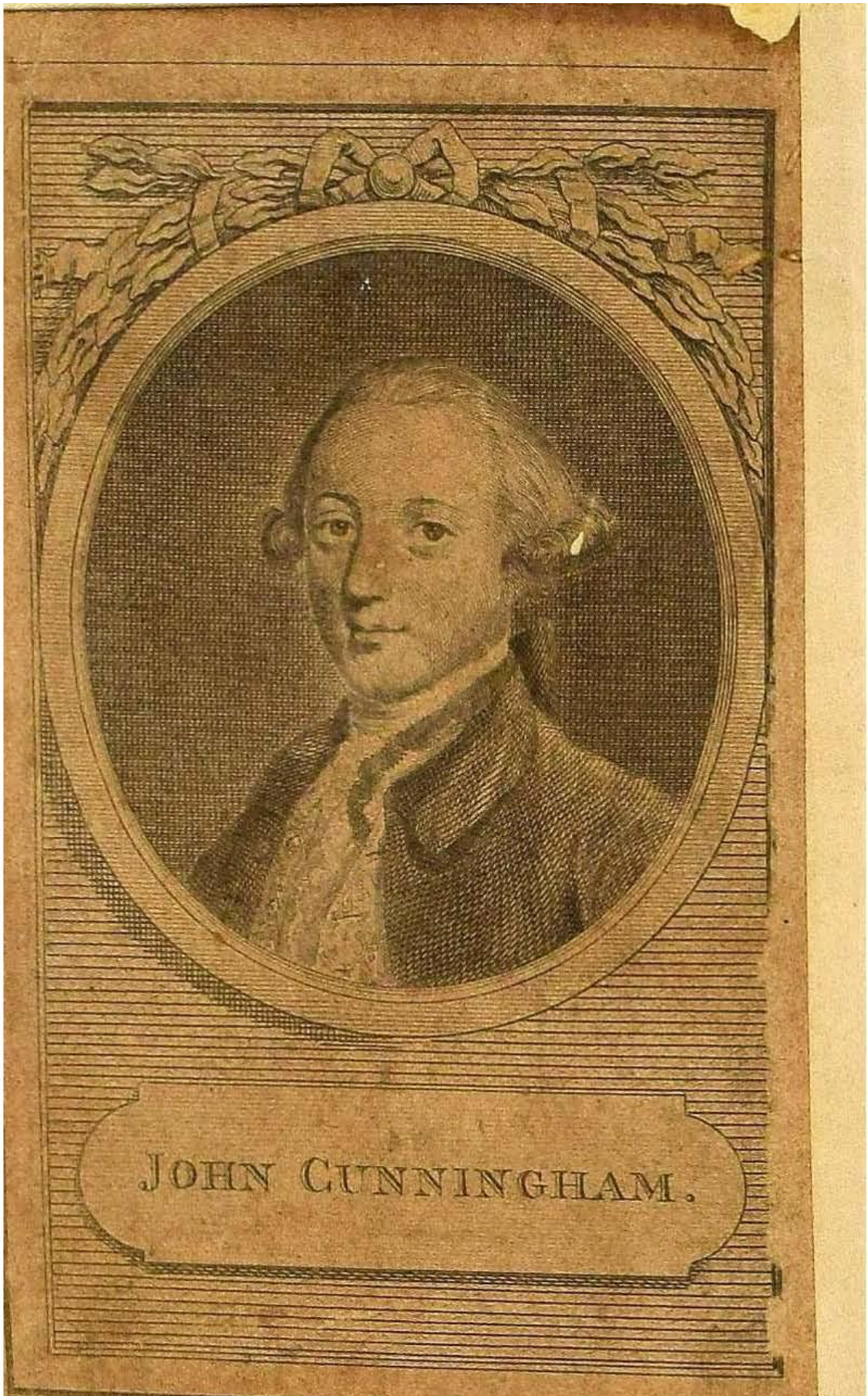


JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Engraved by Cook from an Original Picture.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand, London, May 27

BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER TO CHURCHILL.

713



CUNNINGHAM.

Now I'm in my Armour clasped,
Now the mighty Lance is grasped.

Stothard del. Heath Sculp.

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand London [illegible] 5th 1781.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF J. CUNNINGHAM.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Fælix ille, quem femotum longe e ſtrepitu et popularibus undis,
interdum mo[illegible]rus accipit umbra! RAPIN.
Silveſtrem tenui Muſam meditabor avena.

All-gracious Freedom! O vouchſafe to ſmile
Thro' future ages on this fav'rite Iſle!
Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,
For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!
For ever blaſted be that impious hand
That lops one branch from this illuſtrious tree!
Britons!—it is your[illegible]o make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots o. Liberty alive. STANZAS, &c.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN CUNNINGHAM,

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	SONGS,
PASTORALS,	PROLOGUES,
FABLES,	EPILOGUES,
TALES,	EPIGRAMS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Can the deep Statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine
Sooth with his melody insatiate Death?
No.———

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom?
The crape-clad hermit and the rich-rob'd king,
Level'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

Hither let Lux'ry lead her loose-rob'd train,
Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings,
And from the moral prospect learn—how vain
The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

EL. ON PILE OF RUINS.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

THE LIFE OF

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

It has been a frequent observation, that the life of a good writer is to be found in his Works, which seldom fail to [illegible] the Reader from his respective manner [illegible] behold that the distinguishing characters of his mind, his ruling passions, and views appear undisguised. Hitherto no anecdotes of the life of our Author, so far as we know, have been presented with his Works, though these have undergone several editions. It has therefore become necessary, along with this more perfect edition, to convey what has come to our knowledge concerning Mr Cunningham himself, which indeed will be found little more than what the life of almost every man does afford, viz. where he was born, where he was educated, and where he died.

John Cunningham was born in the city of Dublin about the year 1728. His father was by profession a stay-maker, and lived in good credit; but having a numerous family, our Author being the eldest of seven, was frequently in straitened circumstances. Having the good or bad fortune to get a good prize in the English lottery, it proved his and his family's ruin; for on this sudden acquisition of wealth emerging his views, he commenced gamester, assumed a higher port of life "than his fair means

" would grant continuance," and nothing [illegible]
became bankrupt.

At this affording period our Author was [illegible] the
grammar-school [illegible] of Dreghorn, [illegible] the
care of Mr. Clark, who then [illegible] gave Mr. Henry Jones, [illegible]
&c. &c. all the [illegible]
From these years Cunningham was [illegible]
Lea, where he continued four or five years, [illegible]
courts experienced all the difficulties that attend [illegible]
strolling brethren.

Thus circumstanced, our Author turned his views
to the stage, and produced a little piece of two acts,
called Love in a Mist; or, the Lass of Spirit, which
was performed at the theatre-royal Smock-Alley,
several nights, and met with a very favourable re-
ception. This introduced him to the acquaintance of
the gentlemen of the house, who prevailed on him
to exhibit himself under the banner of Thespis and
Roger, with whom he came to England in the sep-
tember of that year, which profession he followed with
little or no intermission till the time of his death.

As an actor Mr. Cunningham had very little merit
chiefly owing to an extreme diffidence. He had fine
and strong conceptions, but neither voice, figure
nor utterance, to give them birth. He was en-
gaged three seasons at the theatre Edinburgh, two
under the management of Mr. Digges, and one

England became exceedingly favourable to
[illegible] printer in Newcastle upon Tyne, by dif-
[illegible] him to establishing a weekly newspaper.

Mr. Cunningham's life was so uniform, and of so
[illegible] adventure, that with a due regard to truth no-
[illegible] can be related of him either entertaining or
[illegible]. His every wish seemed to include in it
[illegible] beyond competence and obscurity; "along
[illegible] quiet sequestered vale of life to keep the noise-
[illegible] current of his way." An original letter of his,
[illegible] to be inferred, fully shews his tempera-
[illegible] disposition; but first it is necessary to be under-
[illegible], that about the year 1762 he was solicited to
[illegible] the country, and to exert his talents in London
[illegible], with promises of patronage, and every
[illegible] encouragement. These proffers had the effect
[illegible] bringing him to the capital; but not all the
[illegible] and persuasions of his friends could prevail
[illegible] him to continue there, though a very handsome
[illegible] was offered to be secured to him. Yet his
[illegible] in difficulties had gained such absolute do-
[illegible] over him, that when he found the solicitations
[illegible] friends too powerful for him openly to resist,
[illegible] privately withdrew himself, and returned to Mr.
[illegible]'s company in the country. It was while here
[illegible] he wrote the letter above-mentioned, to deserip-
[illegible] of himself, and of which we [illegible] read further
[illegible] as may be necessary for the reader to know.

The letter is dated Scarborough, November 3,
and is addressed to Mr. Philip Lewis of the Roy-
yal Circus Garden. It runs thus;

"Dear Phil. We arrived at Scarborough the begin-
"ning of the week, and I was agreeably surprised to
"find a letter from you that had been lying a few days in
"the post-office. I reproach myself severely for my
"great indolence, and much for my particular fault
"in not writing to you before, as I might reasonably
"conclude a letter addressed to you at the theatre
"would find you. I hope you will excuse me, and not
"impute my long silence to a want of real friendship
"for you, or a proper sense of the many marks you
"have given of your's for me.

"Mr. Lewis does me honour by his proposal. I
"passionately wish to have Miss Hughes and Miss
"Wheeler the same party, as both will be pleased, I
"think I might depend upon; perhaps Miss Hughes
"is mad at the north, as I have a key at her
"quarters intirely; but I have some *hopes*, and,
"as I observed above, much *wishes* for that I have
"never yet come to a determination.

"Cib will be happy in a *rencontre* with Mr.
"Davies, and to be supplied with French artistes,
"should like to exert myself with a Nation. I am
"afraid, you know, of the French. I remember you
"liked The Rose and Butterfly imitated from La
"Motte.

"I am infinitely obliged to you for the trouble you take on my account. You may remember my "little expedition to London: I think I may be convinced by it that I am not calculated for the bustle you mention. Enough scribble (but a little neither) to employ myself the remnant I could live as any day it would cease to be an amusement, and I should of consequence be very sick. I am not unhappy, and tolerably happy in my present situation.

"I am afraid I shall not compass my Collection of Fugitives this winter; but after a tedious fit of rhyming I scribbled up an affair within these few days, which I call An Apology, &c. &c."

"This letter requires no apology, as the matter contained in it throws a stronger light on the character of our Author than it is to be discovered any where else. Here he has drawn a striking sketch of himself; and it must be allowed the portrait is by the hand of an original.

There is a little anecdote of Mr Cunningham which had its birth at Scarborough in summer 1765. He then lodged at the Golden Lion Inn. The landlord was a peaceable fellow, the landlady a shrew. One day as she was exercising her talents indiscriminately on all who unfortunately came in her way, husband, guests, servants, &c. Cunningham, to escape this wordy war, steered towards the door, whereupon the

landlord along with him, and pointing to the sign, &c. The Golden Lion, spoke the four following lines extempore;

Friend W——n! if you would get rid of strife,
And live without trouble and noise,
Pull down your golden Lion of Gold,
And hang up your trusty-bed Boys.

after which he called for his bill, discharged it, and prudently removed to fresh quarters.

A few months before our Author's death, being then entirely incapable of theatrical business, or indeed any other, Mr. Slack of Newcastle gave him a benefit in Yarico, sent a carriage for him, and had him brought home to his house. Whilst he languished under this hopeless roof, he came to a resolution to destroy his papers; and desiring the maid to make up fire, he requested her to leave the room. He then got out of bed, and committed all his papers to the flames. The blaze alarming the neighbours, Mr. Slack hastened to Mr. Cunningham's room, who had by this time got to the bed-side, and pointing to the fire, faintly exclaimed, There! There!

While he laboured under the disorder which at length put a period to his life, he had the following verses very often in his mouth;

* These lines afterwards underwent some small alteration by the Author. See the verses entitled A Pastorale.

ADDRESS FROM THE AUTHOR

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

[illegible] of flattering and some other circumstances, have hitherto deprived the Author of the happiness he might receive from giving Mr Garrick [illegible] the universal regard his character commands exceeds this address.

It may be thought by many (as a wife fo abo as this is) that something highly complimentary should be said on the part of the intruder; but resting on the ideas the Author has conceived of Mr Garrick's delicate and great [illegible] the good of the piece would certainly affect them.

He therefore takes his leave—and after having [illegible] (perhaps a little too forward) to offer his [illegible] of esteem, subscribing [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

MISCELLANIES.

THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A NIGHT-PIECE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

II.

[illegible]

III.

[illegible]

IV.

[illegible]

How quick now the gaudy-winged
That gambol'd round the hill!

V.

The breeze that bending o'er their heads
From fairy day dreams,
[illegible] velvet ranks,
[illegible] the eastern wind.

VI.

The dawn, preceded by the breeze
That bid the heath-thyme,
Appears among the tufted trees
A phœnix in all fire!

VII.

But lo!—the golden glow subsides,
The cheering rapture on high,
And now in dews it drops the tides
Into night's sobriety.

VIII.

[illegible] flew upon the wither'd tree
[illegible] o'er the mural chair,
[illegible] from [illegible] gaudiness free,
And [illegible] the sky placid air.

IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime,
Its branches bow'd the fly;
Time, the touch of [illegible] life
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

K.

[illegible]

[illegible] 40

XI.

[illegible] The daring flight

[illegible]

[illegible] 45

XII.

[illegible]

[illegible] 50

XIII.

[illegible] 55

XIV.

[illegible] 60

XV.

[illegible]

XXI.

Ye favage herds that lurk for prey
Ye unrelenting prize!
For having trod a devious way
The little rambler dies!

XXII.

As luckless is the virgin's lot
Whose pleasure once misguides,
When heavy'd from the halcyon cot
Where innocence presides——

XXIII.

The Passions, a relentless train!
Pursue the victim man!
Oh! fruitless the pacific Peace in vain,
Unequal'd——and undone!

XXIV.

Thus thought the little insects blest
The willows shade the way:
Or spread as if their painted nests
Emulate the day.

XXV.

Ah! thus the pigmy foes of Power
Advance their vain parade!
Less glitter in the darken'd hour,
Like the glow-worm fade!

XXVI.

The fell fermenty of Night
Unpurvey'd dieuse deforce:

[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

XXVII.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

XXVIII.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

XXIX.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

XXX.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

XXXI.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,
A sombre-mantled bed
That offers to the mental sight
The sempiternal dead. 128

XXXIII.

From hence I'll penetrate the height
The grave's mysterious depth
And there I hence be timely taught
To regret my fatal fault. 132

XXXIV.

'Tis pride!——'Tis pride which thus hath [illegible]
The proudest mean a tutor'd
A thousand times this day [illegible]
That time the first recurs to [illegible] 136

XXXV.

The nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle lay;
And Hope, with wing'd step from my breast,
Her upward flight essays. 140

XXXVI.

Yes—When you heard celestial lark,
And darting from on high,
Pour'd forth its notes of liquid spark!
Still sang her native sky. 144

XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze
With [illegible]
And [illegible]
Gave vigour to the mind. 148

A LANDSCAPE.

I.

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
Frolicks where the winter frown'd
Stretch'd upon these banks of brown
We command the Landscape round.

II.

Nature in the profpect yields
Humble dales and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, fields—and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

III.

Goats upon that frowning steep
Scramble with their kidlings brouze;
Here a flock of fleecy sheep,
There an herd of motley cows.

IV.

On the uplands ev'ry glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales the softer shade
Softens to an ev'ning gray.

V.

Where the rill by slow degrees
Swells into a crystal pool,

Beggy rocks and shelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

VI.

Shiver'd by a thunderstroke
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak
Near the farm-house forms a bridge.

VII.

On her breast the funny beam
Glitters in meridian pride,
Yonder as the virgin stream
Flatters to the ruffled tide——

VIII.

Where the ships by wanton gales
Wafted o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
Whiten'd by the laughing sun.

IX.

High upon the dairy's hill,
Rising from the tops of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the lazy breeze!——

X.

Cheerful as a farmer's morn,
Bounding from her loaded pail,
Where the maid yeedeans her corn,
Smirking to the miller's lad.

XI.

O'er the green a rustic throng
Gambols in fantastick trim
As the full cart moves along:
Hearken!——it is the harvest hymn.

XII.

Linnets on the crowded sprays
Chorus—and the woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise
Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

XIII.

Torrents in extended sheets
Down the cliffs dividing break;
'Twixt the falls the water meets,
Settling in a silver lake.

XIV.

From his languid flocks the swain,
By the sunbeams torn uprooted,
Flinging on the weary plain
Flows it with his glowing breast.

XV.

Where the trembling willows nod
From the green bank's sloppy side,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod
Many an angler breaks the tide.

XVI.

On the isles, with silver dress,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds;

Where a wild bird hides her nest,
Among the tangled reeds. 64

XVII.

Each cold pebble as they pass
Is dear as heritage of the rock,
Dancing on the liquid glass
From each hollow, quick'd flock. 68

XVIII.

Where the deep roots lift its head,
Where a fallen and pilgrim boat
By the hill was used to tread
Barefoot in the days of yore. 72

XIX.

Chequer'd a tired wood,
Mid wild bowers of fair green shades,
Where in their flower'd dell
Sleep'd an Eglantine. 76

XX.

Spring nestles there round the bench
Where the Hypocist came appears,
Over the crumbling grass beneath
Flow'rets with a load of years. 80

XXI.

Turn to the cottage farm,
Where harvest Gods sat by piles
Gay upon the filling grass
Many an Attack would rig smiles. 84

STAN.

Painted gardens—groves—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light,
Sculptured urns, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight. 88

STAN.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the landscape lie,
Till the distant view retires,
Closing in the misty sky. 92

ANTIENT

AND MODERN.

Antient and modern scenes, promiscuous rise! JAMES VITALIS.
Towers, temples, shade the hill, and deck the plain. SPENCER.

I.

For this rich prospect wonder will command,
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,
The village-church and antient abbey stands,
Hide by a wood it rattle's ruin remains. 4

II.

Half bury'd there lie many a broken shaft,
And shrine, and urn, all thrown by Time;
And many a cloister there defends in vault
From the rent roof and portico sublime. 8

III.

The rivulets, still high beyond the bound
Of fragments rumbling from the cave's dark night,
Plunge in their hoarse inflected caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

IV.

Where rev'rend Britain's Gothick grandeur flood
The marble on the narrow nightshade spreads;
And all haps, walled from the neighb'ring wood,
Where the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

V.

There the complaint, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude composed, and placid sweet,
Sits reading on a monumental stone,
And points to the Memento at her feet.

VI.

Seen as rays Relating cheer'd Day's fairy pride,
I left the musing Bard in moral mood,
And found by the moon's brighter tide,
Night in the mouldering monuments I view'd.

VII.

Serenely calm, with silver gaze
From Heav'n has pass'd—With rain marks his way!
The Pole, now trembling o'er its hollow'd base,
Turns not his step, nor could his course delay.

VIII.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain, and Nobody her song hears;

In vain Philosophy, with erring skill,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

IX.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twilled ivy ty'd.

X.

How solemn is the cell, o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view you' cloist'r'd way!
In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,
Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay!

XI.

Where the mild sun, thro' faint encumber'd glass,
Illum'd with mellow light you' chalky aisle,
Many rapt lovers might Meditation pass,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the Pile!

XII.

And Piety, with mystick nodding beads,
Bowing to Saints on ev'ry side inurn'd,
Trod off the solitary path that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

XIII.

Thro' the gray grove, between thole with large trees,
Mongst a rude group of mouldering seats, appears
A marble image of matron on her knees,
Half washed, like a Niobe in tears.

