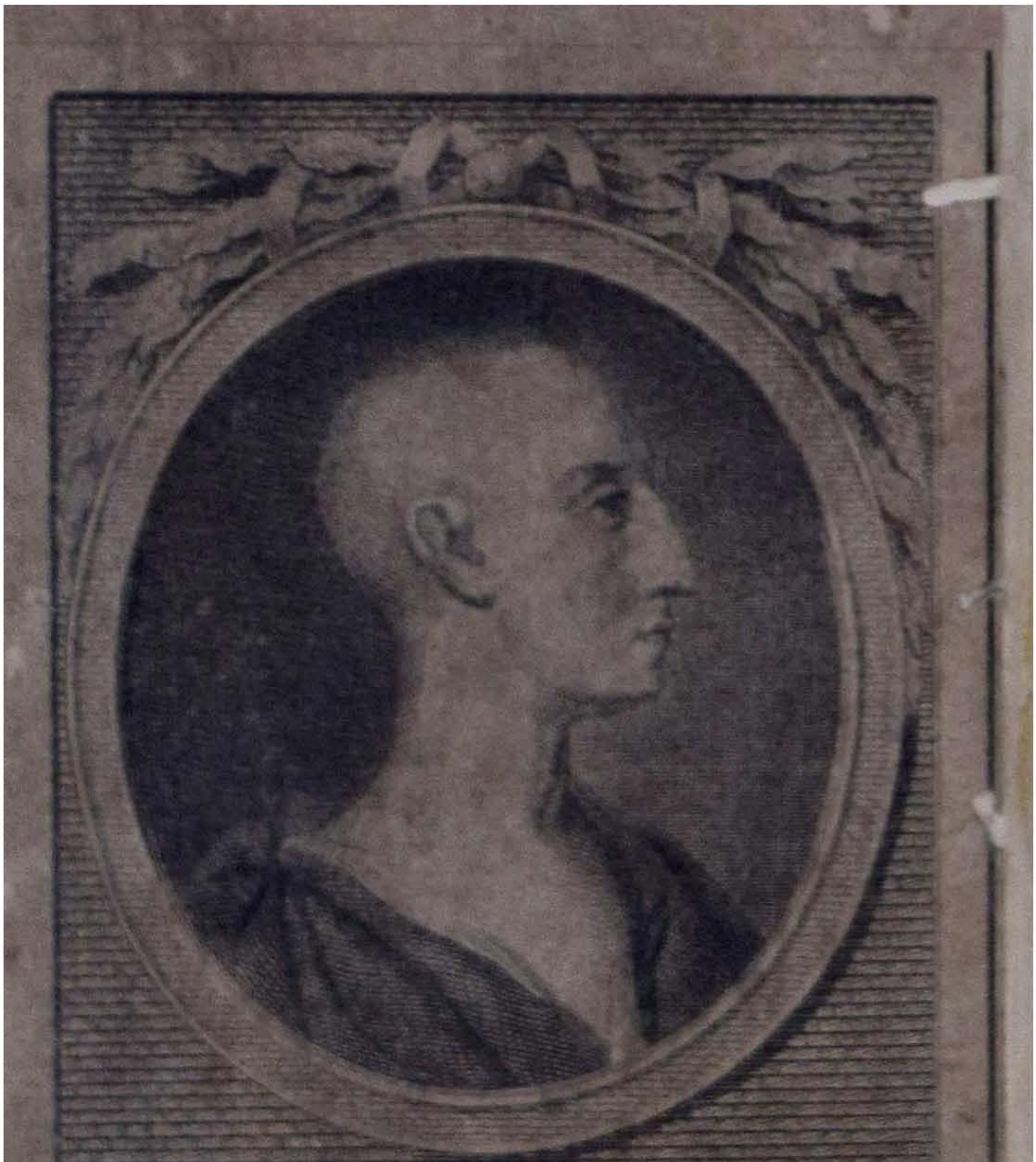


AMBROSE PHILLIPS
1735
Incorrupta fides
Nudaque veritas

Published for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, March 9th 1782

BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



A. PHILIPS.

O come my Love! nor think th'employment mean
The Dams to milk and little Lambkins wean.

P. 80

London Printed for John Bell British Library 13. March 1782.

THE

...AL WORKS

OF

...MBROSE PHILIPS.

CONTAINING HIS

PASTORALS,	SONGS,
EPISTLES,	EPIGRAMS,
ODES,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

800

Let others more ambitious rack their brains
In poliſh'd ſentiments and labour'd ſtrains;
To blooming Phyllis I a ſong compoſe,
And for a rhyme compare her to the roſe,
Then while my fancy works I write down morn,
To paint the bluſh that does her cheek adorn,
And when the whiteneſs of her ſkin I ſhow
With ecſtaſy bethink myſelf of ſnow;
Thus without pains I tinkle in the cloſe,
And ſweeten into verſe inſipid proſe.------
Why then in making verſes ſhould I ſtrain
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?--------
Let me tranſgreſs by nature not by rule,
An artleſs idiot not a ſtudy'd fool,
A Withers not a Rymer, ſince I aim
At nothing leſs in writing than a name.

EPIST. TO A FRIEND.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF AMBROSE PHILIPS.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Studious of eaſe, and fond of humble things,
Below the ſmiles below the frowns of kings,
Thanks to my ſtars, I prize the ſweets of life;
No ſleepleſs nights I count, no days of ſtrife.
Content to live content to die unknown,
Lord of myſelf, accountable to none,
I ſleep, I wake, I drink; I ſometimes love;
I read, I write, I ſettle, and I rove
When and where'er I pleaſe: thus ev'ry hour
Gives ſome new proof of my deſpotick pow'r.
All that I will I can; but then I will
As reaſon bids; I meditate no ill;
And pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.

EPIST. FROM HOLLAND.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

THIS gentleman was deſcended from a very ancient and conſiderable family in the county of Leiceſter, and received his education at St. John's College Cambridge, where he wrote his Paſtorals, and where it is ſaid he firſt paved the way to publick notice by ſome verſes on the death of Queen Mary.

When Mr. Philips quitted the univerſity and repaired to the metropolis he became, as Mr. Jacob phraſes it, one of the wits at Button's, and in conſequence contracted an acquaintance with thoſe geniuſes who frequented Button's houſe, and among others Sir Richard Steele.

In the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne Philips was Secretary to the Hanover Club, a ſet of noblemen and gentlemen who aſſociated in honour of that ſucceſſion. They drank regular toaſts to the health of thoſe ladies who were moſt zealouſly attached to the Hanoverian family, upon whom our Author wrote the following lines:

> While theſe, the choſen beauties of our iſle,
> Propitious on the cauſe of Freedom ſmile
> The raſh Pretender's hopes we may deſpiſe,
> And truſt Britannia's ſafety to their eyes.

After the acceſſion of his late Majeſty Philips was made a Juſtice of the Peace, (about the 1717) and appointed a Commiſſioner of the Lottery; and though

his circumſtances were eaſy the ſtate of his mind was not ſo. He incurred the diſpleaſure of Pope, who treated him with his uſual keenneſs. It was ſaid he uſed to mention Pope as an enemy to the goverment, and that he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in the paper called The Examiner. The revenge which Pope took in conſequence of this abuſe greatly ruffled the temper of Philips, who as he was not equal to him in wit had recourſe to another weapon, in the exerciſe of which no great parts are requiſite. He hung up a rod at Button's, with which he reſolved to chaſtiſe his antagoniſt whenever he ſhould come there; but Pope got notice of this deſign, and very prudently declined coming to a place where in all probability he muſt have felt the reſentment of an enraged author as much ſuperiour to him in bodily ſtrength as inferiour in wit and genius.

When Philips's friend Dr. Boulter roſe to be Archbiſhop of Dublin he went with him into Ireland, where he had conſiderable preferments, and among the reſt was appointed Boulter's Secretary and had a ſeat in the Iriſh Houſe of Commons as repreſentative for the county of Armagh. He was afterwards appointed Secretary to the Lord Chancellor, and in the end (about the 1733) Judge of the Prerogative Court.

Philips continued ſome years in Ireland after the death of his patron, and returned to his native country ſomewhere about the 1748, having purchaſed a

life annuity of 400 *l.* He probably now enjoyed the proſpect of eaſe and tranquillity, but his health failed him, and he died at his lodgings near Vauxhall in ſummer 1749, aged about ſeventy-eight.

Philips by a way of writing very peculiar procured to himſelf the name of Namby Pamby, which was firſt beſtowed on him by Henry Cary, who burleſqued ſome little pieces of his in ſo humorous a manner that for a long while Henry's burleſques paſſed for Swift's with many, and by others were given to Pope: it is certain each at firſt took it for the other's compoſition.

There is little tranſmitted of the perſonal character of Philips, only it is known that he was diſtinguiſhed for bravery and for ſuperiour addreſs in the ſword. To extreme ſuſceptibility of cenſure he added ſolemnity in converſation.

Of Philips's Writings we ſhall ſay ſomething. The poetical letter from Copenhagen, dated 9th May 1709, and addreſſed to the Duke of Dorſet, Sir Richard Steele, who calls it a Winterpiece, mentions in the following terms of approbation: "This is as fine a piece as "we ever had from any of the ſchools of the moſt learn-"ed painters: ſuch images as theſe give us a new plea-"ſure in our ſight, and fix upon our minds traces of "reflection which accompany us whenever the like "objects occur." This ſhort performance was reckoned ſo elegant by men of taſte then living that Pope

himſelf, who had a confirmed averſion to Philips, when he affected to deſpiſe his other writings always excepted this out of the number; nay, mentions it in one of his letters as the production of a man who could write very nobly.

But it was not enough for Sir Richard to praiſe this performance of Mr. Philips; he was alſo an admirer of his Paſtorals, which had then obtained a great number of readers: he was about to form a critical compariſon of Pope's Paſtorals and thoſe of Mr. Philips, giving in the concluſion the preference to the latter. Sir Richard's deſign being communicated to Pope, who was not a little jealous of his reputation, he took the alarm, and by the moſt artful and inſinuating method defeated his purpoſe. The reader cannot be ignorant that there are ſeveral numbers in The Guardian employed on Paſtoral Poetry, and one in particular upon the merits of Philips and Pope, in which the latter is found a better verſifier, but as a true Arcadian the preference is given to Philips. That we may be able to convey a perfect idea of the method which Pope took to prevent the diminution of his reputation we ſhall tranſcribe the particular parts of that paper in The Guardian, No. 40. Monday April the 27th.

"I deſigned to have troubled the reader with no "farther diſcourſes of Paſtorals, but being informed "that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an

"author whoſe eclogues are publiſhed in the ſame vo-
"lume with Mr. Philips's, I ſhall employ this paper
"in obſervations upon him, written in the free ſpirit
"of criticiſm, and without apprehenſions of offend-
"ing that gentleman, whoſe character it is that he
"takes the greateſt care of his works before they are
"publiſhed, and has the leaſt concern for them after-
"wards. I have laid it down as the firſt rule of Pa-
"ſtoral that its idea ſhould be taken from the manners
"of the Golden Age, and the moral formed upon the
"repreſentation of innocence; it is therefore plain
"that any deviations from that deſign degrade a poem
"from being true Paſtoral.

"So eaſy as Paſtoral writing may ſeem, (in the
"ſimplicity we have deſcribed it) yet it requires great
"reading both of the Ancients and Moderns to be
"a maſter of it. Mr. Philips hath given us manifeſt
"proofs of his knowledge of books: it muſt be confeſſ-
"ed his competitor has imitated ſome ſingle thoughts
"of the Ancients well enough, if we conſider he had
"not the happineſs of an univerſity education; but
"he hath diſperſed them here and there without that
"order and method Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe whole
"third Paſtoral is an inſtance how well he ſtudied
"the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly he reduced
"Virgil's thoughts to the ſtandard of Paſtoral; and
"his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightin-
"gale ſhews with what exactneſs he hath imitated

" Strada. When I remarked it as a principal fault to " introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth in " deſcriptions where the ſcene lies in our country, I " did not deſign that obſervation ſhould extend alſo " to animals or the ſenſitive life, for Philips hath " with great judgment deſcribed wolves in England " in his firſt Paſtoral: nor would I have a poet ſla- " viſhly confine himſelf, as Mr. Pope hath done, to " one particular ſeaſon of the year, one certain time " of the day, and one unbroken ſcene, in each eclogue. " It is plain Spenſer neglected this pedantry, who in " his Paſtoral of November mentions the mournful " ſong of the nightingale:

" Sad Philomel her ſong in tears doth ſteep.

" And Mr. Philips by a poetical creation hath raiſed " up finer beds of flowers than the moſt induſtrious " gardener; his roſes, lilies, and daffodils, blow in the " ſame ſeaſon.

" But the better to diſcover the merit of our two " contemporary Paſtoral writers I ſhall endeavour to " draw a parallel of them, by placing ſeveral of their " particular thoughts in the ſame light, whereby it " will be obvious how much Philips hath the advan- " tage. With what ſimplicity he introduces two ſhep- " herds ſinging alternately!

" *Hobb.* Come Roſalind! O come, for without thee
" What pleaſure can the country have for me?

" Come Roſalind! O come; my brinded kine,
" My ſnowy ſheep, my farm and all is thine.
" *Lang.* Come Roſalind! O come; here ſhady bow'rs,
" Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flow'rs.
" Come Roſalind! here ever let us ſtay,
" And ſweetly waſte our livelong time away.

" Our other Paſtoral writer in expreſſing the ſame thought deviates into downright poetry:

" *Streph.* In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills, I love,
" At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
" But Delia always: forc'd from Delia's ſight
" Nor plains at morn nor groves at noon delight.
" *Daphne.* Sylvia 's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
" More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
" Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes when ſhe ſhines not here,
" But bleſt with her 't is ſpring thro'out the year.

" In the firſt of theſe authors two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes:

" *Hobb.* As Marion bath'd by chance I paſſed by,
" She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſidelong eye,
" Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal waves ſhe try'd
" Her beauteous form but all in vain to hide.
" *Lang.* As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day
" Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay;
" The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
" Yet often ſtopp'd and often turn'd her eye.

" The other Modern, who it muſt be confeſſed has " a knack at verſifying, has it as follows:

" *Streph.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
" Thus hid in ſhades eludes her eager ſwain,
" But feigns a laugh to ſee me ſearch around,
" And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

" *Daphne.* The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
" She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen,
" While a kind glance at her purſuer flies;
" How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

" There is nothing the writers of this kind of poet-
" ry are fonder of than deſcriptions of Paſtoral pre-
" ſents. Philips ſays thus of a ſheephook:

" Of ſeaſon'd elm, where ſtuds of braſs appear,
" To ſpeak the giver's name, the month, and year;
" The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
" And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd.

" The other of a bowl emboſſed with figures:

" ——Where wanton ivy twines,
" And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines,
" Four figures riſing from the work appear,
" The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
" And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
" Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?

" The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place, who
" forgets the name of the zodiack, is no ill imitation
" of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffect-
" edly would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his
" Dorick?

" And what that height which girds the welkin theen,
" Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen?

" If the reader would indulge his curioſity any far-
" ther in the compariſon of particulars he may read
" the firſt Paſtoral of Philips with the ſecond of his
" contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the for-

"mer with the fourth and firſt of the latter, where "ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

"Having now ſhewn ſome parts in which theſe two "writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to "Mr. Philips to diſcover thoſe in which no man can "compare with him. Firſt, the beautiful ruſticity, of "which I ſhall now produce two inſtances out of a "hundred not yet quoted:

"O woful day! O day of wo! quoth he,
"And woful I! who live the day to ſee.

"That ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flow-"ing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of the ſound, and "the eaſy turn of the words, are extremely elegant.

"In another Paſtoral a ſhepherd utters a dirge not "much in ſeriour to the former in the following lines:

"Ah me the while! ah me the luckleſs day!
"Ah luckleſs lad! the rather might I ſay.
"Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
"Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

"How he ſtill charms the ear with his artful repe-"tition of the epithets! and how ſignificant is the laſt "verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat "them without feeling ſome motions of compaſſion.

"In the next place I ſhall rank his Proverbs, in which "I formerly obſerved he excels. For example,

"A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
"And to their coſt green years old Proverbs croſs.
"—He that late lies down as late will riſe,
"And ſluggard like till noonday ſnoring lies.

" Againſt ill luck all cunning foreſight fails;
" Whether we ſleep or wake it nought avails.
" —Nor fear from upright ſentence wrong.

" Laſtly, the excellent dialect, which alone might " prove him the eldeſt born of Spenſer, and the only " true Arcadian," &c.

Thus far the compariſon between the merit of Pope and Philips as writers of Paſtoral, made by the author of this paper in The Guardian, after the publication of which the enemies of Pope exulted, as in one particular ſpecies of poetry upon which he valued himſelf he was ſhewn to be inferiour to his contemporary: for ſome time they enjoyed their triumph, but it turned out at laſt to their unſpeakable mortification.

The paper in which the compariſon is inſerted was written by Mr. Pope himſelf. Nothing could have ſo effectually defeated the deſign of diminiſhing his reputation as this method, which had a very contrary effect. He laid down ſome falſe principles, upon theſe he reaſoned, and comparing his own and Philips's Paſtorals upon ſuch principles, it was no great compliment to the latter that he wrote more agreeable to notions which are in themſelves falſe.

The ſubjects of Paſtoral are as various as the paſſions of human nature; nay, it may in ſome meaſure partake of every kind of poetry, but with this limitation, that the ſcene of it ought always to be laid in the country, and the thoughts never contrary to the ideas of

thoſe who are bred there. The images are to be drawn from rural life; and provided the language is perſpicuous, gentle, and flowing, the ſentiments may be as elegant as the country ſcenes can furniſh. In the particular compariſon of paſſages between Pope and Philips the former is ſo much ſuperiour, that one cannot help wondering that Steele could be thus impoſed upon, who was in other reſpects a very quick diſcerner; though it is not impoſſible but that Guardian might go to preſs without Sir Richard's ſeeing it, he not being the only perſon concerned in that paper. The two following lines, ſo much celebrated in this paper, are ſufficiently convincing that the whole criticiſm is ironical:

"Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
"Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

Nothing can be much more ſilly than theſe lines, and yet the author ſays, "How he ſtill charms the "ear with the artful repetitions of epithets!"

