



Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING HIS

JUVENILE POEMS.

LONDON,

Printed for A. MILLAR; J. and R. TONSON;
H. LINTOT; and C. BATHURST.

MDCCLVII.

A D V E R T I S E

of his Works, unfold; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his Executors; the Editor was willing they should have liberty to dispose of them to the best advantage, before the publication of this Edition (which had been long prepared) should put a stop to the sale.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the superiority of this Edition above all the preceding; so far as Mr. Pope himself was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the Reader must collect for himself.

The FIRST Volume, and the original poem in the SECOND, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the Author himself, even to the very preface: Which, with several additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the Editor a little before his death.

Juvenile translations, in the other part of the SECOND Volume, it was never his intention to bring into this Edition of his Works, on account of the levity of some, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any. These being the property of other men, the

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of that Poem. The rest, together with others of the like sort from his Manuscript-copy of the other *Ethic Epistles*, are here inserted at the bottom of the page, under the title of *Variations*.

The FOURTH Volume contains the *Satires*; with their *Prologue*, the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*; and *Epilogue*, the two Poems intituled, M DCC XXXVIII. The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* are here given with the like advantages as the *Ethic Epistles* in the foregoing Volume, that is to say, with the *Variations*, or additional verses from the Author's Manuscripts. The *Epilogue* to the *Satires* is likewise enriched with many and large notes now first printed from the Author's own Manuscript.

The FIFTH Volume contains a correcter and completer Edition of the *Dunciad* than hath been hitherto published; of which, at present, I have only this further to add, That it was at my request he laid the plan of a fourth Book. I often told him, It was pity so fine a poem should remain disgraced by the meanness of its subject, the most *insignificant* of all Dunces, bad Rhymers and malevolent Cavillers: That

vince the world that he was warmly on the side of *moral Government* and a *revealed Will*. And it would be injustice to his memory not to declare that he embraced these occasions with the most unfeigned pleasure.

The *SIXTH* Volume consists of Mr. Pope's miscellaneous pieces in verse and prose. Amongst the *Verses* several fine poems make now their first appearance in his Works. And of the *Prose*, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquisitely so, will be found in this Edition.

The *SEVENTH, EIGHTH, and NINTH* Volumes consist entirely of his *Letters*. The more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of *familiar Epistles*. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of several new pieces. Yet, excepting a short explanatory letter to Col. M. and the *Letters* to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to shew the Editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this Edition) excepting these, I say, the rest are all here published from the Author's own printed,

the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and vice versa a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines, I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony that their Author never made his talents subservient to the

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fessed more real virtue than, in very corrupt
 times, needing a Satirist like him, will some-
 times fall to the share of multitudes. In this
 history of his life, will be contained a large ac-
 count of his *writings*, a critique on the nature,
 force, and extent of his *genius*, exemplified from
 these writings; and a vindication of his *moral*
character exemplified by his more distinguished
 virtues; his filial piety, his disinterested friend-
 ships, his reverence for the constitution of his
 country, his love and admiration of VIRTUE,
 and (what was the necessary effect) his hatred
 and contempt of VICE, his extensive charity to
 the indigent, his warm benevolence to man-
 kind, his supreme veneration of the Deity,
 and, above all, his sincere belief of Revelation.
 Nor shall his faults be concealed. It is not for
 the interests of his virtues that they should.
 Nor indeed could they be concealed, if we were
 so minded, for they *shine thro'* his Virtues; no
 man being more a dupe to the specious appear-
 ances of Virtue in others. In a word, I mean
 not to be his Panegyrist but his Historian. And
 may I, when Envy and Calumny take the same

reputation would not wish to have his enemy, or whom a man of honour would not be ashamed to own for his friend. I am indeed but slightly conversant in their works, and know little of the particulars of their defamation. To my Authorship they are heartily welcome. But if any of them have been so abandoned by Truth as to attack my moral character in any instance whatsoever, to all and every one of these, and their abettors, I give the LYE in form, and in the words of honest therValerian, MENTIRIS IMPUDENTISSIME.

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P R E F A C E.

I Am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Men, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much ease, or pleasure, as each affords the other. Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and no one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved to own themselves in any error? For as long

certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must

expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. There is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of

being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I could plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, flattered by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and promises, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was a want of consideration that made me an author; I wrote because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I polished because I was told I might please such as was a credit to please. To what degree I have succeeded in this, I am really ignorant; I had too much

fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Antients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we: and that they took more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to a single branch of an art, to which their talent was more powerfully bent; and it was the business of their life to correct and finish their works for Posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Though if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the close of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Antients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character

sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Antients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing

the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and vice versa a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worse my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

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mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest ; the gratifications of public prejudices or private passions ; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the sanction of the former, let it be continued to me under another title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn memorial of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses ; without any armours against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which they shall discover to the prejudice of these writings ; so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that any body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which are not written under the age of five and twenty : that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise

or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a Memoir to mori to some of my vain cotemporaries the Poets, teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

Variations in the Author's Manuscript Preface.

AFTER pag. v. l. 3. it followed thus — In my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view, at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of ones self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him.

I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry ; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly managed, to make the whole course of life entertaining : *stantes, licet usque (minus via lædet.)* 'Tis a vast business to possess the pleasures of the head, the pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, can employ all day long. The Muses are *amicæ ætium horarum* ; and, like our gay acquaintance, best company in the world as long as one expects real service from them. I confess there was no time when I was in love with myself, and my first affections were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics, and all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret these delightful visions of my childhood, which, like fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at what I miss ; and as for vanity, I have enough to

keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct: besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. vii. l. 11. In the first place I own that have used my best endeavours to the finishing the pieces. That I made what advantage I could the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies. But that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more corrected is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I, have to live. A man that can expect sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty measuring syllables and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy anything. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if they should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

On Mr. POPE and his *Poems*.

By HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness
tir'd,

ing for nothing but what Ease requir'd ;

dully serious for the Muse's sport,

from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port ;

le thought of launching forth agen,

st advent'rous Rovers of the Pen ;

after so much undeserv'd success,

hazarding at last to make it less.

incomiums suit not this censorious time,

f a subject for satyric rhyme ;

prance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,

y triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd !

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,

h various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,

ts are bound a loud applause to pay ;

ollo bids it, and they must obey.

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And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
 As the great *ILIAD*, scarce could make me sing;
 Except I justly could at once commend
 A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
 One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
 Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some mens ways,
 But a much greater to give Merit praise.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Pastor*

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
 When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
 A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
 Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
 Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found
 Art strength'ning Nature, Sense improv'd by S
 Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head, but to the ear:
 Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are at best most musically dull:
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.

As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, 15
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty found.
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as youth, as Age consummate too :
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20 }
 With proper thoughts, and lively images :
 Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
 Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own :
 For great mens fashions to be follow'd are,
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25
 Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
 Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse,
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce ;
 And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
 Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit :
 You must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.
 So with becoming art, the Players dress
 Imitates the shepherd, and the shepherdess ; 35
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely ruffet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long lost graces of Simplicity :
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With Virgin charms, and native excellence.
 Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by mens Envy to the world reveal'd ;

For Wits indusrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45

Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;
So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Windsor-Forest*.

HAIL! sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's Earth was cast on common sand: }
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted
bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:

From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20

The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25

Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests cheer,
When Philomela fits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you 30
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35 }
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields in-
spire !

Thrice happy you ! and worthy best to dwell 45
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime, }
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme, }
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime. }
O joyless flood ! O rough tempestuous main ! 50
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene !

Snatch me, ye Gods ! from these *Atlantic* shores,
And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant bow'rs ;
Or to my much-lov'd *Isis'* walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55

Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green :
Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60
And made that Music which was noise before.

There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode. 65

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day :
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.

Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string : 70
 Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing ?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding
 strain,

I rise and wander thro' the field or plain ;
 Led by thy muse from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd Line or hear the thundring gun. 75

Ah ! how I melt with pity, when I spy
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie ?

His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear
 And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by, 80

But while the prancing steed allures my eye
 He starts, he's gone ! and now I see him fly
 O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.

Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courser that might match his own !

Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale ?

The soft complaint shall over time prevail ; 90

The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The Nymh be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames* ! forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more 95
 Than all their shouts for Victory before.

Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name :
From various springs divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide, 100
Murmur along their crooked banks a-while,
At once they murmur and enrich the Isle ;
A-while distinct thro' many channells run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one :
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105
And make one glorious and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAP.

TO MR. POPE.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phæbus*, and the nine harmonious
maids,
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades ;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear ?
Reply'd the God ; “ Your loftiest notes employ,
“ To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*.”
The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse ;
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse ?

He answer'd with a frown; " I now reveal
 " A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal :
 " Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
 " I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
 " Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
 " Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind ;
 " And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise, 15
 " From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays.
 " But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
 " Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name ;
 " Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,
 " And the white Isle with female pow'r is blest ; 20
 " Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 " And the Translator's palm to me transfer.
 " With less regret my claim I now decline,
 " The world will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

TO MR. POPE.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
 A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,
 Yet still preserve the province of the Friend;

What life, what vigour must the lines require ?
 What Music tune them, what Affection fire ?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine ;
 Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine ;
 The brightest Antients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself would own thou dost excell
 In candid arts to play the critic well.

Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
 Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream :
 On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd,
 She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
 Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair ?
 Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.

