

Oft as I wander through the myrtle grove,
 Bearing the beauteous burden of my love,
 A secret terror, lest I should offend
 The charming maid on whom my joys depend,
 Informs my soul, that virtuous minds alone
 Can give a pleasure to the vile unknown.
 But when the body charming, and the mind
 To every virtuous Christian act inclined,
 Meet in one person, maid and angel join,
 Who must it be, but Hoyland the divine?
 What worth intrinsic will that man possess
 Whom the dear charmer condescends to bless?
 Swift will the minutes roll, the flying hours,
 And blessings overtake the pair by showers;
 Each moment will improve upon the past,
 And every day be better than the last.
 Love means an unadulterated flame,
 Though lust too oft usurps the sacred name—
 Such passion as in Hoyland's breast can move,
 'Tis that alone deserves the name of Love.
 Oh, were my merit great enough to find
 A favoured station in my Hoyland's mind,
 Then would my happiness be quite complete,
 And all revolving joys as in a centre meet.

 TO MISS HOYLAND.

TELL me, god of soft desires.
 Little Cupid, wanton boy,
 How thou kindlest up thy fires,
 Giving pleasing pain and joy?

TO MISS HOYLAND.

Hoyland's beauty is thy bow,
 Striking glances are thy darts :
 Making conquests never slow,
 Ever gaining conquered hearts.

Heaven is seated in her smile,
 Juno's in her portly air ;
 Not Britannia's favourite isle
 Can produce a nymph so fair.

In a desert vast and drear,
 Where disorder springs around,
 If the lovely fair is there,
 'Tis a pleasure-giving ground.

Oh my Hoyland ! blest with thee,
 I'd the raging storm defy :
 In thy smiles I live, am free ;
 When thou frownest I must die.

 TO MISS HOYLAND.

WITH A PRESENT.

A CCEPT, fair nymph, this token of my love,
 Nor look disdainful on the prostrate swain :
 By every sacred oath, I'll constant prove,
 And act as worthy *for* to wear your chain.

Not with more constant ardour shall the sun
 Chase the faint shadows of the night away ;
 Nor shall he on his course more constant run,
 And cheer the universe with coming day,

Than I, in pleasing chains of conquest bound,
Adore the charming author of my smart ;—
For ever will I thy sweet charms resound,
And paint the fair possessor of my heart.

TO MISS CLARKE.

TO sing of Clarke my Muse aspires—
A theme by charms made quite divine ;
Ye tuneful Virgins, sound your lyres ;
Apollo, aid the feeble line.

If truth and virtue, wit and charms,
May for a fixed attention call,
The darts of Love and wounding arms—
The beauteous Clarke shall hold o'er all.

'Tis not the tincture of the skin,
'The rosy lip, the charming eye ;
No, 'tis a greater power within
That bids the passion never die.

These Clarke possesses, and much more—
All beauty in her glances sport ;
She is the goddess all adore
In country, city, and at court.



TO MISS HOYLAND.

COUNT all the flowers that deck the meadow's side,
 When Flora flourishes in new-born pride ;
 Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky ;
 Count all the birds that through the ether fly ;
 Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,
 That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze ;
 Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass ;
 Count all the drops of rain that softly pass
 Through the blue ether or tempestuous roar ;
 Count all the sands upon the breaking shore ;
 Count all the minutes since the world began ;
 Count all the troubles of the life of man ;
 Count all the torments of the d——d in hell—
 More are the beauteous charms that make my nymph
 excel.

A SONG

ADDRESSED TO MISS C——AM, OF BRISTOL.

AS Spring now approaches with all his gay train,
 And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
 Come, then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
 Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
 Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
 Our thoughts and ideas are never refined,
 And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul ;
 The frosts of our judgments may check, not control ;
 In spite of each hindrance, the spring will return,
 And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial by Heaven was design'd
 The only fix'd means of improving the mind ;
 When it beams on the senses, they quickly display
 How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then, come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame
 Which polishes nature, and angels your frame,
 Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast—
 I leave your good-nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flowerets all blossom around,
 Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,
 Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
 Without the least pleasure or rapture for me ?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
 Ah ! what are the beauties, the glories of spring ?
 The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
 And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

 FRAGMENT.

INTEREST, thou universal God of men !
 Wait on the couplet and reprove the pen ;
 If aught unwelcome to thy ears shall rise,
 Hold jails and famine to the poet's eyes ;

Bid satire sheath her sharp avenging steel,
 And lose a number rather than a meal.
 Nay, prithee, honour, do not make us mad,
 When I am hungry something must be had.
 Can honest consciousness of doing right
 Provide a dinner or a bed at night?
 What though Astrea decks my soul in gold,
 My mortal lumber trembles with the cold;
 Then, curs'd tormentor of my peace begone!
 Flattery's a cloak, and I will put it on.

In a low cottage shaking with the wind,
 A door in front, a span of light behind,
 Tervono's lungs their mystic play began,
 And nature in the infant marked the man.
 Six times the youth of morn, the golden sun,
 Through the twelve stages of his course had run,
 Tervono rose, the merchant of the plain,
 His soul was traffic, his Elysium gain;
 The ragged chapman found his word a law,
 And lost in barter every favourite law.
 Through various scenes Tervono still ascends,
 And still is making, still forgetting friends;
 Full of this maxim, often heard in trade,
 Friendship with none but equals should be made.
 His soul is all the merchant. None can find
 The shadow of a virtue in his mind.
 Nor are his vices reason misapplied;
 Mean as his spirit, sneaking as his pride.
 At city dinner or a turtle feast
 As expeditious as a hungry priest,
 No foe to Bacchanalian brutal rites,
 In vile confusion dozing off the nights.
 Tervono would be flattered; shall I then
 In stigmatising satire shake the pen?

Muse, for his brow the laurel wreath prepare,
 Though soon 'twill wither when 'tis planted there.
 Come, Panegyric ; Adulation, haste,
 And sing this wonder of mercantile taste ;
 And whilst his virtue rises in my lines,
 The patron's happy and the poet dines.
 Some, philosophically cased in steel,
 Can neither poverty nor hunger feel ;
 But that is not my case : the Muses know
 What water-gruel stuff from Phoebus flow.
 Then if the rage of satire seize my brain,
 May none but brother poets meet the strain ;
 May bulky aldermen nor vicars rise,
 Hung in terrorem to their brothers' eyes ;
 When lost in trance by Gospel or by law,
 In to their inward room the senses draw ;
 There, as they snore in consultation deep,
 Are by the vulgar reckoned fast asleep.