XIV.

Low lovell'd in the dust her darlings lie!
Death spar'd not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

XV.

The relicks of a mitred father sway rest
Where mould'ring in the niche his statue stands,
Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And rav'd the benediction of his hands.

XVI.

Near the brave arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie,
As trac'd among the fragments of his tomb
The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

XVII.

Ah! what avails that o'er the valiant plain
His sighs and rich demeasne extended wide?
That Honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And Chivalry flood marshall'd by his side?

XVIII.

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the deep'ning foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conq'ror Time
Level'd the fabrick as the founder low.

XIX.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound
Echoes and rocks, the birds of Dilford dwell;

And where Society has fondly carved
Eternal beauty, has built its world.

XXI.

The beard and the lap flowing thee
Where is now gathered the grain and power
Wherewithe Age mothered and her maidens fed,
Every finger as the Universe's hour.

XXII.

The traveller is bewildered as a waste,
And the rock wilderness of man leaves no trace,
Where in his progress, with endless esthetic grief
Young he searches sight of the days of Youth.

XXIII.

The aqueducts, that led the fair pride
To pure nymphs, a crystal and fugitive
In the deep hill their buried beauties hide:
Time's thirst, unquenchable, hardens in thy dry.

XXIV.

The fair rich towns in purple were spent
With women and like Babylon's towers crown,
And the sweet hour of Beauty, full-blown,
Brightened his decay moments as they flew.

XXV.

Thou are the decay moments! Oh thou maiden
Not to be day's by-work or nightly prey!
Not shall a pride among thy crowding dust
Rest unseen at the fountain of Beauty more.

XXV.

Can the deep Statesman, skill'd in great design,
Prolong but for a day precarious breath?
Or the fun'd follower of the sacred Nine
Sooth with his melody inflexible Death?

XXVI.

No,—Tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
Unerring and unseen the shaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

XXVII.

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom?
The crape-clad helmet and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

XXVIII.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bad, when the Morning's rosy reign began,
Couriers should call, as round his couch they flood,
"Philip! remember thou 'rt no more than man;

XXIX.

"Tho' Glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
"Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
"Philip! recall thou 'rt posting to the goal
"Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!"

XXX.

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide dominion subdu'd)

XXXII.

Whilst he his lady lead her lofty-ebb'ing pride,
Here Power, Pride on purple-mounted wings,
And here the moral prudent husband with
The wife that fights for obituary things.

FORTUNE,

AN APOLOGUE.

Fabula narratur.

I.

Jove and his Senators, in high debate
For mortal's lifting, were setting hard,
When a rude rout that beat the lowest gate
Turn'd their attention to inquire the cause.

II.

A long-eared wretch, the lowest of his race,
In the rough garniture of Obloquy,
Came bawling to the high Imperial place;
"Let me have justice, Jupiter!—I pray!

III.

"I am an ass, all innocence allow'd,
"The type, yet fortune pardoners me Pelf;
"While foxes, wolves, and all the cruel rout
"Beneath her patronage can rob and kill.

IV.

"The pamper'd horse (he never toil'd to herd)
"Favour and friendship from his owner finds:
"For endless diligence—(a rough reward!)
"I'm cudgell'd by a race of paltry hinds.

V.

"On wretched provender compell'd to feed,
"The rugged pavement ev'ry night my bed!
"For me Dame Fortune never yet decreed
"The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd shed.

VI.

"Rough and unfriendly is my inmate hirsel!
"Where can I wish, thus uncouthly dreft?
"That outside elegance the Dame deny'd
"For which her favorites are too oft' caref.

VII.

"To fuff'ring virtue, fainted Jove! be kind;
"From Fortune's tyranny pronounce me free!
"She's deceiver if the fays she's blind;
"She lies, prophetic fools, all—but me."

VIII.

The plaintiff ceas'd attentive as before;
His bofom heav'd a most tremendous groan!
The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the roar,
Till Jove from's setting on his high-built throne.

IX.

The monarch with an all-commanding sound,
(Deep as the thunder thro' the rounds of space)

Gave order—that Dame Fortune should be found,
To answer all she might the pilgrim's suit.

X.

Soldiers and citizens, a speedy train!
And lawyers with long feasts, long tales and cases
With many a Scotchman—but they fear'd in vain:
For can the residents of Parnassus

XI.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to bide,
His gold, his counters, and rubbers rare,
'Twas rumour'd that Dame Fortune did reside,
And Jove's amiable dear were pulled down.

XII.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments dress'd,
A feeble porter at the gate they find,
Doubled with wretchedness—in age oppress'd,
And on his wrinkled forehead sullen Hopeless.

XIII.

"Mortals avaunt!" the frowning spectre cries,
"Ere you in realms where fairest hopes beware!
"To goddess Lord Avarice form'd the laws,
"I am the eunuch—my name is Care.

XIV.

"Debate, Delay, counters, Anarchy of Mind,
"Theft are the soldiers that surround his throne,
"Anxiety, Fury that can ne'er be pleased,
"Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call.

XV.

" Fortune 's gone forth; you feek fward'ring dame;
" A fettled reſidence the harlot ſcorns:
" Curſe on ſuch viſitants! ſhe never came
" But with a cruel hand ſhe ſcatter'd thorns.

XVI.

" To the green vale your ſhelt'ring hills ſurround,
" Go forward; you 'll arrive at Wiſdom's cell:
" Would you be taught where Fortune may be found,
" None can direct your anxious ſearch ſo well."

XVII.

Forward they went o'er many a dreary ſpot,
(Rough was the road, as if untrod before,)
Till from the cafement of a low-roof'd cot
Wiſdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her door.

XVIII.

Wiſdom (the blaze of Fortune but the name)
Gave to their queſtions a ſerene reply:
" Hither," ſhe ſaid, " if e'er that goddeſs came
" I ſaw her not—ſhe paſs'd unnotic'd by.

XIX.

" Abroad with Contemplation oft I roam,
" And leave to Poverty my humble cell;
" She 's my domeſtick, never ſtirs from home;
" If Fortune has been here it is ſhe can tell.

XX.

" The matron eyes us from yon' mantling ſhade,
" And ſee her ſober footſteps this way bent!

" Mark by her side a little cole-fopp'd maid;
" Fancy young daughter, and her name 'Content.'

XXI.

As Poverty affrai'd with inward grief,
" Fortune," she cry'd, " hath never yet been here;
" But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
" Following her Highness' way in great apace.

XXII.

" Felicity no doubt attends her there,
" On whom her golden beauty daunces over;
" Yet tho' she never comes to cottages,
" Patience will ride with's like Inspire."

XXIII.

After a while her unavailing round,
The suffragers returning in despair,
On an high hill a fairy meadow found,
And hop'd the goddess Fortune might be there.

XXIV.

The dome, to glist'ring it name 'd after light,
('Twas adamant, with gems inarched o'er)
Had not a casement to admit the light,
Nor could Jove's deputies delay the door.

XXV.

But eager to conclude a joyous date,
And anxious to return from whence they came,
Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,
Thrice utter'd aud'ly Jove's sacred name.

XXVI.

As Tobit from the lofty mountains high [lost,
Where sacred lay the lovely dames with-drew,
(Ah, the sight to every lady dear beyond compare)
And Fortune (hard to find) unbidden view.

XXVII.

Oh! for that happy and high hours charge!
To this benighted, Delos-fortune runs;
When hand in hand with lovers there do bide
From the wild faith of [illegible] sun.

XXVIII.

Prostrate the [illegible] charge declin'd
(Happy the [illegible] that fairest her find)
Fortune near [illegible] dwelling sits,
And join'd them till they read Jove's judgment

XXIX.

Men of all nations all that likelihood place
Were go back'd, that leave different motives here;
Many—to be Delos Fortune's treasure face,
Many—by subject Fortune to be seen.

XXX.

Jove fixt it, soon a lovely he others,
He gave her dear he was a golden feast;
For Fortune's a more treasures to them
Yet subtle heart-lovers are glad to greet.

XXXI.

"Daughter," (the Jupiter, "grant for love entwin'd;
Whatever man fondly receive your mind;

"Whose rancour of that wretch abus'd
"To scandalize, and vindicate your fame.

XXXII.

"Tho' pester'd daily with complaints from man,
"Tho' this conviction I record them not—
"Let my kind pride, as far as it can,
"Bear of that practice every blot.

XXXIII.

"But the poor quadruped that have no pleas,
"Can want or Cruelty the fresh pursue?
"Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
"And all his wretched calls he says to you."

XXXIV.

"To him, high Jupiter! reply'd the Dame,
"Whom he has exalt'd his savage deeds,
"In fierceness, add dismay to Flame
"That the defenceless not to regards—an ill

XXXV.

I saw expir'd in her rebuke the hag's replys
The Brass defendant was dismay'd with grief,
"Oh," to the plaintiff did the Ass, "not cry
"My mother's language, your low-born race.

XXXVI.

"Learn from the lion to be fell and brave;
"Take from the elephant domestic wife;
"With gracious breathings from the horse behave;
"And thus gratify thy native depth.

SONNET.

"Thele idolifts wealthies wash are lavish,
"For which fome gold-apples are fadly paid:
"Amen thefe wilome thine adora each fide,
"And you Thee longer here wreaths delpis'd."

LOVE AND CHASTITY:

A SONNET.

From the high mount, where facred groves do
Diana and her virgin-troop defend,
And while the barbarous Thrace with active cares
The bus'neſs of the duly-chaſe prepare,
A heav'nly nymph, fupplied with love and fear,
And thus combating with the jovial fong.

SONG.

Jolly Health ſpringe, chafe the lead breeding morn,
Unlock'd from loft chamber's embraces,
And joy flings his hooks to follow the leaſt Horn.
That hunts on the mountains of the clouds.
The rage of all Cupid's hot fires ſhe eſteems,
No rancour diſturbs her delights,
All the day with the Sun ſhe purſues wild beaſts,
And deep with Contentment all night.

SECOND PART.

Their clamour reach'd the higheſt vault of Heav'n;
He flies affrighted to the ſacred groves

* Diana's temple.

Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair;
His oily wings perfume the wanton air;
Two quivers fill'd with darts his dell designs declare.
A crimson blush o'erspread Diana's face,
A frown succeeds—she keys the springing chase,
And thus forbids the boy the consecrated place.

AIR.

Fiend disturber of the heart!
From these sacred shades depart;
Here's a blooming troop of Nymphs
Love and his fantastick chimes.
Sister of the silver bow,
Pure and chaste as virgin-snow,
Mock not at thy feeble foes,
Wanton god of wild desires!

RECITATIVE.

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breast,
Whilst thus the angry goddess he addrest.

AIR.

Virgin-snow does oft remain
Long untouch'd on the plain,
Till the glorious god of Day
Smiles, and wafts its pride away.
Whilst in Sol's meridian fire
To the dart of Love retired
Love can light a raging flame
Fiercer than his noontide beam.

NARRATIVE.

Now thro' the forest's brown imbower'd maze
With careless steps the young Endymion strays;
His form erect—unbelt his loose attire,
His glittering shoulder bears the pond'rous quiver!
His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move;
His eye—his airy feature, form'd for love;
Around the bit wing wonds mountain hung,
While thus, inviting Sleep, the shepherd sung.

AIR.

Where the pebbled fountain glides
Near the wood-nymph's mossy grot,
If the god of Sleep resides,
Or in Man a frequent guest,
Fasten'd by the Maiden's breast,
Welcom'd by a gentle Dream,
We'll enjoy this goodly beam
On the bank beside the stream.

RECITATIVE.

As on the pictured tent the shepherd lies,
Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes;
And now a sporting breeze his bosom blows,
As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows;
The goddess gaz'd, in magick fetters bound,
Her silver bow falls useless to the ground;
Love laugh'd, and, fare of conquest, wing'd a dart
Unerring to her undefended heart.
She feels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire,
And thus perfuades her virgins to retire.

Page.

I.

Ye tender Maids! be timely wife,
Love's wanton fires beat;
In flight above your fafety lies:
The daring are undone.

II.

Do Silver-ey'd doves, fervently mild,
With vultures fall engage?
Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
Or tame the tiger's rage?

III.

No, no. Like fawns, ye Virgins fly;
To fafety owe remove;
Nor dare the doubtful combat try
Twixt Chaftity and Love.

HYMEN.

When a Chloe with a blush comply'd
To bridle fond Alexander's pride,
His imagination ran
On raptures never known by man.
How high the trifles of Fancy swell
Pygmalion's breast delights to tell.
A painter call'd—Alexander cries,
Defending from the ardent flies

"Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
"The herald of connubial joy!
"Draw him with all peculiar care,
"Make him beyond Adonis fair;
"Give to his cheeks a rosebud hue,
"Let him have eyes of heav'nly blue,
"Lip-like'ning in nectareous dew;
"A helix o'er his cherub'd brow
"More glorious than the beams of day.
"Expect, Sir, if you can succeed,
"A premium for a prince indeed."
His address dazzle the painter try'd,
And o'er the tablet bent with pride
A picture in the noblest style
Before the hard Nicander plac'd.
The lover thus ravaging his skill:
"Your execution's monstrous ill!
"A different form my fancy made;
"You're quite a bungler at your trade.
"Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?
"Where is the cheek's celestial glow?
"Where are the locks to bind and bear?
"'Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me."
The painter bow'd—with this reply:
"My colours are, as ever, dry;
"When time has me forsook ev'ry time
"'Twill please you—or the deuce is in't.

"I'll watch the happy change, and then
"Attend you with my piece again."
In a few minutes the painter came
With a performance—(fill the fame.)
"Take it away,"—the husband cry'd;
"I have repeated cause to chide;
"Sir, you should all excuses shun;
"This is a picture overdone!
"There 's too much ardour in that eye,
"The tincture on the cheeks too high;
"The robes have a lascivious play,
"The attitude 's too lookily gay.
"Friend! on the whole, this piece, for me,
"Is too luxuriant—far too free."
The painter thus—"The faults you find
"Are form'd in your capricious mind:
"To passion a devoted slave,
"The first directions, sir, you gave;
"Possession has repell'd the flame,
"Your fate 's a sentiment the same.
"My picture is design'd to prove
"The changes of precarious love.
"On the next staircase rais'd on high
"Regard it with a curious eye.
"As to the first steps you proceed,
"'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed!
"But as you mount some paces higher
"Is there a grace that do n't expire?"

So various is the human mind;
Such are the frailties of mankind!
What at a distance charm'd our eyes,
After attainment—drops—and dies.

STANZAS

On the death of his late

MAJESTY KING GEORGE II.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. Hor.

I.

Tenants of Liberty on Britain's plain,
With socks enrich'd a half-remember'd strain!
'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign!
Your Pan, your great defender, is no more!

II.

The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,
Where Albion's conq'ring oaks extend their pride,
In the brown theatre their sacred beauties hide,
And silent mourn the venerable King.

III.

Hark! how the winds, oft' courteous to his will,
That bore his conq'ring fleets to Gallia's shore,
After a pause pathetically still,
Burst in loud peals, and thro' the forest roam.

IV.

Or Conquest's check the vernal ruin fail,
While laurell'd Victory dilatesful bows,
And Honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
That late beam'd glorious on our George's brows. 16

V.

The Muses mourn—an inelegant band!
Each shatter'd harp without an owner lies;
The Arts, the Sciences, dejected stand,
For, ah! their patron, their protector, dies. 20

VI.

Beauty no more the toy of fashion wears,
(So late by Love's delightful labour dress'd)
But from her brow the glowing diamond tears,
And veils the fable cypress veils her breast. 24

VII.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading flame at crowns below;
With Melancholy fills the vaulted aisle
With the slow anthem of a nation's woe. 28

VIII.

The dreary parks of wandering Fear
Mute monarchs trac'd with anxious mortals cry?
Is there no refuge?—are the great, the great,
The gracious, and the god-like, doom'd to die? 32

IX.

Must the gay court be chang'd for Horror's cave?
Must mighty Kings, that kept the world in awe,

Conquer'd by Time and the unpitying Grave,
Submit their laurels to Death's rig'rous law!

X.

If in the tent reclin'd, or hauds a rage,
Britannia's fights shall reach great Frederick's ear,
He 'll drop the sword, or cheat the darling page,
And pensive pay the tributary tear.

XI.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally)
The solemn truth by sage Reflection taught,
That spite of glory Frederick's self shall die.

XII.

The parent's face a prudent painter hides †,
While Death devours the darling of his age!
Nature the stroke of pencil'd art decides,
When grief distracts with agonizing rage!

XIII.

So let the Muse her fillets certain spread,
By sorrow taught her sorrowful pow'r to know:
When nations cry their king, their father, dead,
The rest is dumb unutterable woe!

XIV.

But see—a sacred radiance beams around,
And with returning hope a people cheers!

* Frederick King of Prussia.

† In a picture representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Agamemnon, beholding to represent the natural affections of a parent on so affecting an occasion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.

Look on your youth, with grace imperial crown'd;
Hear awful, yet benevolent, in Heaven! 15

X.

Mark how his breath expands the filial sigh;
See tremps, attentive, his decisions bow;
Till Glory from her radiant spheres on high
Bids him to hold the regal reins of power. 20

XI.

Then Britain fierce on tyranny shall frown,
Like the last flame'd thunder, from the pyre shall spring;
Inspired by George, gracious and belov'd,
And greatness glorious, as the parent king. 24

STANZAS

ON THE FORWARDNESS OF SPRING.

[illegible]
[illegible] 1761.

I.

O'er Nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
What Winter likeness lively springs!
How [illegible] new delights! life warmly round,
And Summer's wing'd cherubs sing!

* As the following stanzas have appeared anonymous in [illegible] it is thought necessary to observe that they were originally printed, with the Author's name, in the Edinburgh Magazine, 1761.

II.

To greet the young monarch of Britain, birth-day
The groves with gay Welcome are gracd;
The primrofe peeps forth with an innocent fmile,
And cowflips crowd forward in bells.

III.

Difparch, gentle Flora! the nymphs of your train!
Thro' woodlands to gather each fweet!
Go—rob of young roles the dew-fpangled plain,
And ftrew the gay fpoils at his feet.

IV.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the fame,
For George, oh ye Virgins! entwine;
From Conqueft's own temples theſe ever-green came,
And theſe from the brows of the Nine.

V.

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem imply)
What glory, to George fhall belong!
What Wifdom, (the other) what Juſtice rife,
To make him immortal in fong.

VI.

To a wreath of freſh oak, England's emblem of power,
Whofe honours with time ſtill increaſe,
Add a fair olive fprig, juſt unfolding its flow'r,
Rich relict of concord and peace.

VII.

Next give him young myrtles, by Beauty's bright hand
Collected—the pride of the grove,
How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
Ever prompt of conjugal love!

VII.

Let Gaul's captive Lilies, crop'd close to the ground,
As emblems of exigeath bury'd:
The virgins all cry, "These ne'er can be found;
"Out-bloom'd by his Rose—they dy'd." 30

IX.

Ye Sons of Old England, such fate shall ye share
With George as our glorious advance—
Tho' envy ye Gallicans—you'll droop—you'll die—
And die—like the Lilies of France. 50

STANZAS

Spoken at a Play at the Theatre in Sunderland,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COMPANY.

I.

Who can behold with an unpitying eye
The glorious few (with youthful fire)
Unite!—invited—ne'er beforbid to die,
Or keep their independent rights entire?
Speckled themselves, the fowls Gaelic would bind 5
In their ignoble fetters half mankind.

II.

