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P O E M S.

A

N E W E D I T I O N

B Y T H O M A S W A R T O N,

Θ Ε Ο Κ Ρ Ι Τ Ο Υ

ΤΑ ΡΟΔΑ ΤΑ ΔΡΟΣΟΕΝΤΑ ΚΑΙ Η ΚΑΤΑΠΥΚΝΟΣ ΕΚΕΝΗ  
ΕΡΠΥΛΛΟΣ ΚΕΙΤΑΙ ΤΑΙΣ ΕΛΙΚΩΝΙΑΣΙ  
ΤΑΙ ΔΕ ΜΕΛΑΜΦΥΛΛΟΙ ΔΑΦΝΑΙ ΤΙΝ ΠΥΘΙΕ ΠΑΙΑΝ

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L O N D O N.

Printed for T. BECKET, in the Adelphi.

MDCCLXXVII.



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# C O N T E N T S.

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## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

	P A G E.
Elegy on the Death of the late Frederick Prince of Wales. — —	1.
Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley-Hall in Warwickshire. — —	4.
Monody written near Stratford upon Avon.	7.
On the Death of King George the Second.	9.
On the Marriage of the King. —	15.
On the Birth of the Prince of Wales. —	19.

ii. C O N T E N T S.

O D E S.

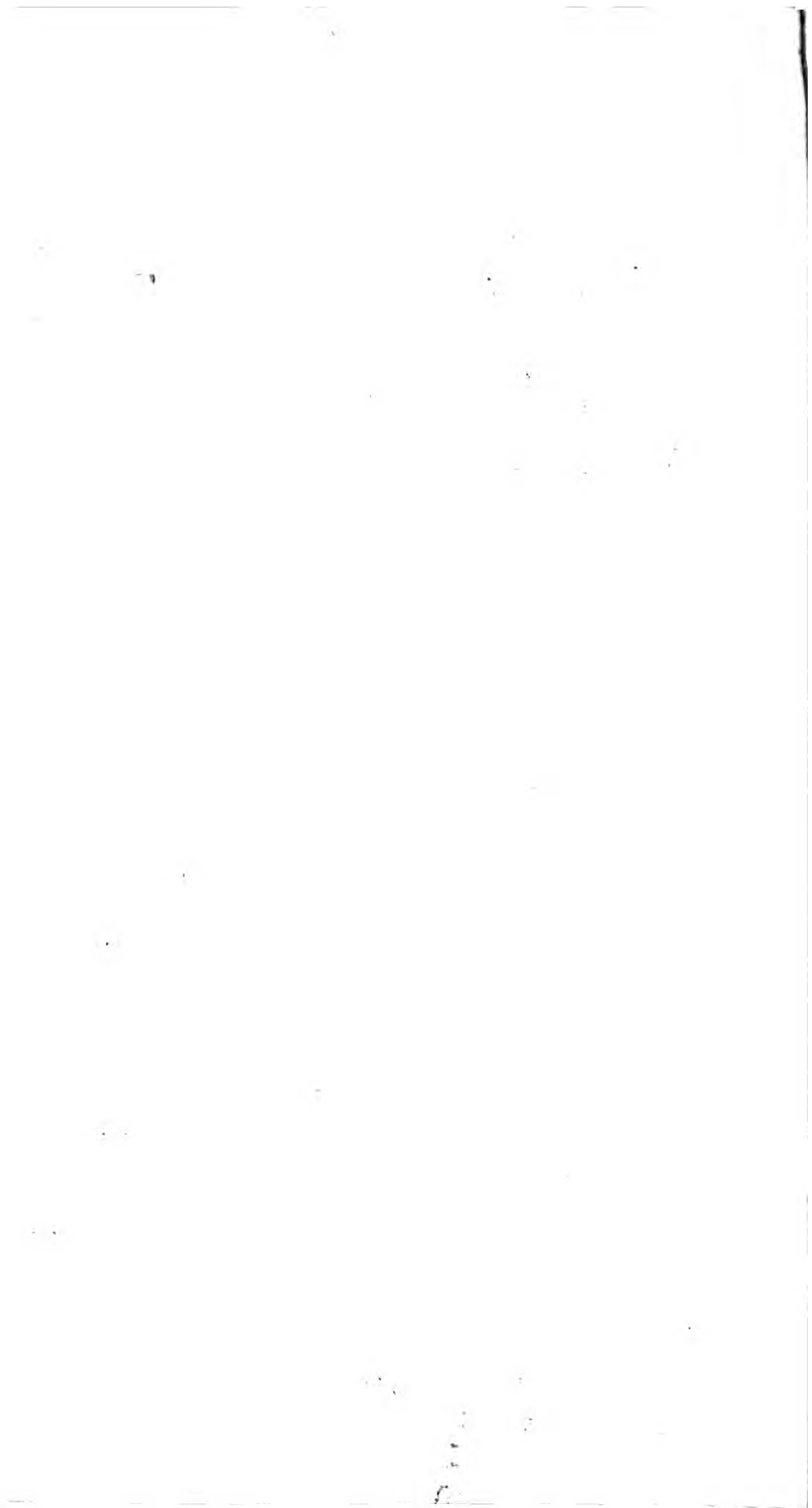
	P A G E.
I. To Sleep. —————	27.
II. The Hamlet. —————	28.
III. Written at Vale-Royal Abbey. ———	30.
IV. The First of April. ———	35.
V. To Mr. Upton, on his New Edition of the Faerie Queene. ———	40.
VI. The Suicide. ———	42.
VII. To a Friend, on leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire. ———	48.
VIII. The Complaint of Cherwell. ———	53.
IX. The Crusade. ———	57.
X. The Grave of king Arthur. ———	62.

S O N N E T S.

I. Written at Wynslade in Hampshire.	75.
II. On Bathing. ———	76.
III. Written in a blank leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon. ———	77.

C O N T E N T S. iii.

IV. Written at Stonehenge. —	78.
V. Written after seeing Wilton-House.	79.
VI. To Mr. Gray. —	80.
VII. — —	81.
VIII. On King Arthur's round table at Winchester. — —	82.
IX. To the river Lodon. —	83.





# E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

## I.

O For the warblings of the Doric ote,  
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide !  
Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note  
To chant how dear the laurell'd Sydney died !  
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,  
And with due cypress-crown thy herse, O Frederick, hung.

## II.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak  
To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd  
The tuneful phrase of poesie to speak,  
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild:  
A nation's tears shall teach my song to trace  
The Prince that deck'd his crown with every milder grace.

III.

How well he knew to shun false flattery's shrine,  
To spurn the sweeping pall of scepter'd pride ;  
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,  
And rural walks on Ifis' tufted side :  
'To rove at large amid the landskips still,  
Where Contemplation sat on Clifden's beech-clad hill.