 AN ELEGY

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF WILLIAM BECKFORD,
 ESQ., LATE LORD MAYOR OF AND REPRESENTATIVE
 IN PARLIAMENT FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.

I.

WEEP on, ye Britons ! give your general Tear ;
 But hence, ye venal—hence each titled Slave !
 An honest pang should wait on Beckford's Bier,
 And patriot Anguish mark the Patriot's Grave.

AN ELEGY.

II.

When like the Roman to his Field retired,
 'Twas you (surrounded by unnumbered Foes)
 Who called him forth, his Services required,
 And took from Age the Blessing of Repose.

III.

With soul impelled by Virtue's sacred Flame,
 To stem the Torrent of corruption's Tide,
 He came, heaven-fraught with Liberty! he came,
 And nobly in his Country's Service died.

IV.

In the last awful, the departing Hour,
 When life's poor Lamp more faint and fainter grew;
 As Memory feebly exercised her power,
 He only felt for Liberty and you.

V.

He viewed Death's Arrow with a Christian Eye,
 With firmness only to a Christian known;
 And nobly gave your Miseries that sigh
 With which he never gratified his own.

VI.

Thou breathing Sculpture, celebrate his fame,
 And give his Laurel everlasting Bloom;
 Record his worth while Gratitude has name,
 And teach succeeding ages from his Tomb.

VII.

The Sword of Justice cautiously he swayed,
 His hand for ever held the balance right;

Each venial Fault with Pity he surveyed,
But MURDER found no MERCY in his sight.

VIII.

He knew, when flatterers besiege a Throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a Monarch's ear ;
Knew, IF OPPRESSED A LOYAL PEOPLE GROAN,
'Tis not the COURTIER'S Interest HE SHOULD HEAR.

IX.

Hence, honest to his Prince, his manly Tongue
The PUBLIC WRONG and LOYALTY conveyed,
While TITLED TREMBLERS, every Nerve unstrung,
Looked all around, confounded and dismayed ;

X.

Looked all around, astonished to behold
(Trained up to Flattery from their early Youth)
An ARTLESS, FEARLESS Citizen unfold
To ROYAL Ears a MORTIFYING Truth.

XI.

Titles to him no pleasures could impart,
No bribes his rigid Virtue could controul ;
The Star could never gain upon his Heart,
Nor turn the tide of Honour in his soul.

XII.

For this his Name our History shall adorn,
Shall soar on Fame's wide pinions all sublime,
Till Heaven's own bright and never-dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of Time.

XIII.

Far other Fate the Venal Crew shall find,
 Who sigh for pomp, or languish after strings ;
 And sell their native probity of mind,
 For Bribes from Statesmen, or for Smiles from Kings.

XIV.

And here a long inglorious list of names
 On my disturb'd Imagination crowd ;
 " O ! let them perish " (loud the muse exclaims),
 " Consign'd for ever to oblivion's cloud.

XV.

" White be the page that celebrates his Fame,
 Nor let one mark of infamy appear ;
 Let not the Villain's mingle with his name,
 Let Indignation stop the swelling Tear.

XVI.

" The swelling Tear should plenteous descend,
 The deluged Eye should give the Heart relief ;
 Humanity should melt for nature's Friend,
 In all the richest luxury of Grief."

XVII.

He, as a Planet with unceasing Ray,
 Is seen in one unvaried course to move,
 Through Life pursued, but one illustrious Way,
 And all his orbit was his Country's Love.

XVIII.

But he is gone !—And now, alas ! no more
 His generous Hand neglected Worth redeems

No more around his mansion shall the Poor
Bask in his warm, his charitable Beams.

XIX.

No more his grateful countrymen shall hear
His manly voice, in martyr'd freedom's cause ;
No more the courtly sycophant shall fear
His poignant Lash for violated Laws.

XX.

Yet say, STERN VIRTUE, who'd not wish to die
Thus greatly struggling, a whole land to save ?
Who would not wish, with ardour wish to lie,
With *Beckford's* Honour, in a *Beckford's* Grave ?

XXI.

Not Honour, such as Princes can bestow,
Whose breath a Reptile to a Lord can raise ;
But far the brightest honour here below,
A grateful nation's unabating praise.

XXII.

But see ! where LIBERTY, on yonder strand,
Where the cliff rises, and the billows roar,
Already takes her melancholy stand,
To wing her passage to some happier shore.

XXIII.

Stay, Goddess ! stay, nor leave this once bless'd Isle,
So many ages thy peculiar care ;
O stay ! and cheer us ever with thy smile,
Lest quick we sink in terrible despair.

XXIV.

And lo ! she listens to the Muse's call ;
 She comes, once more, to cheer a wretched Land ;
 Thou, TYRANNY, shall tremble to thy fall !
 To hear her high, her absolute command :—

XXV.

“ Let not, my sons, the laws your fathers bought,
 With such rich oceans of undaunted Blood,
 By TRAITORS, thus be basely set at nought,
 While at your Hearts you feel the purple flood.

XXVI.

“ Unite in firm, in honourable Bands ;
 Break every Link of Slavery's hateful chain :
 Nor let your children, at their fathers' Hands,
 Demand their birthright, and demand in vain.

XXVII.

“ Where'er the murderers of their country Hide ;
 Whatever dignities their names adorn ;
 It is your Duty—let it be your pride,
 To drag them forth to universal scorn.

XXVIII.

“ So shall your loved, your venerated name,
 O'er Earth's vast convex gloriously expand ;
 So shall your still accumulating fame,
 In one bright story with your *Beckford* stand.”

TO MR. HOLLAND.*

WHAT numbers, Holland, can the Muses find,
 To sing thy merit in each varied part,
 When action, eloquence, and ease combined,
 Make Nature but a copy of thy art?

Majestic as the eagle on the wing,
 Or the young sky-helmed, mountain-rooted tree;
 Pleasing as meadows blushing with the spring,
 Loud as the surges of the Severn sea.

In Terror's strain, as clanging armies drear;
 In Love, as Jove, too great for mortal praise;
 In Pity, gentle as the falling tear;
 In all, superior to my feeble lays.

