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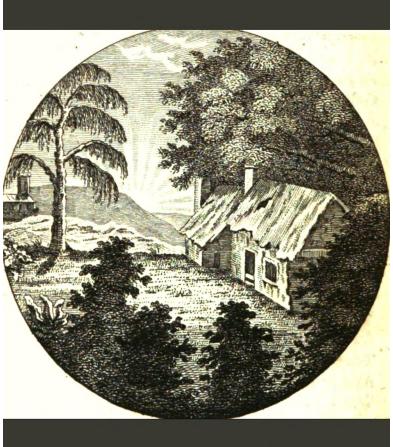
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The works, in verse and prose, of William Shenstone, esq

William Shenstone, Phillis Wheatley

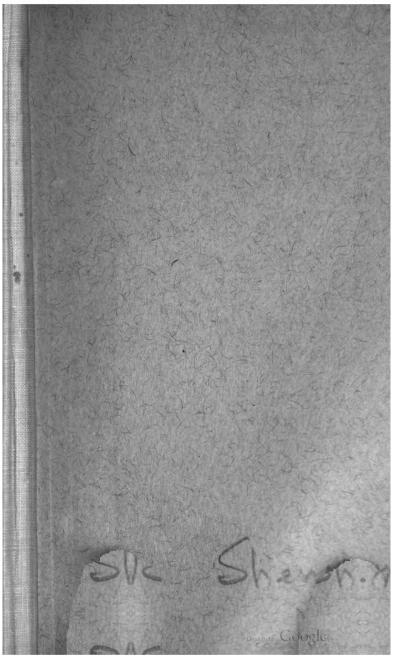
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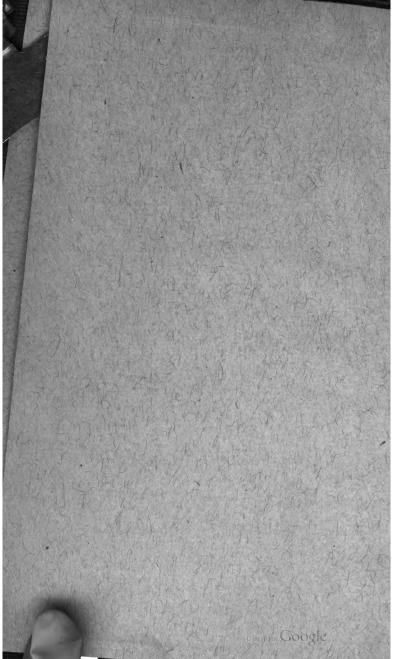


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Frontispeice . Vol .1.



WORKS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

O F

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Efq;

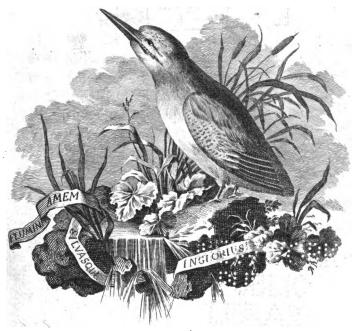
In TWO VOLUMES. With DECORATIONS.

—— His ego longos

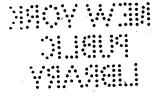
Cantando puerum memini me condere foles. VIRC.

The FOURTH EDITION.

VOL. I.



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AFTER, LENGY AND
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PREFACE.

Great part of the poetical works of Mr. SHENSTONE, particularly his Elegies and Pastorals, are (as he himself expresses it) "The exact transcripts of the situation of his own mind;" and abound in frequent allusions to his own place, the beautiful scene of his retirement from the world. Exclusively therefore of our natural curiofity to be acquainted with the history of an author, whose works we peruse with pleasure, some short account of Mr. Shenstone's personal character, and fituation in life, may not only be agreeable, but absolutely necessary, to the reader; as it is impossible he should enter into the true spirit of his writings, if he is entirely ignorant of those circumstances of his life, which sometimes so greatly influenced his reflections.

A 3

I could

I could wish however that this task had been allotted to some person capable of performing it in that masterly manner which the subject so well deserves. To confess the truth, it was chiefly to prevent his remains from falling into the hands of any one still less qualified to do him justice, that I have unwillingly ventured to undertake the publication of them myself.

Mr. Shenstone was the eldest fon of a plain uneducated country gentleman in Shropshire, who farmed his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, refolved to give him a learned education, and fent him a commoner to PEM-BROKE College in OXFORD, defigning him for the church: but tho' he had the most aweful notions of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, he never could be perfuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular fect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever were his own. fentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to those who differed from him. Tenderness, indeed,

indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed, this virtue in him was often carried to fuch excess, that it sometimes bordered upon weakness; yet if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends, had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim. however, on fuch occasions, which is worthy of being observed and imitated; "I never (faid he) will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend." He was in his temper quite unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asseep again without difficulty.

He was no economist; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money: he exceeded therefore the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably encumbered. But when one recollects the perfect

A 4

para-

paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a year, one should rather be ked to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of economy. He left however more than sufficient to pay all his debts; and by his will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose.

It was perhaps from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune, that he forbore to marry; for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One, which he received in his youth, was with difficulty surmounted. The lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in sour parts, which has been so universally admired; and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart, and softened the most obdurate.

His

His person, as to height, was above the middle ftature, but largely and rather inclegantly formed: his face feemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent, even to a fault: though when young, at the university, he was accounted a BEAU. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a particular manner; not from any affection of fingularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that without too flavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. In short, his faults were only little blemishes, thrown in by nature, as it were on purpose to prevent him from rising too much above that level of imperfection allotted to humanity.

His character as a writer will be diffinguished by simplicity with elegance, and genius with correctness. He had a sublimity equal to the highest attempts; yet from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling slowers at the foot of the

the mount, than to take the trouble of climbing the more arduous steeps of PARNASSUS. But whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, though natural, were noble, and always well. supported. In the tenderness of elegiac poetry he hath not been excelled; in the fimplicity of pastoral, one may venture to fay he had very few equals. Of great fenfibility himfelf, he never failed to engage the hearts of his readers: and amidst the nicest attention to the harmony of his numbers, he always took care to express with propriety the sentiments of an elegant mind. In all his writings, his greatest difficulty was to please himself. I remember a passage in one of his letters, where, speaking of his love songs, he says,-" Some were written on occasions a good deal ima-"ginary, others not so; and the reason there " are so many is, that I wanted to write ONE "good fong, and could never please myself." It was this diffidence which occasioned him to throw afide many of his pieces before he had bestowed upon them his last touches. I have suppressed several on this account; and if among those which I have selected, there fhould

should be discovered some little want of his finishing polish, I hope it will be attributed to this cause, and of course be excused: yet I flatter myself there will always appear something well worthy of having been preserved. And though I was afraid of inferting what might injure the character of my friend, yet as the sketches of a great master are always valuable, I was unwilling the public should lose any thing material of so accomplished a writer. In this dilemma it will eafily be conceived that the task I had to perform would become somewhat difficult. How I have acquitted myself, the public must judge. Nothing, however, except what he had already published, has been admitted without the advice of his most judicious friends, nothing altered, without their particular concurrence. It is impossible to please every one; but 'tis hoped that no reader will be fo unreasonable, as to imagine that the author wrote folely for his amusement: his talents were various; and though it may perhaps be allowed that his excellence chiefly appeared in fubjects of tenderness and simplicity, yet he frequently condescended 12

descended to trifle with those of humour and drollery: these, indeed, he himself in some measure degraded by the title which he gave them of Levities; but had they been entirely rejected, the public would have been deprived of some Jeux desprits, excellent in their kind, and Mr. Shenstone's character, as a writer, would have been but imperfectly exhibited.

But the talents of Mr. Shenstone were not confined merely to poetry; his character, as a man of clear judgment, and deep penetration, will best appear from his prose works. It is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented indeed, that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments: many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine to which they belong; or like the foot of a Hercules, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of that hero. I have no apprehen-

Gon of incurring blame from any one, for preserving these valuable remains: they will discover to every reader, the author's sentiments on several important subjects. And there can be very few, to whom they will not impart many thoughts, which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own resections.

But I believe little need be said to recommend the writings of this gentleman to public attention. His character is already sufficiently established. And if he be not injured by the inability of his editor, there is no doubt but he will ever maintain an eminent station among the best of our English writers.

R. DODSLEY.



Α

PREFATORY ESSAY

O N

E L E G Y.

It is observable, that discourses prefixed to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised in the first place, and the measures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of elegaic poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trisles, to dignify his own opinions with that denomination. He would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different * styles in which the

^{*} This essay was written near twenty years ago.

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the writers of elegy have bitherto indulged themfelves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of their example.

If we consider the etymology of * the word, the epithet which + Horage gives it, or the consession which ‡ Ovid makes concerning it, I think we may conclude thus much however; that elegy, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects; which by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melanchely stole over pretty different objects; which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that elegies were written at first upon the death of intimate friends and near relations; celebrated beauties, or favourite mistresses;

Ovid. de Morte Tibulli.

Hor.

L

^{* 1-}Aiyii, 1-particulam dolendi.

[†] Miserabiles elegos.

1 Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

17

resses; beneficent governors and illustrious men: one may add perhaps, of all those, who are placed by Virgil in the laurel-grove of his Elysium, (Vide Hurd's Dissertation on Horace's Episte)

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, und the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to wary their complaints; and the next tender species of source that presented itself, was the grief of absent or neglected lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with this they were not contented. They had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory. They sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings *, as well as the captivity and excquies that attended it. They gave the name of elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations; 'till at last, through their abundant fondness

* Dicite Io Pasa, & Io bis dicite Pasan. Ovid.
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ness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress-was their peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of elegy; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve, the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine sessions of love.

But not to dwell too long upon an epinion which may seem perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and tragedy shiefly recommend the public virtues; elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us with success to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl; as passeral conveys

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELECT. 15

un idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of elegy to show the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage:
and that, in a way distinst from pastoral, as much
as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined
to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more
tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness,
simplicity, and innocence: but then there is a
degree of elegance and refinement, no way inconsistent with these rural virtuess, and that raises
elegy above that merum rus, that unpolished
rusticity, which has given our pastoral writers
their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendor will never want their proper weight: the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the bonest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that B 2 bumanity

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bumanity it inculcates, such a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the style of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It should imitate the voice and language of grief, or if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and slowing as a mourner's veil. A versification therefore is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rbime, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, bowever exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniencies appear to lose their weight in shorter elegies; and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies not long since published; the product of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can shed.

N. B. This preface was written near twenty years ago.

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It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic: others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages. And, in savour of these last, might be produced the example of MILTON in his Lycidat, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much; since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall chuse; though it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its savour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhimes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhime, (withwhich the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings.

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A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much ease into a couplet as Mr. Pope. But as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of elegy.

The previous rhime in MILTON'S LYCIDAS is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the fentiment) before it he brought to join its partner: and this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification. But then the peculiar case and variety it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the presence to any other, in an elegy of length.

The chief exception to which stanza of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the fense too regularly, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. Waller's cellent panegyric. But if this fault he less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flatter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhime (with

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY. ..

(with which stanza is, I think, connected) may at least in shorter elegies, he allowed to outweigh its imperfectious.

I shall say but little of she different kinds of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occa-fions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate is softened to an excess. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and design, and, being addressed ebiesty to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspiculty. Elegies, that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.

The author of the following elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landship, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot; and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates. If he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his sleeces, he does not counterfeit.

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the scene; who having (whether through choice or necessity, is not material) retired betimes to country-solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments therefore were inspired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance; diffusing at least some part of that amusement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There will appear perhaps a real inconfiftency in the moral tenour of the several elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow, that men's opinions as well as tempers vary; that meither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the author has bazarded, throughout, the use of English er modern allusions, be hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. bas kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though be builds his edifice with the materials of bis own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of . the flowers it produced, though in order to exbibit them to the greater advantage, be bas endeavoured to weave his garland by the hest model be could find: with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to bim than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid, as to approve the variety of subjects be bas chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment be bas endeavoured to impress, he begs the metre also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, babituated of late to a quicker measure, may perbaps consider this as beavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of elegy.

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

If it should bappen to be considered as an objection with others, that there is too much of a moral cast dissued through the whole; it is replied, that he endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious; or to risque excluding the sashionable reader: at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the blossom of a fruit-tree. Poetry is indeed like that species of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms, and the tree is by no means in persection without the former, however it may be embellished by the slowers which surround it.

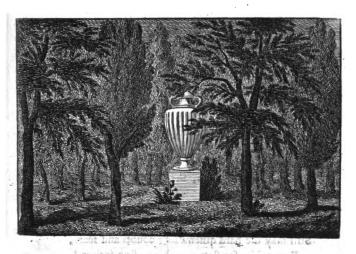
ELEGIES

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON

Many different Occasions.

Tentum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, sagos Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, solus, Montibus et silvis sudio jactabat inani! #10 FT ... 272... #



ELEGY I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of semplicity. To a FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal fons farewel;
Now, 'mid the trees, I fee my smoke arise;
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius, which secures my rest, Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear! Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast; Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!

Far

Par from these paths, ye faithless friends, depart!

Ply my plain board, abhor my hostile name!

Hence! she faint verse that slows not from the heart,

But mounts in labour'd strains, the price of same!

O lov'd simplicity! be thine the prize!

Assiduous are correct her page in vain!

His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,

Contemns the pow'r, the dull resource to seign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears

For lucre's venal meed, invite my foorn!

Still may the bard diffembling doubts and fears,

For praise, for flatt'ry fighing, figh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-fick Hammond flows,
"I wai his fond heart effur d the helving theme;
"Ah f. never could Aowia's hill diffelore.
So fair a fountain, or fo lov'd a ftream.

Ye loveless bands to intent with artful pinns.

To form a figh, or to contrive a near!

Forgo your Pindus, and on plains

Survey Camilla's charms, and grow fincers.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful foul Love's gentle tyrant feats his aweful throne, Write from thy bosom — let not art toutroul The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing

The forms our pencil, or our pen defign'd?

Such was our youthful air and shape and face?

Such the soft image of our youthful mind!

Soft whilft we fleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
The loves and graces fleal unfeen away;
And where the turf diffus d its pomp of flow'rs,
We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud scorn of ev'ty valgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with CNONE thou hast worn the day,
Near fount or stream; in meditation, rove;
If in the gaove CRNONE law'd to stray,
The faithful muse shall meet thee in the grove,

ELEGYIL

On posthumous reputation. To a Friend,

GRIEF of griefs I that envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praife;
O foolish muses! that with zeal aspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays!

When

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will she hear the distant voice of same?
Or hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?

Perhaps ev'n genius pours a slighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
Ev'n Lyttelton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Tho' weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn, Renew their chaplets, and repeat their fighs; Tho' near his tomb, Sabsean odours burn, The loit'ring fragrance will it reach the skies?

No, shou'd his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care.
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise

Can every sense of present joys excel:

For this, great HADRIAN chose laborious days;

Thro' this, expiring, bade a gay famewel.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raife,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,
To plan a work, thro' latest ages fair!

Is it small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy?
Shall wast like odours thro' the pleasing page?

To mark the day, when, thro' the bulky tome, Around your name the varying style refines? And readers call their lost attention home, Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah let not Britons doubt their focial aim, Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire! Cold interest melts before the vivid slame, And patriot ardours, but with life, expire!

KAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKA

ELEGY III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.

F proud PYGMALION quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies;
Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler A L c o n leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume diftinguish A L c o n's bier;
The faithful muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.
Vol. I. C He

He little knew the fly penurious art;
That odious art which fortune's fav'rites know;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the fecret wound;
He little knew that mortals could enfnare;
Virtue he knew; the noblest joy he found,
To fing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep;
And unforeseen disaster thin'd his fold;
Yet, at another's loss, the swain would weep;
And, for his friend, his very crook were sold.

Ye sons of wealth! protect the muse's train;
From winds protect them, and with food supply;
Ah! helpless they, toward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky?

He lov'd a nymph: amidst his slender store,

He dar'd to love; and C y N T H I A was his theme;

He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,

They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows, Revives less lovely from the recent show'r; So Philomelenamour'd eyes the rose; Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest slow'r!

· He

He lov'd the muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the muse, altho' she taught in vain;
He lov'd the muse, for she was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors; She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain; She tempts patricians from the fatal doors Of vice's brothel, forth to virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give; He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain; Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve, The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I faw him faint! I faw him fink to rest!

Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As tho' the virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As tho' the muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I faw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply:
The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But pow'r and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such ALC ON fell; in meagre want forlorn!

Where were ye then ye powerful patrons, where?

Wou'd ye the purple shou'd your limbs adorn,

Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

C 2

ELEGY.



ELEGY IV.

OPHELIA'S Urn. To Mr. G----.

THRO' the dim veil of ev'ning's dusky shade,

Near some lone sane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic fear survey'd!

What shrouded spectres superstition seen!

But you fecure shall pour your sad complaint, Nor dread the meagre phantoms wan array; What none but fear's officious hand can paint, What none, but superstition's eye, survey.

The glim'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
Constant, as crystal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall S T R E P H O N's tear bedew O P H E L I A's urn!

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid:
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where soft O P H E L I A's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise;
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

There

There fame, her clarion pendent at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of OPHELIA's shade;
Why has such worth, without distinction, dy'd,
Why, like the desert's lilly, bloom'd to sade?"

Then young simplicity, averse to seign,
Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh:
And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then elegance with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flow'rets for OPHELIA's tomb:
And beauty chide the fates' severe command,
That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And fancy then with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explaia:
For mournful fable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace of the muse in vain!

Ah gentle forms expect no fond relief;
Too much the facred Nine their loss deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest fav'rite is no more.

ELEGY

CINTERNATE CONTENSATE CONTERNATE CONTERNATE CONTENSATE CONTENSATE

ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship.

To MELISSA his Friend.

ROM love, from angry love's inclement reign I pass awhile to friendship's equal skies; Thou, gen'rous maid, reliev'st my partial pain, And chear'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv's my care:
How can my will and reason disagree?
How can my passion live beneath despair!
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah dear MELISSA! pleas'd with thee to rove, My foul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time; Ill can I bear the various clime of love! Love is a pleasing, but a various clime!

So smiles immortal Maro's fav'rite shore,
Parthenore, with ev'ry verdure crown'd!
When strait Vesuvio's horrid cauldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh

Oh blifsful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
When MARO to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh fatal realms! and oh accurst domains!
When PLINY, 'mid sulphureous clouds, expir'd!

So fmiles the surface of the treacherous main, As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play; When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain, And sky and ocean mingle in the sray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
Ev'n hope subside amid the billows tost;
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,
And not a seature's wonted smile is lost.

ELEGY VI.

· To a lady on the language of birds.

OME then, DIONE, let us range the grove, The science of the feather'd choirs explore: Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love, And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,
Nor senseless ditty, chears the vernal tree:
Ah! who, that hears DIONE's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And

And come, my muse! that lov'st the silvan shade;
Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel:
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid,
No solemn dervise can explain so well.—

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sate,

The slave of hopeless vows, and cold distain!

When Philomela address'd his mournful mate,

And thus I constru'd the mellissuent strain.

"Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong, At ev'ry note a lover sheds his tear; Sing on, my bird—'tis D A M O N hears thy song; Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear,

He the fad fource of our complaining knows; A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love! He mourns the story of our ancient woes; Ah could our music his complaint remove!

Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
And see pale CYNTHIA mounts the vaulted sky,
A train of lovers court the checquer'd shade;
Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Ere while no shepherd to these woods retlr'd;
No lover blest the glow-worm's pallid ray:
But ill-star'd birds, that list'ning not admir'd,
Or list'ning envy'd our superior lay,

Chear'd

Chear'd by the fun, the vaffals of his pow'r,
Let fuch by day unite their jarring strains!
But let us chuse the calm, the filent hour,
Nor want sit audience while DIONE reigns."

ctand & ctand ctand & ctand & ctand & ctand

ELEGY VII.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance. Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. Virg.

N distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies, Pensive I saw the circling shade descend; Weary and faint I heard the storm arise, While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glim'ring ray;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had giv'n a pleasing sound;
The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by ORWELL's winding banks I stray'd,
Where tow'ring WOLSEY breath'd his native air;
A sudden lustre chas'd the stitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.
Instant

Instant a grateful form appear'd confest;
White were his locks with aweful scarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger, he faid, amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lonefome, whither wou'dft thou ftray?
Does wealth or pow'r thy weary ftep conftrain?
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r;
Felt ev'ry joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r,
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour share;
Nor meanly rose, to bless myself alone:
I snatch'd the shepherd from his sleecy care,
And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
I saw proud empires my decision wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! faid I, nor pow'r I feek, nor gain;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And, from his friend's condolance, hopes a cure.

He

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam, Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend; Yet for his fake I leave my distant home, Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I fcorn the wintry wind;
The fpring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree;
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet, the averse to gold in heaps amas'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;
And the no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,
Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with fervile tone to deign address;
Too mean to think that honours are my due,
Yet shou'd some patron yield my stores to bless,
I sure shou'd deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire, Shot'st blazing forth; disdaining dull degrees; Shou'd I to wealth, to fame, to pow'r aspire, Must I not pass more rugged paths then these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?

Does not felonious envy bar the road?

Or falsehood's treach'rous foot beset the way?

Say

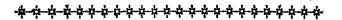
Say shou'd I pass thro' favour's crowded gate, Must not fair truth inglorious wait behind? Whilst I approach the glitt'ring scenes of state, My best companion no admittance sind?

Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care, Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own? Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if these hills the price of pow'r advance, Check not my speed where social joys invite! The troubled vision cast a mournful glance, And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

ELEGY



ELEGY VIII.

He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences. To Mr. G——. * 1745.

H me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
Such less'ning steeces must the swain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I faw my friends in ev'ning circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them fay my vocal reed was fweet:
Ah fool! to credit what I heard them fay!

Ill-fated bard! that feeks his skill to show,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

Nor cou'd my G mistake the critic's laws,
'Till pious friendship mark'd the pleasing way:
Welcome such error! ever blest the cause!
Ev'n tho' it led me boundless leagues aftray!

Coulds

* N. B. Written after the death of Mr. Porz.

Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the slame
On hist'ning Cherwell's offer banks reclin'd?
While foe to fortune, unseduc'd by fame,
I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met; What tho' in ALMA's guardian arms I play'd? How shall the muse those vacant hours forget? Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast, Where love and fancy six their op'ning reign; How nature shines in livelier colours dress, To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when PHOEBUS met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd RHODES beheld their passion crown'd,
Unusual slow'rs enrich'd the painted green;
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now fadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bow'r,
The drooping muses take their casual way;
And where they stop, a stood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?
The cowssip's golden cup no more I see:
Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage controul;
Hush'd be my grief ere ev'ry smile be sted,
Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near fome trophy fpring a strippling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise;
But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
And, low on earth, the prostrate * ruin lies.



ELEGY IX.

He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.

The pomp of INDIA must I ne'er display;
Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor, with Italian sounds, deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal bev'rage slows; My grateful sheep their annual sleeces bring; Fair in my garden buds the damask rose, And, from my grove, I hear the throstle sing.

Мy

* Alludes to what is reported of the bay tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they deftroy the foundation. My fellow swains! avert your dazled eyes;
In vain allur'd by glitt'ring spoils they rove;
The fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompence, in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins;
They gave you toils; but toils your finews brace;
They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous pains,
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames, See! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind! To sing soft carrols to your lovely dames, See vocal grotts, and echoing vales assign'd!

Would'st thou, my STREPHON, love's delighted slave!

Tho' sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,

Forego the ribbon thy MATILDA gave?

And giving, bade thee in remembrance wear.