Here courtly trifles set the world at odds ;
 Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods.
 The new machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
 But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
 The Graces stand in sight ; a Satire train
 Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits ;
 And sits in measures such as Virgil's Muse
 To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.

How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee
 Perhaps a Srephon thou, a Daphnis he;
 While some 'old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize?
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail! 40
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
 Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
 Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal spring, 45
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.
 In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his antient heat;
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
 Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
 In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd; 54
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
 So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here;* 60

Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs ! 65
 How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!
 Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest :
 The shades resound with song — O softly tread
 While a whole season warbles round my head.
 This to my Friend — and when a friend inspires, 75
 My silent harp its master's hand requires.
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound ;
 For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground :
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning — very far from thee. 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf ;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf ;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet ;
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here Content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A Friend delight me, and an Author please ;

Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

To MR. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Of speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic Feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway, 5
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which Worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once his breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakespear rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote; 20

Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time in-
vades,

And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30
This you beheld; and, taught by heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.

Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tours o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns, 35
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40
'Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her
coasts,

And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;

Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
 Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
 You paint the vale, or gild the azure way; 50
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without groveling, without rascals rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,
 Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing,
 How long that Hero^a, by unskilful hands, 55
 Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
 With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ey'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:

Prur like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united---for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing.

To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :
Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,

From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws : 80

Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend :

To verse like thine fierce savages attend,

And men more fierce : when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

To Mr. POPE,

On the publishing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes ! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his Car.

Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,

And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,

First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5

Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.

Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
 Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :
 Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
 Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds re-
 joice !

Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
 Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
 When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
 And see the Chief ! before him laurels' born ; 15
 Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;
 Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
 Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
 Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
 Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page ?
 Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age ;
 Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
 As he that met his likeness in the stream :
 The GRACES these ; and see how they contend, 25
 Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
 The Pæans cease ; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30
 Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou
 chuse,

What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse ?

Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
 (From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
 The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
 Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
 While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies.
 " Sweet to the World, and grateful to the skies,"

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

Immortal Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night, 5
 The dark'ned ages last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wit;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost; 10
 From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of reason, and of Liberty.

Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincia rove;
 To Thames's How'ry borders they retire, 15
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign, 20
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence faddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate:
 Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke, 25
 And bow'd her haughty Neck beneath their yoke;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her Cities desert, and her fields unfown;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Gluttrious Names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command Mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd!
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With Ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown; 40

Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise :

Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his Master bear : 50

Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
Near Me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays 55
That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays ;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise,
To sing the Land, which yet alone can boast
That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65
And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.
Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the People whose exploits I sung ;

Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
 Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway, 71
 But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
 And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praise.

GEORGE LYTTTELTON.

PASTORALS,

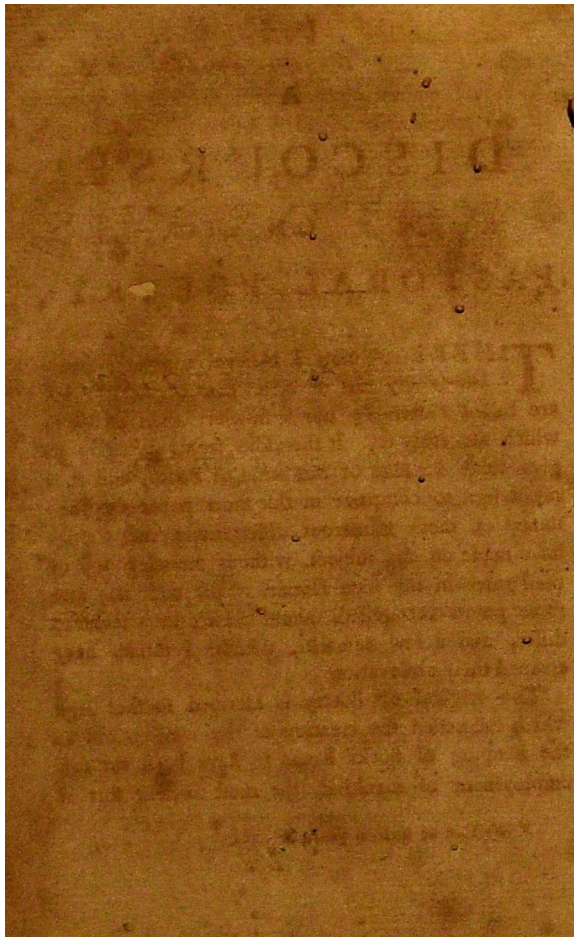
WITH A

Discourse on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year M DCC IV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! VIRG.

VOL. I.



A

DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY^a.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of

^a Written at sixteen years of age.

poetry was probably *pastoral* ^b. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both ^c; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

^b Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals.

^c Heinſius in Theocr.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity ^d, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short ^e, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these compositions natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is dis-

^d Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2.

^e Rapin, Reflex. sur l' Art Poet. d' Arist. p. 2, Refl. xxvii:

covered ^f. This may be made rather to appear done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is invixing in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries ^g. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety ^h. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves,

^f Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.

^g Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.

^h See the forementioned Preface.

though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing, imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers¹ and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master.

¹ ΘΕΡΕΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to^m. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgilⁿ. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His *Eclogues* are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as Mantuan had done

^m Rapin *Refl. on Arist.* part. ii. *Refl.* xxvii. --- *Pref.* to the *Ecl.* in Dryden's *Virg.*

ⁿ *Dedication to Virg. Ecl.*

before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetraſtick has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; tho', notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons: whereas the old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spenſer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides the general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human Life to the ſeveral Seaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into Months, has

obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his *Eclogues* (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following *Eclogues* I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's; That in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

S P R I N G.

THE

FIRST PASTORAL,

OR

D A M O N.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
 Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :
 Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
 While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing ;

NOTES.

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, *G. Granville* afterwards Lord *Lansdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord *Hallifax*, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mairwaring*, and others. All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. *Walsh*, whom Mr. *Dryden*, in his Postscript to *Virgil*, calls the best Critic of his age. " The Author (says he) seems to have a particular genius " for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds " his years. He has taken very freely from the Ancients. " But what he has mix'd of his own with theirs is no way

Let vernal airs thro' trembling officers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

5

NOTES.

"inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." *Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Apr. 1705.* The Lord Lansdown about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley) "that if he goes on as he has begun in his Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English Poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. *Walsh* about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in Versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any *English* poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

Sir *William Trumbal*.] Our Author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years: he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of *Virgil*, which some have

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost! 10
 O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
 So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the
 Muse,

NOTES.

VER. 12. *in your native shades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retired, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

VER. 17, *etc.* The Scene of this Pastoral a Valley, the Time the Morning. It stood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
 Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
 And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

IMITATIONS.

therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those which now stand first of the three chief Poets in this kind, *Spencer, Virgil, Theocritus.*

Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair: 20

The dawn now blushing on the moutain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strëphon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

IMITATIONS.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name) —
Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays, —
Thyrsis, the Music of the murm'ring Spring, —
are manifestly imitations of

- A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)
- Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.
- Ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιδύρισμα καὶ ἃ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τέλει.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 34. The first reading was,
And his own image from the bank surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rowling year;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35, 36.

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,
 Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos.

Virg.

VER. 38. *The various seasons*] The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

Et quis fuit alter,
 Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?

VER. 41. *Then sing by turns,*] Literally from Virgil,

Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camœnæ :
 Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
 Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckens from the plain,
 Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
 Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
 But if I conquer and augment my fold,
 Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

NOTES.

VER. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his Poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 47. *A milk-white bull*] Virg. — Pascite taurum,
 Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.

PASTORALS.

DAPHNIS.

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

63

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po ;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
I feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 61. It stood thus at first :

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, etc. P.

VPR. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show :
Then die ; and dying teach the lovely maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd :

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song :
To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes.*] Imitation of Virgil,
Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.

PASTORALS.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves ; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves ;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs ;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 69, etc. These verses were thus at first :
All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply ;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69. *All nature mourns,*]
Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aëris herba, etc.
Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit. Virg.

But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears: 86
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields: 90
And then a noble prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

NOTES.

VER. 86. *A wond'rous tree that sacred Monarchs bears.*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 90. *The Thistle springs to which the Lily yields,*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascantur Flores, & Phyllida solus habeto.

D A M O N.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
 Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel ;
 Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so
 well ! 96

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
 For see ! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 99. was originally,
 The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
 And trees with twining branches shade your head.

S U M M E R.

T H E

S E C O N D P A S T O R A L,

O R

A L E X I S.

T O D R. G A R T H.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition :

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring ;
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

N O T E S.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river's side ;
 suitable to the heat of the season ; the time noon.

Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, §
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
 Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
 From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
 Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams.
 To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heart, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
 The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

NOTES.

VER. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the Author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

VER. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring,*] Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove consented*]

Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri. Virg.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing,*]

Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ. Virg.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?

In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25

Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

As in the crystal spring I view my face,

Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;

But since those graces please thy eyes no more,

I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30

Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,

And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;

Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,

To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35

Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,

And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;

But since those graces meet my eyes no more,

I shun, etc.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *Where stray ye Muses, etc.]*

memora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ

Naiides, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?

Nam ne neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi

Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virg. out of Theocr.

VER. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,

nuper me in litore vidi,

Cum placidum ventis stare mare; non ego Daphnim,

Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.

But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death : 40
 He said ; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name :
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
 Oh ! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r !
 Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
 And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
 Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song : 50
 The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
 Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring !
 Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join ;

NOTES.