Your gentle homage that to-night you've paid
To freedom and her ever-famed laws,
The humble offering at her altar made,
Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cause. 10

All-gracious Freedom! O vouchsafe to smile
Thro' future ages on this favrite Isle!

III.

Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,
For ever nurtur'd by the brave and free!
For ever blasted be that impious hand
That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!
Britons!—it is yours to make her sacred shrine,
And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

IV.

O may her rich, her ripening fruits of gold,
Britannia! bloom perpetually for thee!
May you ne'er want a dragon, as we 're told
Defended once the fam'd Hesperian tree;
A dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,
With anxious eyes eternally awake.

THE VIOLET.

I.

Sunsetter'd from the blight Ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition
Laughing on the tufted bank.

II.

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety 's impress'd:
Suited to an humble station,
Mine 's an embroider'd vest.

III.

Moleſt me, ye maids declare me,
Maylie her fanciful train,
When Pallora deigns to wear me,
That's a flow'ret hall'so vain.

THE NARCISSUS.

I.

Pendent o'er the limpid ſtream
I bow'd my snowy pride,
And languiſh'd in a fruitleſs flame
For what the Fates deny'd;

The fair Pallora chanc'd to paſs
With ſuch an angel air,
I ſaw her in the watʼry glaſs,
And lov'd the rival fair.

II.

Ye Fates! no longer let me pine,
A ſelf-admiring ſweet!
Permit me, by your grace divine,
To kiſs the fair one's feet;

That if by chance the gentle maid
My fragrance ſhould admire,
I may—upon her boſom laid,
In ſilver-ſweets expire.

THE BROKEN CHINA.

I.

Soon as the sun began to peep
And gild the morning skies,
Young Chloe from dishevel'd sleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

II.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite
That waited on her bed,
Had twice'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

III.

"Some check of Fate is surely nigh,"
Exclaim'd the trembling maid:
"What do these horrid dreams imply?
"My Cupid can't be dead!"

IV.

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap;
Wagging his tail her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

V.

And now the heft of bristle mane
Her fair proportion'd grac'd,
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd.

VI.

The kettle b'oil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat,
When Dick the country beau appear'd,
And bowing took his seat.

VII.

Wel—chatting on of this and this
The maid revers'd her cup,
And, trapped by the forfeit kifs,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

VIII.

With tranfport he demands the prize,
Right fairly it was won:
With many a frown the fair denies,
Fond baits to draw him on.

IX.

A man muft prove himfelf polite
In fuch a cafe as this;
So Richard ftrives with all his might
To force the forfeit kifs.

X.

But as he ftrove—O dire to tell!
(And yet with grief I muft)
The table turn'd—the China fell,
A heap of painted duft.

XI.

"O fatal purport of my dream!"
The fair afflicted cry'd,

"Occasion'd (I confess my flame)
"By childishness and pride.

XII.

"For in a kiss, or two, or three,
"No mischief could be found;
"Then had I been more frank and free
"My crime had been found."

DAMON AND PHOEBE.

I.

When the sweet-eyed Morning first peep'd from the
Aloud singing larks bade the villagers rise; [skies,
The cowslips were kindly—the primroses gay,
And shed their best perfumes to welcome the May:
The swains and their sweethearts, all rang'd on the
green,
Did homage to Phœbe—and hail'd her their queen.

II.

Young Damon stepp'd forward, before her to praise,
And Phœbe below'd him a garland of bays:
"May this wreathe," said the fair one, "dear Lord
"of my vows!
"A crown for true merit, bloom for ever thy brows."
The swains and their sweethearts, shouting around
green,
Approv'd the fond present of Phœbe their queen.

III.

Mongſt lords and fine ladies, we ſhepherds are told,
The deareſt affections are barter'd for gold;
That diſcord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen ſhake hands in a pot.
At the church with fair Phebe ſince Damon has been
He's rich as a nabob—he's blith as a queen.

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN.

IN A PANTOMIME.

I.

From my favour fools rejected,
Fools by Fortune are protected:
Fortune, Harlequin! hath found you;
Happineſs will henceforward round you.

II.

Should a thouſand ills encloſe you,
Quick contrivance this* beſtows you.
Valour makes the foe adore you;
Thirſt ſhall drive your foes before you.

III.

Gold's the mighty ſource of pleaſure;
Take this purſe of magick treaſure.
Ha!—for while my gifts befriend you
Joy and lolity attend you.

* A ſtar. † A ſword.

CLARINDA.

I.

Clarinda's lips I fondly preſt,
While rapture fill'd each vain,
And as I touch'd her downy breaſt
Its tenant ſlept ſerene.

II.

So ſoft a calm in ſuch a part
Betrays a peaceful mind;
Whilſt my uneaſy flutt'ring heart
Would ſcarcely be confin'd.

III.

A ſtubborn oak the ſhepherd ſees
Unmov'd when ſtorms deſcend;
But, ah! to ev'ry ſporting breeze
The myrtle bough muſt bend.

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

I.

The virgin when ſoften'd by May
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds ſweetly bill on the ſpray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.

On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
We shepherds that dwell on the plain
Hail May as the mother of Love.

II.

From the west as it wantonly blows
Fond Zephyr caresses the rose;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine.

The pinks by the rivulet side
That border the vernal alcove
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;
For May is the mother of Love.

III.

May tinges the butterfly's wing;
He flutters in bridal array;
And if the wing'd foresters sing
Their musick is taught them by May.

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murm'ring seems to repeat
That May is the mother of Love.

IV.

The goddess will visit you soon;
Ye Virgins! be sportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh ye Shepherds! in tune,
For Musick must welcome the May.

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her fair tales, and he'll find
That May is the mother of Love.

ON THE LATE
ABSENCE OF MAY.

Written in the Year 1771.

I.

The rooks in the neighbouring groves
For Better cry all the long day;
Their nests in the branches above
Are cover'd no longer by May.

The birds that so cheerfully sung
Are silent, or plaintive each note,
And as they chirp low to their young
The want of their goddess bemoan.

II.

No daisies on carpets of green
O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread;
Not a sweet-briar sprig can be seen
To finish this wreath for my head.

Some flow'rets indeed may be found,
But these neither blooming nor gay;
The fairest still deep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

III.

December perhaps has purloin'd
Her'rich tho' fantaſtical gears;
With envy the months may have join'd,
And jobbed her out of the year.

Some ſhepherds, it is true, may repine
To ſee their lov'd gardens undreſt;
But I—whilſt my Phillida's mine,
Shall always have May in my breaſt.

ON SIR W—— D——T'S BIRTH DAY.

Does true Felicity on Grandeur wait?
Delight ſhe in the pageantry of ſhow?
Say, can the glitt'ring gewgaws of the great
An hour of inborn happineſs beſtow?

He that is juſt, benevolent, humane,
Whoſe conſcious rectitude ſupremely bleſt,
O'er the glad hearts of multitudes ſhall reign,
Tho' the gay ſtar ne'er blaz'd upon his breaſt.

Ye happy Children of the hoary North!
Hail the glad day that ſaw your patron born,
Whoſe private virtues and whoſe publick worth
Might the rich leaves of Royalty adorn.

ON SEEING J C——TT, ESQ.

ARRIVED IN A NEWGATE.

Wnex a wretch to publick notice
Would a man of worth defame,
Wit as threadbare as his coat is
Only shews his want of shame.

Bufy, peat, unmeaning, pagrat!
Vilest of the venal crew!
Go—and in your Grubstreet garret
Hang yourself and paltry Muse.

Pity me the meddling muser
Should for hunger hang or drown;
P——e, (he must not want a dinner)
Send the scribbler half a crown.

ON THE DEATH OF

LORD GRANBY.

For private loss the tenderest tear may flow,
And give a short, perhaps a quick, relief,
While the full heart o'erchargʼd with publick woe
Must labour thro' a long protracted grief.

This sudden stroke (it was like the lightning's blast)
The loss of Albion can't enough deplore;
Thalia, Britons! think on all his triumphs past,
And weep.—Your warrior is—alas! no more. 8

Right, we are told, reflects the conq'ror's tree,
And thro' the laurel-grove with caution flies:
Vague—and how vain must that assertion be,
Cover'd with laurels when a Granby dies? 12

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. ——— OF SUNDERLAND.

Go, breath of Sorrow—go attending Sighs,
Acquaint the natives of the northern shore
The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd, dies,
And Charity's soft steward—is no more. 4

Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?
Who shall relieve them from their loads of pain?
Say, has he left a feeling heart behind
So gracious—good—so tenderly humane? 8

Yes—there survives his darling offspring—young,
Yet in the paths of Virtue steady—fixt:
'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue,
"Think, (O remember!) think upon my dust." 12

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. SLEIGHOFF STOCKTON.

Mourn'd, much honour'd, much lamented, Sleigh!
The kindred Virtues had expir'd with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the Sky,
Like the frail offspring of the Earth, could die
Trembling they fled at thy too early doom,
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.

ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

See how the buds and blossoms flow!
How fewer will be the former fade!
Let us behold the infant rose,
How fragrant when its beauty blows!
The morning smiles serenely gay,
How bright will be the promis'd day!
Contemplate next the charming maid
In early innocence array'd,
If in the morning of her years
A future so inviting appears,
When time shall point her noonside rays,
When her meridian charms shall blaze,
None but the eagle-ey'd shall gaze.

TO THE HON. MASTER B——.

SENT WITH A SELECT COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

'Tis so, gentle Youth! thy calm untainted mind
Be like a morning in the spring ferene,
That may commit the paſſions unconſin'd
To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.

Then in the morn of placid life be wiſe,
And travel thro' the groves of ſcience boon;
There cull the plants of virtue that may riſe,
A peaceful ſhelter from that ſultry noon.

ON SEEING W. R. CHETWOOD

CHEERFUL IN A PRISON.

I.

Say, lov'd Content—fair Goddeſs! ſay,
Where ſhall I ſeek thy ſoft retreat,
How ſhall I find thy halcyon ſeat,
Or trace thy ſecret way?

II.

Love pointed out a pleaſing ſcene,
Where nought but beauty could be found,
With roſes and with myrtles crown'd,
And nam'd thee for its queen.

III.

Delafier all!—a fprightly maid
At my approach ſhe rofes fpied,
I found each fragrance quite decay'd,
And curſ'd the fond deceit.

IV.

At courts I've try'd, whoſe ſplendour ſtore,
Where Pomp and gilded Cares reſide,
'Midſt endleſs hurry, endleſs pride,
For true them wou'd unknown.

V.

Yet in the raptures ſincery reſt,
Lodg'd with a long experienc'd ſage,
With the ſam'd Curtius of the ſtage,
The goddeſs deigns to dwell.

VI.

Integrity and truth ſtrange
Had ceas'd the labours of his breaſt,
And lull'd his peaceful heart to reſt
'Midſt perfidy and pain.

VII.

A ſoul like his, diſrob'd of guile,
With native innocence ſhine,
Above the hateful reign of Fate
Can greet her with a ſmile.

* Taken from Thirty years Proceedings at the London theatres.

ON SOME SUBJECTS BEING SETTED OUT FOR

THE HERRING FISHERY.

O'er the green waves, where Britain boasts her sway,
Round the wide verdure of our long dyked sea,
Let the glad tale in fainted accents swell,
Let babbling Echoes to the sky-gods tell,
"Britain's at last grown cautious of her fame;
"Britain awakes her gentle sighs to claim;
"Britain!—for ye the Belgic's trembling at the name."

Abash'd—confounded!—for the dull Mynheer
No more between our frigged beaks appear.
Shall the dull Dutch exult in our disgrace,
Efface our wedded waves reflect our face?
Exult on the joys of our instinct Spouse,
And glow upon our Sable's chalky brows?
No, Britons! no,—George and your Queen bride,
And now here honeymoon grapple to your Helm.

ON HEARING DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Particularly adored in a Company of Old Maids.

Did rocks and trees a musick days
Round them the Orpheus charm?
Move to the bard's enlivening lays,
And tremble at his song!

When the best Orpheus of our age,
With true pathetick lines
Unfolds the philosophick page,
The very brutes admire!

ON GOLD.

Beauty's a bauble, wealth is praise!
'Tis gold, as it is something glittering;
But let it be Gold—it is so wonderful nice
That a prince should be proud to the wearing.

How feeble the smallpox when gold is grave!
How pall'd when the honey-moon is over!
When kissing—and cooing—and toying, are dying,
'Tis Gold must enliven the lover.

ON ALDERMAN W———.

THE GENEROUS OF HIS KIND.

That he was born it cannot be deny'd.
He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politicks, and dy'd.

AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH.

Tho' Fate would not grant a reprieve,
'Tis true we have cause to lament;
Yet then it is a folly to grieve,
So e'en let us all be content.

On the bone that was plac'd o'er his head
(Which he reingild with shadows to grace)
Wicked words may be ev'ry day read,
"Here lies the late Atheist Wham."

MELODY.

I.

Love's arms are convey'd by fancies
Love and Beauty crois'd the plains,
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love dispatch'd among the swains.

But so much our shepherds dread him,
(Spoiler of their peace profound)
Swift as scudding showers they fled him,
Frighted, tho' they felt no wound.

II.

Now the women god grown fierce,
Sent for each fond milkmaid sighs,
Comes disguis'd in Paris attire,
Tuning sweet an Arden pipe.

Echo by the winding river
Doubles his seducive theme,
While the boy conceals his quiver
From the fear-preventing swains.

III.

As Paleon, unsuspecting,
Trod'd the lily maiden's art,
Love, his light disguise rejecting,
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

Cupid will enforce our duty,
Shepherds, and would have you taught
That who timid by from Beauty
May by Melody be caught.

REPUTATION:

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

To travel far as the wide world extends,
Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
Virtue set forth with ever faithful friends,
Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

II.

As they went on in their intended round,
Talent first spoke. "My gentle Comrades!" say
"Where each of you may probably be found
"Should accident divide us on the way."

III.

"If torn," she added, "from my lov'd allies,
"A friendly patronage I hope to find

"Where the fine Arts from cultivation rise,
"And the fweet Muſe hath harmoniz'd mankind." 12

IV.

Says Virtue, "Did Sincerity appear,
"Or meek-ey'd Charity, among the great;
"Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
"'Tis among theſe I'd ſeek for my retreat. 16

V.

"Could I find patriots for the public weal
"Aſſiduous, and without their ſelfiſh views;
"Could I find prieſts of undiſſembled zeal,
"'Tis among thoſe my reſidence I'd chuſe. 20

VI.

"In glitt'ring domes let Luxury reſide,
"I muſt be found in ſome Inquiſitor's cell,
"Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,
"Where home-bred Happineſs delights to dwell." 24

VII.

"We may be cheat'd, my gentle Friends" it is true;
"But who," ſays Reflection, "can explore
"My ſlippery ſteps?—Ah, ſtay, keep me in your view;
"Elſe in one hall you'll never find me more." 28

INCANTATION.

Performed at the theatre in Sadler's-wells in a new Pantomime.

RECITATIVE.

HECATE.

From the dark mansions cell,
Where the fiends of magick dwell,
Now the forfeit left the fates,
Daughters of Enchantments fate.

AIR.

Welcome from the shades beneath! [*The Witches appear.*]
Welcome to the blasted heath!
Where the spectre and the sprite
Glide along the gleams of night,
Bedewed with unction dead
Wait the will of Harlequin.
Many a wonder must be done
For my dell sey for the fun.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder shall be done,
Hecate, for your fav'rite fun.

AN INSCRIPTION

ON THE MOUNTAIN MAYN-BANK, NEAR EDINBURGH,

Inscribed in a Grove.

Pastor, domus! pomerida quies!
Sis tu, quoque nobis
Redditum, luribus, labi, lumque die!
Pleno tuas urnes pelles, Pomona, per hortos!
Confertat ac variis lentilis horta apes!
Et volucres picto cingentes verna canore,
Nulla fole canere quæ libi tendit amor!
Floribi colles, dulcem rubi ferpe recedus
Dent, aquæ hofpitibus gurdia plena meis!
Edendique fitis unus gratus, vel fere laudes,
Denique terrenis exprimat e vitis!
Integer redeam, qui plurima laudo rodunt
Deos, et ut lenio pulchrior exitus.

ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

Fair be thy cryftal chryftyan fount;
Sbe coorts your calm recreat,
Ye Groves of variegated green!
That grace my grafly feat,

Here is the lap of kindest Fate,
(Remove humanity, mute)
Let me delude a length of days
In dear domestick joys!

II.

Long may the parent queen of Flowers
Her fragrance here display!
Long may the paint my crunching bare'n,
And make my garden gay!

Nor you—my yellow Gardens! fail
To dwell Pomona's bounty;
So shall the plenteous rich regale
Replenish'd long my board.

III.

Fast thro' the grove your cassia clear,
Ye Birds! my bondage deride?
Vary calls evangelicare
"Tis these which I love best spread.

Where the green hill by gradual flows,
Or flows my glade extends,
Long may the fair, whose fav'rite haunts
Prove kind to my friends!

IV.

May you preserve perpetual bloom,
May happy hide your seat!
Cruel fell Time denounce thy doom,
Far distant be its date.

And when he makes with iron rage,
This graceful pride his prey,
Long may the honours of his age
Be sav'rence'd in decay!

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

Hæc in prenestinæ mantis fricæ
Æquis, bonis, salum per iquiris,
Cultorisque variis hominibus,
Otiique residentem villam,
Non magnificam——non superbam;
Sed undique vides,
Cœlum, deos, mundum, genialem
Ruris parem, loci amœnitatem.
Sibi, suisque
Ad vitæ placide,
Et tranquille agendum
Designavit, ædificavit.

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

In the deep bottom of my grove
A lower mansion survey,
Where hands with elegance and love
Made ev'ry spray,

A lofty seat! with woods—with waters crowned,
With all the rural honours blooming round!

II.

This little bee common flowers foar
(Where Nature weds with Art)
Not to the eye superbly great;
Its beauties charm the heart.
Here may the happy founder and his race
Pass their full days in harmony and peace!

AN EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKEN AT THE FIRST INITIATION.

Say, can the garter or the star of state,
That on the worthy or the vicious wait,
Such emblems with such properties impart
As an infignium near the Mason's heart?
Hail, Grand Mofaryth of future births,
Uncrring architect of the faultless Lode!
Whofe plumb of truth with never-failing fway
Makes the just parts of symmetry obey.
Hail to the Druid at whofe ferene command
The gentle Arts in glad obedience ftand:
Whofe magick Genius firft to Superftition taught,
And to the fimpleft Gods the right its phrase;
Who calls creation from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit's not confin'd;
See nature's beauties there unite, inspire the mind;
Unveils with care the temple-working soul,
And points the ride of passions where to roll;
On Moses' tablets marks each sacred rule,
And frames her Lodge on universal school,
Where Reason's depth, with fancy unfolded hand,
And Truth and Science join'd go hand in hand.
O! may her social rays attractive spread
Till round each long neglected head;
Till their deceitful beams the day her ray,
And Heaven fall gracious in the place of day?
Till, by various masonic arts to move,
All the mankind with brethren love,
And the whole human race be bound in brotherhood.

AN EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKEN AT ALNWICK, IN THE NORTHUMBERLAND,

December 1st, 1765.

To bid the rancour of ill-fortune cease;
To cull Anxiety—I give their peace;
To quell Adversity—I turn her darts;
To keep Fraternity in gen'rous hearts:
For these high motives—these illustrious ends,
Celestial Charity to us first descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
Softer than dew-drops on the lusburnt glade;
She's gracious as an unpolluted dream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream:
Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,
And Mercy blends indulgent in her eyes:
From her high residence, from realms above,
She comes, fleet harbinger of heav'nly love!