Ill fare my peace, but ev'ry idle toy,

If to my mind my Della's form it brings,

Has truer worth, imparts fincerer joy,

Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my foul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds, When love deplores the tyrant pow'r of gain! Disdaining riches as the sutile weeds, I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

OR

Oft from the stream, slow-wandering down the glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
"Some miser weds, I cry, the captive maid,
"And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the muse's friend of old, Tho' now exalted to you ambient sky, So shun'd a soul distain'd with earth and gold, So lov'd the pure, the generous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl, His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self, resigns; Perverts the facred instinct of his soul, And to a ducate's dirty sphere consines.

But come, my friend, with tafte, with science blest, Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure; Restore thy dear idea to my breast, The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the fordid ore,

The charms of independence let us fing;

Blest with thy friendship, can I wish for more?

I'll spurn the boasted wealth of " Lydia's king.

ELEGY

Cræfus.

Vol. L

D

ELEGY X.

To fortune, suggesting his motive for repining at her dispensations.

As K not the cause, why this rebellious tongue,
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway!

Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the statter'd name, which all obey?

'Tis not, that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That, on this breast, no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not, that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe, but to the slocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade,
My singer stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy stern command, When many an embrio dome is lost in air; While guardian prudence checks my eager hand, And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear.

- " Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold;
 " Nor let you rifing column more aspire;
- "Ah! better dwell in ruins, than behold
 "Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.

" Honorio

- "Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
 "He planted, scornful of my sage commands;
 "The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye;
 "The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."
- See the small stream that pours its murm'ring tide
 O'er some rough rock that wou'd its wealth display,
 Displays it aught but penury and pride?
 Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How wou'd fome flood, with ampler treasures blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distil!
How must + Velino shake his reedy crest!
How ev'ry cygnet mock the boastive rill!

Fortune, I yield! and fee, I give the fign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;
Collects the fquare, the level, and the line,
And, with retorted eye, forfakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall:
Check the fond love of art that sir'd my veins,
And my warm hopes, in full pursuit, recall.

D 2
Descend,

+ A river in ITAEV, that falls an hundred yards perpendicular.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway;
Contented I, altho' the gazer smile
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let fome dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltless of envy, why shou'd I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's preser'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
But ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

Must Delia's sostiness, elegance, and ease
Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple sleece my Delia's limbs enfold?

"Yet fure on Delia feems the ruffet fair;
"Ye glitt'ring daughters of difguise adieu!"
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
But will the rural thane decide so true?

Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?

'Tis thy false glare, O fortune! thine they see;

'Tis for my Dalla's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

ELEGY



ELEGY XI.

He complains how foon the pleasing novelty of life is over. To Mr. January.

A H me, my friend! it will not, will not last!

This fairy-scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!

The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;

The banquet ceases, and the vision slies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich personnes, Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome? Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes, And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the fage's wifdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd, Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply; Since, not the miser so cares'd his gold, As I, for what it gave, was heard to sign.

On the world's flage I wish'd some sprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
"Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my soolish heart;
Substantial joy was six'd in pow'r and place.

D. 3

And

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,

The breathing picture, and the living stone:

"Tho' gold, tho' splendour, heav'n and fate deny,

"Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil, The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride, I trim'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil— But soon the paths of health and same divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear defusion's o'er!
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul:
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting stage, profusely blest! Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind; Of health neglectful, yet by health carest; Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair;
More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not

Not all the force of manhood's active might, Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd, Not science shall extort that dear delight, Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu foft raptures! transports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizling day!

Again to trace the wint'ry tracts of snow!

Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey

The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how foon of ev'ry bliss forlorn!
We start false joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey; that chears our youthful morn,
Then finks untimely, and defrauds the chace.

ELEGY XII.

His recantation.

No more the muse obtrudes her thin disguise!
No more with aukward fallacy complains,
How ev'ry fervour from my bosom flies,
And reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

D 4

Ere

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,

No more she paints the breast from passion free;
I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive—

Ah need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

The star of Venus ushers in the day,

The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!

The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,

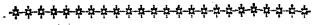
When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breaft one foft desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt, from int'rest free,
Has gentle Delia trip'd across the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same, I tune with careless hand my languid lays; Some secret impulse wakes my former slame, And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.

I flept not long beneath you rural bow'rs;
And lo! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I fee:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flow'rs,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY



ELEGY XIII.

To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a chearful day
Around his feat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom! Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy! Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume, Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Would'st thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Would'st thou with scorn thy once lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abys of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous stame?

Myriads of fouls, that knew one parent mold, See fadly fever'd by the laws of chance! Myriads, in time's perennial lift enroll'd, Forbid by fate to change one transient glance!

But

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?
And guide them to the bosom—of a friend!

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boilt'rous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more!

For oh! pale fickness warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern fate his ebon wand display;
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start, Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier; "Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part, "To let suspicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY



ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own.

To Lord Temple.

Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,
Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,
And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains, To catch the follies of an alien soil! To win the vice his genuine soul distains, Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour, in a moment, fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
An aukward stranger, if we wast it o'er;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In fearch of foreign modes I fcorn to rove;
Nor, for the worthless bird of brighter plumes,
Wou'd change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No distant clime shall servile airs impart, Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play; Trembling I view the Gaut's illusive art, That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

'Tis long fince freedom fled th' Hesperian clime;
Her citron groves, her flow'r-embroider'd shore;
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft CAMPANIA's olive charms no more.

Let partial funs mature the western mine, To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid; Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine; Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let * CEYLON's envy'd plant perfume the feas,
"Till torn to feafon the Batavian bowl;
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves, Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane; The muse no more by flow'ry LADON roves, She seeks her THOMSON, on the British plain.

Tel

* The cinnamon.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
Ah! hapless realms that war's oppression seel!
In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
If Austria bleed beneath her boasted seel.

Beneath her palm IDUME wents her moan;
Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade!
And hoary MEMPHIS boasts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd!

No crescent here displays its baneful horns; No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves; Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns, And poets, not inglorious, chaunt their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media, boast thy slow'ry stores; Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd; 'Tis not the dress or mien my soul adores, 'Tis the rich beauties of BRITANNIA's mind.

While * GREENVILLE's breast cou'd virtue's stores afford,
What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight?
The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee GREEENVILLE, thee with calmest courage fraught,
Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore!
Thee by the virtues arm'd the graces taught,
When shall we cease to boast, or to deplore?

Pre-

Written about the time of captain GREENVILLE's death.

Prefumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
What shall it now in recompence decree?
While friends that merit every earthly joy,
Feel every anguish; feel — the loss of thee!

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
No more the muse of partial praise arraign;
BRITANNIA sees no foreign breast so fair,
And if she glory, glories not in vain.



ELEGY XV.

In memory of a * private family in Worcestershire.

ROM a lone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awak'd a tender figh;
Still, as the village caught the waving found,
A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each BRITON's breaft of old,
When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
For sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support, is dead!

'Twas

The penns of HARBOROUGH; a place whose name in the SAXON language, alludes to an army. And there is a tradition that there was a battle fought, on the Downs adjoining, betwixt the BRITONS and the ROMANS.

'Twas good Palemon—near a shaded poof,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
The slocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,
This peaceful scene, for their asylum, chose.

A few small spires, to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the shades emerging, struck the view;
"Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;
"Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favour'd fon engag'd his tenderest care; One pious youth his whole affection crown'd: In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair, Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky;
Blasts the fair crop—the sire is drown'd in tears,
And, scarce surviving, sees his CYNTHIO die!

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend;
Heart-chill'd with grief—my thread, he cry'd, is spun!

If heav'n had meant I shou'd my life extend,
Heav'n had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

Snatch'd in thy prime! alas the stroke were mild, Had my frail form obey'd the fates' decree! Blest were my lot, O CYNTHIO! O my child! Had heav'n so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five

Five fleepless nights he stem'd this tide of woes;
Five irksome suns he saw, thro' tears, forlorn!
On his pale corse the fixth sad morning rose;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those * downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers; rustic, unrefin'd!
Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd!
They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race, Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat; War's deadly crimfon had forfook the place, And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breaft,

To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;

If fost'ring skies, the sun, the show'r were blest,

Their bounty spread; their field's extent the same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend;
Bade luxury, to lavish courts aspire,
And avarice, to city-breasts descend.

None, to a virgin's mind, prefer'd her dow'r;
To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir:
The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or pow'r,
Affign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

HARBOROUGH Downs.

They

They spoke of fortune, as some doubtful dame, That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere; From lucre's vagrant sons had learnt her same, But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give,
Those wholesome sweets that border virtue's way;
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own streams their choicer fare they drew,
To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!

Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find
The common bosom, like their own, sincere!
"Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
"Tis her own poison bids the viper sear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r;
Ah gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For fure, to blifsful realms the fouls are flown, That never flatter'd, injur'd, cenfur'd, strove; The friends of science! music, all their own; Music, the voice of virtue and of love!

Vol. I. E The

The journeying peafant, thro' the fecret shade, Heard their soft lyres engage his list'ning ear; And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd; No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife!

Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release!

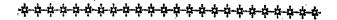
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life:

To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewel, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,
The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
Farewel! the virtues which deserve to live,
Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, PALEMON, now no more
The modest merit of his line display'd;
Then pious HOUGH VIGORNIA'S mitre wore—
Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

ELEGY



ELEGY XVI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

When title shines with ambient virtues crown'd, Like some fair almond's slow'ry pomp it shews; The pride, the persume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to fosten splendor's ray; Endure the swain, the youth of low degree; Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display; 'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the fandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam still lovely thro' the checquer'd shades.

E 2

Vainly,

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain, Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove; Should ****'s eyes illume the defart plain, Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded fighs the lowly hind;
Tho' you contemn, the gods respect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wand'ring fair;
The look of forrow, lovely still she bore:
Loose slow'd the fost redundance of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride Of ev'ry plain; she pillag'd ev'ry grove! The fading chaplet daily she supply'd, And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lympatic stray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said:

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapless maid,
Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

The

The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

My love is young—but other loves are young; And other loves are fair, and so is mine; An air divine discloses whence he sprung; He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my reft,
IANTHE listens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race?

More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's beam?

The porc'lain pure with vulgar dirt debase?

Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

See thro' these veins the saphire current shine!
"Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' etherial hue:
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine!
Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter strove to trace its azure ray;
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove;
He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay;
Poor youth! he little knew it slow'd from Jove.

E 3

Pitying

Pitying his toil, the wond'rous truth I told;
How am'rous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair;
How thro' the race the generous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung Our sacred race; thro' demigods, convey'd; And he, ally'd to Phoebus, ever young, My god-like boy, must wed their duteous maid.

Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ear,
My fire's dread fury murmurs thro' the sky;
And should I yield his instant rage appears,
He dartsth' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!

Have you not feen more horrid light'nings glare!

'Twas then a vulgar love enfnar'd my foul:

'Twas then—I hardly fcap'd the fatal fnare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow, All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;— Yet such his beauty—wou'd my birth allow, Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom, In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove? My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume, And I shall die—before I find my love.

When

When last I slept, methought, my ravish'd eye,
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;
Tho' night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
The gems that bound his brow, dispell'd the shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the fight!

Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chace;
'Till, on a sudden, these with-held their light—

All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:
See, see, see, he grasps the steel—forbear my love—
IANTHE comes; thy princes hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain;
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!

E 4

ELEGY



ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the fuggestions of spleen: an elegy to the winds.

Æole, namque tibi divum pater atque hominum rex Et mulcere dedit mentes & tollere vento.

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my pray'r!
Awhile thy fury check, thy storms confine!
No trivial blast impells the passive air;
But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
With noisome vapour black the verdant shade!

I know their leader, spleen; and dread the sway Of rigid Eurus, his detested fire; Thro' one my blossoms and my fruits decay; Thro' one my pleasures, and my hopes expire.

Like fome pale stripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,
I stand aghast; and chill'd with fear survey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream!

Where

Where by remorfe impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the fad prefage of coming years,
And forr'wing dwells on pleasures now no more!

Again with patrons, and with friends she roves;
But friends and patrons never to return!
She sees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
But sees them, weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Isis! thy forsaken stream,
Oh ill forsaken for Bootian air!
She deems no slood resects so bright a beam,
No reed so verdant, and no slow'rs so fair.

She dreams beneath thy facred shades were peace, Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel; Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease, And with no chearful accent cries, farewel!

Farewel, with whom to these retreats I stray'd!
By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd!
Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,
And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow; Sees ev'ry muse a partial ear incline; Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow, Nor yields the resuse of his wreath to mine.

She

ELEGY XVIII,

He repeats the fong of Collin, a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactury.

Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
Avertes: victumque feres.

Virgin

EAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flow'ry plain,
A * tuneful shepherd charm'd the list'ning wave;
And sunny Corsol' fondly lov'd the strain;
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh lost OPHELIA! smoothly flow'd the day, To feel his music with my slames agree! To taste the beauties of his melting lay, To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee.

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowssips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shiv'ring beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue;
The more I found his fault'ring notes decay,
The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

" Adieu

Mr. Somerville.

"Adien my flocks, he faid! my wonted care,
By funny mountain, or by verdant shore!
May some more happy hand your fold prepare,
And may you need your Collin's crook no more.

And you, ye shepherds! lead my gentle sheep;
To breezy hills, or leasty shelters lead;
But if the sky with show'rs incessant weep,
Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
Long loit'ring there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath?
The fruitless gift of an officious friend!

Ah! what avails the tim'rous lambs to guard,
Tho' nightly cares, with daily labours, join?
If foreign floth obtain the rich reward,
If Gallia's craft the pond'rous fleece purloin!

Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,

I met the terrors of an early grave?

For this, I led them from the pointed thorn?

For this I bath'd'em in the lucid wave?

Ah heedless ALBION! too benigaly prone
Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth refign!
Shall ev'ry other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine?

From

From the fair natives of this peerless hill

Thou gav'st the sheep that browze Iberian plains:
Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,

Their sleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they flray;
Far from their dams their native guardians far!
Where the foft shepherd, all the livelong day,
Chaunts his proud mistress to his hoarse guittar.

But Albion's youth her native fleece despise; Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan; In silky folds each nervous limb disguise, Allur'd by ev'ry treasure, but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky fleep,
Anxious, to fee the wintry tempest drive;
Preserve, said I, preserve your sleece, my sheep!
Ere long will PHILLIS, will my love arrive.

Ere long she came: ah! woe is me, she came!
Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known, Give the rich growth of British hills to same? And let her charms, and her example, own That virtue's dress, and beauty's are the same?

Will

Will no fam'd chief support this gen'rous maid?
Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
Speak future glory to the British loom?

What pow'r unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?

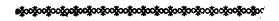
I pierce the dreary shade of future days;

Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,

To breathe my latest breath in * * * praise.

O might my breath for * * * praise suffice, How gently shou'd my dying limbs repose? O might his suture glory bless mine eyes, My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close!

* * * was born to fpread the gen'ral joy;
By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd;
BRITONS for BRITAIN shall the crook employ;
BRITONS for BRITAIN's glory shear the fold."



ELEGY XIX.

Written in spring 1743.

A GAIN the lab'ring hind inverts the foilt Again the merchant ploughs the tumin vave; Another spring renews the soldier's toil, And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

Αs

As the foft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
The fordid Alpheus hurry'd thro' my groves;
Yet stop'd to vent the dictates of discain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold; He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r; My breaft, unfully'd by the luft of gold; My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Yes, ALPHEUS! fly the purer paths of fate;
Abjure these scenes from venal passions free;
Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours;

A drest an altar to THALIA's name:

Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flowr's,

Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

Damon, she cry'd, if pleas'd with honest praise,
Thon court success by virtue or by song,
Fly the salse dictates of the venal race;
Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray;
Swerve not thy foot with fortune's vot'ries more;
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day—
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I fwore.

Forth

Forth from the ruftic altar swift I stray'd,

"Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial pow'rs!

Aid me to quell the fordid breast, I said;

And "threw my jav'hin tow'rds their hostile tow'rs.

Think not regretful I furvey the deed;
Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, still observant to the grove I speed,
The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless for,
Such gen'rous hate the + Punic champion bore;
Thy lake, O THRASIMENE! beheld it glow,
And CANNE's walls, and TREBIA's crimfon shore,

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;
Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim.
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.

Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd;
Its hosts exhausted, and its sleets on sire g
Patient the victors lurid frown obey'd,
And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale.

Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,

He saw th' unutterable grief prevail;

He saw their tears, and, in his sury, smil'd.

The Roman ceremony in declaring wat, + HANSIBAL,

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the smiles of ease, Or this sirm breatt disclaims a patriot's pain; I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace, Frantic with grief, delirious with dissain!

But were it cordial, this detected smile,
Seems it less timely than the grief ye show?
O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
The fordid source of your indecent wee!

Why weep ye now! ye saw with tearless eye
When your sleet perish'd on the Punic wave;
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?

"Tispast—OCARTHAGE! vanquish'd! honour'd shade!
Go, the mean forrows of thy sons deplore;
Had freedom shar'd the vow to fortune paid,
She ne'er, like fortune, had forsook thy shore."

He ceas'd—abath'd the conscious audience hear; Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold; Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear, And falling moistens their abandon'd gold.*

ELEGY

By, the terms forced upon the CARTHAGINIANS by SCIPIO, they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near two millions ferling.



ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the diftress of others; and his subjection to Delia, with the miserable servitude of an African slave.

Why finks my foul beneath each wint'ry fky?
What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
What myriads, wish to be as blest as I!

What tho' my roofs devoid of pomp arife,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his defin'd way?
Nor costly art my flow'ry dales disguise,
Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?

See the wild fons of LAPLAND's chill domain,
That fcoop their couch beneath the drifted snows?
How woid of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

Slave tho' I be, to Delia's eyes a flave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The figh she causes well becomes the brave,
The pang she causes, 'tis even blis to bear.

Set

ı

See the poor native quit the Lybian shores,

Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound?

No radiant smile his dying peace restores,

Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes, Shall I the mockery of grief display? No, let the muse his piercing pangs disclose, Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood, Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign; He dropt a tear unseen into the stood; He stole one secret moment, to repine.

Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made;
Such moving plaints as nature could inspire;
To me the muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooth'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.

"What favage race protects this impious gain?

Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,

And more than fea-born monsters plough the main?

Here the dire locusts horrid swarms prevail;
Here the blue asps with livid poison swell;
Here the dry dipsa wriths his sinuous mail;
Can we not here, secure from envy, dwell?

When

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,
When the stern panther sought his midnight prey,
What fate reserv'd me for this * christian race?
O race more polish'd, more severe than they!

Ye prouling wolves pursue my latest cries!

Thou hungry tyger, leave thy recking den!
Ye sandy wastes in rapid eddies rise!

O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!

Yet in their face superior beauty glows;
Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes, Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair, But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes, Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?

No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains, Rich by our toils, and by our forrows gay, They ply our labours, and enhance our pains, And feign these distant regions to repay.

For them our tusky elephant expires;
For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;
Where rove the brutal nations wild desires?—
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is fold!

F 3

· Spoke by a favage.

Yet

Yet shores there are, blest shores for us remain, And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd, Where tusted slow'rets paint the verdant plain, Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.

There the stern tyrant that embitters life Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand; There shall we view the billows raging strife, Aid the kind breast, and wast his boat to land."

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

THUS DAMON sung—What the unknown to praise
Umbrageous coverts hide my muse and me;
Or 'mid the rural shepherds, slow my days,
Amid the rural shepherds, I am free.

To view sleek vasials crowd a stately hall,
Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave?
To find thy tints, O TITIAN! grace my wall,
Forego the slow'ry fields my fortune gave?

Lord

Lord of my time my devious path I bend,
Thro' fringy woodland, or smooth-shaven lawn;
Or pensile grove, or airy cliff ascend,
And hail the scene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate—tho' nor the racy vine,
Nor fatt'ning olive cloath the fields I rove,
Sequefter'd shades, and gurgling founts are mine,
And ev'ry silvan grott the muses love.

Here if my vista point the mould'ring pile,
Where hood and cowl devotion's aspect wore,
I trace the tott'ring reliques with a smile,
To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd if the glowing landscape wave with corn; Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise; Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thousand vallies borne, Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And fee PLINLIMMON! ev'n the youthful fight Scales the proud hill's etherial cliffs with pain! Such CAER-CARADOC! thy stupendous height, Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions! where, by science sir'd, Some prying sage his lonely step may bend; There, by the love of novel plants inspir'd, Inviduous view the clamb'ring goats ascend.

F 4

Yet

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
The freeborn BRITON less his greenost mead,
Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
For here he saw fair liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part, Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her soes, Above or Persian luxe, or Attic art, The rude majestic monument arose,

Progreffive ages carol'd forth his fame;
Sires, to his praise, attun'd their children's tongue;
The hoary druid fed the gen'rous flame,
While, in such strains, the rev'rend vizard sung.

Your gods expell'd, your liberty refign'd?
Go forth, my fons! for what is instant death
To fouls secure perennial joys to find?

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,
With misletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs;
Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cause you vanquish, or expire.

Hark!

Hark! from the facred oak that crowns the groves;
What aweful voice my raptur'd bosom warms;
'This is the favour'd moment heav'n approves,
Sound the shrill trump; this instant, sound, to arms.

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;
Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow, For some false FLORIMEL's impure disguise, The listed youth, nor war's loud signal know, Nor virtue's call, nor same's imperial prize,

Then if foft concord lull'd their fears to sleep, Inert and filent slept the manly car; But rush'd horrisic o'er the fearful steep, If freedom's aweful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain, Thron'd in the splendid carriage glides supine; To taint his virtue with a foreign strain, Or at a fav'ourite's board, his faith refign.

Leave then, O luxury! this happy foil!

Chase her, BRITANNIA, to some hostile shore!

Or • sleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,

And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

ELEGY

Alludes to a tax upon Luxury, then in debate.

ELEGY XXII.

Written in the year—when the rights of fepulture were so frequently violated.

A Y, gentle sleep, that lov'st the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great magician, say,
Whence my late vision thus endures the light;
Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day.

The filent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies, And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest; A sudden lustre struck my wond'ring eyes, And SILVIA stood before my couch confest.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade!
But she that, in the morning of her day,
Intomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance east;
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's slame,
No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpast;
Yet seem'd her lip's etherial smile the same.

Nor

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face;
Nor such her voice as charm'd the list'ning crowd;
Nor such her dress as heighten'd ev'ry grace;
Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

Yet feem'd her lip's etherial charm the same; That dear distinction every doubt remov'd; Perish the lover, whose impersect slame Forgets one seature of the nymph he lov'd.

DAMON, she said, mine hour allotted slies;
Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
Tho' griev'd to see thy SILVIA's pale disguise,
Suspend thy forrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy mufe with virtuous fame be bleft!
So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
So may thy bones in facred filence reft,
Fast by the reliques of some happier maid!

Thou know'st, how ling'ring on a distant shore
Disease invidious nipt my flow'ry prime;
And oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

No friend was near to raise my drooping head; No dear companion wept to see me die; Loage me within my native soil, I said; There my sond parents honour'd reliques lie.

The'

Tho' now debarr'd of each domestic tear; Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow; There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier, And many a figh shall rise, and tear shall slow.

I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil;
Some venal mourner lent his careless aid;
And soon they bore me to my native soil,
Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

Twas then the youths, from ev'ry plain and grove, Adorn'd with mournful verse thy SILVIA's bier; "Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove, And strew'd the fragance of the youthful year.

But why alas! the tender scene display?

Cou'd Damon's foot the pious path decline?

Ah no! 'twas Damon first attun'd his lay,

And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave;
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom;
When savage robbers every fanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

Shall my poor corfe, from hostile realms convey'd,
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands?

Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

Say,

Say, wou'd thy breast no death-like torture seel,
To see my limbs the selons gripe obey?
To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel?
To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a pray?

If PEAN's fons these horrid rites require,

If health's fair science be by these resin'd,

Let guilty convicts, for their use, expire;

And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

Yet hard it feems, when guilt's last fine is paid,
To fee the victim's corfe deny'd repose!
Now, more severe! the poor offenceless maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?

Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim?

Nature, inftinctive, cries, Protect the dead,

And facred be their ashes, and their fame:

Arise, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls; Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey; See! See! I lead thee to yon' facred walls— Oh! sly to chase these human wolves away."

BLBGY



ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his situation.

