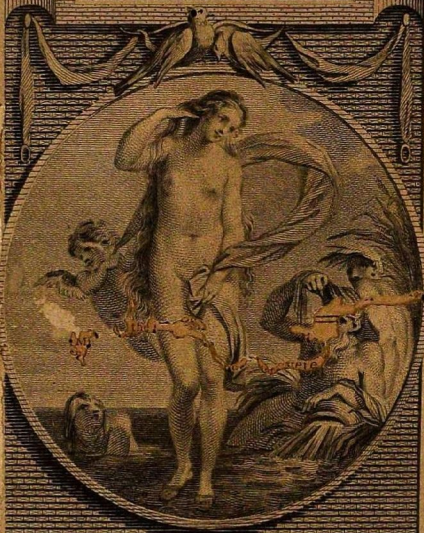


BELL'S EDITION.
THE POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPAR'D FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



HUGHES VOL. II.
So from the Sea when Venus rose serene
To Thracia's Iles

Engraved by

W. Heath sculp

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Nov. 6. 1779.

Sublime ^{THE} *Regal*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN HUGHES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Round HUGHES's humble tho' distinguish'd urn
The Muses, wreath'd with baleful cypress, mourn;
In ev'ry face a deep distress appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears.
Such was the ~~scene~~ ^{scene}, by the gods
Majestic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er ~~Ulysses~~ ^{Ulysses} tomb bestow'd,
And tears like these for Adonis late ^{erewhile} flow'd.

MISS COWPER.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN HUGHES.

VOL. II.

932

CONTAINING HIS

CANTATAS,



ODES,

SONGS,

TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Lost in thy Works, how oft' I pass the day,
While the swift hours I feel unperceiv'd away!
There, in sweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And noblest sentiments the bosom warm:
The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themselves in fadeless colours there.

J. BUNCE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

SIX CANTATAS;
OR, POEMS FOR MUSIC.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

Non ante vulgatas per artes,
Verba loquor focianda chordis.

HOR.

THE PREFACE,
AS IT WAS PRINTED BEFORE THE MUSIC.

To the Lovers of Music.

MR. Pepusch having desired that some account should be prefixed to these Cantatas relating to the words, it may be proper to acquaint the public that they are the first essays of this kind, and were written as an experiment of introducing a sort of composition which had never been naturalized in our language. Those who are affectedly partial to the Italian tongue will scarce allow music to speak any other: but if reason may be admitted to have any share in these entertainments, nothing is more necessary than that the words should be understood, without which the end of vocal music is lost. The want of this occasions a common complaint; and is the chief if not the only reason that the best works of Scarlatti, and other Italians, except

those performed in operas, are generally but little known or regarded here. Besides, it may be observed, without any dishonour to a language which has been adorned by some writers of excellent genius, and was the first among the Moderns in which the art of poetry was revived and brought to any perfection, that in the great number of their operas, serenatas, and cantatas, the words are often much inferior to the composition; and though, by their abounding with vowels, they have an inimitable aptness and facility for notes, the writers for music have not always made the best use of this advantage, or seem to have relied on it so much as to have regarded little else; so that Mr. Waller's remark, on another occasion, may be frequently applied to them;

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.

Yet so great is the force of sounds, well chosen and skilfully executed, that as they can hide indifferent sense, and a kind of associated pleasure arises from the words though they are but mean, so the impression cannot fail of being in proportion much greater when the thoughts are natural and proper, and the expressions unaffected and agreeable.

Since, therefore, the English language, though inferior in smoothness, has been found not incapable of harmony, nothing would perhaps be wanting towards introducing the most elegant style of music in a nation which has given such generous encouragements to it,

if our best poets would sometimes assist this design, and make it their diversion to improve a sort of verse, in regular measures, purposely fitted for music, and which, of all the modern kinds, seems to be the only one that can now properly be called Lyric.

It cannot but be observed on this occasion, that since poetry and music are so nearly allied, it is a misfortune that those who excel in one are often perfect strangers to the other. If, therefore, a better correspondence were settled between the two sister-arts, they would probably contribute to each other's improvement. The expressions of harmony, cadence, and a good ear, which are said to be so necessary in poetry, being all borrowed from music, shew at least if they signify any thing, that it would be no improper help for a poet to understand more than the metaphorical sense of them: and, on the other hand, a composer can never judge where to lay the accent of his music, who does not know, or is not made sensible, where the words have the greatest beauty and force.

There is one thing in compositions of this sort which seems a little to want explaining, and that is the recitative music, which many people hear without pleasure; the reason of which is, perhaps, that they have a mistaken notion of it. They are accustomed to think that all music should bear; and being disappointed of what they expect, they lose the beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to observe, therefore, that the recitative style in composition is founded on

that variety of accent which pleases in the pronunciation of a good orator, with as little deviation from it as possible. The different tones of the voice in astonishment, joy, sorrow, rage, tenderness, in affirmations, apostrophes, interrogations, and all the other varieties of speech, make a sort of natural music which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with some helps, by the composer, but without approaching to what we call a Tune or Air: so that it is but a kind of improved elocution, or pronouncing of the words in musical cadences, and is indeed wholly at the mercy of the performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his skill or ignorance, like the reading of verse, which is not every one's talent. This short account may possibly suffice to shew how properly the recitative has a place in compositions of any length to relieve the ear with a variety, and to introduce the airs with the greater advantage.

As to Mr. Pepusch's success in these compositions, I am not at liberty to say any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expressed the sense of the words. He is desirous the public should be informed that they are not only the first he has attempted in English, but the first of any of his works published by himself; and as he wholly submits them to the judgment of the lovers of this art, it will be a pleasure to him to find that his endeavours to promote the composing of music in the English language, after a new model, are favourably accepted.

CANTATAS.

CANTATA I.

ON ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Beauty's goddess from the ocean sprung,
Ascending, o'er the waves she cast a smile
On fair Britannia's happy isle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus she sung.

AIR.

"Hail, Britannia! hail to thee, 5
"Fairest island of the sea!
"Thou my favourite land shalt be.
"Cyprus, too, shall own my sway,
"And dedicate to me its groves;
"Yet Venus and her train of Loves 10
"Will with happier Britain stay.
"Hail, Britannia! hail to thee,
"Fairest island of the sea!
"Thou my favourite land shalt be."

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffusing wide, 15
And saw the pow'r whom gods and men adore
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
"O welcome! welcome to my shore!"

AIR.

"Lovely Isle! so richly blest! 20
 "Beauty's palm is thine confest.
 "Thy daughters all the world outshine,
 "Nor Venus' self is so divine.
 "Lovely Isle! so richly blest!
 "Beauty's palm is thine confest." 25

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

SEE!—from the silent grove Alexis flies,
 And seeks, with ev'ry pleasing art,
 To ease the pain which lovely eyes
 Created in his heart.

To shining theatres he now repairs, 5
 To learn Camilla's moving airs,
 Where thus to music's pow'r the swain address'd his

AIR.

[pray'rs,

"Charming sounds! that sweetly languish,
 "Music! O compose my anguish!
 "Ev'ry passion yields to thee; 10
 "Phœbus! quickly then relieve me;
 "Cupid shall no more deceive me:
 "I'll to sprightlier joys be free."

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;
 He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd, 15

How weak t' assuage an am'rous pain
 His own harmonious art had prov'd,
 And all his healing herbs how vain;
 Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
 Preluding to his voice, and sings. 20

AIR.

" Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
 " Do not, Shepherd! then deceive thee;
 " Music is the voice of Love.
 " If the tender maid believe thee,
 " Soft relenting, 25
 " Kind consenting,
 " Will alone thy pain remove." 27

CANTATA III.

ON THE SPRING.

With Violins.

AIR.

" FRAGRANT Flora! haste, appear,
 " Goddess of the youthful year;
 " Zephyr gently courts thee now;
 " On thy buds of roses playing,
 " All thy breathing sweets displaying, 5
 " Hark! his am'rous breezes blow.
 " Fragrant Flora! haste, appear,
 " Goddess of the youthful year;
 " Zephyr gently courts thee now."

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of spring,
 The tuneful Colinet his voice did raise, 12
 The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
 And list'ning birds hung hov'ring on the wing.
 In whisp'ring sighs soft Zephyr by him flew,
 While thus the shepherd did his song renew. 15

AIR.

"Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
 "Come, this charming season grace;
 "Smile, ye Fair! your joys bestowing,
 "Spring and youth will soon be going,
 "Seize the blessings ere they pass. 20
 "Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
 "Come, this charming season grace."

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful voice and fame
 Had reach'd the wond'ring skies;
 From heav'n the god of Music came,
 And own'd a pleas'd surprise;
 Then in a soft melodious lay 5
 Apollo did these grateful praises pay.

AIR.

" Matchless Charmer ! thine shall be
 " The highest prize of harmony :
 " Phœbus ever will inspire thee,
 " And th' applauding world admire thee ; 10
 " All shall in thy praise agree.
 " Matchless Charmer ! thine shall be
 " The highest prize of harmony."

RECITATIVE.

The god then summon'd ev'ry Muse t' appear,
 And hail their sister of the quire ; 15
 Smiling they stood around her soothing strains to hear,
 And fill'd her happy soul with all their fire.

AIR.

" O Harmony ! how wondrous sweet
 " Dost thou our cares allay !
 " When all thy moving graces meet, 20
 " How softly dost thou steal our easy hours away !
 " O Harmony ! how wondrous sweet
 " Dost thou our cares allay !" 23

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Corydon, the lonely shepherd, try'd
 His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
 The jealous nightingales, that strove
 To trace his notes, contending dy'd.
 At last he hears, within a myrtle shade,
 An echo answer all his strain :
 Love stole the pipe of sleeping Pan, and play'd,
 Then with his voice decoys the list'ning swain.

AIR, *with a flute.*

" Gay Shepherd ! to befriend thee,
 " Here pleasing scenes attend thee ;
 " O this way speed thy pace !
 " If Music can delight thee,
 " Or visions fair invite thee,
 " This bow'r's the happy place.
 " Gay Shepherd ! to befriend thee,
 " Here pleasing scenes attend thee ;
 " O this way speed thy pace !"

RECITATIVE.

The shepherd rose, he gaz'd around,
 And vainly sought the magic sound ;
 The god of Love his motion spies,
 Lays by the pipe, and shoots a dart
 Thro' Corydon's unwary heart,
 Then, smiling, from his ambush flies ;

While in his room, divinely bright,
 The reigning beauty of the groves surpris'd the shep-
 AIR. [herd's sight.

"Who, from love his heart securing, 26
 "Can avoid th' enchanting pain?
 "Pleasure calls with voice alluring,
 "Beauty softly binds the chain.
 "Who, from love his heart securing,
 "Can avoid th' enchanting pain?" 31

CANTATA VI. THE COQUETTE.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY Cloc, proud and young,
 The fairest tyrant of the plain,
 Laugh'd at her adoring swain:
 He sadly sigh'd—she gaily sung,
 And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain. 3

AIR.

"Leave me, filly Shepherd! go;
 "You only tell me what I know;
 "You view a thousand charms in me:
 "Then cease thy pray'rs, I'll kinder grow
 "When I can view such charms in thee. 10
 "Leave me, filly Shepherd! go;
 "You only tell me what I know;
 "You view a thousand charms in me."

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this disdain,
 Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain: 15
 He rav'd, and at the scorner swore,
 And vow'd he 'd be Love's fool no more—
 But Cloe smil'd, and thus she call'd him back again.

AIR.

" Shepherd! this I 'ave done to prove thee;
 " Now thou art a man I love thee, 20
 " And without a blush resign:
 " But ungrateful is the passion,
 " And destroys our inclination,
 " When like slaves our lovers whine.
 " Shepherd! this I 'ave done to prove thee; 25
 " Now thou art a man I love thee,
 " And without a blush resign," 27

CUPID AND SCARLATI.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON silver Tyber's vocal shore
 The fam'd Scarlati strook his lyre,
 And strove, with charms unknown before,
 The springs of tuneful sound t' explore,
 Beyond what art alone could e'er inspire;
 When, see!—the sweet essay to hear,
 Venus with her son drew near,
 And, pleas'd to ask the master's aid,
 The mother-goddess smiling said:

AIR.

“ Harmonious son of Phœbus! see,
 “ 'Tis Love, 't is little Love, I bring:
 “ The queen of Beauty sues to thee,
 “ To teach her wanton boy to sing.”

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd musician heard with joy,
 And, proud to teach th' immortal boy,
 Did all his songs and heav'nly skill impart:
 The boy, to recompense his art,
 Repeating did each song improve,
 And breath'd into his airs the charms of love,
 And taught the master thus to touch the heart.

CANTATA.

AIR.

- “ Love, inspiring
“ Sounds persuading,
“ Makes his darts resistless fly;
“ Beauty, aiding
“ Arts aspiring,
“ Gives them wings to rise more high.” 26

PASTORA.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd Arcadia's flow'ry plains
The gay Pastora once was heard to sing;
Close by a fountain's crystal spring
She warbled out her merry strains.

AIR.

- “ Shepherds! would you hope to please us, 5
“ You must ev'ry humour try;
“ Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
“ Often laugh, and sometimes cry.
“ Shepherds! would you hope to please us,
“ You must ev'ry humour try: 10
“ Soft denials
“ Are but trials;
“ You must follow when we fly.

"Shepherds! would you hope to please us,

"You must ev'ry humour try."

15

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this sprightly maid,

Yet never durst his love relate,

Resolv'd at last to try his fate.

He sigh'd—she smil'd—he kneel'd and pray'd—

She frown'd—He rose, and walk'd away; 20

But soon returning look'd more gay, [play'd.

And sung and danc'd, and on his pipe a cheerful echo

AIR, with an echo of flutes.

"Pastora fled to a shady grove;

"Damon view'd her

"And pursu'd her;

25

"Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

"The nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see

"That Damon ran as swift as she.

"Pastora fled to a shady grove;

"Damon view'd her

30

"And pursu'd her;

"Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love."

32

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

"Foolish Love! I scorn thy darts,

"And all thy little wanton arts,

"To captivate unmanly hearts.

" Shall a woman, proud and coy,

" Make me languish for a toy? 5

" Foolish Love! I scorn thy darts,

" And all thy little wanton arts,

" To captivate unmanly hearts."

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the pow'r of Love, and swore

His freedom he would still maintain, 10

Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,

Or slavishly adore;

But when Lamira cross'd the plain

The shepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his strain.

AIR.

" Love! I feel thy pow'r divine, 15

" And, blushing, now my heart resign.

" Ye Swains! my folly don't despise,

" But look on fair Lamira's eyes,

" Then tell me if you can be wiser.

" Love! I feel thy pow'r divine,

" And, blushing, now my heart resign." 20

THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.
A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES,
BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

“WHY, too am’rous hero! why

“Dost thou the war forego,

“At Celia’s feet to lie,

“And, fighting, tell thy woe?

“Can you think that sneaking air

5

“Fit to move th’ unpitying fair?

“She laughs to see thee trifle so.

“Why, too am’rous hero! why

“Dost thou the war forego,

“At Celia’s feet to lie,

10

“And, fighting, tell thy woe?”

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,

Nor would his languishing refrain;

But while to Celia once he pray’d in vain,

By chance his image in a glass he spies,

15

And, blushing at the sight, he grew a man again.

AIR, *with a trumpet.*

“Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms:

“I come, I come,” the warrior cries,

“And from scornful Celia flies,

“To court Victoria’s charms.

20

' Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
 " And would regain her lover now.
 " Hark ! the trumpet sounds to arms :
 " I come, I come," the warrior cries,
 " And from scornful Celia flies,
 " To court Victoria's charms."

26

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Strephon by his folded sheep
 Sat wakeful on the plains;

Love held his weary eyes from sleep,

While, silent in the vale,

The list'ning nightingale

Forgot her own to hear his strains.

And now the beauteous queen of Night,

Unclouded and serene,

Sheds on the neighb'ring sea her silver light;

The neighb'ring sea was calm and bright;

The shepherd sung inspir'd, and bless'd the lovely
 scene.

10

AIR.

" While the sky and seas are shining,

O see! my Flora's charms they wear;

" Secret Night, my joys divining,
 " Pleas'd my am'rous tale to hear,
 " Smiles, and softly turns her sphere.
 " While the sky and seas are shining,
 " See! my Flora's charms they wear."

15

RECITATIVE.

Ah! foolish Strephon! change thy strain;
 'The lovely scene false joy inspires;
 For look, thou fond deluded Swain!
 A rising storm invades the main.
 The planet of the night,
 Inconstant, from thy sight
 Behind a cloud retires.
 Flora is fled; thou lov'st in vain:
 Ah! foolish Strephon! change thy strain.

20

25

AIR.

" Hope beguiling,
 " Like the moon and ocean smiling,
 " Does thy easy faith betray:
 " Flora ranging,
 " Like the moon and ocean changing,
 " More inconstant proves than they."

30

33

MYRA.

A CANTATA.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

“ Love frowns in beauteous Myra’s eyes;
 “ Ah, Nymph! those cruel looks give o’er:
 “ While Love is frowning Beauty dies,
 “ And you can charm no more.”

RECITATIVE.

Mark how when fullen clouds appear, 5
 And wint’ry storms deface the year,
 The prudent cranes no longer stay,
 But take the wing, and thro’ the air
 From the cold region fly away,
 And far o’er land and seas to warmer climes repair. 10
 Just so my heart—But see—Ah no!
 She smiles—I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

“ Love and the Graces smiling,
 “ In Myra’s eyes beguiling,
 “ Again their charms recover. 15
 “ Would you secure our duty,
 “ Let kindness aid your beauty,
 “ Ye Fair! to sooth the lover.” 18

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. D. PURCELL.

AIR.

" Love! I defy thee;
 " Venus! I fly thee;
 " I 'm of chaste Diana's train.
 " Away, thou winged Boy!
 " Thou bear'st thy darts in vain;
 " I hate the languid joy,
 " I mock the trifling pain.
 " Love! I defy thee;
 " Venus! I fly thee;
 " I 'm of chaste Diana's train."

5

10

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her son stood by,
 And heard a proud disdainful fair
 Thus boast her wretched liberty;
 They scorn'd she should the raptures share
 Which their happier captives know;
 Nor would Cupid draw his bow
 To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

15

AIR.

" Proud and foolish! hear your fate;
 " Waste your youth, and sigh too late
 " For joys which now you say you hate.

20

- " When your decaying eyes
 " Can dart their fires no more,
 " The wrinkles of threescore
 " Shall make you vainly wise.
 " Proud and foolish! hear your fate; 25
 " Waste your youth, and sigh too late
 " For joys which now you say you hate." 27

A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES,

BY SIGNIOR NICOLINI HAYM.

AIR.

- " Ye tender Pow'rs! how shall I move
 " A careless maid that laughs at love?
 " Cupid! to my succour fly;
 " Come with all thy thrilling darts,
 " Thy melting flames to soften hearts;
 " Conquer for me or I die.
 " Ye tender Pow'rs! how shall I move
 " A careless maid that laughs at love?
 " Cupid! to my succour fly."

RECITATIVE.

- Thus, in a melancholy shade, 10
 A pensive lover to his aid
 Invok'd the god of warm desire:
 Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
 Did this successful thought inspire.

AIR.

- " Take her humour, smile, be gay ; 15
 " In her fav'rite follies join,
 " That 's the charm will make her thine.
 " Cast thy serious airs away ;
 " Freely courting,
 " Toying, sporting, 20
 " Sooth her hours with am'rous play.
 " Take her humour, smile, be gay ;
 " In her fav'rite follies join,
 " That 's the charm will make her thine." 24

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy throne of beauty now resign ;
 Behold on earth a conqu'ring fair
 Who more deserves Love's crown to wear :
 Not thy own star so bright in heav'n does shine.
 Ask of thy son her name, who with his dart 5
 Has deeply grav'd it in my heart ;
 Or ask the god of tuneful sound,
 Who sings it to his lyre,
 And does this maid inspire
 With his own art, to give a surer wound. 10

C ij

AIR.

"Hark! the groves her songs repeat;
 "Echo lurks in hollow springs,
 "And, transported while she sings,
 "Learns her voice, and grows more sweet.
 "Could Narcissus see or hear her,
 "From his fountain he would fly,
 "And, with awe approaching near her,
 "For a real beauty die.

15

"Hark! the groves her songs repeat;
 "Echo lurks in hollow springs,
 "And transported while she sings,
 "Learns her voice, and grows more sweet."

20

RECITATIVE.

Yet, Venus! once again my suit attend;
 And when from heav'n you shall descend,
 This shining empress to array,
 When you present her all your train of Loves,
 Your chariot and your murm'ring doves,
 Tell her she wants one charm to make the rest more
 Then, smiling, to th' harmonious beauty say; [gay,

25

AIR.

"To a lovely face and air
 "Let a tender heart be join'd:
 "Love can make you doubly fair;
 "Music's sweeter when your're kind.
 "To a lovely face and air
 "Let a tender heart be join'd."

30

35

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

DAPHNE, the beautiful, the coy,
 Along the winding shore of Peneus flew
 To shun Love's tender offer'd joy,
 Tho' it was a god that did her charms pursue;
 While thus Apollo, in a moving strain, 5
 Awak'd his lyre, and softly breath'd his am'rous pain.

AIR.

"Fairest Mortal! stay and hear;
 "Cannot love with music join'd
 "Touch thy unrelenting mind?
 "Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear; 10
 "Fairest Mortal! stay and hear;
 "Cannot love with music join'd
 "Touch thy unrelenting mind?"

RECITATIVE.

The river's echoing banks with pleasure did prolong
 The sweetly warbled sounds, and murmur'd with the
 Daphne fled swifter, in despair, [song.
 To 'scape the god's embrace, 17
 And to the genius of the place
 She sigh'd this wondrous pray'r:

AIR.