Her sister's charms have more than doubly might
From the kind cause that call'd her here to-night;
An artless grace the sedate heart bestows,
And on the gen'rous cheek a tincture glows
More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal rose.

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live;
Fleeting the wealth such monuments can give!
But Charity, by sweet Time rever'd,
Sweet Charity! amidst his ruins rear'd,
Secures her venerable marble fame,
And in celestial annals lives the same.

* The Countess of Northumberland, who laid the first stone of the charity with her own hands.

AN INVITATION.

Inviting the Ghosts of the preceding Company to a Supper, Dorinda expects Lucinda to find Words for the family Entertainment.

Come, Darkness! as the willow drumbles tree,
Torment to peril, couched the mournful crew!
Come, Night! beauteous as the new-born Spring,
With songs more soft than nature's angels sing!
Hail Thunder in the Heaven of Heaven's pride
With bridled arms walk perfect by her side.
Lucinda! come, like early Morning fair,
With form as heaven-born as thy heart sincere.
On her bright face let rose with rude delight,
Till polish'd by her cheeks to grace polite.
Dorinda next—her gay gay hair unbind!
With ease flow o'er her gentle bared head!
Patience! see, how meekly she is strung,
Like the willow-tree she so well sung!
Come, Delia! dight for by marauder'd twains:
Prefect I made of the cruelly pains
Of Willow, which weeping Charmed display
A down-cast promiscuous form to-day.
With cypress crown'd, to Watson's grave repair:
The condition she'll shall crunch our despair;

To vales, and lawns, and meadows, here we rove,
Where in sweet converse we were wont to walk;
The joys we 've left in plaintive numbers tell,
And bid the field for a long last farewell!

AN APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN LADY.

To an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,
The wife (untaught) is but a widow'd maid:
Young, and impatient as her way would be,
If the dull rules of duty she forgot,
Wherever ills from her defection rise
The parent's guilty who compell'd the tie.

AN INTRODUCTION

SPOKE AT THE THEATRE IN SWEDEN, 1766.

To a Play performed there for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans of that State.

Ye widows—orphans—left, alas! forlorn,
From the rack'd heart if ev'ry sorrow wrung
Humanity to-night conferr relief,
And relentless fate can't remove the grief.
Shall all her hopes, her expectations fail?
The loss of sympathy, with sorrow chill'd,

Behold the wretched Matron—madly weep,
And hear her cry—"My joys are in the deep!"
To the tremendous Pow'r that rules mankind,
Lord of the seas—the calm and boist'rous wind,
We bow obedient, and with awe resign'd!
His ways inscrutable we can't explore:
We may wonder, but we must adore.
Happy for ever be the gen'rous breast
That feels compassion for the poor distrest!
Happy the hand that stops the fall'ring tear!
Such hands there are, and such we find are here.

A PETITION

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREE MASONS,

Delivered from the Gallery by a Lady, at a Comic entertainment for their Fraternity.

Brothers!—it is bold to interrupt your meeting,
But from the female world I wait you—greeting.
[*Curtsies.*
The ladies can advance a thousand reasons
That make them hope to be receiv'd as Masons.
To keep a secret—not one bint expecting:
To rein the tongue—O husbands! there's a meeting.
All virtue forms the Mason's sole foundation.
Why should the fair be bar'd their—initiation?
If your supposing us weak, indeed you wrong us;
Mysterious, foppies too, you'll find among us.

Think—Brothers!—think, and graciously admit us,
Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us.
How to be wiser and more cautious teach us;
Indeed it is time that your influence reach us.
The faults of late, and ev'ry fond miscarriage,
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage
Were cancel'd (if I've a grain of prescience)
From each great lady's not being made a Mason.
Accept us then, to Brotherhood receive us,
And virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave us.

A POSTSCRIPT.

Would bonest Tom G——d get rid of a fool,
The torture and plague of his life,
Pray tell him to take down his Lion of Gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

A FRAGMENT.

Part of a Poem wrote on Mr. Bellamy, when in Dublin.

From fleeting rules, mechanick forms, unty'd,
She soars with sacred Nature for her guide.
The smile of Peace—the wildness of Despair—
The sighing sigh—the soul-dissolving tear,

* Landlord of the Golden Lion, an Inn in Yorkshire.

Each magick charm the bodied Oldfield knew,
Enchanting Bellamy! revives in you.
'Tis thine, ineffable, the fugacious art,
To touch the soul, and move the various heart;
With native force, with unaffected ease,
To form the yielding passions as you please!
Oldmixon's* charms, by melody unprest,
May gently touch the tony-consumer's breast;
But brilliant raptures must attend the wound
Where the light arrow is convey'd by sound!
Oh, Siddy Maddy! all-languishing advance,
Her limbs display'd in every mazed dance,
The fop, unmouth'd, the captivates the sight;
But breathing wit with judgment must unite
To give the man of reason unfeign'd delight.

A FRAGMENT.

TO MR. WOOD'S,

Architect of the Exchange at Liverpool.

Where Mersey† rolls her wealth-bestowing waves,
And the wide-lordly Irwell† claims her laves;
Where naval pomp in harbour'd safety rides
Unaw'd by storms, unhurt by threat'ning tides;
Commerce—paternal goddess! fits serene,
Commanding all the tributes of the main.

* A lady celebrated for singing.
† A favourite place in Smock-alley theatre.
‡ The river Mersey, at Liverpool.

But yet no temple lifts its high-top'd spire;
Simple her seat—and artless her attire!
Around attendant priests in order wait,
Quirkets of pomp and ignorance of state:
The godhead's pow'r tho' wonder'd they own,
And bend with incense—at her low-built throne.

Pallas beheld—she gain the emblem strikes,
And thus the blue-ey'd maid indignant cries:
"Is it for thee—my Wendish—to Be Supine?
"(Thy genius fraught with ev'ry grace of mine)
"Is it for thee—to whistle inglorious hands
"Science—and fifter Arts obsequious stand,
"Inglorious thus to lie a goddess pine?
"Go tyrone—rise temples—to superiour shrine!
"Haste, build! command the well-wrought colonnade
rise.
"And lift thy fav'rite Commerce to the skies!"

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

A RECANTATION.

O, fifteen so dormant, so dilatory so great,
I've thought thee flatter'd what in truth I hate.

ACROSTICK.

PRAY tell me, (fays Venus, one day to the Graces,
(Our a visit they came, and had just ta'en their
places)
Let me know why of late I can ne'er fee your faces.
I, madam, (reply'd they) I hope happen'd here no affright ye?
You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite ye.

Says Cupid, who guefs'd their rebellious proceeding,
Understand, dear Mamma! there 's some mischief
a-breeding:
There 's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
That your Loves and your Graces all swerve from
their duty.
On my life, fays Dame Venus, I 'll not be thus put on;
Now I think on't, last night some one call'd me Miss
Sutton.

ACROSTICK.

WHERE no ripen'd summer glows
In the lap of northern snows,
Delia's gloomy, cold, and drear,
Only let the nymph be there,
Wreaths of budding flowers would wear.

My world every fragrance brings,
All the vernal blooms of Spring:
Dryads, deck'd with myrtle greens,
Dancing, would attend their queen,
Every flow'r that Nature spreads
Rising where she shunn'd our treads!

A CHARACTER.

The Mode of a Fashion to whimsical Eyes,
He's capable at once to hate different things:
And tho' in these matters he boldly believes,
Forsooth pronounc'd a mile, and a hyper-critic besides.
While others are cheerfully join'd in the Chase,
Young Eastland's hunting his retir'd seat;
On hills or on dales tho' the garden entices,
Under hedges or bushes he'll stick to his game:
Yet the grief cannot fly in 's quite out of his hold,
For he's always at church—when a tithe's to be
told.

WITH A PRESENT.

I.

Lay not the hand of Amity be nice,
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disdains;
A trifle shall become a pledge of price
If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name.

II.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
In value soars above an eastern gem
If tender'd as the token of esteem.

III.

Had I vast hoards of stuffy wealth to lend,
Such as your merits might demand—their due,
Then should the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

SENT TO MISS BELL H———,

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.

Haste Trifles! can ye bear
Sighs of fondness to the fair?
If your painted tongues can tell
How I love my charming Bell,
Gaily take a lover's part,
Plead the anguish of my heart.

Go—ye Trifles!—gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair one's eye)
Fly—your envy'd bliss to meet;
Fly, and kiss the charmer's feet.
Happy there with waggish play
Tho' you revel day by day,
Like the doves, ev'ry night
Rob'd of his supreme delight,
To subdue your wanton pride
Which you'll be thrown aside.

EPIGRAPHE

FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

Inscribed by

MR. F. CUNNINGHAM,

Steward to Dublin.

Say, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame
What added honours can the sculptor give?
Cease—Ev'ry line from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

FROM A TRUANT

TO HIS FRIENDS.

'Tis best in cells or fagging shed to cot
The mind and morals properly expand:
Let youth fag forward to a loftier spot,
Led by Dilpersion's swift-ascending hand.

Tedious to me labour from the School of man
(Long as my Mother keeps my darling home;
Not from a fight an unlily'd plea,
Nor from a youthful appetite to roam.

So from all Masters—(let relentment fly)
Reflect not to my hoop-accustom'd place:
Receive me with a kind forgiving eye,
And press me in the parent's fond embrace.

FROM THE AUTHOR

TO HIS SCHOOLFELLOWS WHO REMAIN UNPLACED.

I.

Hypocrisy's foul
No stain of your fun:
A truant with honest craving,
Why needless the flogs?
'Tis known to the age
That both of us thrive by—deceiving.

II.

'Tis frequently told
That two of a trade
Will boldly each other befeather:
But trust me they're fools
Who play with edg'd tools;
So let's have no more of the matter.

PASTORALS.

DAY:

A PASTORAL.

——Carpe diem. HOR.

MORNING.

I.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock)
Jocund that the Morning 'e nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows nurs'd by Night retire,
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

III.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night,
And the lark to meet the Morn
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;

Darting thro' the arch'd bridges
Quick he dips her dappled wing.

V.

Now the pine tree's waving top
Gently greets the Morning gale;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Herbs in the dewy dale.

VI.

From the balmy sweets, unclog'd,
(Bedlets till her talk be done)
Now the busy bee 's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

VII.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
When it 's fun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the Husbandman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

IX.

Sweet—O sweet the warbling Throng
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

" My grass—how I repent their smell!
" My apples—are apples of gold!

VI.

" Let Cæsar dredge on with perplexing
" The dregs of the furrows to pain;
" Another I take from my hedges;
" With nectar this fable my vein!

VII.

" When Bacchus began to repair
" With patience I bore his spite;
" He said that I plunder'd the vine;
" He said that I pillag'd his right.

VIII.

" I know the proud drunkard denies
" That trees of my culture should grow;
" But let not the caitiff subsist;
" He comes from the clime of your foe.

IX.

" Alas! in your Blosco I read
" The fentence of ruin and exile;
" He plain the great lord hinderest
" My orchard shall flourish no more."

X.

" goddess flew off in despair.
" her sweet honours shed;
" Tony and Pleasure declare
" Vulcan no longer behind.

DELIA:

A PASTORAL.

I.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
Her gloffy plumage laves,
And failing down the filver tide
Divides the whifp'ring waves.

The filver tide, that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird muft be;
But not fo fweet—blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

II.

A parent bird in plaintive mood
On yonder fruit-tree fung,
And fill the pendent neft fhe view'd
That held her callow young.

Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart
The genial brood muft be;
But not fo dear the thoufandth part
As Delia is to me.

III.

The roles that my brow furround
Were buds of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd and in a garland bound
Before their fweets grew pale!

XX.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky;
Can the pencil's mimick skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

XXI.

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant like their shadows grow,
Lengthen o'er the level ground.

XXII.

Where the rifing forest spreads
Shelter for the lowly cane,
To their high-built airy beds
See the rook returning home!

XXIII.

As the lark wide wav'd o'er
Carrols to the ev'ning loud,
Mark the mild refplendent morn
Breaking thro' a parted cloud!

XXIV.

How the bursting bowlet pours
From the barn or twifted brake,
And the blue mill flowly creeps,
Curling on the filver lake!

XXV.

As the trout in fpeckled pride
Sports from its pebbly fprings

To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

XXVI.

Tripping thro' the dewy graſs
O'er the path-diviſed dale,
Mark the roſe-complexion'd laſs
With her well-pail'd milking pail.

XXVII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo, bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the fainting ſun adieu.

PALEMON:

A PASTORAL.

PALEMON, feaſted by his fav'rite maid,
The ſylvan ſcenes with ardent ſurvey'd;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been abſent half the day:
Dar'd by Palemon for a paſtoral prize,
Reluctant, in his turn Alexis riſes.

PALEMON. This breeze by the river how charming
How ſmooth the graſs carpet! how green! how inviting!
Sweet, ſweet ſings the lark! as he ſtrains elate
His muſick enlivens the ſcene.
A thouſand freſh flow'rets mutually gay
The fields and the foreſts adorn;

I pluck'd me fome roſes, the children of May,
And could not find one with a thorn.
ANDREW. The heavens quite clouded, no bold lie the
Dull vapours diſcard on the plain; [breezes,
The virgins 's all bluſter that cover'd your trees,
The birds cannot compaſs a ſtrain:
In ſearch for a chaplet my temples to bind
All day as I bleakly rove,
I cannot find a flow'ret (nor one to my mind)
In meadow, in garden, or grove.
PALEMON. I ne'er ſaw the hedge in ſuch excellent
The bramble is ſo wantonly gay; [bloom,
My cows ſeem to breathe a more pleaſing perfume,
And brighter is all around the day.
If any ſkill'd ſhepherd ſhould ſolidly aſk
Sir reſt why the hawthorns appear?
To give a right anſwer how eaſy my taſk!
Becauſe my ſweet Phillida's here!
ANDREW. The ſtream does ſo muddy meſſes ſlowly
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide; [along
It ſcorn'd o'er the pebbles to murmur along,
But flaughter'd on then by my ſide.
See, ſee the lov'd Maid! o'er the meadows ſhe hies;
Quite alter'd already the ſcene!
How limpid the ſtream is! how gay the blue ſkies!
The hills and the hedges how green!

POMONA:

A PASTORAL

On the Cyder-bill being paſſed.

I.

From orchards of ample extent
Pomona is compell'd to depart,
And thus in anguiſh ſhe went
The goddeſs unburthen'd her heart:

II.

"To flouriſh where Liberty reigns
"Was all my fond wiſhes requir'd,
"And here I agreed with the ſwains
"To live till their freedom expir'd.

III.

"Of late you have number'd my trees,
"And threaten'd to limit my fiere:
"Alas!—from ſuch maxims as theſe
"I fear that your freedom 's no more.

IV.

"My flight will be fatal to May;
"For how can her gardens be fine?
"The bloſſoms are doom'd to decay,
"(The bloſſoms I mean that were mine.)

V.

"Rich Autumn remembers me well;
"My fruitage was fair to behold!

NOON.

X.

Farrin on the glitt'ring flood
Now the Noonside radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its osier bud
Not a dew-drop 's left the rose.

XI.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines
Pendent o'er his grally seat.

XII.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where unbeck'd the sunbeams fall,
Sure to find a pleading shade
By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round
O'er the rivers, rocks, and hill,
Cannot catch a fingle sound
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV.

Cattle court the Zephirs bland
Where the freamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

XV.

But from meantime dells, or dreams,
Not a hair-fine Zephyr (springs,
Trembleth the Mountain beam
Beneath its fold its silken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to flee;
Nature's hush'd—breeze—and bird;
Quiet e'en the shepherd's ear,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

Tranquil is the landscape round,
Till the lark defeaching down,
Grateful to the dewy ground,
Hails each fairing flow'r.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers threats to tune!
Faithsome is the verdant scene
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

XIX.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free—(the furrow'd toil is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

IV.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

DAMON AND PHILLIS.

[illegible]

[illegible]

SONG.

When Phillis was faithful, and fond as the fair,
I twitted young lovers as wanting for my heart;
But, ah! what pain will the maid feel in my breast,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vow!
To this grove with my Colin the shepherds will flee,
While Damon affects the dull pleasures of life;

mire. Drink you, faith Damon! before you type
bird?
When please your fancies had yesterday fray'd,
How the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis for-
saken, the gay train they're home to her cottage
Always successful as damsels are prone
'Tis plain that Phillis invincible to your sighs.

Dam. Like summer's first dawn a young Shepherd is
Fleecy cares are peaceful, more cheerful mind;
The forests of corn fill her storage adorn;
She's fleet as the roe-buck, and fresh as the blossom
Like Phillis fair Damon—Thule fondest longings
If Phillis were fairest, and Delia be mine.

Past. Dry the tears, young Colin, to pastime give place,
The fairs are future females, and vestals in my praise
Rhodope are his true-love all Valentine Day.
When birds sit like lovers on each other's breast?
Yet I'll deem the gay life, dear, far from my mind,
If Damon the sweet were faithless and kind. Strange,

Past. Fine folks, my dears Phillis! may revel and
But feeling's the pleasure that's fonder in change!
In the village's artless fundamency feelings,
That prudence with pity may look down on kings.
Then cheerfulness gladden our hearts to bind,
And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

Past. In the cheerfulness let's fashion our transports to bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.

CORYDON:

A PASTORAL,

To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.

I.

Come, Shepherds! we'll follow the hearse,
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a fad tribute be paid.

They call'd him The Pride of the Plain;
In truth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpose he planted yon' trees
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his mayze for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.

Ye Lambkins! that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat — and your master bemoan;
His mufick was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

III.

The verdure flourishes the vale,
The trees new leaves appear,
The swains of the fresh tidings hail,
And summer shows the year.

IV.

No birds in our hedges hail sing,
(Our hedges, to recall the dear!)
Since by their sounds we welcome the spring
And taste the gay season we were.

V.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And gave him some room in a throat;
They lived—they envy'd his bays,
But which of them equall'd his song?

VI.

The shepherds henceforward be mute,
For hush'd be the pastoral strain;
To crown me my Corydon's lute,
And this—he can break it in twain.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

A PASTORAL.

I.

Her sheep had in cluster crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day,
And Phillis herself in a woodbine alcove
Awaits the fresh violets ray:

A young thing is seems had been stole from its dam,
(Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot;)
That Corydon might as he search'd for his lamb
Arrive at this critical spot. 8

II.

As there' the spy hedge for his lamb'kin he preps
He saw the sweet maid with surprise;
"Ye Gods! (Hob'lings," he cry'd, "when she sleeps,
"I'm told wives the eyelids her eyes! 12

III.

"If a tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
"I'll onwards my lambkin to trace."
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For Love had him nail'd to the place. 16

IV.

"Hush, Hob'g to their hedge, what a bowling they
"Keep! (if you 're too loud on the spray: (keep!"
"Do n't you see, foolish Lark! that the charmer 's
"You 'll awake her as sure as it is day. (asleep?

V.

"How dare that fond hussy touch the sweet maid!
"I'll pluck his wings for the rogue:
"I 'd put him to death, if I was not afraid
"My behaviour would break her repose." 24

VI.

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile:
"Kind Shepherd!" she said, "you mistake;
"I laid me myself down just to rest me a while,
"But, trust me, have still been awake." 28

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow;
He plac'd himself close by her side,
And nam'd the matter I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

CONTENT:

A PASTORAL.

I.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary I roam,
A gentle young shepherdish sees my despair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Sweet flowers round the wood-bine spread wantonly round,
And deck'd the fair porch at her door.

