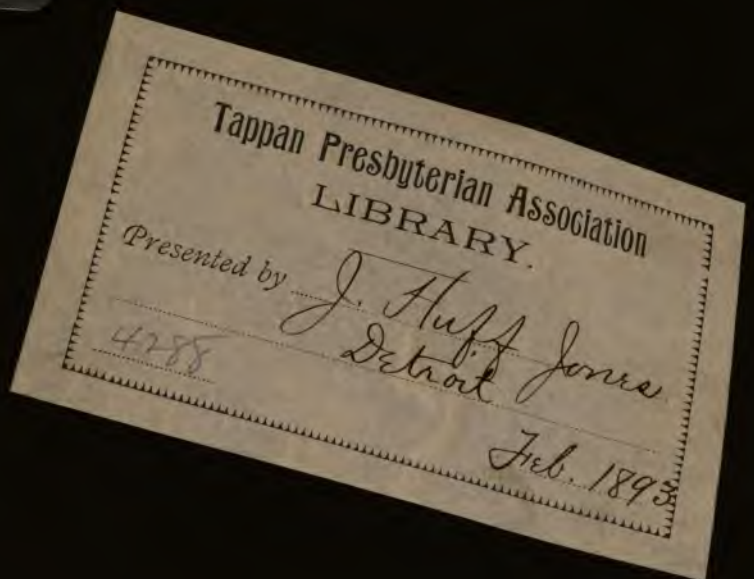


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Don't say "I'm a good person"

because "I'm a good person"

isn't it?

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Gray.



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POETICAL WORKS

1773
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THOMAS GRAY.



The Country Church Yard
Top of

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POETICAL WORKS

OF



THOMAS GRAY.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED. •

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS GRAY.

ODE I.
ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,

Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:

Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply :
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ODE II.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

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Her conscious tail her joy declared ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed ; but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled,)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

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Eight times emerging from the flood,
 She mew'd to every watery God,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
 Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard.
 A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
 And heedless hearts is lawful prize ;
 Nor all, that glisters, gold.

ODE III.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ἀνθρώπος, ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade ;

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way :

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain !—
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,)
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see, how all around them wait

The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow :
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate ?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ! where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise !

www.libtool.com.cn ODE IV.

TO ADVERSITY.

—Ζῆνα—

Τὸν φρονεῖν Βροτοῦς ὀδῶ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼς
ὧντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCH. AGAM. ver. 181.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thine adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,

Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen),
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,

Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

ODE V.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Pindaric.

Φωνάβρα συνοροῖσιν ἔς
 Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων
 Χαρίζεαι.

PINDAR. OL. II. v. 152.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
 The laughing flowers that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Through verdant dales, and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares,
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the scepter'd hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing :
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day :

With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
 Night and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky :
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of
 war. •

www.libtool.com. II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
The unconquerable Mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
 "This pencil take, (she said,) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of joy;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of the abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more——
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate;
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

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ODE VI.

THE BARD.

Pindaric.

I. 1.

“RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though, fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!”
Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
“To arms!” cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quiver-
ing lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;

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The Bard

Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
To triumph, and to die are mine.

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(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air,)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

“Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

“Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliff, a grisly band,

I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

“Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

“Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

Is the sable warrior fled ?

Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born ?

Gone to salute the rising morn.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare ;

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :

Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,

Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?

Long years of havoc urge their destined course,

And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy head !

Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread;
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

“Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

“Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear !
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 8.

“ The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

ODE VII.
FOR MUSIC.

Irregular.

I.

"Hence, avaunt, ('tis holy ground,)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers,
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in flowers.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round :
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear the indignant lay :
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they ;
Yet thither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

" Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver bright

In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

IV.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go :
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come ;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies :—

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“What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee’s collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music’s melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude.”

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see!
“Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud,)
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleased in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor’s fire, a Beaufort’s grace.
Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heaven’s altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

“Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band:
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she

No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refined
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

“Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.”

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ODE VIII.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

Now the storm begins to lower,
 (Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
 Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
 ('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights, that play below,
 Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
 Shoot the trembling chords along.
Swords, that once a monarch bore,
 Keep the tissue close and strong.