Black Anger's sudden rise, ecstatic Pain;
 Tormenting Jealousy's self-cankering sting;
 Consuming Envy, with her yelling train;
 Fraud, closely shrouded with the turtle's wing:

Whatever passions gall the human breast,
 Play in thy features and await thy nod:
 In thee, by art, the demon stands confessed,
 But Nature on thy soul has stamped the god.

So just thy action with thy part agrees,
 Each feature does the office of the tongue;
 Such is thy native elegance and ease,
 By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

* An actor of some celebrity in Chatterton's time.

At thy feigned woe we're really distressed ;
 At thy feigned tears we let the real fall ;
 By every judge of Nature 'tis confessed,
 No single part is thine ; thou'rt all in all.

EPISTLE TO THE REV. MR. CATCOTT.

[20th December 1769.

Mr. Catcott will be pleased to observe that I admire many things in his learned remarks. This poem is an innocent effort of poetical vengeance, as Mr. Catcott has done me the honour to criticise my trifles. I have taken great poetical liberties, and what I dislike in verse possibly deserves my approbation in the plain prose of truth. The many admirers of Mr. Catcott may, on perusal of this, rank me as an enemy ; but I am indifferent in all things. I value neither the praise nor the censure of the multitude.]

WHAT strange infatuations rule mankind !
 How narrow are our prospects, how confined !
 With universal vanity possessed,
 We fondly think our own ideas best ;
 Our tottering arguments are ever strong ;
 We're always self-sufficient in the wrong.
 What philosophic sage of pride austere
 Can lend conviction an attentive ear ?
 What pattern of humility and truth
 Can bear the jeering ridicule of youth ?
 What blushing author ever ranked his muse
 With Fowler's, poet-laureate of the stews ?
 Dull Penny, nodding o'er his wooden lyre,
 Conceits the vapours of Geneva fire.
 All in the language of apostles cry,
 If angels contradict me, angels lie ;

As all have intervals of ease and pain,
So all have intervals of being vain :
But some of folly never shift the scene,
Or let one lucid moment intervene ;
Dull single acts of many-footed Prose
Their tragi-comedies of life compose ;
Incessant madding for a system toy,
The greatest of creation's blessings cloy ;
Their senses dozing a continual dream,
They hang enraptured o'er the hideous scheme.
So virgins tottering into ripe three score,
Their greatest likeness in baboons adore.

When you advance new systems, first unfold
The various imperfections of the old ;
Prove nature hitherto a gloomy night,
You the first focus of primeval light.
'Tis not enough you think your system true,
The busy world would have you prove it, too ;
Then, rising on the ruins of the rest,
Plainly demonstrate your ideas best.
Many are best ; one only can be right,
Though all had inspiration to indite.
Some this unwelcome truth perhaps would tell,
Where Clogher stumbled, Catcott fairly fell,
Writers on rolls of science long renowned
In one fell page are tumbled to the ground.
We see their systems unconfuted still ;
But Catcott can confute them—if he will.
Would you the honour of a priest mistrust,
An excommunication proves him just.

If God made order, order never made
These nice distinctions in the preaching trade.

The servants of the devil are revered,
 And bishops pull the fathers by the beard.
 Yet in these horrid forms salvation lives,
 These are religion's representatives ;
 Yet to these idols must we bow the knee,
 Excuse me, Broughton, when I bow to thee.
 But sure religion can produce at least
 One minister of God—one honest priest.

Search nature o'er, procure me, if you can,
 The fancied character, an honest man.
 (A man of sense, not honest by constraint,
 For fools are canvass, living but in paint.)
 To Mammon or to Superstition, slaves,
 All orders of mankind are fools, or knaves ;
 In the first attribute by none surpassed,
 Taylor endeavours to obtain the last.

Imagination may be too confined ;
 Few see too far ; how many are half blind !
 How are our feeble arguments perplexed
 To find out meaning in a senseless text !
 You rack each metaphor upon the wheel,
 And words can philosophic truths conceal.
 What Paracelsus humoured as a jest,
 You realise to prove your system best.
 Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,
 Your zeal for Scripture hath devoured your sense ?
 Apply the glass of reason to your sight,
 See Nature marshal oozy atoms right ;
 Think for yourself, for all mankind are free ;
 We need not inspiration how to see.
 If Scripture contradictory you find,
 Be orthodox, and own your senses blind.

How blinded are their optics, who aver,
What inspiration dictates cannot err.
Whence is this boasted inspiration sent,
Which makes us utter truths we never meant ?
Which couches systems in a single word,
At once depraved, abstruse, sublime, absurd.
What Moses tells us might perhaps be true,
As he was learned in all the Egyptians knew.

But to assert that inspiration's given,
The copy of philosophy in Heaven,
Strikes at religion's root, and fairly fells
The awful terrors of ten thousand hells.
Attentive search the Scriptures, and you'll find
What vulgar errors are with truth combined.
Your tortured truths, which Moses seemed to know,
He could not unto inspiration owe ;
But if from God one error you admit,
How dubious is the rest of Holy Writ !

What knotty difficulties fancy solves !
The heavens irradiate, and the earth revolves ;
But here imagination is allowed
To clear this voucher from its mantling cloud ;
From the same word we different meanings quote,
As David wears a many-coloured coat.
Oh Inspiration, ever hid in night,
Reflecting various each adjacent light !
If Moses caught thee in the parted flood ;
If David found thee in a sea of blood ;
If Mahomet with slaughter drenched thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off thy spoil ;
If thou hast favoured Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say had not Broughton inspiration too ?

Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.

Confute with candour, where you can confute,
Reason and arrogance but poorly suit.
Yourself may fall before some abler pen,
Infallibility is not for men.
With modest diffidence new schemes indite,
Be not too positive, though in the right.
What man of sense would value vulgar praise,
Or rise on Penny's prose, or duller lays?
Though pointed fingers mark the man of fame,
And literary grocers chaunt your name;
Though in each tailor's book-case Catcott shines,
With ornamental flowers and gilded lines;

Though youthful ladies who by instinct scan
The natural philosophy of man,
Can every reason of your work repeat,
As sands in Africa retain the heat.
Yet check your flowing pride; will all allow
To wreath the laboured laurel round your brow?
Some may with seeming arguments dispense,
Tickling your vanity to wound your sense;
But Clayfield censures, and demonstrates too,
Your theory is certainly untrue;
On reason and Newtonian rules he proves
How distant your machine from either moves.
But my objections may be reckoned weak,
As nothing but my mother tongue I speak;
Else would I ask: by what immortal power
All nature was dissolved as in an hour?
How, when the earth acquired a solid state,
And rising mountains saw the waves abate,

Each particle of matter sought its kind,
All in a strata regular combined ?
When instantaneously the liquid heap
Hardened to rocks the barriers of the deep,
Why did not earth unite a stony mass,
Since stony filaments through all must pass ?
If on the wings of air the planets run,
Why are they not impelled into the sun ?
Philosophy, nay common sense, will prove
All passives with their active agents move.
If the diurnal motion of the air
Revolves the planets in their destined sphere ;
How are the secondary orbs impelled ?
How are the moons from falling headlong held ?