IV.

How, lock'd in pure Affection's golden band,  
Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,  
With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,  
His temples binding with domestic bays :  
Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,  
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cott !

V.

How with discerning choice, to nature true,  
He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,  
Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue  
The banks of silver Helicon beset :  
Nor feldom wak'd the Muse's living lyre  
To founds that call'd around Aonia's listening quire.

VI.

How to the Few, with sparks ethereal stor'd,  
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,  
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly board,  
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state :  
Hence fir'd, the bard forsook the flowery plain,  
And deck'd the regal mask, and tried the tragic strain.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE,

At ANSLEY-HALL in WARWICKSHIRE.

I.

**B**ENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,  
I footh to peace my pensive mind :  
And while, to shade my lowly cave,  
Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;  
And while the maple dish is mine,  
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine :  
I scorn the gay licentious croud,  
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

II.

Within my limits lone and still,  
The blackbird pipes in artless trill :  
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,  
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;  
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,  
To lurk with innocence, she flies ;  
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,  
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

III.

At morn, I take my custom'd round,  
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;  
And every opening primrose count,  
That trimly paints my blooming mount :  
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,  
That grace my gloomy solitude,  
I teach in winding wreaths to stray  
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

IV.

At eve, within yon studious nook,  
I ope my brads-embossed book,  
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed  
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :  
Then, as my taper waxes dim,  
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ;  
And, at the close, the gleams behold  
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

V.

While such pure joys my bliss create,  
Who but would smile at guilty state ?  
Who but would wish his holy lot  
In calm Oblivion's humble grott ?  
Who but would cast his pomp away,  
To take my staff, and amice gray ;  
And to the world's tumultuous stage  
Prefer the blameless hermitage ?

## M O N O D Y.

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

**A**VON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,  
 The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,  
 Their boughs entangling with th'embattled sedge;  
 Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,  
 Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;  
 Sooth me with many a penfive pleasure mild.  
 But while I muse, that here the bard divine  
 Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd iles inclose,  
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows,  
 Above th' embowering shade,  
 Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,  
 Of daisies pied his infant offering made;  
 Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,  
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:  
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,  
 As at the waving of some magic wand;

An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,  
And awful shapes of leaders and of kings  
People the busy mead,  
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall ;  
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand  
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall,  
Before me Pity seems to stand  
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish fore,  
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood  
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.  
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,  
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.



ON THE DEATH OF  
KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

To Mr. Secretary PITT.\*

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,  
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!  
So pure the vows which classic duty pays  
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!

O PITT, if chosen strains have power to steal  
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;  
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,  
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent  
On patriot plans, which antient freedom drew,  
Awhile with fond attention deign to view  
This ample Wreath, which all th' assembled Nine  
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!  
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause

\* This and the two following poems close the Collections of OXFORD VERSES on their respective occasions: and were written while the author was Poetry Professor.

The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings  
 Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings :  
 Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,  
 Can speak her office and her use of yore :  
 For such the tribute of ingenuous praise  
 Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days ;  
 Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,  
 She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown ;  
 When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore  
 How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,  
 Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd  
 Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd :  
 Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she fate,  
 The decent hand-maid, not the slave, of state ;  
 Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name  
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame :  
 For, taught like Our's, she dar'd, with prudent pride,  
 Obedience from dependence to divide :  
 Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,  
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise ;  
 Conscious she kept her native dignity,  
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,  
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,  
 Where could her glance a theme of triumph own  
 So dear to fame as GEORGE'S trophied throne?  
 At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires  
 To wake a mighty nation's antient fires :  
 Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,  
 Rouze England's rage, and give her thunder aim :  
 Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,  
 Again her Commerce darkens all the deep.  
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree  
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.  
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,  
 It's willing youth the rural empire arms :  
 Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains  
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains ;  
 As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,  
 Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold,  
 Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,  
 The war of words, the sophistries of state :  
 Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,  
 Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine :

For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,  
 To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.  
 In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes ;  
 One common cause one common end prescribes :  
 Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens, the foe,  
 But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.

O PITT, while honour points thy liberal plan,  
 And o'er the Minister exalts the Man,  
 Isis cogential greets thy faithful sway,  
 Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.  
 For 'tis not Her's, by false connections drawn,  
 At splendid Slavery's fordid shrine to fawn ;  
 Each native effort of the feeling breast  
 To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress :  
 'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue  
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew :  
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,  
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page :  
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,  
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race :  
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,  
 In elder times, she woo'd Munificence

To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,  
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies;  
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,  
 To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:  
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize,  
 From kings, like GEORGE, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse  
 This humble present of no Partial Muse  
 From that calm Bower \*, which nurs'd thy thoughtful  
 youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:  
 Where first the form of British Liberty  
 Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;  
 That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,  
 In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:  
 Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove  
 Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)  
 Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign  
 The blessings of her visionary reign;

\* Trinity College, Oxford; in which also Lord Somers,  
 and Sir James Harrington, author of the OCEANA, were  
 educated.

( 14 )

That reign, which now no more an empty theme,  
Adorn's Philosophy's ideal dream,  
But crowns at last, beneath a GEORGE's smile,  
In full reality this favour'd isle.

O N T H E  
M A R R I A G E O F T H E K I N G,

M. D C C L X I.

To Her M A J E S T Y.

W H E N first the kingdom to thy virtues due  
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view ;  
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,  
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide ;  
What bright ideas of the new domain  
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign !

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat  
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal feat :  
Lo ! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage  
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.  
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,  
Rear'd on one base the king's the people's good :  
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow  
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low ;  
Here wak'd the flame that still superior braves  
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves :



Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,  
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd ;  
Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,  
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall ;  
While chiefs, like GEORGE, approv'd in worth alone,  
Unlock'd chaste Beauty's adamant zone.  
Lo ! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,  
What fertile fields her temperate suns display !  
Where Property secures the conscious swain,  
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain :  
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,  
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound ;  
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,  
And future navies crown her darksome hills.  
To bear her formidable glory far,  
Behold her opulence of hoarded war !  
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream ;  
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam !  
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,  
In peaceful majesty her cities stand ;  
Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,  
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.



And O ! blest Queen, if e'er the magic powers  
 Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours ;  
 Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,  
 Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.  
 Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,  
 In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd :  
 While cunning Bards at ancient banquets sung  
 Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.  
 Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,  
 And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.  
 Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,  
 Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew :  
 But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes  
 The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;  
 Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,  
 Those wounds that lurk beneath the tiffued vest !  
 Lo ! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire  
 High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre ;  
 And told the golden ties of wedded love  
 In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too, majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,  
 Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.