"Silly I! more ſilly than my ſheep.

Notwithſtanding the ridicule which Mr. Philips has drawn upon himſelf by his oppoſition to Pope, and the diſadvantageous light his Paſtorals appear in when compared with his, yet there is good reaſon to believe that Philips was no mean Arcadian. By endeavouring to imitate too ſervilely the manners and ſentiments of vulgar ruſticks he has ſometimes raiſed a laugh againſt him; yet there is in ſome of his Pa-

ſtorals a natural ſimplicity, a true Dorick dialect, and very graphical deſcriptions. Gildon in his Art of Poetry mentions him with Theocritus and Virgil; but then he defeats the purpoſe of his compliment, for by carrying the ſimilitude too far he renders his panegyrick hyperbolical.

The next work Mr. Philips publiſhed after his Paſtorals was his Abridgment of Hacket's Life of John Williams, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Biſhop of Lincoln, and Archbiſhop of York, in the reigns of James and Charles I. in which are related ſome remarkable occurrences of thoſe times both in church and ſtate, with an Appendix, giving an account of his beneſactions to St. John's College. Philips ſeems to have made uſe of Archbiſhop Williams's life the better to make known his own ſtate principles, which in the courſe of that work he had a fair occaſion of doing. Biſhop Williams was the great oppoſer of high-church meaſures; he was a perpetual antagoniſt to Laud; and Lord Clarendon mentions him in his Hiſtory with very great decency and reſpect, when it is conſidered that they adhered to oppoſite parties. Philips's epitome of Hacket's Life of Williams has been thought deſtitute of ſpirit.

Mr. Philips, who early diſtinguiſhed himſelf in revolution principles, was concerned with Dr. Boulter, afterwards Archbiſhop of Armagh, the Right Hon. Richard Weſt, Eſq. Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Burnet, and the Rev. Mr. Hen-

by Stephens, in writing a paper called The Freethinker, but they were all publiſhed by Mr. Philips, and ſince reprinted in three pocket volumes. This paper Dr. Johnſon ſtyles his happieſt undertaking; but he adds that it is little read, and that it cannot be recommended as worthy of revival.

We ſhall now conſider Philips as a dramatick writer. The firſt piece he brought upon the ſtage was his Diſtreſt Mother, tranſlated from the Andromaque of Racine, but not without ſuch deviations as Mr. Philips thought neceſſary to heighten the diſtreſs; for writing to the heart is a ſecret which the beſt of the French poets have not found out. This play was firſt acted in the 1711, with every advantage a play could have. Pyrrhus was performed by Booth, a part in which he acquired great reputation; Oreſtes was given to Powell; and Andromache was excellently perſonated by the inimitable Mrs. Oldfield; nor was Mrs. Porter beheld in Hermione without admiration. A modern critick, ſpeaking of this play, obſerves that the diſtreſs of Andromache moves an audience more than that of Belvidera, who is as amiable a wife as Andromache is an affectionate mother; their circumſtances though not ſimilar are equally intereſting; "and yet," ſays he, "the female part of the audience "is more diſpoſed to weep for the ſuffering mother "than the ſuffering wife *." The reaſon it is ima-

* See The Actor.

gined is this, becauſe there are more affectionate mothers in the world than wives. The Diſtreſt Mother is ſo often acted and ſo generally read that we ſhall not trouble the reader with any further account of it; indeed it is hardly a ſubject of criticiſm, not much of the play being pretended to be our Author's.

Mr. Philips's next dramatick performance was The Briton, a tragedy acted in 1721. This play is built on a very intereſting and affecting ſtory, though whether founded on real events cannot be eaſily determined; but they are admirably fitted to raiſe the paſſion peculiar to tragedy. Vanock Prince of the Cornavians married for his ſecond wife Cartiſmand Queen of the Brigantians, a woman of an imperious ſpirit, who proved a ſevere ſtepmother to the king's daughter Givendolen, betrothed to Yvor Prince of the Silurians. The mutual diſagreement between Vanock and his queen at laſt produced her revolt from him. She intrigues with Vellocad, who had been formerly the king's ſervant, and enters into a league with Valens the Roman Tribune in order to be revenged on her huſband. Vanock fights ſome ſucceſsful battles, but his affairs are thrown into the greateſt confuſion upon receiving news that a party of the enemy had carried off the princeſs his daughter. She is conducted to the tent of Valens Tribune of the Romans, who was himſelf in love with her, but who offered her no violation. He went to Vanock in the name of Didius the Roman general to offer terms of peace, but was reject-

ed with indignation. The ſcene betwixt Vanock and Valens is one of the moſt maſterly to be met with in tragedy. Valens returns to his fair charge, while Vanock prepares for battle, and to reſcue his daughter by the force of arms; but Cartiſmand, who knew that no mercy would be ſhewn her at the hands of her ſtern huſband, flies to the princeſs's tent, and in the violence of her rage ſtabs her. The king and Yvor enter that inſtant, but too late to ſave the beauteous Givendolen from the blow, who expires in the arms of her betrothed huſband, a ſcene wrought up with the greateſt tenderneſs. When the king reproaches Cartiſmand for this deed of horrour ſhe anſwers,

Hadſt thou been more forgiving I had been leſs cruel.
Van. Wickedneſs! Barbarian! Monſter!—
What had ſhe done, alas!—Sweet innocence!
She would have interceded for thy crimes.
Cartiſ. Too well I know the purpoſe of thy ſoul.—
Didſt thou believe I would ſubmit—reſign my crown—
Or that thou only hadſt the pow'r to puniſh?
Van. Yet I will puniſh—meditate ſtrange torments—
Then give thee to the juſtice of the gods.
Cartiſ. Thus Vanock do I mock thy treaſur'd rage—
My heart ſprings forward to the dagger's point.
Van. Quick! wreſt it from her!—Drag her hence to chains.
Cartiſ. There needs no ſecond ſtroke.—
Adieu raſh man! My woes are at an end,
Thine 's but begun, and laſting as thy life.

In this play Mr. Philips has ſhewn how well he was acquainted with the ſtage; he keeps the ſcene perpetually buſy, great deſigns are carrying on, the incidents riſe naturally from one another, and the cata-

ſtrophe is moving. He has not obſerved the rules which ſome criticks have eſtabliſhed of diſtributing poetical juſtice, for Givendolen, the moſt amiable character in the play, is the chief ſufferer, ariſing from the indulgence of no irregular paſſion, nor any guilt of her's. Whatever reception this play originally met with it is now neglected on the theatre and in the cloſet.

The ſame year (1721) Mr. Philips introduced another tragedy on the ſtage called Humphry Duke of Glouceſter. The plot of this play is founded on hiſtory. During the minority of Henry VI. his uncle the Duke of Glouceſter was raiſed to the dignity of Regent of the realm. This high ſtation could not but procure him many enemies, amongſt whom was the Duke of Suffolk, who in order to reſtrain his power, and to inſpire the mind of young Henry with a love of independence, effected a marriage between that prince and Margaret of Anjou, a lady of the moſt conſummate beauty, and, what is very rare amongſt her ſex, of the moſt approved courage. This lady entertained an averſion for the Duke of Glouceſter, becauſe he oppoſed her marriage with the king, and accordingly reſolves upon his ruin. She draws over to her party Cardinal Beaufort, the Regent's uncle, a ſupercilious proud churchman. They fell upon a very odd ſcheme to ſhake the power of Glouceſter, and as it is very ſingular and abſolutely fact we here inſert it.

The Duke of Glouceſter had kept Eleanor Cobham, daughter to the Lord Cobham, as his concubine.

and after the diſſolution of his marriage with the Counteſs of Hainault he made her his wife; but this did not reſtore her reputation: ſhe was however too young to paſs in common repute for a witch, yet was arreſted for high treaſon, founded on a pretended piece of witchcraft, and after doing publick penance ſeveral days, by ſentence of Convocation was condemned to perpetual impriſonment in the Iſle of Man, but afterwards removed to Killingworth Caſtle. The fact charged upon her was the making an image of wax reſembling the king, and treated in ſuch a manner by incantations and ſorceries as to make him waſte away as the image gradually conſumed. John Hume, her Chaplain, Thomas Southwell, a Canon of St. Stephen's Weſtminſter, Roger Bolingbroke, a clergyman highly eſteemed, and eminent for his uncommon learning and merit, and perhaps on that account reputed to have great ſkill in necromancy, and Margery Jourdemain, commonly called The Witch of Eye, were tried as her accomplices, and condemned, the woman to be burnt, the others to be drawn, hanged, and quartered, at Tyburn *. This helliſh contrivance againſt the wife of the Duke of Glouceſter was meant to ſhake the influence of her huſband, which in reality it did, as ignorance and credulity cooperated with his enemies to deſtroy him. He was arreſted for high treaſon, a charge which could not be ſupported, and that his enemies might have no further trouble with him

* See Carte's Hiſtory of England, reign of Henry VI.

Cardinal Beaufort hired aſſaſſins to murder him. The poet acknowledges the hints he has taken from the ſecond part of Shakeſpeare's Henry VI. and in ſome ſcenes has copied ſeveral lines from him: in the laſt ſcene that pathetick ſpeech of Eleanor's to Cardinal Beaufort, when he was dying in the agonies of remorſe and deſpair, is literally borrowed:

War. See how the pangs of death work in his features!
York. Diſturb him not—Let him paſs peaceably.
Elean. Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt of heav'n's bliſs
Hold up thy hand—make ſignal of that hope.
He dies, and makes no ſign!———

In praiſe of this tragedy Mr. Welſted has prefixed a very elegant copy of verſes; however it is now ſcarcely further known than by its name.

Mr. Philips's Winterpiece, or letter from Copenhagen to the Duke of Dorſet, juſtly deſerves praiſe; and his Paſtorals, however inferiour they may appear on compariſon with Pope's, have yet a large claim to poetical merit, as has been already obſerved. As to his other poems, though they reach not excellence they are yet above mediocrity.

For Tonſon Philips tranſlated the Perſian Tales; he alſo tranſlated a few of the Olympick Odes of Pindar, ſome of the Odes of Anacreon, and a Hymn and a Fragment from Sappho. Theſe Tranſlations from the Greek, with Mr. Philips's Original Poems, make the contents of this volume.

PREFACE.

It is ſomewhat ſtrange to conceive, in an age ſo addicted to the Muſes, how Paſtoral Poetry comes to be never ſo much as thought upon, conſidering eſpecially that it is of the greateſt antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremoſt among the ſmaller poems in dignity. Virgil and Spenſer made uſe of it as a prelude to epick poetry: but I fear the innocency of the ſubject makes it ſo little inviting.

There is no kind of poem if happily executed but gives delight; and herein may the Paſtoral boaſt after a peculiar manner; for as in painting ſo in poetry the country affords not only the moſt delightful ſcenes and proſpects, but likewiſe the moſt pleaſing images of life.

Gaſſendus (I remember) obſerves that Peireſkius was a great lover of muſick, eſpecially the melody of birds, becauſe their ſimple ſtrains have leſs of paſſion and violence, but more of a ſedate and quiet harmony, and therefore do they rather befriend contemplation. In like manner the Paſtoral ſong gives a ſweet and gentle compoſure to the mind, whereas the epick and tragick poems by the vehemency of their emotions raiſe the ſpirits into a ferment.

To view a fair ſtately palace ſtrikes us indeed with admiration and ſwells the ſoul with notions of grandeur; but when I ſee a little country dwelling ad-

vantageouſly ſituated amidſt a beautiful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I feel an unſpeakable ſort of ſatisfaction, and cannot forbear wiſhing my kinder fortune would place me in ſuch a ſweet retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenſer, are the only poets who ſeem to have hit upon the true nature of Paſtoral compoſitions, ſo that it will be ſufficient praiſe for me if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.

TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

THE honours of your ancient and illuſtrious family, which that noble writer Algernon Sidney places among the firſt in theſe kingdoms for prerogative of birth, the titles which you have long worn with diſtinguiſhed luſtre, and the high ſtation which you have many years filled and now fill in the government, give your Grace a juſt preeminence in the community; but they are excellencies of a more exalted kind to which this tribute of my reſpect is paid. Your early zeal in the cauſe of liberty, which manifeſted itſelf at the cloſe of a late reign, when the worſt of ſchemes were promoted againſt this nation by the worſt of men, the aſſociation (of which I had the honour to be an humble member) into which you then entered, with ſome others eminent for their birth, fortune, and knowledge, for ſecuring the ſucceſſion of the houſe of Hanover to the throne of theſe kingdoms; your taſte of uſeful and polite literature, and the encouragement which you have been always ready to give to it; your friendly regard to and connexion with that univerſity which has been the nurſe of the greateſt ſtateſmen, heroes, philoſophers, and poets, of Engliſh growth, and the open liberality of your heart on all laudable occaſions, muſt give you a place in the affec-

tions of all Engliſhmen who know the intereſt of their native country: and to thoſe virtues, more than to the private friendſhip with which your Grace has long honoured me, I make this offering of the few poetical pieces which were the produce of my leiſure, but ſome of my moſt pleaſant hours. Your Grace will be able to diſtinguiſh thoſe which have been printed before from thoſe which now make their firſt appearance; and I number among the felicities of my days this opportunity of approaching you with ſomething perhaps not unworthy your acceptance: and I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

your Grace's

moſt devoted, obliged,

and moſt humble ſervant,

April 1748.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

PASTORALS.

"Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia." VIRG. *Ecl.* vi.

PASTORAL I.

LOBBIN.

If we O Dorſet! quit the City throng
To meditate in ſhades the rural ſong
By your command, be preſent, and O bring
The Muſe along! the Muſe to you ſhall ſing:
Her influence Buckhurſt! let me there obtain,
And I forgive the fam'd Sicilian ſwain.
Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious ſtore,
Lobbin, a ſhepherd boy, one ev'ning fair,
As weſtern winds had cool'd the ſultry air,
His number'd ſheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary diſcontent.
Beneath a hoary poplar's whiſp'ring boughs
He ſolitary ſat to breathe his vows,
Venting the tender anguiſh of his heart
As paſſion taught, in accents free of art;
And little did he hope, while night by night
His ſighs were laviſh'd thus on Lucy bright.

" Ah, welladay! how long muſt I endure
" This pining pain? or who ſhall ſpeed my cure?
" Fond love no cure will have, ſeeks no repoſe,
" Delights in grief, nor any meaſure knows.
" And now the moon begins in clouds to riſe,
" The bright'ning ſtars increaſe within the ſkies,
" The winds are huſh, the dews diſtil, and ſleep
" Hath clos'd the eyelids of my weary ſheep;
" I only with the prowling wolf conſtrain'd
" All night to wake: with hunger he is pain'd
" And I with love. His hunger he may tame,
" But who can quench O cruel Love! thy flame?
" Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
" Upraiſe my heedleſs head then void of care,
" 'Mong ruſtick routs the chief for wanton game,
" Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.
" Who better ſeen than I in ſhepherds' arts
" To pleaſe the lads and win the laſſes' hearts?
" How deftly to mine oaten reed ſo ſweet
" Wont they upon the green to ſhift their feet?
" And weary'd in the dance how would they yearn
" Some welldeviſed tale from me to learn?
" For many ſongs and tales of mirth had I
" To chaſe the loit'ring ſun adown the ſky:
" But ah! ſince Lucy coy deep-wrought her ſpight
" Within my heart unmindful of delight
" The jolly grooms I fly, and all alone
" To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitleſs moan.

" Oh quit thy wonted ſcorn relentleſs Fair!
" Ere ling'ring long I periſh thro' deſpair.
" Had Roſalind been miſtreſs of my mind,
" Tho' not ſo fair ſhe would have prov'd more kind.
" O think unwitting Maid! while yet is time,
" How flying years impair thy youthful prime;
" Thy virgin bloom will not for ever ſtay,
" And flow'rs tho' left ungather'd will decay:
" The flow'rs anew returning ſeaſons bring,
" But beauty faded has no ſecond ſpring.
" My words are wind. She deaf to all my cries
" Takes pleaſure in the miſchief of her eyes:
" Like friſking heifer looſe in flow'ry meads
" She gads where'er her roving fancy leads,
" Yet ſtill from me. Ah me the tireſome chaſe!
" Shy as the fawn ſhe flies my fond embrace:
" She flies indeed, but ever leaves behind,
" Fly where ſhe will, her likeneſs in my mind.
" No cruel purpoſe in my ſpeed I bear;
" 'Tis only love; and love why ſhouldſt thou fear?
" What idle fears a maiden breaſt alarm!
" Stay ſimple Girl! a lover cannot harm
" Two ſportive kidlings both fair fleck'd I rear,
" Whoſe ſhooting horns like tender buds appear;
" A lambkin too of ſpotleſs fleece I breed,
" And teach the fondling from my hand to feed;
" Nor will I ceaſe betimes to cull the fields
" Of ev'ry dewy ſweet the morning yields;

" From early ſpring to autumn late ſhalt thou
" Receive gay girlonds blooming o'er thy brow;
" And when—But why theſe unavailing pains?
" The gifts alike and giver ſhe diſdains;
" And now left heireſs of the glen ſhe 'll deem
" Me, landleſs lad, unworthy her eſteem.
" Yet was ſhe born like me of ſhepherd ſire,
" And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
" O would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
" Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,
" How would I wander ev'ry day to find
" The choice of wildings bluſhing thro' the rind!
" For gloſſy plums how lightſome climb the tree,
" How riſk the vengeance of the thrifty bee!
" Or if thou deign to live a ſhepherdeſs,
" Thou Lobbin's flock and Lobbin ſhalt poſſeſs:
" And fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I
" If liquid fountains flatter not: and why
" Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet ſhow [grow?
" The bord'ring flow'rs leſs beauteous than they
" O come my Love! nor think th' employment mean
" The dams to milk and little lambkins wean,
" To drive afield by morn the fatt'ning ewes
" Ere the warm ſun drink up the coolly dews,
" While with my pipe and with my voice I cheer
" Each hour, and thro' the day detain thine ear.
" How would the crook beſeem thy lily hand!
" How would my younglings round thee gazing ſtand!