DORN near the scene for * KENBLM's fate renowa'd I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove, And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound The savage sorce of empire, and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon' various wild,

Where spreading oaks embow'r a Gothic fane;

Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;

There nature urg'd her tend'rest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid cou'd every care employ;
Then with affidnous fondness cropt the flow'rs,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy?

But

Kenelm in the Saxon heptarehy was heir to the kingdom of Mercia; but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his fifter and her lover, depriv'd of his crown and life together. The body was found in a piece of ground near the top of Clent Hill, exactly facing Mr. Shenstone's house: near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, ftill used for divine worship, and called St. Kenelm's. See Plot's History of Staffordshire.

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is slown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise;
A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, ah! how just were fate,
Wou'd fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How sweet to revel on the couch of state!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

See, garnish'd for the chace, the fraudful maid.

To these lone hills direct his devious way;

The youth, all prone, the sister guide obey'd,

Ill-fated youth! himself the destin'd prey.

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain,
Forms the lone refuge of the filvan game;
Since Lyttelton has crown'd the sweet domain
With softer pleasures, and with fairer same.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed, Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire; And where hoarse scream'd the strepent hom, succeed. The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomson, loit'ring near some limpid well,
For BRITAIR's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell,
How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair!

See

See ***** from civic garlands fly,
And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!
Or from yon' summit, with a guardian's eye,
Observe how freedoms hand attires the plain!

Here Pope! — ah never must that tow'ring mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return!
What art! what friendships! oh! what fame resign'd!
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?
Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
And think fair freedom well exchang'd for gold.

Thro' these soft shades delighted let me stray, While o'er my head forgotten suns descend! Thro' these dear valleys bend my casual way, 'Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler sate:
Or shrink to find, how much ambition dares,
To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!

Canst thou, O sun! that spotless throne disclose, Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain? Where, shew me where, the lineal scepter glows, Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fear,
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;
There not the parent's smile is half sincere;
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly stame,
No face is brighten'd, and no bosoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one fordid aim.
And ev'n the beardless lip essays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murd'rous round; The glance, that more than rural blame inftilis; Whispers, that ting'd with friendship doubly wound, Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

Their anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Caressing brothers part but to revile;
There all men smile, and prudence warns the wise,
To dread the satal stroke of all that smile.

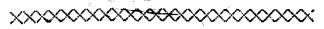
There all are rivals! fifter, son, and fire,
With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
There soft-ey'd maids in murd'rous plots conspire,
And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms,

Let fervile minds one endless watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard refign;
But lay me, fate! on flow ry banks, secure,
Tho my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.
You. I,

Yes, may my tongue disdain a vassal's care;
My lyre resound no prostituted lays;
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of freedom, than the crown of bays.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood, I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow; Chear'd by the verdure of my spiral wood, I scorn the quarry, where no shrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound;
He sings his Delia, and if she be true,
His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.



ELEGY XXIV.

He takes occasion from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne*, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life.

HEN beauty mourns, by fate's injurious doom, Hid from the chearful glance of human eye; When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb, Hard is that heart which checks the rifing figh.

Fair

FLEANOR of BRETAGNE, the lawful heiress of the English crown, upon the death of ARTHUR, in the reign of king John. She was esteemed the beauty of her time; was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol castle.

Fair ELEONORA! wou'd no gallant mind
The cause of love, the cause of justice own?
Matchless thy charms, and was no life refign'd
To see them sparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms, Well might such brows the regal gem refign; 'Thy radiant mein might scorn the guilt of arms, Yet Albion's aweful empire yield to thine,

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tow'r
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguish ev'ry rose devour;
They sprung, they shone, they saded, and they sell.

Thro' one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw;
To paint how sierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty slew.

This, age might bear; then fated fancy palls, Nor warmly hopes what splendor can supply; Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls Restrain its list ning ear, its curious eye.

Believe me **** the pretence is vain!

This boasted calm that smooths our early days,

For never yet could youthful mind restrain

Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise,

G 2

Ev'n



Ev'n me, by shady oak or limpid spring, Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure; Some genius whispers "Life is on the wing, And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

What tho' thy riper mind admire no more—
The shining cincture, and the broider'd fold
Can pierce like light'ning thro' the figur'd ore,
And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermins, rods may well attract thy fcorn;
The futile prefents of capricious pow'r!
But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
And who but envies then the social hour?

Can virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
Forget how *** sustains the shepherd's cause?
Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

For public haunts, impell'd by BRITAIN's weal, See GRENVILLE quit the muse's fav'rite ease; And shall not swains admire his noble zeal? Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

Life, fays the fage, affords no blifs fincere;
And courts, and cells in vain our hopes renew:
But ah! where GRENVILLE charms the lift ning ear,
'Tis hard to think the chearless maxim true.

The

The groves may smile; the rivers gently glide;
Sost thro' the vale resound the lonesome lay;
Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside,
But can they please, when LYTTLETON's away?

Pure as the swain's the breast of *** glows,
Ah! were the shepherd's phrase, like his, refin'd!
But, how improv'd the generous dictate flows
Thro' the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

Happy the youths who warm with BRITAIN's love,
Her immost wish in *** periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!

While rural faith, and ev'ry polish'd art,
Each friendly charm, in *** conspire,
From public scenes all pensive must you part;
All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream, Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun; Go dare the light, enjoy its chearful beam, And hail the bright procession of the sun.

Then cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
The silent walk; no more by passion tost:
Then seek thy rustic haunts; the dreary gloom,
Where ev'ry art that colours life, is lost."—

In

In vain! the list'ning muse attends in vain!

Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait —

Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,

When injur'd beauty mourns the muse's fate.

ELEGY XXV.

To Delia, with fome flowers; complaining how much his benevolence fuffers on account of his humble fortune.

Whate'er could sculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the lavish hand of wealth can show'r,
These would I give—and every gift enjoy,
That pleas'd my fair—but sate denies the pow'r.

Blest were my lot to feed the social fires!

To learn the latent wishes of a friend!

To give the boon his native taste admires,

And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Blest too is he, whose ev'ning ramble strays
Where droop the sons of indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expence, their sondest pray'r!

And oh the joy! to shun the conscious light,
To spare the modest blush; to give unseen!
Like show'rs that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But

But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve! Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear! For whose fad fate a thousand shepherds grieve, And fading sields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive shade;
To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine;
To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid;
This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded blis; nor I refuse
To range where daizies open, rivers roll;
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And soothe the fond impatience of my soul.

Awhile I'll weave the roofs of jasmin bow'rs, And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year; Awhile i'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs, Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flow'rs the lifeless corse may share; Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow; The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair, As when their master smil'd to see them glow,

The sequent morn shall wake the silvan quire; The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon; Nature will smile, will wear her best attire; O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon!

G 4.

While

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'rpay;
And, softly sighing, vindicate my same.—

O Delia! chear'd by thy superior praise,

I bless the filent path the fates decree;

Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,

To raze the moments crown'd with blis, and thee.



ELEGY XXVI.

Describing the forrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine!
Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song and blest in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair!

Damon, faid he, thy partial praise restrain; Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore; Alas! his very praise awakes my pain, And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to fome lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewel.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child, My youth her vain licentious blis admir'd; In fortune's train the fyren flatt'ry sinil'd, And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd,

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chace, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name, Expence, and art, and toil, united strove; To lure a breast that felt the purest stame, Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloath'd each seature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and sickle smiles,
And, seigning, left her anxious and sorlorn,

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care, Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove; I bade my words the wonted softness wear, And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

• •

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To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by missfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my seet desponding Jessy lay.

"HENRY, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd, See the sad reliques of a nymph undone! I find, I find this rising sob renew'd: I figh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleafing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But soes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears

That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;

For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,

And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the chearful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,

Where bloom the jasmins that could once allure,

Hope not to find delight in us, they say,

For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.

Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph so frail, Say, could ye with my virgin same compare? The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young; And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee; Trembles each lip, and faulters ev'ry tongue, That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your fake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate shou'd nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove And let me filent seek some friendly shore; There only, banish'd from the form I love, My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;

Be such the meed of some more artful fair;

Nor could; it heal my peace, or chase my shame,

That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has filver'd o'er my hair, Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil; Envy may slight a face no longer fair; And pity, welcome, to my native soil."

She fpoke—nor was I born of favage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she classed me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I faw her foot the lofty bark afcend;
I faw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
I lest her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal from arose;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My JESSY—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—fee my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy stoating on her wat'ry bier!

ODES,

ODES,
SONGS,
BALLADS, &c.



RURAL ELEGANCE.

An ODE to the late Dutchess of Somerser.
Written 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the muse inspire!
Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
That drowns the facred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mostly down
Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smoothe her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial cry?

See

3

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his stock—no more in circles seed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the soil:
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the desenceless train
Of clinging infants, ask support in vain?

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight prosound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems prosuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But tho', the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid sountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the spring her slowery robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye ftray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense distain:
'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases kind or coy,
Who surnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,

By her auspicious aid resin'd;

Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,

Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,

Or valley winds, or fountain slows,

Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:

For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,

The mountain swells, the dale subsides;

Ev'n thristless surze detains their wandering sight,

And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

Vol. I. With

With what sufpicious fearful care

The fordid wretch secures his claim,

If haply some luxurious heir

Should alienate the fields that wear his name

What scruples lest some suture birth

Should litigate a span of earth!

Bonds, contracts, seoffments, names unmeet for prose,

The towering muse endures not to disclose;

Alas! her unrevers'd decree,

More comprehensive and more free,

Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the folemn day enroll'd,
When to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial fort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the fea:
Each laughing muse derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.
His breast to admiration prone
Enjoys the smile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws, When Somerser avoids the great;

When

When cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat;
Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deasen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon throstle chaunt the rising year?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of same,
To crop the primrose of the plains?
Does she not sweets in each fair valley sind,
Lost to the sons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

Ah can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires:
While studious of the moral theme,
She, to some smooth sequester'd stream
Liken's the swain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the slowery margin to survey,
How cool, serene, and clear the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind, Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind! On whose fair birth the graces mild, And every muse prophetic smil'd H 2

Not

Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell;
Or, on the music of his lyre
Each suture age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
All nature's charms immense, and heaven's unbounded
[love.

And oh; the transport, most ally'd to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smoothe below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill;
Or thro' meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Restect flow'rs, woods and spires, and brighten all the scene.

O fweet disposal of the rural hour;
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
And every gentle breast partakes the joy!
While charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to chear
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain;

Sec

See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,

For half her graceless deeds atone,

And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let you admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of suture blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, persum'd to please the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to fing?

Why flows the pine's nectureous juice?

Why flines with paint the linnet's wing?

For fuftenance alone? For use?

For preservation? Every sphere

Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.

And sure there seem, of human kind,

Some born to shun the solemn strife;

Some for amusive tasks design'd,

To soothe the certain ills of life;

Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,

New sounts of bliss disclose,

Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands; from the view Of rural nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the fons of fancy flew;

H 3

There

There long had art ordain'd a rival feat;
There had she lavish'd all her care
To form a scene more dazling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat
To share her proud controul;
Had giv'n the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And emulous of nature's pow'r,
Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each russic limb anew,
And warp'd the very soul.

Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye, Awhile the fairy forms delight; And now aloof we feem to fly On purple pinions thro' a purer sky, Where all is wonderous, all is bright: Now landed on fome fpangled shore Awhile each dazled maniac roves By faphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves. Paternal acres please no more; Adieu the simple, the sincere delight -Th' habitual scene of hill and dale. The rural herds, the vernal gale, The tangled vetch's purple bloom, The fragrance of the bean's perfume, Be theirs alone who cultivate the foil. And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But

But foon the pageant fades away!

'Tis nature only bears perpetual fway.

We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigu'd with splendor's irksome beams.

Fancy again demands the fight
Of native groves, and wonted streams,
Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where truth maintains her court, and banishes disguise.

Then hither oft ye senators retire,

With nature here high converse hold;

For who like STAMFORD her delights admire,

Like STAMFORD shall with scorn behold

Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;

Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,

Shall see fair truth, immortal maid,

Friendship in artless guise array'd,

Honour, and moral beauty shine

With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

Yes, here alone did highest heav'n ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
'Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs

H 4

Or shrubs fuliginously grim:
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far distant group,
Where smit with undistembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leasy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From these impartial heav'n damands
To spread the slame itself inspires;
To fift opinion's mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grott, or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
They only that deserve, enjoy.

What

What the or fabled dryad haunt their grove,
Nor naiad near their fountains rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental fight,
A train of finiling virtues bright
Shall there the wife retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow.

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art have with nature wag'd presumptuous war;
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their counsels jar.
'Tis hers to mediate the peace;
Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havock and contention cease.
I see the rival pow'rs combine,
And aid each other's fair design;
Nature exalt the mound where art shall build;
Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the seld.

Begin, ye fongsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay;
Where SOMERSET vouchsafes to rove
Ye leverets freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn!
Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane!

Unless

Unless her candour not exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural chear,
Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

ODE to MEMORY. 1748.

Memory! celeftial maid!
Who glean'ft the flow'rets cropt by time;
And, fuffering not a leaf to fade,
Preferv'ft the bloffoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When dife was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my fight,
With which my favour'd crook she bound;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd.
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the muse's bow'r,
Where Isis rolls her filver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The

The fong it 'vails not to recite

But fure, to foothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams:
Or by thy softening pencil shewn,
Assume they beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow:
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the fense of new delight,
On thee the drooping muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive pow'r depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines,

But let me chase those vows away
Which at ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid;
Oh! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring, And bring the hobby I bestrode;

When

When pleas'd, in many a fportive ring, Around the room I jovial rode: Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu, And bring the whiftle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last;
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allowed to waste?
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

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The PRINCESS ELIZABETH:
A Ballad alluding to a story recorded of her,

when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great ELIZA captive lay?
Each ambitious thought refigning,
Foe to riches pomp and fway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted Tript around in all their pride; Envying joys by others slighted, Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?

Malice

Malice never taught to treasure, Censure never taught to bear: Love is all the shepherd's pleasure; Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station Vainly blame the pow'rs above? Or accuse the dispensation Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Pow'r nor chance can these restrain;
Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!
Only purest on the plain!

Peers can no fuch charms discover, All in stars and garters drest, As, on Sundays, does the lover With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when CHLOE's near;
Fops may use the same allusion;
But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid finging Chearly o'er the brimming pail; Cowflips all around her fpringing Sweetly paint the golden vale.

I

Never

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move fo fprightly, look fo fair;
Never breaft with jewels laden
Pour a fong fo void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted Me fome rural damfel's part! All the empire I had wanted Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains, Free from fetters, might I rove: Fearless taste the crystal fountains; Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

Markotton of the state of the s

ODE to a young LADY,

Somewhat too folicitous about her manner of expression.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream Adown the smiling valley stray; Would art attempt, or fancy dream, To regulate its winding way!

Sp

p pleas'd I view thy shining hair In loose dishevel'd ringlets slow: Not all thy art, not all thy care Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamel'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flow'r to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,

To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;

And oh may LAURA, ere she try,

With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat Can every fludy'd grace excel; Let art constrain the rambling note, And will she, LAURA, please so well?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

NANCY

西南南西南南南南南南南南南南南南南南南南南南

NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ! Candidior cygnis! hedera formofior alba!

THE western sky was purpled o'er With every pleasing ray: And slocks reviving felt no more The sult'ry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artless bower
Soft warbled STREPHON's tongue;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While NANOY's praise he sung.

"Let fops with fickle falfnood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And fadden every grove:

But endless bleffings crown the day
I faw fair Esham's dale!
And every bleffing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas

'Twas from Avon a's banks the maid Diffus'd her lovely beams; And every shining glance display'd The naiad of the streams.

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

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

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

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,

This peerless bud I found;
And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd

To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell Should form a nymph so sweet! Or fortune to her secret cell Conduct my wandering seet!

Vol. L

I

Gay.

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride, But she would no'er incline:

" Prove to your equals true, 'fhe cry'd, As I will prove to mine.

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

Struck with her charms and gentle truth, I class d the constant fair; 'To her alone I gave my youth, And yow my future care.

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

KARAKAKAKAKAKAKAKA

ODE to INDOLENCE. 1750.

A H! why for ever on the wing
Perfifts my weary'd foul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus

Thus the poor bird, that draws his acute. A
From paradife shonour'd groves,
Careless fatigues his little frame;
Nor finds the refting place he loves, and

Lo! on the rural mossy bed

My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;

Ah, gentle sloth! indulgent spread

The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should ling'ring thought invade, Yetev'ry wordly prospect cloy? Lend me, soft sloth, thy friendly aid, And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou you calm and filent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempessuous wind that blows &

An altar on its bank shall rife,
Where of thy votary shall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the skies,
And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye bufy race, ye factions train,
That haunt ambition's guilty fhrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer hereyour vows with mine.

and

And thos, puisant queen! be kind:

If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r;

If e'er I sway'd my active mind,

To weave for thee the rural bow'r;

Diffolve in fleep each anxious care;

Each unavailing figh remove;

And only let me wake to fhare,

The fweets of friendship and of love.

<u>+@@@@@@@#@#@#@@@@@@@</u>

ODE to HEALTH. 1730

O HEALTH, capricious maid!

Why doft thou shun my peaceful bow's.

Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,

And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether muse or grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place s
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy flay;
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou

Thou fcorn'ft the city-air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And the with purest hands I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to fave.

Amid my well known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boafted name, and titles fair,
Why fcorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'ft the sportsman's claims Enabling him, with idle noise, To drown the muse's melting voice, And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you,

Is it the clime you flee? Yet'midst his unremitting snows, The poor LAPONIAN's bosom glows; And shares bright rays from thee.

I 3

There

There was, there was a time,
When the I feorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor faid a pray'r,
I did not rue the crime,

Who then more bleft than I?
When the glad school-boy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
To freedom, and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What fince have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could fink my chearful mind.

Whate'er my stars include;
What other breasts convert to pain,
My tow'ring mind should soon disdain,
Should scorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell, And bleft with objects found at home, And envying none their fairer dome, How pleas'd my foul should dwell;

Tem-

(135)

From room to room should memory stray,
And, ranging all in neat-array,
Enjoy hat pleasing stores

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene;
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair queen! alone.

ENDERECTE PROPER

To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY. 1738.

A H! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart?
Ye trophies which the learn'd pursue
Through endless fruitless toils, adicu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow, To soothe the miseries they shew? What, like the bliss for him decreed, Who tends his slock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd.
From all that glads the fimplest hind,
How rare that object, which supplies
A charm for too discerning eyes!

I 4.

The

The polified bard, of genius vaind.

Endures a deeper sense of pain:

As each invading blast devours

The richest fruits, the fairest slow're.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of knowledge climb;
Then, from the tow ring heights they scale.
Behold contentment range – the vale.

Yet why, ASTERIA, tell us why
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh;
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning then, deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold, While you so fair a proof unfold What force the brightest genius draws From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What strange perfection bids us own
That bliss with toilfome science dwells,
And happiest he, who most excels?

UPON



UPON A .

1.0

VISIT to the same in WINTER.

1748.

ON fair ASTRAIA's blifsful plains,
Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day 3
And charm the dull-ey'd spleen away!

No linnet, from the leasters bough, Pours forth her note melodious now; But all admire ASTERIA's tongue, Nor wish the linnet's vernal fong.

No flow'rs emit their transient rays:
Yet fure ASTERIA's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty fines.

The rifled groves and fetter'd fireams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams:
ASTERIA's presence wakes the lyre;
And well supplies poetic fire.

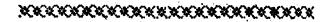
The fields have lost their lovely dye; No chearful azure decks the sky; Yet still we bless the louring day; Astana smiles—and all is gay.

Hence

Hence let the muse no more prefame. To blame the winter's dreary gloom; Accuse his loit'ring hours no more; But ah! their envious haste deplore!

For foon, from wit and friendship's reign, The focial hearth, the sprightty vein, I go—to meet the coming year, On savage plains, and deserts drear!

I go—to feed on pleafures flown, Nor find the fpring my loss attone! But 'mid! the flow'ry sweets of May With pride recal this winter's day.



AN

Irregular ODE after SICKNESS. 1749.

Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus,

Too long a stranger to repose,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas

Twas from a bank with panfies gay
I hail'd once more the chearful day,
The fun's forgotten beams:
O fun! how pleafing were thy rays,
Reflected from the polish'd face
Of you refulgent streams!

Rais'd by the scene my seeble tongue Essay'd again the sweets of song: And thus in seeble strains and slow, The loitering numbers gan to flow.

"' Come, gentle air! my languid limbs reftore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian skore:
For sure I heard the tender sighs,
I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapless youths, who thro' the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love:
To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the sight of these etherial skies;
Debarr'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes;
And banish'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jasmin's breath divine,
Convey the woodbine's rich persume,
Nor spare the sweet-least eglantine.
And may'st thou shun the rugged storm
'Till health her wonted charms explain,
With rural pleasure in her train,
To greet me in her fairest form.

While

While from this losty mount I view
The fons of earth, the vulgar crew,
Auxious for futile gains beneath me ftray,
And feek with erring step contentment's obvious way.

Come, gentle air! and thou celestial muse,
Thy genial stame insuse;
Enough to lend a pensive before aid,
And gild retirement's gloomy shade;
Enough to rear such rustic lays
As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim;
And more to chear my drooping frame,
She mis'd the balm of opening flowers;
Such as the bee, with chymic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or fcents Sabea's blooming vales.
But ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
By prescripts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan:
Oh, how should they relieve?—the muses all were flown.

By flow'ry plain, or woodland shades,
I fondly fought the charming maids;
By woodland shades, or flow'ry plain,
I fought them, faithless maids! in vain!
When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range were real and friendship lead,
To visit L * * * * * * * s honour d bower.

A'n

Ah foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids On other plains, or near less verdant shades;

Scarce have my foot-steps press'd the favour'd ground,
When founds etherial strike my ear;
At once celestial forms appear;
My sugitives are found!
The muses here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted sires;
Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
The sportive graces trip the green.

But whilft I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,

Too well at one survey I trace,

How every muse, and every grace,

Had long employ'd their care.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,

Blooms not a slower amid the vernal store,

Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,

Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,

But torn methought from native lands or seas,

From their arrangement, gain sresh pow'r to please.

And some had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeckt with every shrub that blows;
And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
To shield th' illustrious dame's repose:
Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;

Or

Or 'mid the decorated space,'
Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of show.
And now from every task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! woe is me, faid I;

And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry,

Have I for this, with labour strove,

And lavish'd all my little store

To fence for you my shady grove,

And scollop every winding shore;

And fringe with every purple rose,

The saphire stream that down my valley slows?

Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale disease, and torturing pain
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch consin'd,
Who ne'er your wanted tasks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To swell the song, or plan the shade;
By genuine fancy sir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while she marks the sage command,
More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
Her lyre resound with nobler lays
Than ever you inspir'd.

Thue

Thus I my rage and grief display;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a grace or muse return
'Till Luxborough lead the way.



Written in a Flower Book of my own Colouring, defigned for Lady Plimouth. 1753-4.

Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ.

Hor.

RING, FLORA, bring thy treasures here, The pride of all the blooming year; And let me, thence, a garland frame, To crown this fair, this peerless dame! But ah! fince envious winter lours. And HEWELL meads refign their flow'rs, Let art and friendship joint essay Diffuse their flow'rets, in her way. Not nature can, herself prepare A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair, Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth, Whose thoughts and accents form'd to soothe. Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd. Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind, Form all the nymphs of plain or grove, Deferv'd and won my PLIMOUTH's love!

AN-

AN ACREONTIC. 1738.

TWAS in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton Cupid, fpent with toil,
Had fought refreshment from the shade;
And stretch'd him on the mostly soil.

A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found The subtle traitor fast asseep; And is it thine to snore profound, She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush — from this auspicious hour, 1
The world, I ween, may rest in peace;
And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilft I withdraw, And this thy vile artillery hide— When the Castalian fount she saw, And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

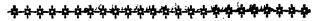
That magic fount — ill-judging maid!
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dar'd the shafts of love invade;
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For

For in a firetin to wonderous clear,
When angry Curro fearches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive spoals be found?