O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays  
 O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays !  
 Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower  
 Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,  
 Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,  
 Entwine thy diadem with honour due ;  
 If seemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,  
 To deck imperial Hymen's festive day ;  
 Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign  
 To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain :  
 Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,  
 To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside.  
 Nor from the shade shall GEORGE be long away,  
 Which claims CHARLOTTA'S love, and courts her stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace  
 With rapt reflection Freedom's favorite race !  
 But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,  
 Thus stand supreme, in Nature's choicest charms ;  
 Though GEORGE and Conquest guard her sea-girt throne,  
 One happier blessing still she calls her own ;  
 And, proud a fresh increase of fame to view,  
 Crowns all her glory by possessing You.

ON THE BIRTH OF  
THE PRINCE OF WALES.



Written after the Installation at Windsor, in the same year.

**I**MPERIAL Dome of Edward wise and brave !  
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave ;  
At whose proud Tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,  
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds :  
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance  
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance ;  
Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more  
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore ;  
Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights  
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,  
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,  
GEORGE shone the leader of the garter'd line ?  
Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain ;  
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train :  
For lo ! to Britain and her favour'd Pair,  
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred Heir !  
Him the bold pattern of his patriot fire  
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire :

In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,  
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime :  
The patriot fire shall catch, with sure presage,  
Each liberal omen of his opening age ;  
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,  
In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy ;  
There firmly wreath the Braid of heavenly die,  
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate  
With many an antique tower, in massy state,  
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise  
Vast images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores  
Thy chambers rough with war's constructed stores,  
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils  
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils ;  
Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high  
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye :  
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years  
With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers ;  
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,  
His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move  
 His emulative age to glory's love  
 Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,  
 Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth :  
 Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,  
 The royal nursling unreluctant bore ;  
 Nor shunn'd, at penfive eve, with lonesome pace  
 The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace ;  
 Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at mattins due,  
 Stream through the storied window's holy hue.

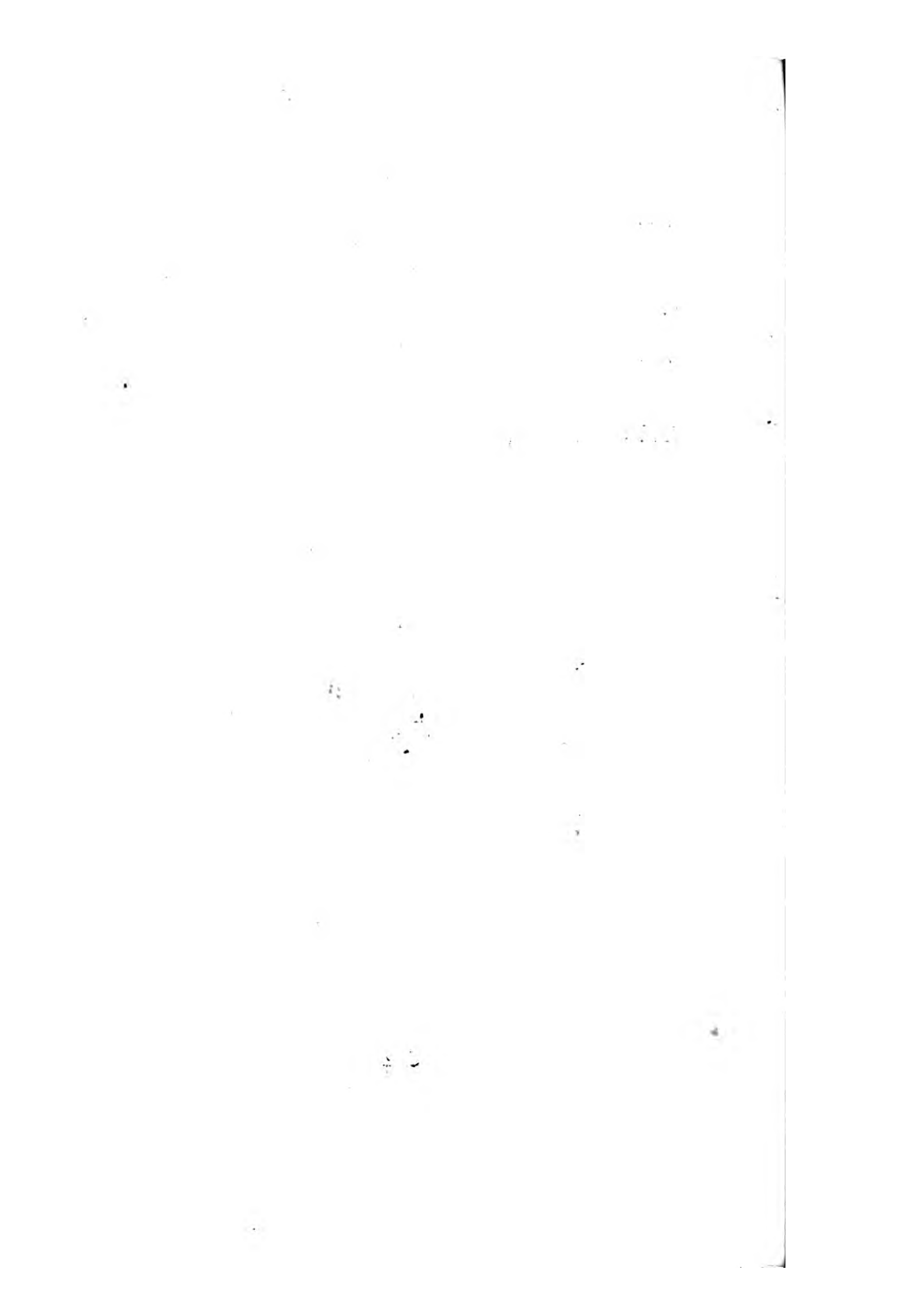
And O, Young Prince, be thine his moral praise ;  
 Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.  
 War has its charms terrific. Far and wide  
 When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride ;  
 O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,  
 And the long phalanx flashes in the sun ;  
 When now no dangers of the deathful day  
 Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array ;  
 Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight  
 The youthful breast, and asks the future fight ;  
 Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,  
 Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van,

May no such rage be thine : No dazzling ray  
Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray.  
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,  
Be thine the scepter wreath'd with many a palm :  
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,  
The silver lyre to milder conquest strung !

Instead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,  
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms :  
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days  
Record the past, and rouse to future praise :  
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,  
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass :  
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,  
And cloath with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine ancient boast,  
Thy tournaments, and lifted combats lost !  
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud castle, mourn  
Adventurous Valour's gothic trophies torn !  
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night  
It's elder fame, and dimm'd it's genuine light,  
At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,  
And the bright Order bursts to perfect day ;

**The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,  
On Virtue's base it's rescued glory rears :  
Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts atchieve,  
Sees meek Humanity distress relieve ;  
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,  
And claims it's honours from the Chiefs of Peace.**





**O D E S.**



O D E I.

T O S L E E P.