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Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
Join the wayward work to aid :
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,—
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through the ensanguined field :
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

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Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound :
Fate demands a nobler head :
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see ;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death ;
Sisters, cease ! the work is done !

Hail the task, and hail the hands !
Songs of joy and triumph sing !
Joy to the victorious bands ;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed :
Each her thundering falchion wield ;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field !

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ODE IX.

THE VEGTAM'S KIVITHA;

OR, THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed :
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he opened wide
(While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd :)
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin :
And long pursues with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate ;

~~Where long of yore~~ to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme ;
Thrice pronounced in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead ;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb ?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night ?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain !
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
Tell me what is done below,

For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed ?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee ;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold :
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the sons of heaven !
Unwilling I my lips uncloze :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey :
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate ?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom :
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

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Prophetess, my spell obey :
Once again arise, and say,
Who the avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt ?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam ;
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey :
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air ?

Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha ! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now ;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good ;
But mother of the giant brood !

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial night
Has reassumed her ancient right ;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

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ODE X.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

FROM THE WELSH.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours ;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came ;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin plows the watery way ;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war :
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands ;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din ;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood ;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn :
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

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ODE XI.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

FROM THE WELSH.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush and sweep them from the world !

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son : of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold ;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattræth's vale in glittering row
Twice two hundred warriors go :
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.

~~Flush'd with mirth and~~ hope they burn :
But none from Cattræth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong
(Bursting through the bloody throng,)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

HAVE ye seen the tusky boar,
Or the bull with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance ?
So Caràdoc bore his lance.

CONAN'S name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the bard,
Verse, the hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force ;
As the whirlwind in its course ;
As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shiver'd oak ;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire :
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine ;
A different object do these eyes require :
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear :
To warm their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

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EPITAPH I.

ON MRS. JANE CLERKE.

Lo ! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps ;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind,
Her infant image here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe :
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days ?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear ;
A sigh ; an unavailing tear ;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

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EPITAPH II.

ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor envy dared to view him with a frown.

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant honour seal'd.
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew;
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps—
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy friendship bends, and weeps.

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ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmiering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

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"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day"

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The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour :
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

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The Elegy.

The least of heraldry, the pomp of power.



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To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,—
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies would he rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the churchway path we see him borne :
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

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OMITTED STANZAS.

In Gray's first MS. of the "Elegy," after the eighteenth stanza, ending with the word "flame," were the four following stanzas :

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success ;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than power or genius e'er conspired to bless.

And thou who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate :

Hark ! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease ;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room ;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

Here the poem was originally intended to conclude.

After the twenty-fifth stanza, ending with the word "lawn," was the following stanza:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

And in some of the first editions, immediately before "The Epitaph," was the following stanza:

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS.

THIRD in the labours of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he poised the well-known weight
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fired by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Braced all his nerves, and every sinew strung;

Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursued his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high :
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall ;
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heaved the craggy rock ;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar ;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses 'scaped his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge, May 8, 1786.

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SONG.

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return—
Ah! what means yon violet flower!
And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
Speak not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

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A LONG STORY.

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands :
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls ;
The seals and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning !
Shame of the versifying tribe !

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Your history whither are you spinning?
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her;
Melissa is her "nom de guerre."
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t,
(By this time all the parish know it,)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet :

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lamed the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle :

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,

Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber ;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio !
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So rumour says : (who will, believe.)
But that they left the door ajar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of magic was no fable ;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder ;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the great house
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sate, the culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack has often seen the sight,)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry.

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,

High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenced him,
Disproved the arguments of Squib,
And all that Groom could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor Macleane.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
"How in the park beneath an old tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry,)

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
Yet hoped, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conjurer taken."

The ghostly prudes with hagg'd face
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My lady rose, and with a grace—
She smiled, and bade him come to dinner.

“Jesu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the Viscountess mean ?”
(Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget,)
“The times are alter'd quite and clean !”

“Decorum's turn'd to mere civility ;
Her air and all her manners show it
Commend me to her affability !
Speak to a commoner and poet !”

[Here five hundred stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble king,
And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my lady from her rubbers.