VER. 39. *Colin.*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues,
 where his Mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death, etc.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.
 Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
 Fistula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
 Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.

Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
In wood bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly
bow'rs;

When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, sha'l croud into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.*]

Habitarunt Dî quoque sylvas — Virg.

Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Idem.

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
 Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends: 90
 On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which *Spenser* himself over-looked, of introducing wolves into England.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fire allay.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *And winds shall waft, etc.*]

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures! Virg.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods! &c.*]

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amor? Idem.



A U T U M N.

THE

THIRD PASTORAL,

O R

H Y L A S and Æ G O N.

To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays :
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring ; 5
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
 Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence and Menander's fire ;

NOTES.

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the viith of Virgil: The Scene, a Hill; the Time at Sun-set.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine.*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of Comedies; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite

Whose sense instructs us, and whose honour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
 Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains, 11
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
 Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
 When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan, 15
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores; 20
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny; 25
 For her, the lilies hang their heads, and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;

NOTES.

spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve; though with a little more correctness.

Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise!
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, 45
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him thro' Libya's burning plains I'll go,
 On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
 Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
 And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 37. Aurea duræ
 Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus,
 Pinguis corticibus sudent electramyricæ. Virg. Ecl. viii.

VER. 43, etc.

Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo. Ecl. v.

Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50

Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind !
 Do lovers dream, 'or is my Delia kind ?
 She comes, my Delia comes ! — Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd ;
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain :
 Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies ; 60
 While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat :
 While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay ! 65
 Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day :
 Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs :
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 52. *An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt ?* Id. viii.

Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove ;
Just Gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !

The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah ! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,

Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80

Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?

What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move !

And is there magic but what dwells in love ! 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !

I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.

From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,

For sake mankind, and all the world, — but love !

I know thee, Love ! on foreign mountains bred,

Wolves gave thee suck, savage tigers fed. 90

Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,

Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born !

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !

Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day !

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95

No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains !

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,

The skies yet blushing with departing light,

When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,

And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

IMITATIONS.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes]*

Nescio quis teneros oculos mihi fascinat agnos.

VER. 89. Nunc scio quid sit Amor : duris in cotibus illum, etc.

W I N T E R.

THE
FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDA S.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
 Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

NOTES.

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an antient family in
 Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend
 Mr. Walth, who, having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy,

IMITATIONS.

VER. I. *Thyrſis, the muſic, &c.*]

**Adū ti, &c.* Theocr. Idyl. i.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
 Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"

NOTES.

desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last Eclogue being
 "on the same subject with mine on Mrs. Tempest's death, I
 "should make it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as
 "if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death
 having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703,
 gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn
 alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the
 time at midnight.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. *Thames heard, etc.*
 Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros. Virg.

Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

22

T H Y R S I S.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

“ Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
“ Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore? 35
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone;
Behold the clouds have put their Mourning on,

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 23, 24, 25.

Inducite fontibus umbras ---
Et tumultum facite, et tumultu superaddite carmen,

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies, 41
Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore;
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dew's descend from ev'ning skies, 45
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death, 50
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;

Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne
sings,

Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55

Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:

No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,

A sweeter music than their own to hear,

But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,

Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:

The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65

Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;

The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the hazy sky! 70
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

VARIATIONS:

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
Thy honour, name, and praise shall *never end*.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69, 70, miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sydera Daphnis. Virg.

VER. 81. illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg.

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews ; 25
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse ;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
 Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves ; 90
 Adieu, my flocks ; farewell, ye sylvan crew ;
 Daphne, farewell ; and all the world adieu !

NOTES.

VER. 89, *etc.*] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 86. solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,
 Juniperi gravis umbra. Virg.

VER. 88. *Time conquers all, etc.*]

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenser's Calendar.

M. B. S. I. A. II.

Part II. 1899.

In memory of

VIRGIL F. POLLETT

M E S S I A H.

A

Sacred ÉCLOGUE,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Advertisement.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. P.

M E S S I A H.

. A .

S A C R E D Æ C L O G U E,

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

5

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
 A Virgin shall conceive, A Virgin bear a Son!

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive — All crimes shall cease, etc.*
 Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

Te Duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras —

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

“ Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn
 “ returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high hea-
 “ ven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes
 “ remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from
 “ perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with
 “ the virtues of his Father.”

From ^a Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies: 10
 Th' Ætherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye ^b Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The ^c sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning ^d Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature haltes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:

IMITATIONS.

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. ver. 14. "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son. — Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the throne of *David*,^c and upon his kingdom, to order and to stablish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever."

VER. 23. *See Nature haltes, etc.*]

Virg. E. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,

^a Isai. xi. ver. 1 ^b Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ^c Ch. xxv. ver. 4.

^d Ch. ix. ver. 7.

See lofty Lebanon, his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears : 30

IMITATIONS.

Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho —
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

“ For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being till-
 ed, produce her early offerings ; winding ivy, mixed with
 “ *Baccar*, and *Colocasia* with smiling *Acanthus*. Thy cradle
 “ shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.”

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. “ The wilderness and the soli-
 “ tary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and
 “ blossom as the rose.” Ch. lx. ver. 13. “ The glory of
 “ *Lebanon* shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree,
 “ and the box together, to beautify the place of thy san-
 “ ctuary.”

VER. 29. Hark ! a glad voice, &c.]

Virg. E. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera jactant
 Intopli montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca !

E. v. ver. 62.

“ Oh come and receive the mighty honours : the time
 “ draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great
 “ encrease of *Jove* ! The uncultivated mountains send
 “ shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse,
 “ the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God !”

° Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

f Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye meuntains, and, ye vällies, rise ;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ; 35
 Be smooth ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day : 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamantinè chains shall death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

IMITATIONS.

ISAIAH, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. " The voice of him that cry-
 eth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord !
 " make strait in the desert a high way for our God ! Every
 " valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall
 " be made low, and the crooked shall be made strait, and
 " the rough places plain." Ch. iv. ver. 23. " Break forth
 " into singing, ye mountains ! O forest, and every tree
 " therein ! for the Lord hath redeemed *Israel*."

^a Ch. xlii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6
 ver. 8.

^b Ch. xxxv.

As the good ⁱshepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd ^kfather of the future age.
 No more shall ⁱnation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ^mSon
 Shall finish what his short-li'd Sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ⁿdeserts with surprize
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] Virg. E. iv. ver. 28.
 Molli paulatim flavesceat campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

“ The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the
 “ red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard
 “ oaks shall distil honey like dew.”

ⁱ Ch. xl. ver. 11. ^k Ch. ix. ver. 6. ^l Ch. ii. ver. 41

^m Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22. ⁿ Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur in his ear, 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste, sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead !

IMITATIONS.

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. "The parched ground shall
 " become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water :
 " In the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and
 " reeds and rushes." Ch. lv. ver. 13. "Instead of the
 " thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar
 " shall come up the myrtle-tree."

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.* Virg. E. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones —
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet. —

"The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended
 " with milk : nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest
 " lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals
 " poison shall die."

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. ver. 16, etc. "The wolf shall dwell
 " with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the
 " kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling to-
 " gether : and a little child shall lead them.—And the lion
 " shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play
 " on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his
 " hand on the den of the cockatrice."

Ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 12. P Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ^a serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ^r Salem, rise! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long ^a race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
 See barb'rous ^t nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of ^u Sabæan springs!
 { For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!*]
 The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of
 the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those
 general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest part
 of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

— toto surget gens aurea mundo!

— incipient magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venture latentur ut omnia sæclo! etc.

^a Ch. lxxv. ver. 25. ^r Ch. lx. ver. 1. ^s Ch. lx. ver. 4.

Ch. lx. ver. 3. ^u Ch. lx. ver. 6.

See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising ^wSun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn; 100
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ^{*}seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

IMITATIONS.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

^w Ch. ix. ver 19, 20 ^{*} Ch. ii. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non iniussa cano : Te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet : nec Phœbo gravior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.



WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
 At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses bring
 What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing! 6

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3, etc. Originally thus,

Chaste goddesses of the woods,
 Nymphs of the vales, and Nāids of the floods,
 Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades.
 Unlock your springs ---

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6.

neget quis carmina Gallo?

Virg.

The Graves of ~~h~~en vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song :
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
 Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd.
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :
 Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend :
 There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus ;

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While thro' fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath ?

Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than at more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell a STUART reigns.
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves,) 50

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
 For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man.)

NOTES.

VER. 43. *savage laws.*] The Forest Laws.

What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd?

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields;
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.

What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?

Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:

Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game. 64
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 57, etc.

No wonder savages or subjects slain —

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word savages is not properly applied to beasts but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd, etc.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the Tyrannies exercised there by William I.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:*] Translated from

Templa admit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,
an old monkish writer, I forget who,

The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ;

70

The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.

75

Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.

But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave !

80

Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :

Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.

Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise,

85

Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,

The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,

And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill, etc.]

The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma. Virg.

Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years. 91

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your
blood,

And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 99

Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.

When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,

And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,

Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,

Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;

But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101

Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;

Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,

'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,

With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age !

Still spread, fair Liberty ! thy heav'nly wings,

Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,

And into wine the purple harvest bleeds ^a,

The partridge feeding in the new-thorn fields,

Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.

^a Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the season by a circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage,

Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106
 Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)

VARIATIONS.

VER. 107. It stood thus in the first Editions:

Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's sight, the host lie down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 113. nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
 Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis insula texit. Virg.

