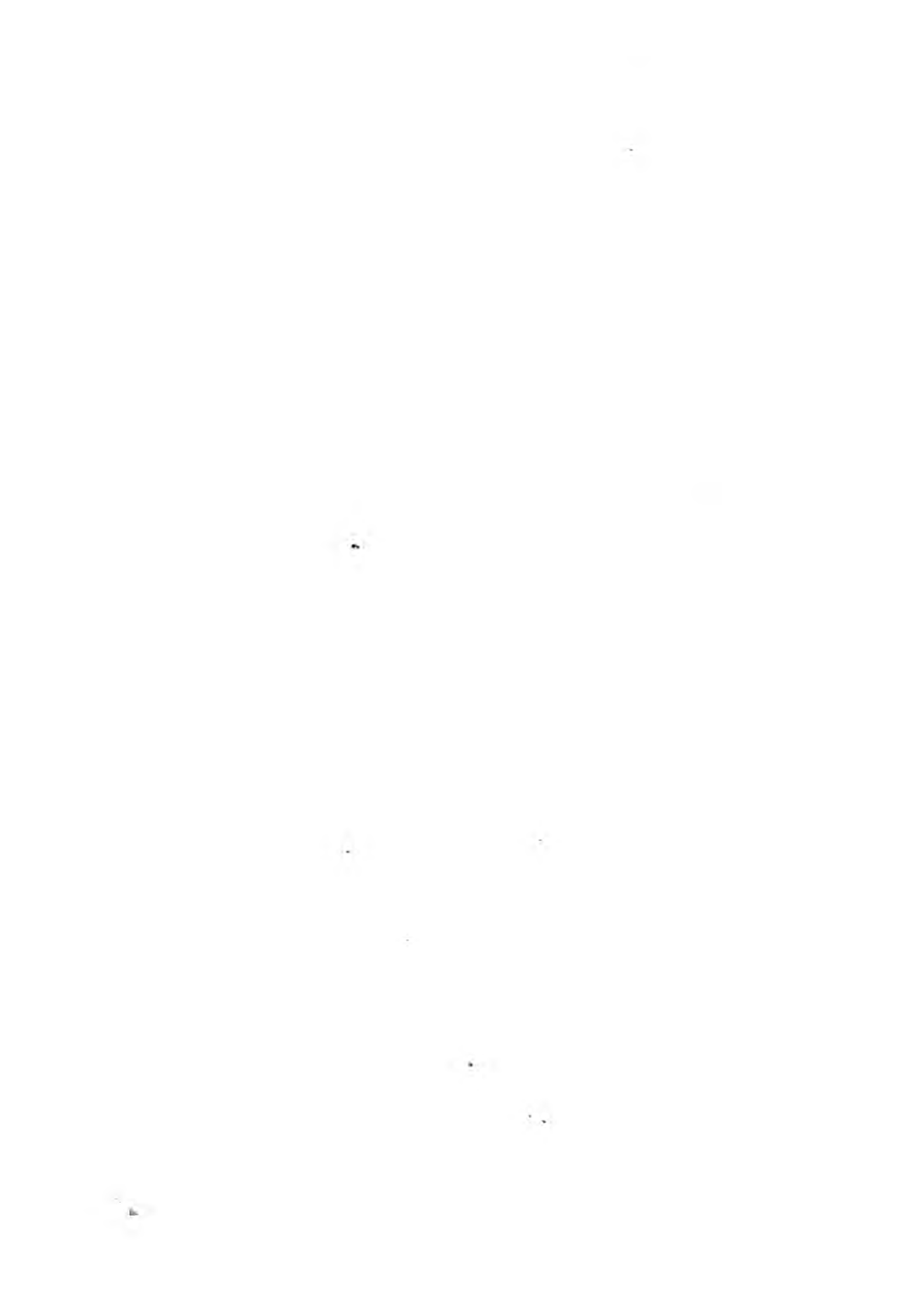


Aloud she shriek'd! for Hermes re-appears!  
 Round the dear Shades she would have clung—'t is vain  
 The hours are past—too brief had they been years;  
 And him no mortal effort can detain:  
 Swift, towards the realms that know not earthly day,  
 He through the portal takes his silent way, 156  
 And on the palace-floor, a lifeless corse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,  
 She perish'd; and, as for a wilful crime,  
 By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved, 160  
 Was doom'd to wear out her appointed time,  
 Apart from happy Ghosts—that gather flowers  
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;  
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown 165  
 Are mourn'd by man, and not by man alone,  
 As fondly he believes.—Upon the side  
 Of Hellespont (such faith was entertain'd)  
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
 From out the tomb of him for whom she died; 170  
 And ever, when such stature they had gain'd  
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,  
 The trees' tall summits wither'd at the sight;  
 A constant interchange of growth and blight!

WORDSWORTH.





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