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POSTHUMOUS POEMS AND
FRAGMENTS.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM
VICISSITUDE.

[Left unfinished by Gray. The additions by Mason are distinguished by inverted commas.]

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy spring :
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the lively scene
Scatters his freshest tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet :
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy :

And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul ! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt'rous choir among :
Hark ! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the gen'ral song :
' Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow ;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.'

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know ;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace ;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace ;
While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower

And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that misery treads,
Approaching comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe ;
And blended form with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell,
Near the source whence pleasure flows ;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.
' While ' far below the ' madding ' crowd
' Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,'

Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
'And' perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where indolence and pride,
'Sooth'd by flattery's tinkling sound,
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
Their dull but daily round :
'To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine joy ?

'Mark ambition's march sublime
Up to power's meridian's height ;
While pale-eyed envy sees him climb,
'And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of danger, death, and dread,
Float hourly round ambition's head ;
While spleen within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

'Happier he, the peasant, far,
From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun ;

And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose.

‘ He, unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear Vicissitude.
From toils he wins the spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.’

AGRIPPINA, A TRAGEDY:

A FRAGMENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGRIPPINA, the Empress-mother.

NERO, the Emperor.

POPPÆA, believed to be in love with OTHO.

OTHO, a young man of quality, in love
with POPPÆA.

SENECA, the Emperor's Preceptor.

ANICETUS, Captain of the Guards.

DEMETRIUS, the Cynic, friend to SENECA.

ACERONIA, Confidant to AGRIPPINA.

ACT I. SCENE I.—AGRIPPINA. ACERONIA.

SCENE.—*The Emperor's villa at Baie.*

AGRIP. 'Tis well, begone! your errand is per-
form'd, [*Speaks as to Anicetus entering*
The message needs no comment. Tell your master,

His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command :
Alone, unguarded, and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retired to Antium ; there to tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
What if you add how she turn'd pale and trembled ;
You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it ?
(Go ! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth : at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unused to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board : they are aware
Of the unpledged bowl, they love not aconite.

ACER. He's gone : and much I hope these walls
alone

And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth, and irritated power.

AGRIP. And dost thou talk to me, to me of danger,
Of haughty youth and irritated power,

To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
 This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
 To aim the forked bolt ; while he stood trembling,
 Scared at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness ?

'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
 To adoration, to the grateful steam
 Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
 From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
 Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
 Of Agrippina's race, he lived unknown
 To fame, or fortune ; haply eyed at distance
 Some edileship, ambitious of the power
 To judge of weights and measures : scarcely dared
 On expectation's strongest wing to soar
 High as the consulate, that empty shade
 Of long-forgotten liberty : when I
 Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness ;
 Show'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him strike
 The noble quarry. Gods ! then was the time
 To shrink from danger ; fear might then have worn
 The mask of prudence ; but a heart like mine,
 A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
 If bright ambition from her craggy seat
 Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
 Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous
 honour.

ACER. Through various life I have pursued your
steps,

Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring :
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
To such a mother owes ; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.

I well remember too, (for I was present,)
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barbarous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son : their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother ! reign the son !
He reigns, the rest is heaven's ; who oft has bade,
Even when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
The unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulged
Rankle to gall ; and benefits too great
To be repaid sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway :

These were ~~your gift, and~~ with them you bestow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.

AGRIP. Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
And tremble at the phantom I have raised?
Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
Perchance may heed them: tell him too, that one
Who had such liberal power to give, may still
With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms—tell me! say,
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
The silken son of dalliance, nursed in ease
And pleasure's flowery lap?—Rubellius lives,
And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance: and a call,
Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.

ACER. Did I not wish to check this dangerous
passion,

I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader : these, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your sire : the eye of Rome
And the Prætorian camp have long revered,
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.

AGRIP. Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise ; or say we sound
The trump of liberty ; there will not want,
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice ; Soranus there,
And Cassius ; Vetus too, and Thræsea,
Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,

And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
 And shake them at the name of liberty,
 Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
 As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
 Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
 That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
 Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
 To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
 The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.

Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may!
 Again the buried Genius of old Rome
 Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
 Roused by the shout of millions: there before
 His high tribunal thou and I appear.
 Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
 And lighten from thy eye: around thee call
 The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
 Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
 In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
 To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
 With his plain soldier's oath and honest seeming.
 Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
 The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.

But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
 In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
 These hated walls that seem to mock my shame,
 And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACER. 'Tis time to go, the sun is high advanced,
And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baïæ.

AGRIP. My thought aches at him ; not the basilisk
More deadly to the sight, than is to me
The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
Before he sees me.

ACER. Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he so soon may—

AGRIP. Yes, I will be gone,
But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd ; things, that but whis
per'd

Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful ecstasy : no matter
What ; so't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.

And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes !)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,

Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
 And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
 Yet if your injured shades demand my fate,
 If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
 Let me not fall alone ; but crush his pride,
 And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. OTHO, POPPÆA.

OTHO. Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy
 queen

Of amorous thefts : and had her wanton son
 Lent us his wings, we could not have beguiled
 With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
 Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely ;
 Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the timorous cloud
 That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
 So her white neck reclined, so was she borne
 By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
 With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
 And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
 Whether she fear'd or wish'd, to be pursued

* * * * *

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HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

HAIL, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from high
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line?
And dews Lethean through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?

If any spark of wit's delusive ray
 Break out, and flash a momentary day,
 With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
 And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.

Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
 Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
 Goddess! awake, arise! alas, my fears!
 Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
 Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
 She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
 Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
 And all was ignorance, and all was night.

Oh sacred age! Oh times for ever lost!
 (The schoolman's glory and the churchman's boast.)
 For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
 Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
 And bring the buried ages back to view.

High on her car, behold the grandam ride
 Like old Sesostriis with barbaric pride;

* * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend—

* * * * *

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THE ALLIANCE OF EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

ESSAY I.

—Πότρυ, ὧ γὰρ τὰν γὰρ δοιδῶν
Ὅντι κα εἰς Αἴδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα φυλαξεῖς.

Theocritus, Id. I. 63.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins :
And as in climes where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies :
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart :
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,

If equal justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter, with a free though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land :
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all, the kind, impartial heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given :
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain ;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause ;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe ;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confined
To different climes seem different souls assign'd ?

Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep:
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue;
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
The encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and sons of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;

As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspend the inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth:
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron-race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With sidelong plough to quell the flinty ground,

To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder if to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow,)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
If with adventurous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide

* * * * *

[The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government, is much too beautiful to be lost.—*Mason*.]

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes

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STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.

IN silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleased, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take ;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local symmetry and life awake !

The tardy rhymes that used to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah ! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line ;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy 'impart;'
And as their pleasing influence 'flows confest,'
A sigh of soft reflection 'heaves the heart.'

* * * * *

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

WRITTEN IN 1761, AND FOUND IN ONE OF HIS POCKET-BOOKS.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune;
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat
odd;
No very great wit, he believed in a God:

A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and
Squire.

LINES.

WITH beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish—
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish :
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morn-
ing—
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning ;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected—
Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning
connected !
Ah ! say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befell
me ?
They smile, but reply not—sure Delia will tell me !

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TOPHET.

THUS Tophet look'd ; so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd and call'd him friend. •
Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte ;
Hosannas rung through hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

THE CANDIDATE ;

OR, THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.

WHEN sly Jemmy Twitcher had smuggled up his face,
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,
A wooing he went, where three sisters of old,
In harmless society guttle and scold.

“Lord ! sister,” says Physic to Law, “I declare,
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air !
Not I for the Indies :—You know I'm no prude,—
But his nose is a shame,—and his eyes are so lewd !
Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I fear—
No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dear.”

“I don’t know,” says Law, “but methinks for his look,

’Tis just like the picture in Rochester’s book ;
 Then his character, Phyzzy,—his morals—his life—
 When she died, I can’t tell, but he once had a wife.
 They say he’s no Christian, loves drinking and w——g,
 And all the town rings with his swearing and roaring !
 His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks ;—
 Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six.”