II.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits and the call'd me the best;
While blushes from my guard by some glances fire cast
Love slily stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
(No Virgin's her voice was divine!)
"I'm rich unsolicited, and great ones deny'd,
"But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine."

III.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple yet ſweet were her charms!
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tond'a few ſheep,
And if by yon' prattler, the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoften my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the flow-riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views.
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And point out new themes for my Muſe.

To pomp or proud title ſhe ne'er did aſpire;
The damſel 's of humble deſcent:
The cottager Peace is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have nam'd her Content.

THE RESPITE:

A PASTORAL.

I.

Ah! what is it to me that the gaily-pied Spring
Or when that the meadows put forth
That (like little fleet vests, if mounted on wings)
The butterflies flaunt it in air?

Ye Birds! I'll no longer attend to a lay;
Your haunts in the forest refuse;
Shall you with your true loves be happy all day,
Whilst I am divided from mine?

II.

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite
We twilled a blooming alcove,
And oft' has my Damon with strains of delight
Declar'd it the haunt of Love.

The roses that crept to our mutual recefs,
And rested among the sweet boughs,
Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
For Damon is false to his vows.

III.

This oak has for ages the tempest defy'd;
We call it—The King of the Grove;
He swore a light breeze should its centre divide
When he was not true to his love.

Come, come, gentle Zephyr! in pastime delight,
Bid fall-blooming flowers be found in my way;
Thine aid to implore, and to honour your power,
For Damon this day is to marry his dear.

IV.

The shepherds and maidens from hillock and bower,
Prepar'd to make merry, repair to the place,
And claiming the rights which from ancestors bore,
The lads of the village contend for the grace.

High mistress, it was told him by sages in love,
To you alone reserved were they;
And Delphis—in homage to the ancient powers
And laughter—pays the customary fee.

A PASTORAL.

I.

YE nymphs that dwell by Thetis' wat'ry bow'r,
And wake the lovely strains in the resounding shore,
Hear my request, and with harmonious lays
Celebrate—for this day—the princess of Thrace.

II.

Lead on the lofty lyre, the sweet-responding flute,
Bright Thespian! to the glorious purpose strive!
Look down, look down from your crystal-glimmering cave,
And learn propitious our wishful duty made.

* The time of the period was taken from the fourth birthday of Marcella, married to the Dauphin.

XIII.

Tis to escape the pressure of this fire,
And gain a moment's cool unclouded light,
That every wish, full resolute I try,
And dread my soothing, as the shades of night.

XIV.

The moon has flept behind an envious cloud;
Her smiles no greetings to the longer strew;
Let her remain behind that envious shroud;
My steps, bright Hesperus, I depend on you.

XV.

No rancour ever rankled my bewilder'd breast;
I harm no birds, nor rob the nodding bee:
Then why relax love and innocence request,
And find your hateful influence on me.

XVI.

Thee—Vesper—first I twinkler of the sky,
Thou art her star—the golden radiance grey!
Thy silv'ry ray can appease my eye;
Ah! no—for, alas, I've left my way.

XVII.

O thy the darling of my soul—my love!
Hyperion sank the mighty rapture fell:
The night was in the bosom of the grove.
Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus! farewell.

A PASTORAL HYMN

TO JANUS.

On the Birth of the Queen.

To crown the Year with Days renown'd, with Glories new begun,
——to exalt my Song's theme. Virg. Ecl. 4. 46 Janum.

1.

To Janus, gentle Shepherds! raise a strain;
His treasures be divine!
And as to mighty Pan with homage bow;
To him the virgin troop shall tribute bring;
Let him be hail'd like the green-livery'd Spring,
Spite of the wintry storms that scow'r his brow.

II.

The pride the glowing pageantry of May
Glides wantonly away;
But January, in his rough-fur vest,
Wafts the full blessings that can never fade;
He that gave birth to the illustrious maid
Whose beauties make the British Monarch blest!

III.

Could the soft Spring, with all her sunny flow'rs,
The frolick nurse of flow'rs!

* This little poem was written on suggestion that her Majesty's birthday was really in the month of January.

Or flowing Summer, with'd in ripen'd gold,
Could they produce a Gift to please so true?
Or from his golden Horn a gift so rare
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd?

IV.

Henceforward! ---- hoary months be gay
As the white-hawthorn & May!
In laughing prime of the Spring flowers,
Her ruby wreath shall on his brows appear:
Old Janus as he leads shall fill the year,
And the left-handed Autumn be deduc'd.

V.

Above the other months he proudly shall
Glad James hands confess!
He can behold, with retrospective face,
The mighty Blessings of the year gone by;
Where, to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,
Assembled ev'ry Glory, ev'ry Grace!

VI.

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year
The golden Horns appear,
As in the Sacred reign of Saturn fair:
Britain shall peace, her ev'ry prophetic face,
Her learned peaceful, and her arts complete,
And bear the brightest hopes, a Double Heir.

FABLES.

THE ANT AND CATERPILLAR:

A FABLE.

As an Ant, of his talents fuperiourly vain,
Was trotting with conſequence over the plain,
A Worm, in his progreſs remarkably ſlow,
Cry'd—"Pick your good Worſhip wherever you go!
"I hope your great Highneſs won't take it ill
"I pay my reſpects with an hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile!" his Anſhip reply'd;
"Go—go and lament your contemptible fate,
"But firſt—look at me—ſee my limbs how complete!
"I guide all my motions with freedom and eaſe,
"Run backward and forward, and turn when I pleaſe.
"Of nature (grown weary) you hideous eſſay!
"I ſpurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."
The reptile inſulted, and vex'd to the ſoul,
Crept onwards, and hid himſelf ſafe in his hole;
But Nature, determin'd to end his diſtreſs,
Soon ſent him abroad in a Butterfly's dreſs.

Ere long the proud Ant, scorning the road,
(Forgot from the harvest, and tugging his load)
The beauteous violet bank he beheld,
Whose culture in glory a monarch 's excell'd;
The parterre expanded—it was rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The Ant quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was creeping away:
"Stop, friend," the Butterfly cry'd, "don't be afraid;
"I once was the reptile you spurn'd and defy'd;
"But now I can mount in the sunbeams I play,
"While you must toil over clods on in your way." 30

MORAL.

A wretch tho' to day he 's o'erloaded with sorrow,
May soar above the felicity—to-morrow.

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

An day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spy'd
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his bride;
She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.
Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers will do; 5
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a Rofe paſſes quickly away,
And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he revifit his bride till the ſun
Had left but one fourth of his journey to run.

The Rofe then reproach'd him—"Already ſo cold!
"How ſhight'd, O you falſe one! the paſſion you told?
"'Tis an age ſince you left me." She meant a few hours;
But ſuch we 'll ſuppoſe the fond language of flow'rs.
"I ſaw when you gave the baſe wretch a falſe kiſs:
"How—how could you ſtoop to a meanneſs like this?
"Shall a low ſtinking wretch, whom we Rofes deſpiſe,
"Find favour, O Love! in my Butterfly's eyes?
"On a tulip coſtly tawdry I ſaw your fond rape,
"Nor yet could the pitiful primroſe eſcape:
"Dull daffodils too were with ardour addreſs'd,
"And poppies ill-ſcented you kindly careſs'd."

The coxcomb was pique'd, and reply'd with a ſneer,
"That you 're firſt to complain, I commend you, my
"Dear!
"But know from your conduct my maxims I drew,
"And if I 'm inconſtant I copy from you."
"I ſaw the boy Zephyrus riffle your charms;
"I ſaw how you ſimper'd and ſmil'd in his arms:
"The heavy-lipt bee kiſs'd you, you cannot diſown;
"You favour'd his ſuit—O diſhonour!—a drone:

"Yet worse—it is a crime that you must not deny,
"Your sweets were made common, like koff'e as a
fly."

MORAL.

This law long ago did Love's providence make,
That every coquet should be curs'd with a rake.

THE SHEEP & BRAMBLE-BUSH:

A FABLE.

A Thick-twifted Brake, in the time of a ſtorm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a Sheep;
So long for a while he lay ſhelter'd and warm,
It quietly ſuck'd him aſleep.

The clouds are now ſcatter'd—the winds are at peace,
The ſheep to his paſture incline'd;
But ah! the fell Thicket legs half of his fleece;
His woe is left a forlorn behind.

My Friend! who the Thicket of law never try'd,
Conſider before you get in;
Tho' judgment and ſentence are paſs'd on your ſide,
By Jove you'll be fleec'd to the ſkin.

THE FOX AND CAT:

A FABLE.

THE Fox and the Cat as they travell'd one day
With moral diſcourſes cut ſhorter the way;
"'Tis grace," ſays the Fox, "to make juſtice our guide!"
"'Tis *more* godlike is mercy!" Grimalkin reply'd.
While thus they proceeded—a wolf from the wood,
In agonies of hunger, and thirſting for blood,

Rush'd forth—as he saw the soft shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.
"In vain, wretched Victim! for mercy you bleat;
"When mutton 's so fond," says the wolf, "I must
"eat."
Grimalkin 's nourish'd—the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast in his bloody repast. [beaves!
"What a Wretch!" says the Cat—"it is the vilest of
"Does he feed upon flesh when there 's herbage—
"and roots?"
Cries the Fox—"Were our oaks give us acorns so
"good,
"What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"
Well, onward they march'd, and they merrily
trill,
Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by
a mill;
Sly Reynard survey'd them with glutt'nous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a sudden his prize.
A mouse too, that chanc'd from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.
A spider that sat in her web on the wall
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall.
She cry'd—"Of such murderers how guiltless am I!"
So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves tho' we practise the same.

TALES.

THE THRUSH AND PIE.

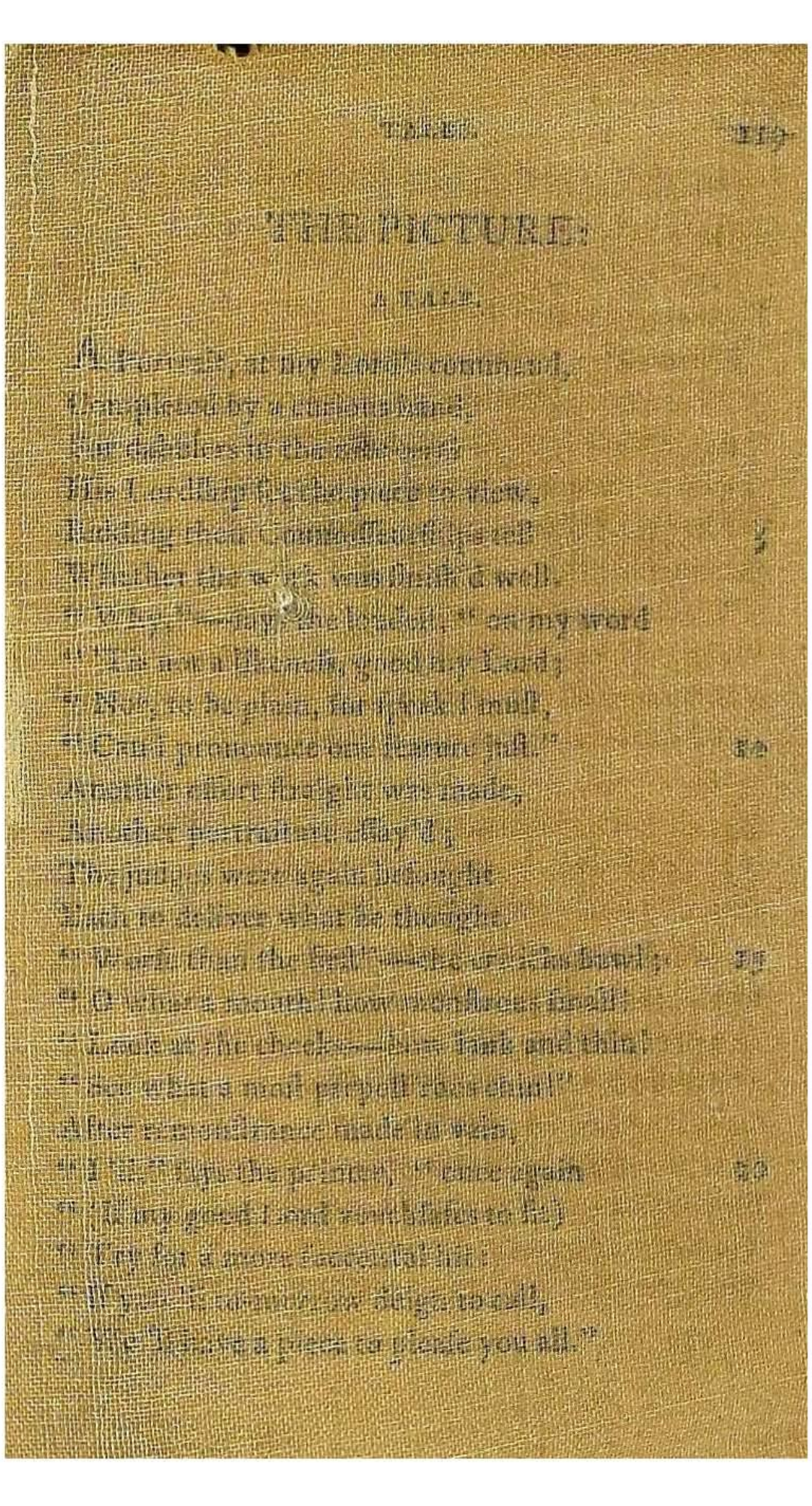
A TALE.

Come, let us wisdom in between both,
We're told there are experienc'd Truth
Illustrated in the proud of Spring
Many a neighb'ring bird to sing;
She carol'd, and her various song
Drew millions to the lilting throng;
But (oh! unsinging boughs between)
Twas her delight to reach unseen.
Although the little weed'ling race
Would fain their fav'rite face to trace;
They thought it hard to be denied,
And begg'd that she'd be longer tried;
When modest, worth's peculiar fault,
Another bade the call'ers forget,
And bothers be too much admir'd
It fears from the bulk retir'd.
The ingenious prattling Pie,
Mindless, ignorant and shy,
Begins to sing master's vacant hour,
And in her arrogance elate
Rude'd forward—with—"My friends, you see
"The subject of the choir in me;

"Here be your due devotion yield,
"I am the fovereign of the field."
A beast that lay his prey beside
Made the impostor this reply:
"Fancy, Friend! that cringing throats
"Were never form'd for warbling notes;
"But if thefe leffons can't please you
"Repeat them in the publick way;
"That your affections may be clear,
"Let us behold as well as hear."
The lordly king, the fool's dull trick,
Our chaunting [illegible]
For to the fool's eternal shame
All the could compass was a scream.
The birds, enrag'd, around her flew
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh:
The caitiff wretch, diffrac'd—forlorn
On ev'ry side is peck'd and torn,
'Till for her vile assertion lies
Under their angry beaks she dies.
Such be his fate whole tongue shall dare
Obtrude upon a neighbour's ear.
Friend E——, the tale applys;
You are—yourself—the chaunting pie.
Repent, and with a conscious blush
Go make atonement to the Thrush.

THE PICTURE:

A TALE.



To-morrow comes—a Picture's placed
Before their furious fons of Pride——
In their opinions all agree
This is the thief of the three.
"Know—to confirm your envious pride,"
His Lordship from the canvas cried,
"Know—that it is my fond boast
"Where you could not—I have lost.
"I have—it's yours as I fully think,
"And you—I fear grow in the stink
"Void of all judgment—future—lead,
"Out—by pretending Virtue—dress'd."
The Connoisseurs depart in haste,
Dolphi'd—deceived—and disgraced.

THE WITCH.

A TALE.

A Witch that long had plied her art,
Could both foretell and cure each part,
Or other ills surrounding evil
Make the tormentor operate on Hell,
Once by enchantment fell
(As the recorded Deed tells)
Bind the round moon, while radiant light
Silver'd the fairer noon of night,
From the deserts the bold drove,
Down to a dark infernal grove.

"Give me," the goddess cry'd, "a cause
"Why you disturb my former laws.
"Look at my traits—you' mind' ring loft,
"See how the trembling Dastard's loft!
"Thro' the celestial regions wide
"Why do they range without a guide?
"Chase from our confines may
"Hope for his old dejected sway."
"I'm," says the Witch, "severely griev'd;
"Know that my fav'rite squirrel 's left;
"Scratch——for I'll have creation torn
"If he 's not found before the morn."

Soon as the impious charge was giv'n,
From the tremendous doors of heav'n
Jove with a bolt—revengeful—red,
Struck the detected mischief dead.

If there are slaves to pity blind,
With pow'r enough to plague mankind,
That for their own nefarious ends
Tread upon Freedom and her friends,
Let 'em beware the Witch's fate;
When their profumption 's at the height
Jove will his angry pow'rs affume,
And the curs'd miscreants meet their doom.

L

ODES.

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSICK.

I.

Ceaſe, gentle Sounds! nor kill me quite
With fatal excefs of ſweet delight;
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills thro' ev'ry vital part:
A ſoft—a pleaſing pain
Purſues my heated blood thro' ev'ry vein.
What—what does the enchantment mean!
Ah! give the charming magick o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more.

II.

Now, wild with fierce deſire,
My breaſt is all on fire!
In faſhion'd raptures now I die!
Can empty ſound ſuch joys impart!
Can Muſick thus tranſport the heart
With melting eſtacy!
O Art divine! exalted thing!
Each celeſtial charm expreſſing!
Kindeſt gift the gods beſtow!
Sweeteſt good that mortals know!

III.

When ſeated in a verdant ſhade
(Like tuneful Thyrſis) Orpheus play'd,

The distant trees forsake the wood,
The list'ning beasts neglect their food,
To hear the heav'nly sound;
The Dryads leave the mountains,
The Naiads quit the fountains,
And in a sprightly chorus dance around.

IV.

To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ:
See what soft harmony can do!
The moving rocks the sound pursue,
Till in a large collected mass they grew.
Had Thyrsis liv'd in these remoter days
His were the chaplet of immortal bays:
Apollo's heart unknown,
The shepherd had remain'd of song
The deity alone.

A BIRTHDAY ODE,

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

RECITATIVE.

HARK—how the soul of Musick reigns,
As when the first great birth of Nature sprung!
When Chaos burst his massy chains
'Twas thus the cherubs sung:

AIR.

Hail—hail! from this auspicious morn
Shall British glories rise!
Now are the mighty heroes born
That shall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the skies.

RECITATIVE.

Let George's mighty banners spread,
His lofty Gaziots roar,
Till warlike rebels fall with dread
The hostile Gallic shore.

AIR.

Mark—how his name with scorn fills!
The magick sword Rebellion kills,
And brightens all the northern hills,
Where pallid Treasons dwell;
The monster shall no more revile,
Upon the ground she panting lies;
Beneath his William's foot she dies,
And now she sinks to hell.

RECITATIVE.

Hafte—let Terror's harp be newly strung,
And after mighty George be William sung.

AIR.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
William stands the first in story;
He with British ardour glows:

See—the pride of Gallia fading!
See—the youthful warrior leading
Britain vengeful to their foes!

RECITATIVE.

While the olive branch Hibernia boasts,
Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts!
While Stanhope smiles her sons are blest,
In native loyalty confest.

AIR.

See—O see, thrice happy Isle!
See what gracious George bestow'd;
Thrice* have you seen a Stanhope smile:
These are gifts become a god!

How the grateful thank glows!
Stanhope's name shall be ever'd
While by subjects and by foes
Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

CHORUS.

Ye Britons, to the rising sun
Respectful homage pay;
For George's birth our joys begun;
Salute the glorious day!

* Earl of Chesterfield and Earl of Harrington, both twice lately Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.