'Twas the Eternal's fiat, you reply ;
And who will give Eternity the lie ?
I own the awful truth, that God made all,
And by His fiat worlds and systems fall.
But study Nature ; not an atom there
Will unassisted by her powers appear.
The fiat, without agents, is, at best,
For priestcraft or for ignorance a vest.
Some fancy God is what we Nature call,
Being itself material, all in all.
The fragments of the Deity we own,
Is vulgarly as various matter known.
No agents could assist creation's birth.
We trample on our God, for God is earth :
'Tis past the power of language to confute
This latitudinary attribute.

How lofty must imagination soar,
To reach absurdities unknown before !

Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast brought
 From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.
 Restrain, O muse, thy unaccomplished lines,
 Fling not thy saucy satire at divines ;
 This single truth thy brother bards must tell ;
 Thou hast one excellence, of railing well.
 But disputations are befitting those
 Who settle Hebrew points, and scold in prose.

O Learning, where are all thy fancied joys,
 Thy empty pleasures and thy solemn toys ?
 Proud of thy own importance, though we see
 We've little reason to be proud of thee ;
 Thou putrid foetus of a barren brain,
 Thou offspring illegitimate of Pain.
 Tell me, sententious mortals, tell me whence
 You claim the preference to men of sense !
 [Burgum] wants learning ; see the lettered throng
 Banter his English in a Latin song.
 Oxonian sages hesitate to speak
 Their native language, but declaim in Greek.
 If in his jests a discord should appear,
 A dull lampoon is innocently clear.
 Ye classic dunces, self-sufficient fools,
 Is this the boasted justice of your schools ?
 [Burgum] has parts ; parts which would set aside
 The laboured acquisitions of your pride ;
 Uncultivated now his genius lies,
 Instruction sees his latent beauties rise ;
 His gold is bullion, yours debased with brass,
 Impressed with folly's head to make it pass.

But [Burgum] swears so loud, so indiscreet,
 His thunders rattle through the listening street ;

Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear ;
Observe his virtues ; calumny must own
A noble soul is in his actions shown ;
Though dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a [Burgum] than a saint.
Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,
The muse will go where merit leads the way ;
The owls of learning may admire the night,
But [Burgum] shines with reason's glowing light.

Still admonition presses to my pen,
The infant muse would give advice to men.
But what avails it, since the man I blame
Owns no superior in the paths of fame ?
In springs, in mountains, stratas, mines, and rocks,
Catcott is every notion orthodox.
If to think otherwise you claim pretence,
You're a detested heretic in sense.
But O ! how lofty your ideas roar,
In showing wond'ring cits the fossil store.
The ladies are quite ravished, as he tells
The short adventures of the pretty shells ;
Miss Biddy sickens to indulge her touch,
Madam, more prudent, thinks 'twould seem too
much ;
The doors fly open, instantly he draws
The sparry lood, and—wonders of applause ;
The full dressed lady sees with envying eye
The sparkle of her diamond pendants die ;
Sage natural philosophers adore
The fossil whimseys of the numerous store.
But see ! the purple stream begins to play,
To show how fountains climb the hilly way.

ELEGY.

Hark, what a murmur echoes through the throng,
 Gods ! that the pretty trifle should be wrong !
 Experience in the voice of reason tells
 Above its surface water never swells.

Where is the priestly soul of Catcott now ?
 See what a triumph sits upon his brow !
 And can the poor applause of things like these,
 Whose souls and sentiments are all disease,
 Raise little triumphs in a man like you,
 Catcott, the foremost of the judging few ?
 So at Llewelin's your great brother sits,
 The laughter of his tributary wits ;
 Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,
 Empties his pint and sputters his decrees.

 ELEGY.

HASTE, haste ! ye solemn messengers of night,
 Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain ;
 But, ah ! my torments still survive the light,
 The changing seasons alter not my pain.

Ye variegated children of the spring ;
 Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew ;
 Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing ;
 Ye flowery meadows, lawns of verdant hue ;

Faint are your colours, harsh your love-notes thrill ;
 To me no pleasure Nature now can yield—
 Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
 The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams,
Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds,
Ascend the bright-crowned sun's far-shining beams,
To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head ;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine ;
Ye toads, your venom in my footpath spread ;
Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year,
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise ;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear ;
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day ;
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar—
In plaintive numbers through the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride ;
Ye softly tinkling rivulets, cease to flow,
Or, swelled with certain death and poison, glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Through the black mantles take your slow-paced flight ;
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye snow-crowned mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head ;
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—Lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

ELEGY.

WHY blooms the radiance of the morning sky?
 Why spring the beauties of the season round?
 Why buds the blossom with the glossy dye?
 Ah! why does nature beautify the ground?
 Whilst, softly floating on the zephyr's wing,
 The melting accents of the thrushes rise,
 And all the heavenly music of the spring
 Steal on the sense and harmonise the skies.
 When the rack'd soul is not attuned to joy,
 When sorrow an eternal monarch reigns,
 In vain the choristers their powers employ—
 'Tis hateful music and discordant strains.
 The velvet mantle of the skirted mead,
 The rich varieties of Flora's pride,
 Till the full bosom is from trouble freed,
 Disgusts the eye and bids the big tear glide.
 Once, ere the gold-hair'd sun shot the new ray
 Through the grey twilight of the dubious morn,
 To woodlands, lawn, and hills, I took my way
 And listen'd to the echoes of the horn;
 Dwelt on the prospect, sought the varied view,
 Traced the meanders of the bubbling stream,
 From joy to joy uninterrupted flew,
 And thought existence but a fairy dream.
 Now through the gloomy cloister's lengthening way,
 Through all the terror superstition frames,
 I lose the minutes of the lingering day,
 And view the night light up her pointed flames.