Divinity heard, between waking and dozing,
 Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing :
 From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,
 She stroked up her belly, and stroked down her band—
 “ What a pothor is here about wenching and roaring !
 Why, David loved catches, and Solomon w——g :
 Did not Israel filch from the Egyptians of old
 Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold ?
 The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie :
 He drinks—so did Noah ;—he swears—so do I :
 To reject him for such peccadillos, were odd ;
 Besides, he repents—for he talks about G**—

[To Jemmy.]

“ Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,
 Come buss me—I’ll be Mrs. Twitcher myself.”

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IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766, OF THE SEAT AND RUINS OF A
DECEASED NOBLEMAN, AT KINGSGATE, KENT.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H——d form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice ;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand ;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing ;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

“ Ah ! ” said the sighing peer, “ had B—te been true,
Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had blest our view,
And realized the beauties which we feign :

“Purged by the sword, and purified by fire,
 Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
 Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
 And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.”

IMPROMPTU,

WHILE WALKING WITH MR. NICHOLLS IN THE SPRING IN THE
 NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CAMBRIDGE.

THERE pipes the woodlark, and the song-thrush there
 Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air.

PART OF AN EPITAPH ON THE WIFE OF MASON.

TELL them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
 'Twas e'en to thee; yet the dread path once trod.
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

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EXTEMPORE EPITAPH ON ANNE, COUN-
TESS OF DORSET.

Now clean, now hideous, mellow now, now gruff,
She swept, she hiss'd, she ripen'd, and grew rough,
At Brougham, Pendragon, Appleby, and Brough.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE CHRIST-
CROSS ROW.

BY A CRITIC, TO MRS. — —

* * * * *

GREAT D draws near—the dutchess sure is come,
Open the doors of the withdrawing-room;
Her daughters deck'd most daintily I see,
The dowager grows a perfect double D.
E enters next, and with her Eve appears,
Not like yon dowager deprest with years;
What ease and elegance her person grace,
Bright beaming, as the evening-star, her face;

Queen Esther next—how fair e'en after death,
 Then one faint glimpse of Queen Elizabeth;
 No more, our Esthers now are nought but Hetties,
 Elizabeths all dwindled into Betties;
 In vain you think to find them under E,
 They're all diverted into H and B.
 F follows fast the fair—and in his rear,
 See folly, fashion, foppery, straight appear,
 All with fantastic clews, fantastic clothes,
 With fans and flounces, fringe and furbelows.
 Here Grub-street geese presume to joke and jeer,
 All, all, but Grannam Osborne's Gazetteer.
 High heaves his hugeness H; methinks we see
 Henry the Eighth's most monstrous majesty;
 But why on such *mock* grandeur should we dwell?
 H mounts to heaven, and H descends to hell.

* * * *

As H the Hebrew found, so I the Jew,
 See Isaac, Joseph, Jacob, pass in view;
 The walls of old Jerusalem appear,
 See Israel, and all Judah thronging there.

* * * *

P pokes his head out, yet has not a pain;
 Like Punch, he peeps, but soon pops in again;
 Pleased with his pranks, the Pisgys call him Puck,
 Mortals he loves to prick, and pinch, and pluck;

Now a pert prig, he perks upon your face,
 Now peers, pores, ponders, with profound grimace,
 Now a proud prince, in pompous purple drest,
 And now a player, a peer, a pimp, or priest ;
 A pea, a pin, in a perpetual round,
 Now seems a penny, and now shows a pound ;
 Like perch or pike, in pond you see him come,
 He in plantations hangs like pear or plum,
 Pippin or peach ; then perches on the spray,
 In form of parrot, pye, or popinjay.
 P, Proteus-like, all tricks, all shapes can show,
 The pleasantest person in the Christ-Cross row.

* * * * *

As K a king, Q represents a queen,
 And seems small difference the sounds between ;
 K, as a man, with hoarser accents speaks,
 In shriller notes Q like a female squeaks ;
 Behold K struts, as might a king become,
 Q draws her train along the drawing room,
 Slow follow all the quality of state,
 Queer Queensbury only does refuse to wait.

* * * * *

Thus great R reigns in town, while different far,
 Rests in retirement *little* rural R ;
 Remote from cities lives in lone retreat, .
 With rooks and rabbit burrows round his seat—

S sails the swan slow down the silver stream.