**O**N this my penfive pillow, gentle Sleep!  
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:  
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,  
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,  
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;  
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—  
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,  
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,  
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,  
For ever hovering, haunts my wretched fight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:  
Black midnight, and the radiant noon, alike  
To me appear, while with uplifted arm  
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

O D E II.

The HAMLET. Written in Whichwood Forest.

**T**HE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd  
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild ;  
Nor haunt the croud, nor tempt the main,  
For splendid care, and guilty gain !

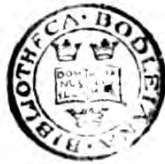
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam  
Strikes their low thatch with flanting gleam,  
They rove abroad in ether blue,  
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew :  
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell  
That nodding shades a craggy dell,

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,  
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :  
On green untrodden banks they view  
The hyacinth's neglected hue :  
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,  
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :  
And startle from her ashen spray,  
Across the glen, the screaming jay :  
Each native charm their steps explore  
Of Solitude's sequester'd store,

For them the moon with cloudless ray  
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way :  
Their weary spirits to relieve,  
The meadows incense breathe at eve.  
No riot mars the simple fare  
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share :  
But when the curfew's measur'd roar  
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,  
Has echoed from the distant town,  
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,  
No trophied canopies, to close  
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom  
Of health around the clay-built room,  
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,  
Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;  
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,  
Or drive afield the tardy kine ;  
Or hasten from the fultry hill  
To loiter at the shady rill ;  
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest  
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers  
The curling woodbine's shade embowers :  
From the trim garden's thymy mound  
Their bees in busy swarms resound :  
Nor fell Disease, before his time,  
Hastes to consume life's golden prime :  
But when their temples long have wore  
The silver crown of tresses hoar ;  
As studious still calm peace to keep,  
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.



O D E III.

Written at VALE-ROYAL ABBY in CHESHIRE\*.

AS Evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,  
No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,  
Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,  
Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How sunk the scene, where cloyster'd Leisure mus'd!  
Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;  
And, lavish of magnificence, diffus'd  
His crouded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow!

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,  
Quick-glancing to the sun, quaint music made,  
Are rest, and every battlement o'ergrown  
With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.

\* Founded by king Edward the first, about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his return from a crusade.

The prickly thistle sheds its plummy crest,  
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,  
Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, imprest  
With rich reflection of the storied glass.

Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,  
Sublimely shrin'd in gorgeous imagery ;  
And through the lessening files, in radiant rows,  
Their consecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browse, and there the fable yew  
Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms ;  
And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew  
O'er the forgotten graves and scatter'd tombs.

By the slow clock, in duly-measur'd chime,  
That from its airy spire full deeply toll'd,  
No more the plowman counts the tedious time,  
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,  
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,  
Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between  
Thick ivy twines, the taper'd rites betray.



Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,  
(While kindred thoughts the pensive founts inspire)  
As the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,  
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.—

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent I muse,  
Though rear'd by Charity's misguided zeal,  
Yet can my breast soft Pity's sigh refuse,  
Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the forceress, Superstition blind,  
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,  
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,  
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise:

Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,  
While the still cloister cold Oblivion lock'd;  
And through the chambers pale, to slumbers mild  
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable state,  
Proud Hospitality dispens'd her store:  
Ah! see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,  
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor.

Her ponderous vase, with gothic pourtraiture  
Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows :  
Mid the mix'd shards, o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,  
No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,  
Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage ;  
Here raptur'd see, Religion's evening ray  
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here antient Art her dedal fancies play'd  
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof ;  
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,  
And rang'd the cluster'd column, massy-proof.

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,  
Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day ;  
And patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page  
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came  
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky  
Hung lowering, and around the social flame  
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone ;  
Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,  
To pluck the grey moss from the mantled stone,  
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the Muse :—yet partial as she sings,  
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles :  
And with fair images of antient things  
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muse ;  
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen :  
Severer Reason forms far other views,  
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

From these deserted domes, new glories rise ;  
More useful institutes, adorning man,  
Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,  
On fresh foundations build the social plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight  
Effays, escap'd from Superstition's shrine :  
While freed Religion, like primeval light  
Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

O D E IV.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos  
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse  
The boisterous boy the Fair denies,  
Or, with a scornful smile complies.  
Mindful of disaster past,  
And shrinking at the northern blast,  
The fleet storm returning still,  
The morning hoar, and evening chill ;  
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.  
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,  
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,  
That cloath the garden's southern bound :  
Scarce a fickle straggling flower  
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower :  
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps  
From the dark dell's entangled steeps :  
O'er the field of waving broom :  
Slowly shoots the golden bloom :  
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale  
Tinctures the transitory gale.

While from the shrubbery's naked maze,  
Where the vegetable blaze  
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,  
Every chequer'd charm is flown ;  
Save that the lilac hangs to view  
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land  
The beans their new-born ranks expand :  
The fresh-turn'd foil with tender blades  
Thinly the sprouting barley shades :  
Fringing the forest's devious edge,  
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge ;  
Or to the distant eye displays  
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,  
Skims in haste the village green :  
From the grey moor, on feeble wing,  
The screaming plovers idly spring :  
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,  
Explores awhile the tepid noon ;  
And fondly trusts its tender dies  
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,  
If a cloud should haply lower,  
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,  
Mute on a sudden is the lark ;  
But when gleams the sun again  
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,  
And from behind his watery veil  
Looks through the thin-descending hail ;  
She mounts, and lessening to the fight,  
Salutes the blythe return of light,  
And high her tuneful track pursues  
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues,

Where in venerable rows  
Widely waving oaks inclose  
The moat of yonder antique hall,  
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call ;  
And to the toils of nature true,  
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,  
The lonely poet loves to mark,  
How various greens in faint degrees  
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees ;

While, careless of the changing year,  
The pine cerulean, never fear,  
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,  
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier-isle,  
Where GLYM's low banks neglected smile ;  
And each trim meadow still retains  
The wintry torrent's oozy stains :  
Beneath a willow, long forsook,  
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;  
And bursting through the crackling sedge  
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,  
He startles from the bordering wood  
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,  
Frisk the lambs, with faltering pace,  
And with eager bleatings fill  
The fofs that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke  
To lordly man's usurping yoke,  
The bounding colt forgets to play ;  
Basking beneath the noontide ray,

And stretch'd among the daifies pide  
Of a green dingle's sloping side :  
While far beneath, where nature spreads  
Her boundless length of level meads,  
In loose luxuriance taught to stray  
A thousand tumbling rills inlay  
With silver veins the vale, or pass  
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,  
Midst her pensive solitude,  
Fancy, with prophetic glance,  
Sees the teeming months advance ;  
The field, the forest, green and gay,  
The dappled slope, the tedded hay ;  
Sees the reddening orchard blow,  
The harvest wave, the vintage flow :  
Sees June unfold his glossy robe  
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe :  
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,  
And Plenty load her ample horn,



( 41 )

O D E V.