I dare the danger of the mouldering wall,
 Nor heed the arch that totters o'er my head :
 O quickly may the friendly ruin fall,
 Release me of my love, and strike me dead.

M—— ! cruel, sweet, inexorable fair,
 Oh must I unregarded seek the grave ?
 Must I from all my bosom holds repair,
 When one indulgent smile from thee would save ?

Let mercy plead my cause ; and think, oh think !
 A love like mine but ill deserves thy hate :
 Remember I am tottering on the brink ;
 Thy smile or censure seals my final fate.

 CLIFTON.

CLIFTON, sweet village ! now demands the lay,
 The loved retreat of all the rich and gay ;
 The darling spot which pining maidens seek,
 To give health's roses to the pallid cheek.
 Warm from its fount the holy water pours,
 And lures the sick to Clifton's neighbouring bowers ;
 Let bright Hygeia her glad reign resume,
 And o'er each sickly form renew her bloom.
 Me, whom no fell disease this hour compels
 To visit Bristol's celebrated wells,
 Far other motives prompt my eager view :
 My heart can here its favourite bent pursue ;
 Here can I gaze, and pause, and muse between,
 And draw some moral truth from every scene.
 Yon dusty rocks, that from the stream arise

In rude rough grandeur, threat the distant skies,
 Seem as if nature, in a painful throe,
 With dire convulsions labouring to and fro
 (To give the boiling waves a ready vent),
 At one dread stroke the solid mountain rent ;
 The huge cleft rocks transmit to distant fame
 The sacred gilding of a good saint's name.
 Now round the varied scene attention turns
 Her ready eye—my soul with ardour burns ;
 For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,
 Where cenotaph its mournful story tells—
 How Briton's heroes, true to honour's laws,
 Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cause,
 But though in distant fields your limbs are laid,
 In fame's long list your glories ne'er will fade ;
 But, blooming still beyond the gripe of death,
 Fear not the blast of time's inclouding breath.
 Your generous leader raised this stone, to say
 You followed still where honour led the way ;
 And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
 Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.
 Now Brandon's cliffs my wandering gazes meet,
 Whose craggy surface mocks the lingering feet ;
 Queen Bess's gift (so ancient legends say)
 To Bristol's fair ; where to the sun's warm ray
 On the rough bush the linen white they spread,
 Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.

Here as I musing take my pensive stand,
 Whilst evening shadows lengthen o'er the land,
 O'er the wide landscape cast the circling eye,
 How ardent memory prompts the fervid sigh !
 O'er the historic page my fancy runs,
 Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant sons :

Yon castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dyed with Danish blood.
Then of its later fate a view I take :
Here the sad monarch lost his hope's last stake,
When Rupert bold, of well-achieved renown,
Stain'd all the fame his former prowess won.
But for its ancient use no more employed,
Its walls all mouldered and its gates destroyed.
In history's roll it still a shade retains,
Though of the fortress scarce a stone remains,
Eager at length I strain each aching limb,
And breathless now the mountain's summit climb :
Here does attention her fixed gaze renew,
And of the city takes a nearer view.
The yellow Avon, creeping at my side,
In sullen billows rolls a muddy tide ;
No sportive Naiads on her streams are seen,
No cheerful pastimes deck the gloomy scene ;
Fix'd in a stupor by the cheerless plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain ;
For though her waves, by commerce richly bless'd,
Roll to her shores the treasures of the West,
Though her broad banks trade's busy aspect wears
She seems unconscious of the wealth she bears.
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wanders Jacob's ever-murmuring rill,
That, pouring forth a never-failing stream,
To the dim eye restores the steady beam.
Here, too (alas ! though tottering now with age),
Stands our deserted, solitary stage,
Where oft our Powel, Nature's genuine son,
With tragic tones the fixed attention won :
Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly—
Fierce as the blast that tears the northern sky ;

Like snows that trickle down hot *Ætna's* steep,
 His passion melts the soul, and makes us weep:
 But oh, how soft his tender accents move!
 Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—
 Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of spring,
 Dropping a lucid tear on zephyr's wing.
 O'er Shakespeare's varied scenes he wandered wide:
 In Macbeth's form all human power defied;
 In shapeless Richard's dark and fierce disguise,
 In dreams he saw the murdered train arise;
 Then what convulsions shook his trembling breast,
 And strewed with pointed thorns his bed of rest!
 But fate has snatched thee—early was thy doom:
 How soon enclosed within the silent tomb!
 No more our raptured eyes shall meet thy form,
 No more thy melting tones our bosoms warm;
 Without thy powerful aid, the languid stage
 No more can please at once and mend the age.
 Yes, thou art gone! and thy beloved remains
 Yon sacred old cathedral wall contains;
 There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,
 And solemn organs swell the mournful peal;
 Whilst hallowed dirges fill the holy shrine—
 Deservèd tribute to such worth as thine.
 No more at Clifton's scenes my strains o'erflow,
 For the Muse, drooping at this tale of woe,
 Slackens the strings of her enamoured lyre—
 The flood of gushing grief puts out her fire:
 Else would she sing the deeds of other times,
 Of saints and heroes sung in monkish rhymes;
 Else would her soaring fancy burn to stray,
 And through the cloistered aisle would take her way,
 Where sleep (ah! mingling with the common dust)
 The sacred bodies of the brave and just.

But vain the attempt to scan that holy lore,
 These softening sighs forbid the Muse to soar,
 So, treading back the steps I just now trod,
 Mournful and sad I seek my lone abode.

THE ROMANCE OF THE KNIGHT.*

THE pleasing sweets of spring and summer past,
 The falling leaf flies in the sultry blast,
 The fields resign their spangling orbs of gold,
 The wrinkled grass its silver joys unfold,
 Mantling the spreading moor in heavenly white,
 Meeting from every hill the ravished sight ;
 The yellow flag uprears its spotted head,
 Hanging regardant o'er its watery bed.
 The worthy knight ascends his foaming steed,
 Of size uncommon, and no common breed ;
 His sword of giant make hangs from his belt,
 Whose piercing edge his daring foes had felt.
 To seek for glory and renown he goes,
 To scatter death among his trembling foes :
 Unnerved by fear, they trembled at his stroke ;
 So cutting blasts shake the tall mountain oak.