- " Father Peneus! hear me, aid me; 29
 " Let some sudden change invade me;
 " Fix me rooted on thy shore.
 " Cease, Apollo! to persuade me;
 " I am Daphne now no more.
 " Father Peneus! hear me, aid me; 25
 " Let some sudden change invade me;
 " Fix me rooted on thy shore."

RECITATIVE.

Apollo, wond'ring, stood to see
 The nymph transform'd into a tree.
 Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art, 30
 His passion, and his race divine;
 Nor could th' eternal beams that round his temples
 Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart. [shine

AIR.

- " Nature alone can love inspire;
 " Art is vain to move desire. 35
 " If Nature once the fair incline,
 " To their own passion they resign.
 " Nature alone can love inspire;
 " Art is vain to move desire." 39

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
 Your tender lips, your soft enchanting eyes,
 And all the Venus in your face,
 I'm fill'd with pleasure and surprise:
 But, cruel Goddess! when I find
 Diana's coldness in your mind,
 How can I bear that fix'd disdain?
 My pleasure dies, and I but live in pain.

AIR.

"Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
 "Will you touch the charmer's heart?
 "Sooth her breast to soft consenting,
 "Or remove from mine the dart.
 "Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
 "Will you touch the charmer's heart?"

10

RECITATIVE.

But, see! while to my passion voice I give,
 Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
 Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
 And looks as she would let me live;
 And yet she chides, but with so sweet an air,
 That while she love denies she yet forbids despair.

15

AIR.

"Fear not, doubting Fair! t'approve me;
 "Can you love me?"

25

- " Frown not if you answer no ;
 " If you answer, frown not, no.
 " When again I ask, pursuing, 25
 " If you 'll stay and see my ruin ?
 " Fly—but let me with you go.
 " Blush not, doubting Fair ! t' approve me ;
 " Can you love me ?
 " Smile, and ev'ry fear forego." 30

VENUS AND ADONIS.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. HANDEL.

51

RECITATIVE.

- BEHOLD where weeping Venus stands !
 What more than mortal grief can move
 The bright, th' immortal, queen of Love ?
 She beats her breast, she wrings her hands ;
 And, hark ! she mourns, but mourns in vain, 5
 Her beauteous lov'd Adonis slain.
 The hills and woods her loss deplore ;
 The Naiads hear and flock around,
 And Echo sighs with mimic sound,
 Adonis is no more ! 10
 Again the goddess raves, and tears her hair,
 Then vents her grief, her love, and her despair.

AIR.

" Dear Adonis! beauty's treasure,
 " Now my sorrow, once my pleasure,
 " O return to Venus' arms! 15
 " Venus never will forsake thee;
 " Let the voice of Love o'ertake thee,
 " And revive thy drooping charms."

RECITATIVE.

Thus, queen of Beauty, as thy poets feign,
 While thou didst call the lovely swain, 20
 Transform'd by heav'nly pow'r
 The lovely swain arose a flow'r,
 And, smiling, grac'd the plain:
 And now he blooms, and now he fades;
 Venus and gloomy Proserpine 25
 Alternate claim his charms divine;
 By turns restor'd to light, by turns he seeks the shades.

AIR.

" Transporting joy,
 " Tormenting fears,
 " Reviving smiles, 30
 " Succeeding tears,
 " Are Cupid's various train.
 " The tyrant boy
 " Prepares his darts
 " With soothing wiles, 35
 " With cruel arts,
 " And pleasure blends with pain." 37

SERENATA FOR TWO VOICES.

ON THE MARRIAGE

OF THE RIGHT HON. THE

LORD COBHAM TO MRS. ANNE HALSEY.

DUETTO.

“WAKE th’ harmonious voice and string,
“Love and Hymen’s triumph sing.
“Sounds with secret charms combining,
“In melodious union joining,
“Best the wondrous joys can tell
“That in hearts united dwell.”

5

RECITATIVE. FIRST VOICE.

To young Victoria’s happy fame
Well may the Arts a trophy raise,
Music grows sweeter in her praise,
And, own’d by her, with rapture speaks her name.
To touch the brave Cleander’s heart
The Graces all in her conspire;
Love arms her with his surest dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

“The list’ning Muses, all around her,
“Think ’t is Phœbus’ strain they hear;
“And Cupid drawing near to wound her
“Drops his bow, and stands to hear.”

15

RECITATIVE. SECOND VOICE.

While crowds of rivals, with despair,
 Silent admire, or vainly court the fair, 20
 Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,
 A hero is the glorious prize!
 In courts, in camps, thro' distant realms renown'd,
 Cleander comes—Victoria! see,
 He comes, with British honour crown'd; 25
 Love leads his eager steps to thee.

AIR.

“In tender sighs he silence breaks,
 “The fair his flame approves:
 “Consenting blushes warm her cheeks;
 “She smiles—she yields—she loves.” 30

RECITATIVE. FIRST VOICE.

Now Hymen at the altar stands,
 And while he joins their faithful hands,
 Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
 Immortal Concord, heav'nly bright,
 Array'd in robes of purest light, 35
 Descends, th' auspicious rites to crown.
 Her golden harp the goddess brings;
 Its magic sound
 Commands a sudden silence all around,
 And strains prophetic thus attune the strings. 40

DUETTO.

“The swain his nymph possessing, } I VOICE.
 “The nymph her swain caressing, } 2 VOICE.

" Shall still improve the blessing,

" For ever kind and true.

" While rolling years are flying,

" Love, Hymen's lamp supplying,

" With fuel never dying,

" Shall still the flame renew."

} I and 2.

45 } BOTH.

48 }

SONGS.

SONG I.

I.

FAME of Dorinda's conquests brought
The god of Love her charms to view;
To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
But soon became her conquest too.

II.

He dropp'd half-drawn his feeble bow;
He look'd, he rav'd, and, sighing, pin'd,
And wish'd, in vain, he had been now,
As painters falsely draw him, blind.

III.

Disarm'd, he to his mother flies;
"Help, Venus! help thy wretched son:
"Who now will pay us sacrifice?
"For Love himself's, alas! undone.

IV.

"To Cupid now no lover's pray'r
"Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs;
"My darts are gone, but, oh! beware,
"Fond Mortals! of Dorinda's eyes."

SONG II.

Written for the late

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY, 1699.

I.

WHILE Venus in her snowy arms
 The god of Battles held,
 And sooth'd him with her tender charms,
 Victorious from the field,
 By chance she cast a lovely smile,
 Propitious, down to earth,
 And view'd, in Britain's happy isle,
 Great Glou'ster's glorious birth.

II.

"Look, Mars," she said; "look down, and see
 A child of royal race!
 Let 's crown the bright nativity
 With ev'ry princely grace.
 Thy heav'nly image let him bear,
 And shine a Mars below:
 Form you his mind to warlike care,
 I'll softer gifts bestow."

III.

Thus at his birth two deities
 Their blessings did impart,
 And love was breath'd into his eyes,
 And glory form'd his heart. 20
 His childhood makes of war a game;
 Betimes his beauty charms
 The fair, who burn with equal flame
 For him as he for arms. 24

SONG III.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

IN young Astræa's sparkling eye
 Resistless Love has fix'd his throne;
 A thousand lovers bleeding lie
 For her, with wounds they fear to own. 4

II.

While the coy beauty speeds her flight
 To distant groves from whence she came,
 So lightning vanishes from sight,
 But leaves the forest in a flame. 8

SONG IV.

W^{ould} you gain the tender creature,
Softly—gently—kindly—treat her ;
Suff'ring is the lover's part.

3

Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.

6

SONG V.

Thy origin's divine, I see,
Of mortal race thou canst not be ;
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows,
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any star.

5

Thy sordid way of life despise ;
Above thy flav'ry, Sylvia ! rise ;
Display thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddess or a queen.

10

SONG VI.

CONSTANTIA! see, thy faithful slave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave.
Ah! gentle Nymph! no longer try
From fond pursuing Love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart;
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou wouldst be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

SONG VII.

THrice lov'd Constantia! heav'nly fair,
For thee a servant's form I wear;
Tho' blest'd with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee both wealth and birth I scorn. 4
Trust me, fair Maid! my constant flame
For ever will remain the same:
My love, that ne'er will cease; my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove. 8

ODES.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A PINDARIC ODE. 1702.

-----Cælo demittitur alto
Chara Deum Soboles-----

VIRG.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

May it please your Grace,

THOUGH the great loss we suffered in the death of the King has been so happily supplied by her Majesty's accession to the throne, and her late coronation justly filled the hearts of her subjects with joy; yet so glorious a reign as the last will always be remembered with admiration by all good and wise men, and your Grace has given sufficient proofs that you are of that number. It can never, therefore, be thought too late to offer a just tribute to his late Majesty's memory, and to that of his great ancestors, a race so illustriously distinguished in Europe; though this indeed might sooner have been attempted, but for many interruptions, too inconsiderable for your Grace's notice. How

I have performed is humbly submitted to your Grace's judgment, and to the judgment of all those gentlemen who are used to entertain themselves with writings of this sort. But if, through the Author's want of genius, the poem itself should be thought inconsiderable, I am sure it will have some distinction from the great names it celebrates, and the great patron it is inscribed to. And to whom should the praises of eminent virtue be addressed but to such as are possessed of great virtues themselves? To whom can I better present the chief characters of a noble and ancient family than to your Grace, whose family is so ancient and so noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge that some of my relations have been honoured with marks of favour from your Grace's illustrious ancestors. This, I confess, has long given me the ambition of offering my duty to your Grace; but chiefly that valuable character your Grace has obtained among all worthy persons. I have not room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a subject so well known as your Grace's merits: therefore I conclude with my humble request, that your Grace would favour this Ode with your acceptance, and do me the honour of believing that, among the crowd of your admirers, there is not one who is more passionately or sincerely so than

Your Grace's most humble

and most obedient servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

I.

GODDESS of numbers, and of thoughts sublime,
Celestial Muse! whose tuneful song
Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
Down the vast sea of ever-wasting time,
And all the gilded images can stay, 5
Till time's vast sea itself be roll'd away;
O now assist with consecrated strains!
Let Art and Nature join to raise
A living monument of praise
O'er William's great remains, 10
While Thames, majestically sad and slow,
Seems by that rev'rend dome to flow,
Which, new-interr'd, his sacred urn contains.
If thou, O Muse! wouldst e'er immortal be,
This song bequeaths thee immortality; 15
For William's praise can ne'er expire,
Tho' Nature's self at last must die,
And all this fair-erected sky
Must sink with earth and sea, and melt away in fire.

II.

Begin—the spring of virtue trace 20
That, from afar-descending, flow'd
Thro' the rich veins of all the godlike race,
And fair renown on all the godlike race bestow'd.

'This ancient source of noble blood
 'Thro' thee, Germania! wand'ring wide, 25
 Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
 In num'rous branches long diffus'd its flood.
 Rhine, scarce more ancient, never grac'd thee more,
 'Tho' mantling vines his comely head surround,
 And all along his funny shore 30
 Eternal plenty's found.

III.

From Heav'n itself th' illustrious line began;
 Ten ages in descent it ran,
 In each descent increas'd with honours new:
 Never did heav'n's Supreme inspire 35
 In mortal breasts a nobler fire,
 Nor his own image livelier drew.
 Of pure ethereal flame their souls he made,
 And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
 He bless'd the master-work, and said, 40
 "Go forth, my honour'd Champions! go,
 "To vindicate my cause below:
 "Awful in pow'r, defend for me
 "Religion, justice, liberty,
 "And at aspiring Tyranny 45
 "My delegated thunder throw.
 "For this the great Nassovian name I raise;
 "And still this character divine,
 "Distinguish'd thro' the race, shall shine,
 "Zeal for their country's good, and thirst of virtuous
 praise." 50

IV.

Now look, Britannia! look, and see,
 Thro' the clear glass of History,
 From whom thy mighty sov'reign came,
 And take a large review of far-extended fame.
 See crowds of heroes rise to fight! 55
 Adolphus *, with imperial splendour gay;
 Brave Philibert, unmatch'd in fight,
 Who led the German Eagle to his prey;
 Thro' Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd way, 59
 And made proud Rome and Naples own his unresist'd
 His gallant nephew † next appears, [might.
 And on his brows the wreaths of conquest wears,
 Tho' streaming wounds the martial figure stain;
 For thee, great Charles||! in battle slain;
 Slain in all a soldier's pride, 65
 If I tell triumphant by thy side,
 And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
 And lay, a manly corpse, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majestically great,
 The founder of the Belgic state! 70
 The sun of glory which, so bright,
 Beam'd on all the darling line,
 Did, from its golden urn of light,
 On William's head redoubled shine;

* Adolphus, the emperor, of the house of Nassau.

† Rene of Nassau. || Charles V.

His youthful looks diffus'd an awe. 75
 Charles, who had try'd the race before,
 And knew great merits to explore,
 When he his rising virtue saw,
 He put in friendship's noble claim;
 To his imperial court the hero brought, 80
 And there, by early honours, sought
 Alliance with his future fame.
 O generous sympathy! that binds
 In chains unseen the bravest minds;
 O love to worthy deeds, in all great souls the same! 85

VI.

But time at last brought forth th' amazing day
 When Charles, resolv'd to disengage
 From empire's toils his weary age,
 Gave with each hand a crown away.
 Philip, his haughty son, afraid 90
 Of William's virtues, basely chose
 His father's favourite to depose;
 His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid,
 And Alva's fiery duke, his scourge of vengeance, rose,
 With flames of Inquisition rose from hell, 95
 Of slaughter proud, and insolent in blood.
 What hand can paint the scenes of tragic woes?
 What tongue, sad Belgia! can thy story tell,
 When with her lifted axe proud Murder stood, . .
 And thy brave sons in crowds unnumber'd fell? 100

The sun, with horror of the sight,
 Withdraws his sickly beams, and shrouds
 His muffled face in fullen clouds, [light.
 And on the scaffolds faintly sheds a pale malignant

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay, 105
 And almost gasp'd her gen'rous life away,
 Till Orange hears her moving cries :
 He hears, and, marching from afar *,
 Brings to her aid the sprightly war.
 At his approach, reviv'd with fresh supplies 110
 Of gather'd strength, she on her murd'ers flies.
 But Heav'n, at first, resolv'd to try,
 By proofs adverse, his constancy.
 Four armies lost, two gallant brothers slain †,
 Will he the desp'rate war maintain? 115
 Tho' rolling tempests darken all the sky,
 And thunder breaks around his head,
 Will he again the faithless sea explore,
 And, oft' driven back, still quit the shore ?
 He will—His soul, averse to dread, 120
 Unweary'd, still the spite of Fortune braves,
 Superior, and serene, amidst the stormy waves ||.

* He was then in Germany.

† The Counts Lodowick and Henry.

|| "Sævis tranquillis in undis," the Prince's motto.

VIII.

Such was the man, so vast his mind!
 The steady instrument of Fate,
 To fix the basis of a rising state. 125
 My Muse with horror views the scene behind,
 And fain would draw a shade, and fain
 Would hide his destin'd end, nor tell
 How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
 More fear'd than thousands on the plain, 130
 By the vile hand of a bold ruffian fell.
 No more—th' ungrateful prospect let us leave;
 And in his room, behold arise
 Bright as th' immortal Twins that grace the skies,
 A noble pair *, his absence to retrieve : 135
 In these the hero's soul survives,
 And William doubly in his offspring lives.

IX.

Maurice for martial greatness far
 His father's glorious fame exceeds;
 Henry alone can match his brother's deeds : 140
 Both were, like Scipio's sons, the thunderbolts of war.
 None e'er than Maurice better knew
 Camps, sieges, battles, to ordain;
 None e'er than Henry fiercer did pursue
 The flying foe, or earlier conquests gain : 145
 For scarce sixteen revolving years he told
 When, eager for the fight, and bold,

* Maurice and Henry.

Inflam'd by glory's sprightly charms,
 His brother brought him to the field,
 Taught his young hand the truncheon well to wield,
 And practis'd him betimes to arms. 151

X.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
 Before her walls that memorable day,
 When the victorious youths in concert fought,
 And matchless valour did display! 155
 How, ere the battle join'd, they strove
 With emulous honour and with mutual love;
 How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
 Of Henry's safety, begg'd him to remove:
 Henry refus'd his blooming youth to spare, 160
 But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
 Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers share.
 O gen'rous strife! and worthy such a pair!
 How dear did Albert this contention pay!
 Witness the floods of streaming gore, 165
 Witness the trampled heaps that choak'd the plain,
 And stopp'd the victors in their way;
 Witness the neighb'ring sea and sandy shore, [slain!
 Drunk with the purple life of twice three thousand

XI.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious stands, 170
 And waves her painted wings, inconstant, proud,
 Hook-wink'd, and shaking from her hands
 Promiscuous gifts among the crowd,

Restless of place, and still prepar'd for flight,
Was constant here, and seem'd restor'd to fight; 175
Won by their merit, and resolv'd to bless
The happy brothers with a long success—
Maurice the first resign'd to fate;
The youngest had a longer date,
And liv'd the space appointed to complete 180
The great republic, rais'd so high before:
Finish'd by him, the stately fabric bore
Its lofty top aspiring to the sky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain, below, the waves tempestuous roar; 185
They dash themselves, and break, and backward fly,
Dispers'd and murmur'ing at its feet.
Insulting Spain the fruitless strife gives o'er,
And claims dominion there no more.
Then Henry, ripe for immortality, 190
His flight to heav'n eternal springs,
And o'er his quiet grave Peace spreads her downy

XII.

[wings.

His son, a second William, fills his place,
And climbs to manhood with so swift a pace,
As if he knew he had not long to stay: 195
Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
Of ancient Rome, but quickly snatch'd away.
Breda beheld th' adventurous boy, . .
His tender limbs in shining armour dress'd,
Where with his father the hot siege he press'd: 200

His father saw, with pleasing joy, [press'd.
 His own reflected worth, and youthful charms ex-
 But when his country breath'd from war's alarms
 His martial virtues lay obscure,
 Nor could a warrior, form'd for arms, 205
 Th' inglorious rest endure;
 But sicken'd soon, and sudden dy'd,
 And left in tears his pregnant bride,
 His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king;
 Nor saw th' auspicious pledge of nuptial love 210
 Which from that happy marriage was to spring,
 But with his great forefathers gain'd a blissful seat
 above.

XIII.

Here pause, my Muse! and wind up higher
 The strings of thy Pindaric lyre;
 Then with bold strains the lofty song pursue, 215
 And bid Britannia once again review
 The numerous worthies of the line.
 See, like immortals, how they shine!
 Each life a history alone!
 And last, to crown the great design, 220
 Look forward, and behold them all in one!
 Look, but spare thy fruitless tears—
 'Tis thy own William next appears.
 Advance, celestial Form! let Britain see
 Th' accomplish'd glory of thy race in thee. 225

XIV.

So when some splendid triumph was to come
In long procession thro' the streets of Rome,
The crowd beheld, with vast surprise,
The glitt'ring train in awful order move
To the bright temple of Feretrian Jove, 230
And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled eyes;
But when the laurell'd emperor, mounted high
Above the rest, appear'd to fight,
In his proud car of victory
Shining with rays excessive bright, 235
He put the long preceding pomp to flight,
Their wonder could no higher rise;
With joy they throng his chariot-wheels, and rend
with shouts the skies.

XV.

To thee, great Prince! to thy extensive mind,
Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd, 240
The Fates an ample scene afford,
And injur'd nations claim the succour of thy sword;
No respite to thy toils is given
Till thou ascend thy native heaven:
One Hydra-head cut off, still more abound, 245
And twins sprout up to fill the wound;
So endless is the task that heroes find
To tame the monster Vice, and to reform mankind,
For this Alcides, heretofore,
And mighty Theseus, travell'd o'er 250

Vast tracts of sea and land, and slew
 Wild beasts and serpents gorg'd with human prey;
 From stony dens fierce lurking robbers drew,
 And bid the cheerful traveller pass on his peaceful way.
 Yet tho' the toilsome work they long pursue, 255
 To rid the world's wild pathless field,
 Still poisonous weeds and thorns in clusters grew,
 And large unwholesome crops did yield,
 To exercise their hands with labours ever new.

XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didst begin, 260
 And ev'n a child didst laurels win :
 Two snaky plagues around his cradle twin'd,
 Sent by the jealous wife of Jove;
 In speckled wreaths of death they strove
 The mighty babe to bind, 265
 And twisted Faction, in thy infancy,
 Darted her forked tongue at thee :
 But as Jove's offspring slew his hissing foes,
 So thou, descended from a line
 Of patriots no less divine, 270
 Didst quench the brutal rage of those
 Who durst thy dawning worth oppose.
 The viper Spite, crush'd by thy virtue, shed
 Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
 Thus, like the sun, did thy great genius rise, 275
 With clouds around his sacred head,
 Yet soon dispell'd the dropping mists, and gilded all
 the skies.

XVII.

Great Julius who, with gen'rous envy, view'd
 The statue of brave Philip's braver son,
 And wept to think what such a youth subdu'd, 280
 While, more in age, himself had yet so little done,
 Had wept much more if he had liv'd to see
 The glorious deeds achiev'd by thee;
 To see thee, at a beardless age,
 Stand arm'd against the invader's rage, 285
 And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
 While he inglorious laurels fought,
 And not to save his country fought;
 While he—O stain upon the greatest name
 That e'er before was known to Fame! 290
 When Rome, his awful mother, did demand
 The sword from his unruly hand,
 The sword she gave before,
 Enrag'd, he spurn'd at her command, 294
 Hurl'd at her breast the impious steel, and bath'd it in
 her gore.

XVIII.