S E N T T O

M R. U P T O N,

O N

His edition of the FAERIE QUEENE.

AS oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,  
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page ;  
And footh'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore  
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age :

Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon  
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise ;  
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,  
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

Sage Upton came, from every wonderous tale  
To chase the mists that hung o'er fairy ground :  
His wifard hand unlocks each magic vale,  
And opes each flowery forest's guarded bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd  
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell ;  
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,  
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell :

The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd  
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery ;  
And through th' enchanted chamber, richly stor'd,  
Saw Cupid's stately maske come sweeping by \*.

At this, where'er, in distant regions sheen,  
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,  
Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,  
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,  
Her painted wings Imagination plumes ;  
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song  
Its native charm, and genuine grace, resumes.

\* See FAIRY QUEEN, iii. 2. 5.

O D E VI.

T H E S U I C I D E .

**B**ENEATH the beech, whose branches bare  
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,

O'erhang the craggy road,  
And whistle hollow as they wave ;  
Within a solitary grave,

A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode,

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies  
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,  
And dimm'd the struggling day ;

As by the brook that lingering laves  
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,  
Full of the dark resolve he took his fullen way,

I mark'd his defultory pace,  
His gestures strange, and varying face,

With many a mutter'd sound ;  
And ah ! too late aghast I view'd

The reeking blade, the hand embru'd :

He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night  
He watch'd the slow return of light ;  
    And fought the powers of sleep,  
To spread a momentary calm  
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm  
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,  
He wore his endless noons alone,  
    Amid the autumnal wood :  
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,  
Abrupt the social board to quit,  
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,  
DESPAIR, for ever in his view,  
    A spectre pale, appear'd ;  
While, as the shades of eve arose  
And brought the day's unwelcome close,  
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

“ Is this, mistaken Scorn will cry,  
“ Is this the youth, whose genius high  
“ Could build the genuine rime ?  
“ Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse  
“ Had stor'd with all her ample views,  
“ Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime ?”

Ah ! from the Muse that bosom mild  
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,  
To strike the deathful blow :  
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind  
With many a feeling too refin'd,  
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,  
And the sharp stings of hopeless love ;  
To griefs congenial prone,  
More wounds than nature gave he knew,  
While misery's form his fancy drew  
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then with not o'er his earthy tomb  
The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom  
    To drop its deadly dew :  
Nor oh ! forbid the twisted thorn,  
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,  
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though nor marble-piled bust  
Adorn his desolated dust,  
    With speaking sculpture wrought ?  
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,  
To build a visionary shrine,  
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite ?  
Here viewless mourners shall delight  
    To touch the shadowy shell :  
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom  
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,  
In melancholy tones shall ring his pensive knell.

To footh a lone, unhallow'd shade,  
This votive dirge sad Duty paid,  
    Within an ivied nook :  
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day  
More radiant shot its parting ray,  
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

“ Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise ;  
“ Nor thus for guilt in specious lays  
    “ The wreath of glory twine :  
“ In vain with hues of gorgeous glow  
“ Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,  
“ Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

“ Just heaven, man's fortitude to prove,  
“ Permits through life at large to rove  
    “ The tribes of hell-born Woe :  
“ Yet the same power that wisely fends  
“ Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends  
“ Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

“ Her aid divine had lull'd to rest  
“ Yon foul self-murthrer's throbbing breast,  
“ And stay'd the rising storm :  
“ Had bade the sun of hope appear  
“ To gild the darken'd hemisphere,  
“ And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

“ Vain man ! 'tis heaven's prerogative  
“ To take, what first it deign'd to give,  
“ Thy tributary breath :  
“ In awful expectation plac'd,  
“ Await thy doom, nor impious haste  
“ To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of  
“ death.”



## O D E VII.

Sent to a Friend, on leaving a favourite Village in  
HAMPSHIRE.

AH mourn, thou lov'd retreat ! No more  
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore !  
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep  
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,  
Who now shall climb its brows to view  
Thy length of landkips, ever new ;  
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,  
Her varied vesture far and wide !  
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,  
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm :  
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,  
Watch'd by the kite that fails aloof :  
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall  
Darkens the long-deserted hall :  
The veteran beech, that on the plain  
Collects at eve the playful train :  
The cott that smokes with early fire,  
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire !

Who now shall indolently stray  
 Through the deep forest's tangled way ;  
 Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find  
 The well known hoary-treffed hind,  
 That toils with feeble hands to glean  
 Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean !  
 Who mid thy nooks of hazle fit,  
 Loft in some melancholy fit ;  
 And listning to the raven's croak,  
 The distant flail, the falling oak !  
 Who, through the sunshine and the shower,  
 Descry the rainbow-painted tower ?  
 Who, wandering at return of May,  
 Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay ?  
 Who, musing waste the summer hour,  
 Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r  
 The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,  
 With azure flowrets idly grac'd !  
 Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn  
 Returning reapers cross the lawn :  
 Nor fond attention loves to note  
 The weather's bell from folds remote :  
 While, own'd by no poetic eye,  
 Thy pensive evenings shade the sky !

For lo ! the Bard who rapture found  
From every rural sight or sound ;  
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,  
No charm of genuine nature past ;  
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,  
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires :  
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers  
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

And see, thy sad sequester'd glooms  
Their antient, dread repose resumes !  
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots  
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,  
Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,  
His primrose-chaplet rudely torn.  
With hollow shriek the Nymphs forsake  
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake.  
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side  
Its chalky entrails opens wide,  
On the green summit, ambush'd high,  
No longer Echo loves to lie.  
No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,  
Rife beckoning from the reedy brook.

Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,  
 No Fairies run in fiery rank ;  
 Nor brush, half-feen, in airy tread,  
 The violet's unprinted head.  
 But Fancy, from the thickets brown,  
 The glades that wear a conscious frown,  
 The forest-oaks, that pale and lone,  
 Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,  
 Rough glens, and fullen waterfalls,  
 Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage inchanter's spell,  
 (As old Arabian fblers tell)  
 Amid the solitary wild,  
 Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd :  
 From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,  
 With golden fruit the branches beam'd ;  
 Fair forms, in every wonderful wood,  
 Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood ;  
 And oft, retreating from the view,  
 Betray'd, at distance, beauties new :  
 While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers  
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.

If bound on service new to go,  
The master of the magic show,  
His transitory charm withdrew,  
Away th' illusive landscape flew :  
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,  
Blue lightning smote the blooming mold :  
In visionary glory rear'd,  
The gorgeous castle disappear'd :  
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain  
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

O D E VIII.

T H E

COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL.\*

I.