* * * *

So big with weddings, waddles W,
And brings all womankind before your view;
A wench, a wife, a widow, and a w—e,
With woe behind and wantonness before.

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EXTRACTS.

PROPERTIUS,

LIB. III. ELEG. V. v. 19.

"Me juvat in primâ coluisse Heliconâ juvenâ," &c.

IMITATED.

LONG as of youth the joyous hours remain,
Me may Castalia's sweet recess detain,
Fast by the umbrageous vale lull'd to repose,
Where Aganippe warbles as it flows;
Or roused by sprightly sounds from out the trance,
I'd in the ring knit hands, and join the Muses' dance.
Give me to send the laughing bowl around,
My soul in Bacchus' pleasing fetters bound;
Let on this head unfading flowers reside,
There bloom the vernal rose's earliest pride;
And when, our flames commission'd to destroy,
Age step 'twixt Love and me; and intercept the joy;

When my changed head these locks no more shall know,
And all its jetty honours turn to snow ;
Then let me rightly spell of Nature's ways ;
To Providence, to HIM my thoughts I'd raise,
Who taught this vast machine its steadfast laws,
That first, eternal, universal cause ;
Search to what regions yonder star retires,
That monthly waning hides her paly fires,
And whence, anew revived, with silver light
Relumes her crescent orb to cheer the dreary night :
How rising winds the face of ocean sweep,
Where lie the eternal fountains of the deep,
And whence the cloudy magazines maintain
Their wintry war, or pour the autumnal rain ;
How flames perhaps, with dire confusion hurl'd,
Shall sink this beauteous fabric of the world ;
What colours paint the vivid arch of Jove ;
What wondrous force the solid earth can move,
When Pindus' self approaching ruin dreads,
Shakes all his pines, and bows his hundred heads ;
Why does yon orb, so exquisitely bright,
Obscure his radiance in a short-lived night ;
Whence the Seven-Sisters' congregated fires,
And what Boötes' lazy wagon tires ;
How the rude surge its sandy bounds control ;
Who measured out the year, and bade the seasons
roll ;

If realms beneath those fabled torments know,
 Pangs without respite, fires that ever glow,
 Earth's monster brood stretch'd on their iron bed,
 The hissing terrors round Alecto's head,
 Scarce to nine acres Tityus' bulk confined,
 The triple dog that scares the shadowy kind,
 All angry heaven inflicts, or hell can feel,
 The pendent rock, Ixion's whirling wheel,
 Famine at feasts, or thirst amid the stream;
 Or are our fears the enthusiast's empty dream,
 And all the scenes, that hurt the grave's repose,
 But pictured horror and poetic woes.

These soft inglorious joys my hours engage;
 Be love my youth's pursuit, and science crown my age.

1738. Æt. 22.

PROPERTIUS,

LIB. II. ELEG. I. v. 17.

"Quod mihi si tantum, Mæcenas, fata dedissent," &c.

YET would the tyrant love permit me raise
 My feeble voice, to sound the victor's praise,

To paint the hero's toil, the ranks of war,
The laurell'd triumph and the sculptured car;
No giant race, no tumult of the skies,
No mountain-structures in my verse should rise,
Nor tale of Thebes, nor Ilium there should be,
Nor how the Persian trod the indignant sea;
Not Marius' Cimbrian wreaths would I relate,
Nor lofty Carthage struggling with her fate.
Here should Augustus great in arms appear,
And thou, Mæcenas, be my second care;
Here Mutina from flames and famine free,
And there the ensanguined wave of Sicily,
And sceptred Alexandria's captive shore,
And sad Philippi, red with Roman gore:
Then, while the vaulted skies loud iOS rend,
In golden chains should loaded monarchs bend,
And hoary Nile with pensive aspect seem
To mourn the glories of his sevenfold stream,
While prows, that late in fierce encounter met,
Move through the sacred way and vainly threat,
Thee too the Muse should consecrate to fame,
And with her garlands weave thy ever-faithful name.

But nor Callimachus' enervate strain
May tell of Jove, and Phlegra's blasted plain;
Nor I with unaccustom'd vigour trace
Back to its source divine the Julian race.