Far other battles thou hast won,
 Thy standard still the public good,
 Lavish of thine to save thy people's blood;
 And when the hardy task of war was done,
 With what a mild well-temper'd mind 300
 (A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious son)
 Thy pow'rful armies were resign'd!

This vict'ry o'er thyself was more
 Than all thy conquests gain'd before :
 'Twas more than Philip's son could do, 305
 When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
 Nor in his own wild breast had spy'd
 Tow'rs of ambition, hills of boundless pride,
 Too great for armies to subdue.

XIX.

O savage lust of arbitrary sway! 310
 Infatiate fury, which in man we find,
 In barb'rous man! to prey upon his kind,
 And make the world, enslav'd, his vicious will obey!
 How has this fiend Ambition long defac'd
 Heav'n's works, and laid the fair creation waste! 315
 Ask silver Rhine, with springing rushes crown'd,
 As to the sea his waters flow,
 Where are the numerous cities now
 That once he saw his honour'd banks around?
 Scarce are their silent ruins found, 320
 But, in th' ensuing age,
 Trampled into common ground,
 Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's destroying
 All Europe, too, had shar'd this wretched fate, [rage.
 And mourn'd her heavy woes too late, 325
 Had not Britannia's chief withstood
 The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,
 To its forsaken banks, th' unwilling flood,
 And in his hand the scales of balanc'd kingdoms held,

Well was this mighty trust repos'd in thee, 330
 Whose faithful soul, from private int'rests free,
 (Int'rests which vulgar princes know)
 O'er all its passions sat exalted high,
 As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer sky,
 And sees the moving clouds at distance fly below. 335

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,
 Beholds reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds.
 Great Edward and his glorious son *
 Will own themselves in thee outdone,
 Tho' Crecy's desp'rate fight eternal honours won :
 Tho' the fifth Henry too does claim 341
 A shining place among Britannia's kings,
 And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name ;
 Yet the loud voice of ever-living Fame
 Of thee more num'rous triumphs sings. 345
 But tho' no chief contends with thee
 In all the long records of history,
 Thy own great deeds together strive
 Which shall the fairest light derive
 On thy immortal memory ; 350
 Whether Senecfe's amazing field
 To celebrated Mons shall yield,
 Or both give place to more amazing Boyne, [shine!
 Or if Namur's well-cover'd siege must all the rest out-

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

XXI.

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring swain 355
 Shall pass the plough o'er sculls of warriors slain,
 And turn up bones and broken spears,
 Amaz'd, he'll shew his fellows of the plain
 The relics of victorious years,
 And tell how swift thy arms that kingdom did regain.
 Flandria, a longer witness to thy glory, 361
 With wonder too repeats thy story:
 How oft' the foes thy lifted sword have seen
 In the hot battle, when it bled,
 At all its open veins, and oft' have fled, 365
 As if their evil genius thou hadst been:
 How, when the blooming spring began t' appear,
 And with new life restor'd the year,
 Confed'rate princes us'd to cry,
 " Call Britain's king—the sprightly trumpet sound,
 " And spread the joyful summons round! 371
 " Call Britain's king, and victory!"
 So when the flow'r of Greece, to battle led
 In beauty's cause, just vengeance swore
 Upon the foul adult'rer's head, 375
 That from her royal lord the ravish'd Helen bore,
 The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame,
 Impatient for the son of Thetis wait;
 At last the son of Thetis came;
 Troy shook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th' im-
 pending fate. 380

XXII.

O sacred Peace! goddess serene!
 Adorn'd with robes of spotless white,
 Fairer than silver floods of light,
 How short has thy mild empire been!
 When pregnant Time brought forth this new-born
 age, 385

At first we saw thee gently smile
 On the young birth, and thy sweet voice a while
 Sung a soft charm to martial rage:
 But soon the lion wak'd again,
 And stretch'd his op'ning claws, and shook his grizzly
 mane. 390

Soon was the year of triumphs past,
 And Janus, ushering in a new,
 With backward look did pompous scenes review;
 But his fore-face with frowns was overcast;
 He saw the gathering storms of war, 395
 And bid his priests aloud his iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But Heav'n its hero can no longer spare,
 To mix in our tumultuous broils below,
 Yet suffer'd his foreseeing care
 Those bolts of vengeance to prepare 400
 Which other hands shall throw:
 That glory to a mighty queen remains,
 To triumph o'er th' extinguish'd foe;

She shall supply the thunderer's place *,
 As Pallas from th' ethereal plains 405
 Warr'd on the giant's impious race, [low.
 And laid their huge demolish'd works in smoaky ruins
 Then Anne's shall rival great Eliza's reign,
 And William's Genius, with a grateful smile,
 Look down and bless this happy Isle ; 410
 And Peace, restor'd, shall wear her olive crown again.

AN ODE

IN THE PARK AT ASTED.

I.

YE Muses! that frequent these walks and shades,
 The seat of calm repose,
 Which Howard's happy genius chose;
 Where, taught by you, his lyre he strung,
 And oft', like Philomel, in dusky glades 5
 Sweet am'rous voluntaries sung;
 O say, ye kind inspiring Pow'rs!
 With what melodious strain
 Will you indulge my pensive vein,
 And charm my solitary hours? 10

II.

Begin, and Echo shall the song repeat,
 While skreen'd from August's ferv'rish heat,

* "Vicem gerit illa tonantis." The motto on her Majesty's coronation medals.

Beneath this spreading elm I lie,
 And view the yellow harvest far around,
 The neighb'ring fields with plenty crown'd, 15
 And over head a fair unclouded sky.
 The wood, the park's romantic scene,
 The deer, that innocent and gay
 On the soft turf's perpetual green
 Pass all their lives in love and play, 20
 Are various objects of delight,
 That sport with fancy, and invite
 Your aid, the pleasure to complete;
 Begin—and Echo shall the song repeat.

III.

Hark!—the kind inspiring pow'rs 25
 Answer from their secret bow'rs,
 Propitious to my call:
 They join their choral voices all
 To charm my solitary hours.
 "Listen," they cry, "thou pensive Swain! 30
 "Tho' much the tuneful Sisters love
 "The fields, the park, the shady grove;
 "The fields, and park, and shady grove,
 "The tuneful Sisters now disdain,
 "And chuse to sooth thee with a sweeter strain: 35
 "Molinda's praises shall our skill employ,
 "Molinda! Nature's pride, and ev'ry Muse's joy!
 "The Muses triumph'd at her birth.
 "When, first descending from her parent skies,

- " This star of beauty shot to earth, 40
 " Love saw the fires that darted from her eyes;
 " He saw, and smil'd—The winged boy,
 " Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
 " And to his mother lisp'd her name,
 " Molinda!—Nature's pride, and ev'ry Muse's joy."

IV.

- Say, beauteous Afted! has thy honour'd shade 56
 Ever receiv'd that lovely maid?
 Ye Nymphs and Sylvan deities! confess
 That shining festal day of happiness;
 For if the lovely maid was here, 50
 April himself, tho' in so fair a dress
 He clothe the meads, tho' his delicious show'rs
 Awake the blossoms and the breathing flow'rs,
 And new-create the fragrant year;
 April himself, or brighter May, 58
 Assisted by the god of Day,
 Never made your grove so gay,
 Or half so full of charms appear.

V.

- Whatever rural seat she now doth grace,
 And shines a goddess of the plains, 60
 Imperial Love new triumphs there ordains,
 Removes with her from place to place:
 With her he keeps his court, and where she lives he
 A thousand bright attendants more [reigns,
 Her glorious equipage compose; 65

There circling Pleasure ever flows;
 Friendship and Arts, a well-selected store,
 Good-humour, Wit, and Music's soft delight,
 The shorten'd minutes there beguile,
 And sparkling Mirth, that never looks so bright 70
 As when it lightens in Molinda's smile.

VI.

Thither, ye guardian Pow'rs! (if such there are
 Deputed from the sky
 To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care)
 Thither, ye gentle Spirits! fly: 75
 If goodness like your own can move
 Your constant zeal, your tend'rest love,
 For ever wait on this accomplish'd fair;
 Shield her from ev'ry ruder breath of air,
 Nor let invading sickness come 80
 To blast those beauties in their bloom.
 May no misguided choice, no hapless doom,
 Disturb the heav'n of her fair life
 With clouds of grief or show'rs of melting tears:
 Let harsh unkindness and ungen'rous strife, 85
 Repining discontent and boding fears,
 With ev'ry shape of woe, be driven away
 Like ghosts prohibited the day:
 Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings display,
 And smiling joys crown all her blissful years! 90

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

APOLLO! god of sounds and verse,
 Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire,
 Whilst we thy Damon's praise rehearse;
 Damon himself could animate the lyre.
 Apollo! god of sounds and verse, 5
 Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire;
 Look down, and warm the song with thy celestial fire.

II.

Ah, lovely Youth! when thou wert here,
 Thyself a young Apollo did appear;
 Young as that god, so sweet a grace, 10
 Such blooming fragrance in thy face;
 So soft thy air, thy visage so serene,
 That harmony ev'n in thy look was seen.

III.

But when thou didst th' obedient strings command,
 And join in consort thy melodious hand, 15
 Ev'n Fate itself, such wondrous strains to hear,
 Fate had been charm'd had Fate an ear.
 But what does music's skill avail?
 When Orpheus did his loss deplore
 Trees bow'd attentive to his tale; 20
 Hush'd were the winds, wild beasts forgot to roar,
 But dear Eurydice came back no more.

Then cease, ye sons of Harmony ! to mourn,
 Since Damon never can return.
 See, see ! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way ! 25
 Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
 For the new guest's arrival stay,
 And hymns of triumph sing :
 They bear him to the happy seats above,
 Seats of eternal harmony and love, 30
 Where artful Purcell went before.
 Cease then, ye sons of Music ! cease to mourn,
 Your Damon never will return,
 No ; never more. 34

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

W^{AN}TON Zephyr ! come away ;
 On this sweet, this silent grove,
 Sacred to the Muse and Love,
 In gentle whisper'd murmurs play.
 Come, let thy soft, thy balmy, breeze, 5
 Diffuse thy vernal sweets around
 From sprouting flow'rs and blossom'd trees,
 While hills and echoing vales resound
 With notes which wing'd musicians sing . . .
 In honour to the bloom of Spring. 10

II.

Lovely season of desire!

Nature smiles with joy to see

The am'rous months led on by thee,

That kindly wake her genial fire.

The brightest object in the skies,

15

The fairest lights that shine below,

The sun, and Mira's charming eyes,

At thy return more charming grow :

With double glory they appear,

To warm and grace the infant year.

20

AN ODE

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

PERFORMED AT STATIONERS' HALL, 1703.

Descende Cælo, et dic age tibi
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus, cytharave Phœbi.

HOR.

[*Begin with a Chorus.*]

I.

Awake, celestial Harmony!

Awake, celestial Harmony!

Turn thy vocal sphere around,

Goddeſs of melodious ſound :

Let the trumpet's shrill voice,
 And the drum's thund'ring noise,
 Rouze ev'ry dull mortal from sorrows profound.
 See, see!

The mighty pow'r of Harmony!
 Behold how soon its charms can chase
 Grief and gloom from ev'ry face!
 How swift its raptures fly,
 And thrill thro' ev'ry soul, and brighten ev'ry eye!

II.

Proceed, sweet charmer of the ear!
 Proceed, and thro' the mellow flute,
 The moving lyre.
 And solitary lute,
 Melting airs, soft joys, inspire;
 c. Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
 Melting as a lover's prayer;
 Joys to flatter dull Despair,
 And softly sooth the am'rous fire.

CHORUS.

"Melting airs, soft joys, inspire;
 "Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
 "Melting as a lover's prayer;
 "Joys to flatter dull Despair,
 "And softly sooth the am'rous fire."

III.

Now let the sprightly violin
 A louder strain begin;

And now

30

Let the deep-mouth'd organ blow,
Swell it high and sink it low.

Hark!—how the treble and the bass

In wanton fugues each other chase,

And swift divisions run their airy race!

35

Thro' all the travers'd scale they fly,

In winding labyrinths of harmony;

By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

CHORUS.

“ In winding labyrinths of harmony,

“ Thro' all the travers'd scale they fly;

40

“ By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.”

IV.

Ye sons of Art! once more renew your strains;

In loftier verse and loftier lays

Your voices raise

To Music's praise;

45

A nobler song remains.

Sing how the great Creator-God

On wings of flaming cherubs rode,

To make a world, and round the dark abyss

Turn'd the golden compasses*,

50

The compasses in Fate's high storehouse found.

“ Thus far extend,” he said; “ be this,

“ O World! thy measur'd bound.”

Mean-while a thousand harps were play'd on high;

"Be this thy measur'd bound" 55

Was echo'd all around.

And now, "Arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky!"

A thousand voices made reply,

"Arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky!"

V.

What can Music's pow'r control? 60

When Nature's sleeping soul

Perceiv'd th' enchanting sound,

It wak'd, and shook off foul deformity;

The mighty melody

Nature's secret chains unbound; 65

And earth arose, and seas, and sky.

Aloft expanded spheres were flung,

With shining luminaries hung;

A vast creation stood display'd,

By Heav'n's inspiring Music made. 70

CHORUS.

"O wondrous force of Harmony!"

VI.

Divinest Art! whose fame shall never cease,

Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth?

When Heav'n vouchsaf'd to treat with earth,

Music was herald of the peace: 75

Thy voice could best the joyful tidings tell:

Immortal mercy! boundless love!

A God descending from above

To conquer Death and Hell.

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate 80
 When Music must again its charms employ;
 The trumpet's sound
 Shall call the num'rous nations under ground:
 The num'rous nations straight
 Appear, and some with grief and some with joy 85
 Their final sentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

"Then other arts shall pass away;
 "Proud Architecture shall in ruins lie,
 "And Painting fade and die:
 "Nay earth, and heav'n itself, in wasteful fire decay.
 "Music alone, and poetry, 91
 "Triumphant o'er the flame, shall see
 "The world's last blaze.
 "The tuneful Sisters shall embrace,
 "And praise and sing, and sing and praise,
 "In never-ceasing choirs to all eternity." 96

AN ODE
FOR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
To the memory of the most Noble
WILLIAM D. OF DEVONSHIRE.

OBIIT ANNO MDCCVII.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

[*Overture of soft Music.*]

BRITANNIA *. RECITATIVE.

YE gen'rous Arts and Muses! join,
While down your cheeks the streaming sorrows flow,
Let murm'ring strings with the soft voice combine
T' express the melody of woe.
And thou, Augusta! rise and wait 5
With decent honours on the great;
Condole my loss, and weep Devonian's fate.

AIR, *with flutes.*

"Queen of Cities! leave a while
"Thy beauteous smile;
"Turn to tender grief thy joy. 10
"From thy shore of Thames replying,
"Gentlest echoes fainting, dying,
"Shall their sorrow too employ.
"Queen of Cities! leave a while
"Thy beauteous smile; 15
"Turn to tender grief thy joy."

* Signiora Margarita.

AUGUSTA *. RECITATIVE.

'Tis Fame's chief immortality,
 Britannia! to be mourn'd by thee.
 I know the loss; from midnight skies
 Ill omens late did strike my eyes;
 Near the radiant Northern Car
 I look'd, and saw a falling star.

20

AIR.

"Lands remote the loss will hear;
 "From rocks reporting,
 "Seas transporting,
 "Will the wafed sorrow bear.
 "Winds that fly
 "Will softly sigh,
 "A star has left the British sphere.
 "Lands remote," &c.

25

30

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

Great George! whose azure emblems of renown
 Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,
 Patron of my illustrious Isle!
 Thou saw'st thy Order late express'd
 With added brightness on Devon's breast; [smile.
 Meet the companion Knight, and own him with a

34

DUETTO FOR BRITANNIA AND AUGUSTA.

"BRIT. To shade his peaceful grave
 "Let growing palms extend.

* Mrs. Tofts.

- "AUG. To grace his peaceful grave
 "Let hov'ring Loves attend. 40
 "BOTH. { To shade, &c.
 { To grace, &c.
 "BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,
 "AUG. And grateful Truth commend,
 "BOTH. The gen'rous and the brave." 45

AUGUSTA. RECITATIVE.

Now shall Augusta's sons their skill impart,
 And summon the dumb sister Art,
 In marble life to show
 What the patriot was below.
 Here let a weeping Cupid stand, 50
 And wound himself with his own dart;
 'There place the ducal crown, the sword, the wand,
 'The mark of Anna's trust and his command.

AIR.

- "Lofty birth, and honours shining,
 "Bring a light on noble minds; 55
 "Ev'ry courtly grace combining,
 "Ev'ry gen'rous action joining,
 "With eternal laurel binds.
 "Lofty birth, and honours shining,
 "Bring a light on noble minds." 60

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

Behold fair Liberty attend;
 And in Devon's loss bewail a friend.
 See! o'er his tomb perpetual lamps she lights,
 Then on his urn the goddess writes:

" Preserve, O urn *! his silent dust,
 " Who faithful did obey
 " Princes like Anna good and just,
 " Yet scorn'd his freedom to betray,
 " And, hated by all tyrants, chose
 " The glory to have such his foes."

65

70

AUGUSTA. RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy sorrows o'er,
 A grateful tribute thou hast paid
 To thy Devonian's noble shade;
 Now vainly weep the dead no more.
 For see—the Duke and patriot still survives,
 And in his great successor lives.

75

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

I own the new-arising light;
 I see paternal grandeur shine,
 Descending thro' th' illustrious line
 In the same royal favours bright.

80

Last DUETTO, with all the instruments.

" BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!
 " AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
 " BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,
 " Still this happy race behold
 " In Britannia's court sublime.

85

* The Duke ordered this inscription to be placed upon his monument,

Willielmus, Dux Devonise,
 Bonorum Principum fidelis subditus,
 Inimicus, et invisus tyrannis.

"BRIT. Lead along their smiling hours;

"AUG. Long produce their smiling hours;

"BOTH. Blefs'd by all auspicious pow'rs.

"BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!

"AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time! 90

"BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,

"Still this happy race behold

"In Britannia's court sublime." 93

BEAUTY.

AN ODE.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of Day,

Beauty! to thy celestial ray.

A thousand sprightly fruits we owe;

Gay wit and moving eloquence,

And ev'ry art t' improve the sense,

And ev'ry grace that shines below. 5

II.

Not Phœbus does our songs inspire,

Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,

'Tis thou art music's living spring;

To thee the poet tunes his lays,

And sweetly warbling Beauty's praise,

Describes the pow'r that makes him sing. 10

III.

Painters from thee their skill derive,
 By thee their works to ages live;
 For ev'n thy shadows give surprise,
 As when we view in crystal streams
 The morning sun and rising beams,
 That seem to shoot from other skies.

35

IV.

Enchanting vision! who can be
 Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
 Yet brighter still thy glories shine,
 And double charms thy pow'r improve,
 When Beauty, dress'd in smiles of Love,
 Grows, like its parent Heav'n, divine!

69

24

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:
 OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

Altered for Music by Mr. Hughes.

I.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son;
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sat
 On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

"Lovely Thais by his side,
"Blooming fat in beauty's pride.
"Happy, happy, happy pair! 10
"None but the brave deserves the fair."

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
'Trembling the notes ascend the sky, 15
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above :
(Such is the pow'r of mighty Love !)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god ; 20
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast ;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd, 24
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
The list'ning crowd adore the lofty sound, [world.
A present deity ! they shout around ;
A present deity ! the echoing roofs rebound.

AIR.

"With ravish'd ears
"The monarch hears, 30

“ Assumes the god,
 “ Affects the nod,
 “ And seems to shake the spheres.”

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young! 35
 Behold he comes, the victor god!
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face,
 As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he rode,
 While loud with conquest and with wine, 40
 His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
 And taught the vocal skies to join
 In this applauding song.

DUETTO.

“ Bacchus, ever gay and young,
 “ First did drinking joys ordain. 45
 “ Bacchus' blessings are a treasure; } I.
 “ Drinking is the soldier's pleasure; } 2.
 “ Rich the treasure, } I.
 “ Sweet the pleasure; } 2.
 “ Sweet is pleasure after pain!” } BOTH. 50

IV.

RECITATIVE.

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

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; 55
 And while he Heav'n and earth defy'd,
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;
 'Then thus he chang'd his song, and check'd his pride.

AIR.

" See Darius, great and good! 60
 " By too severe a fate
 " Fall'n from his high estate;
 " Behold his flowing blood!
 " On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
 " With not a friend to close his eyes!" 65

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow. 70
 The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree,
 "I was but a kindred-sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures, 75
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

AIR, *with flutes.*

" War is toil and trouble,
 " Honour is an airy bubble,

" Never ending, still beginning,
 " Fighting still, and still destroying :
 " If the world be worth thy winning,
 " Think, O ! think it worth enjoying :
 " Lovely Thais sits beside thee ;
 " Take the good the gods provide thee."

80

VI.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

85

DUETTO.

" Phœbus ! patron of the lyre,	}	I.	
" Cupid ! god of soft desire,		2.	
" Cupid ! god of soft desire,	}	I.	
" Phœbus ! patron of the lyre,		2.	95
" How victorious are your charms !	}	BOTH.	
" Crown'd with conquest,		I.	
" Full of glory,	}	2.	
" See a monarch fall'n before ye,		BOTH.	
" Chain'd in Beauty's clasping arms !"	}		100

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain :

Break his bands of sleep afunder,
 Rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark! the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd he stares around!

105

AIR, with symphonies.

"Revenge, revenge, Alecto cries,
 "See the Furies arise!
 "See the snakes that they rear
 "How they hiss in their hair,
 "And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!"

110

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the plain.
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high!
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods!

115

120

AIR.