**A**LL pensive from her osier-woven bow'r  
CHERWELL arose. Around her darkening edge  
Pale eve began the steaming mist to pour,  
And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge :  
She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,  
And tore the rushy wreath that bound her streaming hair,

II.

Ah ! why, she cried, should Isis share alone  
The tributary gifts of tuneful fame !  
Shall every song her happier influence own,  
And stamp with partial praise her favourite name ?  
While I, alike to those proud domes allied,  
Nor hear the Muse's call, nor boast a classic tide,

\* One of the Rivers at Oxford.

III.

No chosen son of all yon fabling band  
Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse ;  
Nor sees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand  
Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues :  
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,  
Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speckled shell.

IV.

In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern  
Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high ;  
Lo ! milder glories mark my modest urn,  
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery :  
What though she pace sublime, a stately queen ;  
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

V.

Proud Nymph, since late the Muse thy triumphs sung,  
No more with mine thy scornful Naiads play,  
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung,)  
Where meet our streams, indulging short delay :  
Nor more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'ft to take  
My cress-born flowers that float in many a shaded lake.

VI.

Vain bards ! can Isis win the raptur'd foul,  
Where Art each wilder watery charm invades ?  
Whose waves, in measur'd volumes taught to roll,  
Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades :  
Whose banks with echoing industry resound,  
Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving mound,

VII.

Lo ! here no commerce spreads the fervent toil,  
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide ;  
The freshness of my pastures to defile,  
Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side ;  
But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,  
Mid the moist lilies fits, attir'd in mantle dank,

VIII.

No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,  
Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song :  
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,  
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among ;  
All unalarm'd, save when the genial May  
Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ripen'd hay,



IX.

Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene ;  
So to new notes shall my coy Echo string  
Her lonely harp. Hither, the brow serene,  
And the slow pace, of Contemplation bring ;  
Nor call in vain inspiring Ecstasy  
To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

X.

Whate'er the theme : if unrequited love  
Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe ;  
Or Fame to bolder flights the bosom move,  
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath ;  
Here hail the Muses : from the busy throng  
Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts the song,

## O D E IX,

## THE CRUSADE.\*

**B**OUND for holy Palestine,  
 Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,  
 All in azure steel array'd ;  
 O'er the wave our weapons play'd,  
 And made the dancing billows glow,  
 High upon the trophied prow,  
 Many a warrior-minstrel swung  
 His founding harp, and boldly sung.

\* King Richard the first, celebrated for his achievements in the crusades, was not less distinguished for his patronage of the Provençal minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions into the holy land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment ; and began a song, or ode, which the king and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was king Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer : and when Blondel paused about the middle, the king began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the minstrel and king Richard.

“ Syrian virgins, wail and weep.  
“ English Richard ploughs the deep !  
“ Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,  
“ From distant towers, with anxious eye,  
“ The radiant range of shield and lance  
“ Down Damascus’ hills advance ;  
“ From Sion’s turrets as afar  
“ Ye ken the march of Europe’s war !  
“ Saladin, thou savage king  
“ From Albion’s isle revenge we bring !  
“ On Acon’s \* spiry citadel,  
“ Though to the gale thy banners swell,  
“ Pictur’d with the silver moon ;  
“ England shall end thy glory soon !  
“ In vain, to break our firm array,  
“ Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray ;  
“ Those sounds our rising fury fan :  
“ English Richard in the van,  
“ On to victory we go,  
“ A vaunting infidel the foe.”

\* A capital christian city and fortrefs of Syria.

Blondel led the tuneful band,  
And swept the wire with glowing hand.  
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,  
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,  
Far along the smiling main  
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth  
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth ;  
Then with ardour fresh endu'd,  
Thus the solemn song renew'd.

“ Lo, the toilsome voyage past,  
“ Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last !  
“ Object of our holy vow,  
“ We tread the Tyrian vallies now.  
“ From Carmel's almond-shaded steep  
“ We feel the cheering fragrance creep,  
“ O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm  
“ Curls the vine, and waves the palm,  
“ See, Lebanon's aspiring head  
“ Wide his immortal umbrage spread !  
“ Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,  
“ Wet with our Redeemer's gore !

- “ Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,  
“ Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;  
“ Your ravish'd honours to restore,  
“ Fearless we climb this hostile shore !  
“ And thou, the sepulchre of god !  
“ By mocking pagans rudely trod,  
“ Bereft of every awful rite,  
“ And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright ;  
“ For thee, from Britain's distant coast,  
“ Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !  
“ Aloft in his heroic hand,  
“ Blazing, like the beacon's brand,  
“ O'er the far-affrighted fields,  
“ Resistless Kaliburn he wields\*.  
“ Proud Saracen, pollute no more  
“ The shrines by martyrs built of yore !  
“ From each wild mountain's trackless crown  
“ In vain, thy gloomy castles frown :

\* Kaliburn is the sword of king Arthur : which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard the first ; and was given by that monarch, in the crusades, to Tancred king of Sicily, as a royal present of ineffimable price, about the year 1190. See the following Ode.

- “ Thy battering engines, huge and high,  
“ In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;  
“ And, rolling in terrific state,  
“ On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.  
“ When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,  
“ Amid the moon-light vapours damp,  
“ Thy necromantic forms, in vain,  
“ Haunt us on the tented plain :  
“ We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,  
“ Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt !  
“ With many a demon, pale of hue,  
“ Doom'd to drink the bitter dew  
“ That drops from Macon's footy tree,  
“ Mid the dread grove of ebony.  
“ Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,  
“ The christian's holy courage quell.  
“ Salem, in antient majesty  
“ Arise, and lift thee to the sky !  
“ Soon on thy battlements divine  
“ Shall wave the badge of Constantine.  
“ Ye Barons, to the sun unfold  
“ Our Cross with crimson wove and gold !”

## O D E X.

## THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR\*.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer :  
 Girt with many an armed peer,  
 CILGARRAN, in thy castle hall,  
 And canopied with golden pall,

\* King Henry the second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick king of Connaught, commonly called O Connor Dun, or *the brown monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh Bards. The subject of their poetry was king Arthur, whose history had been so long disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that king Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the Bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following Ode: but for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Cronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a most romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi in Pembroke-shire: and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

Sublime in formidable state,  
And warlike splendour, Henry fate ;  
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood  
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.  
    Illumining the vaulted roof,  
A thousand torches flam'd aloof :  
From maffy cups, with golden gleam  
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream :  
To grace the gorgeous festival,  
Along the lofty-window'd wall,  
The storied tapestry was hung :  
With minstrelsy the rafters rung  
Of harps, that with reflected light  
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright :  
While gifted bards, a rival throng,  
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,  
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,  
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,  
From many a shaggy precipice  
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyfs,  
And many a sunless solitude  
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)



To crown the banquet's solemn close,  
Themes of British glory chose ;  
And to the strings of various chime  
Attemper'd thus the fabling rime.