Sailors to tell of winds and seas delight,
The shepherd of his flocks, the soldier of the fight;
A milder warfare I in verse display;
Each in his proper art should waste the day:
Nor thou my gentle calling disapprove,
To die is glorious in the bed of Love.

Happy the youth, and not unknown to fame,
Whose heart has never felt a second flame.
Oh, might that envied happiness be mine!
To Cynthia all my wishes I confine;
Or if, alas! it be my fate to try
Another love, the quicker let me die:
But she, the mistress of my faithful breast,
Has oft the charms of constancy confest,
Condemns her fickle sex's fond mistake,
And hates the tale of Troy for Helen's sake
Me from myself the soft enchantress stole;
Ah! let her ever my desires control,
Or if I fall the victim of her scorn,
From her loved door may my pale corse be borne.
The power of herbs can other harms remove,
And find a cure for every ill but love.
The Lemnian's hurt Machaon could repair,
Heal the slow chief, and send again to war;
To Chiron Phœnix owed his long-lost sight,
And Phœbus' son recall'd Androgeon to the light.

Here arts are vain, e'en magic here must fail,
The powerful mixture and the midnight spell;
The hand that can my captive heart release,
And to this bosom give its wonted peace,
May the long thirst of Tantalus allay,
Or drive the infernal vulture from his prey.
For ills unseen what remedy is found?
Or who can probe the undiscover'd wound?
The bed avails not, nor the leech's care,
Nor changing skies can hurt, nor sultry air.
'Tis hard the elusive symptoms to explore:
To-day the lover walks, to-morrow is no more;
A train of mourning friends attend his pall,
And wonder at the sudden funeral.

When then the fates that breath they gave shall
claim,
And the short marble but preserve a name,
A little verse my all that shall remain;
Thy passing courser's slacken'd speed restrain;
(Thou envied honour of thy poet's days,
Of all our youth the ambition and the praise!)
Then to my quiet urn awhile draw near,
And say, while o'er that place you drop the tear,
Love and the fair were of his youth the pride;
He lived, while she was kind; and when she frown'd,
he died.

April, 1742. Æt. 26.

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TASSO GERUS. LIB.

CANT. XIV. ST. 32.

"Preser commiato, e si 'l desio gli sprona," &c.

DISMISS'D at length, they break through all delay
To tempt the dangers of the doubtful way ;
And first to Ascalon their steps they bend,
Whose walls along the neighbouring sea extend,
Nor yet in prospect rose the distant shore ;
Scarce the hoarse waves from far were heard to roar,
When thwart the road a river roll'd its flood
Tempestuous, and all further course withstood ;
The torrent stream his ancient bounds disdains,
Swollen with new force, and late-descending rains.
Irresolute they stand ; when lo, appears
The wondrous Sage : vigorous he seem'd in years,
Awful his mien, low as his feet there flows
A vestment unadorn'd, though white as new-fall'n
 snows ;
Against the stream the waves secure he trod,
His head a chaplet bore, his hand a rod.

As on the Rhine, when Boreas' fury reigns,
And winter binds the floods in icy chains,
Swift shoots the village-maid in rustic play
Smooth, without step, adown the shining way,
Fearless in long excursion loves to glide,
And sports and wantons o'er the frozen tide.

So moved the Seer, but on no harden'd plain;
The river boil'd beneath, and rush'd toward the main.
Where fix'd in wonder stood the warlike pair,
His course he turn'd, and thus relieved their care:

“Vast, oh my friends, and difficult the toil
To seek your hero in a distant soil!
No common helps, no common guide ye need,
Art it requires, and more than wingèd speed.
What length of sea remains, what various lands,
Oceans unknown, inhospitable sands!
For adverse fate the captive chief has hurl'd
Beyond the confines of our narrow world:
Great things and full of wonder in your ears
I shall unfold; but first dismiss your fears;
Nor doubt with me to tread the downward road
That to the grotto leads, my dark abode.”