"The princes applaud with a furious joy,
 "And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy!

- “ Thais led the way 126
 “ To light him to his prey,
 “ And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.”

IX.

RECITATIVE.

- 'Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow, 130
 While organs yet were mute,
 'Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came, 135
 Inventress of the vocal frame.
 'The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

AIR.

- “ Let old 'Timotheus yield the prize, 141
 “ Or both divide the crown;
 “ He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 “ She drew an angel down.” 144

A MONUMENTAL ODE.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

*Late wife of Edward Hughes, Esq. of Hertingfordbury,
in the county of Hertford, and daughter of Richard Har-
rison, Esq. of Balls, in the same county.*

OBITU NOV. 15. 1714.

I.

SEE! how those dropping monuments decay!
Frail mansions of the silent dead,
Whose souls to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wife scorn their mould'ring dust survey.
Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as they; 5
For, see! to dust they both return,
And Time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

II.

We ask the sculptor's art in vain
To make us for a space ourselves survive;
In Parian stone we proudly breathe again, 10
Or seem in figur'd brass to live:
Yet stone and brass our hopes betray;
Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt! to the wond'ring skies
With giant pride thy pyramids arise: 15
Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain,
No names distinct of their great dread remain:
Beneath the mass confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

III.

'To death ourselves and all our works we owe: 20
 But is there nought, O Muse! can save
 Our memories from darkness and the grave,
 And some short after-life bestow?
 That task is mine, the Muse replies;
 And, hark! she tunes the sacred lyre. 25
 Verse is the last of human works that dies,
 When virtue does the song inspire.

IV.

Then look, Eliza! happy Saint! look down;
 Pause from immortal joys a while
 To hear, and, gracious, with a smile 30
 The dedicated numbers own:
 Say how in thy life's scanty space,
 So short a space, so wondrous bright,
 Bright as a summer's day, short as a summer's night,
 Couldst thou find room for ev'ry crowded grace? 35
 As if thy thrifty soul foreknew,
 Like a wise envoy, Heav'n's intent
 Soon to recall whom it had sent,
 And all its task resolv'd at once to do.
 Or wert thou but a traveller below, 40
 That hither didst a while repair,
 Curious our customs and our laws to know,
 And; sick'ning in our grosser air,
 And tir'd of vain repeated fights,
 Our foolish cares, our false delights, 45
 Back to thy native seats wouldst go?

Oh! since to us thou wilt no more return,
 Permit thy friends, the faithful few,
 Who best thy num'rous virtues knew,
 Themselves, not thee, to mourn.

50

V.

Now, pensive Muse! enlarge thy flight;
 (By turns the pensive Muses love
 The hilly heights and shady grove)
 Behold where, swelling to the sight,
 Balls, a fair structure! graceful stands,
 And from yon' verdant rising brow
 Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
 Where Nature's hand in flow meanders leads
 The Lee's clear stream its course to flow
 Thro' flow'ry vales and moisten'd meads,
 And far around in beauteous prospect spreads
 Her map of plenty all below.

55

60

'Twas here—and sacred be the spot of earth!
 Eliza's soul, born first above,
 Descended to an humbler birth,
 And with a mortal's frailties strove.
 So on some tow'ring peak that meets the sky,
 When missive seraphs downward fly,
 They stop, and for a while alight,
 Put off their rays celestial-bright,
 Then take some milder form familiar to our eye.

65

70

VI.

Swiftly her infant-virtues grew:
 Water'd by Heav'n's peculiar care

Her morning-bloom was doubly fair,
 Like summer's day-break, when we see 75
 The fresh-dropp'd stores of rosy dew
 (Transparent beauties of the dawn)
 Spread o'er the grass their cobweb lawn,
 Or hang moist pearls on ev'ry tree.
 Pleas'd with the lovely sight, a while 80
 Her friends behold, and joyful smile,
 Nor think the sun's exhaling ray
 Will change the scene ere noon of day,
 Dry up the glist'ring drops, and draw those dews away.

VII.

Yet first, to fill her orb of life, 85
 Behold, in each relation dear,
 The pious saint, the duteous child appear,
 The tender sister, and the faithful wife.
 Alas! but must one circlet of the year
 Unite in bliss, in grief divide 90
 The destin'd bridegroom and the bride?
 Stop, gen'rous Youth! the gath'ring tear
 That, as you read these lines, or hear,
 Perhaps may start, and seem to say,
 "That short-liv'd year was but a day!" 95
 Forbear—nor fruitless forr'wings now employ;
 Think she was lent a while, not giv'n,
 • (Such was th' appointed will of Heav'n)
 Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy. 99

AN ODE FOR TWO VOICES.

For the Birth-day of Her Royal Highness

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

St. David's day, the 1st of March, 1715-16.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PEPUSCH;

*And performed at the anniversary meeting of the Society of
Ancient Britons established in honour of her Royal High-
ness's birth-day, and of the principality of Wales.*

Salve læta dies! meliorque revertere semper,
A populo rerum digna potente coli!OVID.

*First voice, FAME.**Second voice, CAMBRIA; or, The Principality of WALES.*BOTH VOICES, *with a trumpet.*

"To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!"

"CAMB. Rise, goddess of immortal fame,

"And with thy trumpet's swelling sound,

"To all Britannia's realms around

"The double festival proclaim."

"FAME. The goddess of immortal fame

"Shall with her trumpet's swelling sound

"To all Britannia's realms around

"The double festival proclaim."

BOTH VOICES.

“ O’er Cambria’s distant hills let the loud notes re-
bound; 10

“ Each British soul be rais’d, and every eye be gay.

“ To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.”

FAME. Hail, Cambria! long to Fame well known,
Thy patron-faint looks smiling down,
Well pleas’d to see 15

His day, prolific of renown,
Increas’d in honours to himself and thee.

See Carolina’s natal star arise,

And with new beams adorn thy azure skies!

‘Tho’ on her virtues I should ever dwell, 20

Fame cannot all her num’rous virtues tell.

Bright in herself, and in her offspring bright,

On Britain’s throne she casts diffusive light;

Detraction from her presence flies;

And, while promiscuous crowds in rapture gaze, 25

Ev’n tongues disloyal learn her praise,

And murmur’ing Envy sees her smile, and dies.

“ Happy morn! such gifts bestowing,

“ Britain’s joys from thee are flowing;

“ Ever thus auspicious shine! 30

“ Happy Isle! such gifts possessing;

“ Britain! ever own the blessing;

“ Carolina’s charms are thine.”

CAMB. Nor yet, O Fame! dost thou display
 All the triumphs of this day; 35
 More wonders yet arise to fight.
 See! o'er these rites what mighty pow'r presides*;
 Behold! to thee his early steps he guides:
 What noble ardour does his soul excite!
 Henceforth when, to the list'ning universe 40
 Thou numb'rest o'er my princes of renown,
 The second hope of Britain's crown,
 When my great Edward's deeds thou shalt rehearse†,
 And tell of Crecy's well-fought plain,
 Thy golden trumpet sound again; 45
 The brave Augustus shall renew thy strain,
 And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verse.

AIR, *with a harp.*

• "Heav'nly Muses! tune your lyres,
 "Far resounding;
 "Grace the hero's glorious name. 50
 "See! the song new life inspires;
 "Ev'ry breast with joy abounding,
 "Seems to share the hero's flame."

FAME. O thou! with ev'ry virtue crown'd,
 Britannia's father, and her king renown'd! 55
 Thus in thy offspring greatly blest,
 While thro' th' extended royal line
 Thou see'st thy propagated lustre shine,

* His Royal Highness, President of the Society.

† Edward the Black Prince.

What secret raptures fill thy breast !
 So smiles Apollo, doubly gay, 60
 When in the diamond, with full blaze,
 He views his own paternal rays,
 And all his bright reflected day.

CAMB. Hail, source of blessings to our Isle !
 While gloomy clouds shall take their flight, 65
 Shot th'ro' by thy victorious light,
 Propitious ever on thy Britons smile !

BOTH VOICES.

"To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day !"
 "CAMB. Rise, goddess of immortal fame,
 "And with thy trumpet's swelling sound 70
 "To all Britannia's realms around
 "The double festival proclaim."

"FAME. The goddess of immortal fame
 "Shall with her trumpet's swelling sound
 "To all Britannia's realms around 75
 "The double festival proclaim."

BOTH VOICES.

"O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes re-
 bound ;
 "Each British soul be rais'd, and ev'ry eye be gay :
 "To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day !" 79

THE ECSTASY.

AN ODE.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muses
Accipiant, cœlique vias et sidera monstrant."

VIRG.

Advertisement.

IT may be proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Casimire, entitled E Rebus Humanis Excessus, from which it is plain that Cowley likewise took the first hint of his ode called The Ecstasy. The former part therefore is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a further improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the heavens, according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I.

I LEAVE mortality's low sphere.
Ye Winds and Clouds! come lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift thro' the regions of the sky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And, lo! how wide a space of air
Extends new prospects to my eye!

The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
 And royal palaces, as bright,
 (The rich abodes
 Of heav'nly and of earthly gods)
 Retire apace : whole cities, too,
 Decrease beneath my rising view.
 And now far off the rolling globe appears;
 Its scatter'd nations I survey,
 And all the mass of earth and sea :
 Oh ! object well deserving tears !
 Capricious state of things below,
 That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration

II.

[know.

Here new-built towns, aspiring high,
 Ascend, with lofty turrets crown'd ;
 There others fall, and, mould'ring, lie
 Obscure, or only by their ruins found.
 Palmyra's far-extended waste I spy,
 (Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
 Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab shown,
 Still load with useless pomp the ground.
 But where is lordly Babylon ? where now
 Lifts she to heav'n her giant brow ?
 Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound ?
 Or where's the pride of Afric's shore ?
 In Rome's great rival then no more ?
 O Rome herself behold th' extremes of fate,
 Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted state !

See her luxurious palaces arise
With broken arches mix'd between!
And here what splendid domes possess the skies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moss display,
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their roofless heads to form the various scene!

III.

Around the space of earth I turn my eye,
But where 's the region free from woe?
Where shall the Muse one little spot descry
The seat of happiness below?
Here peace would all its joys dispense,
The vines and olives unmolested grow;
But, lo! a purple pestilence
Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
Whilst vainly thro' deserted fields
Her unreap'd harvests Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns:
There milder heat the healthful climate warms;
But, slaves to arbitrary pow'r,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad possessors rush to arms.
I see, I see them from afar;
I view distinct the mingled war:
I see the charging squadrons prest
Hand to hand, and breast to breast.

Destruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh :
 Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
 She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
 But licks her droughty jaws, and waits the promis'd
 IV. [food.

Here cruel Discord takes a wider scene, 65
 To exercise more unrelenting rage ;
 Appointed fleets their num'rous pow'rs engage,
 With scarce a space of sea between.
 Hark ! what a brazen burst of thunder
 Rends the elements asunder ! 70
 Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
 And drives the billows to the distant shore :
 The distant shore,
 That such a storm ne'er felt before,
 Transmits it to the rocks around ; 75
 The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling
 V. [sound.

Still greater horrors strike my eyes :
 Behold convulsive earthquakes there
 A shatter'd land in pieces tear,
 And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains rise !
 Thro' op'ning mines th' astonish'd wretches go, 81
 Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
 The bury'd ruin sleeps, and nought remains
 But dust above and desert plains,
 Unless some stone this sad inscription wear, 85
 And by some future traveller,

"The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here
 "One common tomb contains."

VI

Again, behold where seas, disdain'g bound,
 O'er the firm land usurping ride, 90
 And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping tide!
 Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples
 found.

Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
 A wat'ry monument, in which profound
 The courts and cottages together lie. 95

Ev'n now the floating wreck I spy,
 And the wide surface far around
 With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
 Such, Belgia! was the ravage and affright
 When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe 100

Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,
 With deadly rage, and, rising in its might,
 Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.
 Thus fire, and air, and earth, and main,
 A never-ceasing fight maintain, 105

While man on ev'ry side is sure to lose;
 And Fate has furnish'd out the stage of life
 With war, misfortune, and with strife,
 Till Death the curtain drops, and shuts the scene of
 VII. [woes.

But why do I delay my flight, 110
 Or on such gloomy objects gaze?

I go to realms serene with ever-living light.
Haste, Clouds and Whirlwinds! haste a raptur'd band
Mount me sublime along the shining way, [to raise:
Where planets, in pure streams of ether driv'n, 115
Swim thro' the blue expanse of heav'n.
And, lo! th' obsequious clouds and winds obey;
And, lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide-stretch'd kingdoms perish from my eye.
Heav'n! what bright visions now arise! 120
What op'ning worlds my ravish'd sense surprise!
I pass cerulean gulfs, and now behold
New solid globes their weight, self-balanc'd, bear
Unpropp'd amidst the fluid air,
And all around the central sun in circling eddies roll'd.
Unequal in their course, see they advance, 126
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale moon, whom the same laws ordain
T' obey the earth and rule the main;
Her spots no more in shadowy streaks appear, 130
But lakes instead, and groves of trees,
The wond'ring Muse transported sees,
And their tall heads discover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward cast my sight,
When, lo! the earth, a larger moon, displays 135
Her off, amidst the heav'ns, her silver face,
To her sister-moon by turns gives light.
Her shadowy spots, her land a milky white.

VIII.

What pow'r unknown my course still upwards guides,
 Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw 140
 Thro' heatless skies that round him seem to glow,
 And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons presides?
 And now I urge my way more bold,
 Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold, 144
 And pass his planetary guards, and his bright Ring
 Here the sun's beams so faintly play, [behold.
 The mingled shades almost extinguish day :
 His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
 For here his wide dominions end,
 And other suns, that rule by other laws, 150
 Hither their bord'ring realms extend.

IX.

And now far off, thro' the blue vacant borne,
 I reach at last the Milky road,
 Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode,
 Where stars, profuse in heaps, heav'n's glittering
 heights adorn : 155
 Lost in each others' neighb'ring rays,
 They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous blaze.
 So thick the lucid gems are strown,
 As if th' Almighty Builder here
 Laid up his stores for many a sphere 160
 In destin'd worlds as yet unknown.
 Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
 That guards his folds upon the plain,

Oft' turns his gazing eyes,
 Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head 165
 Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
 Like distant morning in the skies,
 And wonders from what source its dawning splen-

X.

[dours rise.

But, lo!—what 's this I see appear?
 It seems far off a pointed flame; 170
 From earthwards too the shining meteor came.
 How swift it climbs th' aerial space!
 And now it traverses each sphere,
 And seems some living guest familiar to the place.
 'Tis he—as I approach more near 175
 The great Columbus of the skies I know.
 'Tis Newton's soul! that daily travels here
 In search of knowledge for mankind below.
 O stay, thou happy Spirit! stay,
 And lead me on thro' all th' unbeaten wilds of day;
 As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide 181
 Safe thro' the downward roads of night,
 And in Elysium blest'd his sight
 With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.
 Here let me, thy companion, stray, 185
 From orb to orb, and now behold
 Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold,
 And trace each comet's wand'ring way,
 And now descry Light's fountain-head,
 And measure its descending speed; 190

Or learn how sun-born colours rise
In rays distinct, and in the skies
Blended in yellow radiance flow,
Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the wat'ry bow;
Or, now diffus'd, their beauteous tinctures shed 195
On ev'ry planet's rising hills, and ev'ry verdant mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd sublime on Contemplation's wings,
Fresh wonders I would still explore,
Still the great Maker's pow'r adore,
Lost in the thought—nor ever more 200
Return to earth and earthly things;
But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the heav'ns, adopted into light.
So for a while the royal eagle's brood
In his low nest securely lies 205
Amid the darkness of the shelt'ring wood,
Yet there with inborn vigour hopes the skies,
Till, fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
The bird of heav'n to heav'n aspires,
Soars 'midst the meteors and celestial fires; 210
With gen'rous pride his humbler birth disdains,
And bears the thunder thro' th' ethereal plains. 212

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

ANACREON, ODE III.

AT dead of night, when mortals lose
Their various cares in soft repose,
I heard a knocking at my door :
“ Who ’s that,” said I, “ at this late hour
“ Disturbs my rest ? ” — It fobb’d and cry’d,
And thus in mournful tone reply’d :
“ A poor unhappy child am I,
“ That ’s come to beg your charity :
“ Pray let me in ! — you need not fear ;
“ I mean no harm, I vow and swear ;
“ But, wet and cold, crave shelter here :
“ Betray’d by night, and led astray,
“ I ’ave lost — alas ! I ’ave lost my way .”

Mov’d with this little tale of fate,
I took a lamp, and op’d the gate ;
When, see ! a naked boy before
The threshold. At his back he wore
A pair of wings, and by his side
A crooked bow and quiver ty’d.
“ My pretty Angel ! come,” said I,
“ Come to the fire, and do not cry .”
I strok’d his neck and shoulders bare,
And squeez’d the water from his hair,

Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
And cheer'd him with a draught of wine.

23

Recover'd thus, says he, "I'd know

"Whether the rain has spoil'd my bow :

"Let's try"—then shot me with a dart.

The venom throb'd, did ake and smart,

As if a bee had stung my heart.

30

"Are these your thanks, ungrateful Child!

"Are these your thanks?"—Th' impostor smil'd.

"Farewell, my loving host!" says he;

"All's well; my bow's unhurt I see:

"But what a wretch I've made of thee!"

35

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHERE Babylon's proud walls, erected high

By fam'd Semiramis, ascend the sky,

Dwelt youthful Pyramus and Thisbe fair;

Adjoining houses held the lovely pair.

His perfect form all other youth's surpass'd;

5

Charms such as her's no Eastern beauty grac'd.

Near neighbourhood the first acquaintance drew,

An early promise of the love to ensue.

Time nurs'd the growing flame: had Fate been kind;

The nuptial rites their faithful hands had join'd; 10

But with vain threats forbidding parents strove
 'To check the joy; they could not check the love.
 Each captive heart consumes in like desire;
 'The more conceal'd the fiercer rag'd the fire.
 Soft looks, the silent eloquence of eyes, 15
 And secret signs, secure from household spies,
 Exchange their thoughts. The common wall between
 Each parted house retain'd a chink, unseen
 For ages past. The lovers soon espy'd
 This small defect, for Love is eagle-ey'd, 20 }
 And in soft whispers soon the passage try'd.
 Safe went the murmur'd sounds, and ev'ry day
 A thousand am'rous blandishments convey;
 And often, as they stood on either side,
 To catch by turns the fitting voice, they cry'd, 25
 "Why, envious Wall! ah! why dost thou destroy
 "The lovers' hopes, and why forbid the joy? [charms,
 "How should we bless thee wouldst thou yield to
 "And, op'ning, let us rush into each other's arms?
 "At least, if that 's too much, afford a space 30
 "To meeting lips, nor shall we slight the grace.
 "We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
 "And breathe our vows, but vows, alas! in vain."
 Thus having said, when ev'ning call'd to rest,
 The faithful pair on either side impress 35
 An intercepted kiss, then bade good night:
 But when th' ensuing dawn had put to flight

The stars, and Phœbus, rising from his bed,
Drank up the dews, and dry'd the flow'ry mead,
Again they meet; in sighs again disclose 40

Their grief, and last this bold design propose,
That in the dead of night both would deceive
Their keepers, and the house and city leave;
And left, escap'd, without the walls they stray
In pathless fields, and wander from the way, 45
At Ninus' tomb their meeting they agree,
Beneath the shady covert of a tree:

The tree, well-known, near a cool fountain grew,
And bore fair mulberries of snowy hue. 49

The project pleas'd; the sun's unwelcome light
(That slowly seem'd to move, and slack his flight)
Sunk in the seas; from the same seas arose the sable
night; }

When stealing thro' the dark, the crafty fair
Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air.
Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd she went, 55
Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument;

Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone;
But, by the glimm'ring of the shining moon,
She sat not long before from far she spy'd
A lioness approach the fountain-side: 60

Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with food;
For reeking from the prey, the savage came
To drown her thirst within the neighb'ring stream.

Affrighted Thisbe, trembling at the sight, 65
 Fled to a darksome den; but in her flight
 Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
 The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
 Returning, found the garment as it lay,
 And, torn with bloody teeth, dispers'd it in her way.
 Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found 71
 The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground.
 All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
 The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
 "One night," he cry'd, "two lovers shall destroy,
 "She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy; 76
 "But mine 's the forfeit life. Unhappy maid!
 "'Twas I that slew thee; I th' appointment made;
 "To places full of death thy innocence betray'd, }
 "And came not first myself—O hither haste, 80
 "Ye Lions all that roam this rocky waste!
 "Tear my devoted entrails; gnaw, divide,
 "And gorge your famine in my open'd side.
 "But cowards call for death!"—Thus having spoke,
 The fatal garment from the ground he took, 85
 And bore it to the tree: ardent he kist,
 And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known vest.
 "Now take a second stain," the lover said,
 While from his side he snatch'd his sharpen'd blade,
 And drove it in his groin; then from the wound 90
 Withdrew the steel, and, flagg'ring, fell to ground.

As when a conduit broke the streams shoot high,
Starting in sudden fountains thro' the sky,
So spouts the living stream, and sprinkled o'er
The tree's fair berries with a crimson gore, 95
While, sapp'd in purple floods, the conscious root
Transmits the stain of murder to the fruit.

The fair, who fear'd to disappoint her love,
Yet trembling with the fright, forsook the grove,
And sought the youth, impatient to relate 100
Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate.
She saw the vary'd tree had lost its white,
And doubting stood if that could be the right;
Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
A dying person spurn the sanguine field. 105
Aghast she started back, and shook with pain,
As rising breezes curl the trembling main.
She gaz'd a while entranc'd; but when she found
It was her lover welt'ring on the ground,
She beat her lovely breast, and tore her hair, 110
Clasp'd the dear corpse, and, frantic in despair,
Kiss'd his cold face; supply'd a briny flood
To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood.
"Say, Pyramus, oh! say, what chance severe
"Has snatch'd thee from my arms?—— 115
"'Tis thy own Thisbe calls, look up and hear!"
At Thisbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
And having seen her, clos'd them up, and dies.