AN ODE

For the Birthday of

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Aria strepunt cithara. Virg.

RECITATIVE.

More glorious than the comet's blaze
That thro' the starry regions strays,
From Zenith to the Torrid Zone
The mighty name of Prussia's known.

AIR.

I.

Be banish'd from the books of Fame
Ye deeds in distant ages done!
Loft and inglorious is the name
Of Hannibal or Philip's son.
Could Greece or conq'ring Carthage sing
A hero great as Prussia's king?

II.

Where rolls the Envy eath'n explores,
Or flatter'd hope presume to fly,
Fate bad victorious Fred'rick soar
For laurels that can never die.
Could Greece, &c.

III.

His rapid bolts tremendous breaks
Thro' nations arm'd in dread array,
Swift as the furious blasts that shake
The bosom of the frighted sea,
Could Greece, &c.

IV.

In vain to shake the throne of Jove
With impious rage the Giants try'd;
Gainst Fred'rick's force the nations strove
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.
Could Greece, &c.

V.

While Prudence guides his chariot wheels
Thro' Virtue's sacred paths they roll;
Immortal Truth his bosom seals,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

VI.

The tempeful lance Britannia wields
In comfort with her brave ally;
Saves her fair Roles in the fields
Where Gaul's detested Lilies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendship spring
'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king.

VII.

The jocund bowl let Britons quaff,
And crown the jovial board with mirth;

Fill—to great Fred'rick's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece or crumbling Carthage sing
A chieftain form'd like Prussia's king?

AN ODE,

Composed on the Birthday of the late

GENERAL LORD BLAKENEY.

I.

The Muse' harps, by Concord strung,
I could let them strike the lofted lay,
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongues,
To hail her hero's natal day.
Arise, paternal Glory! rise,
And lift your flaming orbs the skies.

II.

Behold his warlike banners wave!
Like Britain's oak the brave he is!
The shield—the cheer of the brave,
The guardian o'er the British lands.
Arise, paternal, &c.

III.

He wrefts the wreath from Richlieu's* brows,
Which Fraud or Faction placed there;
Prone to the gallant hero bows,
And Europe's chiefs his name revere.
Arise, paternal, &c.

* Richlieu, commander of the expedition against Port Mahon.

IV.

With partial conquest on his side
The host of Gaul—a pagan crew!
Rank but high-minded in their pride
To Blakeney and his vanquish'd few.
Avito, paternis, &c.

V.

Tiberis,* with maternal care
His labour'd barge-like urn high;
For partial Time!—the cruel spare,
That Blakeney's name may never die.
Avito, paternæ Glory! rife,
And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

* A Statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of General Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.

SONGS.

MAY-DAY.

OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

I.

'Tis three hours o'er the midnight hour,
The fairy revels now begun,
To welcome with the wishing flower
The sober-suited Dun.

II.

Fond maids of fate go, fondly sleep!
(For 'tis where you 've seldom been)
May's night while the Dryad's peep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

III.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till Morn, at her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.

IV.

Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

XIV.

Strike up the warlike trumpet,
And sound the alarm bell,
The enemy's at the gates,
And all the world in arms.

And see the main body marches,
The cattle, the cattle appear,
Their flesh is in a thousand pieces,
The Kettle shall boil.

XV.

Now fight them, fight them, dead or maid
Whom midnight Furies aid,
Let Cannibals, and Canibal Dams,
Or else the rest be lost.

For see the holy Body draws nigh,
The almighty Queen,
And hath her happy Sacrament,
The Bowl of Affection.

FIFTY FULL.

1.

The ravenly Bird is ever chiding,
Her mouth she cradled holds,
A cruddled Bone the Cannibals cry to,
Fling—the Fifty Full.

II.

When larks forbid the dawny glade,
And Love's sweet numbers swell,
My pipe shall join their morning strain
In praise of Kitty Fell.

III.

When woodbine with their fragrant shade,
And nightin-gales repel,
I 'll sell me to the tufted mead,
And lag of Kitty Fell.

IV.

When moonbeams dance among the boughs
That lodge sweet Philomel,
I 'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And pant for Kitty Fell.

V.

The pale-fa'd patron burns his books,
The sage forsakes his cell,
The soldier smooths his martial looks,
And sighs for Kitty Fell.

VI.

Were mine, ye Great! your envy'd lot,
In gilded courts to dwell,
I 'd leave them for a hermit cot
With Love and Kitty Fell.

Preface

III.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freſhneſs with fair's to compare,
And fruitleſſly ſhou'ythe (ſtill I try'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.

How, Corydon! could you miſtake?
Your fault be with ſorrow confeſt;
Thon ſaid the white ſwans on the lake
For ſoftneſs might rival her breaſt.

IV.

While thus I went on in her praiſe
My Phillis paſs'd ſportive along:
Ye Poets! I covet no bays;
She ſmil'd—a reward for my ſong!

I find the god Pan 's in the right,
No fame 's like the fair ones' applaude!
And Cupid muſt crown with delight
The ſhepherd that ſings in his cauſe.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

I.

Let the declining damaſk roſe
With envious grief look pale;
The ſummer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the Dale.

II.

Is there a flower that decks the field,
Or breats the morning gale,
Can such a vernal fragrance yield
As Fanny of the Dale?

III.

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
How faint their beauties when compar'd
With Fanny of the Dale!

IV.

The willows bind Pastora's brows,
Her fond advances fail;
For Damon pays his warmest vows
To Fanny of the Dale.

V.

Might honest Truth at last succeed,
And artless Love prevail,
Thrice happy could he tune his reed
With Fanny of the Dale!

DAPHNE:

A SONG.

I.

No longer, Daphne! I admire
The graces in thine eyes:
Continu'd coyness kills desire,
And fmith'd passion dies.

Why

Three restless years I've flyt to wair,
Baith weary, wan, and wast;
Wi' all the rigours of despair
You Fates dare anes can cast.

II.

When Celia cry'd, "How forfeits the
"That has faith never refus'd
"But Damon gives his heart to me—
"It had been hardest trial.

III.

"The maid's a fool that pines and dies
"Because a wanton's wae;
"The gentle life that gets denies
"A thousand wilfully."

IV.

Such charming words, so void of art,
Surprising rapture gave;
And tho' the maid subdu'd my heart,
It seem'd to be a slave.

A wretch condemn'd shall Daphne prove,
While blest without return
By the best calendar of Love
My Celia frae—a saint.

AMPHITRYON.

RECITATIVE.

Amphitryon and his bride, a godlike pair!
He brave as Mars, and fhe as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchleſs ſplendour held the nuptial feaſt;
Whilſt the high roof with loud applauſes rung,
Enraptur'd, thus the happy hero ſung:

AIR.

Was mighty Jove, deſcending
In all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine,

His ſhafts of bolted thunder
With boldneſs I 'd deride;
Nor Heav'n itſelf can ſunder
The hearts that Love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE.

The Thund'rer heard—he look'd with vengeance down,
Till Beauty's glance diſarm'd his awful frown.
The magick impulſe of Alcmena's eyes
Compell'd the conquer'd god to quit his ſkies:
He feign'd the huſband's form, poſſeſs'd her charms,
And puniſh'd his preſumption in her arms.

LEN.

He deserves sublimest pleasure
Who reveals it not when won;
Beauty 's like the miser's treasure;
Scald it—and the fool 's undone!

Learn by this, neglectful Lover!
When your secret sighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue discover
Raptures that you should conceal.

THYRSIS.

I.

"I'm prudent fore'd seem'd to me,
In drowsy fetters bound,
And Fairy elves in circles trod
The daily-painted ground;

When Thyrsis fought the sacrificers grove,
Of blighted vows the hill,
And thus (to scorn neglected love)
Invok'd fad Philomel:

II.

"The stars their silver radiance shed,
"And silence charms the plain;
"But where 's my Philomela fled
"To sing her love-lorn strain?

"Hither, ah! gentle Bird! in haste
"Direct thy hov'ring wing;
"The verdant green 's a dreary waste
"Till you vouchsafe to sing.

III.

"So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,
"(The warbling Song distrest!)
"The tear that tells the lover's woe
"Falls cold upon my breast.

"Perhaps sad Philomel complains
"Will soften my despair;
"Then quickly swell the melting strains,
"And lessen a lover's care."

IV.

"Give up all hopes, unhappy Swain!"
A hiss'ring Sage reply'd,
"For what can Constancy obtain
"From unrelenting Pride?"

The Shepherd droop'd—the tyrant Death
Had fix'd his trembling frame;
He bow'd, and with departing breath
Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.

A MAN TO MY MIND.

WROTE AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

I.

Since we think 'em rogue, and false virgin-deceivers,
To all [illegible] arguments
[illegible]
(Which not the [illegible] Man to My Mind!)

II.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and face,
Not the Squire, that can welcome no joys but the chase,
[illegible]
Neither this—that—nor t' other's The Man to my

III.

Not the drony, who earns [illegible]
Not the fool, that's [illegible]
Neither this—that—nor t' other's The Man to my

IV.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or
[illegible]
Not the lady, that's [illegible]
Not the fine gallant's [illegible]
Neither this—that—nor t' other's The Man to my

V.

But the youth in whom sweet and [illegible]
Whom the brave must admire, and the fair should
[illegible]

Whose heart love and truth are with honour com-
bin'd.
The—[illegible]—and so that's The Man to my Mind.

THE MILLER:

A BALLAD.

I.

In a plain pleasant cottage conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,
A well-meaning Miller by honest supplies
Feeds his flocks that grandeur so great often denies!
No pallions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His endless companions are Health and Content;
No Lordships in face may scorn it when still
He's a Monarch who's dub'd with the dust of his Mill.

II.

Ere the lark's early carol salutes the new day
Perhaps from his cottage he's scarcely away;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or hops the last basket he bought at the fair.
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of law,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his bosom alarms;
Contented he works 'tis gain for his Mill.

III.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his best cloth array,
At church he's the loudest to chaunt or to pray.

He flies to a dinner of plain English food,
Tho' fimple the pudding, his appetite's good
At night, when the greek and collation are paſt,
He guzzles at the alehouſe with Roger and Jobn,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
No monarch more bleſs'd than Tom Mopus the Miller.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE.

A BALLAD.

I.

T' other day as I lay in the Sycamore Shade
Young Damon came whilſting along;
I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.
"Ah, Heav'n!" I cry'd, "ſly! what a Buſs is here!
"Young Damon deſigns you no ill;
"The Shepherd who ſmil'd you have nothing to fear;
"Then pr'ythee, fond Orphia! be ſtill."

II.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet;
One kiſs he demanded—no more;
But try'd the ſoft preſſure with ardent ſo ſweet,
I could not begrudge him a ſcore.
My lambkins I gave him, and no change e'er found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill;
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
Nor would the fond urchin be ſtill.

III.

When the fun blazes fierce to the Sycamore Shade
For fhelter I 'm fure to repair;
And, Virgins! in faith I 'm no longer afraid
Altho' the dear fhepherd be there.
At ev'ry fond kifs that with freedom he takes
My heart may rebound if it will:
There 's fomething fo fweet in the bufile it makes,
I 'll die ere I bid it be ftill.

THE SEASON FOR LOVE.

SET IN THE SCOTS STYLE BY MR. SHIELD,

And fung at Hawsball.

In fpring, my dear Shepherds! your flow'rets are gay,
They breathe all their fweets in the funfhine of May,
But hang down their heads when December draws near:
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the finners that chaunt o'er the plains,
All, all are in love while the fummer remains;
Their fweethearts in autumn no longer are dear:
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The Seafon for Love is when youth 's in its prime:
Ye Lads and ye Laffes! make ufe of your time;
The froft of old age will too quickly appear:
The winter of life is like that of the year.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF PHILLIS.

I.

'Tis the Birth-day of Phillis, hark! how the birds sing!
And echo the woods return sound for sound;
The subject prevails, all the tenants of Spring
Assemble to keep their great festival round.

II.

With roses and ribands her locks are crown'd;
And while they rejoicefully dance,
Then on the gay turf with a frolick they bound,
But first take a kiss from her hand.

III.

Were a fairer than all the gay round of the year
To claim this to their pride,
It gave Phillis birth, and they what can appear
More pleasing or lovingly gay?

IV.

Hark! hark! how the tabor enlivens the scene!
Ye Lads with your Lasses advance!
'Tis charming to figure on a daisy dress'd green,
And Phillis shall lead up the dance.

V.

The Sun—and he shines in his brightest array
And on this festival grand,
In order to give us a beautiful day
Has bandish'd each travelling cloud.

III.

The lovers had not long enjoy'd
Before Delora came;
"Inconstancy," she cry'd, "is fled
"In ev'ry heart 's the flame;

"For young Alexis high and gay
"With such bewitching pow'r,
"Has quite forgot the wishing swain
"That wafted in the Bow'r."

THE WARNING.

I.

Young Colin once courted Myrtilla the pride;
The light fleet lass'd hinder the cry'd he was rude:
That he begg'd with submission for one kiss to pay
For freedom she gave nothing but frowns and disdain.
Vexed at this her folly his fait he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

II.

He strove with all caution to keep from the net,
But Cupid has caught him—a thousand conspire
To glance on his glances, the fly'd to his sighs,
And fanned his hopes—in the language of eyes
Alas! for poor Colin, when put to the test,
His skill and his caution prov'd both but deceit.

III.

[illegible]

IV.

[illegible]

PART V.

[illegible]

I.

[illegible]

II.

[illegible]

III.

If the virgin's fate forgive her;
Fancy was your only foe.
Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
But it is Fancy twangs the bow.

NEWCASTLE BEER.

I.

When Fame through the town of Great Britain's
And call'd Olympus each Gallick defeat,
Glad Mars first by Mercury orders expell'd
To summon the deities all to a treat;
The Queen was pleas'd
To grace the gay feast,
And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer,
Yet vow'd, to his thinking,
For cupfuls drinking,
Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer.

II.

The great god of War to encourage the fair
And humour the taste of his whimsical wife,
Sent a meeting that moment to Bloom's* for a tun
Of things, by the gods, the delighting and life.
Be gods—they all swore,
Regal'd to before,

* Bloom's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

V.

[illegible]

VI.

[illegible]

HOLYDAY GOWN.

I.

[illegible]

He woos me to marry whenever we meet;
Then his honey-fuc'd words dwell on his tongue!
His tongue is too cloyes, and he kisses so sweet,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

II.

Fond dad! I'll assure you laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen would fain be his bride)
Some token he claim'd, either ribband or toy,
And I swore that he 'd not be denay'd.

A cap-knot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert dolen was ev'ry thing;
I love her so much, that to kill her with spleen
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

III.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear,
He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore;
With ribbons he gave me, such laces and gear,
That left me—my pockets no more.

Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
And sweetly their burthen he sung:
Could faith in a lie so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

IV.

The fair was just setting, it was time to retire;
(Her cottage was distant a mile)
I rode to be sure—Roger bow'd like a squire,
And handed me over the stile.

He came he threw around me—I love fought in his
Till fell for the meadows among,
Those griefs done to date, I agreed with a sigh
To wild—for I was not very young.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

I.

Time an hundred years fare, when Elections were
sound,
Old Farmer and Turk were in Tregundy drown'd,
The Eyes of three Britons, both thirsty and wide,
With upon't their Foreheads but cleft up their eyes,
Derry down, &c.

II.

The Sun was behind us at setting, the Party prevail,
And Edgcumb an honest old Gentleman's Seat
To wave was his Freedom, remember'd no more,
And Cull-kick'd the Hilltop out of the door.
Derry down, &c.

III.

When the Candidate off's Lighty fuddle'd to the core,
Not fully'd the brown Jumper our words to explain
For each which they could be understanded by
Friends)
Then right talk'ben the Candidate tempted to
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Let the call now be alter'd; let talents be try'd,
Let national virtue alone be your guide;
Let us scorn to be bias'd by party or pelf,
But vote for our country, forgetful of self.
Derry down, &c.

V.

For honour, let honesty, stand in your view;
To freedom be constant, to liberty true.
Let me tell you, my Friends! the right nail you have hit
If you fix on the man that is a friend to old Pitt.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

Let no low-minded motives your principles shake,
But weigh the scale well for your safety is at stake.
For him that has honour and truth for his plan
Give your voices, my Boys! and it is S———e is the man.
Derry down, &c.

ANOTHER.

I.

Now the half-famish'd poet find fault with good cheer,
And force'd to drink water despise our brown beer:
Then there's truth in full bumpers it can't be deny'd;
Then toss off your glasses——let Truth be our guide.
Derry down, &c.

II.

Poor Lewis the Little full fatally knows
That beef gives us courage to batter our foes;

Now the Sicilian, now knighted, that finches on the
board,
Now in times of preferment he ruled my Lord,
Deep crown, &c.

VII.

Let the Scribiers cry laine; they 're a finical tribe!
Who see me, like our betters, sometimes take a bribe!
If with these my circulars properly——made
Convey hay, and high like a founder'd old jade,
Deep crown, &c.

VIII.

Let a beaten no longer——our candidates fame
Nor their honour, or worth, and of publick esteem
Nor the well for these Britain, her freedom and laws,
If truth, and right carry, they headlock our cause.
Deep crown, &c.

IX.

Let not the opposites be right understood,
That contend in smoak for their countryes good:
Their danger alarums us of glory emmends,
Our lives and our honours are safe in such hands.
Deep crown, &c.

X.

That they both have their merits is mad be aheard:
Now turn of cool Reason keep forth from the sword:
Which expedience can balance the day,
Give Sumpsimus, my Boys! it is for——. Hands!
Deep crown, &c.

ANOTHER.

I.

Where the rich Wear* with wand'ring grace
In gay profusion runs,
The guardian Genius of the place
Revolv'd his fweeteſt tones,
The burthen of his ſacred ſtrain
Was "Shafloe live! live generous Vane!

II.

"Where Durham lifts her ſacred piles,
"Rever'd in Gothick pride,
"And Wiſdom with meridian ſmiles
"Expands on every ſide,
"Diſtinguiſh'd in bright Honour's train
"Stand Shafloe and illuſtrious Vane.

III.

"The noble hearts that truth refines,
"(With conſcious worth to plate)
"More uſeful than Peruvian mines,
"Add virtues to the ſtate;
"Such peerleſs virtues as remain
"With Shafloe and illuſtrious Vane.

IV.

"Confirm, my Senſe! confirm my choice,
"And call my fav'rites forth,
"Since Fame approves the gen'ral voice,
"And merit ſtamps their worth.

* The river Wear that runs through the city of Durham.

"Nose can you scent a rose unblown
"Like Chaloe and Undyne fair?" 2

V.

The Genius said—from every part
Replete like lightning rays
Convulsion hit each glowing heart,
And each it thus amazes.
Insatiate thirst for knowledge fires
With Shahee fire—hope, soul rises! 10

ABDIC.

I.

Entranc'd above the lovely girl
While raptures fill'd each vein,
And as I quick'd my wondering breast
It heaved high pain. 4

II.

So fair a calm in each a part,
Betrays a peaceful mind,
Which any trouble that may beset
Would heavily be combin'd. 8

III.

A sudden sadness Zephyral fled
I cannot tell whence it came,
But oh! the ever lingering dread
That anguish gave my soul a pang. 12

A SONG,

SENT TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

Tune—The Lass of Patie's Mill.

I.

YES, ev'ry flow'r that blows
I pass'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanting Rose
Met his i my wand'ring eye.

II.

It breath'd ev'ry breeze
That wanton'd o'er the lawn,
Or trembled thro' the trees
To meet the morning beam.

III.