With slaughter'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135

Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,

The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:

With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,

The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145

And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

VER. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 134. Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt.

Virg.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost. 154
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
 Hang o'er their courfers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying feed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train ; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN ;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.
 Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus top forsook for Windsor shade ;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;

NOTES.

VER. 162. QUEEN ANNE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 161. *Th' impatient courser, etc.*] Translated from Statius,

Stare adeo miserum est, pertunt vestigia mille
 Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Here arm'd with silver bowe, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was nam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames; the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone. 176

She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her air;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd 180
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, 185
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 175.

Nec positu variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
Vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos. Ovid.

VER. 183. 186.

Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columba,
Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas. Ovid.

Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears; 190
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid, 195
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 " Ah Cynthia! ah — tho' banish'd from thy train,
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 " My native shades — there weep, and murmur there.
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay 201
 In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore, 205
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.

NOTES.

VER. 205. *Still bears the name*] The River Loddon.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 191. 194.

Sol erat a tergo: vidi præcedere longam
 Ante pedes umbram: nisi si timor illa videbat.
 Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
 Crinales vittas affibat anhelitus oris.

Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods, 211
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,
 Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou too, great father of the British floods !
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear, 220
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays, 225
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods :
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ; 230

VARIATIONS.

VER. 231. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
 To change Olympus, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 209. *Oft in her glass, etc.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem.

Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves :

Happy next him, who to the shades retires, 235

Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires :

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,

Successive study, exercise, and ease.

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,

And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields : 240

With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,

And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs ;

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;

O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store, 245

Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :

Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,

Attends the duties of the wise and good,

T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,

To follow nature, and regard his end ; 250

VARIATIONS.

VER. 233.

Happy the man, who to the shades retires,

But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires !

Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please ;

But far more blest, who study joins with ease.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 249, 250. *Servare modum finemque tenero,*

Naturamque sequi

Lucr.

Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free-soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd, 255
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens. 260
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
 flow)

I seem thro' consecrated groves to rove, 265
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like poets venerable made:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 265. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing thro' the grove:
 With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By God-like Poets venerable made.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. O qui me gelidis, et.

Virg.

Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S
 tongue. 270

O early lost ! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led ?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice, 275
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY
 strung

His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung ?
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
 Are these reviv'd ? or is it GRANVILLE sings ! 280
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise, 285
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 273.

What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore !
 His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

NOTES.

VER. 270. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*
 Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest,
 and was from thence convey'd to Westminster.

To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age : 290
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow, 295
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windfor
bore,

What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !

VARIATIONS.

VER. 288. *her silver star.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these,

My humble Muse in unambitious strains
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains ;
Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

NOTES.

VER. 289. *Here noble Surrey.*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry, who flourish'd in the time of Henry VII.

With Edward's acts adorn the shining page, 301
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious
 field,

The lilies blazing on the regal shield :
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall, 305
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn. 310
 Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites ; where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd ! 316
 Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone)

VARIATIONS.

VER. 305. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brafs decays, when Trophies lie o'er-thrown,
 And mould'ring into dust *drops the proud stone.*

NOTES.

VER. 301. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here.

VER. 309. *Henry mourn,*] Henry VI.

VER. 312. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps :*] Edward IV.

Oh fact accurs'd !, what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds ! and how her old have
bled ? 320

She saw her sons with purple leaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars. 324

At length great ANNA said—" Let Discord cease !"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace !

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His tresses drop'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam : 330

V A R I T I O N S .

VER. 319. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurst ! oh sacrilegious brood,
Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood !
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed !
Gods ! what new wounds, etc.

VER. 325. Thus in the MS.

'Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease ;
Let there be peace— she said, and all was Peace.

Between Verse 328 and 329, originally stood these lines :

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With sparkling flames heav'ns glowing concave shone,
Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
He saw, and gently rose above the stream ;
His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam :
With pearl and gold his tow'ry-front was drest,
The tributes of the distant East and West.

Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood, 335
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood !
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame :
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ; 339
 The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
 And chalkey Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ; 345
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes 349
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise ;
 Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise ! 354
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ;

These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams. 360
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train ;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall die with British blood 365
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood :
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace ; 370
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold ! th' ascending Villa's on my side,
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold ! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase, 375
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a ~~new~~ Whitehall ascend !

VARIATIONS.

VER. 361. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain ;
 Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

NOTES.

VER. 376. *And Temples rise,*] The fifty new Churches.

There mighty Nations shall enquire their doom,
 The World's great Oracle in times to come ; 380
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor : now shall leave their
 woods,

And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
 Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display, 385
 To the bright regions of the rising day ;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole ;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales ! 390
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And Phoebus warm the rip'ning ore to gold. 394
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 389, etc. were originally thus :

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
 To the rich regions of the rising day,
 Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps :
 Tempt icy seas, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 396. *Unbounded Thames, etc.*] A wish that London
 may be made a FREE PORT.

Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old. 400
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more; 406
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold. 410
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires, 415
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain. 420

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:

IMITATION.

VER. 421. Quo, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax

The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light;
My humble muse, in unambitious strains, 425
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise; 430
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

IMITATIONS.

Referre sermones Decorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

Hor.

O. D. F.
ST. CECILIA'S DAY
1887
P. 100
P. 100

O D E

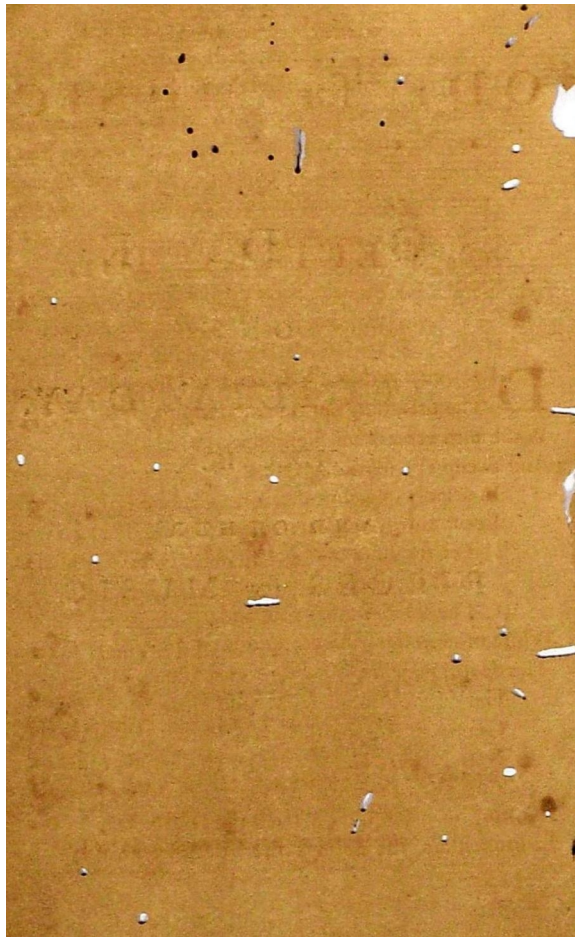
O N

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

MDCCVIII.

A N D O T H E R

P I E C E S f o r M U S I C.



ODE for MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !

In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound
 'Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear ;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;

5

10

15

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The straits decay,
 And melt away,
 In a dying, dying fall.

20

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.

25

Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes ;
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

30

35

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.

40

Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms :
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade :
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms !

45

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,

50

What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts !

55

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans

60

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts !

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance !

65

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance !

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their
heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;

70

By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers;

75

By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,

Restore, restore Eurydice to life:

80

Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer;

Stern Proserpine relented,

And gave him back the fair.

85

Thus song could prevail

O'er death, and o'er hell,

A conquest how hard and how glorious?

Tho' fate had fast bound her

With Styx nine times round her,

90

Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move !
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love. 95
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders,
 All alone, 100
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with Furies surrounded, 105
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries —
 Ah fee, he dies ! 111
 Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods, 115
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII,

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm :
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please :
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

120

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

125

130

TWO

C H O R U S ' S

T O T H E

Tragedy of BRUTUS^a.

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

S T R O P H E I.

Y E shades, where sacred truth is sought;
 Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
 Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
 And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood
 Unspotted long with human blood.
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
 Who charm the sense or mend the heart; 10

^a Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Chorus's were composed to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. P.

Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral Truth, and mystic Song :
 To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

S T R O P H E II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore; 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land?

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But entering learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has impress'd?
 Why Nature dost thou loonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
 The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
 And Isterne Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.

But Hymen's kinder flames unite ;
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie,
 United wish, and mutual joy !

25

What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ;
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;
 Or views his smiling progeny ;

What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move ?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

C H O R U S.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes ;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine :
 Purest love's unwaisting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.



ODE. on SOLITUDE^a.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mixt; sweet recreation:
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone,
 Tell where I lie.