Too foon they were, and every dart,
Dipt in the muse's mystic spring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heatt;
And taughtate ence to love and sing.

Then farewel ye Pievian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to swell the lyre;
And echo asks no sweeter fong.



O D E. Written 1739.

Urit spes animi citedula mutui. Hoa.

"That love usurp'd his airy throne,
His boasted pow'r display'd:
"Tis kindness that secures his aim,
"Tis hope that seeds the kindling same,
Which beauty sint convey'd.

In CLARA's eyes, the lightnings views
Her lips with all the rofe's hase
Have all its fweets combin'd;
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
'Till lips at once, and eyes compire
To prove the thanner kind

Tho?

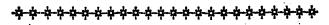
Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare,
With softest accent, sweetest air,
By envy's self admir'd;
If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
In vain might every grace adorn
What every muse inspir'd.

Thus airy STREPHON tun'd his lyre——
He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
Which love-sick swains endure:
Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart;
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
And smiles—must ever cure.

But ah! how false these maxims prove, How frail security from love, Experience hourly shows! Love can imagin'd smiles supply, On every charming lip and eye Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair-one's eyes,
In vain the sage explores the skies,
To learn from stars his sate:
'Till led by fancy wide astray,
He sinds no planet mark his way;
Convinc'd and wise—too late.

As partial to their words we prove; Then boldly join the lifts of love, With towering hopes supply'd; So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines, Mistook their deity's defigns; Then took the field — and dy'd.



The DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus zvi Prima fugit—— Virc.

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think you playful kid must die;
Prom crystal spring, and slow'ry mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound; From rock to rock pursue his way, And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell, She saw him climb my rustic cell; Thence eye my tawns with verdure bright, And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood, To trace his features in the slood: Then skip'd aloof with quaint amaze; And then drew near again to gaze.

K 2

She

She tells me how with eager speed He flew, to hear my vocal reed; And how, with critic face profound, And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Denn's tate;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.

But knows my Delia, timely wife, How foon this blameless are flies? While violence and craft succeed; Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore, And yield her purple gifts no more; Ah foon, eras'd from every grove Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bow'rs might STREPHON see, Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee; No more those beds of slow'rets find, Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear His bosom, now so void of care; And, when they left his ebbing wein, What, but insipid age, remain?

Then

Then mourn not the decrees of fate, That gave his life fo thort a date; And I will join my tenderest fighs, To think that youth so swiftly slies!

\$\$**\$**\$\$**\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$**

3 O N G S, written chiefly between the Year 1737 and 1742.

SONG I.

Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were fmall, my flocks were few;
While faultering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove fincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold, And vagrant sheep that left my fold: Of these she heard, yet bore to hear; And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind, The friends I lov'd became unkind, She heard, and shed a generous tear; And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless.

My FLAVIA must not hope for dress;

This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;

And FLAVIA sure must be sincere.

G٥

Go fhear your flocks, ye jovial swains, Go reap the plenty of your plains; Despoil'd of all which you revere, I know my FLAVIA's love sincere.



SONG II. The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers.

Ere while I pass'd the day!

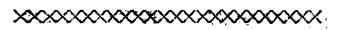
Was ever scene so deck'd with slowers?

Were ever flowers so gay?

How fweetly fmil'd the hill, the vale, And all the landskip round! The river gliding down the dale! The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, fince DAPHNE was my theme, Their wonted charms I fee: That verdant hill, and filver stream, Divide my love and me.



SONG III.

That rule o'er every British mind;
Be sure ye soothe their amorous slames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting fighs away:
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
A British youth should vainly moan;
Who scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel, Could e'er those gallant minds subdue, Who beauty's wounds with pleasure seel, And boast the setters wrought by you.

CHAPSEKAPO CHAPSEX CHAPSERAPS

SONG IV. The Say-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'ft the skies, To Dar une's window speed the way; And there on quiv'ring pinions rife, And there thy vocal art display.

And if the deign thy notes to hear.

And if the praife thy matin long.

Tell her the founds that foothe her ear.

To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,

The bird from Indian groves may shine;

But ask the lovely partial maid,

What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat you witless beau,
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an east to Damon's wee,
Who sings her praise, and sings for lorn.



SQNG V

Ah! ego non aliter triftes evincere morbos Optarem, quam te fic quoque velle putem.

ON every tree, in every plain,
I trace the fivial firing in valu!
A fickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigor flies,

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree, 'That finite on others, finite on me; Mine eyes from death shall court repose, Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring? Or, what the needless pride of spring? The cypress bough, that suits the bier, Retains its verdure all the year.

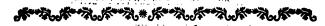
"Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair, Might claim awhile my wonted care; My rural store some pleasure yield; So white a slock, so green a steld!

My friends, that each in kindness vie, Might well expect one parting sigh; Might well demand one tender tear; For when was Damon unsincere?

But '

But ere I alk once more to view

You fetting fun his race renew,
Inform me, fwains; my friends, déclare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?



SONG VI.

The Attribute of VENUS.

YES; FULVIA is like VENUS fair;
Has all her bloom, and shape and air:
But still, to perfect ev'ry grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore; And Cynthea's brow the crescent b An helmet mark'd Minerva's mic But smiles distinguish'd beauty's qu

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

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

SONG VII. 1744.

That killing frown has left her brow: Can she forgive my jealous pain, And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day:
Awhile we see the tempest low'r;
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,
And quite forget the slitting show'r.

The flow'rs, that hung their languid head, Are burnish'd by the transient rains; The vines their wonted tendrils spread, And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note, express
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG VIII. 1742.

HE N bright ROXANA treads the green, In all the pride of dress and mien. Averse to freedom, love and play, The dazzling rival of the day:

None

None other beauty strikes mine eye, The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free and gay:
The scene improves, where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear, Nor deem thy shepherd infencere; Pity a wild illusive slame, That varies objects still the same: And let their very changes prove The never-vary'd force of love.

SONG IX. 1743. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Nor you the fact deny;
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove, Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r, May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove, Where blooms the fov'reign flow'r.

Perch'd on the ceder's topmail bough, And gay with gilded wings, Perchance, the patron of his vow, Some artless linnet sings.

The fwain furveys her pleas'd, afraid, Then low to earth he bends; And owns upon her friendly aid, His health, his life depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flow'r,

To tempt a votary's pray'r!

How would his humble homage tow'r

Should he behold my Fair!

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes,
O'er FLAVIA's beauty range,
He there would fix his lafting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

SONG X. 1743.

That, from these fountains, bear my dear;
A little space is giv'n; in vain:
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove My boundless slame, my endless love; And like the train of vulgar hours, Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way, On that I gaze the livelong day; No eastern monarch's dazzling pride. Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief, that knows of succours nigh, And sees his mangled legions die, Casts not a more impatient glance, To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace

She

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux In radiant bands my fair enclose; Oh! better hadst thou shun'd the green, Oh Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears, By all my fighs, by all my tears, I might from torture now be free— 'Tis more than death to part from thee!



SONG XL 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, faid I,
That melts my foul when FLAVIA's nigh;
Where wit and fense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind, It needs no lover's eye to find; The hermit freezing in his cell, Might wish the gentle FLAVIA well.

It is not love—averse to bear The servile chain that lovers wear; Let, let me all my sears remove, My doubts dispel----it is not love----

OP ;

Oh! when did wit so brightly shirte In any form less fair than thine? It is—it is love's subde fire, And under friendship lurks desire.



SONG XII. 1744.

And wither'd heaths I rove;
Where tree, nor spice, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But the' my path were damaik'd o'er With beauties e'er to fine;
My busy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone — on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills cou'd give delight No palace please mine eye: No pyramid's aerial height, Where mouldering monarchs He.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance; Could I the pageant see:

Splendour might catch one scornful glance,

Not steal one thought from thee.



SONG XIII. The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the fide of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the
I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I fung, And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue. But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear, I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd, Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd! And the more I with study my fancy resin'd, The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue, I still must my Delia's dear image renew: The graces have yielded with Delia to rove, And the muses are all in alliance with love.

Val. L

SONG XIV. The Rose-Bub.

SEE, DAPHNE, see, REORELIO CRY'd,
And learn the fad effects of pride;
You shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The sun with warm attractive rays Tempts it to wanton in the blaze: A gale succeeds from Eastern skies, And all its blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine, Will quit the plains too fond to shine Where same's transporting rays allure, Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of fome neglected maid Shall make you figh you left the shade: A breath to beauty's bloom unkind, As, to the rose, an Eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd—You first, my swain, Confine your sonnets to the plain; One envious tongue alike disarms, You, of your wit, me, f my charms.

What

What is, unknown, the poet's skill? Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill? What, unadmir'd, a charming mien, Or what the rose's blush, unseen?



SONG XV. WINTER. 1746.

Of all that chear'd the plain,

Echo alone preferves her voice,

And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-fick limbs I lay,
To shun the rushing wind,
Its busy murmur feems to say,
"She never will be kind!"

The naiads, o'er their frozen urns, In icy chains repine; And each in fullen filence mourns Her freedom loft, like mine!

Soon will the fun's returning rays
The chearless frost controul;
When will relenting Delia chase
The winter of my soul?

SONO



SONG XVI. DAPHNE'S Visit.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay falute my love:
My DAPHNE with your notes detain:
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs! before her footsteps rise; Display at once your brightest dyes; That she your opening charms may see: Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r, And shed its odours round my bow'r: Or never more, O gentle wind, Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd, If e'er your native sounds improv'd, May each soft murmur soothe my fair: Or oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds The melancholy pine surrounds, May DAPHNE praise thy peaceful gloom; Or thou shalt prove her DAMON's tomb.



SONG XVII. Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

A Dieu, ye jovial youths, who join

To plunge old care in floods of wine;

And, as your dazled eye-balls roll,

Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly slown, Not yet is thought so tedious grown, But limpid stream and shady tree Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove, See yonder does my DAPHNE rove \$ With pride her foot-steps I pursue, And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The fole confusion I admire, Is that my DAPHNE's eyes inspire: I scorn the madness you approve, And value reason next to love.

SONG

L 3

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SONG XVIII. Imitated from the French.

ES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd, But short was her sway for so lovely a maid! In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run; In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun! Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the plain; Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains; How many soft moments I spent in this grove! How fair was my nymph! and how servent my love! Be still tho, my heart! thine emotion give o'er; Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I firay'd amid fountains and bow'rs, Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs! Then breathless with ardor my fair-one pursu'd, And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd! But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er! Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

The HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of ooze
Does yonder halcyon speed so fast;
'Tis all because she would not lose
Her fav'rite calm that will not last.

The

The fun with azure paints the skies,
'The stream resects each slow'ry spray;
And frugal of her time she slies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows, Warm in fome rocky cell remain; To feek for pleafure, well she knows, Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, she cries, thou hated show'r,
Desorm my limpid waves to-day,
For I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my SILVIA, fure will own Life's azure feafons fwiftly roll: And when our youth, or health is flown, To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deferve thy charms, As thou art Damon's only theme; He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms, As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

ODE



O D E.

So dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend;
That seasons may for ever slee,
And ne'r divide me from my friend;
But let the savour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when every muse, When every grace benignant smil'd, With all a parent's breast could chuse To bless her lov'd, her only child; 'Tis thine, so richly grac'd to prove More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of time,
Together mus'd in fearch of truth,
O'er learned fage, or bard fublime;
And well thy culter'd breaft I know,
What wonderous treasure it can show.

Come then, resume thy charming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
Whilst I in fields of soft desire,
Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The slame that burns me night and day.

O come!

O come! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily foothe thy fludious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And fame fits liftening for thy lays
To fwell her trump with Lucio's praife.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the sportsman from her nest,
And slutt'ring on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shews her tortur'd breast:
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

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A PASTORAL ODE,

To the Honourable

Sir RICHARD LYTTELTON.

H E morn dispens'd a dubious light,
A sullen mist had stolen from sight
Each pleasing vale and hill;
When DAMON lest his humble bowers
To guard his slocks, to sence his slowers,
Or check his wandering rill.

Tho' fchool'd from fortune's paths to fly, The swain beneath each lowring sky, Would oft his fate bemoan;

That

That he, in fylvan shades, forlorn! Must waste his chearless ev'n and morn, Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obstreperous noise, Yet to the whispers of her voice, Soft murmuring, not a soe: The pleasures he thro' choice declin'd, When gloomy sogs depress'd his mind, It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes befide, Where coots in rushy dingles hide, And moorcooks shun the day; While caitiss bitterns, undismay'd, Remark the swain's familiar shade, And scorn to quit their prey.

But see, the radiant sun once more
The brightening face of heaven restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn;
And more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear,
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think * BRIDGEWATER's honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell;

That

^{*} The Duchels of BRIDGEWATER, married to Sir RICHARD LITTELTON.

That she, on all whose motions wait Distinction, titles, rank and state, Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind, By candour fway'd, by tafte refin'd, Will nought but vice difdain; Nor will the breaft where fancy glows Deem every flower a weed, that blows Amid the defart plain.

Befeems it fuch, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive:
At most fuch garlands from the field.
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to sind, And weave the fairest of the kind, The prime of all the spring; If haply thus yon lovely fair May round her temples deign to wear The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
ATHENIA's placid mien;
How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
Where PAPHIA's charms requir'd the song,
'Mid hazel copses green;

Lo,

Lo, DARTMOUTH on those banks reclin'd,
While bufy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
As thro' enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way? Could ever nymph descend to stray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
Else by the blooming features fair,
The faultless make, the matchless air,
'Twere Cynthia's form compleat.

So would fome tuberose delight,
That struck the pilgrim's wondering sight
'Mid lonely desarts drear;
All as at Eve, the sovereign slower
Dispenses round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragant year.

Ah, now no more, the shepherd cry'd, Must I ambition's charms deride, Her subtle force disown; No more of fawns or fairies dream, While fancy, near each crystal stream, Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathless mead, I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead My dazled eyes astray

But

But who, alas! will dare contend, If beauty add, or merit blend Its more illustrious ray?

Nor is it long----O plaintive fwain!
Since Guernsey faw, without difdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The * partner of his early days,
And once the rival of his praise,
Had stol'n thro' life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since STAMFORD left his honour'd bower
To fimile familiar here:
O form'd by nature to disclose
How fair that courtesy which flows
From social warmth fincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd, Since Pollio fought this lonely shade, Admir'd this rural maze: The noblest breast that virtue fires, The graces love, the muse inspires, Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say THOMSON here was known to rest,
For him yon vernal seat I drest,
Ah, never to return!
In place of wit, and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

Come

They were school-fellows.

Come then, my Lelius, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuse,
That envy'd his impartial muse
To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd fight,
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays;
Beneath you ruins moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recal!
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistles, thro' the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings!
Tho' form'd for courts, vouchsas'd to rove
Inglorious, thro' the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more, Than these rude haunts have seen before, Each sount and shady tree?

Have

Have not these trees and sountains seem.
The pride of courts, the winning miem
Of peerless AYLESBURY?

And GRENVILLE, she whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradation rise
The princely piles of Stow;
Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
And smil'd to see the babbling sloods
Thro' self-worn mazes slow.

Say DARTMOUTH, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the pensive shade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reslection sway'd?

Brave, yet humane, shall SMITH appear, Ye sailors, tho' his name be dear, Think him not yours alone: Grant him in other spheres to charm, The shepherd's breasts tho' mild are warm, And ours are all his own.

O LYTTELTON! my honour'd guest, Could I describe thy generous breast, Thy firm, yet polish'd mind; How public love adorns thy name, How fortune too conspires with same; The song should please mankind.

VERSES

VERSES written towards the close of the Year 1748, to WILLIAM LYTTELTON, Esq;

HO W blithely pass'd the summer's day!

How bright was every flow'r!

While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,

To visit Damon's bow'r!

But now, with filent step, I range Along some lonely shore; And Damon's bow'r, alas the change! Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne In quest of joy they steer; Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn, To weep the parting year!

O pensive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy forrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, winter, haste; usurp the sky;
Compleat my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
You sickening leaves retain;
That speak at once of pleasure past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unbleft, I gaze around, My distant scenes require; Where all in murky vapours drown'd Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Tho' Thomson, sweet descriptive bard! Inspiring Autumn sung; Yet how should we the months regard, That stopp'd his slowing tongue?

Ah luckless months, of all the rest, To whose hard share it fell! For sure he was the gentlest breast That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown
The roofs they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright, The sportsman's frantic deed; While hounds and horns and yells unite To drown the muse's reed.

Vol. I.

M

Ye

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown, Ye skies no longer blue! Too much we feel from fortune's frown, To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unfullied green?
The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where sweet friendship's cordial micn,
That brighten'd every vale?

What tho' the vine disclose her dyes, And boast her purple store; Not all the vine-yard's rich supplies Can soothe our forrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain Could wit and mirth refine; He! he is gone, whose social vein Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise, In you sequester'd grove, To him a votive urn I raise; To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend! forlorn and fad, I grave your Thomson's name; And there, his lyre; which fate forbad To found your growing fame.

There

There shall my plaintive song recount
Dark themes of hopeless woe;
And faster than the dropping sount,
I'll teach mine eyes to slow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green, Shall shade the hallow'd ground; And Spring will there again be seen, To call forth flow'rs around.

But no kind funs will bid me share,
Once more, his social hour;
Ah Spring! thou never can'st repair
This loss, to Damon's bow'r.

<u>*****@@@@@@@@</u>!@#@!@@@@@@@#

JEMMY DAWSON.

A Ballad; written about the Time of his Execution, in the Year 1745.

OME liften to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you fcorn to heave a figh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear KITTY, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe;
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Мz

Young

Young Dawson was a gallant boy.

A brighter never trod the plain;

And well he lov'd one charming maid,

And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear, Of gentle blood the damsel came; And faultless was her beauteous form, And spotless was her virgin same.

But curse on party's hateful strife, That led the favour'd youth astray; The day the rebel clans appear'd, O had he never seen that day!

Their colours, and their fash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek, When JEMMY's fentence reach'd her ear! For never yet did Alpine snows So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faultering voice, she weeping said, Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart; Think not thy death shall end our loves, For thou and I will never part.

Yet

- Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to JEMMY's woes;
OGEORGE, without a pray'r for thee,
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life, Would crown a never-dying flame; And every tender babe I bore Should learn to life the giver's name.

But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn To yonder ignominious tree; He shall not want one constant friend To share the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning coach was call'd, The fledge mov'd flowly on before; Tho' borne in a triumphal car, She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behefts of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

M 3

And

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous broaft,
On which her love-fick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart, She did to ev'ry heart prefer; For tho' it could its king forget, 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames, She bore this constant heart to see; But when 'twas mouldered into dust, Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew The pure, the lasting love I bore; Accept, O heaven! of woes like ours, And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my KITTY sheds, is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

A Pastoral

* SANTE SANT

1 Pastoral BALLAD, in Four Parts.

Written 1743.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.

VIRC.

I. ABSENCE.

E shepherds so chearful and gay,
Whose slocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
The to muse and to sigh,
talk of the change that ye sind;
once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

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

Since PHYLLIS vouchfat'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.

M 4

I priz'd



I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I figh;
And I grieve that I prig'd them no more.

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

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

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

IL HOP

II. HOPE.

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

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

One would think the might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a thrub that I heard her adm're,
But I hasted and planted it there,
now sudden the jessamine strove
(With the lilac to render it gay!
ready it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From



From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingalea warble their loves
From thickers of refes 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 sond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;

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

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

b. m.

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

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

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

IV. DIS-

IV. DISAPPOINT MENT.

They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair---and my passion begun;
She smil'd---and I could not but love;
She is faithles---and I am undone.

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

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

Alas!

1.00 h

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

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

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

LEVITIES;



LEVITIES;

OR

PIECES of HUMOUR.

Vol. I. N



FLIRT and PHIL;

A Decision for the LADIES.

A Wit, by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To SILVIA made pretences;
They both profes'd an equal love:
Yet hop'd, by different means to move
Her judgment, or her fenses.

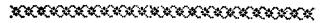
Young sprightly FLIRT, of blooming mien, Watch'd the best minutes to be seen;
Went—when his glass advis'd him:
While meagre PHIL of books enquir'd;
A wight, for wit and parts admir'd;
And witty ladies priz'd him.

N 2

SILVIA



SILVIA had wit, had spirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
Suspended held the scales:
Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its share.
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.



STANZAS to the Memory of an agreeable LADY, buried in Marriage to a Performundeserving her.

WAS always held, and ever will,
By fage mankind, discreeter,
T' anticipate a lesser ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain, And languishing conditions; Who don't the lesser ills sustain. Of physic — and physicians?

Rather than lose his whole estate,

He that but little wise is,

Full gladly pays four parts in eight

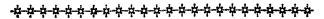
To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone For lost ships not requiting: This bears our noble k—, to shun The loss of blood—in sighting!

With

With num'rous ills, in fingle life, The bachelor's attended: Such to avoid, he takes a wife— And much the case is mended!

Poor GRATIA, in her twentieth year, Fore-seeing future woe, Chose to attend a monkey here, Before an ape below.



COLEMIRA.

A Culinary Eclogue.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.

Ight's fable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed:
When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen sire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground; The little lares kept their vigils round; The fawning cats compassionate his case, And purr around, and gently lick his face:

To all his 'plaints the sleeping curs reply, And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh. Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree, And solitude to them is best society.

N .3

Cou'd

Could I (he cry'd) express, how bright'a grace Adorns thy morning hands, and well-wash'd face; Thou would'st, COLEMIRA, grant what I implore, And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

Ah! who can fee, and feeing not admire, Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire! Her hands out-shine the fire, and redder things; Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

But fure no chamber-damsel can compare, When in meridian lustre shines my fair, When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills, Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distills.

Oh! how I long, how ardently defire, To view those rosy singers strike the lyre! For late, when bees to change their climes began, How did I see 'em thrum the frying pan!

With her! I should not envy G — his queen, 'Tho' she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen: Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair-one's gown, In russet pomp, and greasy pride hang down.

Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice, When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice! How would that voice exceed the village bell; Wou'dft thou but fing, "I like thee paffing well!"

When

When from the hearth she bade the pointers go, How soft! how easy did her accents slow! "Get out, she cry'd, when strangers come to sup, "One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute, Alas! I envy'd even that salute: 'Twas sure misplac'd, — Shock said, or seem'd to say, He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If she the mystic bellows take in hand, Who like the fair can that machine command? O may'st thou ne'er by Eolus be seen, For he wou'd sure demand thee for his queen.

But shou'd the slame this rougher aid refuse, And only gentler med'cines be of use; With sull-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife, Foments the infant slame, and pusses it into life.

Such arts, as these, exalt the drooping sire, But in my breast a siercer slame inspire: I burn! I burn! O! give thy pussing o'er, And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips no more!

With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen; When this proud damsel has more humble been, When with nice airs she hoist the pan-cake round, And dropt it, hapless fair! upon the ground.

N 4

Look,

Look, with what charming grace! what winning tricks!

The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks!

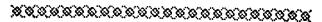
So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,

Oft have I said,—there were no need of candles.

But thou, my fair! who never would'st approve, Or hear the tender story of my love; Or mind, how burns my raging breast,—a button— Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain, Revealing to the sable walls his pain: But nymphs are free with those they shou'd deny; To those, they love, more exquisitely coy!

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice, The lambent slames in languid streams arise, And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.



The RAPE of the TRAP.

A BALLAD, 1737.

WAS in a land of learning,
The muses fav'rite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

AЦ

All in a college study,
Where books were in great plenty;
This rat wou'd devour
More sense in an hour,
Then I cou'd write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir;
But this, a rat of taste,
All other rats surpass'd;
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir;

His breakfast, half the morning, He constantly attended; And when the bell rung For ev'ning song, His dinner scarce was ended!