Down in a dark and solitary vale,
 Where the curst screech-owl sings her fatal tale,
 Where copse and brambles interwoven lie,
 Where trees entwining arch the azure sky,
 Thither the fate-marked champion bent his way,
 By purling streams to lose the heat of day.

* Modernised by Chatterton.

A sudden cry assaults his listening ear—
 His soul's too noble to admit of fear.
 The cry re-echoes ; with his bounding steed
 He gropes the way from whence the cries proceed.
 The arching trees above obscured the light,
 Here 'twas all evening, there eternal night.

And now the rustling leaves and strengthened cry,
 Bespeaks the cause of the confusion nigh ;
 Through the thick brake the astonished champion sees
 A weeping damsel bending on her knees :
 A ruffian knight would force her to the ground,
 But still some small resisting strength she found.

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The champion thus—"Desist, discourteous knight,
 Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy might ?"
 With eye contemptuous thus the knight replies—
 "Begone ! whoever dares my fury dies."
 Down to the ground the champion's gauntlet flew—
 "I dare thy fury, and I'll prove it too."

Like two fierce mountain boars enraged they fly.
 The prancing steeds make echo rend the sky.
 Like a fierce tempest is the bloody fight ;
 Dead from his lofty steed falls the proud ruffian knight.
 The victor, sadly pleased, accosts the dame—
 "I will convey you hence to whence you came."
 With look of gratitude the fair replied—
 "Content, I in your virtue may confide."
 But, said the fair, as mournful she surveyed,
 The breathless corse upon the meadow laid,
 "May all thy sins from Heaven forgiveness find
 May not thy body's crimes affect thy mind !"

FRAGMENT.

FAR from the reach of critics and reviews,
 Brush up thy pinions and ascend, my Muse !
 Of conversation sing an ample theme,
 And drink the tea of Heliconian stream.
 Hail, matchless linguist ! prating Delia, hail !
 When scandal's best materials, hackneyed, fail,
 Thy quick invention lends a quick supply,
 And all thy talk is one continued lie.
 Know, thou eternal babbler, that my song
 Could show a line as venom'd as thy tongue.
 In pity to thy sex I cease to write
 Of London journeys and the marriage-night.
 The conversation with which taverns ring
 Descends below my satire's soaring sting.
 Upon his elbow-throne great Maro sits,
 Revered at Forster's by the would-be wits ;
 Deliberately the studied jest he breaks,
 And long and loud the polished table shakes ;
 Retail'd in every brothel-house in town,
 Each dancing booby vends it as his own.
 Upon the empty jelly-glass reclined,
 The laughing Maro gathers up his wind ;
 The tail-bud 'prentice rubs his hands and grins,
 Ready to laugh before the tale begins :
 To talk of freedom, politics, and Bute,
 And knotty arguments in law confute,
 I leave to blockheads, for such things designed ;
 Be it my task divine to ease the mind.

"To-morrow," says a Church-of-England priest,
 "Is of good St. Epiphany the feast.

It nothing matters whether he or she,
 But be all servants from their labour free."
 The laugh begins with Maro, and goes round,
 And the dry jest is very witty found ;
 In every corner of the room are seen
 Round altars, covered with eternal green,
 Piled high with offerings to the Goddess Fame,
 Which mortals, chronicles, and journals name ;
 Where, in strange jumble, flesh and spirit lie,
 And illustration sees a jest-book nigh :
 Anti-venereal medicine cheek-by-jowl
 With Whitfield's famous physic for the soul ;
 The patriot Wilkes's ever-famed essay,
 With Bute and justice in the self-same lay :
 Which of the two deserved (ye casuists tell)
 The conflagrations of a hangman's hell ?

The clock strikes eight ; the taper dully shines ;
 Farewell, my Muse, nor think of further lines :
 Nine leaves, and in two hours, or something odd,
 Shut up the book—it is enough, by G—d !

Sage Gloster's bishop sits supine between
 His fiery floggers and a cure for spleen ;
 The son of flame, enthusiastic Law,
 Displays his bigot blade and thunders raw,
 Unconscious of his neighbours, some vile plays,
 Directing-posts to Beelzebub's highways ;
 Fools are philosophers in Jones's line,
 And bound in gold and scarlet, Dodsleys shine ;
 These are the various offerings Fame requires,
 For ever rising to her shrines in spires ;
 Hence all Avaro's politics are drained,
 And Evelina's general scandal's gained.

Where Satan's temple rears its lofty head,
And muddy torrents wash their shrinking bed ;
Where the stupendous sons of commerce meet,
Sometimes to scold, indeed, but oft to eat ;
Where frugal Cambria all her poultry gives,
And where the insatiate Messalina lives,
A mighty fabric opens to the sight,
With four large columns, five large windows dight ;
With four small portals—'tis with much ado
A common-council lady can pass through :
Here HARE first teaches supple limbs to bend,
And faults of nature never fails to mend.

Here conversation takes a nobler flight,
For nature leads the theme, and all is right ;
The little god of love improves discourse.
And sage discretion finds his thunder hoarse.
About the flame the gilded trifles play,
Till, lost in forge unknown, they melt away ;
And, cherishing the passion in the mind,
There each idea's brighten'd and refined.

Ye painted guardians of the lovely fair,
Who spread the saffron bloom and tinge the hair ;
Whose deep invention first found out the art
Of making rapture glow in every part,
Of wounding by each varied attitude—
Sure 'twas a thought divinity endued !



ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PHILLIPS.

ASSIST me, powers of Heaven ! what do I hear ?
 Surprise and horror check the burning tear.
 Is Phillips dead, and is my friend no more ?
 Gone like the sand divested from the shore !
 And is he gone ? Can then the Nine refuse
 To sing with gratitude a favoured Muse.

ELEGY.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
 No more the wonders of the view I sing ;
 Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
 At her command the awful lyre I string !

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
 Where tempests howl and blasts eternal rise,
 How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
 Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes ?