"Ah witleſs younglings! gaze not on her eye;
"Thence all my ſorrow, thence the death I die.
"O killing Beauty! and O ſore deſire!
"Muſt then my ſuff'rings but with life expire?
"Tho' bloſſoms ev'ry year the trees adorn
"Spring after ſpring I wither, nipt with ſcorn,
"Nor trow I when this bitter blaſt will end,
"Or if yon' ſtars will e'er my vows befriend.
"Sleep, ſleep, my Flock! for happy ye may take
"Sweet nightly reſt tho' ſtill your maſter wake."
Now to the waning moon the nightingale
In ſlender warblings tun'd her piteous tale,
The loveſick ſhepherd liſt'ning felt relief,
Pleas'd with ſo ſweet a partner in his grief,
Till by degrees her notes and ſilent night
To ſlumbers ſoft his heavy heart invite.

PASTORAL II.

THENOT, COLINET.

THENOT.

Is it not Colinet I loneſome ſee
Leaning with folded arms againſt the tree?
Or is it age of late bedims my ſight?
'Tis Colinet indeed in woful plight.
Thy cloudy look why melting into tears
Unſeemly, now the ſky ſo bright appears?

Why in this mournful manner art thou found
Unthankful Lad! when all things ſmile around?
Or hear'ſt not lark and linnet jointly ſing,
Their notes blithe-warbling to ſalute the ſpring?
COL. Tho' blithe their notes not ſo my wayward fate;
Nor lark would ſing nor linnet in my ſtate.
Each creature Thenot to his taſk is born,
As they to mirth and muſick I to mourn:
Waking at midnight I my woes renew,
My tears oft' mingling with the falling dew.
THEN. Small cauſe I ween has luſty youth to plain,
Or who may then the weight of eld ſuſtain,
When ev'ry ſlack'ning nerve begins to fail,
And the load preſſeth as our days prevail?
Yet tho' with years my body downward tend,
As trees beneath their fruit in autumn bend,
Spite of my ſnowy head and icy veins
My mind a cheerful temper ſtill retains.
And why ſhould man miſhap what will repine,
Sour ev'ry ſweet, and mix with tears his wine?
But tell me then; it may relieve thy wo
To let a friend thine inward ailment know.
COL. Idly it will waſte thee Thenot the whole day,
Shouldſt thou give ear to all my grief can ſay:
Thine ewes will wander, and the heedleſs lambs
In loud complaints require their abſent dams.
THEN. See Lightfoot, he ſhall tend them cloſe; and I
'Tween whiles acroſs the plain will glance mine eye.

COL. Where to begin I know not, where to end:
Does there one ſmiling hour my youth attend?
Tho' few my days, as well my follies ſhow,
Yet are thoſe days all clouded o'er with wo;
No happy gleam of ſunſhine doth appear
My low'ring ſky and wintry months to cheer.
My piteous plight in yonder naked tree
Which bears the thunder ſcar too plain I ſee;
Quite deſtitute it ſtands of ſhelter kind,
The mark of ſtorms, and ſport of ev'ry wind;
The riven trunk feels not th' approach of ſpring,
Nor birds among the leafleſs branches ſing;
No more beneath thy ſhade ſhall ſhepherds throng
With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleaſing ſong:
Ill-fated tree! and more ill-fated I!
From thee from me alike the ſhepherds fly.

THEN. Sure thou in hapleſs hour of time waſt born,
When blighting mildews ſpoil the riſing corn,
Or blaſting winds o'er bloſſom'd hedgerows paſs,
To kill the promis'd fruits and ſcorch the graſs,
Or when the moon by wizard charm'd foreſhows,
Blood-ſtain'd in foul eclipſe, impending woes:
Untimely born ill luck betides thee ſtill.

COL. And can there Thenot be a greater ill?

THEN. Nor fox nor wolf, nor rot among our ſheep;
From theſe good ſhepherd's care his flock may keep:
Againſt ill luck alas! all forecaſt fails,
Nor toil by day nor watch by night avails.

COL. Ah me the while! ah me the luckleſs day!
Ah luckleſs lad! befits me more to ſay:
Unhappy hour when freſh in youthful bud
I left Sabrina fair thy ſilv'ry flood!
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
Which on thy flow'ry banks I wont to keep.
Sweet are thy banks! Oh! when ſhall I once more
With raviſh'd eyes review thine 'amell'd ſhore?
When in the cryſtal of thy water ſcan
Each feature faded, and my colour wan?
When ſhall I ſee my hut, the ſmall abode
Myſelf did raiſe and cover o'er with ſod?
Small tho' it be, a mean and humble cell,
Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.
THEN. And what enticement charm'd thee far away
From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart aſtray?
COL. A lewd deſire ſtrange lands and ſwains to know:
Ah God! that ever I ſhould covet wo!
With wand'ring feet unbleſt, and fond of fame,
I ſought I know not what beſides a name.
THEN. Or ſooth to ſay, didſt thou not hither roam
In ſearch of gains more plenty than at home?
A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
And to their coſt green years old proverbs croſs.
COL. Small need there was in random ſearch of gain
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain
To diſtant Cam. Fine gain at length I trow,
To hoard up to myſelf ſuch deal of wo!

My ſheep quite ſpent thro' travel and ill fare,
And like their keeper ragged grown and bare,
The damp cold greenſward for my nightly bed,
And ſome ſlant willow's trunk to reſt my head.
Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain,
And hard is want to the unpractis'd ſwain;
But neither want nor pinching cold is hard
To blaſting ſtorms of calumny compar'd:
Unkind as hail it falls; the pelting ſhow'r
Deſtroys the tender herb and budding flow'r.

THEN. Slander we ſhepherds count the vileſt wrong;
And what wounds ſorer than an evil tongue?

COL. Untoward lads, the wanton imps of ſpite,
Make mock of all the ditties I indite.
In vain O Colinet! thy pipe ſo ſhrill
Charms ev'ry vale and gladdens ev'ry hill,
In vain thou ſeek'ſt the cov'rings of the grove,
In the cool ſhade to ſing the pains of love;
Sing what thou wilt illnature will prevail,
And ev'ry elf hath ſkill enough to rail:
But yet tho' poor and artleſs be my vein
Menalcas ſeems to like my ſimple ſtrain,
And while that he delighteth in my ſong,
Which to the good Menalcas doth belong,
Nor night nor day ſhall my rude muſick ceaſe:
I aſk no more ſo I Menalcas pleaſe.

THEN. Menalcas, lord of theſe fair fertile plains,
Preſerves the ſheep and o'er the ſhepherds reigns;

For him our yearly wakes and feaſts we hold,
And chuſe the faireſt firſtling from the fold:
He, good to all who good deſerve, ſhall give
Thy flock to feed and thee at eaſe to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteouſly reward thy rural ſongs.

COL. Firſt then ſhall lightſome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to paſtures dry,
And ev'ry rapid river ceaſe to flow,
Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

THEN. This night thy care with me forget, and fold
Thy flock with mine to ward th' injurious cold:
New milk and clouted cream, mild cheeſe and curd,
With ſome remaining fruit of laſt year's hoard,
Shall be our ev'ning fare; and for the night
Sweet herbs and moſs which gentle ſleep invite.
And now behold the ſun's departing ray
O'er yonder hill, the ſign of ebbing day;
With ſongs the jovial hinds return from plough,
And unyok'd heifers loit'ring homeward low.

PASTORAL III.

ALBINO.

WHEN Virgil thought no ſhame the Dorick reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Auguſtus' name he grac'd his ſong;
And Spenſer, when amid the rural throng

He caroll'd ſweet and graz'd along the flood
Of gentle Thames made ev'ry ſounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on ev'ry tree was found.
Since then thro' Anna's cares at eaſe we live
And ſee our cattle unmoleſted thrive,
While from our Albion her victorious arms
Drive waſteful warfare, loud in dire alarms,
Like them will I my ſlender muſick raiſe,
And teach the vocal vallies Anna's praiſe;
Mean-time on oaten pipe a lowly lay
As my kids browſe obſcure in ſhades I play,
Yet not obſcure while Dorſet thinks no ſcorn
To viſit woods and ſwains ignobly born.
Two valley ſwains, both muſical, both young,
In friendſhip mutual, and united long,
Retire within a moſſy cave to ſhun
The crowd of ſhepherds and the noonday ſun:
A gloom of ſadneſs overcaſts their mind;
Revolving now the ſolemn day they find
When young Albino dy'd. His image dear
Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling tear:
To tears they add the tribute of their verſe;
Theſe Angelot thoſe Palin did rehearſe.

ANG. Thus yearly circling bypaſt times return,
And yearly thus Albino's death we mourn.
Sent into life, alas! how ſhort thy ſtay!
How ſweet the roſe! how ſpeedy to decay!

Can we forget Albino dear! thy knell,
Sad ſounding wide from ev'ry village bell?
Can we forget how ſorely Albion moan'd,
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd,
Preſaging future wo, when for our crimes
We loſt Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
Fair boaſt of this fair Iſland, darling joy
Of nobles high and ev'ry ſhepherd boy!
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were ſeen,
Nor ſhepherd found upon the graſſy green,
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
No birds were heard to warble thro' the wood:
In yonder gloomy grove outſtretch'd he lay,
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay,
On his cold cheek the roſy hue decay'd,
And o'er his lips the deadly blue diſplay'd;
Bleating around him lie his plaintive ſheep,
And mourning ſhepherds come in crowds to weep:
Young Buckhurſt comes; and is there no redreſs?
As if the grave regarded our diſtreſs!
The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
And give aloud the lamentations due:
The pious mother comes with grief oppreſt;
Ye trees and conſcious fountains can atteſt
With what ſad accents and what piercing cries
She fill'd the grove and importun'd the ſkies,
And ev'ry ſtar upbraided with his death,
When in her widow'd arms devoid of breath

She claſp'd her ſon; nor did the nymph for this
Place in her dearling's welfare all her bliſs,
Him teaching young the harmleſs crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.
As milkewhite ſwans on ſtreams of ſilver ſhow,
And ſilv'ry ſtreams to grace the meadows flow,
As corn the vales and trees the hills adorn,
So thou to thine an ornament was born.
Since thou delicious Youth! didſt quit the plains
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitleſs pains,
In labour'd furrows ſow the choice of wheat,
And over empty ſheaves in harveſt ſweat,
A thin increaſe our fleecy cattle yield,
And thorns and thiſtles overſpread the field.
How all our hope is fled like morning dew!
And ſcarce did we thy dawn of manhood view.
Who now ſhall teach the pointed ſpear to throw,
To whirl the ſling and bend the ſtubborn bow,
To toſs the quoit with ſteady aim and far,
With ſinewy force to pitch the maſſy bar?
Nor doſt thou live to bleſs thy mother's days,
To ſhare her triumphs and to feel her praiſe,
In foreign realms to purchaſe early fame,
And add new glories to the Britiſh name.
O peaceful may thy gentle ſpirit reſt!
The flow'ry turf lie light upon thy breaſt,
Nor ſhrieking owl nor bat thy tomb fly round,
Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground.

PALIN. No more miſtaken Angelot complain,
Albino lives, and all our tears are vain;
Albino lives, and will for ever live,
With myriads mix'd who never know to grieve,
Who welcome ev'ry ſtranger gueſt, nor fear
Ever to mourn his abſence with a tear,
Where cold nor heat, nor irkſome toil, annoy,
Nor age nor ſickneſs comes to damp their joy.
And now the royal nymph who bore him deigns
The land to rule and ſhield the ſimple ſwains,
While from above propitious he looks down;
For this the welkin does no longer frown,
Each planet ſhines indulgent from his ſphere,
And we renew our paſtimes with the year;
Hills, dales, and woods, with ſhrilling pipes reſound,
The boys and virgins dance with chaplets crown'd,
And hail Albino bleſt! the vallies ring
Albino bleſt! O now, if ever, bring
The laurel green, the ſmelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowſlip which in meadow grows,
The fountain violet and the garden roſe,
Marſh lilies ſweet, and tufts of daffodil,
With what ye cull from wood or verdant hill,
Whether in open ſun or ſhade they blow,
More early ſome, and ſome unfolding ſlow;
Bring in heap'd caniſters of ev'ry kind,
As if the ſummer had with ſpring combin'd,

And Nature forward to aſſiſt your care
Did no profuſion for Albino ſpare:
Your hamlets ſtrew, and ev'ry publick way,
And conſecrate to mirth Albino's day;
Myſelf will laviſh all my little ſtore,
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there ſhall harp, young Myco ſing,
And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring,
And Hobbinol his antick gambols play:
To thee theſe honours yearly will we pay,
Nor fail to mention thee in all our cheer,
And teach our children the remembrance dear
When we our ſhearing feaſt or harveſt keep,
To ſpeed the plough and bleſs our thriving ſheep.
While willow kids and herbage lambs purſue,
While bees love thyme and locuſt ſip the dew,
While birds delight in woods their notes to ſtrain,
Thy name and ſweet memorial ſhall remain.

PASTORAL IV.

MYCO, ARGOL.

MYCO.

THIS place may ſeem for ſhepherds' leiſure made,
So cloſe theſe elms inweave their lofty ſhade;
The twining woodbine how it climbs, to breathe
Refreſhing ſweets around on all beneath!
The ground with graſs of cheerful green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing flow'r uprears the head:

Lo! here the kingcup of a golden hue,
Medley'd with daiſies white and endive blue,
And honeyſuckles of a purple dye,
Confuſion gay! bright-waving to the eye.
Hark! how they warble in that brambly buſh
The gaudy goldfinch and the ſpeckly thruſh,
The linnet green, with others fam'd for ſkill,
And blackbird fluting thro' his yellow bill!
In ſprightly concert how they all combine,
Us prompting in the various ſongs to join!
Up Argol then, and to thy lip apply
Thy mellow pipe, or voice more ſounding try;
And ſince our ewes have graz'd, what harm if they
Lie round and liſten while the lambkins play?

ARGOL. Well Myco, can thy dainty wit expreſs
Fair Nature's bounties in the faireſt dreſs.
'Tis rapture all! the place, the birds, the ſky,
And rapture works the finger's fancy high.
Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
Moves ev'ry leaf and trembles thro' the trees;
Ill ſuch incitements ſuit my rugged lay,
Beſitting more the muſick thou canſt play.

MYCO. No ſkill of muſick kon I, ſimple ſwain!
No fine device thine ear to entertain,
Albeit ſome deal I pipe; rude tho' it be
Sufficient to divert my ſheep and me:
Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath ſkill)
Oft' guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,

And fain would teach me on what ſounds to dwell,
And where to ſink a note and where to ſwell.
ARGOL. Ah Myco! half my flock would I beſtow
Should Colinet to me his cunning ſhow:
So trim his ſonnets are, I pray thee ſwain
Now give us once a ſample of his ſtrain,
For wonders of that lad the ſhepherds ſay,
How ſweet his pipe, how raviſhing his lay.
The ſweetneſs of his pipe and lay rehearſe,
And aſk what boon thou willeſt for thy verſe.
MYCO. Since then thou liſt a mournful ſong I chuſe,
A mournful ſong relieves a mournful Muſe.
Faſt by the river on a bank he ſat
To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,
Fair Stella height: a lovely maid was ſhe
Whoſe fate he wept, a faithful ſhepherd he.
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" O woful day! O day of wo to me!
" That ever I ſhould live ſuch day to ſee,
" That ever ſhe could die! O moſt unkind
" To go and leave thy Colinet behind!
" From blameleſs love and plighted troth to go,
" And leave to Colinet a life of wo.
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" And yet why blame I her? Full fain would ſhe
" With dying arms have claſp'd herſelf to me;

" I claſp'd her too, but Death prov'd over ſtrong;
" Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong:
" Yet how ſhall I from vows and tears refrain?
" And why ſhould vows alas! and tears be vain?"
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" Aid me to grieve with bleating moan my Sheep!
" Aid me thou everflowing Stream! to weep;
" Aid me ye faint ye hollow Winds! to ſigh,
" And thou my Wo! aſſiſt me thou to die.
" Me flock, nor ſtream, nor winds, nor woes, relieve;
" She lov'd thro' life and I thro' life will grieve."
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" Ye gentler Maids! companions of my fair,
" With downcaſt look and with diſhevell'd hair,
" All beat the breaſt, and wring your hands and moan,
" Her hour untimely might have prov'd your own,
" Her hour untimely help me to lament,
" And let your hearts at Stella's name relent."
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" In vain th' endearing luſtre of your eyes
" We dote upon, and you as vainly prize.
" What tho' your beauty bleſs the faithful ſwain,
" And in th' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign?
" Yet in their prime does Death the faireſt kill,
" As ruthleſs winds the tender bloſſoms ſpill.

" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" Such Stella was; yet Stella might not live!
" And what could Colinet in ranſom give?
" Oh! if or muſick's voice or beauty's charm
" Could milden Death and ſtay his lifted arm,
" My pipe her face her face my pipe might ſave,
" Redeeming each the other from the grave.
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" Ah, fruitleſs wiſh! fell Death's uplifted arm
" Nor beauty can arreſt nor muſick charm.
" Behold! oh baleful ſight! ſee where ſhe lies!
" The budding flow'r unkindly blaſted dies!
" Nor tho' I live the longeſt day to mourn
" Will ſhe again to life and me return,
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now
" To weave freſh girlonds for thy Stella's brow?
" No girlond ever more may Stella wear,
" Nor ſee the flow'ry ſeaſon of the year,
" Nor dance, nor ſing, nor ever ſweetly ſmile,
" And ev'ry toil of Colinet beguile.
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" Throw by the lily, daffodil, and roſe,
" Wreaths of black yew and willow pale compoſe,

" With baneful hemlock, deadly nightſhade, dreſt,
" Such chaplets as may witneſs thine unreſt,
" If aught can witneſs. O ye Shepherds! tell
" When I am dead no ſhepherd lov'd ſo well!
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" Alack my Sheep! and thou dear ſpotleſs Lamb!
" By Stella nurs'd, who wean'd thee from the dam,
" What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
" My whole employment and my whole relief?
" Stray where ye liſt, ſome happier maſter try;
" Yet once my Flock! was none ſo bleſt as I.
" Awake my Pipe! in ev'ry note expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" My pipe, whoſe ſoothing ſound could paſſion move,
" And firſt taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
" Shall ſilent hang upon this blaſted oak,
" Whence owls their dirges ſing and ravens croak:
" Nor lark nor linnet ſhall by day delight,
" Nor nightingale ſuſpend my moan by night;
" The night and day ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd be
" Alike to Stella and alike to me.
" No more my Pipe! here ceaſe we to expreſs
" Fair Stella's death and Colinet's diſtreſs."
Thus ſorrowing did the gentle ſhepherd ſing,
And urge the valley with his wail to ring;
And now that ſheephook for my ſong I crave.

ARG. Not this but one more coſtly ſhalt thou have

Of ſeaſon'd elm, where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month, and year,
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle torn'd,
And richly by the carver's ſkill adorn'd.
O Colinet! how ſweet thy grief to hear!
How does thy verſe ſubdue the liſt'ning ear!
Soft falling as the ſtill refreſhing dew
To ſlake the drought and herbage to renew:
Not half ſo ſweet the midnight winds, which move
In drowſy murmurs o'er the waving grove,
Nor valley brook that hid by alders ſpeeds
O'er pebbles warbling and thro' whiſp'ring reeds,
Nor dropping waters which from rocks diſtil,
And welly grots with tinkling echoes fill.
Thrice happy Colinet! who can relieve
Heart-anguiſh ſore, and make it ſweet to grieve!
And next to thee ſhall Myco bear the bell,
Who can repeat thy peerleſs ſong ſo well.
But ſee! the hills increaſing ſhadows caſt,
The ſun I ween is leaving us in haſte,
His weakly rays faint glimmer thro' the wood,
And bluey miſts ariſe from yonder flood.

MYCO. Bid then our dogs to gather in the ſheep;
Good ſhepherds with their flock betimes ſhould ſleep.
Who late lies down thou know'ſt as late will riſe,
And ſluggardlike to noonday ſnoring lies,
While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy paſtures bleat in vain.

PASTORAL V.

CUDDY.

In rural ſtrains we firſt our muſick try,
And baſhful into woods and thickets fly,
Miſtruſting then our ſkill; yet if thro' time
Our voice improving gain a pitch ſublime
Thy growing virtues Sackville! ſhall engage
My riper verſe and more aſpiring age.
The ſun now mounted to the noon of day
Began to ſhoot direct his burning ray,
When with the flocks their feeders ſought the ſhade
A venerable oak wide-ſpreading made:
What ſhould they do to paſs the loit'ring time?
As fancy led each form'd his tale in rhyme,
And ſome the joys and ſome the pains of love,
And ſome to ſet out ſtrange adventures ſtrove,
The trade of wizards ſome, and Merlin's ſkill,
And whence to charms ſuch empire o'er the will;
Then Cuddy laſt (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.
" When ſhepherds flouriſh'd in Eliza's reign
" There liv'd in high repute a jolly ſwain,
" Young Colin Clout, who well could pipe and ſing,
" And by his notes invite the lagging ſpring.
" He as his cuſtom was at leiſure laid
" In woodland bow'r, without a rival play'd,
" Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
" Enchantment ſweet as ever wont to hear

" Belated wayfarers from wake or fair
" Detain'd by muſick hov'ring on in air.
" Drawn by the magick of th' enticing ſound
" What troops of mute admirers flock'd around!
" The fleerlings left their food, and creatures wild
" By nature form'd inſenſibly grew mild:
" He makes the gath'ring birds about him throng,
" And loads the neighb'ring branches with his ſong.
" There with the crowd a Nightingale of fame,
" Jealous, and fond of praiſe, to liſten came;
" She turn'd her ear, and pauſe by pauſe with pride
" Like Echo to the ſhepherd's pipe reply'd.
" The ſhepherd heard with wonder, and again
" To try her more renew'd his various ſtrain;
" To all the various ſtrain ſhe plies her throat,
" And adds peculiar grace to ev'ry note.
" If Colin in complaining accent grieve,
" Or briſker motion to his meaſure give,
" If gentle ſounds he modulate or ſtrong,
" She not a little vain repeats the ſong,
" But ſo repeats that Colin half deſpis'd
" His pipe and ſkill, around the country priz'd.
" And " Sweeteſt ſongſter of the winged kind!
" What thanks," ſaid he, " what praiſes, ſhall I find
" To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
" The rudeneſs of my rural fife I ſee;
" From thee I learn no more to vaunt my ſkill."
" Aloft in air ſhe ſat, provoking ſtill

" The vanquiſh'd ſwain. Provok'd at laſt he ſtrove
" To ſhow the little minſtrel of the grove
" His utmoſt pow'rs, determin'd once to try
" How art exerting might with nature vie,
" For vie could none with either in their part,
" With her in nature nor with him in art.
" He draws in breath his riſing breaſt to fill;
" Thro'out the wood his pipe is heard to ſhrill:
" From note to note in haſte his fingers fly,
" Still more and more the numbers multiply:
" And now they trill, and now they fall and riſe,
" And ſwift and ſlow they change with ſweet ſurpriſe.
" Attentive ſhe doth ſcarce the ſounds retain,
" But to herſelf firſt conns the puzzling ſtrain,
" And tracing heedful, note by note repays
" The ſhepherd in his own harmonious lays,
" Thro' ev'ry changing cadence runs at length,
" And adds in ſweetneſs what ſhe wants in ſtrength.
" Then Colin threw his fife diſgrac'd aſide,
" While ſhe loud triumph ſings, proclaiming wide
" Her mighty conqueſt, and within her throat
" Twirls many a wild unimitable note
" To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
" A little harp of maple ware he bore;
" The little harp was old but newly ſtrung,
" Which uſual he acroſs his ſhoulders hung.
" Now take, delightful Bird! my laſt farewell,"
" He ſaid, " and learn from hence thou doſt excel

"No trivial artiſt:" and anon he wound
"The murm'ring ſtrings, and order'd ev'ry ſound:
"Then earneſt to his inſtrument he bends,
"And both hands pliant on the ſtrings extends:
"His touch the ſtrings obey and various move,
"The lower anſwering ſtill to thoſe above:
"His fingers reſtleſs traverſe to and fro
"As in purſuit of harmony they go;
"Now lightly ſkimming o'er the ſtrings they paſs
"Like winds which gently bruſh the plying graſs,
"While melting airs ariſe at their command,
"And now laborious with a weighty hand
"He ſinks into the cords with ſolemn pace,
"To give the ſwelling tones a bolder grace,
"And now the left and now by turns the right
"Each other chaſe, harmonious both in flight;
"Then his whole fingers blend a ſwarm of ſounds,
"Till the ſweet tumult thro' the harp redounds.
"Ceaſe Colin! ceaſe, thy rival ceaſe to vex,
"The mingling notes alas! her ear perplex.
"She warbles diffident in hope and fear,
"And hits imperfect accents here and there,
"And fain would utter forth ſome double tone,
"When ſoon ſhe falters and can utter none;
"Again ſhe tries and yet again ſhe fails,
"For ſtill the harp's united pow'r prevails.
"Then Colin play'd again and playing ſung:
"She with the fatal love of glory ſtung

" Hears all in pain; her heart begins to ſwell;
" In piteous notes ſhe ſighs, in notes which tell
" Her bitter anguiſh. He ſtill ſinging plies
" His limber joints: her ſorrows higher riſe.
" How ſhall ſhe bear a conq'ror who before
" No equal thro' the grove in muſick bore?
" She droops, ſhe hangs her flagging wings, ſhe moans,
" And fetcheth from her breaſt melodious groans:
" Oppreſs'd with grief at laſt too great to quell
" Down breathleſs on the guilty harp ſhe fell.
" Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
" And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed,
" And broke his wicked ſtrings, and curs'd his ſkill,
" And beſt to make atonement for the ill,
" If for ſuch ill atonement might be made,
" He builds her tomb beneath a laurel ſhade,
" Then adds a verſe and ſets with flow'rs the ground,
" And makes a fence of winding oſiers round.
" A verſe and tomb is all I now can give,
" And here thy name at leaſt," he ſaid, " ſhall live."
Thus ended Cuddy with the ſetting ſun,
And by his tale unenvy'd praiſes won.

PASTORAL VI.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

How ſtill the ſea behold, how calm the ſky,
And how in ſportive chaſe the ſwallows fly!

My goats ſecure from harm ſmall tendance need
While high on yonder hanging rock they feed;
And here below the banky ſhore along
Your heifers graze. Now then to ſtrive in ſong
Prepare. As eldeſt Hobbinol begin,
And Lanquet's rival verſe by turns come in.
HOB. Let others ſtake what choſen pledge they will,
Or kid or lamb, or mazer wrought with ſkill;
For praiſe we ſing, nor wager ought beſide,
And whoſe the praiſe let Geron's lips decide.
LANQ. To Geron I my voice and ſkill commend,
A candid umpire, and to both a friend.
GER. Begin then Boys! and vary well your ſong:
Begin, nor fear from Geron's ſentence wrong.
A boxen hautboy, loud and ſweet of ſound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give; no mean reward
If to the ruder village pipes compar'd.
HOB. "The ſnows are melted, and the kindly rain
"Deſcends on ev'ry herb and ev'ry grain,
"Soft balmy breezes breathe along the ſky,
"The bloomy ſeaſon of the year is nigh.
LANQ. "The cuckoo calls aloud his wand'ring love,
"The turtle's moan is heard in ev'ry grove;
"The paſtures change, the warbling linnets ſing,
"Prepare to welcome in the gaudy ſpring.
HOB. "When locuſts in the ferny buſhes cry,
"When ravens pant, and ſnakes in caverns lie,

" Graze then in woods, and quit the ſhadeleſs plain,
" Elſe ſhall ye preſs the ſpungy teat in vain.
LANQ. " When greens to yellow vary, and ye ſee
" The ground beſtrew'd with fruits of ev'ry tree,
" And ſtormy winds are heard, think winter near,
" Nor truſt too far to the declining year.
HOB. " Wo then, alack! befall the ſpendthrift ſwain
" When froſt, and ſnow, and hail, and ſleet, and rain,
" By turns chaſtiſe him, while thro' little care
" His ſheep unſhelter'd pine in nipping air.
LANQ. " The lad of forecaſt then untroubled ſees
" The white-bleak plains and ſilv'ry-froſted trees;
" He fends his flock, and clad in homely frieze
" In his warm cot the wintry blaſt defies.
HOB. " Full fain, O bleſs'd Eliza! would I praiſe
" Thy maiden rule and Albion's golden days;
" Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the ſhepherd's friend;
" Eternal bleſſings on his ſhade attend! [loves
LANQ. " Thrice happy ſhepherds now! for Dorſet
" The country Muſe and our reſounding groves,
" While Anna reigns: O ever may ſhe reign!
" And bring on earth the Golden Age again.
HOB. " I love in ſecret all a beauteous maid,
" And have my love in ſecret all repaid;
" This coming night ſhe plights her troth to me,
" Divine her name and thou the victor be.
LANQ. " Mild as the lamb, unharmful as the dove,
" True as the turtle, is the maid I love;

"How we in ſecret love I ſhall not ſay,
"Divine her name and I give up the day.
HOB. "Soft on a cowſlip bank my love and I
"Together lay, a brook ran murm'ring by;
"A thouſand tender things to me ſhe ſaid,
"And I a thouſand tender things repaid.
LANQ. "In ſummer ſhade behind the cocking hay
"What kind endearing words did ſhe not ſay!
"Her lap with apron deck'd ſhe fondly ſpread,
"And ſtrok'd my cheek and lull'd my leaning head.
HOB. "Breathe ſoft ye Winds! ye Waters! gently
"flow,
"Shield her ye Trees! ye Flow'rs! around her grow;
"Ye Swains! I beg you paſs in ſilence by,
"My love in yonder vale aſleep does lie.
LANQ. "Once Delia ſlept on eaſy moſs reclin'd,
"Her lovely limbs half bare and rude the wind;
"I ſmooth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs;
"Condemn me Shepherds if I did amiſs.
HOB. "As Marian bath'd by chance I paſſed by;
"She bluſh'd, and at me glanc'd a ſidelong eye,
"Then cow'ring in the treach'rous ſtream ſhe try'd
"Her tempting form yet ſtill in vain to hide.
LANQ. "As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day
"Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay;
"The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
"Yet oft' ſhe ſtopt and oft' ſhe turn'd her eye.
HOB. "When firſt I ſaw (would I had never ſeen!)
"Young Lyſet lead the dance on yonder green,

" Intent upon her beauties as ſhe mov'd,
" Poor heedleſs Wretch! at unawares I lov'd.
LANQ. " When Lucy decks with flow'rs her ſwell-
" ing breaſt,
" And on her elbow leans, diſſembling reſt,
" Unable to refrain my madding mind
" Nor herds nor paſture worth my care I find.
HOB. " Come Roſalind! O come! for wanting thee
" Our peopled vale a deſert is to me.
" Come Roſalind! O come! my brinded kine,
" My ſnowy ſheep, my farm and all are thine.
LANQ. " Come Roſalind! O come! here ſhady
" bow'rs,
" Here are cool fountains and here ſpringing flow'rs:
" Come Roſalind! here ever let us ſtay,
" And ſweetly waſte the livelong time away.
HOB. " In vain the ſeaſons of the moon I know,
" The force of healing herbs and where they grow:
" No herb there is, no ſeaſon, to remove
" From my fond heart the racking pains of love.
LANQ. " What profits me that I in charms have ſkill,
" And ghoſts and goblins order as I will,
" Yet have with all my charms no pow'r to lay
" The ſprite that breaks my quiet night and day?
HOB. " O that like Colin I had ſkill in rhymes
" To purchaſe credit with ſucceeding times!
" Sweet Colin Clout! who never yet had peer,
" Who ſung thro' all the ſeaſons of the year.

LANQ. "Let me like Merlin ſing; his voice had
"To free the 'cliping moon at midnight hour, [pow'r
"And as he ſung the Fairies with their queen
"In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.
HOB. "Laſt eve of May did I not hear them ſing
"And ſee their dance? and I can ſhew the ring
"Where hand in hand they ſhift their feet ſo light
"The graſs ſprings greener from their tread by night.
LANQ. "But haſt thou ſeen their king in rich array,
"Fam'd Oberon! with damaſk'd robe ſo gay
"And gemmy crown by moonſhine ſparkling far
"And azure ſceptre pointed with a ſtar?"
GER. Here end your pleaſing ſtrife: both victors are,
And both with Colin may in rhyme compare.
A boxen hautboy, loud and ſweet of ſound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
To each I give. A mizzling miſt deſcends
Adown that ſteepy rock, and this way tends
Yon' diſtant rain; ſhoreward the veſſels ſtrive,
And ſee! the boys their flocks to ſhelter drive.

PASTORAL VII.

THE STRAY NYMPH.

CEASE your muſick gentle Swains!
Saw ye Delia croſs the plains?
Ev'ry thicket ev'ry grove
Have I rang'd to find my love.
A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,
Tell me only doth ſhe live?

White her ſkin as mountain ſnow,
In her cheek the roſes blow,
And her eye is brighter far
Than the beamy morning-ſtar.
When her ruddy lip ye view
'Tis a berry moiſt with dew;
And her breath, oh! it is a gale
Paſſing o'er a fragrant vale,
Paſſing when a friendly ſhow'r
Freſhens ev'ry herb and flow'r.
Wide her boſom opens gay
As the primroſe dell in May,
Sweet as violet borders growing
Over fountains ever flowing.
Like the tendrils of the vine
Do her auburn treſſes twine,
Gloſſy ringlets all behind
Streaming buxom to the wind,
When along the lawn ſhe bounds
Light as hind before the hounds;
And the youthful ring ſhe fires
Hopeleſs in their fond deſires,
As her flitting feet advance
Wanton in the winding dance.
Tell me Shepherds! have ye ſeen
My delight, my love, my queen?

PASTORAL VIII.

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

Have ye ſeen the morning-ſky
When the dawn prevails on high,
When anon ſome purply ray
Gives a ſample of the day,
When anon the lark on wing
Strives to ſoar and ſtrains to ſing?

Have ye ſeen th' ethereal blue
Gently ſhedding ſilv'ry dew,
Spangling o'er the ſilent green,
While the nightingale unſeen
To the moon and ſtars full bright
Loneſome chants the hymn of night?

Have ye ſeen the broider'd May
All her ſcented bloom diſplay,
Breezes op'ning ev'ry hour
This and that expecting flow'r,
While the mingling birds prolong
From each buſh the vernal ſong?

Have ye ſeen the damaſk roſe
Her unſully'd bluſh diſcloſe,
Or the lily's dewy bell
In her gloſſy white excel,

Or a garden vary'd o'er
With a thouſand glories more?