But when she knew the bloody veil, and spy'd
The ivory scabbard empty by his side, 120
"Ah! wretched Youth!" said she, "by love betray'd;
"Thy hapless hand guided the fatal blade.
"Weak as I am I boast as strong a love;
"For such a deed this hand as bold shall prove.
"I'll follow thee to death; the world shall call 125
"This be the cause and partner of thy fall;
"And ev'n in death, which could alone disjoin
"Our persons, yet in death thou shalt be mine.
"But hear, in both our names, this dying pray'r,
"Ye wretched Parents of a wretched pair! 130
"Let in one urn our ashes be confin'd,
"Whom mutual love and the same fate have join'd.
"And thou, fair Tree! beneath whose friendly shade
"One lifeless lover is already laid,
"And soon shalt cover two, for ever wear 135
"Death's sable hue, and purple berries bear!"
She said, and plunges in her breast the sword,
Yet warm, and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.
Relenting Heav'n allows her last request,
And pity touch'd their mournful parents' breast: 140
The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains,
And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains. 142

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID. AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEG. 2.

TELL me, some god, whence does this change arise,
Why gentle sleep forsakes my weary eyes?

Why, turning often, all the tedious night
In pain I lie, and watch the springing light?—

What cruel demon haunts my tortur'd mind? 5

Sure if 't were Love I should th' invader find,

Unless disguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,

With silent arts ingenious to destroy.

Alas! 't is so—'t is fix'd, the secret dart;

I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart. 10

Then shall I yield, or th' infant flame oppose?

I yield—resistance would increase my woes:

For struggling slaves a sharper doom sustain

Than such as stoop obedient to the chain.

I own thy pow'r, almighty Love! I'm thine; 15

With pinion'd hands behold me here resign:

Let this submission then my life obtain;

Small praise 't will be if thus unarm'd I'm slain.

Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid thy

The god of War himself a chariot shall prepare; [hair]

Then thou triumphant thro' the shouting throng

Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds alo

While captive youths and maids, in solemn state,

Adorn the scene, and on thy triumph wait.

Therefore, a later conquest of thy bow, 25 }
 In chains will follow too, and, as I go,
 To pitying eyes the new-made wound will show. }
 Next, all that dare Love's sov'reign pow'r defy,
 In fetters bound, inglorious shall pass by:
 All shall submit to thee—Th' applauding crowd. 30
 Shall lift their hands, and sing thy praise aloud.
 Soft Looks shall in thy equipage appear,
 With am'rous Play, Mistake, and jealous Fear.
 Be this thy guard, great Love!--be this thy train, }
 Since these extend o'er men and gods thy reign, 35 }
 But robb'd of these thy pow'r is weak and vain.
 From heav'n thy mother shall the pomp survey,
 And, smiling, scatter fragrant show'rs of roses in thy
 Whilst thou, array'd in thy unrivall'd pride, [way,
 On golden wheels, all gold thyself, shalt ride: 40
 Thy spreading wings shall richest diamonds wear,
 And gems shall sparkle in thy lovely hair.
 Thus passing by, thy arm shall hurl around
 Ten thousand fires, ten thousand hearts shall wound.
 Th' is thy practice, Love! and this thy gain; 45
 From this thou canst not, if thou wouldst, refrain;
 Since ev'n thy presence, with prolific heat,
 Does reach the heart, and active flames create,
 From conquer'd India so the jovial god*,
 Drawn o'er the plains by harness'd tigers, rode. 50

* Bacchus.

Then since, great Love! I take a willing place
 Amidst thy spoils, the sacred show to grace,
 O cease to wound, and let thy fatal store
 Of piercing shafts be spent on me no more!
 No more, too pow'rful in my charmer's eyes, 55
 Torment a slave that for her beauty dies;
 Or look in smiles from thence, and I shall be
 A slave no longer, but a god, like thee. 58

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

"Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

HENCE, slavish Fear! thy Stygian wings display;
 Thou ugly fiend of hell, away!
 Wrapp'd in thick clouds and shades of night,
 To conscious souls direct thy flight;
 There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace, 5
 And propagate vain terrors, frights,
 Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd sprights,
 Thy visionary tribe, thy black and monstrous race!
 Go! haunt the slave that stains his hands in gore;
 Possess the perjur'd mind, and rack the usurer more
 Than his oppression did the poor before. 11

II.

Vainly, you feeble wretches! you prepare
The glitt'ring forgery of war;
The poison'd shaft, the Parthian bow, and spear
Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield, 15
Which pois'd, and guided from his ear,
He hurls impetuous thro' the field;
In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the shield:
He 's only safe whose armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence. 20

III.

If o'er the steepy Alps he go,
Vast mountains of eternal snow,
Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaspes flow;
If o'er parch'd Libya's desert land,
Where, threat'ning from afar, 25
Th' affrighted traveller
Encounters moving hills of sand,
No sense of danger can disturb his rest:
He fears no human force nor savage beast;
Impenetrable courage steels his manly breast. 30

IV.

Thus late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care and full of love,
I raise my tuneful voice, and stray
Regardless of myself and way,
A grisly wolf, with glaring eye, 35
View'd me unarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.

A fiercer monster ne'er, in quest of food,
Apulian forests did molest;
Numidia never saw a more prodigious beast;
Numidia! mother of the yellow brood, 40
Where the stern lion shakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and scours the spacious plain.

V.

Place me where no soft breeze of summer wind
Did e'er the stiffen'd foil unbind,
Where no refreshing warmth e'er durst invade, 45
But Winter holds his unmolested seat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling storms of hail, and noisy tempests, beat:
Place me beneath the scorching blaze
Of the fierce sun's immediate rays, 50
Where house or cottage ne'er were seen,
Nor rooted plant, or tree, nor springing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage! my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly sing of thee,
Charm'd with the music of thy name,
And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry. 56

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSYPHUS.

"Otium Divos rogat in patenti

"Prensus Ægeæ," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT Quiet! pow'r serene!
 Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love,
 O say, thou calm propitious queen!
 Say in what solitary grove,
 Within what hollow rock or winding cell, 5
 By human eyes unseen,
 Like some retreated Druid, dost thou dwell?
 And why, illusive Goddess! why,
 When we thy mansion would surround,
 Why dost thou lead us thro' enchanted ground, 10
 To mock our vain research, and from our wishes fly?

II.

The wand'ring sailors, pale with fear,
 For thee the gods implore,
 When the tempestuous sea runs high,
 And when, thro' all the dark benighted sky, 15
 No friendly moon or stars appear
 To guide their steerage to the shore.
 For thee the weary soldier prays;
 Furious in fight the sons of Thrace,

And Medes, that wear, majestic, by their side 20
 A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
 Gladly with thee would pass inglorious days,
 Renounce the warrior's tempting praise,
 And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold, 24
 With gems, and purple vests, and stores of plunder'd

III.

[gold.

But neither boundless wealth, nor guards that wait
 Around the Consul's honour'd gate,
 Nor antichambers with attendants fill'd,
 The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
 Or banish sullen cares, that fly 30
 Across the gilded rooms of state,
 And their foul nests, like swallows, build
 Close to the palace-roofs, and tow'rs that pierce the
 Much less will Nature's modest wants supply; [sky.
 And happier lives the homely swain 35
 Who, in some cottage, far from noise,
 His few paternal goods enjoys,
 Nor knows the sordid lust of gain,
 Nor with fear's tormenting pain
 His hov'ring sleeps destroys. 40

IV.

Vain Man! that in a narrow space
 At endless game projects the daring spear;
 For short is life's uncertain race:
 Then why, capricious Mortal! why
 Dost thou for happiness repair 45

'To distant climates and a foreign air ?
 Fool ! from thyself thou canst not fly,
 Thyself, the source of all thy care.
 So flies the wounded stag ; provok'd with pain,
 Bounds o'er the spacious downs in vain ; 50
 The feather'd torment sticks within his side,
 And from the smarting wound a purple tide
 Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the grassy plain.

V.

But swifter far is execrable Care
 Than stags, or winds that thro' the skies 55
 Thick-driving snows and gather'd tempests bear :
 Pursuing Care the sailing ship outflies,
 Climbs the tall vessel's painted sides,
 Nor leaves arm'd squadrons in the field,
 But with the marching horsemen rides, 60
 And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all
 places yield.

VI.

Then, since no state 's completely blest,
 Let 's learn the bitter to allay
 With gentle mirth, and, wisely gay,
 Enjoy at least the present day, 65
 And leave to Fate the rest ;
 Nor with vain fear of ills to come
 - Anticipate th' appointed doom.
 Soon did Achilles quit the stage ;
 The hero fell by sudden death, 70

While Tithon to a tedious wasting age
Drew his protracted breath.
And thus old partial Time, my friend!
Perhaps unask'd, to worthless me
'Those hours of lengthen'd life may lend 75
Which he'll refuse to thee.

VII.

Thee shining wealth and plenteous joys surround,
And all thy fruitful fields around
Unnumber'd herds of cattle stray.
Thy harness'd steeds with sprightly voice 80
Make neighb'ring vales and hills rejoice,
While smoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the swift
measur'd way.
To me the stars, with less profusion kind,
An humble fortune have assign'd,
And no untuneful lyric vein, 85
But a sincere contented mind,
That can the vile malignant crowd disdain. 87

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III*.

I.

THE man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poising on Virtue's base his mind,

* The design of this Ode was to insinuate to Augustus the danger of transferring the seat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

Rests in himself secure,
Indissolubly firm in good :
Let tempests rise and billows rage, 5
All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
The foaming fury of the flood,
When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,
Or wasteful civil tumults roll along
With fiercer strength and louder roar, 10
Driving the torrent of the throng,
And gathering into pow'r.
Let a proud tyrant cast a killing frown,
Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down ;
May, let the frame of Nature crack, 15
And all the spacious globes on high,
Shatter'd with universal rack,
Come tumbling from the sky ;
Yet he 'll survey the horrid scene
With steady courage and undaunted mien, 20
The only thing serene !

II.

Thus Pollux and great Hercules
Roam'd thro' the world, and bless'd the nations round,
Till, rais'd at length to heav'nly palaces,
Mankind as gods their benefactors crown'd. 25
With these Augustus shall for ever shine,
And stain his rosy lips in cups divine.
Thus his fierce tigers dauntless Bacchus bear ;
The glaring savages resist in vain,

Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein; 30
 Thro' yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.
 Great Romulus pursu'd the shining trace,
 And leapt the lake where all
 The rest of mortals fall,
 And with his father's * horses scour'd the same bright
 airy race, 35

III.

Then, in full senate of the deities,
 Settling the seats of pow'r and future fate,
 Juno began the high debate,
 And with this righteous sentence pleas'd the skies :
 " O Troy !" she said, " O hated Troy! 40
 " A foreign woman † and a boy ‖,
 " Lewd, partial, and unjust,
 " Shook all thy proudest tow'rs to dust ;
 " Inclined to ruin from the time
 " Thy king did mock two pow'rs divine, 45
 " And rais'd thy fated walls in perjury ;
 " But doubly damn'd by that offence
 " Which did Minerva's rage incense,
 " And offer'd wrong to me.
 " No more the treach'rous ravisher 50
 " Shines in full pomp and youthful charms,
 " Nor Priam's impious house with Hector's spear
 " Repels the violence of Grecian arms.

* Romulus was supposed to be the son of Mars by the priestess Ilia.

† Helen.

‖ Paris.

IV.

- " Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout ;
 " At last the storm is spent ; 55
 " My fury with it ebbing out,
 " These terms of peace content.
 " To Mars I grant among the stars a place
 " For his son Romulus, of Trojan race :
 " Here shall he dwell in these divine abodes, 60
 " Drink of the heav'nly bowl,
 " And in this shining court his name enroll
 " With the serene and ever-vacant gods :
 " While seas shall rage between his Rome and Troy,
 " The horrid distance breaking wide, 65
 " The banish'd Trojans shall the globe enjoy,
 " And reign in ev'ry place beside :
 " While beasts insult my judge's dust *, and hide
 " Their litter in his cursed tomb,
 " The shining Capitol of Rome 70
 " Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
 " And Parthians take their law from that eternal

V.

[dome,

- " Let Rome extend her fame to ev'ry shore,
 " And let no banks or mounds restrain
 " Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command. 75
 " The seas from Europe Afric part in vain ;
 " Swelling above those floods, her pow'r
 " Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Libyan land.

* Paris.

" Shining in polish'd steel, she dares
 " The glitt'ring beams of gold despise, 83
 " Gold! the great source of human cares,
 " Hid wisely deep from mortal eyes,
 " Till, fought in evil hour by hands unblest,
 " Op'ning the dark abodes
 " There issued forth a direful train of woes 85
 " That give mankind no rest;
 " For gold, devoted to th' infernal gods,
 " No native human uses knows.

VI.

" Where'er great Jove did place
 " The bounds of Nature yet unseen, 90
 " He meant a goal of glory to the race
 " The Roman arms shall win:
 " Rejoicing, onward they approach
 " To view the outworks of the world,
 " The madding fires in wild debauch, 95
 " The snows and rains unborn in endless eddies
 " Whirl'd!

VII.

" 'Tis I, O Rome! pronounce these fates behind;
 " But will thy reign with this condition bind,
 " That no false filial piety,
 " In idle shapes deluding thee, 100
 " Or confidence of pow'r,
 " Tempt thee again to raise a Trojan tow'r:

" Troy, plac'd beneath malignant stars,
 " Haunted with omens still the same,
 " Rebuilt, shall but renew the former flame, 105
 " Jove's wife and sister leading on the wars.
 " Thrice let her shine with brazen walls,
 " Rear'd up by heav'nly hands,
 " And thrice in fatal dust she falls
 " By faithful Grecian bands: 110
 " Thrice the dire scene shall on the world return,
 " And captive wives again their sons and husbands
 mourn."

But stop, presumptuous Muse! thy daring flight,
 Nor hope, in thy weak lyric lay,
 The heav'nly language to display,
 Or bring the counsels of the gods to light. 116

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Printed at the breaking out of the rebellion in the year 1715.

THE man that loves his king and nation *,
 And shuns each vile association;
 That trusts his honest deeds i' th' light,
 Nor meets in dark cabals by night,

* Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
 Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
 Fulce, pharetra.

With fools, who, after much debate, 5
 Get themselves hang'd, and save the state,
 Needs not his hall with weapons store,
 Nor dreads each rapping at his door,
 Nor sculks in fear of being known,
 Or hides his guilt in parson's gown, 10
 Nor wants to guard his generous heart
 The poniard or the poison'd dart;
 And, but for ornament and pride,
 A sword of lath might cross his side.
 If o'er St. James's Park he stray *, 15
 He stops not, pausing in his way,
 Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
 Nor starts, looks back, and mends his pace:
 Or if he ramble to the Tower,
 He knows no crime, and dreads no power, 20
 But thence returning, free as wind,
 Smiles at the bars he left behind.
 Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day †,
 Humming—"O ev'ry month was May"—

* Sive per Syrtis iter æstuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

† Namque me sylva lopus in Sabina,
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
 Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
 Fugit inermem.

And, thoughtless how my time I squander'd, 25
 From Whitehall thro' the Cockpit wander'd,
 A messenger, with surly eye,
 View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.
 No sharper look or rougher mien *
 In Scottish Highlands e'er were seen; 30
 Nor ale and brandy ever bred
 More pimpled cheeks, or nose more red;
 And yet, with both hands in my breast,
 Careless I walk'd, nor shunn'd the beast.

Place me among a hundred spies †, 35
 Let all the room be ears and eyes;
 Or search my pocket-books and papers,
 No word or line shall give me vapours.
 Send me to Whigs as true and hearty
 As ever pity'd poor Maccarty; 40
 Let Townsend, Sunderland, be there,
 Or Robin Walpole in the chair;

* Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit æsculetis:
 Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix.

† Pone me pigris, ubi nulla campis,
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
 Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque
 Jupiter urget:

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terra domibus negata:
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.

Or send me to a club of Tories,
 That damn and curse at Marlborough's glories,
 And drink—but sure none such there are!— 45
 The Devil, the Pope, and rebel Mar;
 Yet still my loyalty I'll boast,
 King George shall ever be my toast;
 Unbrib'd his glorious cause I'll own,
 And fearless scorn each traitor's frown. 50

HORATIUS,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

DIMIDIUM facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude :
 Incipe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
 Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis : at ille
 Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. 4

TRANSLATED.

To-morrow cheats us all. Why dost thou stay,
 And leave undone what should be done to-day ?
 Begin—the present minute's in thy pow'r ;
 But still t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour, 4
 Is like the clown who, at some river's side,
 Expecting stands, in hopes the running tide
 Will all ere long be past.—Fool ! not to know
 It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow. 8

A LETTER *

To the Author of

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE REPUB. OF LETTERS,

*Giving some account of Mr. Hughes' construction of the
Twentieth ode of Horace, Book II.*

SIR,

THERE ARE some constructions of obscure passages in ancient writers which, when discovered, appear so natural and obvious, that the reader is apt to wonder how they could escape his observation. I think this remark may be exemplified by an easy interpretation of the Twentieth ode of the second book of Horace, which has hitherto proved a flurabing block to the critics and commentators. It will be necessary for this purpose to transcribe a few lines from it.

AD MECENATEM.

Non usitata, nec tenui ferar
Penna, biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates: neque in terris morabor
Longius: invidiamque major
Urbes relinquam: non ego pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quæm vocas,
Dilectæ, Mæcenas, obibo:
Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.
Jam non residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles, et alium motor in alitem
Supernæ: nascuntareque leves
Per digitos, humerosque plumæ.
Jam Dædalæo ocyor Icaro, &c.

* Printed in The Present State of the Republic of Letters for
Nov. 1728, vol. II. p. 383.

The chief dispute has been, whether *dilecte* is to be joined with *Mecænas*, or to follow *vocas*, in the sense of *ô dilecte*. Some take it the former way, and then they understand *vocas* to signify the same as *vocas ad cenam*, as it is used by Catullus and other Latin writers. But Mr. Dacier rejects this sense (I think with reason) as unworthy of Horace, and fitter for a parasite than a polite writer: he therefore, and others, construe it the latter way. But then all the use they make of it is, "That they suppose Horace insinuates
 "to Mecænas in an agreeable manner (as Mr. Dacier
 "expresses himself) that he was not unworthy of the
 "affection and tenderness his patron testified for him,
 "in calling him my Dear! my Life! and in using other
 "expressions of the like import, since he was so excellent a poet, and should be crowned with immortality." So that the whole design of Horace, according to these gentlemen, is to be the herald of his own praise, and modestly to acquaint Mecænas (if you will forgive a modern phrase) what a very pretty fellow he was.

The fruitful genius of the learned Dr. Bentley has found out a sense which I believe none of his predecessors ever thought of, and he delivers it with the assurance of an oracle. *Quid multa? sine dubio sic construendus est locus, Non ego, non ego obibo, quem vocas sanguis pauperum parentum. Hic nihil jam ineptum; hic pulchrè habet antithesis; non ego; quem pauperis libertinus*

filium vocas obibo: neque paupertas, neque ignobilitas generis obstat, quo minus sempiternum nomen ex scriptis meis consequar.

But notwithstanding this triumph, the Doctor can scarce believe that the good-natured Mecænas would in earnest upbraid his beloved Horace with his being descended *patre libertino*; and therefore, to solve the matter, he conjectures that he only spoke it jocularly; or rather (according to the laudable maxim, *Posito quolibet, sequitur quodlibet*) that those blundering rogues, the transcribers or printers, have made a mistake here, and that instead of *vocas* we ought to read *vocant*; which (*sub intellectu nominativo*) signifies that the enemies, and maligners of Horace upbraided him with the meanness of his parentage.

The true sense of the ode seems, in short, to be no more than this: "Horace tells Mecænas that though
" he was descended from obscure parents, yet since
" Mecænas had honoured him with his friendship,
" and treated him with so much tenderness and affection, he was above envy, and secure of immortality."

So that the whole turn of the ode depends upon the right interpretation of the word *dilecte*.

It is at least certain that this construction is perfectly agreeable to the known sentiments of Horace in his sixth Satire, book I. where he addresses himself to Mecænas in these words:

Ut veni coram, singultim pauca loquutus,
 (Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)
 Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
 Me Saturejano vectari rura caballo.
 Sed, quod eram, narro. Respondes, ut tuus est mos,
 Pauca—————jubesque
 Esse in amicorum numero. Magnum hoc ego ducō,
 Quod placeat tibi, qui turpe feceris honestum,
 Non patre præclaro, sed vita et pectore puro.

Now, taking it in this light, instead of a vain encomium of himself, it appears to be an elegant compliment to Mæcenas; and the *non usitatâ pennâ* in the first stanza, the *jam jam* in the third, and the *jam* in the fourth, all confirm this sense. It is indeed so plainly the drift of the ode, that when it has been once pointed out, we are ready to wonder (as the Spaniards did at Columbus' breaking the end of the egg, and making it stand upright) how any one could miss it: and yet I do not remember to have met with any commentator who has placed it in this light.

The public is obliged for this judicious critique to the late accurate Mr. Hughes, by whom the substance of it was communicated in discourse to the writer of this letter.

He has further confirmed and illustrated the sense here given, by the following admirable allusion to the forecited ode.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM MR. HUGHES

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER,

RELATIVE TO HOR. LIB. II. ODE 20.