Phillips ! great master of the boundless lyre,
 Thee would my soul-racked Muse attempt to paint ;
 Give me a double portion of thy fire,
 Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,
 Say, meek-eyed spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,
 Which, when the silver stream was locked with ice,
 Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell ?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew
 The thickening shade upon the vivid green,

Thou, lost in transport at the dying view
Bid'st the ascending Muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn, wreathed in ripened corn,
From purple clusters pressed the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls ;
The gurgling rivulet to the valley hies,
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay ;
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
And every image of his Muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star,
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,
So seemed the forest glimmering from afar ;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flowery pride
Next claimed the honour of his nervous song ;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale, rugged Winter, bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropped with icy dew ;
His eyes a dusky light, congealed and dead,
His robe a tinge of bright ethereal blue ;

His train a motleyed, sanguine, sable cloud—
 He limps along the russet, dreary moor,
 Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
 Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee ;
 Pleasures he has, though horridly deformed ;
 The polished lake, the silvered hill we see,
 Is by thy genius fired, preserved, and warmed.

The rough October has his pleasures too ;
 But I'm insensible to every joy ;
 Farewell the laurel ! now I grasp the yew,
 And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-loved friend !
 Clothed in thy native virtue, meet my soul,
 When on the fatal bed my passions bend,
 And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
 Thy mind was honour and thy soul divine ;
 With thee did every god of genius dwell,
 Thou wast the Helicon of all the Nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest
 Was ever changing to a different hue ;
 Her head, with varied bays and flowerets dressed,
 Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew—

With dancing attitude she swept thy string ;
 And now she soars, and now again descends ;
 And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,
 Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, decked in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume ;
The rosy veil of harmony and love
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temperance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscled strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every frugal feast preside.

Black Melancholy, stealing to the shade,
With raging madness, frantic, loud, and dire,
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles on every frown of fate,
Wreathed thy pacific brow and soothed thy ill :
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy Muse laid every trouble still.

But see ! the sickening lamp of day retires,
And the meek evening shakes the dusky grey ;
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips ! dies away.

Here, stretched upon this heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew, the yellows hawthorns bow ;
The rustic whistles through the echoing cave ;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the full Avon lifts the darkened wave.

Now, as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thickening gloom.
Ah ! could I charm by necromantic spells
The soul of Phillips from the deathly tomb,

Then would we wander through this darkened vale,
In converse such as heavenly spirits use ;
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,
Hymn the Creator and exert the Muse.

But, horror to reflection ! now no more
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain,
When, doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See, see ! the pitchy vapour hides the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where, into a blasted oak withdrawn,
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now rest, my Muse ; but only rest to weep
A friend made dear by every sacred tie.
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep :
Phillips is dead—'tis pleasure, then, to die.

Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,
Short were the moments of his transient peace ;
But melancholy robbed him of those few.
And this hath bid all future comfort cease.

And can the Muse be silent, Phillips gone ?
 And am I still alive ? My soul, arise !
 The robe of immortality put on,
 And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

TO THE READER.

Observe, in favour of a hobbling strain,
 Neat as exported from the parent brain,
 And each and every couplet I have penned,
 But little laboured, and I never mend.

SENTIMENT.

SINCE we can die but once, what matters it,
 If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,
 Slow wasting sickness, or the sudden burst
 Of valve arterial in the noble parts,
 Curtail the miseries of human life ?
 Though varied is the cause, the effect's the same ;
 All to one common dissolution tends.

ON MR. ALCOCK OF BRISTOL,

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

YE Nine, awake the chorded shell,
 Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell
 In truth-dictated lays :
 On wings of genius take thy flight,
 O Muse ! above the Olympic height,
 Make Echo sing his praise.

Nature, in all her glory dressed,
Her flowery crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone ethereal blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand ;
The eye surveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
And bid the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind ;
So taking are his men displayed,
That oft the unguarded wounded maid
Hath wished the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature show,
The silver fountains seem to flow,
The hoary woods to nod ;
The curling hair, the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools
With Alcock's pencil vie ?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice-happy artist, rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving showers,
Thy beauteous works to view :
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of Fame,
And own the seat thy due.

ELEGY.

J OYLESS I seek the solitary shade
Where dusky Contemplation veils the scene,
The dark retreat, of leafless branches made,
Where sickening Sorrow wets the yellowed green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
Where erst the sons of Superstition trod,
Tottering upon the mossy meadow, tell
We better know, but less adore our God.

Now as I mournful tread the gloomy nave,
Through the wide window (once with mysteries dight)
The distant forest, and the darkened wave
Of the swoln Avon ravishes my sight.

But see the thickening veil of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a sable blue,
The rapturing prospects fly the lessening lawn,
And Nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-frighted Fear creeps silent through the gloom,
Starts at the rustling leaf, and rolls his eyes ;
Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell, he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare ;
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale—
Where'er I wander, sorrow still is there.

TO MISS BUSH OF BRISTOL.

BEFORE I seek the dreary shore
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along,
To you I urge the plaintive strain,
And though a lover sings in vain,
Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid sneers ;
With assiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the sun
Does his hot course of glory run,
And parches up the ground ;
Where o'er the burning, cleaving plains,
A long eternal dog-star reigns,
And splendour flames around :

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenser than my mind,
Which burns a constant flame :
There will I lose thy heavenly form,
Nor shall remembrance, raptured warm,
Draw shadows of thy frame.

In the rough element, the sea,
I'll drown the softer subject, thee,
And sink each lovely charm :

No more my bosom shall be torn,
 No more, by wild ideas borne,
 I'll cherish the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
 Soon would my feeble purpose find
 Thy sway within my breast:
 But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,
 Spite of the dear delight, I'll go,
 Forget her, and be blest.

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 5.

WHAT gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
 With sweets perfumed now courts thee to the
 bower,

Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
 To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour?

By zephyrs waved, why does thy loose hair sweep
 In simple curls around thy polished brow?
 The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep
 Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.

Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes
 As the smooth surface of the untroubled stream;
 Yet, ah! too soon the ecstatic vision flies—
 Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth! oh, shun the warm embrace,
 Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile!

Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

Thank heaven, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main!

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 19.

YES! I am caught: my melting soul
To Venus bends without control—
I pour the impassioned sigh.
Ye gods! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love
That beams from Stella's eye!

Oh how divinely fair that face!
And what a sweet resistless grace
On every feature dwells!
And on those features all the while
The softness of each frequent smile
Her sweet good-nature tells.