By the beauties theſe diſplay
Morning, ev'ning, night, or day,
By the pleaſures theſe excite,
Endleſs ſources of delight,
Judge by them the joys I find
Since my Roſalind was kind,
Since ſhe did herſelf reſign
To my vows, for ever mine.

EPISTLES.

TO A FRIEND,

Who desired me to write on the Death of King William.

April 20. 1702.

TRUST me dear George! could I in verse but show
What sorrow I what sorrow all men owe
To Nassau's fate, or could I hope to raise
A song proportion'd to the monarch's praise,
Could I his merits or my grief express,
And proper thoughts in proper language dress,
Unbidden should my pious numbers flow,
The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with wo;
But rather than profane his sacred hearse
With languid praises and unhallow'd verse
My sighs I to myself in silence keep,
And inwardly with secret anguish weep.
Let Halifax's Muse (he knew him well)
His virtues to succeeding ages tell:
Let him who sung the warriour on the Boyne,
(Provoking Dorset in the task to join)
And shew'd the hero more than man before,
Let him th' illustrious mortal's fate deplore;
A mournful theme! while on raw pinions I
But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly,

Content if to divert my vacant time
I can but like ſome loveſick fopling rhyme,
To ſome kind-hearted miſtreſs make my court,
And like a modiſh wit in ſonnet ſport.
Let others more ambitious rack their brains
In poliſh'd ſentiments and labour'd ſtrains;
To blooming Phyllis I a ſong compoſe,
And for a rhyme compare her to the roſe,
Then while my fancy works I write down morn,
To paint the bluſh that does her cheek adorn,
And when the whiteneſs of her ſkin I ſhow
With ecſtaſy bethink myſelf of ſnow;
Thus without pains I tinkle in the cloſe,
And ſweeten into verſe inſipid proſe.
The country ſcraper when he wakes his crowd
And makes the tortur'd catgut ſqueak aloud,
Is often raviſh'd, and in tranſport loſt;
What more my Friend! can fam'd Corelli boaſt
When Harmony herſelf from heav'n deſcends
And on the artiſt's moving bow attends?
Why then in making verſes ſhould I ſtrain
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?
Why ſtudy Horace and the Stagyrite?
Why cramp my dulneſs and in torment write?
Let me tranſgreſs by nature not by rule,
An artleſs idiot not a ſtudy'd fool,
A Withers not a Rymer, ſince I aim
At nothing leſs in writing than a name.

FROM HOLLAND

TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND,

IN THE YEAR 1703.

FROM Utrecht's ſilent walks by winds I ſend
Health and kind wiſhes to my abſent friend.
The winter ſpent I feel the poet's fire,
The ſun advances and the fogs retire,
The genial ſpring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees and gives the primroſe birth;
Loos'd from their friendly harbours once again
Confed'rate fleets aſſemble on the main;
The voice of War the gallant ſoldier wakes,
And weeping Cloe parting kiſſes takes;
On new-plum'd wings the Roman Eagle ſoars,
The Belgick Lion in full fury roars.
Diſpatch the leader from your happy coaſt,
The hope of Europe and Britannia's boaſt:
O Marlb'rough! come; freſh laurels for thee riſe;
One conqueſt more and Gallia will grow wiſe:
Old Lewis makes his laſt effort in arms,
And ſhews how ev'n in age ambition charms.
Mean-while my Friend! the thick'ning ſhades I haunt
And ſmooth canals, and after riv'lets pant:
The ſmooth canals alas! too lifeleſs ſhow;
Nor to the eye nor to the ear they flow.

Studious of eaſe, and fond of human things,
Below the ſmiles below the frowns of kings,
Thanks to my ſtars, I prize the ſweets of life;
No ſleepleſs nights I count, no days of ſtrife.
Content to live content to die unknown,
Lord of myſelf, accountable to none,
I ſleep, I wake, I drink; I ſometimes love;
I read, I write, I ſettle, and I rove
When and where'er I pleaſe: thus ev'ry hour
Gives ſome new proof of my deſpotick pow'r.
All that I will I can; but then I will
As reaſon bids; I meditate no ill;
And pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.
But this is all romance, a dream to you
Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
White ſtaffs and truncheons, ſeals and golden keys,
And ſilver ſtars, your tow'ring genius pleaſe.
Such manly thoughts in ev'ry infant riſe
Who daily for ſome tinſel trinket cries.
Go on and proſper Sir! but firſt from me
Learn your own temper, for I know you free.
You can be honeſt, but you cannot bow
And cringe beneath a ſupercilious brow:
You cannot fawn; your ſtubborn ſoul recoils
At baſeneſs, and your blood too highly boils.
From Nature ſome ſubmiſſive tempers have;
Unkind to you ſhe form'd you not a ſlave.

A courtier muſt be ſupple, full of guile,
Muſt learn to praiſe, to flatter, to revile
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
To give falſe hopes and on falſe hopes depend.
Go on and proſper Sir! but learn to hide
Your upright ſpirit; 't will be conſtru'd pride.
The ſplendour of a court is all a cheat;
You muſt be ſervile ere you can be great.
Beſides, your ancient patrimony waſted,
Your youth run out, your ſchemes of grandeur blaſted,
You may perhaps retire in diſcontent,
And curſe your patron for no ſtrange event:
The patron will his innocence proteſt,
And frown in earneſt tho' he ſmil'd in jeſt.
Man only from himſelf can ſuffer wrong;
His reaſon fails as his deſires grow ſtrong:
Hence wanting ballaſt and too full of ſail
He lies expos'd to ev'ry riſing gale.
From youth to age for happineſs he 's bound;
He ſplits on rocks or runs his bark aground,
Or wide of land a deſert ocean views,
And to the laſt the flying port purſues,
Yet to the laſt the port he does not gain,
And dying finds too late he liv'd in vain.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9. 1709.

FROM frozen climes and endleſs tracks of ſnow,
From ſtreams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What preſent ſhall the Muſe to Dorſet bring,
Or how ſo near the pole attempt to ſing?
The hoary winter here conceals from ſight
All pleaſing objects which to verſe invite:
The hills and dales and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains and ſilver-ſtreaming floods,
By ſnow diſguis'd in bright confuſion lie,
And with one dazzling waſte fatigue the eye.
No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the ſpring,
No birds within the deſert region ſing.
The ſhips unmov'd the boiſt'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vaſt Leviathan wants room to play
And ſpout his waters in the face of day.
The ſtarving wolves along the main ſea prowl,
And to the moon in icy vallies howl.
O'er many a ſhining league the level main
Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy plain;
There ſolid billows of enormous ſize,
Alps of green ice, in wild diſorder riſe.
And yet but lately have I ſeen ev'n here
The winter in a lovely dreſs appear.

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treaſur'd ſnow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy ſkies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eaſtern breeze aroſe,
And the deſcending rain unſully'd froze.
Soon as the ſilent ſhades of night withdrew
The ruddy Morn diſclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich diſguiſe,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes,
For ev'ry ſhrub and ev'ry blade of graſs,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, ſeem'd wrought in glaſs.
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns ſhow
While thro' the ice the crimſon berries glow.
The thick-ſprung reeds which wat'ry marſhes yield
Seem'd poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
The ſtag in limpid currents with ſurpriſe
Sees cryſtal branches on his forehead riſe.
The ſpreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether ſhine;
The frighted birds the rattling branches ſhun,
Which wave and glitter in the diſtant ſun.
When if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe
The brittle foreſt into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempeſt bends,
And in a ſpangled ſhow'r the proſpect ends;
Or if a ſouthern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country ſees,
And journeys ſad beneath the dropping trees:

Like ſome deluded peaſant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bow'rs and thro' delicious meads,
While here enchanted gardens to him riſe,
And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
His wand'ring feet the magick paths purſue,
And while he thinks the fair illuſion true
The trackleſs ſcenes diſperſe in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways, appear;
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes the tranſient viſion mourns.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

One of the Lords Juſtices appointed by his Majeſty, 1714.

PATRON of verſe, O Halifax! attend,
The Muſe's fav'rite and the poet's friend;
Approaching joys my raviſh'd thoughts inſpire;
I feel the tranſport, and my ſoul 's on fire!
Again Britannia rears her awful head;
Her fears tranſplanted to her foes are fled:
Again her ſtandard ſhe diſplays to view,
And all its faded lilies bloom anew.
Here beauteous Liberty ſalutes the ſight
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,
Whilſt here Religion ſmiling to the ſkies
Her thanks expreſſes with upliſted eyes.

But who advances next with cheerful grace,
Joy in her eye and plenty in her face?
A wheaten garland does her head adorn:
O Property! O goddeſs Engliſh born!
Where haſt thou been? How did the wealthy mourn!
The bankrupt nation ſigh'd for thy return,
Doubtful for whom her ſpreading funds were fill'd,
Her fleets were freighted and her fields were till'd.
No longer now ſhall France and Spain combin'd,
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.
Brave Catalans! who for your freedom ſtrive,
And in your ſhatter'd bulwarks yet ſurvive,
For you alone, worthy a better fate,
O may this happy change not come too late!
Great in your ſuff'rings!—But my Muſe! forbear,
Nor damp the publick gladneſs with a tear:
The hero has receiv'd their juſt complaint,
Grac'd with the name of our fam'd patron-ſaint;
Like him with pleaſure he foregoes his reſt,
And longs like him to ſuccour the diſtreſt.
Firm to his friends, tenacious of his word,
As juſtice calls he draws or ſheaths the ſword:
Matur'd by thought his councils ſhall prevail,
Nor ſhall his promiſe to his people fail.
He comes, deſire of nations! England's boaſt!
Already has he reach'd the Belgian coaſt.
Our great deliv'rer comes! and with him brings
A progeny of late-ſucceeding kings

Fated to triumph o'er Britannia's foes
In diſtant years, and fix the world's repoſe.
The floating ſquadrons now approach the ſhore
Loſt in the ſailors' ſhouts the cannons' roar.
And now behold the ſov'reign of the main
High on the deck amidſt his ſhining train
Surveys the ſubject flood. An eaſtern gale
Plays thro' the ſhrouds and ſwells in ev'ry ſail;
Th' obſequious waves his new dominion own,
And gently waft their monarch to his throne.
Now the glad Britons hail their king to land,
Hang on the rocks and blacken all the ſtrand.
But who the ſilent ecſtaſy can ſhow,
The paſſions which in nobler boſoms glow?
Who can deſcribe the godlike patriot's zeal?
Or who my Lord your gen'rous joys reveal?
Ordain'd once more our treaſure to advance,
Retrieve our trade and ſink the pride of France,
Once more the long neglected arts to raiſe,
And form each riſing genius for the bays.
Accept the preſent of a grateful ſong;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:
To Cam and Iſis ſhall the joyful news
By me convey'd awaken ev'ry Muſe.
Ev'n now the vocal tribe in verſe conſpires,
And I already hear their ſounding lyres:
To them the mighty labour I reſign,
Give up the theme and quit the tuneful Nine.

So when the ſpring firſt ſmiles among the trees,
And bloſſoms open to the vernal breeze,
The watchful nightingale with early ſtrains
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains,
But drops her muſick when the choir appear,
And liſtens to the concert of the year.

TO THE HON. J. CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY AT WAR, AT HAMPTONCOURT, 1717.

Tho' Britain's hardy troops demand your care,
And cheerful friends your hours of leiſure ſhare,
O Craggs! for candour known, indulge a while
My fond deſire, and on my labour ſmile;
Nor count it always an abuſe of time
To read a long Epiſtle tho' in rhyme.
To you I ſend my thoughts, too long confin'd,
And eaſe the burden of a loyal mind;
To you my ſecret tranſports I diſcloſe,
That riſe above the languid pow'rs of proſe.
But while theſe artleſs numbers you peruſe
Think it is my heart that dictates, not the Muſe,
My heart, which at the name of Brunſwick fires,
And no aſſiſtance from the Muſe requires.
Believe me Sir, your breaſt, that glows with zeal
For George's glory and the publick weal,
Your breaſt alone feels more pathetick heats,
Your heart alone with ſtronger raptures beats,
When I review the great examples paſt,
And to the former ages join the laſt,

Still as the godlike heroes to me riſe,
In arms triumphant and in councils wiſe,
The king is ever preſent to my mind;
His greatneſs trac'd in ev'ry page I find:
The Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,
And under ſhining names on Brunſwick dwell.
At Hampton while he breathes untainted air,
And ſeems to vulgar eyes devoid of care,
The Britiſh Muſes to the grove will preſs,
Tune their melodious harps and claim acceſs;
But let them not too raſhly touch the ſtrings,
For Fate allows no ſolitude to kings.
Hail to the ſhades where William, great in arms,
Retir'd from conqueſt to Maria's charms,
Where George ſerene in majeſty appears,
And plans the wonders of ſucceeding years!
There as he walks his comprehenſive mind
Surveys the globe and takes in all mankind,
While, Britain! for thy ſake he wears the crown,
To ſpread thy pow'r as wide as his renown,
To make thee umpire of contending ſtates,
And poiſe the balance in the world's debates.
From the ſmooth terrace as he caſts his eye,
And ſees the current ſeaward rolling by,
What ſchemes of commerce riſe in his deſigns,
Pledges of wealth and unexhauſted mines!
Thro' winds and waves beneath inclement ſkies,
Where ſtars diſtinguiſh'd by no name ariſe,

Our fleets ſhall undiſcover'd lands explore,
And a new people hear our cannons roar.
  The rivers long in ancient ſtory fam'd
Shall flow obſcure, nor with the Thames be nam'd;
Nor ſhall our poets copy from their praiſe,
And Nymphs and Sirens to thy honour raiſe,
Nor make thy banks with Tritons' ſhells reſound,
Nor bind thy brows with humble ſedges round,
But paint thee as thou art, a peopled ſtream!
The boaſt of merchants, and the ſailors' theme!
Whoſe ſpreading floods unnumber'd ſhips ſuſtain,
And pour whole towns afloat into the main,
While the redundant ſeas waft up freſh ſtores,
The daily tribute of far-diſtant ſhores.
  Back to thy ſource I try thy ſilver train,
That gently winds thro' many a fertile plain
Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed
And ſhepherds tune at eaſe the vocal reed:
Ere yet thy waters meet the briny tide,
And freighted veſſels down thy channel ride,
Ere yet thy billows leave their banks behind
Swell into ſtate and foam before the wind,
Thy ſov'reign's emblem! in thy courſe complete!
When I behold him in his lov'd retreat,
Where rural ſcenes their pleaſing views diſcloſe,
A ſylvan deity the monarch ſhows,
As if he only knew the woods to grace,
To rouſe the ſtag and animate the chaſe;

While ev'ry hour from thence his high commands,
By ſpeedy winds convey'd to various lands,
Control affairs, give weighty councils birth,
And ſway the mighty rulers of the earth.
Were he, our iſland's glory and defence,
To reign unactive at the world's expenſe,
Say gen'rous Craggs! who then ſhould quell the rage
Of lawleſs faction, and reform the age?
Who ſhould our dear-bought liberties maintain?
Who fix our leagues with France and treat with Spain?
Who check the headſtrong Swede, aſſuage the Czar,
Secure our peace, and quench the northern war?
The Turk, tho' he the Chriſtian name defies,
And curſes Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,
His cauſe to Brunſwick's equity dare truſt;
He knows him valiant and concludes him juſt:
He knows his fame in early youth acquir'd
When turban'd hoſts before his ſword retir'd.
Thus while his influence to the poles extends,
Or where the day begins or where it ends,
Far from our coaſts he drives off all alarms,
And thoſe his pow'r protects his goodneſs charms.
Great in himſelf, and undebas'd with pride,
The ſov'reign lays his regal ſtate aſide,
Pleas'd to appear without the bright diſguiſe
Of pomp, and on his inborn worth relies.
His ſubjects are his gueſts, and daily boaſt
The condeſcenſion of their royal hoſt,

While crowds ſucceeding crowds on either hand,
A raviſh'd multitude! admiring ſtand.
His manly wit and ſenſe, with candour join'd,
His ſpeech with ev'ry elegance refin'd,
His winning aſpect, his becoming eaſe,
Peculiar graces all, conſpire to pleaſe,
And render him to ev'ry heart approv'd
The king reſpected and the man belov'd.
Nor is his force of genius leſs admir'd
When moſt from crowds or publick cares retir'd.
The learned arts by turns admittance find,
At once unbend and exerciſe his mind:
The ſecret ſprings of Nature, long conceal'd,
And to the wiſe by ſlow degrees reveal'd,
(Delightful ſearch!) his piercing thought deſcries:
Oft' thro' the concave azure of the ſkies
His ſoul delights to range, a boundleſs ſpace!
Which myriads of celeſtial glories grace,
Worlds behind worlds that deep in ether lie,
And ſuns that twinkle to the diſtant eye,
Or call them ſtars, on which our fates depend,
And ev'ry ruling ſtar is Brunſwick's friend.
Soon as the riſing ſun ſhoots o'er the ſtream
And gilds the palace with a ruddy beam
You to the healthful chaſe attend the king,
And hear the foreſt with the huntſmen ring,
While in the duſty Town we rule the ſtate,
And from gazettes determine England's fate.

Our groundleſs hopes and groundleſs fears prevail
As artful brokers comment on the mail.
Deſean'd with news, with politicks oppreſt,
I wiſh the wind ne'er vary'd from the weſt.
Secure on George's councils I rely,
Give up my cares and Britain's foes defy.
What tho' cabals are form'd and impious leagues,
Tho' Rome fills Europe with her dark intrigues?
His vigilance, on ev'ry ſtate intent,
Defeats their plots, and overrules th' event.
But whether do my vain endeavours tend,
Or how ſhall I my raſh attempt defend?
Divided in my choice from praiſe to praiſe
I rove, bewilder'd in the pleaſing maze:
One virtue mark'd another I purſue,
While yet another riſes to my view.
Unequal to the taſk too late I find
The growing theme unfiniſh'd left behind.
Thus the deluded bee, in hopes to drain
At once the thymy treaſure of the plain,
Wide ranging on her little pinions toils,
And ſkims o'er hundred flow'rs for one ſhe ſpoils,
When ſoon o'erburden'd with the fragrant weight
Homeward ſhe flies, and flags beneath her freight.