—“THIS little poem was writ by the accident of
“having Horace for my companion in a confinement
“by sickness, and fancying I had discovered a new
“sense of one of his odes, for which I have found your
“Lordship’s great indulgence and partiality to me
“the best exposition.

“Perhaps we never read with that attention as
“when we think we have found something appli-
“cable to ourselves. I am now grown fond enough
“of this sense to believe it the true one, and have
“drawn two or three learned friends (to whom I
“have mentioned it) into my opinion.

“The ode, your Lordship will see, is that in which
“Horace feigns himself turned into a swan. It passes
“ (for aught I know universally) for a compliment on
“himself, and a mere enthusiastic rant of the poet in
“his own praise, like his *Exegi Monumentum*, &c. I
“confess I had often slightly read it in that view, and
“have found every one I have lately asked deceived
“by the same opinion, which I cannot but think spoils
“the ode, and sinks it to nothing; I had almost said,
“turns the swan into a goose.

"The grammarians seem to have fallen into this
 "mistake, by wholly overlooking the reason of his
 "rapture, *viz.* its being addressed to Mæcenas, and
 "have prefaced it with this and the like general in-
 "scriptions—*Vaticinatur carminum suorum immortalitatem*, &c. which I think is not the subject.

"I am very happy in the occasion which shewed
 "it me in a quite different sense from what I had ever
 "apprehended till I had the honour to be known to
 "your Lordship; I am sure a much more advantage-
 "ous one to the poet, as well as more just to his great
 "patron. If I have exceeded the liberty of an imita-
 "tor, in pursuing the same hint further, to make it
 "less doubtful, yet his favourers will forgive me,
 "when I own I have not on this occasion so much
 "thought of emulating his poetry, as of rivalling his
 "pride, by the ambition of being known as,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged

"and devoted humble servant,

J. HUGHES."

ODE

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER,

ANNO MDCCXVII.

In allusion to Horace, Lib. II. Ode xx.

I.

I'm rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er;
Prepar'd, a tow'ring swan, to soar
Aloft. See, see the down arise,
And clothe my back and plume my thighs!
My wings shoot forth: now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the sky;
Nor envy nor ill fortune's spite
Shall stop my course or damp my flight.

II.

Shall I, obscure, or disesteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil, my name to save
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condescends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

III.

'Tis done—I scorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths shall bind my brow.
Whether the Muse vouchsafe t' inspire
My breast with the celestial fire;

Whether my verse be fill'd with flame,
 Or I deserve a poet's name,
 Let fame be silent; only tell
 That gen'rous Cowper loves me well.

IV.

Thro' Britain's realms I shall be known 25
 By Cowper's merit, not my own;
 And when the tomb my dust shall hide,
 Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
 Vain pomp be spar'd, and ev'ry tear;
 Let but some stone this sculpture bear, 30
 "Here lies his clay, to earth consign'd,
 "To whom great Cowper once was kind." 32

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a solemn festal day,
 Held by th'immortals in the skies,
 Flora had summon'd all the deities
 That rule o'er gardens, or survey
 The birth of greens and springing flow'rs, 5
 And thus address'd the genial pow'rs.

"Ye shining Graces of my courtly train!

"The cause of this assembly know:

"In sov'reign majesty I reign

"O'er the gay flow'ry universe below; 10

" Yet, my increasing glory to maintain,
 " A queen I'll chuse, with spotless honour fair,
 " The delegated crown to wear.
 " Let me your counsel and assistance ask,
 " T' accomplish this momentous task."

15

The deities that stood around
 At first return'd a murm'ring sound;
 Then said, " Fair Goddess! do you know
 " The factious feuds this must create,
 " What jealous rage and mutual hate
 " Among the rival flow'rs will grow?
 " The vilest thistle that infests the plain
 " Will think his tawdry painted pride
 " Deserves the crown, and, if deny'd,
 " Perhaps with traitor-plots molest your reign."

20

25

" Vain are your fears," Flora reply'd;
 " 'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cause decide.

" Deep in a venerable wood,
 " Where oaks, with vocal skill endu'd,
 " Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
 " Beneath a little hill's inclining side,
 " A grotto's seen, where Nature's art
 " Is exercis'd in all her smiling pride.
 " Retir'd in this sweet grassy cell
 " A lovely wood-nymph once did dwell:

30

35

" She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
 " Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inspire:
 " A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was
 her fire.

" Chaste, wise, devout, she still obey'd,
 " With humble zeal, Heav'n's dread commands, 40
 " To ev'ry action ask'd our aid,
 " And oft' before our altars pray'd:
 " Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
 " She's dead—and from her sweet remains
 " The wondrous mixture I would take, 45
 " This much-desir'd, this perfect, flow'r to make.
 " Assist, and thus, with our transforming pains,
 " We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our fav'rite
 plains."

Th' applauding deities with pleasure heard,
 And for the grateful work prepar'd. 50
 A busy face the god of Gardens wore;
 Vertumnus of the party too,
 From various sweets th' exhaling spirits drew;
 While in full canisters Pomona bore
 Of richest fruits a plenteous store; 55
 And Vesta promis'd wondrous things to do:
 Gay Venus led a lively train
 Of Smiles and Graces: the plump god of Wine
 From clusters did the flowing nectar strain,
 And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine. 60

Thus charg'd, they seek the honour'd shade
Where liv'd and dy'd the spotless maid.
On a soft couch of turf the body lay;
'Th' approaching deities press'd all around,
Prepar'd the sacred rites to pay 65
In silence, and with awe profound.
Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray:
"Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore,
"Exert thy great creative pow'r!
"Let this fair corpse be mortal clay no more; 70
"Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous flow'r."
Scarce had the goddess spoke, when, see! [wear:
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches
Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!
To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair, 75
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.

Heav'ns! what new charm, what sudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the sight!
A sprouting bud begins the tree t' adorn;
The large, the sweet, vermilion flow'r is born! 80
The goddess thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To spread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant soul, and ev'ry charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princess gay;
Then kiss'd it thrice; the gen'ral silence broke, 85
And thus in loud rejoicing accents spoke.

M ij

" Ye Flow'rs! at my command attendant here,
 " Pay homage, and your sov'reign Rose revere.
 " No sorrow on your drooping leaves be seen;
 " Let all be proud of such a queen, 93
 " So fit the floral crown to wear,
 " To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year."

Thus speaking, she the new-born fav'rite crown'd;
 The transformation was complete; 94
 The deities with songs the queen of Flow'rs did greet:
 Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to sound,
 While now to heav'n the well-pleas'd goddess flies
 With her bright train, and reascends the skies. 98

THE PRAISES OF HEROIC VIRTUE.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS*.

Translated in the year 1701, on occasion of the King of France's breaking the peace of Ryswick.

O SPARTAN Youths! what fascinating charms
 Have froze your blood? why rust your idle arms?

* Tyrtæus was general of the Spartans in their wars with the Messenians, and is said by his martial songs to have animated the soldiers, and by those, as well as by his conduct and courage, to have led them on to victory. He is mentioned by Sir William Temple and Lord Roscommon as an example of the wonderful force of the ancient poetry. He lived in the 35th Olympiad, about 840 years before Christ, and is supposed to have been contemporary with the prophet Jeremiah.

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIE.

CUNCTATUR stupefacta Venus. Nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.

Hæc modo crescenti, plenæ par altera lunæ;

Allurgit ceu fortè minor sub matre virenti

Laurus; et ingentes ramos, olimque futuras

Promittit jam parva comas: vel flore sub uno,

Ceu geminæ Pæstana rosæ per jugera regnant.

Hæc largo matura die, saturataque vernis

Roribus, indulget spatium: latet altera nodo,

Nec teneris audet foliis admittere soles.

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, sees the bride and her mother sitting together, &c. ; on which occasion Claudian makes the following description.

THE goddess paus'd; and, held in deep amaze,
 Now views the mother's now the daughter's face:
 Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
 That the full moon, and this the crescent shows.
 Thus rais'd beneath its parent-tree is seen 5
 The laurel shoot, while in its early green
 Thick-sprouting leaves and branches are essay'd,
 And all the promise of a future shade:
 Or blooming thus in happy Pæstan fields,
 One common stock two lovely roses yields; 10
 Mature by vernal-dews, this dares display
 Its leaves full-blown, and boldly meets the day;
 That folded, in its tender nonage lies,
 A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the skies. 14

DIALOGUE

DE L'AMOUR ET DU POÈTE.

LE POÈTE.

AMOUR, je ne veux plus aimer ;
 J'abjure à jamais ton empire ;
 Mon cœur, lassé de son martire,
 A résolu de se calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer ? 5
 Iris, dans ses bras te rappelle.

LE P. Non, Iris est une infidelle ;
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris soin d'enflamer 10
 Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle ;
 Daphné.—LE P. Non, Daphné n'est que belle ;
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. D'un soupir, tu peux defarmer
 Dirce, jusqu'ici si sauvage.

LE P. Elle n'est plus dans le bel âge ; 15
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Mais si je t'aidois à charmer
 La jeune, la brillante Flore.—
 Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer ? 20

LE P. Non, Dieu charmant ! daigne former
 Pour nous une chaîne éternelle ;
 Mais pour tout ce qui n'est point elle,
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer. 24

DIALOGUE

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE LA MOTTE.

POET.

No, Love—I ne'er will love again;
 Thy tyrant empire I abjure:
 My weary heart resolves to cure
 Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

LOVE. Fool! canst thou fly my happy reign? 5
 Iris recalls thee to her arms.

POET. She's false—I hate her perjur'd charms.
 No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But know, for thee I 'ave toil'd to gain
 Daphne, the bright, the reigning toast. 10

POET. Daphne but common eyes can boast.
 No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. She who before scorn'd ev'ry swain,
 Dirce, shall for one sigh be thine.

POET. Age makes her rays too faintly shine. 15
 No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But should I give thee charms t' obtain
 Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
 I see thee blush—now, Rebel! say
 No, Love—I ne'er will love again. 20

POET. No, charming God! prepare a chain
 Eternal for that fair and me;
 Yet still know every fair but she
 I 'ave vow'd I ne'er will love again. 24

AN ODE
TO THE
CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

Occasioned by
THE FRAGMENTS OF ORPHEUS.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? —
Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis?
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec vigit quiesquam simile aut secundam.

HOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THAT the praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest subject for the sublime way of writing, was the most ancient use of poetry, cannot be learned from a more proper instance (next to examples of Holy Writ) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus, a relic of great antiquity: they contain several verses concerning God, and his making and governing the universe; which, though imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expressions. Yet whether these verses were indeed written by that celebrated father of poetry and music who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus, who lived about the time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a question of little use or importance.

A large paraphrase of these, in French verse, has been prefixed to the translation of Phocylides, but in a flat style, much inferior to the design. The following ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem, is attempted upon the same model, in a language which, having stronger sinews than the French, is, by the confession of their best critic Rapin, more capable of sustaining great subjects.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true celestial fire!
 Brighter than that which rules the day,
 Descend; a mortal tongue inspire
 To sing some great immortal lay:
 Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre.
 Hence, ye Profane! be far away;
 Hence, all ye impious Slaves that bow
 To idol lusts, or altars raise,
 And to false heroes give fantastic praise!
 And hence, ye Gods! who to a crime your spurious be-
 ings owe.

10

But hear, O heav'n and earth, and seas profound!
 Hear, ye unfathom'd deeps below!
 And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
 Let Nature, trembling all around,
 Attend her Master's awful name,
 From whom heav'n, earth, and seas, and all the wide

15

II.

[creation, came.

He spoke the great command, and Light,
 Heav'n's eldest-born and fairest child,

Flash'd in the low'ring face of ancient Night,
 And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd. 20
 The sons of Morning, on the wing,
 Hov'ring in choirs, his praises sing,
 When from th' unbounded vacuous space
 A beauteous rising world they saw;
 When Nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face, 25
 And Motion took th' establish'd law
 To roll the various globes on high;
 When Time was taught his infant wings to try,
 And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty! still the same; 30
 'Tis he, the great inspiring Mind,
 That animates and moves this universal frame,
 Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
 Not heav'n itself can bound his sway;
 Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky, 35
 Invisible to mortal eye,
 He dwells in uncreated day:
 Without beginning, without end. 'Tis he
 That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast immen-

IV.

[fity.

What pow'r but his can rule the changeful main, 40
 And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
 When winds their gather'd forces try,
 And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,
 His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
 In murm'ring tides th' abated billows fly, 45

And the spent tempest dies upon the shore,
 The meteor world is his, heav'n's wintry store,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow,
 The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
 The loose-divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow. 50
 The crooked lightning darts around,
 His sovereign orders to fulfil;
 The shooting flame obeys th' Eternal Will,
 Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
 Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unshelter'd

V.

[ground.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply, 56
 He, with a father's tender care,
 Supports the numerous family
 That peoples earth, and sea, and air.
 From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant, 60
 Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
 From th' eagle, sov'reign of the sky,
 To each inferior feather'd brood;
 From crowns and purple majesty
 To humble shepherds on the plains, 65
 His hand, unseen, divides to all their food,
 And the whole world of life sustains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye surveys
 His works in ev'ry distant clime;
 He shifts the seasons, months, and days, 70
 The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time;

By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now cheerful Spring the circle leads,
And strows with flow'rs the smiling meads;
Gay Summer, next, whom russet robes adorn, 75
And waving fields of yellow corn;
'Then Autumn, who with lavish stores the lap of Na-
ture spreads;
Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance,
(Like feeble Age, oppress'd with pain)
A heavy season does maintain, 80
With driving snows, and winds and rain,
Till Spring, recruited to advance,
'The various year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou great Ador'd! who can withstand
The terrors of thy lifted hand, 85
When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conscious Nature to her centre shakes?
Rais'd by thy voice the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round;
How dreadful is th' inimitable sound, 90
'The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the skies!
Then where's Ambition's haughty crest?
Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wish the op'ning ground
Would take them quick to shades of rest, 95
And in their common parent's breast
From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide:

In vain—for all the elements conspire,
 The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
 Tempestuous air, and raging fire, 100
 To punish vile mankind, and fight for thee :
 Nor Death itself can intercept the blow ;
 Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
 Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball; 105
 Once gods of earth, the living destinies
 That made a hundred nations bow!
 Where's your extent of empire now?
 Say where preserv'd your phantom glory lies?
 Can brass the fleeting thing secure? 110
 Enshrin'd in temples does it stay?
 Or in huge amphitheatres endure
 The rage of rolling Time, and scorn decay?
 Ah! no; the mould'ring monuments of Fame
 Your vain deluded hopes betray, 115
 Nor shew th' ambitious founder's name,
 Mix'd with yourselves in the same mass of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my Muse! time's wasting thread pursue,
 And see at last th' unravell'd clue,
 When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more, 120
 And weary Nature shall her work give o'er.
 Behold th' almighty Judge on high!
 See in his hand the book of Fate!

Myriads of spirits fill the sky
T' attend, with dread solemnity, 125
The world's last scene, and Time's concluding date.
The feeble race of short-liv'd Vanity
And sickly Pomp at once shall die;
Foul Guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her flight, 130
And curse at Heav'n's pursuing light,
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
How will you then, ye Impious! 'scape your doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome? 134
Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your
sight,

Yet shall you not the giddy chase refrain,
Nor hope more solid bliss t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before,
But sigh a long eternity of pain, 139
Toss'd in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

X.

But see where the mild Sov'reign sits prepar'd
His better subjects to reward!
Where am I now! what pow'r divine
Transports me! what immortal splendours shine!
Torrents of glory that oppress the sight! 145
What joys, celestial King! thy throne surround!
The sun, who, with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
Sees not his peer in all the starry round,

Would here diminish'd fade away,
 Like his pale sister of the night, 150
 When she resigns her delegated light,
 Lost in the blaze of day.
 Here wonder only can take place——
 Then, Muse! th' advent'rous flight forbear;
 These mystic scenes thou canst no farther trace: 155
 Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
 But what, or when, or how, or where,
 Are mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
 Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
 The vast immeasurable thought contain. 160

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. MILTON.

Homér's description of himself, under the character of Demodocus the musician, at the feast of King Alcinous.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE Muse with transport lov'd him; yet to fill
 His various lot she blended good with ill;
 Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
 The heav'nly gift of song, and all the tuneful art. 4

BOILEAU,

DANS SA. I. EPISTRE AU ROI.

"POURQUOI ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
 "Et ces vaisseaux tout prests à quitter le rivage?"

Disoit au Roi Pyrrhus, un sage confident,
 Conseiller tres-sensé d'un Roi tres-imprudent.

"Je vais," lui dit ce prince, "à Rome où l'on
 m'appelle." 9

"Quoi faire?" "L'assiéger." "L'entreprise est fort
 belle,

"Et digne seulement d'Alexandre ou de vous:

"Mais quand nous l'aurons prise, et bien que ferons-
 nous?"

"Du reste des Latins la conquête est facile,

"Sans doute, ils sont à nous." "Est-ce tout?" "La
 Sicile 10

"Delà nous tend les bras, et bien-tôt sans effort

"Syracuse recoit nos vaisseaux dans son port."

"En demeurés-vous là?" "Dès que nous l'aurons
 prise,

"Il ne faut qu'un bon vent et Carthage est conquise:

"Les chemins sont ouverts, qui peut nous arrêter?" 15

"Je vous entens, Seigneur, nous allons tout dompter,

"Nous allons traverser les sables de Lybie;

"Asservir en passant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;

"Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs;

FROM BOILEAU,

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LEWIS XIV.

“WHAT mean these elephants, arms, warlike store,
“And all these ships, prepar’d to leave the shore?”
Thus Cyneas, faithful, old, experienc’d, wise,
Address’d King Pyrrhus.—Thus the King replies.
“’Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go.” 5
“For what?”—“To conquer.”—“Rome’s a noble
“A prize for Alexander fit, or you: [foe,
“But, Rome reduc’d, what next, Sir, will you do?”
“The rest of Italy my chains shall wear.”
“And is that all?”—“No; Sicily lies near; 10
“See how she stretches out her beauteous arms,
“And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
“In Syracuse’s port this fleet shall ride.”
“’Tis well—and there you will at last abide?”—
“No; that subdu’d, again we’ll hoist our sails 15
“And put to sea; and, blow but prosp’rous gales,
“Carthage must soon be ours, an easy prey;
“The passage open, what obstructs our way?”—
“Then, Sir, your vast design I understand,
“To conquer all the earth, cross seas and land, 20
“O’er Afric’s spacious wilds your reign extend,
“Beneath your sword make proud Arabia bend;
“Then seek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
“His swelling stream; beyond Hydaspes’ shores,

“ Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs; 20

“ Et ranger sous nos loix tout ce vaste hemisphere :

“ Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire ?”

“ Alors, cher Cineas ! victorieux, contens,

“ Nous pourrons rire à l'aise, et prendre du bon
temps.”

“ Hé, Seigneur, dès ce jour, sans sortir de l'epire,

“ Du matin jusqu'au soir qui vous défend de rire ?” 26

- “ Thro’ Indian realms, to carry dire alarms, 25
“ And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms :
“ But say—this wondrous race of glory run,
“ When we return, say, what shall then be done ?”
“ Then pleas’d, my friend ! we’ll spend the joyful day
“ In full delight, and laugh our cares away.” 30
“ And why not now ? Alas ! Sir, need we roam
“ For this so far, or quit our native home ?
“ No—let us now each valu’d hour employ,
“ Nor for the future lose the present joy.” 34

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF
AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of life, my sweet companion Lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

II.

While whisp'ring gales, that court the leaves and
flow'rs, 5
Play thro' thy strings, and gently make them sound,
Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground.

III.

But see—what sudden gloom obscures the air!
What falling show'rs impetuous change the day! 10
Let's rise, my Lyre!—Ah! Pleasure false as fair,
How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay! 12

THE XIV. OLYMPICK OF PINDAR.

TO ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS *.

I.

YE heav'nly Graces! who preside
O'er Minyæ's happy soil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the fairest steeds,

* In the city of Orchomenus there was a temple dedicated to the Graces.

And rule the land where, with a gentle tide,
Your lov'd Cephesian waters glide;
To you Orchomenus's tow'rs belong,
Then hear, ye Goddesſes! and aid the ſong.

II.

Whatever honours ſhine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or ſooth the raviſh'd ſoul or charm the ſight,
To you their pow'r of pleaſing owe:
Fame, beauty, wiſdom, you beſtow;
Nor will the gods the ſacred banquet own,
Nor on the chorus look propitious down,
If you your preſence have deny'd
To rule the banquet, and the chorus guide.

III.

In heav'n itſelf all own your happy care;
Bleſs'd by your influence divine
There all is good and all is fair:
On thrones ſublime you there illuſtrious ſhine:
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inſpire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual ſing,
To Jove, of heav'n the father and the king.

IV.

Now hear, Aglaia! venerable maid;
Hear thou that tuneful verſe doſt love,
Euphroſyne! join your celeftial aid,
Ye daughters of immortal Jove!

Thalia, too, be present with my lays;
 Asopicus has rais'd his city's name,
 And, victor in th' Olympic strife, may claim
 From you his just reward of virtuous praise.

V.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph spread;
 Fly to the regions of the dead;
 Thro' Proserpine's dark empire bear the sound, 35
 There seek Cleodamus below,
 And let the pleas'd paternal spirit know
 How on the plains of Pisa, far renown'd,
 His son, his youthful son, of matchless speed,
 Bore off from all the victor's meed, 40
 And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples crown'd.

ON FULVIA, THE WIFE OF ANTHONY.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

WHILE from his consort false Antonius flies,
 And dotes on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
 Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
 Reprisals seeks, and spreads for me her snares.
 "The husband's false."—But why must I endure 5
 This nauseous plague, and her revenge procure?
 What tho' she ask?—How happy were my doom,
 Should all the discontented wives of Rome }
 Repair in crowds to me when scorn'd at home! }
 "'Tis war," she says, "if I refuse her charms:" 10
 Let's think—she's ugly—Trumpets sound to arms.