“ O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,  
“ High the screaming sea-mew soar'd ;  
“ On Tintagel's \* topmost tower  
“ Darkfom fell the fleety shower ;  
“ Round the rough castle thrilly fung  
“ The whirling blast, and wildly flung  
“ On each tall rampart's thundering side  
“ The surges of the tumbling tide :  
“ When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks  
“ On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks :  
“ By Mordred's faithless guile decreed  
“ Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !  
“ Yet in vain a paynim foe  
“ Arm'd with fate the mighty blow ;

\* Tintagel, or Tintadgel castle, where king Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side,] on the southern coasts of Cornwall.

- “ For when he fell, an elfin queen,  
“ All in secret, and unseen,  
“ O'er the fainting hero threw  
“ Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;  
“ And bade her spirits bear him far,  
“ In Merlin's agate-axled car,  
“ To her green isle's enamel'd steep,  
“ In the navel of the deep.  
“ O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew  
“ From flowers that in Arabia grew :  
“ On a rich, enchanted bed,  
“ She pillow'd his majestic head ;  
“ O'er his brow, with whispers bland,  
“ Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand ;  
“ And, to soft music's airy sound,  
“ Her magic curtains clos'd around.  
“ There, renew'd the vital spring,  
“ Again he reigns a mighty king ;  
“ And many a fair and fragrant clime,  
“ Blooming in immortal prime,  
“ By gales of Eden ever fann'd,  
“ Owns the monarch's high command :

“ Thence to Britain shall return,  
“ (If right prophetic rolls I learn)  
“ Borne on Victory’s spreading plume,  
“ His antient scepter to resume ;  
“ Once more, in old heroic pride,  
“ His barbed courser to bestride ;  
“ His knightly table to restore,  
“ And the brave tournaments of yore.”

They ceas’d : when on the tuneful stage  
Advanc’d a bard, of aspect fage ;  
His silver tresses, thin-besprent,  
To age a graceful reverence lent ;  
His beard, all white as spangles frore  
That cloath Plinlimmon’s forests hoar,  
Down to his harp descending flow’d ;  
With Time’s faint rose his features glow’d ;  
His eyes diffus’d a soften’d fire,  
And thus he walk’d the warbling wire.

“ Listen, Henry, to my read !  
“ Not from fairy realms I lead  
“ Bright-rob’d Tradition, to relate  
“ In forged colours Arthur’s fate ;

“ Tho’ much of old romantic lore  
“ On the blest theme I keep in store :  
“ But boastful Fiction should be dumb,  
“ Where Truth the strain might best become.  
“ If thine ear may still be won  
“ With songs of Uther’s glorious son ;  
“ Henry, I a tale unfold,  
“ Never yet in rime enroll’d,  
“ Nor sung nor harp’d in hall or bower ;  
“ Which in my youth’s full early flower,  
“ A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,  
“ Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine,  
“ Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,  
“ Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,  
“ What time the glistening vapours fled  
“ From cloud-envelop’d Clyder’s \* head ;  
“ And on its sides the torrents gray  
“ Shone to the morning’s orient ray.  
“ When Arthur bow’d his haughty crest,  
“ No princess, veil’d in azure vest,

\* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.

“ Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,  
“ In groves of golden bliss to dwell ;  
“ Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,  
“ Slaughter'd kings in glory go :  
“ But when he fell, with winged speed,  
“ His champions, on a milk-white steed,  
“ From the battle's hurricane,  
“ Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,  
“ In the fair vale of Avalon : \*  
“ There, with chanted orison,  
“ And the long blaze of tapers clear,  
“ The stoled fathers met the bier ;  
“ Through the dim files, in order dread  
“ Of martial woe, the chief they led,  
“ And deep intomb'd in holy ground,  
“ Before the altar's solemn bound.  
“ Around no dusky banners wave,  
“ No mouldering trophies mark the grave :  
“ Away the ruthless Dane has torn  
“ Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn ;

\* Glastonbury abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea ; in a spot, antiently called the island, or valley, of Avalonia.

- “ And long, o'er the neglected stone,  
“ Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown :  
“ The faded tomb, with honour due,  
“ 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !  
“ Thither, when Conquest has restor'd  
“ Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,  
“ When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,  
“ Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.  
“ There, observant of my lore,  
“ The pavement's hallow'd depth explore ;  
“ And thrice a fathom underneath  
“ Dive into the vaults of death.  
“ There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,  
“ On his gigantic stature gaze ;  
“ There shalt thou find the monarch laid,  
“ All in warrior-weeds array'd ;  
“ Wearing in death his helmet-crown,  
“ And weapons huge of old renown.  
“ Martial prince, 'tis thine to save  
“ From dark oblivion Arthur's grave !  
“ So may thy ships securely stem  
“ The western frith : thy diadem

“ Shine victorious in the van,  
“ Nor heed the flings of Ulster’s clan :  
“ Thy Norman pike-men win their way  
“ Up the dun rocks of Harald’s bay : \*  
“ And from the steeps of rough Kildare  
“ Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :  
“ So may thy bow’s unerring yew  
“ Its shafts in Roderick’s heart embrew.” †

Amid the pealing symphony  
The spiced goblets mantled high,  
With passions new the song imprefs’d  
The listening king’s impatient breast :  
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;  
He scorns awhile his bold enterprise ;  
Ev’n now he seems, with eager pace,  
The consecrated floor to trace ;