TO LORD CARTERET,

DEPARTING FROM DUBLIN, 1726.

Behold! Britannia waves her flag on high,
And calls forth breezes from the weſtern ſky,

And beckons to her ſon, and ſmooths the tide
That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide.
Go Carteret! go, and with thee go along
The nation's bleſſing and the poet's ſong,
Loud acclamations with melodious lays,
The kindeſt wiſhes and ſincereſt praiſe.
Go Carteret! go, and bear my joys away;
So ſpeaks the Muſe that fain would bid thee ſtay,
So ſpoke the virgin to the youth unkind
Who gave his vows and canvaſs to the wind
And promis'd to return, but never more
Did he return to the Threician ſhore.
Go Carteret! go; alas! a tedious while
Haſt thou been abſent from thy mother-iſle;
A ſlow-pac'd train of months to thee and thine,
A ſlight of moments to a heart like mine,
That feels perfections, and reſigns with pain
Enjoyments I may never know again.
O! while mine eye purſues the fading ſails
Smooth roll ye Waves! and ſteady breathe ye Gales!
And urge with gentle ſpeed to Albion's ſtrand
A houſehold fair amidſt the faireſt land,
In ev'ry decency of life polite,
A freight of virtues waſting from my ſight.
And now farewell, O early in renown!
Illuſtrious young in labours for the crown;
Juſt and benign, and vigilant in pow'r,
And elegant to grace the vacant hour,

Relaxing ſweet! Nor are we born to wear
The brow ſtill bent, and give up life to care.
And thou, mild glory beaming round his fame,
Franciſca! thou his firſt his lateſt flame,
Parent of bloom! in pleaſing arts refin'd!
Farewell thy hand and voice in muſick join'd,
Thy courteſy as ſoothing as thy ſong,
And ſmiles ſoft-gleaming on the courtly throng:
And thou Chariſſa! haſt'ning to thy prime,
And Carolina! chiding tardy Time,
Who ev'ry tender wiſh of mine divide,
For whom I ſtrung the lyre once laid aſide,
Receive and bear in mind my fond farewell,
Thrive on in life, and thriving on excel!
Accept this token Carteret! of good will,
The voice of Nature undebas'd by ſkill,
Theſe parting numbers cadenc'd by my grief
For thy lov'd ſake and for my own relief,
If aught alas! thy abſence may relieve,
Now I am left perhaps thro' life to grieve:
Yet would I hope, yet hope I know not why,
(But hopes and wiſhes in one balance lie)
Thou may'ſt reviſit with thy wonted ſmiles
Ierna, iſland ſet around with iſles:
May the ſame heart that bids thee now adieu
Salute thy ſails and hail thee into view!

ODES.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

May 25. 1724.

LITTLE Siren of the ſtage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Bane of ev'ry manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart!
O too pleaſing in thy ſtrain
Hence to ſouthern climes again;
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell!
To this iſland bid farewell;
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

To the Memory of the late

EARL OF HALIFAX.

June 30. 1718.

WEEPING o'er thy ſacred urn,
Ever ſhall the Muſes mourn,
Sadly ſhall their numbers flow,
Ever elegant in wo.

Thouſands nobly born ſhall die,
Thouſands in oblivion lie,
Names which leave no trace behind,
Like the clouds before the wind
When the duſky ſhadows paſs
Lightly fleeting o'er the graſs.
But O Halifax! thy name
Shall thro' ages riſe in fame;
Sweet remembrance ſhalt thou find,
Sweet in ev'ry noble mind.

TO THE HON. MISS CARTERET.

Bloom of beauty! early flow'r
Of the bliſsful bridal bow'r,
Thou thy parents' pride and care,
Faireſt offspring of the fair!
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel ſeeming from above!
Was it not thou day by day
Doſt thy very ſex betray,
Female more and more appear,
Female more than angel dear!
How to ſpeak thy face and mien,
(Soon too dang'rous to be ſeen!)
How ſhall I, or ſhall the Muſe,
Language of reſemblance chuſe?

Language like thy mien and face,
Full of ſweetneſs, full of grace!
By the next returning ſpring,
When again the linnets ſing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty ſportlings! full of May,
When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year in freſh attire
Welcomes ev'ry gay deſire,
Blooming on ſhalt thou appear
More inviting than the year,
Fairer ſight than orchard ſhows
Which beſide a river blows!
Yet another ſpring I ſee
And a brighter bloom in thee,
And another round of time
Circling ſtill improves thy prime;
And beneath the vernal ſkies
Yet a verdure more ſhall riſe
Ere thy beauties kindling flow
In each finiſh'd feature glow,
Ere in ſmiles and in diſdain
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Abſolute to ſave or kill
Fond beholders at thy will.
Then the taper-moulded waiſt,
With a ſpan of riband brac'd,

And the ſwell of either breaſt,
And the wide high-vaulted cheſt,
And the neck ſo white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound,
And the ſtore of charms which ſhine
Above in lineaments divine,
Crowded in a narrow ſpace
To complete the deſp'rate face;
Theſe alluring pow'rs and more
Shall enamour'd youths adore;
Theſe and more in courtly lays
Many an aking heart ſhall praiſe.
Happy thrice and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy men,
Who in courtſhip greatly ſped
Wins the damſel to his bed,
Bears the virgin-prize away
Counting life one nuptial day!
For the darkbrown duſk of hair
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
Down the veiny temples growing,
O'er the ſloping ſhoulders flowing,
And the ſmoothly pencil'd brow
Mild to him in ev'ry vow,
And the fringed lid below
Thin as thinneſt bloſſoms blow,
And the hazelly-lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly,

And that cheek of health o'erſpread
With ſoft-blended white and red,
And the witching ſmiles which break
Round thoſe lips which ſweetly ſpeak,
And thy gentleneſs of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind,
Theſe endowments, heav'nly dow'r!
Brought him in the promis'd hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him ſtill to woo thee.

On the Death of the Right Hon.

WILLIAM EARL COWPER, 1723.

STROPHE I.

WAKE the Britiſh harp again
To a ſad melodious ſtrain;
Wake the harp whoſe ev'ry ſtring
When Halifax reſign'd his breath
Accus'd inexorable Death;
For I once more muſt in affliction ſing,
One ſong of ſorrow more beſtow,
The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with wo.
Yet O my Soul! if aught may bring relief,
Full many grieving ſhall applaud thy grief;
The pious verſe that Cowper does deplore,
Whom all the boaſted pow'rs of verſe cannot reſtore.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Not to her his fondeſt care,
Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
Nor his country ever dear,
From her, from them, from Britain torn,
With her, with them, does Britain mourn:
His name from ev'ry eye calls forth a tear,
And intermingling ſighs with praiſe
All good men wiſh the number of his days
Had been to him twice told, and twice again,
In that ſeal'd book where all things which pertain
To mortal man, whatever things befall,
Are from eternity confirm'd beyond recall:

EPODE I.

Where ev'ry loſs and ev'ry gain,
Where ev'ry grief and ev'ry joy,
Ev'ry pleaſure ev'ry pain,
Each bitter and each ſweet alloy,
To us uncertain tho' they flow,
Are preordain'd and fix'd above.
Too wretched ſtate! did man foreknow
Thoſe ills which man cannot remove.
Vain is wiſdom for preventing
What the wiſeſt live lamenting.

STROPHE II.

Hither ſent who knows the day
When he ſhall be call'd away?

Various is the term aſſign'd:
An hour, a day, ſome months or years,
The breathing ſoul on earth appears;
But thro' the ſwift ſucceſſion of mankind
Swarm after ſwarm, a buſy race!
The ſtrength of cities or of courts the grace,
Or who in camps delight, or who abide
Diffus'd o'er lands or float on oceans wide,
Of them tho' many here long-ling'ring dwell
And ſee their children's children, yet how few excel!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here we come and hence we go,
Shadows paſſing to and fro,
Seen a while, forgotten ſoon:
But thou to fair diſtinction born,
Thou, Cowper! beamy in the morn
Of life, ſtill bright'ning to the pitch of noon,
Scarce verging to the ſteep decline,
Hence ſummon'd while thy virtues radiant ſhine,
Thou ſingled out, the foſterling of Fame,
Secure of praiſe, nor leſs ſecur'd from blame,
Shalt be remember'd with a fond applauſe
So long as Britons own the ſame indulgent laws.

EPODE II.

United in one publick weal,
Rejoicing in one freedom, all;
Cowper's hand apply'd the ſeal
And levell'd the partition-wall.

The choſen ſeeds of great events
Are thinly ſown and ſlowly riſe,
And Time the harveſt-ſithe preſents
In ſeaſon to the good and wiſe.
Hymning to the harp my ſtory
Fain would I record his glory.

STROPHE III.

Pouring forth with heavy heart
Truth unleaven'd pure of art,
Like the hallow'd bard of yore
Who chanted in authentick rhymes
The worthies of the good old times,
Ere living vice in verſe was varniſh'd o'er,
And Virtue dy'd without a ſong.
Support of friendleſs right, to pow'rful wrong
A check, behold him in the judgment-ſeat!
Twice there approv'd in righteouſneſs complete:
In juſt awards how gracious! temp'ring law
With mercy, and reproving with a winning awe.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Hear him ſpeaking, and you hear
Reaſon tuneful to the ear!
Lips with thymy language ſweet,
Diſtilling on the hearer's mind
The balm of wiſdom, ſpeech refin'd,
Celeſtial gifts!—Oh! when the nobles meet,
When next thou ſea-ſurrounded Land!
Thy nobles meet at Brunſwick's high command,

In vain they ſhall the charmer's voice deſire,
In vain thoſe lips of eloquence require,
That mild conviction which the ſoul aſſails
By ſoft alarms and with a gentle force prevails!

EPODE III.

To ſuch perſuaſion willing yields
The lib'ral mind in freedom train'd,
Freedom! which in crimſon'd fields
By hardy toil our fathers gain'd,
Inheritance of long deſcent!
The ſacred pledge ſo dearly priz'd
By that bleſt ſpirit we lament.
Grief-eaſing lays by grief devis'd,
Plaintive numbers gently flowing,
Sooth the ſorrows to him owing!

STROPHE IV.

Early on his growing heir
Stamp what time may not impair
As he grows, that coming years
Or youthful pleaſures, or the vain
Gigantick phantom of the brain,
Ambition, breeding monſtrous hopes and fears,
Or worthier cares to youth unknown,
Ennobling manhood, flow'r of life full blown,
May never wear the boſom-image faint:
O! let him prove, what words but weakly paint,
The living lovely ſemblance of his ſire,
A model to his ſon that ages may admire!

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Ev'ry virtue ev'ry grace
Still renewing in the race,
Once thy father's pleaſing hope,
Thy widow'd mother's comfort now,
No fuller bliſs does Heav'n allow,
While we behold yon' wide-ſpread azure cope
With burning ſtars thick luſtred o'er,
Than to enjoy and to deſerve a ſtore
Of treaſur'd fame by blameleſs deeds acquir'd,
By all unenvy'd and by all deſir'd,
Free gift of men, the tribute of good will!
Rich in this patrimony fair increaſe it ſtill.

EPODE IV.

The fulneſs of content remains
Above the yet unfathom'd ſkies,
Where triumphant Gladneſs reigns,
Where wiſhes ceaſe and pleaſures riſe
Beyond all wiſh, where bitter tears
For dying friends are never ſhed,
Where ſighing none deſire paſt years
Recall'd or wiſh the future fled.
Mournful Meaſures O relieve me!
Sweet Remembrance! ceaſe to grieve me.

STROPHE V.

He the robe of Juſtice wore
Sully'd not as heretofore

When the magiſtrate was fought
With yearly gifts. Of what avail
Are guilty hoards? for life is frail,
And we are judg'd where favour is not bought.
By him forewarn'd thou frantick Iſle!
How did the thirſt of gold thy ſons beguile!
Beneath the ſpecious ruin thouſands groan'd
By him alas! forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd.
Where ſhall his like on earth be found? oh when
Shall I once more behold the moſt belov'd of men!

ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aſpect, winning mind!
Soul and body aptly join'd!
Searching thought, engaging wit,
Ennabled to inſtruct or pleaſe,
Uniting dignity with eaſe,
By Nature form'd for ev'ry purpoſe fit,
Endearing excellence!—O why
Is ſuch perfection born, and born to die!
Or do ſuch rare endowments ſtill ſurvive
As plants remov'd to milder regions thrive
In one eternal ſpring, and we bewail
The parting ſoul newborn to life that cannot fail,

EPODE V.

Where ſacred friendſhip, plighted love,
Parental joys unmix'd with care,
Thro' perpetual time improve?
Or do the deathleſs bleſſed ſhare

Sublimer raptures unreveal'd,
Beyond our weak conception pure?
But while thoſe glories lie conceal'd
The righteous count the promiſe ſure,
Trials to the laſt enduring,
To the laſt their hope ſecuring.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

May 1. 1723.

I.

WHO much diſtinguiſh'd yet is bleſt?
Who dignify'd above the reſt
Does ſtill unenvy'd live?
Not to the man whoſe wealth abounds,
Nor to the man whoſe fame reſounds,
Does Heav'n ſuch favour give,
Nor to the noble born nor to the ſtrong,
Nor to the gay, the beautiful, or young.

II.

Whom then, ſecure of happineſs,
Does ev'ry eye beholding bleſs
And ev'ry tongue commend?
Him Pulteney! who poſſeſſing ſtore
Is not ſolicitous of more,
Who to mankind a friend

Nor envies nor is envy'd by the great,
Polite in courts, polite in his retreat:

III.

Whoſe unambitious active ſoul
Attends the welfare of the whole
When publick ſtorms ariſe,
And in the calm a thouſand ways
Diverſifies his nights and days,
Still elegantly wiſe;
While books each morn the lightſome ſoul invite,
And friends with ſeaſon'd mirth improve the night.

IV.

In him do men no blemiſh ſee,
And factions in his praiſe agree
When moſt they vex the ſtate:
Diſtinguiſh'd fav'rite of the ſkies
Belov'd he lives, lamented dies:
Yet ſhall he not to Fate
Submit entire; the reſcuing Muſe ſhall ſave
His precious name, and win him from the grave.

V.

Too frail is braſs and poliſh'd ſtone;
Perpetual fame the Muſe alone
On merit can beſtow:
Yet muſt the time-enduring ſong,
The verſe unrivall'd by the throng,
From Nature's bounty flow.

Th' ungifted tribe in metre paſs away
Oblivion's ſport, the poets of a day.

VI.

What laws ſhall o'er the Ode preſide?
In vain would Art preſume to guide
The chariot-wheels of Praiſe
When Fancy driving ranges free,
Freſh flow'rs ſelecting like the bee,
And regularly ſtrays,
While Nature does, diſdaining aids of ſkill,
The mind with thought the ears with numbers fill.

VII.

As when the Theban hymns divine
Make proud Olympian victors ſhine
In an eternal blaze,
The varying meaſures ever new
Unbeaten tracks of fame purſue,
While thro' the glorious maze
The poet leads his heroes to renown,
And weaves in verſe a neverfading crown.

TO MISS MARGARET PULTENEY,

Daughter of Daniel Pulteney, Eſq. in the Nurſery.

April 27. 1727.

DIMPLY Damſel, ſweetly ſmiling,
All careſſing, none beguiling;

Bud of beauty fairly blowing,
Ev'ry charm to Nature owing,
This and that new thing admiring,
Much of this and that inquiring,
Knowledge by degrees attaining,
Day by day ſome virtue gaining,
Ten years hence when I leave chiming
Beardleſs poets fondly rhyming
(Feſcu'd now perhaps in ſpelling)
On thy riper beauties dwelling,
Shall accuſe each killing feature
Of the cruel charming creature,
Whom I knew complying, willing,
Tender, and averſe to killing.

TO

MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY,

IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS.

May 1. 1724.

TIMELY bloſſom, infant Fair!
Fondling of a happy pair,
Ev'ry morn and ev'ry night
Their ſolicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, ſtill at eaſe,
Pleaſing without ſkill to pleaſe,
Little goſſip blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,

Singing many a tuneleſs ſong,
Laviſh of a heedleſs tongue,
Simple Maiden! void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to bluſh,
Like the linlet in the buſh
To the mother linnet's note
Moduling her ſlender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linet green in May
Flitting to each bloomy ſpray,
Weary'd then and glad of reſt
Like the linlet in the neſt
This thy preſent happy lot,
This in time will be forgot;
Other pleaſures other cares
Ever-buſy Time prepares,
And thou ſhalt in thy daughter ſee
This picture once reſembled thee.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQ.

June 15. 1724.