TRANSLATED FROM
 PERSIAN VERSES,

*Alluding to the custom of women being buried with their
 husbands, and men with their wives.*

ETERNAL are the chains which here
 The gen'rous souls of lovers bind;
 When Hymen joins our hands we swear
 To be for ever true and kind: 4
 And when, by death, the fair are snatch'd away,
 Lest we our solemn vows should break,
 In the same grave our living corpse we lay,
 And willing the same fate partake. 8

ANOTHER.

MY dearest spouse! that thou and I
 May shun the fear which first should die,
 Clasp'd in each others arms we 'll live, 3
 Alike consum'd in love's soft fire,
 That neither may at last survive,
 But gently both at once expire. 6

ON ARQUEÄNASSA

OF COLOPHOS.

ARQUEÄNASSA's charms inspire
Within my breast a lover's fire :
Age, its feeble spite displaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with lasting grace :
But before old Time pursu'd her,
Ere he sunk these little caves,
How I pity those who view'd her,
And in youth were made her slaves !

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

O BLESSED time of reformation
That 's now beginning thro' the nation !
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And swear all Whigs shall kiss the rump on 't.
See how they draw the beastly rabble
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all Cries about the Town
Join notes to roar Fanatics down !
As bigots give the sign about,
They stretch their throats with hideous shout.

Black tinkers bawl aloud "to settle
"Church-privilege"—for "Mending kettle."
Each sow-gelder, that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have Dissenters sworn."
The oyster-wenches lock their fish up, 15
And cry, "No Presbyterian bishop!"
The mouse-trap men lay fave-alls by,
And 'gainst "low churchmen" loudly cry,
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water, 20
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To side with rebels 'gainst the church!
Some cry for "penal laws," instead
Of "Pudding-pies and gingerbread:"
And some, for "Brooms, old boots, and shoes," 25
Roar out "God bless our Commons House!"
Some bawl "the votes" about the Town,
And wish they 'd "vote Dissenters down."
Instead of "Kitchen-stuff," some cry,
"Confound the late Whig ministry!" 30
And some for "Any chairs to mend,"
The Commons' late Address commend.
Some for "Old gowns for China ware,"
Exclaim against "extempore prayer:"
And some for "Old suits, cloaks, or coats," 35
Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
He that cries "Coney-skins, or onions,"
Blames "toleration of opinions."

Blue-apron whores, that sit with furrnety,
Rail at "occasional conformity." 40
Instead of "Cucumbers to pickle,"
Some cry aloud "No conventicle!"
Masons, instead of "building houses,"
To "build the church" would starve their spouses,
And gladly leave their trades, for storming 45
The meeting-houses, or informing:
Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,
Pimps, panders, atheists, fornicators,
Rogues that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether
A church's inside 's stone or leather, 50
Yet join the parsons and the people,
To cry "The church,"—but mean "the steeple."
If, holy Mother, such you 'll own
For your true sons, and such alone,
Then Heav'n have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beastly crew! 56

THE TENTH BOOK OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA

TRANSLATED.

The Argument,

And connection of the story with the foregoing books.

POMPEY, flying to Egypt after his defeat at Pharsalia, was, by the King's consent, basely murdered by Pothinus, and his head presented to Cæsar, as he approached the Egyptian coast in pursuit of his enemy. The poet having represented this catastrophe in the two former books, the Argument of the tenth book is as follows:

Cæsar lands in Egypt; he goes to Alexandria; visits the temple, and the sepulchre of the kings, in which Alexander the Great was buried. The poet, in a beautiful digression, declaims against the ambition of that monarch. Ptolemy, the young king of Egypt, meets Cæsar at his arrival, and receives him into his palace. His sister Cleopatra, who had been kept a prisoner in Pharos, makes her escape, and privately getting admittance to Cæsar, implores his protection: by his means she is reconciled to her brother; after which she entertains Cæsar at a feast. The supper being ended, Cæsar requests of Achoreus, the priest, an account of the antiquities of Egypt, particularly of the river Nile. Achoreus's reply. The course of that river described, with an enumeration of the various opinions concerning its spring, and the causes of its overflowing. Pothinus plots the death of Cæsar. His message to Achilles to invite him to join in this attempt. Achilles marches against Alexandria with an army composed of Egyptians and Romans, and besieges Cæsar in the palace, who seizes Ptolemy as a pledge for his own security. A herald, sent from the King to inquire the cause of this tumult, is slain. An attack being made, Cæsar defends himself, burns the Egyptian ships in the harbour, and possesses himself of Pharos, where he puts Pothinus to death. Arsinoë, younger sister of Ptolemy, by the aid of Ganymede her governor, arriving in the camp, causes Achilles to be slain. Ganymede renews the attack against Cæsar, who is blocked up in Pharos, and reduced to the greatest extremity.

WHEN conquering Cæsar follow'd to the land
His rival's head, and trod the barb'rous strand,
His fortune strove with guilty Egypt's fate
In doubtful fight, and this the dire debate:

Shall Roman arms great Lagus' realm enthrall? 5
 Or shall the victor, like the vanquish'd, fall
 By Egypt's sword? Pompey, thy ghost withstood
 Th' impending blow, and sav'd the general's blood,
 Left Rome, too happy after loss of thee,
 Should rule the Nile, herself from bondage free. 10

Secure, and with this barb'rous pledge content,
 To Alexandria now the conqueror went.
 'The crowd that saw his entry, while before
 Advancing guards the rods of empire bore,
 In murmur'd sounds their jealous rage disclos'd, 15
 At Roman rites and foreign law impos'd.
 Observing Cæsar soon his error spy'd,
 That not for him his mighty rival dy'd;
 Yet smooth'd his brow, all marks of fear suppress'd,
 And hid his cares deep bury'd in his breast. 20

Then with intrepid mien he took his way,
 The city walls and temples to survey, [display. }
 Works which thy ancient power, great Macedon! }
 He view'd the splendid fanes with careless eyes,
 Shrines rich with gold and sacred mysteries, 25
 Nor fix'd his sight, but, eager in his pate,
 Descends the vault which holds the royal race.
 Philip's mad son, the prosp'rous robber, bound
 In Fate's eternal chains, here sleeps profound,
 Whom death forbade his rapines to pursue, 30
 And in the world's revenge the monster slew.
 His impious bones, which, thro' each climate tost,
 The sport of winds, or in the ocean lost,

Had met a juster fate, this tomb obtain'd,
 And sacred to that kingdom's end remain'd, 35
 O! should auspicious years roll round again,
 And godlike Liberty resume her reign,
 Preserv'd to scorn, the relics would be shown
 Of the bold chief whose boundless pride alone
 This curs'd example to Ambition gave, 40
 How many realms one mortal can enslave!

Disdaining what his father won before,
 Aspiring still, and restless after more,
 He left his home, while Fortune smooth'd his way,
 And o'er the fruitful East enlarg'd his sway. 45
 Red Slaughter mark'd his progress as he past;
 The guilty sword laid human nature waste,
 Discolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
 With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
 He seem'd in terror to the nations sent, 50
 The wrath of Heav'n, a star of dire portent,
 And shook, like thunder, all the continent! }

Nor yet content, a navy he provides;
 To seas remote his triumphs now he guides;
 Nor winds nor waves his progress could withstand, }
 Nor Libya's scorching heat and desert land, 56 }
 Nor rolling mountains of collected sand.
 Had Heav'n but giv'n him line, he had outrun
 The farthest journey of the setting sun,
 March'd round the poles, and drank discover'd Nile
 At his spring-head—but winged Fate the while 61

Comes on with speed, the fun'ral hour draws near;
Death only could arrest his mad career,
Who to his grave the world's sole empire bore
With the same envy 't was acquir'd before; 65
And, wanting a successor to his reign,
Left all to suffer conquest once again.

Yet Babylon first yielded to his arms,
And Parthia trembled at his proud alarms.
Oh, shame to tell! could haughty Parthia fear 70
The Grecian dart, and not the Roman spear?
What tho' the North, and South, and West, are ours?
Th' unconquer'd East defies our feeble powers,
So fatal once to Rome's great Craſſi known,
A province now to Pella's puny town. 75

Now from Pelusium, where, expanding wide,
Nile pours into the sea his ample tide,
Came the boy-king: his presence soon appeas'd
The people's rage, and giddy tumult ceas'd.
In Egypt's palace Cæſar ſleeps ſecure; 80
This princely hoſtage does a while enſure
His terms of peace; when, lo! the ſiſter-queen,
In a ſmall boat conceal'd, ſecurely mean,
With gold corrupts the keeper of the port,
And undiſcover'd lands, and lurks within the court.
The royal whore, her country's worſt diſgrace, 86
The fate and fury of the Roman race!
As Helen's ſoft incendiary charms
Provok'd the Grecian and the Trojan arms,

No less did Cleopatra's eyes inspire 90
 Italian flames, and spread the kindled fire.
 A rabble rout, a vile enervate band,
 Presum'd th' imperial Eagles to withstand:
 Canopus march'd, a woman at their head,
 And then, if ever, Rome knew aught of dread, 95
 Ev'n mighty Rome with terror heard the jar
 Of clatter'd cymbals tinkling to the war, [afar. }
 And shook her lofty tow'rs, and trembled from }
 What triumphs had proud Alexandria seen
 Had great Octavius then a captive been, 100
 When hov'ring Victory, at Leucate's bay, }
 Hung on her wings, and 't was a strife that day }
 If the lost world a distaff should obey.
 From that curs'd night this daring hope arose,
 'That shameful night! the source of future woes, 105
 Which first commenc'd polluted loves between
 A Roman gen'ral and Egyptian queen.
 O who can Anthony's wild passion blame?
 Ev'n Cæsar's flinty heart confess'd the soft'ning flame!
 The foul adulterer, reeking with the stains 110
 Of impious slaughter on Thessalian plains,
 Unwash'd from blood, amidst the rage of war,
 In joys obscene forgets his cruel care.
 Tho' Pompey's ghastly yet haunt those barb'rous walls,
 And howling in his ears for vengeance calls, 115
 Secure in guilt, he hugs a harlot's charms,
 And mingles lawless love with lawless arms;

Nor mindful of his chaster progeny,
 A bastard brother, Julia, gives to thee.
 His rallying foes on Libyan plains rejoin; 120
 Luxurious Cæsar, shamefully supine,
 Foregoes his gains, and for a kiss or smile
 Sells the dear purchase of his martial toil.

Him Cleopatra sought t' espouse her care;
 Presuming of her charms, the mournful fair 125 }
 In wild disorder loos'd her lovely hair,
 And with a face inviting sure relief,
 In tender accents thus disclos'd her grief:

"Great Cæsar! look! of Lagos' royal race,
 "So thou restore me to my rightful place, 130
 "I kneel a queen. Expell'd my father's throne,
 "My hope of succour is in you alone.
 "You rise a prosp'rous star to Egypt's aid: }
 "Oh! shine propitious on an injur'd maid!
 "My sex has oft' the Pharian sceptre sway'd, 135 }
 "For so the laws admit. Let Cæsar read
 "Our parent's will: my brother's crown and bed
 "Are mine to share; and were the youth but free
 "From saucy tutors he would marry me;
 "But by Pothinus' nod his passions move; 140
 "Pothinus wields his sword, and manages his love.
 "Forbid that crime; I freely quit my claim,
 "But save from such reproach our house and name.
 "Rescue the royal boy from mean command,
 "Restore the sceptre to his trembling hand; 145

“ This vile domestic’s lawless pride restrain ;
 “ Remove the traitor-guard, and teach the king to
 reign.

“ Th’ imperious slave who kill’d great Cæsar’s foe, }
 “ Inur’d to blood, would murder Cæsar too ; }
 “ But far, far hence, ye Gods ! avert the threaten’d }
 blow. 150

“ Let Pompey’s head suffice Pothinus’ fame,
 “ Nor let a nobler death increase our shame.”

Here paus’d the Queen, and spoke in looks the rest ;
 Not words alone could move his savage breast ;
 Her eyes enforce her pray’rs ; soft Beauty pleads, 155
 And brib’d the judge ; a night of guilt succeeds.
 Then soon for peace th’ affrighted brother fought,
 And with rich gifts his reconciliation bought.

Affairs united thus, the court ordains
 A solemn feast, where joy tumultuous reigns. 160
 Here Cleopatra’s genius first was shown,
 And arts till then to frugal Rome unknown.
 The hall a temple seem’d ; corrupter days
 Scarce to the gods would such a structure raise.
 Rich was the fretted roof, and cover’d o’er 165
 With pond’rous gold ; all onyx was the floor.
 Nor marble plates alone the walls incas’d,
 Beauteous to sight, and all th’ apartment grac’d,
 But solid pillars of thick agate stood,
 And ebony supply’d for common wood. 170
 Ivory the doors, with Indian tortoise seen
 Inlaid, and studded emerald between.

The beds, too, shone, profuse of gems, on high,
 Their cov' rings Tyrian silk of double dye,
 Embroider'd part with gold, with scarlet part, 175
 A curious mixture of Egyptian art.

And now the crowd of menial slaves appears,
 Of various skin and size, and various years.
 Some swarthy Africans, with frizled hair;
 Black Ethiops these; and those, like Germans, fair,
 With yellow locks, which Cæsar owns outshine 181
 In colour ev'n the natives of the Rhine:
 Beside th' unhappy youth by steel unmann'd,
 And soften'd from their sex, a beardless band,
 An abler train was rang'd in adverse rows, 185
 Yet scarce their cheeks did the first down disclose.

The princes took their seats; amid the rest
 Sat lordly Cæsar, their superior guest.
 Proud Cleopatra, not content alone
 T' enjoy a brother spouse, and share his throne, 190
 Had stain'd her cheeks, and arm'd with artful care
 Her fatal eyes, new conquest to prepare; [hair. }
 Bright jewels grac'd her neck, and sparkled in her }
 O'ercharg'd with spoils which the Red Sea supply'd,
 Scarce can she move beneath the pond'rous pride. 195
 Sidonian silk her snowy breasts array'd,
 Which thro' the net-work veil a thousand charms
 display'd.

Here might be seen large oval tables, wrought
 Of citron, from Atlantic forests brought;

Their treffels ivory : not so rich a sort 200
 Was Cæsar's prize in vanquish'd Juba's court.
 Blind ostentatious madness! to display
 Your wealth to whom ev'n civil war's a play,
 And tempt an armed guest to seize the prey. }
 Grant riches not the purpose of his toil, 205
 Nor with rapacious arms to hunt for spoil,
 Think him a hero of that chaster time,
 When poverty was praise, and gold a crime;
 Suppose Fabricius present at the show,
 Or the rough consul chosen from the plough, 210
 Or virtuous Curius, each would wish to come
 With such a triumph back to wond'ring Rome.

What earth and air, the sea and Nile, afford,
 In golden vessels heaps the plenteous board; 214
 Whate'er ambitious luxury could find join'd, }
 Thro' the search'd globe, and more than want en- }
 Herds of Egyptian gods, and fowl of various kind. }
 In crystal ewers Nilus supplies around
 His purest streams; vast glitt'ring bowls abound
 With wine from Meroc's isle, whose noble age, 220
 Fermenting, sparkles with ungovern'd rage:
 With twisted wreaths, which fragrant flow'rs com-
 Delightful nard, and ever-blooming rose, [pose,
 They crown their brows, and strow their oily hair
 With spice from neighb'ring fields, not yet expir'd in
 Here Cæsar learns the fruitful world to drain, [air.
 While conscious thoughts his secret soul arraign; 227

Blushing, he inward mourns the dire debate
 With his poor son, but mourns, alas! too late,
 And longs for war with Egypt's wealthy state. 230 }

At length, the tumult of the banquet o'er,
 When fated luxury requir'd no more,
 Cæsar protracts the silent hours of night,
 And, turning to Achoreus, cloath'd in white,
 High on a lofty couch—"Say, holy Seer! 235

"Whose hoary age thy guardian gods revere,

"Devoted to their rites, wilt thou relate

"The rise and progress of the Pharian state?

"Describe the land's extent, what humours sway }

"The people's minds, and to what pow'rs you pray,

"What customs keep, and what devotion pay? }

"Whate'er your ancient monuments contain 242

"Produce to light, and willing gods explain.

"If Plato once obtain'd a like request,

"To whom your fires their mystic rites confess, 245

"This let me boast; perhaps you have not here

"A meaner guest, or less judicious ear.

"Fame of my rival led me first, 't is true,

"To Egypt's coast, yet join'd with fame of you.

"I still had vacant hours amidst my wars, 250

"To read the heav'ns, and to review the stars:

"Henceforth all calendars must yield to mine,

"And ev'n Eudoxus shall the palm resign.

"But, more than all, the love of truth, which fires

"My glowing breast, an ardent wish inspires 255

"To learn, what num'rous ages ne'er could know,

"Your river's source, and causes of its flow.

"Indulge my hope Nile's secret birth to view

"No more in arms I'll civil strife pursue."

He paus'd; when thus Achoreus made reply : 260

"Ye rev'rend Shades of our great ancestry!

"While I to Cæsar Nature's works explain,

"And open stores yet hid from eyes profane,

"Be it no crime your secrets to reveal;

"Let others hold it pious to conceal 265

"Such mighty truths: I think the gods design'd

"Works such as these to pass all human kind,

"And teach the wond'ring world their laws and

heav'nly mind.

"At Nature's birth a various pow'r was given

"To various stars that cross the poles of heav'n, 270

"And slack the rolling sphere. With sov'reign rays

"The sun divides the months, the nights, the days;

"Fix'd in his orb the wand'ring course restrains

"Of other stars, and the great dance ordains.

"The changeful moon intends th' alternate tides;

"Saturn o'er ice and snowy zones presides; 276

"Mars rules the winds, and the wing'd thunder

guides;

"Jove's is a sky serene and temp'rate air;

"The seeds of life are Venus' kindly care;

"O'er spreading streams, Cyllenius, is thy reign, 280

"And when that part of heav'n thou dost attain

"When Cancer with the Lion mingles rays,
 "And Sirius all his fiery rage displays,
 "Beneath whose hot survey, deep in his bed,
 "Obscure from sight old Nilus veils his head; 285
 "When thou from thence, in thy celestial course,
 "Ruler of floods! dost strike the river's source,
 "The conscious streams break out, and, flowing soon,
 "Obey thy call, as ocean does the moon;
 "Nor check their tide till night has from the sun 290
 "Regain'd those hours th' advancing summer won.
 "Vain was the faith of old, that melted snow
 "From Ethiopian hills produc'd this flow;
 "For let the natives' sun-burnt skins declare 294
 "That no bleak north breathes wintry tempests
 there, [air. }
 "But vapours from the south possess the parching
 "Besides, such torrents as by snows increase
 "Begin to swell when spring does first release
 "Thos' wintry stores; Nilene'er provokes his streams
 "Till the hot Dog-star shoot his angry beams; 300
 "Nor then resumes his banks, till Libra weighs,
 "In equal scale the measur'd nights and days.
 "Hence he the laws of other streams declines,
 "Nor flows in winter, when at distance shines
 "The moderate sun, commanded to repair 305
 "In summer's heat to cool th' intemperate air.
 "When scorch'd Siene feels her Cancer's fire,
 "Then lest the world, consum'd in flame, expire,

- " Nile to its aid his wat'ry forces draws,
 " And swells against the Lion's burning jaws, 310
 " Moist'ning the plains, till Phœbus late descends
 " To Autumn's cooler couch and Meroe's shade extends.
 " Who can the cause of such great changes read? }
 " Ev'n so our parent Nature had decreed }
 " Nile's constant course, and so the world has need. }
 " As vainly, too, Antiquity apply'd 316
 " Th' Etesian winds to raise this wondrous tide,
 " Which blow at stated seasons of the year
 " For sev'ral days, and long possess the air;
 " Or thought vast clouds, which driv'n before them fly
 " Beyond the South, discharg'd the burden'd sky 321
 " On Nilus' head, and thence his current swell'd;
 " Or that those winds the river's course repell'd,
 " Which stopp'd, and press'd by th' ent'ring sea, dis-
 " His banks, and issuing boils along the plains. [dains
 " Some think vast pores, and gaps in earth, abound,
 " Where streams in silent veins creep under ground,
 " Led from the chilling North the Line to meet,
 " When pointed beams direct on Meroe beat,
 " While the parch'd earth a wat'ry succour craves, 330
 " Then Po and Ganges roll their smother'd waves
 " Deep thro' the vaults beneath, and Nile supply'd, }
 " Discharges at one vent their mingled tide, [ride. }
 " Nor can the gather'd flood in one straight channel }
 " Some think the sea, which round all lands extends
 " His liquid arms, these gushing waters sends; 336

- " That length of course the saltness wears away;
 " Or thus; since Phœbus and the stars, we say,
 " Drink ocean's streams, when near hot Cancer's
 " The thirsty sun a larger portion draws, [claws,
 " That more than air digests, attracted so, 341
 " Falls back by night, and causes Nile to flow.
 " Might I in so perplex'd a cause engage,
 " I think, since Nature grew mature in age,
 " Some waters, Cæsar, have deriv'd their birth 345
 " From veins by strong convulsions broke in earth;
 " And some coëval with the world began,
 " And, starting, thro' appointed channels ran,
 " When this whole frameth' Almighty Builder rear'd,
 " Ordain'd its laws, and its first motion steer'd. 350
 " The kings of Greece, of Egypt, and the East,
 " Ardent like you, were with this wish possess'd,
 " And, ev'ry age has labour'd to attain
 " The wondrous truth, but labour'd still in vain; }
 " For Nature lurks obscure, and mocks their pain. }
 " Philip's great son, whose consecrated name 356
 " Memphis adores, the first in regal fame,
 " Envious of this, detach'd a chosen band
 " To range th' extreme of Ethiopia's land:
 " They pass the scorching soil, and only view 360
 " Where hotter streams their constant way pursue.
 " The farthest west our great Sesostris saw,
 " While harness'd kings his lofty chariot draw,
 " Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus first
 " At both their springs, ere Nile obey'd his thirst.