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us;
And wou'd make no more
Of king ARTHUR's*, by the score
Than—all the world beside does

In books of geo-graphy,

He made the maps to flutter:
A river or a fea

Was to him a dish of tea;
And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But

* By BLACKMORE.

But if some mawkish potion
Might chance to over-dose him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logick – to compose him –

A trap, in haste and anger,
Was bought you need not doubt on't;
And, such was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
He cou'd not, I think, get out on't.

With cheefe, not books, 'twas baited,
The fact I'll not belye it—
Since none—I tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat
Minds books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why shou'd I sing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the sleight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd 'em away together:

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
Thro' a fracture in the flooring;
Which, tho' fo trim.
It now may seem,
Had then — a dozen or more in.

Then

Then answer this, ye sages!

Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus did seize on
The trap, less claim to reason,
Than many a scull among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it, Were vermin of condition; But this rat who merely learn'd What rats alone concern'd, Was the greater politician.

That England's topfy-turvy,
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
Since traps, we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin * take our traps, Sir.

Let fophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em;
Lest they grow as learn'd as we,
In our studies; where, d'ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
Good luck betide our cats, Sir;
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And the other destroy our rats, Sir.

On

Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

2

96999999999999999

On certain PASTORALS.

O rude and tuneless are thy lays, The weary audience vow, 'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings, But 'tis his herds that low.

On Mr. C----of Kidderminster's Poetry.

Thy verses, friend, are KIDDERMINSTER * stuff, And I must own you've measur'd out enough.



To the VIRTUOSOS.

AIL curious wights! to whom so fair
The form of mortal slies is!
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass or mound, You make your sportsman sallies; Or that your prey in gardens sound Is urg'd thro' walks and allies,

Yet,

KIDDERMINSTER, famous for a coarse woollen manusacture.

Yet, in the fury of the chace, No flope cou'd e'er retard you; Blest if one fly repay the race, Or painted wing reward you.

Fierce as CAMILLA * o'er the plaim Pursu'd the glitt'ring stranger \$ Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain, And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat
To nature's filmy people;
Know what conserves they chuse to eat,
And what liqueurs, to sipple.

And, if her brood of infects dies,
You fage affiftance lend her;
Can floop to pimp for am'rous flies,
And help'em to engender.

"Tis you protect their pregnant hour; And when the birth's at hand, Exerting your obstetric pow'r Prevent a mothless land.

Yet oh! howe'er your tow'ring view
Above gross objects rises,
Whate'er refinements you pursue,
Hear, what a friend advises:

A friend,

* See VIRGIL.

A friend, who, weigh'd with yours, must prize Domitian's idle passion;
That wrought the death of teazing slies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let FLAVIA's eyes more deeply warm, Nor thus your hearts determine, 'To slight dame nature's fairest form And sigh for nature's vermin.

And speak with some respect of beaux, Nor more as triflers treat 'em: 'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths, Than cherish moths, that eat 'em.



The EXTENT of COOKERY.

Aliusque et idem.

HEN TOM to CAMBRIDGE first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
To be a sop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor

. !

Nor COKE nor SALKELD he regards, But gets into the house, And soon a judge's rank rewards His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs! ye bags give place!
Full bottoms come inftead!
Good L — d! to fee the various ways
Of dreffing — a calve's-head!

૾ૄૢ૽&**&***&*&*&*&*&*&*&*&*&*&*&*&*&*&*

The Progress of ADVICE.

A Common CASE.

Suade, nam certum est

SAYS RICHARD to THOMAS (and seem'd half asraid)
"I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid:
Now, because Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
I will do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me; For 'faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free. I have no fault to find with the girl fince I knew her, But I'd have thy advice, ere I tye myself to her,"

Said THOMAS to RICHARD, "To speak my opinion, There is not such a bitch in King Grorge's dominion, And I sirmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do, Thou wou'dst chuse out awhipping-post, first to be ty'd to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old, And a lyar, and a sool, and a slut, and a scold." Next day RICHARD hasten'd to church and was wed, And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had said.



A B A L L A D.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,
To bring down a wife, whom the swains might admire:
But in spite of whatever the mortal cou'd say,
The goddess objected the length of the way!

To give up the op'ra, the park, and the ball, For to view the stag's horns in an old country-hall; To have neither China nor India to see! Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!

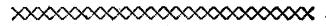
To forfake the dear play-house, Quin, Garrick, and Clive, Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,
O heavn's! she shou'd faint, she shou'd die on the road!

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France, And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance, And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it; And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.

She

She might yield to refign the sweet-singers of Ruckholt. Where the citizen-matron seduces her cuckold; But Ranelagh soon would her sootheps recall, And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.

To be fure the cou'd breathe nowhere else than in town, Thus the talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown; But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed, A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.



SLENDER'S Ghost. vid. SHAKESPEAR.

BEneath a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve methought I spy'd
Poor SLENDER's ghost, that whimp'ring cry'd,
O sweet O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards! give ear!

Who talk of am'rous rage,

Who fpoil the lily, rob the rofe,

Come learn of me to weep your wres:

O fweet O fweet Anne Page!

Why shou'd such labour'd strains
Your formal Muse engage?
I never dreamt of slame or dart,
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!
Vol.L.

And you! whose love sick minds
No med'cine can assuage!
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of SLENDER to deplore;
O sweet O sweet Anne Page!

And ye! whose souls are held,
Like linnets in a cage!
Who talk of setters, links and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains!
O sweet O sweet Anne Page!

And you who boast or grieve,
What horrid wars ye wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh
O sweet O sweet Anne Page!

Hence ev'ry fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage;
"Tis SLENDER's voice, 'tis SLENDER's way
Expresses all you have to say,
O sweet O sweet Anne Page!

The INVIDIOUS.

MART

O Fortune! if my pray'r of old Was ne'er folicitous for gold, With better grace thou may'ft allow My suppliant with, that asks it now.

Yet

Yet think not! goddes! I require it
For the same end your clowns desire it.
In a well-made effectual string,
Fain would I see Lividio swing!
Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddess! store of pelf,
And he will tye the knot himself.

The Price of an EQUIPAGE.

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere

Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.

MAR

Ask'd a friend, amidst the throng,
Whose coach it was that trail'd along:
The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
That, with the sootmen stuck behind."

O Sir! fays he, what! han't you feen it?
"Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
"Tis odd methinks you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
Your old acquaintance Damon!—" True;
But faith his equipage is new."

"Bless me, said I, where can it end? What madness has possess'd my friend? Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest, Their stomachs doubtless not the smallest! Can Damon's revenue maintain In lace and food, so large a train?

I know

I know his land—each inch o' ground—
'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
If Damon's whole estate can bear
To keep his lad, and one-horse chair,
I own 'tis past my comprehension."
Yes, Sir, but Damon has a pension—

Thus does a falle ambition rule us, Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us; To keep a race of flick'ring knaves, He grows himfeif the work of flaves.

HINT from VOITURE.

ET Son his annual journeys run,
And which the radiant task is done,
Confess, thro' all the Globe, 'twould pose hims
To match the tharms that Grove stews him.

And show'd he boast he once had seen
As just a form, as bright a mein,
Yet must it still for ever pose him,
To match—what Calla never shows him.

INSCRIPTION

To the memory
Of A. L. Esquire,
Justice of the peace for this sounty;

Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage
Thro' a trisling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithstanding the scotts of ill-dispos'd persons,
And wits of the age,
That ridicul'd his behaviour,
Or censur'd his breeding;
Following the dictates of nature,
Desiring to ease the afflicted,
Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
Without having for his end
The noise, or report such things generally cause

In the world,

(As he was seen to perform them of none)

But the sole relief and happiness,

Of the party in distress;

Himself resting easy,

When he cou'd render that so s Not griping, or pinching himself, To hoard up superfluities; Not coveting to keep in his possession

What gives more disquietude, than pleasure;
But charitably distusing it
To all round about him:

Making the most forrowful countenance
To fmile.

In his presence;

Always befowing more than he was ak'd, Always imparting before he was defin'd; Not proceeding in this manner,

Q 3

Upon

Upon every trivial suggestion,
But the most mature, and solemn deliberation;
With an incredible presence, and undauntedness
Of mind;

With an inimitable gravity and economy
Of face;
Bidding loud defiance

Bidding loud defiance
To politeress and the fashion,
Dar'd let a f-t.

To a FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er seen, my gentle squire, The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a spade,
Why don't ye play?—the girl's asraid—
Play something—any thing—but play—
"Tis but to pass the time away—
Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
As tho' she play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?—
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
It's not worth while to think about it."

SAL thought, and thought, and miss'd her aim, And NaD, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wond'rous true, That verse is but a game at loo,

While

While many a bard, that shews so clearly
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil;
And play for nothing, all the while:
Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signify'd a farthing more:
'Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your slying pen obtain it.

Thro' fragrant scenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phoebus loves:
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic slames the God bestows.
You now none other slame require,
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verses---to defy the scorners,
In shit-houses and chimney-corners.

SAL found her deep-laid schemes were vain--The cards are cut---come deal again--No good comes on it when one lingers--I'll play the cards come next my singers--Fortune could never let NED loo her,
When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?---why, still the same--For SAL has lost another game.

"I've done; (she mutter'd) I was saying, It did not argufy my playing. Some folks will win, they cannot chuse, But think or not think---some must lose. I may have won a game or so---But then it was an age ago---

Įŧ

It ne'er will be my lot again--I won it of a baby then--Give me an ace of trumps and fee,
Our NED will beat me with a three,
'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd--He'll fuffer for it, when he's marry'd."

Thus SAL, with tears in either eye; While victor NED fate titt'ring by.

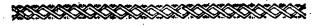
Thus I, long envying your fuccess, And bent to write, and study less, Sate down, and scribbled in a trice, Just what you see---and you despise.

You, who can frame a tuneful fong, And hum it as you ride along; And, trotting on the king's high-way, Snatch from the hedge a fprig of bay; Accept this verse, howe'er it flows, From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair! Which many wish, and sew must wear? Which some men's indolence can gain, And some men's vigils ne'er obtain! For what must Sal or poet sue, Ere they engage with NED or you? For luck in verse, for luck at loo!

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame, And NED, thro' skill, segures the game.

The



The POET and the DUN. 1741.

These are Messengers

That seelingly persuade me what I am.

SHAKESPEAR.

NOMES a dun in the morning and raps at my door-"I made bold to call---'tis a twelvemonth and more--I'm forry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,---But Jos wou'd be paid, Sir, had Jos been a mercer." My friend have but patience--- Ay these are your ways. I have got but one shilling to serve me two days---But Sir---prithee take it, and tell your attorney, If I han't paid your bill, I have paid for your journey. Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion, And calmly confider --- confider? vexation! What whore that must paint, and must put on false locks, And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox! What beggar's wife's nephew, now starv'd, and now beaten, Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten! What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard! · Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a bard! Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer! Turn shoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer; Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf, And dun some poor dog of a poet myself. One's credit, however, of course will grow better; Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

1.

" Dear

"Dear Sir LI receiv'd your obliging epiftle, Your fame is secure---bid the critics go whistle. I read over with wonder the poem you fent me; And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent me The audience, believe me, cry'd out ev'ry line Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine; All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight and beauty. And to hide such a genius was---far from your duty. I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted: Sir RICHARD, for much a less genius, was knighted. Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye; I cou'd say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye." Quite fir'd with the flatt'ry, I call for my paper, And waste that, and health, and my time, and my taper: I scribble 'till morn, when with wrath no small store, Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door. "Ah! triend, 'tis but idle to make such a pother, Fate, fate has ordain'd us, to plague one another."

SECENTIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P

Written at an Inn at Henley.

O thee, fair freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in manfions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

"Tis here with boundless pow'r, I reign; And every health which I begin, Converts dull port to bright champaigne; Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I Ay

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!

I fly from falsehood's specious grin!

Freedom I love, and form I hate,

And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my fordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round, Where'er his stages may have been, May sigh to think he still has found The warmest welcome, at an inn.

A SIMILE.

HAT village but has fometime seen the clums shape, the frightful mien, Tremendous claws, and shagged hair, Of that grim brute yclip'd a bear? He from his dam, the learn'd agree, Receiv'd the curious form you see; Who with her plastic tongue alone, Produc'd a visage---like her own---And thus they hint, in mystic fashion, The pow'rful force of education*---Perhaps you crowd of swains is viewing E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin a

Of a fond matron's education.

AA 200

Who plays his antics, roars aloud ? The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an aukward lad, Whose birth has made a parish glad, Forbid, for fear of fense, to roam, And taught by kind mamma at home; Who gives him many a well-try'd rule, With ways and means—to play the fool. In fense the same, in stature higher, He shines, ere long, a rural squire, Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears, And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares: His tenants of superior sense Carouze, and laugh, at his expence; And deem the pastime I'm relating, To be as pleasant, as bear-baiting.

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The CHARMS of PRECEDENCE.

TALE.

" CIR, will you please to walk before?" ---No, pray Sir---you are next the door. --- "Upon mine honour, I'll not stir---" Sir, I'm at home, confider, Sir---" Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first." Well, if I must be rude, I must---But yet I wish I cou'd evade it---Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded---

Go forward, cits! go forward, squires! Nor scruple each, what each admires.

Life

Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;
It flies, while you display your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or some old dancing-master teaches.
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But death's at hand---let me advise ye,
Go sorward, friends! or he'll surprise ye.

Befides, how infineere you are! Do ye not flatter, lyo, forfwear, And daily cheek, and weekly pray, And all for this...to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove.
That the we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is most in fashion,
Precedence is our ruling pussion.

When college-students take degrees,
And pay the beadle's endless fees,
What moves that scientific body,
But the first cutting at a gawdy?
And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
That starve and languish as physicians,
Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?
But that, in Charlot's chamber (see
Moliere's Medicin malgre lui)
The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before the apothecary.

FLAVIA

FLAVIA in vain has wit and charms, And all that shines, and all that warms; In vain all human race adore her, For---lady MARY ranks before her.

O CELIA, gentle CELIA! tell us, You who are neither vain, nor jealous! The foftest breast, the mildest mien! Wou'd you not feel some little spleen, Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow, If FLORIMEL, your equal now, Shou'd, one day, gain precedence of ye? First serv'd---tho' in a dish of cossee? Plac'd first, altho' where you are sound, You gain the eyes of all around? Nam'd first, tho' not with half the same, That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inspire
Our fix'd esteem, and fond desire!
Barely, where'er you go, to prove
The source of universal love!--Yet be content, observing this,
Honour's the offspring of caprice:
And worth howe'er you have pursu'd it,
Has now no pow'r---but to exclude it.
You'll find your general reputation
A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift, with all his worth, con'd ne'er, He tells us, hope to rife a peer; So, to supply it, wrote for fame: And well the wit secur'd his aim.

A com-

A common patriot has a drift,

Not quite so innocent as SWIFT:

In BRITAIN's cause he rants, he labours;

"He's honest, faith"---have patience, neighbours,

For patriots may sometimes deceive,

May beg their friend's reluctant leave,

To serve them in a higher sphere;

And drop their virtue, to get there.---

•

As Lucian tells us, in his fashion,
How souls put off each earthly passion,
Ere on Elysium's flow'ry strand,
Old Charon suffer'd 'em to land;
So ere we meet a court's caresses,
No doubt our souls must change their dresses,
And souls there be, who, bound that way,
Attire themselves ten times a day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet, And faints alike and finners love it; If place, for which our courtiers throng So thick, that few can get along; For which fuch fervile toils are feen, Who's happier than a king?---a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
"Tis properly a female passion:
Women, and beaux, beyond all measure
Are charm'd with rank's extatic pleasure,
Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
You'd hint a beau were not a man:
Say, women then are fond of places;
I wave all disputable cases.

man

A man perhaps would something linger,
Were his lov'd rank to cost---a singer;
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,
He might delib'rate once or twice on't;
Perhaps ask GATAKER's advice on't.
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women wish precedence ever;
"Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And strongly animates their age.
Perhaps they would not fell out-right
Or maim a limb-that was in sight;
Yet on worse terms, they sometimes thuse it;
Not ev'n in punishments, refuse it.

Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!
All fierce and pregnant with reply.
But lend your patience, and your ear,
An argument shall make it clear.
But hold an argument may fail,
Beside my title says, a tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding stream, Avon, the muses fav's the theme! Avon, that fills the farmers' purses, And decks with flow'rs both farms, and verses, She visits many a sertile vale——Such was the stene of this my tale. For 'tis in Ev's ham's vale, or near it, That folks with laughter tell, and hear it.

The foil with annual plenty bleft.

Was by young Corrow possess.

His

His youth alone I lay before ye,
As most material to my story:
For strength and vigour too, he had 'em,
And 'twere not much amis, to add 'em.

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
In ruster robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep;
Now fragant with the bean's persume,
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
Might well with bright allusion store me;

But happier bards have been before me!

Amongst the various year's increase,

The strippling own'd a field of pease;

Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,

Were haunted by some semale neighbours.

Each morn discover'd to his sight

The shameful havoc of the night;

Traces of this they left behind 'em,

But no instructions where to find 'em.

The devil's works are plain and evil,

But few or none have feen the devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of ECHARD, who has faid it,
Contriv'd with SATAN how to fool us;
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
But then old Noll was one in ten,
And fought him more than other men.
Our shepherd too, with like attention,

May meet the female fiends we mention. Vol. I. P

He

He rose one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambush lay:
When lo! a brace of girls appears,
The third, a matron much in years.
Smiling, amidst the pease, the sinners
Sate down to call their suture dinners;
And, caring little who might own 'em,
Made free as tho' themselves had sown 'em-

'Tis worth a fage's observation
How love can make a jest of passion.
Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid!
And love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now banish'd anger out o' door;
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features so a smile:
And knowing well, 'twas all grimace,
To threaten with a smiling face,
He in few words express'd his mind
And none would deem them much unkind.

The am'rous youth, for their offence, Demanded instant recompence:
That recompence from each, which shame Forbids a bashful muse to name.
Yet, more this sentence to discover,
'Tis what Bett a grants her lover,
When he, to make the strumpet willing,
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each

Each flood awhile, as 'twere suspended, And loth to do, what—each intended.

At length with fost pathetic fighs, The matron, bent with age, replies.

"Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,
And our ill stars will have it so—
But let my tears your wrath assuage,
And shew some deference for age!
I from a distant village came,
Am old, G— knows, and something lame;
And if we yield, as yield we must,
Dispatch my crazy body sirst.

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain, When circled round on IDA's plain, With goddesses he stood suspended, And PALLAS's grave speech was ended, Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty; But paid the compliment to beauty.

ODE

To be performed by Dr. Brettle, and a Chorus of Hales-owen Citizens.

The Instrumental Part, a Viol d' Amour.

AIR by the Doctor.

AWAKE! I fay, awake good people!
And be for once alive and gay;
Come let's be merry; flir the tipple;
How can you fleep,
Whith I do play? how can you fleep, &c.

P 2 CHORUS.

(228)

CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! Pardon, great musician!
On drowsy souls some pity take!
For wond'rous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy strains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO by the Doctor.

Hear but this strain - 'twas made by HANDEL,

A wight of skill, and judgment deep!

Zoonters they're gone—SAL, bring a candle—

No, here is one, and he's asleep.

DUETTE.

Dr.—How cou'd they go

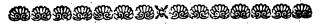
Whilft I do play?

SAL.—How cou'd they go?

How shou'd they stay?

Soft mufic.

Warlike mulic.



EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of CLEONE.

And now the custom is to make you smile.

To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?

The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
Out of my house!—this night, forsooth depart!
A modern wise had said—"With all my heart—
But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!
Order your coach—conduct me safe to town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."

Such is the language of each modish fair;
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
'The time has been when modesty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth:
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places,
Nor took the airs of amazons for graces:
Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dreamt of happiness abroad;
They lov'd their children, learnt no slaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mixt the cares.

P 3

Those

Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise, For marriage triumph'd in those golden days: By chaste decorum they affection gain'd; By faith and sondness what they won, maintain'd.

'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days agen, And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men; Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright, And give the soul, as well as sense, delight; Reclaim from folly a fantastic age, That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage. Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn, The marriage chain with transport shall be worn; Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride Shall double all their joys, their cares divide; Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife, And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

MORAL

MORAL PIECES.

Reprinding 6 to



THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

Hile blooming spring descends from genial skies,
By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow;
The sweets of HAGLEY, or the pride of STOWE;
Will LYTTELTON the rural landskip range,
Leave noisy same, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sos's enliv'ning pow'r,
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r:
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms display'd,
Invites, from grateful hands, their gen-rous aid.

Soon,

Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs The lively luftre of these scenes declines!

'Tis thus, the spring of youth, the morn of life, Rears in our minds the rival feeds of strife. Then passion riots, reason then contends: And, on the conquest, ev'ry blis depends: Life, from the nice decision, takes its hue: And bleft those judges who decide like you! On worth like theirs shall ev'ry blis attend: The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

There are, who blind to thought's fatiguing ray, As fortune gives examples urge their way: Not virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline, And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join, In her's, or vice's cafual road advance Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of chance! Yet some more nobly seorn the vulgar voice; With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice, When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign, Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein; While passion's lawless tides, at their command, i Glide thro' more useful tracts, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind, By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd. In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs ; Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with flow'rs. The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings: The fittest to adorn each art she brings: Lov'd by that prince whom ev'ry virtue fires: Prais'd by that bard whom ey'ry muse inspires:..

.

Bleft

Blest in the tuneful art, the social stame; In all that wins, in all that merits same!

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd, When great ALCIDES to a grove retir'd. Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade, Refign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd; Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys: Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise. Dubious he stray'd, with wav'ring thoughts possest, Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast; The various arts which human cares divide, In deep attention all his mind employ'd: Anxious, if fame an equal blifs fecur'd; Or filent ease with foster charms allur'd. The filvan choir whose numbers sweetly flow'd, The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd; The filver flood that in meanders led His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead; The foothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd, Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind, In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd, Th' imperial tow'rs of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' fancy's puzzling maze
The sep'rate sweets of pleasure, and of praise;
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade.
At once, before his wond'ring eyes were seen
Two semale forms, of more than mortal mien.
Various their charms; and in their dress and face,
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.

This,

This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd, The simple sweets of innocence endear'd. Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye, Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty. Her air diffus'd a mild yet aweful ray, Severely fweet, and innocently gay. Such the chaste image of the martial maid, In artless folds of virgin white array'd! She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn. Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn. Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils, Or study'd gestures, or well practis'd smiles. She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less; She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress; And while she chose in native charms to shine, Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine. One modest em'rald clasp'd the robe she wore, And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore. Sublime her height, majestic was her pace, And match'd the awful honours of her face. The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant ground. Seem'd where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd. Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd; She pleas'd, while distant, but, when near, she charm'd. So firikes the gazer's eye, the filver gleam That glitt'ring quivers o'er a distant stream: But from its banks we see new beauties rise. And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd; And from her dress her tinsel beauties slow'd.

A flutt'ring

A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd, And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd. Its form, contrived her faulty fize to grace; Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her facé. Her plaited hair difguis'd with brilliants glar'd: Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd; The gawdy topaz lent its gay supplies, And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes: Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd: And, round her brow, a roseate garland bloom'd. Soft smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles; Yet ah : the blushes artful as the smiles. Oft-gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care: Her thoughts, to other's charms malignly blind, Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd: And if on other's eyes a glance were thrown, 'Twas but to watch the influence of her own. Much like her guardian, fair CYTHERA's queen, When for her warrior she refines her mein; Or when, to bless her Delian fav'rite's arms, The radiant fair invigorates her charms. Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame, Her dress expressive, and her air the same, When her gay bark o'er filver Cydnos roll'd, And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold. Such shone the vision; nor forbore to move The fond contagious airs of lawless love. Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd, And am'rous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.