^a This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

O · · D · · E.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame :
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

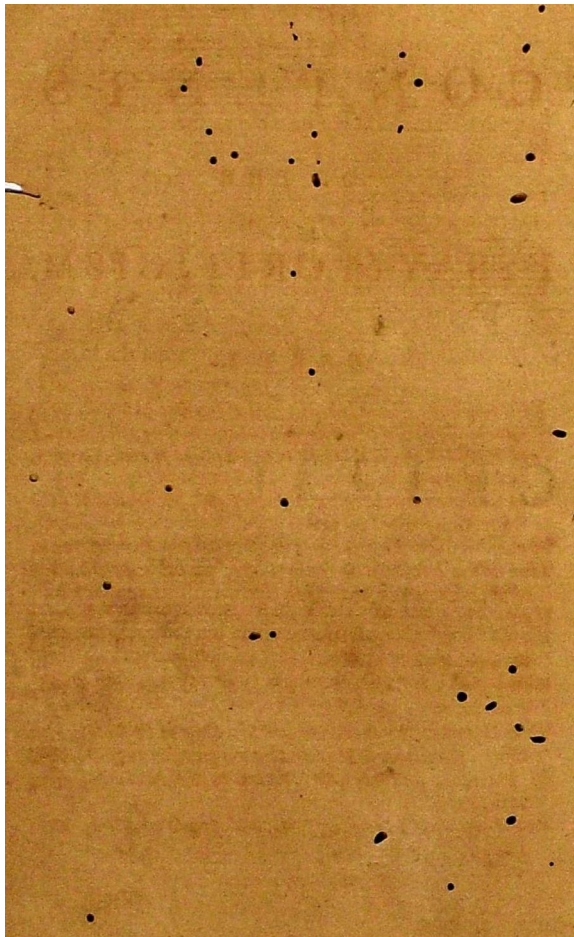
Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me my Soul, can this be Death ?

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.

Written in the Year MDCCIX.



C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

E S S A Y O N C R I T I C I S M.

P A R T I.

- I*ntroduction. That 'tis as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1
 That a true Taste is as rare to be found as a true Genius, ver. 9 to 18.
 That most men are born with some Taste, but spoil'd by false Education, ver. 19 to 25.
 The multitude of Critics, and causes of them, ver. 26 to 45.
 That we are to study our own Taste, and know the Limits of it, ver. 46 to 67.
 Nature the best guide of judgment, ver. 68 to 87.
 Improv'd by Art and Rules, which are but methodis'd Nature, ver. 88.
 Rules deriv'd from the Practice of the Ancient Poets, ver. id. to 110.
 That therefore the Ancients are necessary to be study'd by a Critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120. to 138.
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 384. 5. Partiality — too much love to a Sect, — to the
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PART III. Ver. 560, etc.

Rules for the Conduct and Manners in a Critic. 1. Can-
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rafter of an incorrigible Poet, ver. 600. And of an
impertinent Critic, ver. 610, etc. Character of a good
Critic, ver. 629. The History of Criticism, and Cha-
rafter's of the best Critics, Aristotle, ver. 645. Horace,
ver. 653. Dionysius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667.
Quintilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. Of the
Decay of Criticism, and its Revival. Erasmus, ver.
693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Ros-
common, etc. ver. 725. Conclusion.

A N

E S S A Y

O N

C R I T I C I S M.

'T IS hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
 But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;

An Essay] The Poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The first [to ver. 201.] gives rules for the Study of the Art of Criticism; the second [from thence to ver. 360.] exposes the Causes of wrong Judgment; and the third [from thence to the end] marks out the *Morals of the Critic*. When the Reader hath well considered the whole, and hath observed the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of the several parts, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of Learning so conspicuous throughout, he should then be told that it was the work of an Author who had not attained the twentieth Year of his age.

The references in this Essay, to Horace have relation to his "De Arte Poetica" unless otherwise mentioned.

A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10

In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind: 20
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd: }

VER. 15. *Let such teach others*] "Qui scribit artificiose, ab
" aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit." *Cic. ad He-*
" *rep. lib. iv.* " De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex,
" judicare non potest." Pliny.

VER. 20. *Most have the seeds*] "Omnes tacito quodam
" sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sunt in artibus ac
" rationibus recta et prava judicant." *Cic. de Orat. lib. iii.*

VER. 25. *So by false learning*] "Plus sine doctrina præ-
" dentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina." Quint.

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools, 26
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.

All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past, 36
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle, 40
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal :
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted
by the author :

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
Tutors, like Vigouoso's, oft inclin'd
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have to pour in new ;
Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
And mark that point where sense and dulness
meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit; 60
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more: 65
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty. must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.

Art from that fund each just supply provides ;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides ;
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed ;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed ; 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shews most true mettle when you check his course.

VER. 88. *These Rules of old, &c.*] Cicero has, best of any one I know, explained what that is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*. — “ Nil est quod ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem institvere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit. — Omnia fere, quæ sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt, ut in Musicis, etc. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum PHILOSOPHI assument, quæ rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinet, et ratione quadam constringeret.” *De Orat.* l. i. c. 41, 2.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 80.

There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;
 Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
 By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with Reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
 But following wits from that intention stray'd, 104
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
 By Doctors bills to play the Doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:

VER. 98. *Just precepts*] "Nec enim artibus editis factum
 "est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia ante-
 "quam præciperentur; mox ea scriptores observata et col-
 "lecta ediderunt." Quintil.

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
steer,

Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page; 120
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:

Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.

Be Homer's works your study and delight, - - -
Read them by day, and meditate by night; - - 125 -
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The author
after this verse originally inserted the following, which he
has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a Name
Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,
And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind 130
 A work t' outlast immortal R^{ome} design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design :
 And rules as strict his labour'd verse confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles Poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach
 And which a master hand alone can reach. 145

VER. 130. *When first young Maro, etc.*] Virg. Eclog. vi.

Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthia aurem
 Vellit.

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs : which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 130.

When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky License answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that License is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.

150

155

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, etc.*] “ Neque enim rogationibus plebiscitis sancta sunt ista praecepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.” Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13.

VER. 150. *Thus Pegasus, etc.*] He first describes the sublime flight of a *Poet*, soaring above all vulgar bounds, to snatch a *grace* directly, which lies beyond the reach of a common adventurer. And afterwards, the *effect* of that *grace* upon the *true Critic*: whom it penetrates with an equal rapidity; going the nearest way to his *heart*, without passing through his *Judgment*. By which is not meant that it could not stand the test of Judgment; but that, as it was a beauty uncommon, and *above rule*, and the Judgment habituated to determine only *by rule*, it makes its direct application to the heart; which once gained, soon opens and enlarges the Judgment, whose concurrence (it being now set above forms) is easily procured. That this is the poet's sublime conception appears from the concluding words:

and all its end at once attains.

For Poetry doth not attain *all its end*, till it hath gained the *Judgment* as well as *Heart*.

In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.

Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend. 160

But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend

Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165

And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170

Some figures monstrous, and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array. 175

But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, etc.*] Οὐδὲν τι ποιῶσιν οἱ Φρόνιμοι στρατηλάται κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων — Dion. Hal. *De strat.orat.*

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream,*] "Mo-

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring! 185
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)

“ deſte, et circumſpecto judicio de tantis viris pronuncian-
 dum eſt, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non
 intelligunt. Ac ſi neceſſe eſt in alteram errare partem,
 “ omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa diſplicere
 “ maluerim.” Quint.

VER. 183. Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all-involving age. The Poet here
 alludes to the four great cauſes of the ravage amongſt ancient
 writings: The deſtruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine
 libraries by fire; the fiercer rage of Zoilus and Mevius and
 their followers againſt Wit; the irruption of the Barbarians
 into the empire; and the long reign of Ignorance and Su-
 perſtition in the cloiſters.

To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superi^{or} sense, and doubt their own! 200

OF all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the nev'r-failing vice of fools.

Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride ;

For as in bodies, so in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of sense. 210

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
{ Trust not yourself ; but your defects to know,
{ Make use of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.

{ A little learning is a dang'rous thing ; 215
{ Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
New distant scenes of endless science rise !

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,

Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ :
 Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find 235
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] “Diligenter legendum
 est ac. pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes
 modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perfectus liber utique ex
 “integro resumendus.” Quint.

VER. 235. Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;]
 The *second* line, in apologizing for those *faults* which the
first says should be overlooked, gives the reason of the pre-
 cept. For when a writer's attention is fixed on a general
 View of Nature, and his imagination warmed with the con-
 templation of great ideas, it can hardly be but that there
 must be small irregularities in the disposition both of matter
 and style, because the avoiding these requires a coolness of
 recollection, which a writer so busied is not master of.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225.

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 The Traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
 The less'ning vales and seems to tread the skies.

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome !)
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes ; 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length ap-
 pear ;

The Whole at once is bold, and regular.
 Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's End, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend ;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit : 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part :

They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270
Concluding all were desp'rate scots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

Our Author happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the
Knight.

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280

"Not so by Heav'n (he answers in a rage)

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the
"stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice, 285
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,

VER. 285, Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,
[Curious not knowing, not exact but nice.] In these two
lines the poet finely describes the way in which bad writers
are wont to imitate the qualities of good ones. As true
Judgment generally draws men out of popular opinions, so

Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; 290
Pleas'd with a work, where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

he who cannot get from the croud by the assistance of this guide, willingly follows *Caprice*, which will be sure to lead him into singularities. Again, true *Knowledge* is the art of treasuring up only that which, from its use in life, is worthy of being lodged in the memory. But *Curiosity* consists in a vain attention to every thing out of the way, and which, for its uselessness, the world least regards. Lastly, *Exactness* is the just proportion of parts to one another, and their harmony in the whole: but he who has not extent of capacity for the exercise of this quality, contents himself with *Nicety*, which is a busying one's self about points and syllables.