Scarce had he said, before the warriors' eyes
When mountain-high the waves parted rise;

The flood on either hand its billows rears,
And in the midst a spacious arch appears.
Their hands he seized, and down the steep he led
Beneath the obedient river's inmost bed ;
The watery glimmerings of a fainter day
Discover'd half, and half conceal'd their way ;
As when athwart the dusky woods by night
The uncertain crescent gleams a sickly light.
Through subterraneous passages they went,
Earth's inmost cells, and caves of deep descent ;
Of many a flood they view'd the secret source,
The birth of rivers rising to their course,
Whate'er with copious train its channel fills,
Floats into lakes, and bubbles into rills ;
The Po was there to see, Danubius' bed,
Euphrates' fount, and Nile's mysterious head.
Further they pass, where ripening minerals flow,
And embryo metals undigested glow,
Sulphureous veins and living silver shine,
Which soon the parent sun's warm powers refine,
In one rich mass unite the precious store,
The parts combine and harden into ore :
Here gems break through the night with glittering beam,
And paint the margin of the costly stream,
All stones of lustre shoot their vivid ray,
And mix attemper'd in a various day ;

Here the soft emerald smiles of verdant hue,
And rubies flame, with sapphire's heavenly blue,
The diamond there attracts the wondrous sight,
Proud of its thousand dyes and luxury of light.

1788. Æt. 22.

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DIDACTIC POEM UNFINISHED:

ENTITLED,

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.

UNDE Animus scire incipiat ; quibus inchoet orsa
Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemosyne : Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium ; et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes,
Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
O decus ! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis !
Si quæ primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
Signare incertâ, tremulâque insistere plantâ.
Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
Ad limen (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)
Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
Pande, Pater ; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis.

Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favonî,
(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despicce carmen,

Nec vatem : non illa leves primordia motus,
Quamvis parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quicquid
Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum ; nec surgit ad auras,
Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secudent.
Hinc variæ vitæ artes, ac mollior usus,
Dulce et amicitæ vinclum : Sapientia dia
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores :
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
Illa etiam, quæ te (mirum) noctesque diesque
Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem
Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes ;
Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.

Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
Sublimes animas ; tenebroso in carcere partem
Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno :
Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
Idcirco innumero ductu tamere undique fibras
Nervorum instituit : tum toto corpore miscens
Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam

Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfluit; assidue externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.
Namque illic posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
Mens animi: hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum:
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.

Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoscit venientûm, ultròque serenat
Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.

Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: amplius ille
Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis,
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellisque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.

~~Necdum etiam matris puer~~ eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacessit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus: tum sævior adstat
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustrà et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis
(Usque vices adeò Natura bonique, malique,
Exæquat, justâque manu sua damna rependit)
Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.

Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque chorus sequitur; motusque decentes.
At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius Angor:
Undique lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.

Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:
Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes;
Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo hûc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.

Altior huic verò sensu, majorque videtur
Addita, Judicioque arcè connexa potestas,
Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.

Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita virtus,
Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostia pulsu
Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset:
Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare .

~~Repperit, Et quicquid discant~~ Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.

At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
Gustus habet, quâ se insinuet jucunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumni Bacchique voluptas.

Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant,
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis horâ
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.

Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arcu
Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud solas: namque intus agit vivata facultas,
Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repenti
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.

Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,

Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt;
Hæ privos servant aditus; sine legibus illæ
Passim, quâ data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.
Respice, cui à cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,
Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras:
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique
Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu:
Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua duplex,
Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.

Undique proporrò sociis, quacunque patescit
Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles visu, et portâ glomerantur in omni.
Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit Illud,
Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circùm

Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.

Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
Exsequar. Imprimis spatii quam multa per æquor
Millia multigenis pendant se corpora seclis,
Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
Amplecti, nedum proprius deprendere sensu,
Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
Ulla nec orarum circumcæsuræ coërcet.
Hæc conjuncta aded totâ compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.

Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles;
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè

Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
Cominûs interdum non ullo interprete per se
Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * *

LIBER QUARTUS.

HACTENUS haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,
Linquis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram !
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem ;
Et languere oculos vidi, et palescere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni !
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles :
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota !

Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!

At Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctûs,
Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, frueri; atque ô si segura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olîm miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanum si fortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus;
Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo; quod possum, juxtâ lugere sepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * * * *

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A FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.

* * * OH FÆsulæ amœna

Frigoribus juga, nec nimium spirantibus auris!
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
Esse dedit, glaucæque suæ canescere sylvæ!
Non ego vos posthæc Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronâ
Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta

THE END.

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