Lifelefa

Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain;
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd the swain.
So glaring draughts, with taudry lattre bright,
Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight:
More slowly charms a RAPHAEL's chaster air,
Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrap'd in a pleas'd fuspence, the youth survey'd 'A'
The various charms of each attractive maid:
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying slames inspir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wand'ring eyes;
"Tis here the lovely vale of pleasure lies."
Debate no more, to me thy life refign;
Each sweet which nature can disfuse is mine,
For me the nymph diversises her pow'r,
Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r;
To please my ear, she tunes the linner's strains;
To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
To gratify my sinell perfumes the rose;
Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
And swells the vegetable world, for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
Where chance from courage claims the boasted prize;
Where, tho' she give, your country oft denies.
Industrious thou shalt Curio's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his soft campaign.

His

His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure; Yet only fuffer, to enjoy the cure. Yield but to me---a choir of nymphs shall rife, And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes. Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear. A brighter lily on their necks appear; in the Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shall rest. Soft as the down that fwells the cygnet's neft! While PHILOMEL in each fost voice complains. And gently lulls thee with mellifluous frains : " they are Whilst, with each accent, sweetest odours slow; And spicy gums round eviry bosom glow. Attion Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire, and the life Shall in fuch huxury of fweets expire. At floth let war's victorious fons exclaim; In vain! for pleafure is my real name; Nor envy thou the head with bays o'er-grown; No. feek thou rofes to adorn thy own: For well each op'ning scene, that claims my care, " Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prane the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy foul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
Indulgent BACCHUS loads his lab'ring tree,
And, guarding, gives its clust'ring sweets to me.
For my lov'd train, APOLLO's piercing beam
Darts thro' the passive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
Nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd!

For

For thee the poplar shall its amber drain; For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane; Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay;

Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey;
Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield;
Art build thy dome, while nature decks thy field;
Of CORINTH's order shall the structure rise;
The spiring turrets glitter thro' the skies;
Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays;
Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
Shalt own the am'rous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes, and sweetly-sounding lyres
Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;
Or, in th' Ionian dance, some fav'rite maid
Improves the slame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
Think, can'ft thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
To feed on virtue's visionary charms;
Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
To find dull envy ev'n that hope desace,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd lovelieft charmer pleads with me.
She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
In whose endearments years, like moments, flew;
For whose endearments millions seem'd too sew;
She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
And tread with her the flow'ry tracts of time;

Nor

Nor thus her lovely; bloom of life bestow	7
On some cold lover, or infulting soe.	7
Think if against that tongue thou can't rebel.	;
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell:	1
What strong persuasion same her foster fighs!	Ė
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes	<u>-</u> د.
See nature smiles, and hirds salute the shade,	Ċ
Where breathing jamin screens the sleeping maid:	ò
And fuch her charms, as to the vain may prove	
Ambition feeks more humble joys than love!	,
There buly toil thall ne er invade thy reign.	ī
Nor fciences perplex thy lab'ring brain:	3
Or none, but what with equal sweets invite;	ľ
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:	٨
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing	4
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;	
To fix the dress that fuits each varying mien;	i '
To show where best the chiffering gens are sen and the	
To figh foft strains along the vecal groves and the	:
And tell the charmes, the sweet affects of love in their roll	4
Not fear to find a coy distantal muses with the state of the same	
Nor think the lifters will their sid refused to mystelle at	Ţ
Cool grots, and tink ling will a or files flisher of)
Soft scenes of history ! Spit th' harmonious maides	
And all the wife, and all the grave decree has a decree	,
Some of that facted train ally'd to me. hand aid an an all	Ĺ
But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,	
And thy breaft glow with faint defire of fame. It which	
Some fofter kinner shall thy thoughts amust in a moor	,
And learning's mame a foleran found diffuses and its	
Vol. L. Q. T	4

To thee all nature's curious flores I'll bring, Explain the beauties of an infect's wing; The plant, which nature, less diffusely kind, Has to few climes with partial care confin'd; The shell she scatters with more careless air. And, in her frolics, feems supremely fair; The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains, Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms, Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms; Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail, Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail. The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales, And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales, For thy repose, inform, with rival joy, Their streams to murmur, and their winds to figh. Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-slowing day, 'Till loft in blifs thou breathe thy foul away: 'Till she t' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair, Nor find my charming fcenes exceeded there. " I stank

She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd. Her flowing robe way'd wanton with the wind: One tender hand her drooping head fuftains; One points, expressive, to the flow'ry plains. Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll, Deep in his breaft, to melt his manly foul: As when Favovius joins the folar blaze, And each fair fabric of the frost decays, a heart and bala Soon, to his breaft, the foft harangue convey'd Refolves too partial to the specious maid. I io /He

Me figh'd, he gaz'd, fo fweetly fmil'd the dame;
Yet fighing, gazing, feem'd to fcorn his flame,
And, oft as virtue caught his wand'ring eye,
A crimfon blush condemn'd the rising figh.
'Twas such the ling'ring Trojan's shame betray'd,
When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd:
When wealth, fame, empire, cou'd no ballance prove,
For the fost reign of Dido, and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires;
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!
Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
And virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.

" Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid, Nor err, by fuch fantastic scenes betray'd. Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be feen, And the dry turf disclose a fainter green; Tho' no gay rose, or flow'ry product shine, The barren surface still conceals the mine. Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows In virtue's path, fuperior fweets bestows-Yet shou'd those boasted, specious toys allure, Whence cou'd fond floth the flatt'ring gifts procure? The various wealth that tempts thy fond defire, 'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire. I from old ocean rob the treasur'd store; I thro' each region, latent gems explore; 'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,' By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd, 'Tis I the furface yet refine, and show The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.

Nor

Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree Without the firm supports of industry.

But grant we floth the scene herself has drawn,
The mostly grotto, and the flow'ry lawn;
Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,
And chuse, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;
To bless the fertile vale shou'd virtue cease,
Nor mostly grots, nor slow'ry lawns cou'd please;
Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
The found harmonious, or the spicy gale.

Seeft thou you rocks in dreadful pomp arife,
Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
Those fields, whence Phoenus all their moisture drains,
And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
When I vouchfase to tread the barren foil,
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deferts smile;
The form thou view'st, to ev'ry scene with ease
Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd;
And the lone wand'rer with my presence chear'd;
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
And call'd that desert blissful solitude!

Nor I alone to fuch extend my care:
Fair-blooming health furveys her altars there.
Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
And with reslected lustre gild the plains.
With her, in slow'r of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.

One ready off ring fuits each neighbring shrine; And all obey their laws, who practife mine.

But health averse from sloth's smooth region flies; And, in her absence, pleasure droops and dies. Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repose, Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes. A galaxy of pow'rs! whose forms appear For ever beautoous, and for ever near.

Nor will fost sleep to sloth's request incline, He from her coaches slies unbid to mine.

Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warhlingstrain,
Th' incentive fong, the labour'd viant vain!
Where she relentless reigns without controul,
And checks each gay excursion of the foul:
Unmov'd, tho' beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms:
'Till joyless indolence suggests desires;
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid sires:
Such languid sires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but sertile of decay.
As artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,
Produce no slow'rs, and but debase the lands.

But let fair health her chearing smiles impact, How sweet is nature, how superfluous art? "Dis she the fountain's ready draught commends, And smooths the slinty couch which fortune lends. And when my hero from his toils retires, Fills his gay bosom with unusual sires, And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove, Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.

His

His fairest prospect rising trophies frame: His sweetest music is the voice of same; Pleasures to sloth unknown! she never found How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

See fame's gay structure from yon summit charms, And fires the manly breast to arts or arms: Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire; The smiling offspring of a rigid sire! To fix the friend, your service must be shewn; All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own. That wond'ring Greecs your portrait may admire, That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre, That books may praise, or coins record your name, Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim! And the same column which displays to view 'The conqu'ror's name, displays the conquest too.

'Twas flow experience, tedious mistres! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive schools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends
T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.
On active worth the laures war bestows:
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows:
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies:
Nor heav'n, its show'rs without a facrisice.

See

See far below fuch grov'ling scenes of shame, As lull to reft I GNAVIA's flumb'ring dame. Her friends, from all the toils of fame fecure, Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure. Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage A youth enervate, and a painful age! A fickly sapless mass, if reason flies; And, if the linger, impotently wife! A thoughtless train, who pamper'd, sleek, and gay, Invite old age, and revel youth away; From life's fresh vigour move the load of care, And idly place it where thy least can bear. When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly, What kind reflection shall the mind supply? When, with lost health, what shou'd the loss allay, Peace, peace is lost: a comfortless decay! But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies, And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes, 'Thro' death's dark vista flowery tracts are seen, Elyfian plains, and groves for ever green. If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast, Their's is the present who can praise the past. Life has its blis for these, when past its bloom, As wither'd roses yield a late perfume,

Screne, and fafe from passion's stormy rage, How calm they glide into the port of age! Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd; More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd. For health on age, 'tis temp'rance must bestow; And peace from piety alone can flow;

4

And

.3

And all the incense bounteous Jove requires, Has sweets for him who feeds the facred fires. -Sloth views the tow'rs of fame with envious eyes a Defirous still, still impotent to rife. Oft, when refolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs, The penfive queen the dire ascent explores, Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees, Some filvan music, or some scented breeze: She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies, And all the short-liv'd resolution dies. Thus some fond insect's fault'ring pinions wave, Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave : And thus in vain these charming visions please The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease: Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine, Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine. But shun her snares: nor let the world exclaim.

Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame. With early hope thine infant actions fir'd; Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd. Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days, Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise. The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age, To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage; And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd, With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound: "Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom, And falle's temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feafls thy name shall Garcians joing Shall pour the sparking juice to Jove's and thine.

Thine

Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native sire;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual saith inspire.
Dulness perhaps, thro' want of sight, may blame,
And spleen, with odious industry, defame;
And that, the honours giv'n, with wonder view,
And this, in secret sadness, own them due:
Contempt and envy were by sate design'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none, but who deserve, can bear;
While envy's wounds the smiles of same repair.
For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall sire,
Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require,
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I shew,
Lov'd by the good their images below."

Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies! My guide! my queen! th' extatic youth replies. In thee I trace a form defign'd for fway; Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey. And, by thy bright immortal friends I swear, Thy fair idea shall no toils impair. Lead me! O lead me where whole hofts of foes, Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose! Welcome all toils th' inequal fates decree, While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee. Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand, And crush the fetters of an injur'd land: To see the monster's noxious life resign'd, And tyrants quell'd, the monfters of mankind ! Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood, And none, but envy, riot unsubdu'd.

In cloister'd state let seisish sages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell!
And boast their mazy labryinth of rules,
Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools:
Yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend;
For he is thine, who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life well-spent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to destroy;
When, strongly lur'd by same's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy fav'rite thro' the gates of same!

He ceas'd his vows, and, with distainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair.
But vanish'd, sted to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more:
Convinc'd, her spurious charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic pow'r! whose transient charms allur'd,
While error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd:
Not such the victress, virtue's constant queen,
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen.
Her bright'ning form and seatures seem'd to own,
'Twas all her wish, her int'rest to be known:
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendor crown'd.
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround.
But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic slames decay,
And all the sick hing splendor fades away.
The



The PROGRESS of TASTE.

O R,

The FATE of DELICACY.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of the AUTHOR; and how great a Missortune it is, for a Man of small Estate to have much TASTE.

PART the FIRST.

PERHAPS fome cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my penfive lay.
"The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean fail:
For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!
Yet ah! the scenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms dispers'd in air,
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes;
And weakest his, who best descries!

Yet let me not my birth-right barter, (For wishing is the poet's charter; All bards have leave to wish what's wanted, Tho' few e'er found their wishes granted; Extensive field! where poets pride them In singing all that is deny'd them.)

For humble ease, ye pow'rs! I pray; That plain warm suit for ev'ry day! And pleasure, and brocade, bestow; To slaunt it - once a month, or so.

The

The first for combant wear we want;
The first, ye pow'rs! for ever grant!
But constant wear the last bespatters,
And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend;
Let me secure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public scenes, request
A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd:
And, if I must not hope such favour,
A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas! that wisdom ever shuns To congregate her fcatter'd fons: Whose nervous forces well combin'd, Would win the field, and sway mankind. The fool will squeeze, from morn to night, To fix his follies full in fight; The note he strikes, the plume he shows, Attract whole flights of fops and beaux; And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him, Flock at the fight; carefs, and own him, But ill-star'd fense, nor gay nor loud, Steals foft on tip-toe, thro' the crowd: Conveys his meagre form between; And slides like pervious air, unseen: Contracts his known tenuity, As though 'twere ev'n a crime, to be: Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray, And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air, You scarce are conscious he is there:

KT

"Till from fome wook, like thingen defeel, "
Occurs his face's thin profile. W. Macasta and the MF
Still feeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like VENUS, money bathed, to fly.
Yet while reluction he displays tree with the displays
His real geme define the blaze, 10% 100 for the W
The fool hath, in its center, plan'd way of the oil
His tawdry stock of painted pasters on the state of the s
Disus'd to speak, he tries his fall;
Speaks coldly, and fucceeds but ill;
His pensive manner, dulness diem'd
His modesty, reserve effects d';
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train.
And those who, mutually known,
In friendship's fairest list had shone,
Less prone, than sebbles, totanite, and the second
Retire to shades from public sight;
Grow favage, quit their fedial anture;
And starve, to study mutual fatires at it is a second
Due Griande and faultitus at Observin sham

But friends, and favirites, to chappin them, Find counties, dountries, feas, between them: Meet once a year, then part, and then Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide Some human form to grace my fide; At hand, where'er I shape my course; An useful, pliant, stalking-horse!

No gesture free from some grimate; No seam, without its share of lace;

Bus

But, mark'd with gold or filver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What tho' VANDYCK had other rules,
What had VANDYCK to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting, but his mind;
Before, a solitare; behind,
A twisted ribbon, like the track
Which nature gives an ass's back.
Silent as midnight! pity 'twere
His wisdom's slender wealth to share!
And, whilst in slocks our fancies stray,
To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting ev'ry eye,

I strole all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,
As an umbrella sun or wind;
Or, like a spunge, absorbs the sallies,
And pestilential sumes of malice;
Or like a splendid shield is sit.
To screen the templar's random wit;
Or what some gentler cits lets fall,
As wool-packs quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force, and to see

O let me wander all unfeen,
Beneath the fanction of his mien!
As lilies foft, as roses fair!
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air!

With

With steady eye and pace remark
The speckled slock that haunts the park *;
Level my pen with wond'rous heed
At follies, slocking there to feed:
And, as my satire bursts amain,
See, feather'd sopp'ry strew the plain.

But when I feek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane:
Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend
To these soft-winding vales descend;
And, love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings:
And check me, when my bosom burns
For statues, paintings, coins and urns.
For I in Damon's pray'r cou'd join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine—
But all dispers'd! the wish, the pray'r,
Are driv'n to mix with common air.

PART the SECOND.

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic schemes were not!
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes,
To plan frail castles in the skies;
Forsaking pleasures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, still slitting from one:
Ah happy Damon! thrice and more,
Mad taste n'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.

* St. JAMES'S.

Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd

The couples jingled at his fide;

And Damon fwore he would not barter

The fportfman's girdle, for a garter!

Whoever came to kill an hour, but it is an analysis of pound eafy Damon in their pow'r; I be indicated as Pure focial nature all his guide, as a see I need which the Damon had not a grain of pride. To an analysis of the seed that

He wish'd not to elude the snares and to such as Which knav'ry plans, and craft prepares; sould be But rather wealth to crown their wiles; and want their universal smiles:

For who are chearful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please?

He wink'd at many a gross design, and design The new-fall'n calf might countermine:
Thus ev'ry fool allow'd his merit;
Yes! Damon had a gen'rous spirit!

A coxcomb's jeft, however vile,
Was fure, at leaft, of Damon's fmile:
That coxcomb ne'er deny'd him fense;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modesty away,
Damon cou'd shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in feafon:

Damon ne'er strove to fave his reason:

Obnoxious to the mad uproar:

A fpy upon a hostile shore!

'Twas this his company endear'd:

Mirth never came till he appear'd:

His

His lodgings -ev'ry draw'r con'd fhew 'em; The slave was kick'd, who did not know 'em.

Thus Damon, studious of his ease, And pleasing all, whom mirth cou'd please; Defy'd the world, like idle Colley, To shew a softer word than folly. Since wisdom's gorgon-shield was known To stare the gazer into stone; He chose to trust in folly's charm, To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave learning's fober train Remark'd the trifler with disdain; The sons of taste contemn'd his ways, And rank'd him with the brutes that graze: While they to nobler heights aspir'd, And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit, His old companions lost their merit:
And ev'ry kind well-natur'd fot
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;
Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees,
The willing creature strives to please:
But temper never could amuse;
It barely led us to excuse;
'Twas true, conversing they aver'd,
All they had seen, or selt or heard:
Talents of weight! for wights like these,
The law might chuse for witnesses:
But sure th' attesting dry narration
Ill suits a judge of conversation.
Vol. I,

What

What were their freedoms? mere excuses
To ventill manners, blows and bruises.
Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
At form, at form, incessant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cause, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed'ema
So sure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage? but a loaded gun;
Machine the wise wou'd wish to shun;
Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one,

In short, disgusted out of measure, Thro' much contempt, and slender pleasure, His sense of dignity returns; With native pride his bosom burns; He seeks respect—but how to gain it? Wit, social mirth, cou'd ne'er obtain it: And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd, Discards and dissipates respect.

The man who gravely bows, enjoys it; But shaking hands, at once, destroys it. Precarious plant, which, fresh and gay, Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!

Come then, referve! yet from thy train. Banish contempt, and curst disclain. Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art. To act the decent distant part:

To husband well my complaisance,

Nor let ev'n wit too far advance;

Boifterous mirth.

(259)

But chuse calm reason for my theme,
In these her royal realms supreme;
And o'er her charms, with caution shewn,
Be still a graceful umbrage thrown;
And each abrupter period crown'd,
With nods, and winks, and smiles profound,
'Till rescu'd from the crowd beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I rise with head elate, to share
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Respect is won by grave pretence.

'Tis hence the facred grandeur friggs productive from the facred grandeur friggs. The factor of the kings, and to cook of the kings, and to cook of the factor of the grand of the grand displays from the factor of the grand displays from the factor of the grand displays from the factor of the fac

The crowns they wear but check the eye a walk.

Before it fondly pierce too night; the trief of the Point of

Nor

(_c 260)
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd
So deeply, at each vice conceal'd
The lordly log, diffratched of vore.
That the from Keonle might adore
With anards to been them at a differe
training and a second and a second and a second asset as the second asset as the second asset as the second asset as the second
New Food addresses from his nation
In praise of log-administration.
PART the THIRD:
HE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more; on A
Productive of the general have,
Which cool reflection ill can bear to an in 120
And, crowds commenting mere recation,
Retirement fent its invitation.
Romanija sociies of pendent hills, And SaiT
And verdant wifes, and falling rills, he would we
And mostly banks the fields adorn
Where Damo williample faraing was choose of red
The dryadeleand a shady grove processes in I
Where such as think, and such as love, he had
May fafety sigh their femments day;
Or muse their filenthours away.
The oreach liked sheelimateiwell; in finding
And taught the level plain tollised lines of hance A
In verdant mounds, afrom whence the eyes and 10
Might all their larger works descriped in the T
The naistirpour'd their uinisamund,
From nodding isotekepler ander pholytestel. A man et al.

R

They form'd their streams to please the view, And bade them wind, as serpents do: And having shewn them where to stray, Threw little pebbles in their way.

These fancy, all-sagacious maid, Had at their several tasks survey'd:
She saw and smil'd; and oft would lead Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
There, with descriptive singer, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And when she all its charms had shewn,
Prescribe improvements of herown.

" See yonder hill, so green, so round, Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd! 'Twould well become thy gentle care To raise a dome to Vanus there: Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey; And Venus, in their arms, repay. "Twas fuch a shade, and such a nook, In fuch a vale, near fuch a brook; From such a rocky fragment springing; That fam'd APOLLO chose, to sing in, There let an altar wrought with art Engage thy tuneful patron's heart. How charming there to muse and warble Beneath his buft of breathing marble! With laurel wreath and mimic lyre. That crown a poet's vast desire. Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell Where music's * charming maids may dwell;

The mules.

R 3

Prone



Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be plac'd Minerva's facred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise,
(For wisdom slies from vulgar eyes:)
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy list'ning ear:
And who wou'd shun the pleasing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?"

In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion, Its truth was little call'd in question: And Damon dreamt he faw the Fauns, And Nymphs, distinctly, skim the lawns; Now trac'd amid the trees, and then Lost in the circling shades again. With leer oblique their lover viewing-And Curib -panting-and purfuing Rancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd, Be thou my goddess! thou my guide! For thy bright visions I despite What foes may think, or friends advise. The feign'd concern, when folks survey Expence, time, study cast away; The real spleen, with which they fee: I please my self, and follow thee.

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd;!
And thus the fairy landskip charm'd.
But most he hop'd his constant care
Might win the favour of the fair;

: ...:T

And,

And, wand'ring late thro' yonder glade, He thus the foft defign betray'd.

"Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove, With melting lays falute my love! My Delia with your notes detain, Or I have rear'd the grove in vain! Ye flow'rs! which early spring supplies, Display at once your brightest dyes! That she your op'ning charms may see? Or what were else your charms to me? Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r, And shed its odours round my bow'r, Or ne'er again, O gentle wind! Shall I, in thee, refreshment find. Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd, If e'er your native founds improv'd, May each foft murmur foothe my fair; Or oh 'twill deepen my despair! Be sure, ye willows! you be seen --Array'd in liveliest robes of green; 2' Or I will tear your flighted boughs, And let them fade around my brows. And thou, my grott! whose lonely bounds The melancholy pine furrounds! May she admire thy peaceful gloom, Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd; Loud laugh'd the squires, the rabble star'd.

" See, neighbours, what our Damon's doing! I think some folks are fond of ruin!

R 4

I faw

I faw his sheep at random stray—
But he has thrown his crook away—
And builds such huts, as in foul weather,
Are sit for sheep nor sheepherd neither."

Whence came the fober swain missed? Why, PHOEBUS put it in his head. PHOEBUS befriends him, we are told; And PHOEBUS coins bright tuns of gold. "Twere prudent not to be so vain on't, I think he'll never touch a grain on't. And if, from PHOEBUS, and his muse, Mere earthly laziness ensues; "Tis plain, for aught, that I can say, The dev'l inspires, as well as they. So they — while sools of grosser kind, Less weeting what our bard design'd, Impute his schemes to real evil; That in these haunts he met the devil.

He own'd, tho' their advice was vain,
It fuited wights who trod the plain:
For dulnefs—tho' he might abhor it—
In them, he made allowance for it.
Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottes,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottes,
Folks, little dreaming of the muses,
Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the muses haunt his cell; Or in his dome did VENUS dwell? Did PALLAS in his counsels share? The Delian god seward his pray?;? Or did his zeal engage the fair?

When

When all the fiructures shone complex?;
Not much convenient, wond'rous neat;
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting;
Ah me! ('twas Damon's own confession)
Came poverty and took possession.

PART the FOURTH.

Thro' ornamented meads and groves?

Near columns, obelifks, and spires,
Which ev'ry critic eye admires?

'Tis poverty, detested maid,
Sole tenant of their ample shade!

'Tis she, that robs him of his ease;
And bids their very charms displease.
But now, by fancy long controul'd,
And with the sons of taste enroll'd,
He deem'd it shameful, to commence
First minister to common-sense:
Far more elated, to pursue
The lowest talk of dear verts.

And now behold his lofty foul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on some elaborate flow'r;
And, like a bee, the sweets devour!
Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove
The wild solicitudes of love!
Now, in a lily's cup enshrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind!

As in the toils ho wore away. The calm remainder of his day; Conducting fun, and shade, and show'r, As most might glad the new-born flow'r, So fate ordain'd before his eye—Starts up the long fought buttersly! While flutt'ring round, her plumes unfold Celestial crimson, dropt with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flow'rets fair!
The living beauty claims his care
For this he strips---nor bolt, nor chain,
Cou'd Damon's warm pursuit restrain.