To deck that beauteous maid
Its fragrance can't excel;
From heav'n celestial shade
Its diamonds clearness fell.

IV.

And as her balmy breath
So Chloe's breast the paints,
The queen of Beauty greets
The gentle queen of flow'rs.

SONGS.

I.

What have I not had to try me,
Nor had Cupid of the pride,
Cruel death to prove his might
In the prime of life and lie
Still?

II.

What are beauty, royal wealth,
Youth, youth, and holy health?
Without eye that answer brings
Impotent unwilling things!

III.

Could Shepherd's patience,
Still be tender, still fancy,
Love and Time united do
Wonders like Death be true.

A TEETER-PART CATCH.

'Tis in vain—the rich blessing that summer
To conquer our horrors or lighten the load;
A hill fresh in the mind, neither time heals common
In a flesh-and-teeth picture, but still there remains
Let us comfort, consoling this Pippa Passes
Sing an answer the good that fall cannot kill me;

THE TOAST.

A CATCH.

Give the Toast—my good fellow! be jovial and gay;
And let the brisk moments pass jovial away.
There's the King—Take your bumpers, my brave
British souls!
Who guards your fair Freedom should crown
full bowls.
Let him live—long and happy, see Lewis be-
down,
And calls all the comforts, no cares, a crown.

A SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO MISS ——.

I.

When Flora decks the trembling bow'rs
In elegant array,
And flutters all her op'ning flow'rs
A compliment to May,

II.

With glowing joy my bosom beats,
I gaze delighted round,
And wish to fix the various sweets
In one rich nosegay bound.

III.

'Tis granted,—and their home display'd
To bless my wondring view;
I see them,—my beauteous Maid!
I see them all,—you.

EPISTLES.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

Ye bashful virgins, nicely coy,
Whose rapture lofs,
And fhrink at untafted joy
Each fearful thrill refufe;

Fly you—the pleading conflict try'd,
Who fare to conquer—fly?
The prize—the fhared dear wife'd,
Tis peevifh to deny.

Nor will, my Pet, the Widow's name
Aught gracelefs with you dill,
The god of love has form'd a fcheme
Quite pliant to your will.

Come, take me to thy twining arms,
(Whifper'd with warm defire)
Where, conquer'd by fuch mighty charms,
A woman might expire.

O try

TO CHLOE,

WEARY ILL HUMOUR.

I.

Come hither, sweet Maid! and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breast;
Dost not know haughty behaviour
Will fade all thy charms in the best.

II.

The smile which can only delight you,
Does should a base conquest unite;
The follies among which you're all night you,
Are objects of awful surprize.

III.

'Tis thus when good humour declines
Its blushes o'er the face of a fair,
Within nature his heart a man loses,
Which knows then love no despair.

TO MR. ——

I.

Come, Colin, if I granted you future access,
To whisper and dance with the fair;
And then advances, it is yours to give place;
Would not, and at distance revere?

Nor trade the forest maid with your jargon of love,
Ply her like as you [illegible]
Your calls—your [illegible]—your [illegible]
Not fly out the cub as you [illegible]

For folly and [illegible]
[illegible]
'Tis enough you could not [illegible]
Laugh—[illegible]—make [illegible]

No end yet on [illegible] thinks you 're sure
Made only for [illegible]
Like a [illegible], held for a while in the [illegible],
You 'll die undistinguished [illegible]

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS

[illegible]

Aware as fame [illegible],
Let coxcombs worth be [illegible];
Why have you [illegible]
And [illegible]

Dan Phœbus did with [illegible]
Your genius [illegible]
And many a [illegible]
From Nobody to make

APOLLO

TO THE COMMANDER OF MAKRONNESE.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

APOLLO TO MR. C——F——,

WHO WAS BEING SAVAGELY BEATEN BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Whether he merits your lyre or not
You've still more to determine:
I with my friend consider'd not
The beat of all surveying swains.
A wretched cause to be worth our care
Unless that we'd the world know:
Are you for some romantic fame to spare
Or pay you what you've undone.

PROLOGUES.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the opening of the Theatre at York, after it was elegantly enlarged.

Once on a time, his copious wounds permitting,
(Your Heathen gods were always fond of feasting)
Jove rambled near the cot of aged Philemon,
When night accosted by a trapped came on,
And as the rain fell pattering better faster,
The doting traveller'd the kind for shelter.

Philemon pitch'd his Godship's table before him,
While Goody Dame made the fire thus dry'd him:
With more benevolence than ease that richer,
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And fond to give his guest a mark of pleasure,
Sung a rough song in his rude country measure.

Jove was so pleas'd with their guest-starr'd fables,
Philemon's cot he turn'd to a palace.

Taste, like great Jupiter, came here to try us;
(Oh! from the hopes we perceived her by us)
Whether he lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
Whether the land that we drain'd her favours.
I know not; but it is certain he commanded
Our humble theatre should be expanded.

The orders she preserv'd were heavily united
But, like Parliament's horse, when Rage ascended,
And threw the friendly guides that kept her great,
'Tis in that circle [pointing to the boxes] she delights to
meet ye.
Returns would fix her settlement with Honours,
But she prefers obl Vote to Acres or Arbours. 16

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the opening an elegant little Theatre at Wells.

From Shakespeare—Johnson—Congreve—Vanbrugh
—and others—
The laurell'd life, the true Parnassian breeders
Flutter see'ze first, by their dispersive shadows,
To scare your homes, and to claim your devotion. 4
Our hopes are flatter'd with the fair's completion!
Beauty and Wit were always in alliance;
Their mutual force reforms the rude exterior,
And Taste is determin'd by their hyperbolic.
The Tragick Muse presents a darkly mirror,
Where Vice betrays her ugly form with terrour, 12
And as the fiend disperses—shrill, & whistles—
Imperial Virtue is with glee rewarded.
The Comick glass, from wanton gravity wrinkled,
Shews tops and locks of every clime—the fools
It marks the fair coquet's unfruitful dealings, 18
And proves that laughter pinches many heels
failings.

For faults that flow from habit more than mind
To shield with breadth each [illegible] whole human kind.
Now for our bark — the veiled sky and tide,
New built — new rigg'd (pointing to the scene) with
canvas — that will ride.
Let her but live — be miracle thus fair'd,
Before the naval knight he hardly dared:
For she with heart and limb we brave together
To regain India's trade command the weather.
Our helpers four — our people gaze around us
Till this fair circle with their cheers unbound us.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the Tragedian Whitby, in sailing dress.

Yes the wild waves unwilling more to roam,
And by this kind Affection call'd for home,
Wean the bold youth that ev'ry climate tries
'Twixt the blue bottom — 'twixt the Line and Ice —
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
When glowing cottages, by fancy drest,
What fond reminders, expand his breast!
In the full happiness he forms in flow
Doubts — dangers — and fatigues, are felt no more. 10
Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn,
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return,
With such warm ardour you behold us meet,
To lay once more our labours at your feet.

Not without hope your patronage we crave—
We bend with gratitude for favours past
That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,
Rode o'ry gale—nor fluttered in a splinter.
We bow to Beauty—at whose tender throne
And thank our patrons when we humbly mount the
hill—full—extend your gentle influence to-night,
That we may anchor long in Wisby's haven, &c.

A PROLOGUE.

Spoke in the Character of a Country Gentleman's Daughter, Newly-arrived.

How! my Mother! where? [Looking
We're come to see what all the world comes to,
Sad, stupid life!—you'll be long without me,
I'll walk their quarters and look about me.
[Retires.

Tom and Dick Trapstick are there!—I hear you!
Tell 'em to keep a little still, &c.—I must look
Sad 'as from life!—I'll hold back of my
In three weeks time he'll begin to speak
She loves your plays; he's afraid
She calls 'em—Mons. Rules make
Your Black figure beside the
And I myself (as far) have read—Addison

At London, Sirs! when Sal and I were courting,
I would not we'ry nigh a playhouse passing.
Well, I could like 'em and their whole 'parates,
But for their fiddlers and their dauce'd farces.
Where are the merry fools of girls and wits, Newton?
That pity——" God save the King," and "Money
Well——tho' the figure's not for me to be said
[Looking about.
'Tis long enough!——it is clever for the size on't;
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-Lane or Common-Garden.
[A shout.] Avast!——A signal for the lunch, I fancy!
What, say you Sam, and Dick, and Bob, and Nancy?
Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barge so stylish
Shall's yes, and I, and Sal, come for them mighty?
The jolly crew will do their best endeavours;
They'll grudge no labour to delight your favours:
A lucky fair they swear can ne'er befall 'em
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you——sup 'em.

A PROLOGUE,

TO LOVE AND FAME.

Epsom on Sea, brought.

Where is this author? [Looking.]——Bid the wretch appear;
Let him come in, and wait for judgment——here;

* To the Gallery.

This awful jury all impatience wait;
Let him come in, Boy, and save his fate.
Strange, very strange, if such a piece succeeds!
Punish the culprit for his vile misdeeds!
Know ye to-night that his performances were
Have turn'd good Christians now—Heathens Turks!
And if the genius ne'er offend hereby,
In his next trip he 'll conjure us to the sky.

Methinks I hear him say—"for mercy's sake
"Hold your rash tongue—my heart and knees quake
"When you behold me—shiver—tremble—think
"'Tis cruelty to make my wives a jest.
"Well—if you will—but why should I dread it?
"My judges are as merciful as just;
"I know them well, have oft their friendship tried,
"And their protection is my boast—my pride.

Hoping to please he form'd this humbling plan;
Hoping to please! 'tis all the Muses can.
Faith! let him keep, as I've oft form'd prayers,
With your kind favour—keep his fervent airs:
Try to approve (applaud we will attempt)
Nor crush the budding merit in its infant bud.
Could he write up to all this theme shows,
There 's mark'd upon the register of fame
A subject—but in vain the warmth he sees,
Wonder must paint when it is a G—rick's praise.

A PROLOGUE,

On opening the New Theatre in Newcastle, 1766.

Is to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To drive the self-destroying passions hence,
With breath meet to kiss an enemy's cause;
If these kind motives can command applause,
For these the modern stage her portals draws.
Does not the poet, thus exalt by praise,
Like us be told that he has earn'd the bays?
Is not the wretch (still trembling for his fate)
Pleas'd when he grasps a plentiful estate?
Cheers not the mariner propitious seas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliss?
To ev'ry pleasure we 'Humphry with—Yes.
Suppose then gratify'd—their full delight
Falls short of ours on this auspicious night,
When rich in happiness—in hopes blest,
Take her receipt—to our fervent test.
O that the soul of action were but ours,
And the soft energy of vocal pow'rs!
That we might make a gracefu[illegible] bow,
For these kind judges that in action sit.
Before such judges we confess with dread
Those new dominions we presume to tread;

For if you smile we'll gladly do our best,
And leave your favours gratefully the rest.

A PROLOGUE,

TO THE MUSES.

Addressed to the Stage from the celebrated Poet of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, Shakespeare.

"To form a little work of nervous prose,
To give the sleepy finger a nobler spirit,
To touch a learned string and not defile her,
This was the plan proposed by our Compiler.
The Caution told him——the presumption is
Dauntlessly say'd, "It is but nobly daring!
"Can we gentler pathos more than Ariel,
"Star with the golden measure lamp'd dramatick?
"Here are no Lears—in measur'd pace that wept,
"No modern tragedy—so lifeless! so insipid!
"Wrought by a Muse—(so sacred fire debarr'd her)
"'Tis nervous! noble! it has true northern ardour!"
Methinks I hear the Grecian bard exclaiming,
(The Grecian bard! no longer worth the naming)
"To sing the northern tribes so far surpass us,
"Give us their Highland hills they'll soon possess us,
"And from the sacred mouse decrees shall follow
"That Ossian was himself—the true Apollo."

Spite of his fault—this high poetick fury;
Trembles for the verdict of his jury.
On his text he ne'er presum'd to wander,
Gives the native Ossian to your candour,
As an impartial judgment we submit him;
Condemn—or rather (if you can) acquit him.

A PROLOGUE,

TO RULE A WIFE.

Spoken at Edinburgh.

'Tis an old portrait that the poet drew;
A strange irregular he sets in view!
Amongst us—thank Heav'n—the character is un-
(Bards have creative faculties we own) [known,
And this appears a picture from his brain,
Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.
Should we the portrait with the sex compare,
'Twould add new honours to the northern fair;
Their merit 's by the foil conspicuous made,
And they 'd seem brighter from contrasting shade.
Shade were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
Nor should such antiquated maxims hold.
Shall subject man assert superiour sway,
And dare we but the angel-sex obey?
Or if permitted to partake the throne,
Despotick call the reigns of pow'r his own!

Forbid it all that 's gracious—that 's polite!
(The fair to liberty have equal right)
Nor urge the tenet tho' from Heedless' lips
That ev'ry husband has a right to rule.
A matrimonial medium may be had
Where neither governs, but where both subsist.
The nuptial torch with decent brightness burns
Where male and female condescend by turns:
Change then the phrase, the horrid text amend,
And let the word Obey—— be Condescend.

A PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. Digges, on opening the Edinburgh Theatre in 1763.

To rectify some errors that of late
Had crept into the bolom of our Bard?
To cure Propriety, a barren chafe!
To make strong leagues 'twixt Novelty and Taste;
To alter—re-adapt—to plan—reform,
To spare no pains to make the drama thrive;
These are the labours that to-night commence,
By Beauty's sanction'd, and approv'd by Sense.
Suppose here Corydon—fresh country swain,
Enamour'd of fome Phillis of the plain,
At early dawn should seek the dappled glade
To form a nosegay for the fav'rite maid;

* The Roses. † The Pea.

When he had crept the beauties of the banks,
And cull'd the faireſt from the flow'ry ranks,
He 'd range in order ev'ry blooming ſweet,
And lay the little chaplet at her feet.
  In the fair fields of fancy we 'll expleore,
And ſeach the gardens of dramatick lore,
Of choiceſt fragrance and of various hue,
To form theſe chaplets we compoſe for you.
  Now to attack you in a martial ſtrain!
We hope to gather laurels this campaign;
And that our plan of action may ſucceed,
Have march'd freſh forces from beyond the Tweed.
Yet, as young ſoldiers may be damp'd by fear,
(Tho' univerſal patronage be here)
Let me beſpeak before the curtain riſe
Some kind impreſſions for our new ſupplies.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at Edinburgh, on Mrs. Bellamy's firſt Appearance there.

In early days, when errour ſway'd mankind,
The ſcene was cenſur'd and the ſtage confin'd
As the fine arts a wider range ſupply'd
Old Prejudice grew fainter——droop'd——and dy'd.
  Merit from fanction muſt deduce her date
If ſhe 'd arrive at a meridian height;

From fanction in the Engliſh ſtage become
Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.
If from this ſtage an actreſs fill'd with fears,
Now to this northern ſome, to-night appears,
Intent—however unequal to the fight,
To hit—what critics call—the *happy right*;
She builds not on your ſiſter's * fond applaufe,
But timidly to you ſubmits her cauſe:
For taſte refin'd may as judicial ſit
Here—as the hundred in an Engliſh pit.
Your plaudit muſt remove the ſtranger's fear;
The ſons of Genius are the leaſt ſevere.
Some favour from the fair ſhe 's ſure to find;
So ſweet a circle cannot but be kind.
Then to your candid patronage ſhe 'll truſt,
And hopes you gracious—as we know you juſt.

A PROLOGUE,

On reviving The Merchant of Venice, *at the Time the Jew had paſſed for ſome Years.*

'Twixt the ſons of the ſtage, without penſions or places,
And the vagabond Jews, are ſome ſimilar caſes;
Since time out of mind, or they 're wrong'd much by ſlander,
Both lawleſs alike have been ſentenc'd to wander;

* London.

Then faith it is full time we appeal to the nation
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on.
Land that would it so uncivil!—it is to irritate us
[teach it!
But it is Hebrew, I believe, and that is take, as I
[take it.
Well—now to the point—I am for him here with
[commission
To present at this fair circle our humble petition;
But conscious what hopes we should have of succeeding
Without (as they phrase it) a handsel bleeding,
And convinc'd we 've no funds, nor old gold we can
[raise up,
Like our good father—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,
We must frankly confess we have brought to present ye
For the Highest sacrifice—they 'll be content ye.
This Shylock the Jew, whom we mean to offer ye,
We 've nail'd fast by your foreskin, believe ye;
Then take him to-night to your kindest compassion,
And to countenance Jewish in the pink of the fashion, as

PROLOGUE.

For New Drury Lane, by Dr. Goldsmith, The Good of a Whole the Object of Laws.

In those old times, when Time's unwieldy hand,
With lengthened strides and fatal glory fir'd,
Our mighty Shakespeare's deeds immortal made,
And across Europe bore the Muse's wonders wide,
In those old times, (Old Prologues always say
What many hopeful managers would be glad
Now to be told) the stage was in its infancy.
Players were like Gipsies: Thespis, the ancient Cressé,
Drove in his wain to Bath the motley piece,
And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse,
The Drama bore upon its back the cumbrous car
Which served to carry the whole Thespian train.
Like those our humble Roscius's cradle birth
Was mean and low, we candidly confess,
But give you Nature in her homeliest dress:
Scenes were unknown, the mantle served for knight,
A cobweb in the dungeon served for lighting
The distressed damsel; the clown's head was thatch,
For if you came Shakespeare's clowns to hear,
You might even have it from the cobbler's candle,
Since the last century's left few in single sixpences.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE RECRUITING OFFICER *.

Spoke at Shrewsbury, where the Recruiting Officer is said to have been raised that Comedy.

From the fair mansions of illustrious Hades,
From groves of bays, perfum'd immortal meads,
Should Farquhar deck'd with deathless laurels come
Obedient to his once Recruiting drum;
Coelestique to-night of the superiour grace,
The nobler beauties, that adorn this place,
Here would be fix—Cowper's here abide,
And change Elysium for the Severn's side.
Let bustling Rome of arts Maecenas tell,
Coustets are those that by the Severn dwell;
Parnassus' Mount let future bards divide,
Hark! how the Wrekin† hoarse the sound
Swells in the notes of Farquhar and of Parnell!
Sabrina‡ fairest nymph that glides along,
Winding and various as her Farquhar's song,

* To Farquhar dedicated his play of the Recruiting Officer to his friends.

† The Wrekin, a remarkable mountain in this county of Salop, not far from Shrewsbury.

‡ The principal stream for the river Severn.

Indulgent smil'd to bless the Poet's toil,
And Knight, his boys blessed Health, and own'd the
gay rose-bud.

Here—Beauty blooms, with social sweetness mix'd!
Here—true Politeness has her standard fix'd!
Here—let the Muse her sacred numbers swell,—
And here let sportive Wit and gay-dress'd Humour
dwell!

O, may our boundary labours find
The brave propitious and the generous kind!
So may Caledon plains their Hopes repay
Ne'er know a blight, but wear perpetual May!

EPILOGUES.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke at Edinburgh by Mrs. Billington in the Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra.

The Queen now sinks beneath the Egyptian
In finely drawn, it glows in the description:
But modern beauty can't or won't imitate its fashion,
So many different parts divide the nation.
The man of taste dislikes the fair'ning paffion;
The connoisseur is charm'd at—the fashion;
The *bon vivant* prefers the form conviv'al;
And Phillis in a cattle finds a rival;
Befides the gentle race—*the petit maitres!*
The let indelible of happy *traits*;
So coy—fo cold—that beauty ne'er can warm 'em;
So nice, that nothing but themselves can charm 'em.
But hold—I run too fast without reflection,
(Each gen'ral rule admits of fome exception.)
Here * is to fhow'd imperial Beauty governs,
And there† the conquer'd fex adore their fov'reigns.
Let me—to wave this fpeculative—declare
The grateful homage of an heart fincere:
I feel your favours with refin'd delight,
And glory in my patrons of to-night.