VER. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd, etc.*] This definition is very exact. Mr. *Locke* had defined *Wit* to consist "in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together, with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." But that great Philosopher, in separating *Wit* from *Judgment*, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of *Wit* in general: In which false *Wit*, though not every species of it, is included.

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. 300
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express, 305
And value books, as women men, for Dress :
Their Praise is still, — the Style is excellent :
The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place ;

A *striking Image* therefore of Nature is, as Mr. Locke observes, certainly *Wit* : But this *image* may *strike* on several other accounts, as well as for its *truth* and *beauty* ; and the Philosopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that *Wit*, which is the ornament of true Poesy, whose end is to represent Nature, but when it *dresses that Nature to advantage*, and presents her to us in the brightest and most amiable light. And to know when the *Fancy* has done its office truly, the poet subjoins this admirable Test, *viz.* When we perceive that it *gives us back the image of our mind*. When it does that, we may be sure it plays no tricks with us : For this *image* is the creature of the *Judgment* ; and whenever *Wit* corresponds with *Judgment*, we may safely pronounce it to be true.

“ Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur : id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.” Quintil. lib. viii. c. 3.
VER. 311. *False eloquence, like the prismatic glass, etc.*] This simile is beautiful. For the false colouring, given to objects

The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike; without distinction gay :
 But true Expression, like th'unchanging Sun, 315 }
 Clears, and improves what'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none. }

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
 For different styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense; 325

- by the prismatic glass, is owing to its untwisting, by its *obliquities*, those threads of light, which Nature had put together in order to spread over its works an ingenious and simple *candour*, that should not hide, but only heighten the native complexion of the objects. And *false Eloquence* is nothing else but the straining and *divaricating* the parts of *true expression* ; and then daubing them over with what the Rhetoricians very properly term *colours* ; in lieu of that candid light, now lost, which was reflected from them in their natural state while sincere and entire.

VER. 324. *Some by old words, etc.*] “ Abolita & abrogata
 “ retinere, insolentia cujusdam est, et frivola in parvis ja-
 “ tantia.” Quint. lib. 1. c. 6.

“ Opus est, ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra
 “ sint neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione,
 “ nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus
 “ summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat
 “ interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime
 “ vetera, ita veterum maxime nova.” Idem.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play,
These sparks with aukward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ; 330
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandfathers, in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old :
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a poet's song ;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire ; 340
Who haunt Parnassus but to please the ear,
Not mend their minds ; as some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
'Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire ; 345

VER. 338. — *unlucky as Fungoso, etc.*] See Ben Johnson's
Every Man in his Humour.

VER. 337. *But most by numbers, etc.*]

Quis populi sermo est ? quis enim ? nisi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos
Effundat junctura ungues : scit tendere versum
Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigit uno.

Perf. Sat. i.

VER. 345. *'Tho' oft the ear, etc.*] "Fugiemus crebras vo-

While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
 And ten low words oft creep in one 'dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line, it " whispers thro' the trees ;"
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threat'n'd (not in vain) with " sleep :"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, 355
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhimes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness
 join.

{ True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

{ 'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense : 365
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;

" calum concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem oratio-
 nem reddunt." Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quint.
 lib. ix. c. 4.

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!

VER. 374. *Hear how Timotheus, etc.*] See *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music*; an Ode by Mr. Dryden.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 366. *Soft is the strain, etc.*]

Tum si leta canunt, etc. Vida Poet. l. iii. ver. 403.

VER. 368. *But when loud surges, etc.*]

Tum longe sale saxa sonant, etc. Vida ib. 388.

VER. 370. *When Ajax strives, etc.*]

Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno, etc.

Vida ib. 417.

VER. 372. *Not so, when swift Camilla, etc.*]

At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo, etc.

Vida ib. 420.

The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385

{ At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
{ That always shews great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
{ Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move; 390
{ For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize; 395
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
'Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the Town:

They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings; but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with Quality. 415
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault.
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The Vulgar thus thro' Imitation err;
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular; 425
 So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right. 431
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.

We think our fathers fools ; so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so. 439
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread ;
 Who knew most Sentences was deepest-read :
 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted :
 Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445
 If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn ?
 Off, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit ;
 And authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind :

VER. 445. *Duck-lane.*] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 447. Between this and ver. 448.

The rhyming Clowns that gladdened Shakespear's age,
 No more with crambo entertain the stage.
 Who now in Anagrams their Patron praise,
 Or sing their Mistress in Acrostic lays ?
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore ;
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore !
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit ;
 And authors thought their reputation safe,
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past; 460
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue:
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays, 470
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
 His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend. 475
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Partriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;

Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright Idea of the master's mind, 485
 Where a new word leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give, 490
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy; 501
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease.
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 505
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe!

Of old, those met rewards, who could excell, 510
 And such were prais'd, who but endeavour'd well :
 Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down ; 515
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools :
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill Author is as bad a Friend. 520
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise !
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the man be lost.
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join : 525
 To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain ;

VER. 527. *But if in nobler minds some dregs remain, etc.]*
 But if the sour critical humour must needs have vent, he points to its right object ; and shews how it may be usefully and innocently diverted. This is very observable ; for our author makes spleen and disdain the characteristic of the *false Critic*, and yet here supposes them inherent in the *true*. But it is done with judgment, and a knowledge of Nature. For as bitterness and acerbity in unripe fruits of the best kind are the foundation and capacity of that high spirit, race, and flavour which we find in them, when perfectly concocted by the warmth and influence of the Sun, and which, without those qualities, would often gain no

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times. 530

No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease, 535
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:

When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:
The Fair fate panting at a Courtier's play, 541
And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a Foreign reign 545
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;

more by that influence than only a *mellow inspidity*: so spleen and disdain in the true Critic, improved by long study and experience, ripen into an exactness of Judgment, and an elegance of Taste: But, lying in the false Critic remote from the influence of good letters, continue in all their first offensive harshness and astringency.

VER. 547. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *National Reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any People whatever.

Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their right dis-
pute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute : 55
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there !
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, Critics ! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. 56

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join ;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine :
That not alone what to your sense is due 565
All may allow ; but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence :
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always so ; 57
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a Critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falshoods do ;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not, 575
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without Good-Breeding, truth is disapprov'd ;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;
 For the worst avarice is that of sense. 580
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 586
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull ; 590
 Such, without wit, are Poets when they please,
 As without learning they can take Degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,

VER. 587. *And stares tremendous, etc.*] This picture was taken to himself by *John Dennis*, a furious old Critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270. he took it as a Compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to caution him to overlook this *Abuse of his Person*.

Whom, when they praise, the World believes no
more, 595

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain, — — —

And charitably let the dull be vain :

Your silence there is better than your spite,

For who can rail so long as they can write ? 600

Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,

And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.

False steps but help them to renew the race,

As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.

What crouds of these, impertinently bold, 605

In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,

Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,

Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,

Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,

And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence. 610

Such shameless Bards we have ; and yet 'tis true,

There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,

With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue still edifies his ears, 615

And always list'ning to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,

From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales.

With him, most authors steal their works, or buy ;

Garth did not write his own Dispensary. 620

VER. 620. *Garth did not write, etc.*] A common slander
at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our

Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
 yard: . . .

Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead; 625
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes; }
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside, 630
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
 But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?

Poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed;
 and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead
 and forgotten.

VER. 632. *But where's the man, etc.*] He answers, That
 he was to be found in the happier ages of Greece and Rome;
 in the persons of Aristotle and Horace, Dionysius and Petroni-
 us, Quintilian and Longinus. Whose characters he has not
 only exactly drawn, but contrasted them with a peculiar
 elegance; the profound science and logical method of Aristotle
 being opposed to the plain common sense of Horace, conveyed

VARIATIONS.

VER. 624. Between this and ver. 625.

In vain you shrug and sweat, and strive to fly:
 These know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
 They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
 To treat of Unities of time and place.

Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite ;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right ; 635
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred ; and tho' well-bred, sincere ;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe :
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?
 Elest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd ; 640
 A knowledge both of books and human kind ;
 Gen'rous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

in a natural and familiar negligence ; the study and refinement of *Dionysius*, to the gay and courtly ease of *Petronius* ; and the gravity and minuteness of *Quintilian*, to the vivacity and general topics of *Longinus*. Nor has the Poet been less careful, in these examples, to point out their eminence in the several critical Virtues he so carefully inculcated in his precepts. Thus in *Horace* he particularizes his Candour ; in *Petronius* his Good-Breeding ; in *Quintilian* his free and copious Instruction ; and in *Longinus* his great and noble Spirit. — By this question and answer we see, he does not encourage us to search for the true Critic amongst modern writers. And indeed the discovery of him, if it could be made, would be but an envious business. I will venture no farther than to name the piece of Criticism in which these marks may be found. It is intitled, *Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, et ejusd. Ep. ad Aug. with an English Commentary and Notes.*

VER. 643. with REASON on his side ?] Not only on his side, but actually exercised in the service of his profession. That Critic makes but a mean figure, who, when he has found out the excellencies of his author, contents himself in offering them to the world, with only empty exclamations on their beauties. His office is to explain the nature of those beauties, shew from whence they arise, and what

Such once were Critics ; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew. 645

The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star.

Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free, 650
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws ; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er wit.

effects they produce ; or, in the better and fuller expression
of the Poet,

To teach the world with Reason to admire.