See him o'er hill, morafs, or mound, Where'er the speckled game is found, Tho' bent with age, with zeal pursue; And totter tow'rds the prey in view.

Nor rock, nor stream, his steps retard, Intent upon the blest reward!
One vassal fly repays the chace!
A wing, a film, rewards the race!
Rewards him, tho' disease attend,
And in a fatal surfeit, end.
So sierce Camilla skim'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleasing stain,
She ey'd intent the glitt'ring stranger,
And knew alas! nor fear, nor danger:
'Till deep within her panting heart,
Malicious sate impell'd the dart!

How studious he what fav'rite food Regales dame nature's tiny brood?

What

What junkets fat the filmy people! And what liqueurs they chuse to tipple?

Behold him, at some crise, prescribe,

And raife with drugs the fick'ning tribe! Or haply, when their spirits fau'ter,

Sprinkling my Lord of CLOYNE's tar-water. When nature's brood of insects dies, See how he pimps for am'rous flies!

See him the timely fuccour lend her, And help the wantons to engender!

Or see him guard their pregnant hour; Exert his fost obstetric pow'r:

And, lending each his lenient hand, With new-born grubs enrich the land!

* O WILKS! what poet's loftiest lays Can match thy labours, and thy praise? Immortal fage! by fate decreed To guard the moth's illustrious breed; 'Till flutt'ring swarms on swarms arise, And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

And must we praise this taste for toys? Admire it then in girls and boys. Ye youths of fifteen years, or more, Refign your moths - the feafon's o'er. Tis time more focial joys to prove; Twere now your nobler talk -to love. Let * * * * s eyes more deeply warm; Nor, flighting nature's fairest form,

· Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by BENJAME See his very expensive proposals.



The bias of your fouls determine
Tow'rds the mean love of nature's vermin,
But ah! how wond'rous few have known,
To give each stage of life its own.

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To please the child; whose glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes:
And few, but with regret, assume
The plain wrought labours of the loom,
Ah! let not me by fancy steer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays
Consume my fairest, fruitless days:
Like him, who should in armour spend
The sums that armour should defend.

Awhile, in pleasure's myrtle bow'r, We share her smiles, and bless her pow'r: But find at last, we vainly strive To fix the worst coquette alive.

O you! that with affiduous flame
Have long pursu'd the faithless dame;
Forsake her soft abodes awhile,
And dare her frown, and slight her smile,
Nor scorn, whatever wits may fay,
The foot-path road, the king's high-way.
No more the scrup'lous charmer teize,
But seek the roofs of honest ease;
The rival fair, no more pursu'd,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;

Shall

Shall there her ev'ry art essay,
'To win you to her slighted sway;
And grant your scorn a glance more fair
Than e'er she gave your sondest pray'r.

But would you happines pursue?

Partake both ease, and pleasure too?

Would you, thro' all your days, dispense
The joys of reason, and of sense?

Or give to life the most you can,
Let social virtue shape the plan.

For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleasing sweets succeed?

Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
Did social pleasures ever tire?

Yet midst the groupe be some preserr'd,
Be some abhorr'd – for Damon err'd:
And such there are – of fair address —
As 'twere unsocial to caress.
O learn by reason's equal rule
To shun the praise of knave, or foot!
Then, tho' you deem it better still
To gain some rustic 'squire's good will;
And souls, however mean or vile,
Like seatures, brighten by a smile;
Yet reason holds it for a crime,
The trivial breast shou'd share thy time:
And virtue, with reluctant eyes,
Beholds this human sacrisice!

Thro' deep reserve, and air erect, Mistaken Damon won respect; But cou'd the specious homage pass,
With any creature, but an ass?
If conscious, they who sear'd the skin,
Wou'd scorn the sluggish brute within.
What awe struck slaves the tow'rs enclose,
Where Persian monarchs, eat, and doze?
What prostrate rev'rence all agree,
To pay a prince they never see!
Mere vassals of a royal throne!
The sophi's virtues must be shewn,
To make the reverence his own.

As for Thalia - wouldst thou make her Thy bride without a portion? - take her. She will with duteous care attend, And all thy pensive hours befriend; Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain; With thee rejoice, with thee complain; Will smooth thy pillow, pleat thy bow'rs. And bind thine aching head with slow'rs. But be this previous maxim known, If thou can'st feed on love alone: If blest with her, thou canss sufface the property, and pain: If so - then rise all her graces - And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too soon, by caitiff-spleen inspir'd,
Sage Damon to his groves retir'd:
The path disclaim'd by sober reason;
Retirement claims a later scason;
re active youth and warm desires
Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires.

With

With the warm bosom, ill agree,
Or limpid stream, or shady tree.
Love lurks within the rosy bow'r,
And claims the speculative hour;
Ambition sinds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulse too siercely beat;
Ev'n social friendship duns his ear,
And cites him to the public sphere,
Does he ressit their genuine sorce?
His temper takes some froward course;
"Till passion, missigneeded, sighs
For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or slies!

Fat happiest he; whose early days

Spent in the social paths of praise,

Leave, fairly printed on his mind,

A train of virtuous deeds behind:

From this rich fund, the mem'ry draws

The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people the sequester'd shade.
Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fams,
That haunt his floods, or chear his lawns.
If where his devious ramble strays,
He virtue's radiant form surveys;
She seems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown severe;
To shew him her remote abode;
To point the rocky arduous road:
But from each flower, his fields allow,
She twines a garland for his brow.

Alluding to-the allegory in Czzzs's tablet.

OECO-

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OECONOMY,

A RHAPSODY, addressed to young Poets.

Infanis; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis Sunt tibi, Nafones Virgiliofque vides.

Mart.

PART the FIRST.

This monitory lay, the fitains belong;
Nor think fome mifer vents his fapient faw,
Or fome dull cit unfeeling of the charms
'That tempt profution; fings; while friendly zeal,
'To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
Inspires the meanest of the muse's train!
Like you I loath the groweling progeny,
Whose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high our pow'r's tyrannic throne:
'To lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,
And spurn successless worth that pines below!

See the rich churl, amid the focial fons Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins In the free jest delighted! feems to shew A meliorated heart! he laughs! he sings! Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,

And

And drunken anthems fet agape the board.

Like * Demea, in the play, benign and mild.

And pouring forth benevolence of foul,

'Till Micio wonders: or, in Shakespear's line,

Obstrep'rous Silence; drowning Shallow's voice,

And starting Falstaff, and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To smooth his careful brow; to let his purse
Ope to a sixpence's diameter!
He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasaunce, and deserve regard.
True, we are dainty good society,
But what art thou? alas! consider well,
Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp
Breath'd thro' the pores of earth from Stygian caves,
Destroy the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we
Its slamens boast to guard: we know not how,
But at thy sight the sading slame assumes
A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

True, thou feem'st chang'd; all sainted, all ensky'd. The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes. Say thou art honest; and of gentle kind, But all is false! an intermitting sigh, Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles, And deems those only lost, thou dost not lose. Ev'n for a demi-groat, this open'd soul, This boon companion, this elastic breast Revibrates quick; and sends the tuneful tongue Vol. I.

* In TERENCE'S ADELPHI.

To lavish music on the rugged walls Of some dark dungeon. Hence thou caitiff, fly? Touch not my glass, nor drain my facred bowl, Monster, ingrate! beneath one common sky Why shoud'ff thou breathe; beneath one common roof Thou ne'er shalt harbour; nor my little boat Receive a foul with crimes to press it down. Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go, And gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth, Be conversation. Not a face that smiles Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows With focial purport, bid or ev'n or morn Invest thee happy! but when life declines, May thy fure heirs fland titt'ring round thy bed, And uth'ring in their fav'rites, burst thy locks, And fill their laps with gold; 'till want and care With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."

Ah never never may th' harmonious mind
Endure the worldly! poets ever void
Of ghile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold.
And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.
Ballanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye
The rival scale of interest kicks the beam.
Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store.
The fordid soul, with self-applause, remarks
The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,
And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.
Him we decide, and in our comic scenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliers has drawn.
We loath with justice; but alas the pain

To bow the knee before this calf of gold; Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

But 'tis not GOMRZ, 'tis not he whose heart
Is crusted o'ex with dross, whose callous mind
Is senseless as his gold, the slighted muse
Intensely loaths. 'Tis sure no equal task
To pardon him, who lavishes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk or spaniel, all
But human ment; who with gold essays
All, but the noblest pleasure, to remove
The wants of genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal Would burnish o'er your coronets with same; Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay; Permit him not, in distant solitudes, To pine, to languish out the sleeting hours Of active youth! then virtue pants for praise, That season unadorn'd, the careless bard Quits your worn threshold, and like honest GAZ Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill. Your favours then, like trophies giv'n the tomb, Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives, Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile Which bade his vig'rous bloom, to treacherous hopes And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!

Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate In endless war, beneath their flags enroll The vassal world. This avarice is nam'd, That luxury; 'tis true their partial friends Assign them softer names; usurpers both!

That

That share by dint of arms the legal throne
Of just occonomy; yet both betray'd
By fraudful ministers. The niggard chief
List'ning to want, all faithless, and prepar'd
To join each moment in his rival's train,
His conduct models by the needless fears
The slave inspires; while luxury, a chief
Of amplest faith, to plenty's rule resigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flatt'ring founds
Engross his ear; 'tis plenty's smiling form
Moves still before his eyes. Discretion strives,
But strives in vain to banish from the throne
The perjur'd minion. He, secure of trust,
With latent malice to the hostile camp
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.

Ye tow'ring minds! ye sublimated souls!
Who careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
Than sops take snuff! whose economic care
Your green-silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,
To see gold sparkle thro' the subtle folds;
Lovely, as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
Amid the verd'rous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
Who scatter wealth, as tho' the radiant crop
Glitter'd on ev'ry bough; and ev'ry bough
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd
Were by a splendid successor supply'd
Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays,
For 'tis not sools, whate'er proverbial phrasse

Have

Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse, Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul Clenches their coin, and what electral sire Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it slow? 'Tis genius, sancy, that to wild expence Of health! of treasure! stimulates the soul: These, with officious care, and satal art, Improve the vinous slavour; these the smile Of Clor sosten; these the glaze of dress Illume; the glitt'ring chariot gild anew, And add strange wisdom to the surs of pow'r.

Alas! that he, amid the race of men. That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn, Shou'd with unfated appetite demand; And vainly court the pleasure it procures! When fancy's vivid spark impels the soul To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss Of vulgar minds, what noftrum shall compose Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale Of balmy med'cine's various field, aspires The bleft refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope Of future peace, this orgafm uncontroul'd! Impatient, hence, of all, the frugal mind Requires; to eat, to drink, to fleep, to fill A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands Incessant rapture; life, a tedious load Deny'd its continuity of joy. But whence obtain? philosophy requires No lavish cost; to crown its utmost pray'r

Suffice

Suffice the foot-built-cell, the simple steem, The juicy viand, and the crystal stream. Ev'n mild stupidity rewards her train. With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires Entire profusion! Days and nights, and hours Thy voice, hydropic fancy! calls aloud For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy, Rivers of rich regalement! seas of bliss! Seas without shore! infinity of sweets!

And yet, unless tage reason join her hand
In pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure:
And yet, unless teconomy's consent
Legitimate expence, some graceless mark,
Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,
Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide
Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease,
Amidst the bloom of shew. The scanty stream
Slow-loitering in its channel, seems to vie
With Vaga's depth; but should the sedgy pow'r
Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn
O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams
Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill!

I not aspire to mark the dubious path
That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain !
But ere self-slattery soothe the vivid breast
With dreams of fortune near ally'd to same,
Reslect how sew, who charm'd the list'ning ear
Of satrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd!
Consider well, what meagre arms repay'd
The great Mæonian, sire of tuneful song,

And

And prototype of all that foar'd fublime,

And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd The modest bard of learn'd ELIZA's reign To swell with tears his Mulla's parent stream, And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run, To fpend, to give, to want, to be undone." Why shou'd I tell of CowLEY's pensive muse Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme? Which of your boafted race might hope reward Like loyal BUTLER, when the lib'ral CHARLES, The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope, The poet's parasite; but learn alone To spare the scanty boon the fates decree. Poet and rich! 'tis folecism extreme! "Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame, In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his foul, The latent feeds and principles of want Has nature wove; and fate confirm'd the clue.

Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
Of penury; with nice precision learn
A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
That marks th' expence of each revolving year,
Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
To slight frugality, assure thine heart
That danger's near. This perishable coin
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
It fetters misers, but it must alone
Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world

Bids

Bids thee beware; thy little craft effay; Nor, pidling with a tea-spoon's slender form, See with soup-ladles devils gournandize.

Economy! thou good old-aunt! whose mier Furrow'd with age and care the wise adore, The wits contemn! reserving still thy stores To chear thy friends at last! why with the cit, Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name, Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside? And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind Inspiring pride, and selsish shapes of ill?

Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast
Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Were doubly kind? for fure to youthful eyes,
(How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted; fair on either side
The loves, the graces play, on fortune's child
Profusely smiling; well might youth essay
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the live-long day,
But sate assents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glitt'ring seeds of care!

O that the muse's voice might pierce the ear Of gen'rous youth! for youth deserves her song, Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage,

It barely vegetates; nor long the space Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display Fell winter's total reign. O lovely source Of gen'rous soibles, youth! when op'ning minds Are honest as the light, lucid as air, As sost'ring breezes kind, as linnets gay, Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring! Yet hapless state of man! his earliest youth Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
The social biass. Life's extensive page
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,
Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate some,
And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems.
With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moist'ning the shroud,
Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
Of short duration; soon in fortune's beams
Alert, and wond'ring at the tears they shed.

But who shall save by tame profaic strain
That glowing breast, where wit with youth conspires
To sweeten luxury? The fearful muse
Shall yet proceed, tho' by the faintest gleam
Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

PART

PART the SECOND.

N some dark season, when the misty show'r Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky; When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream Invites thee forth, to sport thy drooping muse; Seize the dull hour, nor with regret affign To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor cov Accepts the tribute of a joyless day; She smiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth recede. And not a grace, and not a muse will hear. Then, from majestic MARO's aweful strain, Or tow'ring Homen, let thine eye descend To trace, with patient industry, the page Of income and expence. And oh! beware, Thy breast, self-flatt'ring, place no courtly smile, No golden promise of your faithless muse, Nor latent mine which fortune's hand may shew. Amid thy folid flore. The firen's fong Wrecks not the lift ning failor, half fo fure. See by what avenues, what devious paths, The foot of want, detested, steals along, And bars each fatal pass. Some few short hours Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the muse To fing intrepid many a chearful day.

But if too foon before the tepid gales Thy refolution melt; and ardent vows In wary hours preferr'd or dye forgot,

Or

Or feem'd the forc'd effect of hazy skies; Then, ere surprize, by whose impetuous rage The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminish'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, fustems, all!
Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; foul alike with foul
Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,
In each idea it imbibes, is found
The kind propensity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various tho' their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual saith:
That, shou'd the world's disjointed frame once mose
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
Their union shou'd survive; with Roman warmth,
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial base
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.
Let soft profusion's fair idea join
Her hand with poverty; nor here desist,
'Till, o'er the groupe that forms their various train
Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward shew in lasting leagues combine
With shame thread-bare; the gay vermilion sace
Of rash intemp'rance, be discreetly pair'd
With sallow hunger; the licentious joy,
With mean dependence; ev'n the dear delight

Of feulpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins, Thy breaft, fagacious prudence! shall connect With filth and beggary; nor disdain to link With black insolvency. Thy soul alarm'd Shall shun the siren's voice; nor boldly dare To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast, With such a train of horrid siends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye fordid race! ye groveling minds! I frame the fong for you! for you, the muse Cou'd other rules impart. The friendly strain For gentler bosoms plan'd, to yours wou'd prove The juice of lurid aconite, exceed Whatever Colchos bore; and in your breast Compassion, love, and friendship all destroy!

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores Increase apace, by periodic days Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon. The lean reward of gross unbounded praise! It much avails, to seize the present hour, And, undeliberating, call around Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage When once appeas'd, the small remaining store Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise, As gold improv'd by many a fierce affay. 'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks By fudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell: His timely hand thro' better tracks conveys The quick-decreasing tide; ere borne along Or thro' the wild morafs, or cultur'd field,

Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,
It slow destructive, or it slow in vain!
But happiest he who sanctisses expence
By present pay! who subjects not his same
To tradesmen's variets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of base mechanic, fordid, unsincere!
There haply, while thy muse sublimely soars
Beyond this earthly sphere, in heav'n's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,

And dreams of nectar and ambrohal tweets,
Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
The punctual record; 'till nor Phoebus self—
Nor sage Minerva's art can aught avail
To soothe the ruthless dun's detested rage.
Frantic and sell, with many a curse prosane

He loads the gentle muse; then hurls thee down To want, remorse, captivity and shame.

Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men,
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on a hostile shore
Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread
The precipice? or why alas to breathe
A moment's space, where ev'ry breeze is death?
Death to thy future peace! Away, collect
Thy dissipated mind; contract thy train
Of wild ideas o'er the slow'ry fields
Of shew dissivad, and speed to safer climes.
Ceconomy presents her glass, accept
The faithful mirror; powerful to disclose
A thousand forms, unseen by careless eyes,

That

That plot thy fate. Temptation in a nobe-Of Tyrian dye, with every fweet perfum'd. Befets thy fenfe; extortion follows close Her wanton step, and min brings the year. These and the rest shall her mysterious glass Embody to thy view; like VENUS kind, When to her lab'ring fon, the vengeful now're That urg'd the fall of ILIUM, she display'd. He, not imprudent, at the fight déclin'd Th' inequal conflict, and decreed to raife. The Trojan welfare on some happier shore. For here-to drain thy fwelling purfe await A thousand arts. a thousand frauds attend. "The cloud-wrought caries, the gorgeous fauff-boxes." The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwes, With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste Its melting stores, and in the dreary void Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhauft Its flimfy folds offend thy pensive eye, Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades, Nor feen nor feeing, thou may'st vent thy fcom Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold! There of the farded fop, and effenc'd beau, Ferocious with a floic's frown disclose Thy manly fcorn, averse to tinsel pomp; And fluent thine harangue. But can thy foul Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of drefs, Where dress is merit! where thy graver friend Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly fair Demand embellishment! ev'n Delia's eye,

As in a garden, roves, of hues alone Inquirent, curious? Fly the curst domain; These are the realms of luxury and shew; No claffic foil, away! the bloomy spring Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns Fly to thy native strades, and dread ev'n there, Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelro's mich. Why treads my friend with melancholy step That beauteous lawn? why pensive strays his eye O'er statues, grottoes, urns by critic art Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome Bright glitt'ring through the grove, returns his eve Unpleas'd, disconfolate? And is it love, Difastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes Of all their beauty? cen'tring all in her His foul adores? or from a blacker cause Springs this remorfeful gloom? is conscious guilt The latent source of more than love's despair? It cannot be within that polish'd breast Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour there No! 'tis the fad furvey of present want, And past profusion! Lost to him the sweets Of you pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange Of river, valley, mountain, woods and plains! How gladsome once he rang'd your native turf, Your fimple scenes, how raptur'd! ere expence Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught

Convenience

Convenience to perplex him, art to pall, Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease.

Oh! for a foul to all the glare of wealth,
To fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
Nobly superior! but let caution guide
The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
And prudence be our Almoner! Alas!
The pilgrim wand'ring o'er some distant clime,
Sworn soe of avarice! not distants to learn
Its coin's imputed worth; the destin'd means
To smooth his passage to the savour'd shrine.
Ah let not us, who tread this stranger-world,
Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is merc'nary; nor waste
His fare, ere landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington! survey
Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd;
Dang'rous incentive! nor with ling'ring eye
Survey the window Verice calls her own.
Better for him, with no ingrateful muse,
To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
Who plan'd the sky-light; which to lavish bards
Conveys alone the pure etherial ray.
For garrets him, and squalid walls await,
Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain,
He glean advice, and shun the scribler's doom.

PART

PART the THIRD.

ET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling muse configns thee. Ere contempt,
Or want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold!
The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his
Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.
When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,

The play-thing of comparison, arriv'd Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes Projected, studious of the public weal; 'Mid these, one subtler artist he descry'd, Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement The fpider's web, injurious, to supplant Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may Our monarch on fuch fatal purpose smile, And irritate MINERVA's beggar'd fons The MELKSHAM weavers! Here in ev'ry nook Their wefts they Ipun; here revell'd uncontroul'd. And, like the flags from WESTMINSTER's high roof Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd. Such, fo adorn'd, the cell I mean to fing! Cell ever fqualid! where the fneerful maid Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes, That comes to all! o'er whose quiescent walls ARACHNE's unmolested care has drawn

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т

Curtains subfusk, and save th' expence of art. Survey those walls, in fady texture clad,

Where

Where wand'ring snails in many a slimy path, Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl; Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths Confus'd inextricable! such the clue Of Cretan ARIADNE ne'er explain'd! Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild! Mean time, thus silver'd with meanders gay In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines, Perchance of tabby, or of harrateen, Not ill expressive! such the pow'r of snails.

Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat insirm An aged cushion hides! replete with dust The foliag'd velvet; pleasing to the eye Of great ELIZA's reign, but now the snare Of weary guest that on the specious bed Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight! In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust The fraudful couch! for tho' in velvet cas'd, The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor. The trav'ler thus, that o'er Hibernian plains Hath shap'd his way; on beds profuse of flow'rs, Cowslip, or primrose, or the circ'lar eye Of daisie fair, decrees to bask supine. And see! delighted, down he drops, secure Of fweet refreshment, ease without annoy, Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd, Much fuff'ring pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap, Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morass In quiv'ring undulations yields beneath Thy burden, in the miry gulph enclos'd!

And

And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye Where 'mid machines of het'rogeneous form His coat depends; alas! his only coat, Eldest of things! and napless, as an heath Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd. Not diff'rent have I seen in dreary vault Display'd, a coffin; on each sable side The texture unmolested seems entire. Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away! And leaves the wond'ring swain to gape, to stare, And with expressive shrug, and piteous sigh, Declare the fatal force of rolling years, Or dire extent of frail mortality. This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux, And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd) Both on its sleeve and on its skirt, retains Full many a pin wide-sparkling: for, if e'er Their well-known crest met his delighted eye, Tho' wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky. He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise, And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use, Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these, The cure of rents and separations dire, And chasms enormous, did he view dismay'd Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate To breeches, coat and hose! had any wight Of vulgar skill, the tender texture own'd; But gave his mind to form a fonnet quaint Of SILVIA's shoe-string, or of CLOB's fan, Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of CELIA's ear.

T 2

Alas!

Alas! by frequent use decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the taylor's art, eludes his own;
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd?

See near his bed (his bed'too falsely call'd The place of rest, while it a bard sustains; Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain-Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,. Radiant machine, when from the plastic hand Of MULCIBER, the may'r of BIRMINGHAM, The engine is u'd: now alas disguis'd By many an uncluous tide, that wand'ring down Rs sides congeal; whathe, perhaps, essays With humour forc'd, and ill dissembled smile, Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree. Or fuits him more the winter's candy'd thorn, When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of Frost Pervasive, radiant isicles depend?

Howshall I sing the various ill that waita. The careful sonnetter? or who can paint The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms. To patch his paneless window; to cement. His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase? To war with ruin? anxious to conceal Want's sell appearance, of the real ill Nor soe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen Invades his chattles; ruin will invade; Will claim his whole invention to repair,

Nor.

Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends delign'd, Allow one part to decorate his fong. While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand Conscious of ev'ry shift, of ev'ry shift Indicative, his inmost plot betrays, Points to the nook, which he his study calls Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem His cheft, a wardrobe; purse, a treasury; And shews, to crown her full display, himself. One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health; And wonted vigour; of paternal cot, Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff, Cup, difh, spoon, plate, or worldly utenfil, A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine, And wish the cobler's loftiest site his own; Nor, partial as they feem, upbraid the fates, Who to the humbler mechanism, join'd Goods so superior, such exalted bliss!