VOTARY to publick zeal,
Miniſter of England's weal!
Have you leiſure for a ſong
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and ſweet in ev'ry meaſure,
Tell me Walpole! have you leiſure?
Nothing lofty will I ſing,
Nothing of the fav'rite king,
Something rather ſung with eaſe,
Simply elegant to pleaſe.
Fairy virgin, Britiſh Muſe!
Some unheard-of ſtory chuſe;
Chuſe the glory of the ſwain
Gifted with a magick ſtrain,
Swaging grief of ev'ry kind,
Healing with a verſe the mind.
To him came a man of pow'r,
To him in a cheerleſs hour,
When the ſwain by Druids taught
Soon divin'd his irkſome thought;
Soon the maple harp he ſtrung,
Soon with ſilver-accent ſung;

" Steerer of a mighty realm,
" Pilot waking o'er the helm,
" Bleſſing of thy native ſoil!
" Weary of a thankleſs toil
" Caſt repining thought behind,
" Give thy trouble to the wind.
" Mortal deſtin'd to excel!
" Bear the blame of doing well,
" Like the worthies great of old,
" In the liſt of fame enroll'd.
" What tho' titles thou decline?
" Still the more thy virtues ſhine:
" Envy with her ſerpent eye
" Marks each praiſe that ſoars on high.
" To thy lot reſign thy will;
" Ev'ry good is mix'd with ill.
" See! the white unblemiſh'd roſe
" On a thorny bramble blows:
" See! the torrent-pouring rain
" Does the limpid fountain ſtain:
" See! the giver of the day
" Urgeth on thro' clouds his way.
" Nothing is entirely bleſt;
" Envy does thy worth atteſt.
" Pleaſing viſions at command
" Anſwer to my voice and hand;
" Quick the bliſsful ſcene prepare,
" Sooth the patriot's heavy care:

" Viſions cheering to the ſight
" Give him earneſt of delight.
" Wiſe diſpoſer of affairs!
" View the end of all thy cares;
" Forward caſt thy raviſh'd eyes,
" See the gladd'ning harveſt riſe:
" Lo! the people reap thy pain,
" Thine the labour theirs the gain.
" Yonder turn a while they view,
" Turn thee to yon' ſpreading yew,
" Once the gloomy tree of Fate,
" Once the plighted virgin's hate;
" Now no longer does it grow
" Parent of the warring bow.
" See! beneath the guiltleſs ſhade
" Peaſants ſhape the plough and ſpade,
" Reſcu'd ever from the fear
" Of the whiſtling ſhaft and ſpear.
" Lo! where Plenty comes with Peace
" Hear the breath of Murmur ceaſe.
" See at laſt unclouded days,
" Hear at laſt unenvy'd praiſe:
" Nothing ſhall thy ſoul moleſt;
" Labour is the price of reſt.
" Mortal deſtin'd to excel!
" Bleſs the toil of doing well."

SUPPLICATION FOR MISS CARTERET,

IN THE SMALL-POX.

Dublin, July 31. 1725.

Pow'r o'er ev'ry pow'r ſupreme,
Thou the poet's hallow'd theme,
From thy mercy-ſeat on high
Hear my numbers, hear my cry!
Breather of all vital breath,
Arbiter of life and death,
Oh! preſerve this innocence,
Yet unconſcious of offence,
Yet in life and virtue growing,
Yet no debt to nature owing.
Thou who giv'ſt angelick grace
To the blooming virgin face,
Let the fell diſeaſe not blight
What thou mad'ſt for man's delight!
O'er her features let it paſs
Like the breeze o'er ſpringing graſs,
Gentle as refreſhing ſhow'rs
Sprinkled over op'ning flow'rs.
O! let years alone diminiſh
Beauties thou waſt pleas'd to finiſh.
To the pious parents give
That the darling fair may live;

Turn to bleſſings all their care,
Save their fondneſs from deſpair:
Mitigate the lurking pains
Lodg'd within her tender veins;
Soften ev'ry throb of anguiſh,
Suffer not her ſtrength to languiſh;
Take her to thy careful keeping,
And prevent the mother's weeping.

TO MISS GEORGIANA,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO

LORD CARTERET.

Auguſt 10. 1725.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
Miniature of Beauty's queen,
Numb'ring years a ſcanty nine,
Stealing hearts without deſign,
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuſe in ſmiles,
Yet a novice in diſdain,
Pleaſure giving without pain,
Still careſſing, ſtill careſs'd,
Thou and all thy lovers bleſs'd,
Never teas'd and never teaſing,
O! for ever pleas'd and pleaſing!

Hither Britiſh Muſe of mine,
Hither all the Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your promis'd nurſeling ſee:
Figure on her waxen mind
Images of life refin'd,
Make it as a garden gay,
Ev'ry bud of thought diſplay,
Till improving year by year
The whole culture ſhall appear,
Voice, and ſpeech, and action, riſing
All to human ſenſe ſurpriſing.
Is the ſilken web ſo thin
As the texture of her ſkin?
Can the lily and the roſe
Such unſully'd hue diſcloſe?
Are the violets ſo blue
As her veins expos'd to view?
Do the ſtars in wintry ſky
Twinkle brighter than her eye?
Has the morning lark a throat
Sounding ſweeter than her note?
Whoe'er knew the like before thee?
They who knew the nymph that bore thee.
From thy paſtime and thy toys,
From thy harmleſs cares and joys,
Give me now a moment's time.
When thou ſhalt attain thy prime,

And thy boſom feel deſire,
Love the likeneſs of thy ſire,
One ordain'd thro' life to prove
Still thy glory ſtill thy love.
Like thy ſiſter and like thee
Let thy nurtur'd daughters be:
Semblance of the fair who bore thee
Trace the pattern ſet before thee.
Where the Liffy meets the main
Has thy ſiſter heard my ſtrain;
From the Liffy to the Thames,
Minſtrel echoes ſing their names,
Wafting to the willing ear
Many a cadence ſweet to hear,
Smooth as gently breathing gales
O'er the ocean and the vales,
While the veſſel calmly glides
O'er the level glaſſy tides,
While the ſummer flow'rs are ſpringing,
And the new-fledg'd birds are ſinging.

SONGS.

SONG

I.

From White's and Will's
To purling rills
The lovesick Strephon flies,
There full of wo
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquette
With feign'd regret
Invites him back to Town,
But when in tears
The youth appears
She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full oft' the maid
This prank had play'd
Till angry Strephon swore,
And what is strange
Tho' loth to change
Would never see her more.

SONG.

I

WHY we love and why we hate
Is not granted us to know:
Random Chance or wilful Fate
Guides the ſhaft from Cupid's bow.

II.

If on me Zelinda frown
Madneſs 't is in me to grieve:
Since her will is not her own
Why ſhould I uneaſy live?

III.

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
Aſk not me the reaſon why;
Seek the riddle in the ſkies.

EPIGRAMS & SHORT POEMS.

ON A COMPANY

OF BAD DANCERS TO GOOD MUSICK.

How ill the motion with the muſick ſuits!
So Orpheus fiddled and ſo danc'd the brutes.

EPIGRAM.

GEORGE came to the crown without ſtriking a blow;
Ah! quoth the Pretender, would I could do ſo!

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION,

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

THE hermit's ſolace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heav'n or his hell,
The madman's ſport, the wiſe man's pain.

TO MR. ADDISON ON CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verſe ſubdu'd,
And the true poet is a publick good:
This Britain feels while by your lines inſpir'd
Her freeborn ſons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you eſpous'd the vanquiſh'd cauſe,
Inflam'd her Senate and upheld her laws,

Your manly ſcenes had liberty reſtor'd,
And giv'n the juſt ſucceſs to Cato's ſword,
O'er Cæſar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the Muſe triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

A FRAGMENT.

In ſearch of Wiſdom far from Wit I fly;
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
In whoſe bewitching arms our early time
We waſte and vigour of our youthful prime;
But when Reflection comes with riper years,
And Manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
We caſt the miſtreſs off to take a wife,
And, wed to Wiſdom lead a happy life.

THE FOLLOWING

EPITAPH

On the Monument of my Kinſwoman was written at the requeſt of her Huſband.

Within the burial-vault, near this marble, lieth the body of *Penelope*, youngeſt daughter (and coheir with her ſiſter Eliſabeth) to Robert Philips of Newton-Regis in the county of Warwick, Eſq. She died in her ſix-and-thirtieth year, on the 25th day of January 1726.

Let this Inſcription
(Appealing yet to teſtimonies manifold)
Recall to every ſurviving witneſs,
And for enſample record to poſterity,
Her endowments,
Whether owing to the indulgency of nature,
Or to the aſſiduous leſſons of education,
Or to the ſilent admonitions of reflection.
To her parents, huſband, children,
In no care, no duty, no affection,
Was ſhe wanting,
Receiving, deſerving, winning,
From them reſpectively
Equal endearments.
Of countenance and of diſpoſition
Open, cheerful, modeſt;
Of behaviour humble, courteous, eaſy;
Of ſpeech affable, free, diſcreet;
In civilities punctual, ſincere, and elegant;
Prone to offices of kindneſs and good will;
To enmity a ſtranger;
Forward, earneſt, impatient,
To ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
To comfort the afflicted;
Solicitous for the poor,
And rich in ſtore of alms;
Whereby ſhe became
The delight, the love, the bleſſing of all.

In her houſehold flouriſhed
Cheerfulneſs, due order, thrift, and plenty.
In the cloſet retired,
In the temple publick,
Morning and evening did ſhe worſhip,
By inſtruction, by example,
Sedulous to nurture her children in godlineſs:
So prevalent her love to them,
Viſited with that ſore diſeaſe
Which too often kills or blites
The mother's fondeſt hopes,
That (regardleſs of ſelfpreſervation)
In piouſly watching over their lives
She catching the infection loſt her own,
Triumphing thro' reſignation
Over ſickneſs, pain, anguiſh, agony,
And (encompaſſed with tears and lamentations)
Expiring in the fervour of prayer.

To the Memory, ever dear and precious, of his moſt affectionate, moſt beloved, and moſt deſerving Wife, is this Monument raiſed by Henry Vernon of Hilton, in the county of Stafford, Eſq. To him ſhe bore five ſons and two daughters, all ſurviving, ſave Eliſabeth, who dying in her ſecond year of the ſmall-pox ſome few days before, reſteth by her mother.

THE FABLE OF THULE,

UNFINISHED.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his ſway,
Where the ſun glances but a ſloping ray,
Beneath the ſharpeſt rigour of the ſkies
Diſdainful Thule's wintry iſland lies.
Unhappy Maid! thy tale forgotten long
Shall virgins learn from my inſtructive ſong,
And ev'ry youth who lingers in deſpair
By thy example warn the cruel fair.
In Cyprus, ſacred to the queen of Love,
(Where ſtands her temple and her myrtle grove)
Was Thule born, uncertain how: it is ſaid
Once Venus won Adonis to her bed
And pregnant grew: the birth to chance aſſign'd
In woods, and foſter'd by the feather'd kind,
With flow'rs ſome ſtrew the helpleſs orphan round,
With downy moſs ſome ſpread the carpet ground,
Some ripen'd fruits ſome fragrant honey bring,
And ſome fetch water from the running ſpring,
While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
Their infant charge, and tune her tender ear.
Soon as the ſun forſakes the ev'ning ſkies,
And hid in ſhades the gloomy foreſt lies,

The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
And lull her with their gentler ſtrains to ſleep.
This the prevailing rumour: as ſhe grew
No dubious tokens ſpoke the rumour true:
In ev'ry forming feature might be ſeen
Some bright reſemblance of the Cyprian queen;
Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace
In all her early paſſion for the chaſe:
And when on ſpringing flow'rs reclin'd ſhe ſung
The birds upon the bending branches hung,
While warbling ſhe expreſs'd their various ſtrains,
And at a diſtance charm'd the liſt'ning ſwains:
So ſweet her voice reſounding thro' the wood
They thought the nymph ſome Siren from the flood.
Half human thus by lineage, half divine,
In foreſts did the lonely beauty ſhine,
Like woodland flow'rs which paint the deſert glades,
And waſte their ſweets in unfrequented ſhades.
No human face ſhe ſaw, and rarely ſeen
By human face: a ſolitary queen,
She rul'd and rang'd her ſhady empire round.
No horn the ſilent huntreſs bears; no hound
With noiſy cry diſturbs her ſolemn chaſe;
Swift as the bounding ſtag ſhe wings her pace,
And bend whene'er ſhe will her ebon bow
A ſpeedy death arreſts the flying foe.
The bow the hunting goddeſs firſt ſupply'd,
And iv'ry quiver croſs her ſhoulders ty'd.

Th' imperious queen of Heav'n with jealous eyes
Beholds the blooming virgin from the skies,
At once admires and dreads her growing charms,
And sees the god already in her arms:
In vain she finds her bitter tongue reproves
His broken vows and his clandestine loves:
Jove still continues frail: and all in vain
Does Thule in obscurest shades remain
While Maia's son, the Thund'rer's winged spy,
Informs him where the lurking beauties lie.
What sure expedient then shall Juno find
To calm her fears and ease her boding mind?
Delays to jealous minds a torment prove,
And Thule ripens ev'ry day for love.
She mounts her car and shakes the silken reins;
The harness'd peacocks spread their painted trains,
And smooth their glossy necks against the sun;
The wheels along the level azure run:
Eastward the goddess guides her gaudy team,
And perfects as she rides her forming scheme.
The various orbs now pass'd, adown the steep
Of heav'n the chariot whirls, and plunges deep
In fleecy clouds which o'er the midland main
Hang pois'd in air to bless the isles with rain.
And here the panting birds repose a while:
Not so their queen; she gains the Cyprian isle,
By speedy Zephirs borne in thicken'd air:
Unseen she seeks unseen she finds the fair.

Now o'er the mountain tops the riſing ſun
Shot purple rays; now Thule had begun
Her morning chaſe, and printed in the dews
Her fleeting ſteps. The goddeſs now purſues,
Now overtakes her in the full career,
And flings a jav'lin at the flying deer.
Amaz'd the virgin huntreſs turns her eyes,
When Juno, (now Diana in diſguiſe)
"Let no vain terrours diſcompoſe thy mind;
"My ſecond viſit like my firſt is kind.
"Thy iv'ry quiver and thy ebon bow
"Did not I give?"—Here ſudden bluſhes glow
On Thule's cheeks: her buſy eyes ſurvey
The dreſs, the creſcent, and her doubts give way.
"I own thee Goddeſs bright!" the nymph replies,
"Goddeſs! I own thee, and thy favours prize:
"Goddeſs of woods, and lawns, and level plains!
"Freſh in my mind thine image ſtill remains."
Then Juno, "Beauteous ranger of the grove,
"My darling care, fair object of my love!
"Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
"To guard thy bloom and warn thy tender years."

ON THE LADIES

MOST ATTACHED

TO THE HANOVERIAN FAMILY.

WHILE theſe, the choſen Beauties of our iſle,
Propitious on the cauſe of Freedom ſmile,
The raſh Pretender's hopes we may deſpiſe,
And truſt Britannia's ſafety to their eyes.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIRST
OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE,

Victorious in the Horſerace.

The Argument.

THE poet praiſes Hiero for his juſtice, his wiſdom, and his ſkill in muſick. He likewiſe celebrates the horſe that won the race, and the place where the Olympick Games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponneſus) he takes an occaſion of digreſſing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence returning to Hiero he ſets forth the felicity of the Olympian victors. Then he concludes, by praying to the gods to preſerve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admonithing him to moderation of mind in his high ſtation; and, laſtly, glories in his own excellency in compoſitions of this kind.

STROPHE I. *Meaſures* 18.

EACH element to water yields,
And gold, like blazing fire by night,
Amidſt the ſtores of wealth that builds
The mind aloft is eminently bright:
But if my Soul! with fond deſire
To ſing of games thou doſt aſpire,
As thou by day canſt not deſcry
Thro' all the liquid waſte of ſky
One burniſh'd ſtar that like the ſun does glow,
And cheriſh ev'ry thing below,

So my ſweet Soul! no toil divine
In ſong does like th' Olympian ſhine;
Hence do the mighty poets raiſe
A hymn of ev'ry tongue the praiſe,
The ſon of Saturn to reſound,
When far from ev'ry land they come
To viſit Hiero's regal dome,
Where peace where plenty is for ever found.

ANTISTROPHE 1. *Meaſures* 18.

Lord of Sicilia's fleecy plains
He governs righteous in his pow'r,
And all excelling while he reigns
From ev'ry lovely virtue crops the flow'r.
In muſick, bloſſom of delight!
Divinely ſkill'd he cheers the night,
As we are wont when friends deſign
To feaſt and wanton o'er their wine.
But from the wall the Dorian harp take down,
If Piſa, city of renown,
And if the fleet victorious ſteed,
The boaſt of his unrivall'd breed,
Heart-pleaſing raptures did inſpire,
And warm thy breaſt with ſacred fire,
When late on Alpheus' crowded ſhore
Forth ſpringing quick each nerve he ſtrain'd,
The warning of the ſpur diſdain'd,
And ſwift to victory his maſter bore.

EPODE I. *Meaſures* 16.

The lov'd Syracuſian, the prince of the courſe,
The king who delights in the ſpeed of the horſe,
Great his glory, great his fame,
Thro'out the land where Lydian Pelops came
To plant his men, a choſen race,
A land the ocean does embrace;
Pelops! whom Neptune, ruler of the main,
Was known to love, when into life again
From the reviving caldron warm
Clotho produc'd him whole, his ſhoulderblade
And its firm brawn of ſhining iv'ry made:
But truth unvarniſh'd oft' neglected lies,
When fabled tales invented to ſurpriſe
In miracles mighty have pow'r to charm,
Where fictions happily combin'd
Deceive and captivate the mind.

STROPHE II. *Meaſures* 18.

Thus poeſy, harmonious ſpell!
The ſource of pleaſures ever new,
With dignity does wonders tell,
And we amaz'd believe each wonder true.
Day after day brings truth to light
Unveil'd and manifeſt to ſight:
But of the bleſs'd thoſe lips which name
Foul deeds aloud ſhall ſuffer blame.
Thee ſon of Tantalus my faithful ſong
Shall vindicate from ev'ry wrong,

The glories of thy houſe reſtore,
And baffle falſehoods told before.
Now in his turn thy ſire prepar'd
A banquet: when the gods appear'd
At Sipylus, his ſweet abode,
To grace the due proportion'd feaſt,
There firſt the trident-bearing gueſt
Beheld thy lovely form, and now he glow'd:

ANTISTROPHE II. *Meaſures* 18.