VER. 653. *Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.*]
By this is not meant *physical* Nature, but *moral*. The force
of the observation consists in our understanding it in this
sense. For the Poet not only uses the word *Nature* for *hu-*
man nature, throughout this poem ; but also, where, in the
beginning of it, he lays down the principles of the arts he

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 647 and 648. I found the following lines,
since suppress'd by the author :

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whose first discov'ry's not exceeded yet,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more :
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway,
Poets, etc.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense, 655
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ, 659
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations. 665

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find 675
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,

treats of, he makes the knowledge of *human nature* the foundation of all *Criticism* and *Poetry*. Nor is the observation less true than apposite. For, *Aristotle's natural enquiries* were superficial and ill made, tho' extensive: But his *logical* and *moral* works are incomparable. In these he has unfolded the human mind, and laid open all the recesses of heart and understanding; and by his *Categories* not only conquered *Nature*, but kept her in *tenfold chains*: Not as *Dulness* kept the *Muses*, in the *Dunciad*, to silence them; but as *Aristæus* held *Proteus* in *Virgil*, to deliver Oracles.

VER. 666. See Dionysius.] Of *Malicarnassus*,

But, less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command. 673

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws ; 680
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew ;
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew ; 685
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.

With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind ;
Much was believ'd, but little understood, 690
And to be dull was constru'd to be good ;
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame !) 695

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 691. and 692. the author omitted these two,

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had licence to be proud.

Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see ! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread, 700
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.

Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive :
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung ;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung. 705

Immortal Vida : on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow :
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame ! 709

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd ;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France ;
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys ;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways. 715

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, — —
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd ;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were, among the sounder few 720
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.

Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well." 725
 Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walth — the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend; 731

VER. 724. *Such was the Muse —*] *Essay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our Poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *Essay*, and its noble Author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his translation of the *Æneid*; and Dr. Garth in the first Edition of his *Dispensary* says,

Thy Tyber now no courtly Gallus fees,
 But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.

Tho' afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in Politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England-Party, yet an Enemy to the extravagant measures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the Court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

The Muse's friend,
 Himself a Muse. In Sanadrin's debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state.

Abf. and Achit.

Our Author was more happy, he was honoured very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem.

To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give: 735
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries: 739
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
 Careless of Censure, nor too fond of fame;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
 Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
 •Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend. 745

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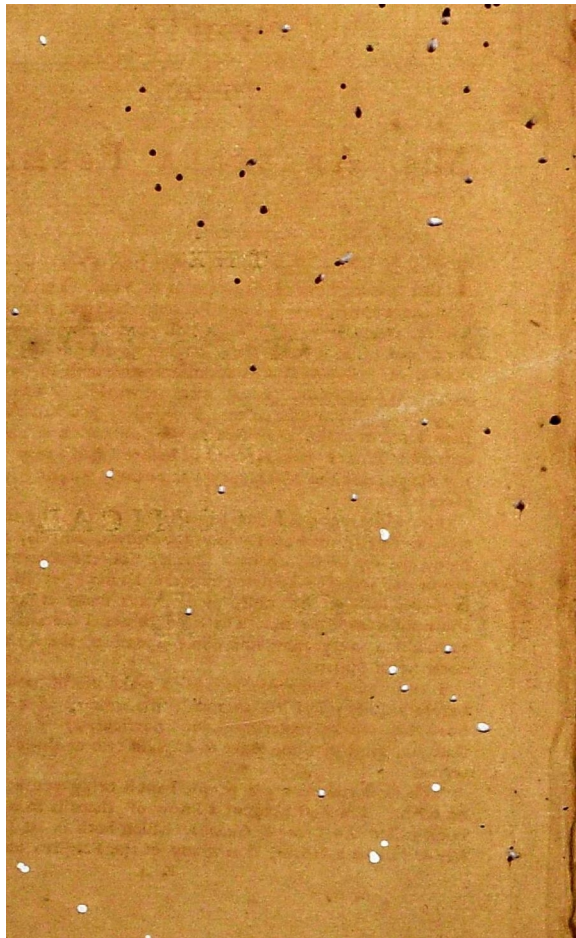
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THE
RAPE of the LOCK.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL
POEM.

Written in the Year MDCCXII.



TO

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet You may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Demons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read

it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Demons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end, (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones: and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

A. POPE.

T H E
RAPE of the LOCK.

^a Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos!
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

C A N T O I.

W H A T dire offence from am'rous causes
springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing — This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:

^a It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble Families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch, (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711. in two Canto's only, and it was so printed; first, in a Miscellany of Bern.

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle!
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage!

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:

Lintor's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Canto's. We shall give the Reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Canto I. ver 19, etc.

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a Poet.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the first Editions,
And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring souls in little Men?

VER. 13, etc. Stood thus in the first Edition,
Sol thro' white curtains did his beams display,
And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they:
Shock just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take:
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake, 15
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve awake :

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,

Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the Balmy rest : 20

VER. 19. *Belinda still, etc.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this Cant^o were added afterwards.

VER. 20. *Her Guardian Sylph*] When Mr. Pope had projected to give this Poem its present form, he was obliged to find it with its Machinery. For as the subject of the Epic Poem consists of two parts, the *metaphysical* and the *civil*, so this mock-epic, which is of the satiric kind, and receives its grace from a ludicrous imitation of the others pomp and solemnity, was to have the same division of the subject. And, as the *civil* part is intentionally debased by the choice of an insignificant action : so should the *metaphysical*, by the use of some very extravagant system. A rule, which though neither Boileau nor Garth have been careful enough to attend to, our Author's good sense would not suffer him to overlook. And that sort of Machinery which his judgment taught him was only fit for his use, his admirable invention supplied. There was but one System in all nature which was to his purpose, the *Rosicrucian Philosophy* ; and this, by the well directed effort of his imagination, he presently seized upon. The fanatic Alchemists, in their search after the great secret, had invented a *means* altogether proportioned to their *end*. It was a kind of Theological Philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabbala ; a composition enough to fright Reason from human commerce. This general system, he tells us, he took as he found it in a little French tract called, *Le Comte de Gabalis*. This book is written in Dialogue, and is a delicate and very ingenious piece of raillery of the Abbe Villiers, upon that invisible sect, of which the stories

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, 'thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of air!
 If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught; 30
 Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,

that went about at that time, made a great deal of noise at Paris. But, as in this satirical Dialogue, Mr. P. found several whimsies, of a very high mysterious kind, told of the nature of these elementary beings, which were very unfit to come into the machinery of such a sort of poem, he has with great judgment omitted them: and in their stead, made use of the Legendary stories of Guardian Angels, and the Nursery Tales of the Fairies; which he has artfully accommodated to the rest of the *Rosicrucian System*. And to this, (unless we will be so uncharitable to believe he intended to give a needless scandal) we must suppose he referred, in these two lines,

If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse, and all the priest have taught.

Thus, by the most beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived, that, as in the serious Epic, the popular belief supports the Machinery; so, in his mock Epic, the Machinery should be contrived to dismount philosophic pride and arrogance.

Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from leas'd pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd :
 What tho' no credit doubting wits may give ?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky :
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in Air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould ;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead ;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.

VER. 47. *As now your own, etc.*] He here forsakes the Rosicrucian system ; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for Poetry ; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology of the continuance of the passions in *another state*, when the mind, before its leaving *this*, has not been purged and purified by philosophy, which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
 And Love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,
 To their first Elements their Souls retire :
 The Sprites of fiery Ternagants in Flame
 Mount up and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea,
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet ; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd :
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes, and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark.

VER. 68. *is by some Sylph embrac'd :*] Here again the Author resumes a tenet peculiar to the Rosicrucian system. But the *principle*, on which it is founded, was by no means fit to be employed in such a sort of poem.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54, 55. Quæ gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos.

Virg. Æn. vi.

When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 When music softens, and when dancing fires ;
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life destin'd to the Gnome's embrace, 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd :
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball ?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart ; 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth ! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend ; 110
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware !
This to disclose is all thy guardian can :
Beware of all, but most beware of Man !

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too
long, 115
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux ;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

VER. 108. *In the clear Mirror*] The Language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, etc.

VER. 113. *This to disclose, etc.*] There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene. The Rosicrucian Doctrine was delivered only to Adepts, with the utmost caution, and under the most solemn seal of secrecy. It is here communicated to a Woman, and in that way of conveyance a Woman most delights to make the subject of her conversation, that is to say, her *Dreams*.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
 First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures open at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The Tortoise here, and Elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,

VER. 145. *The busy Sylphs, etc.*] Antient Traditions of
 the Rabbits relate that several of the fallen Angels became

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Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

amorous of Women, and particularize some; among the rest
Afael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham;
and who continuing irrepentent, still presides over the Wo-
men's Toilets. Bereshi Rabbi in Genes. vi. 2.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
 Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youth around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. 6
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those: 11
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom*] From hence the poem continues in the first Editon, to ver. 46.

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air;
 all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride 16
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck 21
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd ;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this 'ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd ;
 But chiefly Love — to Love an Altar built,
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
 And all the trophies of his former loves. 40
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breaths three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain and long possess the prize :
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die : 50
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph — with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.

He summons strait his Denizens of air ; 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 43. *The pow'rs gave ear,*] Virg. *Æn. xi.*

Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd; 70
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, 'to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!
 Ye know the Spheres, and various tasks assign'd 75
 By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets thro' the wand'ring sky. 80

Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with Arms divine the British Throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,

A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

• This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw ;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball ; 109
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care ;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock ; 115
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge the Petticoat :
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale ;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
 And guard the wide circumference around.