* Boxes. † Pit.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke at Drury-lane in the Character of Miss Fairly.

Fame, wealth, of parentage both,
And Folly, which our gentlefolks call sloth,
Set up to rule the world, whisper'd deceit,
And Pleasure, a large contribution brought to her.
The fresh-faced country-lord of this our maid,
And eased her (till her pow'r became defunct)
Till every wond'ring beauty in the nation
Did homage to the throne of Affectation.
But Common Sense will certainly disprove her,
And (had she two faces in this place) disown her.
If she attempts the simpering Belle delightful,
The dimpled smile of affectation's frightful.
Mark but her languish—her whine—her whisper—
Hark'ee!—her lisp—her pause—glance—her simper:
All-aware, ah!—native charms abuse her,
And Ridicule would soon expire without her.
Look for a grace and Affectation hides it,
If Beauty aims at arrow the mischief is:
So awkwardly the meads entrancing lasses,
To fit Spilley for graces—princesses.
Without her dear-respected arts to aid 'em
True ladies would be just as—Nature made 'em;
Such feeble—forceless—domestick creatures,
The jest of modern *beaux* and *petit-maîtres*.

Safe with good sense this circle 's not in danger,
But as the foreign phantom 's—here a stranger
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her;
For trust me, Ladies! she 'd deform your faces,
And with a single glance destroy the Graces.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke at Norwich in the Character of Mrs. Deborah Woodcock, in Love in a Village.

As o'er the dangers of a long probation,
When, sibyl like, the 's skill'd in penetration;
When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,
And risen above the reach of mirth or pain;
When deeply mellow'd with reserve and rigour,
When decent gravity adorns her figure,
Why as old maid, I will the wife would tell us,
Should be the leading jest of fops and fellows.
In maxims sage, in eloquence how clever!
Without a subject she can talk—for ever!
And in oblivion can bring a sentence pat in,
And quote upon occasion lawyers' Latin.
Set up that toast, that culprit, *solus amoris*;
'Tis done—and she 's demolish'd in *terrorem*.
If an old maid 's a dragon of a duty
To guard the golden fruit of aspiring beauty,

'Tis right, for fear the giddy fex fhould wander,
To keep them in retreat by decent fanden.
When flips are made it is eaſy ſure to find 'em;
We can detect before the fair deſign'd them.

As for the men, whoſe future oft hath ſtung us,
Many there are that may be ſaid among us,
Law, with long ſuits and buſy miſchiefs laden,
In rancour far exceeds the ſudden maiden.
'Tis uſuall'd, and the affertion 's common,
That modern Phyſick is a mere old woman.
The prony fop that ſimpers o'er his tea diſh,
And cries—Indeed!—Miſs Deborah 's—quite ſick!
Old doubtful fex, of undetermin'd nature,
In all reſpects is but a virgin creature.

Jeſting apart, and more in truth deſigning,
There 's nothing in the ſtate itſelf diſguſting:
Old maids, as well as matrons bound in marriage,
Are valu'd from propriety of carriage:
If gentle ſenſe, in decent direction, guide 'em,
It matters not tho' cenſorbus may deride 'em:
And virtue in virgin, be the maid ne'er wedded,
A certain truth! ſay—Deborah Woodcock ſaid it.

AN EPILOGUE.

To the Muse of Ossian, Spoke at Edinburgh.

Let Fancy reign creative;
Where among the northern hills is native
The northern hills, it is prov'd by Ossian's story,
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
Nor could the thorny clime, with all its rigour,
Repel its lovers war the hero's vigour.

When Morna all the youth disdain'd to ponder,
And he fought the fair—the maid grew fonder.
The brave by beauty were rejected never,
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
The bard at home had ev'ry power descriptive;
He lov'd the sacred song, enhanc'd the story,
And rais'd the warriour to the skies of glory.

That northern lads are full unconquer'd fellows
The faces of Britain to their cost can tell us.
The sway of northern beauty if disputed,
Look round, ye infidels, and stand confuted.
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known
They 're such—the sacred Ossian can't disown 'em.
To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
And that your usual candour reigns among you,
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
And fill up it with the fanction of your favour.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoken in the Character of Lady Townly, in the Provoked Husband.

AT Lady---Let me recollect---what's night is it?
No matter---at a circle the prized,
Table fummons all the fairs fhe is able,
And carriages my conduct to the table.
" A wife reclaim'd, and began husband's vigour,
" A wife with all her appetites in vigour,
" Lard! fhe muft make a lamentable figure!
" Where was her pride? of ev'ry fpark divefted,
" To mend breeds a prudifh husband preft'd it!
" What! to prefer his dull domeftick quiet
" To the dear fcenes of hurricane and riot?
" Parties difdain'd, the happy rout rejected,
" Becaufe at ten fhe 's by her fpoufe expected?
" Oh hideous! how immodeftly out of nature!
" Don't you, my Dears! defpife the fervile creature?"
Prudence, altho' the company be good,
Is often heard, and fometimes underftood.
Suppofe, to juftify my information,
She 'd give the circle this concife oration.
" Ye giddy group of fafhionable Wives!
" That in contempt d not make your lives,
" Did ye but fee the demons that defend,
" The cares fcarr'd five that on cards attend,

"The midnight sportress chus surround your chairs,
"(Stage residents here---fair ev. Anne so despairs)
"Vow'd oath for shelter where contentment lies,
"To the domestick blessings you despise.
"Or if you've managed to moral duty, [ty.
"(This nine hours rule)---Quadrille will murder Beau-
Taste is shock'd, (the culprit;) I'm acquitted; 30
They praise the character they lately pity'd:
They promise to relent---relinquish play,
So break the tables up at---break of day.

AN EPILOGUE,

Design'd to be spoke at Alnwick, on resigning the Playhouse to a Party detached from the Edinburgh Theatre.

To Alnwick's lofty Tow'r, a Syrian scene!
To rising hills from distance doubly green,
Go---says the god of Wit, my standard bear,
Theirs are the mansions of the great and fair *;
'Tis my Olympus now; go spread my banners there.
Led by kind Hope the pointed path we trace, 6
And thank'd our patron for the flow'ry place.
Here---we behold a gently waving wood,
There---we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood.
The landscape smiles---the fields gay fragrance wear;
Soft scenes are all around---refreshful air: 11
Slender repast indeed, and but chameleon fare.

* The Earl and Countess of Northumberland, Lord and Lady Wordsworth, &c.

A troop at certain times compell'd to flit,
And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift,
By tyrant managers a while configu'd
To forage on what forage they can find,
With levelled force our liberty invades,
And fain would thrust us from their fav'rite shades;
But we (since Prejudice cracks her whip,
And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
To stronger holds with cool direction run,
And leave the conquerors to be—undone.

With gratitude full we'll acknowledge the favours
So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours:
To the great and the fair we reft thankfully debtors,
And with we could say we gave place to our betters.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. G——, at her Benefit.

UNTAUGHT to tread the Idalt's various maze,
And quite unpractis'd in pastick lays,
I'll tell my simple tale in plain familiar phrase.

In farmer's yard I 've seen a housewife stand,
Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand,
Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,
Whilst all the neighb'ring poultry gathers round.

Bold Chanticleer, in shining plumage gay,
Struts on before, and leads the well-known way;

His candour here, his guiltless chatt'ring train,
Impatient to devour the golden grain;
Next talks the turkey cock above the rest,
With rosy gills and elevated chest;
The screaming goose and waddling duck come last,
Alike partakers of the free repast.

The breakfast done, behold! each thankful guest,
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jest)
With insolence and pamper'd pride elate,
Presumes his bizarre host provide him meat, [eat.
And thinks the fortune hand'd him hevouchsaf'd to

A linnet perching on a neighb'ring tree
The well-provided banquet chanc'd to see;
She lights, and mingling with the motley crew
Feasted, as luck or free expense will do;
Then singing from the mercenary throng,
Repaid the gen'rous donor with a song.

Could well-wrought numbers with my will agree,
The grateful linnet you'd behold in me;
But doom'd to silence from my want of skill,
Accept, kind Patrons! of a warm good-will.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke by a Child of nine Years old.

As the wise ones within have told me it is com-
For chits of my age to be aping the woman, [mon

To prove that I 'resemble as well as another.
Could I do't—I'm forward—in spite of my mother.
Don't call me, papa!—They shall know how the case
I'm not to be cheated in my airs and my graces; 'tis
I was born a coquette—and by Gad! I must be;
I can ogle already—look pretty, and smile;
And I'll practise new gestures each night and each
morning.
'Gainst I march in my teens—for I give you warning,
Tho' I must be petulant with nothing but laugh-
ter,
Look well to your heart, Beaux!—I'll whip ye
hereafter.
Have patience then, pray, and by practice growa
I'll promise to please all five to any or older.

14

EPIGRAMS.

AN EPIGRAM.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Paſs'd Sawney with his budget,
The poet was in a cart of ſtate,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney ſhall receive the praiſe
His Lordſhip would parade for;
One 's debtor for his dapple greys,
And th' other's ſhoes are paid for.

ANOTHER.

To Wadeall, whoſe eyes were juſt cloſing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door; [breath,
"In peace," cry'd the wretch, "let me give up my
"And Fate will ſoon rub out my ſcore."

"Come, Bailiffs," cries Doll, "(how I'll hamper this [cheat!)
"Let the law be no longer deley'd;
"I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,
"And by G——d he ſha' n't die till I 'm paid."

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

Says Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead."
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:
"Old Rancour the report hath spread;
"But Genius cannot die."

EPIGRAM.

Could Kate for Dick concede the Cordon Bleu,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to cajole her spouse.

IMITATIONS.

ANACREON,

ODE V. IMITATED.

THE ROSE.

Sing Roſes in the ſprightly juice
Prepar'd for every feſtal uſe,
So ſhall the earthly nectar prove
A draught for all-imperial Jove.
Ourſelves, with roſy chaplets bound,
Shall ſing and tie the goblet round.
Thee, ever gentle Roſe! we greet;
We worſhip thee, delicious Sweet!
For tho' by mighty gods careſt
You deign to make us mortals bleſt.
The Cupids and the Graces fair
With myrtle ſprigs adorn their hair,
And nimbly ſtrike celeſtial ground,
Eternal Roſes blooming round.
Bring us more ſweets ere theſe expire,
And reach me that harmonious lyre;
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial ſon,
Shall lead us to his fav'rite ton:
Among the ſparkling youths and maids,
Beneath the vine's auſpicious ſhades,
For ever young—for ever gay,
We 'll dance the jovial hours away.

ANACREON,

ODE IX. IMITATED.

THE DOVE.

"Tell me," faith, "thy beauteous Dove,
"(If an embaffador from Love)
"Tell me in what laft errand fped
"Thy gentle flight is this way bent?"
"Ambrofial fweets thy pinions fhed
"As in the quiv'ring breeze they fpread?"
"A meffage," fays the Bird, "I bear
"From fond Anacreon to the fair;
"A virgin of celeftial graces,
"The Venus of the Nymph-rank!
"Me for an hymn or amorous ode
"The Paphian Queen commanded!
"To the fweet bard, for whom I daily
"Unwearied to the farthefl fky,
"Thro' the foft air he bade me glide,
"(See to my wing his billet's tyed)
"And told me it was his kind decree
"When I return'd to fet me free,
"'Twould prove me but a fimple bird
"To take Anacreon at his word,
"Why fhould I hide me in the wood,
"Or fcorch for my precarious food,
"When I've my matter's leave to ftand
"Cooing upon his friendly hand?

"When I can be youthful, fair
"With crocks of his auburn'd brand,
"And quiver'd in the master bowl
"By the rich drops that bless the soul,
"Till my fresh'ning pinions o'er his head
"Can float like Batlus the trembling wing
"I press upon my fav'rite lyre,
"I'll hold him between reft
"Sleep steals upon my vapour'd breast.
"Go, Stranger!—to your business—go;
"I've told you all you wish'd to know;
"Go, Stranger!—and I think you'll say
"This prudent Dove's an arrant jay."

ANACREON,

ODE THE THIRD, IMITATED.

WHO did e'er with Love engage?
Why provoke this mighty rage?
True it is the mantling child
Met me wand'ring in the wild,
And beseech'd me (like a friend
At his gentle service) to bend
Those, from any mistaken pride
That the nation ever had,
Till (because I would not) he
Chose that he'd rue to the field.

Love [illegible]
Now the mighty bear is gripp'd,
But an Achilles fear
Would be [illegible]
While the poison'd arrows fly
Hot as lightning from the sky.
Wounded thus the [illegible]
Follow'd still by Beauty's fires;
Arrows in [illegible]
Still the angry archer pours,
Till exhausting all his store,
(When the quiver yields no more)
See the god—— [illegible]
Shoots himself into my heart.
Freedom I must now resign;
Wisdom, all Love's in mine.
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within?

ANACREON,

ODE XL. IMITATED.

O Life, when in a tippling vein,
Drinks torrents of unmeasur'd rain,
Which the tall trees, by heat oppress'd,
Drink from her kind outstretch'd breast.

Left angry Ocean should be dry,
The River-gods their horns supply;

The monarch of the glowing Day
Drinks large potations from the sea;
And the pale empress of the Night
Drinks from his orb propitious light—
All—all things drink—Athenian Sage!
Why should not we our thirst assuage?

ANACREON,

ODE XLIII. IMITATED.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Soon as Aurora gilds the sky,
Hither, gentle Bird! you fly,
And with golden sunshine bleft
Build your pretty purfled neft.
When the Seasons smile no more,
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming Bird! you disappear
Till the kind succeeding year.
Like the Swallow, loved Separt;
Respite for a while my heart.
Stay! ah! never leave his neft,
Tyrant tenant of my breaft!
There a thousand wiles are ey'd
On their yellow wings to fly;
There you may a thousand ply,
Gently peeping thro' the fhell

In a bare mirrill'd dife
Thou lands of a feather fize,
Till their noify chirpings cafe
Never fhall my heart have peace.
Feather'd race the young ings feed
Till nearer they live to be breed;
Then, to fwiftly the eternal flies,
They prune their wings and thoufands more
Nor can weigh a maidman's grave
In my breaft their reft interr.

ANACREON.

ODE XXVIII. IMITATED.

As I view with wonder fore
Where for a virgin's hire,
Crafty for my fond defign
What the fkilful both confine,
Cupid—and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowfip bell,
While he plum'd a painted fly,
Fraud to inflame the fport.

Chirping with unlifom joy
Perfect Summ the boy,
And regardless of harm
Bore the lamb fupplied with
Where the merry gobler flood
Teafing with a rofe bud.

"Urchin!" in rage I cry'd,
"What cruels they heart fo hard

"From thy busy vengeance free
"Triumph now belongs to me:
"Thus——I drown thee in my cup;
"Thus——in wine I drink thee up."—
Fatal was the nectar'd draught
That to murder Love I quaff'd;
O'er my bosom's fond domains
Now the cruel tyrant reigns,
On my heart's soft tender strings
Striking with his wanton wings.
Never ever doom'd to prove
All the infolence of Love.

IMITATION,

FROM ANACREON.

Fill me that capacious cup,
Fill it to the margin up:
From my veins the thirsty Day
Quaffs the vital Strength away.
Let a wreath my temples bind
Fresh from the enamell'd field;
Those declining roses how
Blasted by my sultry brow.
Now'rets by their friendly aid
From the sunbeam form a shade;
Let me from my heart require,
(Glowing with incens'd desire)
Is there in the deepest grove
Shelter from the beams of Love?

THE DANCE,

ANACREONTICK.

Hark! the speaking strings invite,
Mirth calls us to delight:
See! the maids in measures move,
Wanton like the train of love:
As they mingle, gaily gay,
Sporting, Bacchus leads the way.

On each glowing cheek is spread
Ruby Cupid's native red,
And from ev'ry sparkling eye
Pointed darts at random fly;
Love and adieu! Youth always
Presents in the sprightly dance.
As the magick numbers rise
Thro' my veins the passion flies;
Raptures not to be express'd
Revel in my throbbing breast:
Around us we beat the ground,
Love and harmony go round.

Every maid (no crown his title)
Gives her youth a ruby kiss;
Such a kiss as might dispose
Tingling raptures—fix desire:
Such Adonis might receive—
Such the queen of Beauty gave

When the conquer'd goddess strove
(In the conscious myrtle grove)
To subdue the boy with love.
Let not pride our sports refrain;
Banish hence the prude Disdain!
Think—ye Virgins! if you 're coy,
Think—ye soft youthfulness of joy;
Every moment you refuse
So much ecstasy you lose:
Think—how fast these moments fly;
If you should too long delay
Love and Beauty both will die.

HORACE,

ODE X. BOOK IV. IMITATED.

Cease, my soul, vain fear, cease,
Always coy and always fair!
Should unwith'd for languor spread
O'er that beauteous white and red;
Should those locks that sweetly play
Down those shoulders fall away,
And that lovely bloom that glows
Fairer than the fairest rose,
Should it fade, and leave thy face
Spoil'd of every killing grace;
Should your glass the change betray,
Thus, my Fair, you 'd weeping say,

"Cruel Cupid! does beauty fade,
"Now empty cypress my brows invade?
"And why, while blooming youth did glow,
"Was this heart as cold as snow?"

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS.

IMITATED.

I.

Hail! thou eternal beauty's theft,
Of heav'n and earth ador'd!
Hail, Venus! to thy fane's request
Thy prayer may be reflor'd:
Decoy the fairest female, remove the sparkling heart,
And bid thy cyprus fan from Sappho's fond regret.

II.

From you dissembled, queen of love!
Thy Sappho's bosom defire,
From the high roofs of sacred Jove,
Thy ever glorious tire!
I saw thy lofty pinion'd span cut the bear
Thy chariot rolling light thro' the rejoicing air.

III.

Triumphant with you deign'd,
Their fountain birds depart,
And with a look divinely kind,
Thou look'd my fluttering heart,

"Sappho," fay you, "What forrow breaks thy reft?
"How can I give relief to thy conflicting breaft?

IV.

"Is there a youth fevérely coy
"My fav'rite would fubdue?
"Or has the loft fome wand'ring boy,
"To plighted vows untrue?
"Spread thy loft arts, the rambler fhall return,
"And with new lighted flames more fond more
"fiercely burn.

V.

"Thy proffer'd gifts tho' he deride,
"And fcorn thy glowing charms,
"Soon fhall his ev'ry art be try'd
"To win thee to his arms:
"Tho' he be now as cold as virgin fnow,
"The victim in his turn fhall like ours'd flame glow."

VI.

Thee, Goddefs! I again invoke,
Thefe wild defires remove!
Again I 've felt the furious ftroke
Of irrefiftefs love:
Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breaft return,
Or make the youth he loves with mutual ardour burn.

MOSCHUS, IDYLLIUM VII.

AS TRANSLATED BY DR. BROOME.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Hail, youthful Star! of rays serene!
Thou fair, like of the Cyprian queen!
O Hesperus! gay ey'st of the night,
Diffusing thro' the gloom delight,
Whose beams all other stars outvie
As much as silver Cynthia thine;
O! guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
To him I love, my shepherd swain;
He keeps the nightful fault, and begs
Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.
Of brutish lawless robb'd the fold,
Bear the long traveller of gold!
Love is my curse; O! lend thy ray
To guide a lover on her way.
May the bright Star of Venus prove
The grateful harbinger of Love!

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