- " Cambyfes, mad with luft of pow'r t' o'er-run 366
 " The long-liv'd nations of the rifing fun,
 " To promis'd fpoils a num'rous army led;
 " His famish'd foldiers on each other fed; 369 }
 " Exhausted he return'd, nor faw great Nilus' head. }
 " Nor boasting fame pretends to make it known; }
 " Where'er thou flow'ft, thy fpring's poffefs'd by }
 none;
 And not one land can call thee, Nile*, her own: }
 " Yet what the god, who did thy birth conceal,
 " Has giv'n to know, to Cæfar I'll reveal. 375
 " Firft from the fouthern pole thy fream we trace,
 " Which rolling forward with a fpeedy pace,
 " Under hot Cancer is directly driv'n
 " Againft Boötes' Wain, far in the north of heav'n :
 " Yet winding in thy courfe from eaft to weft, 380
 " Arabia now, now Libya's fands, are bleft
 " With thy cool flood; which firft the Seres fpy,
 " Yet feek thee too: thy current, rolling by
 " Thro' Ethiopia next, a ftranger, flows;
 " Nor can the world perceive to whom it owes 385
 " Thy facred birth, which Nature hid from all,
 " Left any nation fhould behold thee fmall;

* If the reader is curious to know the fource of the Nile,
 he may confult Peter Pais's account of it in the defcription of
 Africa by Dr. Olphert Dapper, and Father Telles, the Jefuit, in
 his History of Ethiopia; or Monsieur le Bruyne's Voyage to the
 Levant, printed for Jacob Tonfon, 1702, p. 161, where the
 accounts of both thefe authors are quoted at large, and com-
 pared.

- " And, cov'ring deep thy infant head, requir'd
 " That none should find what is by all admir'd. 389
 " Thou, by a law to other streams unknown,
 " In summer's solstice o'er thy banks art thrown,
 " And bring'st in thy full tide a winter of thy own. }
 " To thee alone 'tis given thy waves to roll
 " Athwart the globe, enlarg'd to either pole : 394
 " These nations seek thy fountain, those would trace }
 " Thy gulf. With spacious arms thou dost embrace }
 " Hot Meroe, fruitful to a sooty race,
 " And proud of ebony woods; yet no retreat
 " Their useless shades afford to shun th' excessive heat.
 " Then thro' the regions of the scorching sun, 400
 " Not lessen'd by his thirst, thy waters run,
 " O'er barren sands they take a tedious course,
 " Now rolling in one tide their gather'd force;
 " Now wand'ring in their way, and sprinkled round,
 " O'er yielding banks thy wanton billows bound.
 " Thy channel here its scatter'd troops regains 406
 " Between th' Egyptian and Arabian plains,
 " Where Philas bounds the realm; with easy pace
 " Thy slipp'ry waves thro' deserts cut their race,
 " Where Nature by a track of land divides 410
 " Our sea, distinguish'd from the Red Sea's tides.
 " Who that beholds thee here so gently flow
 " Would think thou ever couldst tempestuous grow?
 " But when o'er rugged cliffs and ways uneven,
 " In steepy cataracts thou 'rt headlong driv'n, 415

" Thy rushing waves, resist'd, fiercer fly,
 " And batter'd froth rebounding fills the sky;
 " The hills remurmur with the dashing sound,
 " Thy billows ride triumphant far around,
 " And rear their conquering heads, with hoary ho-
 nours crown'd.

420

" Hence shaken Abatos first feels thy rage,
 " And rocks, which in our great forefathers' age
 " Were call'd the river's veins, because they show
 " His first increase, and symptoms of his flow.
 " Vast piles of mountains here encompass wide
 " His streams, to Libya's thirsty land deny'd, 426
 " Which thus inclos'd in a deep valley glide:
 " At Memphis first he sees the open plains,
 " Then flows at large, and his low banks disdains."

While thus secure, as if no danger nigh, 430
 Till Night's black steeds had travell'd half the sky,
 They pass the hours of rest, Pothinus' mind
 From brooding mischief can no leisure find.
 Season'd in sacred blood, what crime can scare
 The wretch that late could such a murder dare? 435
 Great Pompey's ghost dwells in his breast, t' inspire
 New monsters there, and Furies add their fire.
 He hopes ignoble hands shall wear those stains
 Which Heav'n for injur'd Roman chiefs ordains,
 And that blind Fortune to a slave that day 440
 The Senate's vengeance should bequeath away,
 The debt for Civil war, which Cæsar once shall pay.

But, oh! ye righteous Pow'rs! exert your care;
The guilty life in Brutus' absence spare;
Nor let vile Egypt Rome's great justice boast, 445
And this example to the world be lost.

Vain is th' attempt; yet, scorning secret snares,
Steel'd by his crimes, the desp'rate villain dares
With open war th' unconquered chief provoke,
And dooms his head already to the stroke; 450
Designs to bid the slaughter'd father go
And seek his son in dreary shades below:
Yet first he sends a trusty slave, to bear
This hasty message to Achilles' ear,
His partner-ruffian in great Pompey's fall, 455
Whom the weak king had made his general,
And, thoughtless of his own defence, resign'd
A pow'r against himself and all mankind.

“Go, Sluggard! to thy bed of down, and sleep
“Thy heavy eyelids in luxurious sleep. 460
“While Cleopatra does the court invade,
“And Pharos is not privately betray'd,
“But given away, dost thou alone forbear
“To grace the nuptials of thy mistress here?
“Th' incestuous sister shall her brother wed, 465
“Ally'd already to the Roman's bed,
“And sharing both by turns; Egypt's her hire,
“Already paid, and Rome she may require.
“Could Cleopatra's forceries decoy
“Ev'n Cæsar's age, and shall we trust a boy? 470

- " Whom if one night she fold within her arms,
 " Drunk with lewd joys and fascinating charms,
 " Whatever pious name the crime allay,
 " Between each kiss he'll give our heads away,
 " And we by racks or flames must for her beauty pay. }
 " In this distress Fate no relief allows; 476
 " Cæsar's her lover, and the king her spouse;
 " And she herself, no doubt, the doom has past
 " On us, and all who would have left her chaste.
 " But by the deed which we together shar'd, 480
 " In vain, if not by new attempts, repair'd,
 " By that strict league a hero's blood has bound,
 " Bring speedy war, and all their joys confound.
 " Rush boldly on; with slaughter let us stain
 " Their nuptial torch; the cruel bride be slain 485
 " Ev'n in her bed, and which foe'er supplies,
 " In present turn, the husband's place, he dies.
 " Nor Cæsar's name our purpose shall appal;
 " Fortune's the common mistress of us all,
 " And she, that lifts him now above mankind, 490
 " Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
 " We share his brightest glory, and are great
 " By Pompey's death, as he by his defeat.
 " Look on the shore, and read good omens there,
 " And ask the bloody waves what we may dare. 495
 " Behold what tomb the wretched trunk supplies,
 " Half hid in sand, half naked to the skies!
 " Yet this was Cæsar's equal whom we slew,
 " And doubt we then new glory to pursue?

- " Grant that our birth's obscure, yet shall we need
 " Kings or rich states confed'rate to the deed? 501
 " No; Fate's our own, and, Fortune in our way, }
 " Without our toil presents a nobler prey; }
 " Appease we now the Romans while we may: }
 " This second victim shall their rage remove 505
 " For Pompey's death, and turn their hate to love.
 " Nor dread we mighty names, which slaves adore;
 " Stripp'd of his army, what's this soldier more
 " Than thou or I?—To-night then let us end
 " His Civil wars: to-night the Fates shall send 510
 " A sacrifice to troops of ghosts below,
 " And pay that head which to the world they owe.
 " At Cæsar's throat let the fierce soldiers fly, }
 " And Egypt's youth with Rome's their force }
 apply; }
 " Those for their king, and these for liberty. 515
 " No more, but haste, and take the foe supine,
 " Prepar'd for lust, and gorg'd with food and wine.
 " Be bold, and think the gods to thee commend
 " The cause which Brutus' pray'rs and Cato's will
 To mischief swift, Achilles soon obey'd [defend."
 " This summons, yet his sudden march betray'd 521
 " By no loud signal, nor the trumpet's jar;
 " In silent haste he led a barb'rous train of war.
 " Degenerate crowds of Romans fill his bands,
 " So lost in vice, so chang'd in foreign lands, 525
 " That they, who should have scorn'd the king's com- }
 mands, }

Forgetful of their country and their fame,
Under a vile domestic's conduct came.
No faith, no honour, can the herd restrain
That follow camps, and fight for fordid gain; 530
Like ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the cause inquire;
That side 's the just which gives the largest hire.
If by your swords proud Cæsar was to bleed,
Strike for yourselves, ye Slaves! nor sell the deed.
Oh! wretched Rome! where'er thy Eagle flies 535
New Civil wars, new fury, will arise;
Ev'n on Nile's banks, far from Thessalian plains,
Amidst thy troops their country's madness reigns.
What more could the bold house of Lagos dare,
Had Pompey found a just protection there? 540
No Roman hand 's exempt, but each must spill
His share of blood, and Heav'n's decrees fulfil.
Such 'vengeful plagues it pleas'd the gods to send,
And with such num'rous wounds the Latian state to
Not for the son or father now they fight, [rend.
A base-born slave can Civil arms excite: 546
Achillas mingles in the Roman strife,
And had not Fate protected Cæsar's life
These had prevail'd: each villain ready stood,
This waits without, and that within, for blood.
The court, dissolv'd in feasting, open lay 551
To treach'rous snares a careless easy prey.
Then o'er the royal cups had Cæsar bled,
And on the board had fall'n his seyer'd head;

But left, amid the darkness of the night, 553
Their swords, unconscious, in the huddled fight
Might slay the king, the slaves a while took breath,
And slipp'd th' important hour of Cæsar's death.
They thought to make him soon the loss repay,
And fall a sacrifice in open day. 560
One night is giv'n him; by Pothinus' grace
He sees the sun once more renew his race.

Now the fair morning-star began to show
The sign of day from Cassia's lofty brow,
And ev'n the dawn made sultry Egypt glow, 565 }
When from afar the marching troops appear,
Not in loose squadrons scatter'd here and there,
But one broad front of war, as if that day
To meet an equal force, and fight in just array.
While Cæsar thinks not the town-walls secure, 570
He bars the palace-gates, compell'd t' endure
Th' inglorious siege, and in a corner hide
Inclos'd, nor dares to the whole court confide.
In haste he arms his friends; his anxious breast,
Now fir'd with fury, now with doubt deprest, 575
Much fears th' assault, yet more that fear disdains:
So when some gen'rous savage, bound with chains,
Is shut within his den, he howls with rage,
And breaks his teeth against the massy cage:
And thus if, by new weight of hills impos'd, 580
Sicilian Ætna's breathing jaws were clos'd,
Ev'n thus th' imprison'd god of Fire would rave,
And drive his flames rebellowing round the cave.

Behold the man who lately scorn'd to dread 584 }
 The Senate's army to just battle led, [head,
 The flow'r of Roman lords, and Pompey at their }
 Who, in a cause forbidding hope, could trust
 That Providence for him should prove unjust.
 Behold him now oppress'd, forlorn of aid,
 Driv'n to a house, and of a slave afraid! 590
 He whom rough Scythians had not dar'd abuse,
 Nor savage Moors, who barbarously use
 In sport, to try inhospitable arts
 On strangers bound, their living mark for darts;
 Tho' Rome's extended world, tho' India, join'd }
 With Tyrian Gades, seems a realm confin'd, 596 }
 A space too scanty to his vaster mind.
 Now like a boy or tender maid he flies,
 When sudden arms th' invaded works surprise;
 He traverses the court, each room explores, 600
 His hope is all in bars and bolted doors:
 Yet doubtful while he wanders here and there, }
 He leads the captive king his fate to share, }
 Or expiate that death the slaves for him prepare. }
 If darts or missive flames shall fail, he'll throw 605
 Their sov'reign's head against th' advancing foe.
 So when Medea fled her native clime,
 And fear'd just vengeance on her impious crime,
 With ready steel the cruel forc'refs stood
 To greet her father with her brother's blood, 610
 Prepar'd his head to stop, with dire affright,
 A parent's speed, and to assure her flight.

Yet Cæsar, that unequal arms might cease,
Suspends his fury, and essays a peace.

A herald from the King is sent, t' assuage
His rebel servants, and upbraid their rage,
And in their absent tyrant's name t' inquire
The secret author of this kindled fire.

615

But, scornful of reproach, th' audacious crew
The sacred laws of nations overthrew,
And for his speech the royal envoy flew.

620

Inhuman deed! that swells the guilty score
Of Egypt's monsters, well increas'd before:

Not Theſſaly, not Juba's savage train,
Pharnaces' impious troops, not cruel Spain,

625

Nor Pontus, nor the Syrtes' barb'rous land,
Dar'd an attempt like this voluptuous band.

'Th' attack is form'd; the palace closely pent;
Huge jav'lines to the shaken walls are sent;

A storm of flying spears; yet from below

630

No batt'ring rams resistless drive their blow;

No engine's brought; no fires: the giddy crowd

In parties roam, and, with brute clamours loud,

In several bands their wasted strength divide,

And here and there to force an entrance try'd;

635

In vain, for Fortune fights on Cæsar's side.

Then where the palace 'midst surrounding waves
Projects luxuriant, and their fury braves,

The ships, too, their united force apply,

And swiftly hurl the naval war on high:

640

Yet present ev'ry where with sword or fire,
 Cæsar th'approaches guards, and makes the foes retire.
 To all by turns he brings successful aids,
 Inverts the war, and tho' besieg'd invades.
 Fireballs, and torches dress'd with unctuous spoil 645
 Of tar combustible, and frying oil,
 Kindled he launch'd against the fleet; nor slow
 The catching flames invest the smould'ring tow:
 The pitchy planks their crackling prey become,
 The painted sterns and rowers' seats consume: 650
 There hulks half-burnt sink in the main, and here
 Arms on the waves and drowning men appear.

Nor thus suffic'd; the flames from thence aspire,
 And seize the buildings with contagious fire.
 Swift o'er the roofs, by winds increas'd, they fly; 655
 So shooting meteors blaze along the sky,
 And lead their wand'ring course with sudden glare,
 By sulph'rous atoms fed in fields of thinnest air.

Affrighted crowds the growing ruin view;
 To save the city from the siege they flew; 660
 When Cæsar, wont the lucky hour to chuse
 Of sudden chance in war, and wisely use,
 Lost not in slothful rest the fav'ring night,
 But shipp'd his men, and sudden took his flight.
 Pharos he seiz'd, an island heretofore, 665
 When Prophet Proteus Egypt's sceptre bore,
 Now by a chain of moles contiguous to the shore.

Here Cæsar's arms a double use obtain;
Hence from the straiten'd foe he bars the main,
While to his friends th' important harbour lies 670
A safe retreat, and open to supplies.
Nor longer now the doom suspended stands,
Which Justice on Pothinus' guilt demands.
Yet not as guilt unmatch' like his requires,
Not by the shameful cross, or torturing fires, 675
Nor torn by rav'nous beasts, the howling wretch
expires.

The sword, dishonour'd, did his head divide,
And by a fate like Rome's best son he dy'd.
Arfinoe now, by well-concerted snares
'Scap'd from the palace, to the foe repairs; 680
The trusty Ganymede assists her flight;
Then o'er the camp she claim'd a sov'reign's right,
Her brother absent, she assumes the sword,
And frees the tyrant from his household lord:
By her just hand Achilles meets his fate, 685
Rebel accurs'd! in blood and mischief great!
Another victim, Pompey! to thy shade;
But think not yet the full atonement made;
'Tho' Egypt's king, tho' all the royal line,
Should fall, thy murm'ring ghost would still repine!
Still unreveng'd thy murder would remain, 690
Till Cæsar's purple life the Senate's swords shall stain.

Nor does the swelling tempest yet subside,
The chief remov'd that did its fury guide;

To the same charge bold Ganymede succeeds, 695
 prosp'rous a while in many hardy deeds,
 so long th' event of war in balance lay,
 so great the dangers of that doubtful day,
 That Cæsar from that day alone might claim
 immortal wreaths, and all the warrior's fame. 700
 Now while to quit the straiten'd mole he strove,
 And to the vacant ships the sight remove,
 War's utmost terrors press on ev'ry side;
 Before the strand besieging navies ride;
 Behind the troops advance. No way is seen 705
 T' escape, or scarce a glorious death to win.
 No room with slaughter'd foes to strew the plain,
 And bravely fall amidst a pile of slain.
 A captive to the place he now appears,
 Doubtful if death should move his hope or fears. 710
 In this distress a sudden thought inspir'd
 His hardy breast, by great examples fir'd:
 Bold Scæva's action he to mind recalls,
 And glory won near fam'd Dyrrachium's walls;
 Where, whilst his men a doubtful fight maintain, 715
 And Pompey strove the batter'd works to gain,
 Amidst a field of foes, that hemm'd him round,
 Alone the brave Centurion kept his ground. 718

* * * * *
 * * * Here the original poem breaks off abruptly, having
 been left unfinished by the author.

CONTENTS.

CANTATAS.

	Page
Preface to Six Cantatas. Set to music by Mr. Pepusch.	5
Cantata I. on English Beauty,	9
Cantata II. Alexis,	10
Cantata III. on the Spring,	11
Cantata IV. Miranda,	12
Cantata V. Corydon,	14
Cantata VI. The Coquette,	15
Cupid and Scarlati. A Cantata. Set by Mr. Pepusch,	17
Pastora. A Cantata. By ditto,	18
A Cantata. By ditto,	19
The Soldier in Love. A Cantata. Set with symphonies. By ditto,	21
Cantata. Pastoral. By ditto,	22
Myra. A Cantata. By ditto,	24
A Cantata. Set by Mr. D. Purcell,	25

Page

A Cantata. Set with symphonies. By Sig. Nicolini Haym,	26
A Cantata. Set by Mr. Galliard,	27
Apollo and Daphne. A Cantata. By ditto,	29
Cantata. By ditto,	31
Venus and Adonis. A Cantata. Set by Mr. Handel,	32
Serenata for two Voices. On the Marriage of the Right Hon. the Lord Cobham to Mrs. Anne Halley,	34

SONGS.

Song I. Fame of Dorinda's conquests brought, &c.	37
Song II. Written for the late Duke of Gloucester's Birth-day, 1699,	38
Song III. The Fair Traveller,	39
Song IV. Would you gain the tender creature, &c.	40
Song V. Thy origin's divine, I see, &c.	ib.
Song VI. Constantia! see, thy faithful slave, &c.	41
Song VII. Thrice lov'd Constantia! &c.	42

ODES.

Dedication to the House of Nassau,	43
The House of Nassau. A Pindaric Ode. 1702.	45
An Ode in the Park at Asted,	61
Ode on the Death of a Friend,	65

	Page
Ode on the Spring. For the month of May,	66
Ode in praise of Music. Performed at Stationers' Hall, 1703.	67
An Ode to the Memory of the most Noble William Duke of Devonshire. Set to music by Mr. Pepusch,	72
Beauty. An Ode,	76
Alexander's Feast. An Ode. By Mr. Dryden. Altered for music by Mr. Hughes,	77
A Monumental Ode to the Memory of Mrs Elizabeth Hughes, &c.	84
An Ode for two Voices. For the Birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, March 1. 1715-16,	88
The Ecstasy. An Ode,	92

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

Anacreon, Ode III.	101
Pyramus and Thisbe. From Ovid, book IV.	102
The Triumph of Love. In imitation of <i>Ovid</i> . <i>Amorum, lib. i. eleg. 2.</i>	108
Horace, Book I. Ode 22. imitated,	110
Ditto, Book II. Ode 16. paraphrased,	113
Ditto, Book III. Ode 3.	116
An Allusion to Horace, Book I. Ode 22. &c.	121

	Page
<i>Horatius, in libro primo Epistolarum,</i>	124
The same translated,	<i>ib.</i>
A Letter to the Author of the Present State of the Republic of Letters, &c.	125
Extract of a Letter from Mr. Hughes, &c. rela- tive to <i>Hor. lib. ii. ode 20.</i>	129
Ode to the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor Cowper, 1717.	131
The Birth of the Rose. From the French,	132
The Praises of Heroic Virtue. From the Frag- ments of Tyrtæus, &c.	136
Claudianus,	138
The same translated,	139
Dialogue, (French)	140
The same in English,	141
Introduction to an Ode to the Creator of the World,	142
Ode to the Creator of the World. Occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus,	143
To the Memory of Milton, &c.	149
Boileau, (French)	150
The same in English,	151
An Image of Pleasure. In imitation of an ode in Casimire,	154
The xivth Olympic of Pindar. To Asopicus of Orchomenus,	<i>ib.</i>

	Page
On Fulvia, the wife of Anthony. From the Latin of Cæsar,	156
Translated from Persian Verses. Alluding to the custom of women being buried with their husbands, &c.	157
Another,	<i>ib.</i>
On Arqueänassa of Colophos,	158
Hudibras imitated. Written in 1710,	<i>ib.</i>
The Tenth Book of Lucan's Pharsalia translated,	162

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Sept. 9. 1779.

THE END.