And now his ſoul ſubdu'd by love
Thee in his golden car he bore
Swift to the lofty tow'rs of Jove,
Whoſe name the nations all around adore:
Thus Ganymede was caught on high
To ſerve the Pow'r who rules the ſky.
When thou no longer didſt appear,
And thoſe who ſought a pledge ſo dear
Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
Some envious neighbour to defame
Thy father's feaſt a rumour ſpread,
The rumour thro' the country fled,
That thou to heighten the repaſt
Waſt into ſeething water caſt,
Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire,
Thy limbs without compaſſion carv'd,
Thy ſodden fleſh in meſſes ſerv'd
To gorge the gods and a voracious ſire.

EPODE II. *Meaſures* 16.

But in thought ever pure ſhall I deem it amiſs
Vile gluttons to call the partakers of bliſs:
Let me then refrain and dread;
A curſe hangs over the blaſphemer's head.
If they who ſuperviſe and ward
The heav'ns did ever ſhew regard
To mortal man, this Tantalus might boaſt
Of mortal men that he was honour'd moſt:
But he not able to digeſt
The glut, the ſurfeit, of immortal joys,
One heinous forfeit all his bliſs deſtroys;
For over him the godhead hung in air
A pond'rous ſtone, a dreadful poiſe of care!
From his head to remove it with terrour oppreſt
In vain he tries, and ſeeks in vain
One cheerful moment to regain.

STROPHE III. *Meaſures* 18.

A life of wo beyond relief
His portion now: ordain'd before
To torments of a threefold grief,
This fourth was added to complete his ſtore,
Since high preſuming in his ſoul
He nectar and ambroſia ſtole
To give to men, by which he knew
That taſting he immortal grew.
But be not man deceiv'd; the gods reveal
What moſt we labour to conceal:

For this the pow'rs who deathleſs reign
To earth ſent down his ſon again
To dwell with men, a ſhortliv'd race,
When ſudden fate comes on apace.
His flow'ry age in all its pride,
When o'er his chin a black'ning ſhade
Of down was caſt, a vow he made
Deep in his ſoul to win the proffer'd bride,

ANTISTROPHE III. *Meaſures* 18.

Hippodamia, boaſted name
From her great ſire the Piſan proud.
Alone by night the lover came
Beſide the hoary ſea, and call'd aloud
On him who ſways the triple ſpear
And fills with din the deafen'd ear,
When at his feet the god aroſe:
Then Pelops eager to diſcloſe
His mighty care, "O Neptune! if thy mind
"In love did ever pleaſure find,
"Let not Oenomaus prevail,
"And let his brazen jav'lin fail:
"Oh! bear me hence on wheels of ſpeed
"To Elis, to the glorious meed:
"To victory oh! whirl me ſtrait;
"Since after ten and other three
"Bold ſuiters ſlain yet ſtill we ſee
"From year to year the promis'd nuptials wait

EPODE III. *Meaſures* 16.

" Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
" The daſtard in heart who deſpairs of his might.
" Since we all are born to die
" Who overcaſt would in oblivion lie,
" In unreputed age decay,
" And meanly ſquander life away,
" Cut off from ev'ry praiſe? Then let me dare
" This conflict in the duſty liſts to ſhare,
" And proſper thou my glowing wheels."
Thus Pelops ſpoke; nor was his fervent pray'r
Pour'd forth in fruitleſs words to waft in air:
The deity his whole ambition grants,
Nor ſhining car nor courſers now he wants:
In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
Exulting in the horſes' feet,
Unweary'd ever, ever fleet,

STROPHE IV. *Meaſures* 18.

Oenomaus! he triumphs o'er
Thy proweſs, and to ſhare his bed
Claims the bright maid, who to him bore
Six princely ſons to manly virtues bred.
Now ſolemniz'd with ſteaming blood
And pious rites, near Alpheus' flood
Intomb'd he ſleeps, where th' altar ſtands
That draws the vows of diſtant lands,
And round his tomb the circling racers ſtrive,
And round the wheeling chariots drive.

In thy fam'd courſes Pelops! riſe
Th' Olympian glories to the ſkies,
And ſhine afar: there we behold
The ſtretch of manhood, ſtrenuous, bold,
In ſore fatigues, and there the ſtrife
Of winged feet. Thrice happy he
Who overcomes! for he ſhall ſee
Unclouded days and taſte the ſweets of life,

ANTISTROPHE IV. *Meaſures* 18.

Thy boon O Victory! thy prize.
The good that in a day obtain'd
From day to day freſh joy ſupplies
Is the ſupreme of bliſs to man ordain'd.
But let me now the rider raiſe,
And crown him with Æolian lays,
The victor's due: and I confide,
Tho' ev'ry welcome gueſt be try'd,
Not one in all the concourſe would be found
For faireſt knowledge more renown'd,
Nor yet a maſter more to twine
In laſting hymns each wreathing line.
The guardian god who watchful guides
Thy fortunes Hiero! preſides
O'er all thy cares with anxious pow'r;
And ſoon, if he does not deny
His needful aid, my hopes run high
To ſing more pleaſing in the joyful hour

EPODE IV. *Meaſures* 16.

On thy chariot triumphant when thou ſhalt appear,
And fly o'er the courſe with a rapid career,
Tracing paths of language fair
As I to Cronion's ſunny mount repair.
Ev'n now the Muſe prepares to raiſe,
Her growth, the ſtrongeſt dart of praiſe,
For me to wield. Approv'd in other things
Do others riſe conſpicuous: only kings
High mounting on the ſummit fix:
There bound thy view wide-ſpread, nor vainly try
Farther to ſtretch the proſpect of thine eye:
Be then thy glorious lot to tread ſublime
With ſteady ſteps the meaſur'd track of time;
Be mine with the prize-bearing worthies to mix
In Greece, thro'out the learned throng
Proclaim'd unrivall'd in my ſong.

THE SECOND
OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.
TO THERON OF AGRIGENTUM,
Victorious in the Chariotrace.

The Argument.

He praiſes Theron King of Agrigentum on account of the victory obtained in the Olympick Games with a chariot and four horſes; likewiſe for his juſtice, his hoſpitality, his fortitude, and the illuſtriouſneſs of his anceſtors, whoſe adventures are occaſionally mentioned: then he interweaves digreſſions to Semele, Ino, Peleus, Achilles, and others, and deſcribes the future ſtate of the righteous and of the wicked. Laſtly, he concludes with extolling his own ſkill in panegyrick, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

STROPHE 1. *Meaſures* 16.

SOV'REIGN Hymns! whoſe numbers ſway
The ſounding harp, what god, what hero, ſay,
What man ſhall we reſound?
Is not Piſa Jove's delight?
And did not Hercules with conqueſt crown'd
To him ordain
Th' Olympiad for an army ſlain,
Thankoff'ring of the war?
And muſt we not in Theron's right
Exert our voice and ſwell our ſong?
Theron! whoſe victorious car
Four courſers whirl fleeting along,
To ſtranger gueſts indulgent hoſt,
Of Agrigentum the ſupport and boaſt,
Cities born to rule and grace,
Fair bloſſom of his ancient race,

ANTISTROPHE I. *Meaſures* 16.

Worthies ſore perplex'd in thought,
Till wand'ring far they found what long they ſought,
A ſacred ſeat, faſt by
Where the ſtream does rapid run,
And reign'd of Sicily the guardian eye,
When happy days,
And wealth, and favour, flow'd, and praiſe,
That inborn worth inflames.
Saturnian Jove, O Rhea's ſon!
Who o'er Olympus doſt preſide
And the pitch of lofty Games,
And Alpheus, of rivers the pride,
Rejoicing in my ſongs, do thou
Incline thine ear propitious to my vow,
Bleſſing with a bounteous hand
The rich hereditary land

EPODE I. *Meaſures* 10.

Thro' their late lineage down. No pow'r can actions paſt,
Whether deeds of right or wrong,
As things not done recall,
Not ev'n Time, the father who produces all;
Yet can Oblivion waiting long,
Gath'ring ſtrength
Thro' the length
Of proſp'rous times, forbid thoſe deeds to laſt:
Such force has ſweetly-healing joy
The feſt'ring ſmart of evils to deſtroy,

STROPHE II. *Meaſures* 16.

When felicity is ſent
Down by the Will Supreme with full content.
Thy daughters Cadmus! they
Greatly wretched here below,
Bleſt evermore, this mighty truth diſplay.
No weight of grief
But whelm'd in pleaſures finds relief,
Sunk in the ſweet abyſs.
Thou Semele! with hair aflow,
Thou by thunder doom'd to die,
Mingling with the gods in bliſs,
Art happy for ever on high:
Thee Pallas does for ever love,
Thee chiefly Jupiter who rules above;
Thee thy ſon holds ever dear,
Thy ſon with the ivy-wreathed ſpear.

ANTISTROPHE II. *Meaſures* 16.

Beauteous Ino we are told
With the ſea-daughters dwells of Nereus old,
And has by lot obtain'd
Laſting life beneath the deep,
A life within no bounds of time reſtrain'd.
The hour of death,
The day when we reſign our breath,
That offspring of the Sun,
Which bids us from our labours ſleep,
In vain do mortals ſeek to know,
Or who deſtin'd is to run

A life unintangled with wo;
For none are able to diſcloſe
The ſeaſons of th' uncertain ebbs and flows
Now of pleaſures now of pains
Which hidden Fate to men ordains.

EPODE II. *Meaſures* 10.

Thus Providence that to thy anceſtry long fam'd
Portions out a pleaſing ſhare
Of heav'n-ſprung happineſs,
Does, ceaſing in another turn of time to bleſs,
Diſtribute ſome reverſe of care,
As from years
Paſt appears
Since the predeſtin'd ſon, at Pytho nam'd,
Did Laius blindly meeting kill,
And the oracle of old pronounc'd fulfil.

STROPHE III. *Meaſures* 16.

Fell Erinnys, quick to view
The deed, his warlike ſons in battle flew
Each by the other's rage:
But to Polynices ſlain
Surviv'd Therſander, glory of his age,
For feats of war
And youthful conteſts honour'd far,
The ſcion kept alive
To raiſe th' Adraſtian houſe again;
From whence Æneſidamus' heir
Does his ſpreading root derive,

To branch out a progeny fair,
Who ſpringing feremoſt in the chaſe
Of fame demands we ſhould his triumph grace,
Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
Sweet union of melodious praiſe:

ANTISTROPHE III. *Meaſures* 16.

For not only has he borne
Th' Olympian prize, but with his brother worn
The garland of renown
At Pytho and at Iſthmus, where
Victorious both they ſhar'd th' allotted crown,
Joint honour won
In twelve impetuous courſes, run
With four unweary'd ſteeds.
To vanquiſh in the ſtrife ſevere
Does all anxiety deſtroy;
And to this if wealth ſucceeds
With virtues enamell'd, the joy
Luxuriant grows; ſuch affluence
Does glorious opportunities diſpenſe,
Giving depth of thought to find
Purſuits which pleaſe a noble mind;

EPODE III. *Meaſures* 10.

Refulgent ſtar! to man the pureſt beam of light!
The poſſeſſor of this ſtore,
Far future things diſcerning, knows
Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, t' immediate woes
Conſign'd, too late their pains deplore;

For below
Ere they go
Sits one in judgment, who pronounces right
On crimes in this wide realm of Jove,
Whoſe dire decree no pow'r can e'er remove:

STROPHE IV. *Meaſures* 16.

But the good, alike by night
Alike by day the ſun's uncloudedlight
Beholding, ever bleſt
Live an unlaborious life,
Not anxious interrupt their hallow'd reſt
With ſpade and plough
The earth to vex, or with the prow
The briny ſea, to eat
The bread of care in endleſs ſtrife.
The dread divinities among
The few unaccuſtom'd to wrong,
Who never broke the vow they ſwore,
A tearleſs age enjoy for evermore,
While the wicked hence depart
To torments which appal the heart:

ANTISTROPHE IV. *Meaſures* 16.

But the ſouls who greatly dare,
Thrice try'd in either ſtate, to perſevere,
From all injuſtice pure,
Journeying onward in the way
Of Jupiter, in virtue ſtill ſecure,

Along his road
Arrive at Saturn's rais'd abode,
Where ſoft ſeabreezes breathe
Round the iſland of the bleſs'd, where gay
The trees with golden bloſſoms glow,
Where their brows and arms to wreathe
Bright garlands on ev'ry ſide blow,
For ſpringing thick in ev'ry field
The earth does golden flow'rs ſpontaneous yield,
And in ev'ry limpid ſtream
The budding gold is ſeen to gleam:

EPODE IV. *Meaſures* 10.

Fair heritage! by righteous Rhadamanth's award,
Who coequal takes his ſeat
With Saturn, ſire divine!
Thy conſort Rhea! who above the reſt doſt ſhine
High thron'd, thou matron-goddeſs great!
Theſe among,
(Bliſsful throng!)
Does Peleus and does Cadmus find regard;
And thro' his mother's winning pray'r
To Jove Achilles dwells immortal there:

STROPHE V. *Meaſures* 16.

He who Hector did deſtroy,
The pillar firm the whole ſupport of Troy,
And Cycnus gave to die,
And Aurora's Æthiop ſon.
My arm beneath yet many darts have I

All ſwift of flight
Within my quiver ſounding right
To ev'ry ſkilful ear;
But of the multitude not one
Diſcerns the myſt'ry unexplain'd.
He tranſcendent does appear
In knowledge from Nature who gain'd
His ſtore; but the dull-letter'd crowd,
In cenſure vehement in nonſenſe loud,
Clamour idly, wanting ſkill,
Like crows, in vain provoking ſtill
ANTISTROPHE V. *Meaſures* 16.
The celeſtial bird of Jove.
But to the mark addreſs thy bow, nor rove,
My Soul! And whom do I
Single out with fond deſire
At him to let illuſtrious arrows fly?
My fix'd intent,
My aim, on Agrigentum bent,
A ſolemn oath I plight
Sincere as honeſt minds require,
That thro' an hundred circling years,
With recorded worthies bright,
No rivalling city appears
To boaſt a man more frank t' impart
Kind offices to friends with open heart,
Or with hand amidſt his ſtore
Delighting to diſtribute more

EPODE V. *Meaſures* 10.

Than Theron: yet foul calumny, injurious blame,
Did the men of rancour raiſe
Againſt his fair renown;
Defamers who by evil actions ſtrove to drown
His good and to conceal his praiſe.
Can the ſand
On the ſtrand
Be number'd o'er? then true to Theron's fame
His favours, ſhow'ring down delight
On thouſands, who is able to recite?

THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

ON HIS LUTE.

The line of Atreus will I ſing,
To Cadmus will I tune the ſtring;
But as from ſtring to ſtring I move
My Lute will only ſound of love.
The chords I change thro' ev'ry ſcrew,
And model the whole Lute anew.
Once more in ſong my voice I raiſe,
And Hercules! thy toils I praiſe.
My Lute does ſtill my voice deny
And in the tones of love reply.
Ye Heroes! then at once farewell;
Loves only echo from my ſhell.

THE SECOND ODE.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE the bull with horns ſupplies,
The horſe with hoofs ſhe fortifies,
The fleeting foot on hares beſtows,
On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!
Grants fiſh to ſwim and birds to fly,
And on their ſkill bids men rely.
Women alone defenceleſs live,
To Women what does Nature give?
Beauty ſhe gives inſtead of darts,
Beauty inſtead of ſhields imparts;
Nor can the ſword nor fire oppoſe
The fair, victorious where ſhe goes.

THE THIRD ODE.

ON LOVE.

ONE midnight when the Bear did ſtand
A-level with Bootes' hand,
And with their labour ſore oppreſt
The race of men were laid to reſt,
Then to my doors at unawares
Came Love, and try'd to force the bars.
"Who thus affails my doors?" I cry'd;
"Who breaks my ſlumbers?" Love reply'd,

" Open; a child alone is here,
" A little child;—you need not fear:
" Here thro' the moonleſs night I ſtray,
" And drench'd in rain have loſt my way."
Then mov'd to pity by his plight
Too much in haſte my lamp I light,
And open: when a child I ſee,
A little child he ſeem'd to me,
Who bore a quiver and a bow,
And wings did to his ſhoulders grow.
Within the hearth I bid him ſtand;
Then chafe and cheriſh either hand
Between my palms, and wring with care
The trickling water from his hair.
" Now come," ſaid he, no longer chill,
" We 'll bend this bow and try our ſkill,
" And prove the ſtring, how far its pow'r
" Remains unſlacken'd by the ſhow'r."
He bends his bow and culls his quiver,
And pierces like a breeze my liver;
Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,
" Rejoice with me, my Hoſt," he ſaid;
" My bow is ſound in ev'ry part,
" And you ſhall rue it at your heart."

AN HYMN TO VENUS,

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

I.

O VENUS! beauty of the ſkies,
To whom a thouſand temples riſe,
Gayly falſe in gentle ſmiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O Goddeſs! from my heart remove
The waſting cares and pains of love.

II.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A ſong in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow
O gentle Goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend, thou bright immortal gueſt!
In all thy radiant charms confeſt.

III.

Thou once didſt leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above;
The car thy wanton ſparrows drew;
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way
I ſaw their quiv'ring pinions play.

IV.

The birds diſmiſs'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:

Then you with looks divinely mild
In ev'ry heav'nly feature ſmil'd,
And aſk'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

V.

What frenzy in my boſom rag'd,
And by what care to be aſſuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils ſecure?
Who does thy tender heart ſubdue?
Tell me my Sappho! tell me who.

VI.

Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing arms
He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted charms;
Tho' now thy off'rings he deſpiſe
He ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze he ſoon ſhall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

VII.

Celeſtial Viſitant! once more
Thy needful preſence I implore:
In pity come and eaſe my grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd ſoul relief;
Favour thy ſuppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart deſires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

I.

Blest as th' immortal gods is he
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest
And raised such tumults in my breast,
For while I gazed in transport toft
My breath was gone my voice was loft.

III.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung:

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrours thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

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