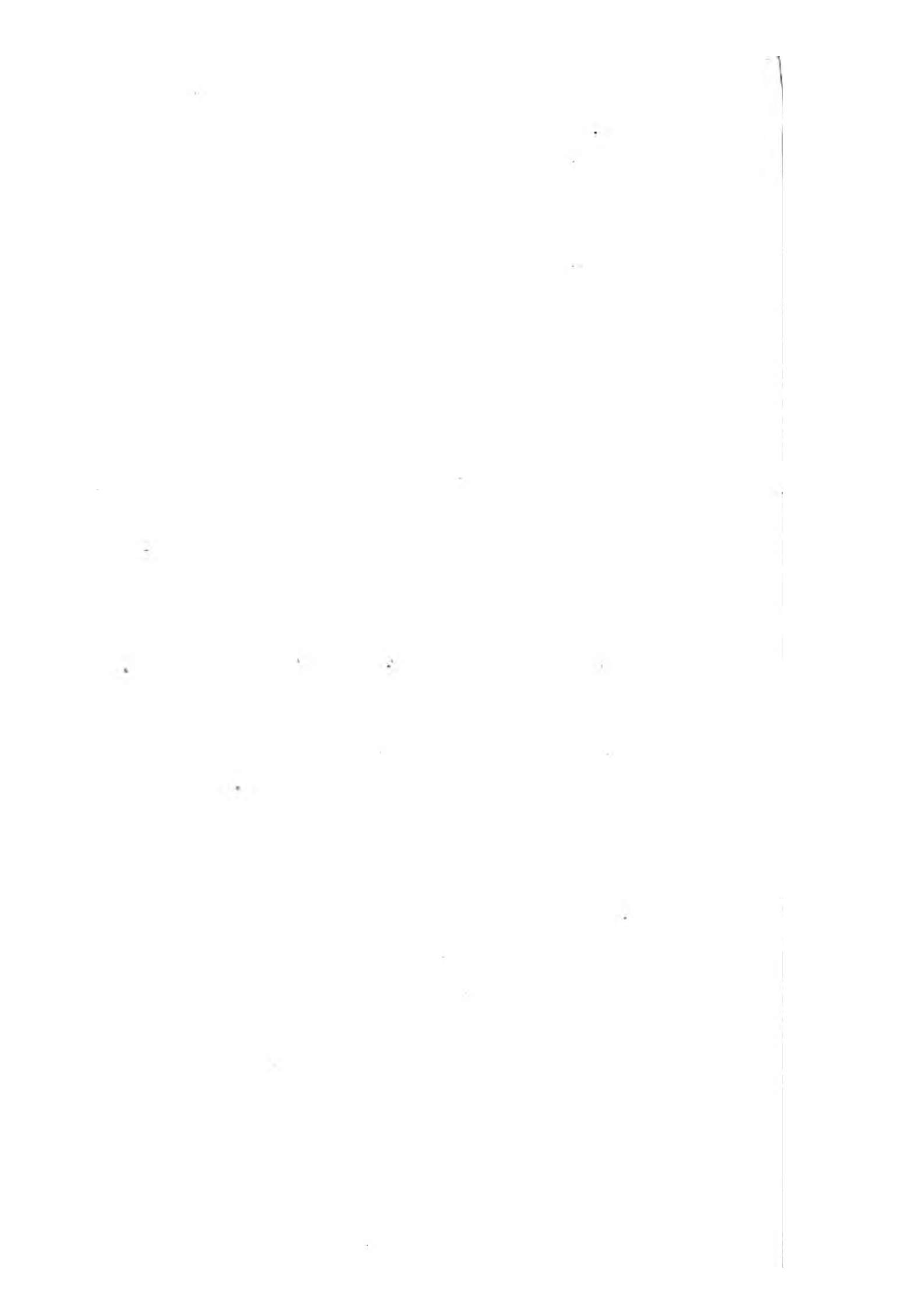
\* The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Har-fager, The *Fair-haired*, king of Norway, is said, in the Life of Gryffudh ap Conan, prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise, chiefly by the use of the long-bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted.

And ope, from its tremendous gloom,  
The treasures of the wonderous tomb :  
Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,  
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,  
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings :  
Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,  
To poise the monarch's massy blade,  
Of magic-temper'd metal made ;  
And drag to day the dinted shield  
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.  
O'er the sepulchre profound  
Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,  
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,  
The daily dirge, and rites divine.



S O N N E T S.



S O N N E T I.

WRITTEN AT WYNSLADE IN HAMPSHIRE.

**W**YNSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain  
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,  
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn  
Gan the grey mist with orient purple stain,  
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train :  
Her fairest landskips whence my Muse has drawn,  
Too free with fervile courtly phrase to fawn,  
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain.  
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,  
Nor views invite, since He far distant strays,  
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,  
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays ;  
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,  
That still they can recall those happier days.

## S O N N E T II.

## O N B A T H I N G.

**W**HEN late the trees were stript by winter pale,  
 Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,  
 Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,  
 On airy uplands met the piercing gale ;  
 And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,  
 Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.  
 But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,  
 Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale ;  
 She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath  
 The fount that laves proud Isis' towered brim :  
 And now, all glad the temperate air to breath,  
 While cooling drops distill from arches dim,  
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,  
 She fits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

S O N N E T    I I I .

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S  
MONASTICON.

**D**EEM not, devoid of elegance, the fage,  
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,  
Of painful Pedantry the poring child ;  
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,  
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.  
Thinkst thou the warbling Muses never smil'd  
On his lone hours ? Ingenuous views engage  
His thought, on themes, unclaffic falsely ftill'd,  
Intent. While cloyfter'd Piety displays  
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores  
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,  
Whence culls the penfive bard his pictur'd ftories.  
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways  
Of hoar Antiquity, but ftrown with flowers.

## S O N N E T IV.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

**T**HOU noblest monument of Albion's isle!  
 Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's shore,  
 To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,  
 Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,  
**T'** entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile : \*  
 Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,  
 Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore :  
 Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,  
**To** Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,  
 Rear'd the rude heap : or, in thy hallow'd round,  
 Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line ;  
**Or** here those kings in solemn state were crown'd :  
 Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,  
 We muse on many an antient tale renown'd.

\* One of the Bardish traditions about Stonehenge.

S O N N E T V.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE,

**F**ROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art  
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,  
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,  
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,  
How to life's humbler scene can I depart ?  
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,  
In my low cell how cheat the fullen hours !  
Vain the complaint : for FANCY can impart  
(To Fate superiour, and to Fortune's doom)  
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall :  
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,  
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall :  
Bid the green landskip's vernal beauty bloom ;  
And in bright trophies cloath the twilight wall.

S O N N E T VI.

T O M R. G R A Y.

**N**OT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,  
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;  
Unseen, unheard, O GRAY, to thee she sings!  
While slowly-pacing through the church-yard dew,  
At curfeu-time, beneath the dark-green yew,  
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;  
Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,  
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue  
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd:  
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?  
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd  
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,  
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,  
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.



## S O N N E T VII.

**W**HILE summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,  
 Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epfom spreads  
 Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,  
 And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,  
 Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene  
 I journied blythe. Full penfive I return'd;  
 For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,  
 Wet with hoar mists appear'd the glittering scene  
 Which late in careless indolence I past;  
 And Autumn all around those hues had cast  
 Where past delight my recent grief might trace.  
 Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom  
 Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,  
 I wish'd her green attire, and wanted bloom !

S O N N E T VIII.

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND-TABLE AT WINCHESTER,

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears  
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fofs,  
And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in mofs,  
On yonder steep in naked state appears ;  
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,  
Old Arthur's Board : on the capacious round  
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,  
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.  
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rime,  
The Druid-frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey  
To the slow vengeance of the wifard Time,  
And fade the British characters away ;  
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime  
Those Chiefs, shall live, unconfcious of decay,

S O N N E T IX.

T O T H E R I V E R L O D O N .

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,  
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,  
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,  
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun :  
Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun !  
While pensive memory traces back the round,  
Which fills the varied interval between ;  
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.  
Sweet native stream ! those skies and suns so pure  
No more return, to cheer my evening road !  
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,  
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,  
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature ;  
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbeflow'd.