VER. 105. *Whether the nymph, etc.*] The disaster, which makes the subject of this poem, being a *trifle*, taken *seriously* ; it naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 225
 Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain ; 130
 Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flow'r :
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend ;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ; 140
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;

VARIATIONS.

VER. I. *Close by those meads,*] The first Edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

VER. II, 12. Originally in the first Edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they pass,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last,

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ; 85
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ; 20
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine ;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom :

And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' ærial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank he bore ;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in Majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard ;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of a Toilet cease.*] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first Edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and spoon^s is crown'd,

And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And parti-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were,

Now move to war her fable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu.

VER. 47. *Now move to war, etc.* The whole idea of this description of a game at Ombre is taken from Vida's description of a game at Chess, in his poem intitled, *Scacchia Ludus*.

Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ; 65
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.

His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial comfort of the crown of Spades
The Clubs black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mein, and barb'rous pride: 70

What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unweildy spread ;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace : 75
Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.

Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, 85
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ; 90

She fees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now, (as oft in some dislemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen 95
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons are crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round; 106
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 100. *Sudden the board, etc.*] From hence, the first Edition continues to ver. 134.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit. Virg.

From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoaking tide: 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the flaming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade,
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to Mischief mortals bend their will, 125
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid Metam.
 viii.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 159

Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135

A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair :

And thrice they twich'd the diamond in her ear ;

Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel fought

The close recesses of the Virgin's thought ; 140

As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,

He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,

Sudden he view'd in spite of all her art,

An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.

Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145

Resign'd to fate, and, with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,

T' inclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide.

Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,

A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd ; 150

Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,

(But airy substance soon unites again)

VER. 152. *But airy substance*] See Milton, lib. iv. of Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 134. In the first Edition it was thus,

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head.

First he expands the glitt'ring Forfex wide

T' inclose the Lock ; then joins it to divide :

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever,

From the fair head for ever and for ever. ver. 154.

All that is between was added afterwards.

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head for ever and for ever.

Then flash'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies. 156
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie ! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live ! 170
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments like men submit to fate !

VER. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman : full of Court, and Party-scandal : and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched Taste of the better vulgar.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163, 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum pisces amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Virg.

Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresistèd steel?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177.

Ille quoque everfus mons est, etc.

Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?

Catull. de com. Berenices.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers rob'd of all their blifs, 5
 Not ancient ladies, when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin, for thy ravish'd Hair. 10
 For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

VARIATIONS.

VER. II. *For, that sad moment, etc.*] All the^y lines from
 hence to the 94th verse that describe the house of Spleen are
 not in the first Edition; instead of them followed only these,

While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires,
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.

And continued at the 94th Verse of this Canto.

IMITATIONS.

VER. I. At regina gravi, etc.

Virg. Æn. iv.

Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen. 15

Swift on his gloomy pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mein,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40

Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.

Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :

Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout : 50
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks ;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band, 55
A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand.

VER. 41. *Dreadful as hermits dreams in haunted shades, Or bright as visions of expiring maids.*] The poet by this comparison would insinuate, that the temptations of the mortified recluses in the Church of Rome, and the extatic visions of their female saints were as much the effects of hypochondriac disorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the fashionable word, the *Vapours*, as any of the imaginary transformations he speaks of afterwards.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks ;*] See Hom. *Iliad.* xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

VER. 52. *And there a Goose-pye talks.*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagin'd herself in this condition.

Then thus address'd the pow'r — Hail wayward
Queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen :
Parent of vapours and of female wis,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60

On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.

But oh ! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,

Or change complexions at a losing game ; 70

If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rump'd petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,

Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75

Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
Heal me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80

A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
There she collects the force of female lungs,

Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands and cry'd,
 (While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care

The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare? 95
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irens wreath'd around? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?

Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.

Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,

And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

169

And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze !

Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the fond of Bow ;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all !

She said ; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs : •

(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)

With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case ;

And thus broke out — “ My Lord, why, what the
“ devil ?

“ Z—ds ! damn the lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be
“ civil !

“ Plague on't ! 'tis past a jest — nay prithee, pox !

“ Give her the hair”—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 131
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair ;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 133. *Eat by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's
oath in Homer, II. 1.

Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
 Clip'd from the lovely head, where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome ! forbears not so ;
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears ;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said :

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away !
 Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen ! 150
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid ;
 By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea !
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome ! forbears not so ;
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.*] These two lines
 are additional ; and assign the cause of the different opera-
 tion on the Passions of the two Ladies. The poem went on
 before without that distinction, as without any Machinery,
 to the end of the Canto.

What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam ?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home !
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, - 165
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hands shall rend, what ev'n thy rapine spares :
These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ; 170
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel, been content to seize 175
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's cars.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move, when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, etc.*] A new Character introduced in the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a Parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
 Unless good-sense preserve what beauty gains :
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face !
 Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away ; 20
 Who would not scorn what house-wife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay, 25
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey ;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid ;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose ? 30
 And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
 So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd ; 35
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
 To arms, to arms ! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *So spoke the Dame,*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech,

So spoke — and all the Heroes applauded,

All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;
 Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack ;
 Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 41
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapon in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage, 45
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage :
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day ! 52
 Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
 Clap'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight :

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms !*] From hence the first Edition goes on to the Conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in *Odyssey* perches on a beam of the roof to behold it,

Top'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perim'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60

"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes were made so killing" — was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown:
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Bear reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, etc.*] Vide Homer II. viii. and Virg.
Æn. xii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing*] The words of a
Song in the Opera of Camilla.

VER. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albolor. Ov. Ep.

174 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd : 80
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
 Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings ; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew ;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

IMITATIONS.

VER. 85. *The Gnomes direct,*] These two lines added for the above reason.

VER. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,*] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, II. ii.

ft not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe !
 by some other shalt be laid as low.
 sink, to die dejects my lofty mind :
 at I dread is leaving you behind ! 100
 r than so, ah let me still survive,
 burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive.
 fore the Lock ! she cries ; and all around
 e the Lock ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 rce Othello in so loud a strain 105
 for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 : how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 hiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
 lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 y place is sought, but sought in vain : 110
 uch a prize no mortal must be blest,
 'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?
 e thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 ll things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
 eaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 vers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
 urther's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 iles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
 or gnats, and chains to yoaak a flea,
 utterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withd
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view)

A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.
 The Sylphs beheld it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall see
 And hail with music its propitious ray.
 This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless sky
 When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes ;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

VER. 137. *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the France, then at war with the English.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] These two lines are on the same reason to keep in view the Machinery of the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 128.

Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem

Ov

hence to their images on earth it flows, 15
and in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
lost souls, tis true, but peep out once an age,
all fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20
like Eastern Kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky,
As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood ! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, 35
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent heres shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand and pointing say,
(While the long-fun'erals blacken all the way,) 40
Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breath ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (on ever injur'd shade;))
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier,
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 5
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung, 75
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou lov'd no more!

[182]

PROLOGUE
TO
Mr. ADDISON's Tragedy
OF
CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws.

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EPILOGUE

TO

Mr. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

ORODIGIOUS this ! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own sex should mercy find to day !
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't — indeed now — I so hate a whore — 6
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
“ How strangely you expose yourself, my dear ? ”
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart ;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail ;

LOGUE TO JANE SHORE.

without betrays the fire within ;
 In close corner of the soul, they sin ;
 Regarding up most scandalously nice,
 Lift their virtues a reserve of vice. 20
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Colds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
 Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners ?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with
 sinners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
 He has a Husband that will make amends :
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse : 30
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife :
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make, 35
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back ?
 Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country — but what's that to you ? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the City.
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. POPE, in his last illness, amused himself, amidst the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete Edition of his Writings ^a; and, with his usual delicacy, was even solicitous to prevent any share of the offence they might occasion, from falling on the Friend whom he had engaged to give them to the Public ^b.

^a — “ I own the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all Mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candor of a sensible and reflecting judge rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious Reader. And no hand can set them in good a light,” &c. *Let. cxx. to Mr. W.*

^b — “ I also give and bequeath to the said Warburton, the property of all such of my Works already printed as he hath written or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which

ii A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

In discharge of this trust, the Public has here a complete Edition of his Works; executed in such a manner, as, I am persuaded, would have been to his satisfaction.

The Editor hath not, for the sake of profit, suffered the Author's Name to be made cheap by a *Subscription*; nor his Works to be defrauded of their due Honours by a vulgar or inelegant Impression; nor his memory to be disgraced by any pieces unworthy of his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expence, ornamented this Edition with all the advantages which the best Artists in Paper, Printing, and Sculpture could bestow upon it.

If the Public hath waited longer than the deference due to it should have suffered, it was owing to a reason which the Editor need not make a secret. It was his regard to the family-interests of his deceased Friend. Mr. Pope, at death, left large impressions of several parts

otherwise disposed of or alienated; and as he publish WITHOUT FUTURE ALTERATIONS.

Last Will and Testament.

and calls forth Roman drops from L.
Virtue confest in human shape he draw.
That Plato thought, and godlike Cato was.
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Nobly vain and impotently great,
How'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 50
As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Some learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
Our scene precariously subsists too long 41
In French translation, and Italian song.

with your own native rage :
He should win a British ear,
Himself had not disdain'd to hear.