See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace
He, haples hypocrite! refines his nail,
His chief amusement! then how seign'd, how forc'd,
That care-defying sonnet, which implies
His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown
Im full possession, uncontested right
And property! Yet ah! whoe'er this wight
Admiring view, if such there be, distrust
The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour gries,
As lurks the serpent deep in slow'rs enwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be srugal; or with prudent rage
Thy pen demolish; chuse the trustier stail,

T. 3

And

And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd. But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name, Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast, Prescient of suture dignities, salute Sherist, or may'r, in comfortable surse Enwrapt, secure: nor yet the laureat's crown In thought exclude him! He perchance shall rise To nobler heights than foresight can decree.

When fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues display'd In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race; Appeas'd by suppliant Phoebus, "Bards, he said, Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd, But sed by frugal cares, might wear the bay Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd, Nor at th' invidious savour dar'd repine.



The Ruin'D A B B Y;

The Effects of SUPERSTITION.

A T length fair peace with olive crown'd regains
Her lawful throne, and to the facred haunts
Of wood or fount the fiighted muse returns.
Happy the bard, who, from his native hills,

Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys

His

His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos'd! Or o'er the glassy surface, with his friend, Or faithful fair, thro' bord'ring willows green Wasts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts, Or taunts, the rhetoric of the wat'ry crew That ape consusting from the realms they rule! Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song Attune from native boughs their various lay, And chear the forest; birds of brighter plume With busy pinion skim the glitt'ring wave, And tempt the sun; ambitious to display Their several merit, while the vocal slute, Or number'd verse, by semale voice endear'd, Crowns his delight, and mollisses the scene.

If folitude his wand'ring steps invite
To some more deep recess, (for hours there are,
When gay, when social minds to friendship's voice,
Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer)
How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,
Her solemn courts! the center of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far extended rocks
Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul!
If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals
Of bigot minds, religion dwells not here,
Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires:
Yet here may wisdom, as she walks the maze,
Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
And serious truths of mightier weight than gold!

T 4

I alk

I ask not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fix'd principles; in early life,
Ere indolence impede the fearch, explor'd.
Then like old Latimer, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack
My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
And this mine answer; "Thus, 'twas thus I thought.

"My mind yet vigorous, and my foul entire;

"Thus will I think, averse to listen more

" To intricate discussion, prone to stray.

" Perhaps my reason may but ill defend

" My fettled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,

" Too fure its own infirmities declare.

" But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,

" And early forefight; now the winds may rife,

"The tempest whistle, and the billows roar;

" My pinnace rides in post, despoil'd and worn,

" Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns

" Th' inequal conflict, and declines the deep,

Sees the krong vessel fluctuate less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes. Suggest instruction, and instructing please. And see betwixt the grove's extended arms. An abby's rude remains attract thy view, Gilt by the mid-day sun: with ling'ring step. Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy. Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast. Too long deliberate) with timorous hand.

Remove

Remove th' obstructive bough; nor yet refuse, Tho' sighing, to destroy that sav'rite pine, Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains. Aggriev'd but constant as the Roman sire, The rigid Marlius, when his conqu'ring son Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed Of virtuous ardor, timelessly display'd; Nor cease 'till, thro' the gloomy road, the pile Gleam unobstructed; thither oft thine eye Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, soothe With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes, O superstition! hence the dire disease, (Ballanc'd with which the sam'd Athenian pess Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time the rag'd, and scarce a southern gale Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats Of tyrant Rome; but suitle all, 'till she, Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r, And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth, to fanctify the page Of British annals? if a foe expir'd, The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks, And siends to snatch at the departing soul With hellish emulation. If a friend, High o'er his roof exultant angels tune Their golden lyres, and wast him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted faith?

The

The fovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain, By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll Ere the frail fanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, *PLANTAGENET, from civil broils
The land awhile respir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket rose, and impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave;
Bid murd'rous priests the sov'reign frown contemn,
And with unhallowed crosser bruis'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul
Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,
And brav'd the sury of revengeful Rome.
In vain! let one faint malady diffuse
The pensive gloom which superstition loves,
And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey while the priest ascends!

Was + COEUR-DE-LION bleft with whiter days? Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urged the crusade; and see, of half his stores
Despoil'd the wretch, whose wifer bosom chose
To bless his friends, his race, his native land,

Of ten fair funs that roll'd their annual race, Not one beheld him on his vacant throne: While haughty † Longchamp, 'mid his liv'ry'd files Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,

Battling

^{*} HENRY II. + RICHARD I. 1 Bishop of ELY, Lord Chancellor.

Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts His drooping realm, to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless John usurp'd the sully'd crown,
What ample tyranny! the groaning land
Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n its foe! fix tedious years
Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd
The papal interdict; and who obey'd,
The sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
When the French tyrant by the suitle grant
Of papal rescript, claim'd BRITANNIA's throne,
And durst invade; be such inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead To ev'ry purpose, men nor wish'd to live, Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain. Thence journeying home, in ev'ry cloud he sees A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll He reads damnation; sees its sable train Of grim attendants, pencil'd by despair!

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes By painful steps arriv'd; his home, his friends, His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine Of some far-honour'd faint his costly stores, Inverts his sootstep; sickens at the sight Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The

The wretch whose hope by stern oppression chas'd From ev'ry earthly blifs, still as it faw Triumphant wrong, took wing and flew to heav'n, And rested there, now mourn'd his resuge lost And wonted peace. The facred fane was barr'd, And the lone altar, where the mourner's throng'd To supplicate remission, smok'd no more; While the green weed, luxuriant round uprofe. Some from their death-bed, whose delirious faith Thro' ev'ry stage of life to Rome's decrees Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace, Now faw the ghaftly king approach, begirt In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard The last loud clarion found, and heav'ns decree With unremitting vengeance bar the skies. Nor light the grief, by superstition weigh'd, That their dishonous'd corfe, shut from the verge Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane, Must sleep with brutes their vassals; on the field; Unneath some path, in marle unexorcised! No folemn bell extort a neighbour's man! No tongue of priest pronounce their fout secure! Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest! alas so boundless was the ill!

He, like the stock he pillag'd, pin'd forlors;

The vivid vermeil'sled his sady cheek;

And his big paunch, dissended with the spoils

Of half his stock: emaciate, groan'd beneath

Superior pride, and mightier lust of pow'r!

"Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre hand

Told

Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads With nice precision, felt the deeper wound As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for pow'r, Birth, honour, virtue, enemy and friend, Sunk helples in the dreary gulph involv'd; And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure? in tow'ring stations born, In stati'ry nurs'd, anur'd to scorn mankind, Or view diminish'd from their site sublime; As when a shepherd, from the losty brow Of some proud cliss, surveys his less'ning slock. In snowy groups dissurve, scud the vale.

Awhile the furious menace John netura'd,
And breath'o defiance loud. Alas! too foon
Allegiance fick'ning faw its fov'reign yield,
An angry prey to feruples not his own.
The loyal foldier, girt around with strength,
Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And seiz'd the fauchion, resolute to guard
His sovereign's right, impalfy'd at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd
For soul desertion; drops the listed steel,
And quits same's noble harvest, to expire
The death of monks, of surfeit and of sloth!

At length farign'd with wrongs the fervile king: Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores. To buy remission. But could these obtain? No !: resolute in wrongs the priest obdur'd; 'Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave

His.

His fame, his people, and his crown he gave.

Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhor'd before!

And now, appeas'd by delegated fway, The wily pontiff fcorns not to recall His interdictions. Now the facred doors Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd · To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes Of fatraps! princes! crawling to the shrine Of fainted villainy! the pompous tomb Dazling with gems and gold, or in a cloud Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land That figh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flow'r, And sheds its odours: while the flocks around Hungry and faint the barren fands explore In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the foil; Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores, And furnish luxury - Yet, yet in vain BRITANNIA strove; and whether artful ROME Carefs'd or curs'd her, superstition rag'd And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length fome murd'rous monk, with pois'nous art Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet surceas'd with John's disastrous fate Pontific sury! English wealth exhaust, The sequent reign * beheld the beggar'd shore Grim with Italian usurers; prepar'd To lend, for griping unexampled hire, To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontrous'd. For now with more extensive havoc rag'd

Relentness

Henry III. who cancell'd the Magna Charta.

Relentless GREG'RY, with a thousand arts. And each rapacious, born to drain the world! Nor shall the muse repeat, how oft he blew The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm Swell the gross hoards of HENRY, or his own. Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tye Of British kings by legal oath restrain'd. Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold From Albion's realm to fervile shores convey'd. Wrung from her fons, and speeded by her kings! Oh irksome days! when wicked thrones combine With papal craft, to gull their native land! Such was our fate, while Rome's director taught Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey, To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil, For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud, For av'rice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!

O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
From inmost EREBUS!—Such HENRY's reign!
Urging his loyal realms reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful sword, by John erewhile
Forc'd from its scabbard; and with burnish'd lance
Essay the savage cure, domestic war!
And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist

And now fome nobler spirits chas'd the mist
Of general darkness. GROSTED * now adorn'd
The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword

Stag-

^{*} Bishop of Lincoln, called Mallets Romanorum.

Stagg'ring delusion's frauds; at length beneath Rome's interdict expiring calm, refign'd No vulgar soul that dar'd to heav'n appeal! But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain Had well nigh ceded to the stothful hands Of monks libidinous; ere Edward's care The lavish hand of death-bed sear restrain'd. Yet was he clear of superstition's taint? He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law, Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold To satten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the third Edward's breast, to papal sway So little prone, and sierce in honour's cause, Cou'd superstition quell! before the tow'rs Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the night by Romish art disfus'd
Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes.
When by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
Bold Wickliffrose: and while the bigot pow'r
Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
Secure awhile his recreant life sustain'd;
'Till sam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
Victorious, chear'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail honour'd WICKLIFF! enterprizing fage! An Epicurus in the cause of truth!

For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours

Of youthful spring, an æther all serene, Nor all the verdure of CAMPANIA's vales, Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought, The light, the radiance that pervades the foul, And sheds its beams on heav'n's mysterious way! As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd Let loofe the rage of bigots on their foes, And feek affection by the dreadful boon Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince, The most extended breast, the royal HAL! All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry Burst from the center of remorfeless slames; Their shrieks endur'd! Oh stain to martial praise! When Cobham, gen'rous as the noble peer That wears his honours, pay'd the fatal price Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye The pontiff saw BRITANNIA's golden fleece, Once all his own, invest her worthier sons! Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains, Yellow with grain abjure his hateful sway! Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
The first fair pattern of the female frame,
All nature's beauties in one form display'd,
And cent'ring there, in wild amaze he stood;
Vol. I.

Then

Then only envying heav'n's creative hand: Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts Might win this prize, and doubled ev'y snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all, Till pow'r accede: till Tudor's wild caprice Smile on their cause; Tudor, whose tyrant reign. With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings Might envious view, and ill preser their own! Then Wolser rose, by nature form'd to seek Ambition's trophies, by address to win, By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its tow'ring height with horrid found Rush'd the proud abby. Then the vaulted roofs, Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, mutt'ring low An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest To play some image on the gaping crowd, Imbibe the novel day-light; and expose Obvious, the fraudful engin'ry of ROME. As tho' this op'ning earth to neither realma Shou'd stash meridian day, the hooded race Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd: And conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd The pest gigantic; whose revengeful stroke

Ting'd

Ting'd the red annals of MARIA's reign. When from the tenderest breast, each wayward priest Cou'd banish mercy, and implant a fiend! When cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd, And bound religion there, and fir'd the base! When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb Fed with luxuriant rage, in ev'ry face Triumphant faith appear'd, and fmiling hope. O bleft ELIZA! from thy piercing beam Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of ROME; Driv'n to the verge of ALBION, linger'd there, Then with her JAMES receding, cast behind One angry frown, and fought more fervile climes. Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued task, Of righteous havoc, cov'ring distant fields With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile. While thro' the land the musing pilgrim sees A tract of brighter green, and in the midst Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd; Or gothic turret, pride of ancient days! Now but of use to grace a rural scene; To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons Of GEORGE's reign, reserv'd for fairer times!

U 2

LOVE

2008899966000000000000**00**

LOVE and HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum filvæ, ditissima terra Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus, Laudibus Angligenûm certent: non Bactra, nec Indi, Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves, These let IBERIA boast; but if in vain, To win the stranger plant's dissusse simile, The BRITON labours, yet our native minds, Our constant bosoms, these, the dazled world May view with envy; these, Iberian dames Survey with fixt esteem and fond desire.

Hapless ELVIRA! thy disastrous fate
May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn
The British lyre; then chiesly, if the muse,
Nor vain nor partial, from the simple guise
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay;
And in less groveling accents give to same.
ELVIRA! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boast no purer breast, no sprighther mind,
No race more splendent, and no form so fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
Of British victors, vict'ry's noblest pride!

She,

She, she alone, amid the wailful train, Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care; Lord of her life, her fortune, and her same!

He, gen'rous youth, with no penurious hand, The tedious moments that unjoyous roll Where freedom's chearful radiance shines no more, Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang That beauty feels, to waste its sleeting hours In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd, Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares, Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils Himself had worn: the frowns of angry seas, Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell Than storm or foe: if haply she might find Her cares diminish'd; fruitless fond essay! Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe The tender lute he gave: she not averse Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand Call'd forth angelic strains; the facred debt Of gratitude, she said; whose just commands Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting founds the nymph refus'd Her vocal art; harmonious, as the strain Of some imprison'd lark, who daily chear'd By guardian cares, repays them with a song: Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The fong, not artless, had she fram'd to paint Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws

U 3

Of

Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd sair!
Lov'd only one: nor dar'd that love reveal!
How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
The damask rose full-blown; a sever came;
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.
Then swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly sought her; torn by swifter sate
To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as fancy spoke the pleasing task, She taught her artful needle to display The various pride of spring: then swift upsprung Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose: There might you see, on gentle toils intent, A train of busy loves; some pluck the slow'r, Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace Around a vacant warrior cast the wrealth. 'Twas paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd The royal scroll, which to their native home Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd, Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste To glad his fair ELVIRA's ear, he sprung; Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey; But sir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze, His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand Down dropt the myrtle's sair unsinish'd flow'r!

Speechlefs

Ereechless she stood; at length with accents faint,

- "Well may my native shore, she said, resound
- "Thy monarch's praise; and ere ELVIRA prove
- VI Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel
- "The fost'ring breeze, and nature change her laws!"

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd. The British host. Around the smiling youths Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste Their sleet unmoor; impatient of the love That weds each bosom to its native soil. The patriot passion! strong in ev'ry clime, How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets To dissipate their loves, or match their own.

Not fo ELVIRA! fhe, difastrous maid, Was doubly captive! pow'r nor chance cou'd loose The subtle bands; she lov'd her gen'rous foe. She, where her MENRY dwelt, her HENRY smil'd, Cou'd term her native shore; her native shore By him deserted, some unfriendly strand, Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd The swelling fails, the glitt'ring transports wav'd Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure wing With flight auspicious skim'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears ELVIRA lay, And chid th' officious wind, the tempting fea, And wish'd a storm as merciles, as tore Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove To banish passion; now the vassal days,

U 4

The

The captive moments that so smoothly past,
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling singers call'd the fav'rite sounds
Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd
With mimic chains of silken sillets wove
To paint her captive state; if any fraud
Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd; prepar'd to launch On ocean's willing breaft, and bid adieu To his fair pris'ner. She, foon as she heard His hated errand, now no more conceal'd The raging slame; but with a spreading blush, And rising sigh the latent pang disclos'd.

"Yes, gen'rous youth! I fee thy bosom glow With virtuous transport, that the task is thine To solve my chains; and to my weeping friends, And every longing relative, restore A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey! But know, my soldier, never youthful mind, Torn from the lavish joys of wild expence By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound To languish out his bloom, could match the pains This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

What call I freedom? is it that these limbs From rigid bolts secure, may wander far From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast That sacred blessing, some superior pow'r To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,

Muft

Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul. Ev'n that I loath; all liberty I loath! But most the joyless privilege to gaze With cold indifference, where desert is love.

True, I was born an alien to those eyes I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime! And ah! this flatter'd form by dress endear'd To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend, Whilst I, ill-sated maid! ordain'd to strive With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb To vanquish me; his form, howe'er disguis'd, To me were fatal! no fantastic robe That e'er caprice invented, custom wore, Or folly smil'd on, cou'd eclipse thy charms.

Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd Thy country's foe, ELVIRA's warmest plea Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires; My tenderest glances, but the specious slow'rs That shade the viper while she plots her wound. And can the trembling candidate of love Awake thy sears? and can a semale breast By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare? Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown? Heav'n search my soul, and if thro' all its cells Lurk the pernicious drop of pois'nous guile; Full on my senceles head its phial'd wrath May sate exhaust; and for my happiest hour Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!

Ah

Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
On thee I gaz'd, and reason soon dispell'd
Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
'Twas there my fancy saw the virtues dwell,
The loves, the graces play; and bless the soil
That nurtur'd thee! for sure the virtues form'd
Thy gen'rous breast; the loves, the graces plan'd
Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth essay'd
Their partial pow'r in vain: again I gaz'd,
And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a tract
Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
And thou by nature form'd, by sate assign'd
To paint the genius of thy native shore.

'Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazling scene
Of burnish'd plants, to lure a semale eye,
IBERIA glows: but ah! the genial sun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the slow'r,
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his slow consuming sires.
Not such thy charming region; long before
My sweet experience taught me to decide
Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.
Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn
Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes;

First,

First, best supports of liberty and love! No, let subjected India, while she throws O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound. Long as I heard, or ere in story read Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast Wish'd them success, and happiest she, I cry'd, Of woman happiest she, who shares the love, The fame, the virtues of an English lord. 'And now what shall I say? blest be the hour Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores: Blest did I say the time? if I may bless That lov'd event, let HENRY's smiles declare. Our hearts and cities won, will HENRY's youth Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight The foft endearments of the lovelier spoil? And yet IBERIA's fons, with every vow Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms Were not excell'd; the fource of all their pains, And love her just desert, who sues for love; But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

Perhaps in HENRY's eye (for vulgar minds Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain On honest fame, amid his train to bear A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth! Not love himself, with all the pointed pains That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul From honour's laws. ELVIRA once deny'd A consort's name, more swift than lightning slies, When elements discordant vex the sky, Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.

Yet

Yet if the specious wish the vulgar voice
Has titled prudence, sways a soul like thine,
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
Eclipses me? nor paint the dreary storms
Or hair-breadth scapes that haunt the boundless deep,
And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
When mem'ry to the pensive maid suggests
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conq'ring heroes brave, the semale mind,
When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way
Beholds not danger, or beholding scorns.
Heav'n take my life, but let it crown my love."

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed, Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye: There pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.

"Forgive me, gen'rous maid, the youth return'd, If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let fuch fweetness plead, alas! in vain!
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow.
But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
My warring sword: if conquest, same and spoil
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glitt'ring treasure, and the laurel wreath;

Enjoying

Enjoying conquest then, and same and spoil. If fortune frown'd adverse; and death forbade The blissful union, with my latest breath To dwell on MEDWAY's and MARIA's name. This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my foul No dangers tore; this vow my bosom sir'd To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy. Her shall I leave, with fair events elate, Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love? Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my flow return? And shall that vessel, whose approaching fails Shall swell her breast with extasses, convey Death to her hopes, and anguish to her foul? No! may the deep my villain-corfe devour, If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal, If all the charms Iberian maids disclose, If thine, ELVIRA, thine, uniting all! Thus far prevail-nor can thy virtuous breaft Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies.".

"Oh! happy she, rejoin'd the pensive maid, Who shares thy same, thy virtue, and thy love! And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim. Farewel my luckless hopes, my slatt'ring dreams Of rapt'rous days! my guilty suit, farewel! Yet fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound That waits my fame, let not the random shaft Of censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames:

They

They love with caution, and with happier stars. And oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts Of levity, nor brand ELVIRA's stame; By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd; By hope consirm'd; with artless truth reveal'd; Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid Of happier birth, with mutual ardor crown'd.

These radiant gems, which burnish happiness, But mock missortune, to thy fav'rite's hand With care convey. And well may such adorn Her chearful front, who finds in thee alone The source of every transport; but disgrace My pensive breast, which doom'd to lasting woe, In thee the source of ev'ry bliss resign.

And now farewel, thou darling youth! the gem Of English merit! peace, content, and joy, And tender hopes, and young desires, farewel! Attend, ye smiling train, this gallant mind Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth His ev'ning pillow; dance around his groves; And, where he treads, with vi'lets paint his way. But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more Your frail companion! in the sacred cells Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame: There, to the matin bell, obsequious, pour My constant orisons. The wanton loves, And gay desires shall spy the glimm'ring tow'rs, And wing their slight aloos: but rest consisting. That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude

Her

Her shortest pray'r, ere Henry's dear success The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem By native customs; dress, and face, and air, And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain. He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave A tender tear; then with that kind adieu Esteem could warrant, weary'd heav'n with pray'rs To shield that tender breast he lest forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene ELVIRA shap'd her solitary way.

Miller



THE



The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In Imitation of Spenser.

Auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens, Infahtumque animæ flentes in limine primo. Viro.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the Author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.

A H me! full forely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial same doth with her blasts adorn!
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

2

In

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to same,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we scool-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in fight doth rife a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches slow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd they sound their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I feen (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Britons riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Vol. I. X Near

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gamboles do display;
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look prosound,
Andeyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven fnow, Emblem right meet of decency does yield: Her apron dy'din grain, as blue, I trowe, As is the hare-bell that adorns the field: And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd, With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd; And stedsast hate, and sharp affliction join'd, And sury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd, The childish faces of old Eol's train;
LIBS, NOTUS, AUSTER: these in frowns array'd, How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main, Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein? And were not she rebellious breasts to quell, And were not she her statutes to maintain, The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell, Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

Aruffet

A ruffet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A ruffet kirtle senc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple ruffet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the sleece prepare;
And, sooth, to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
'Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on

[ground,

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,

Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she sound.

X 2

Herbs

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sip'd the silv'ry dew;
Where no vain slow'r disclos'd a gawdy streak;
But herbs for use, and physick, not a sew,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tusted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and mary-gold of chearful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I sain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be lest unsung.

That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infants tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And mary'ram sweet, in shepherd's posse found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchies clean, with mickle rare persume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it sound
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edged with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its losty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lording dwell.

Here

Here oft the dame, on fabbath's decent eve,
Hymned fuch psalms as Sterrhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elsins' ears, 'would oft deplore
'The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
'That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smould'ring slames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, foresend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liesest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

X 3

Right

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!

Estsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;

Their books of stature small they take in hand,

Which with pellucid horn secured are;

To save from singer wet the letters fair:

The work so gay, that on their back is seen,

St. George's high atchievements does declare;

On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,

Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and horn beneath the beam.

Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!

As erft the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.

For brandishing the rod, she doth begin

To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!

And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the surry coat of whitest ermilin.

Oruth.

* SPENCER.

Mruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits slee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could dye.

No longer can she now her skrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, thro' aweful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to slow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing wee.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disgussed face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

 $\mathbf{X}_{\mathcal{A}}$

The

The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astony'd, ev'ry twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
"Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he,
Abhorreth bench and stool, and sourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-six'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be cares'd,

His face beforent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.
O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the slow'r, shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and same.

Behind

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of sood, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look ascance is sent,
Which for his dames annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler sires:
Ah! better far than all the muse's lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;
The sirm sixt breast which sit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than crast that pimps for ill, or slow'ry false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespear, names that ne'er shall dye!
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the muse shou'd soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starv'ling els! his paper kite may sty.

And

And this perhaps, who cens'ring the defign,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And surls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

But now DAN PHOEBUS gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n shield their short liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British els more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay slies, and cull the fairest slow'rs;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies bow'rs.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See

See in each fprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full fore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, 'ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posses ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, tho' penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season, do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admir'd

SHREWSBURY cakes,

Admir'd SALOPIA! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in SEVERN's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may slowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who chearless o'er her darkling region stray;
*Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.



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