O Love! I'm thine—no more I sing
Heroic deeds—the sounding string
Forgets its wonted strain;
For aught but love the lyre's unstrung;
Love melts and trembles on my tongue,
And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
The green-sod altar let us rise,
Let holy incense smoke:

And if we pour the sparkling wine,
Sweet, gentle peace may still be mine,
This dreadful chain be broke !

A BACCHANALIAN.

WHAT is war and all its joys ?
Useless mischief, empty noise.
What are arms and trophies won ?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine,
Happiness is only thine !

What is love without the bowl ?
'Tis a languor of the soul :
Crowned with ivy, Venus charms ;
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus, give me love and wine,
Happiness is only thine !

THE INVITATION.

A WAY to the woodlands, away !
The shepherds are forming a ring,
To dance to the honour of May,
And welcome the pleasures of Spring.
And shepherdess labours a grace,
And shines in her Sunday's array,
And bears in the bloom of her face
The charms and the beauties of May.

A BACCHANALIAN.

Away to the woodlands, away !
 And join with the amorous train :
 'Tis treason to labour to-day,
 Now Bacchus and Cupid must reign.
 With garlands of primroses made,
 And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,
 Through woodland, and meadow, and shade,
 We'll dance to the honour of May,

A BACCHANALIAN.

BACCHUS ! ever-smiling power,
 Patron of the festive hour !
 Here thy genuine nectar roll
 To the wide capacious bowl,
 While gentility and glee
 Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus ! ever mirth and joy ;
 Laughing, wanton, happy boy !
 Here advance thy clustered crown,
 Send thy purple blessings down ;
 With the Nine to please conspire,
 Wreath the ivy round the lyre.



TO MISS C——,

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARPSICHORD.

HAD Israel's monarch, when misfortune's dart
Pierced to its deepest core his heaving breast,
Heard but thy dulcet tones, his sorrowing heart,
At such soft tones, had sooth'd itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far than Jesse's son's thy strains,
Yet what avail if sorrow they disarm ;
Love's sharper sting within the soul remains,
The melting movements wound us as they charm.

THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE.

YOUNG Strephon is as fair a swain
As e'er a shepherd of the plain
In all the hundred round ;
But Ralph has tempting shoulders, true,
And will as quickly buckle to
As any to be found.

Young Colin has a comely face,
And cudgels with an active grace,
In everything complete ;
But Hobbinol can dance divine—
Gods ! how his manly beauties shine
When jigging with his feet !

THE HAPPY PAIR.

Roger is very stout and strong,
 And Thyrsis sings a heavenly song,
 Soft Giles is brisk and small.
 Who shall I choose? who shall I shun?
 Why must I be confined to one?
 Why can't I have them all?

THE HAPPY PAIR.

STREPHON.

LUCY, since the knot was tied,
 Which confirmed thee Strephon's bride,
 All is pleasure, all is joy,
 Married love can never cloy;
 Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
 Marriage is the road to bliss.

LUCY.

Whilst thy kindness every hour
 Gathers pleasure with its power,
 Love and tenderness in thee
 Must be happiness to me.
 Learn, ye rovers, learn from this
 Marriage is substantial bliss.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
 Ruler of the happy train,

Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love,
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the marriage scene.

STREPHON.

Blest with thee, the sultry day
Flies on wings of down away,
Lab'ring o'er the yellow plain,
Open to the sun and rain,
All my painful labours fly
When I think my Lucy's nigh.

LUCY.

O, my Strephon ! could my heart
Happiness to thee impart,
Joy should sing away the hour,
Love should every pleasure shower ;
Search my faithful breast, and see,
I am blest in loving thee.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love,
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the marriage scene.

SONG.

TO MR. G. CATCOTT.—1769.

I.

AH, blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way
 My notions and actions run far.
 How can my ideas do other but stray,
 Deprived of their ruling north-star ?

II.

Ah, blame me not, Broderip, if mounted aloft,
 I chatter and spoil the dull air ;
 How can I imagine thy foppery soft,
 When discord's the voice of my fair ?

III.

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,
 If Harding was girlish and cold,
 If never an ogle was met from Miss Grimes,
 If Flavia was blasted and old ;

IV.

I chose without liking, and left without pain,
 Nor welcomed the frown with a sigh ;
 I scorned like a monkey to dangle my chain,
 And paint them new charms with a lie.

V.

Our Cotton was handsome ; I flamed and I burned,
 I died to obtain the bright queen ;
 But when I beheld my epistle returned,
 By Jesu, it altered the scene.

VI.

“She’s damnably ugly,” my vanity cried,
 “You lie,” says my conscience, “you lie ;”
 Resolving to follow the dictates of pride,
 I’d view her a hag to my eye.

VII.

But should she regain her bright lustre again,
 And shine in her natural charms,
 ’Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,
 And permit me to use my own arms.

COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON
 TO A LADY IN BRISTOL.

TO use a worn-out simile,
 From flower to flower the busy bee
 With anxious labour flies,
 Alike from scents which give distaste,
 By fancy as disgusting placed,
 Repletes his useful thighs.

Nor does his vicious taste prefer
 The fopling of some gay parterre,
 The mimicry of art !
 But round the meadow-violet dwells,
 Nature replenishing his cells,
 Does ampler stores impart.

TO A LADY IN BRISTOL.

So I, a humble-dumble drone,
Anxious and restless when alone,
Seek comfort in the fair,
And featured up in tenfold brass,
A rhyming, staring, am'rous ass,
To you address my prayer.

But ever in my love-lorn flights
Nature untouched by Art delights,
Art ever gives disgust.
Why, says some priest of mystic thought,
The bard alone by nature taught,
Is to that nature just.

But ask your orthodox divine,
If he perchance should read this line,
Which fancy now inspires ;
Will all his sermons, preaching, prayers,
His Hell, his Heaven, his solemn airs,
Quench Nature's rising fires ?

In natural religion free,
I to no other bow the knee,
Nature's the God I own.
Let priests of future torments tell,
Your anger is the only hell,
No other hell is known.

I, steeled by destiny, was born
Well fenced against a woman's scorn,
Regardless of that hell,
I, fired by burning planets, came
From flaming hearts to catch a flame,
And bid the bosom swell.

Then catch the shadow of a heart,
 I will not with the substance part,
 Although that substance burn,
 Till as a hostage you remit
 Your heart, your sentiment, your wit,
 To make a safe return.

A reverend Cully Mully Puff
 May call this letter odious stuff,
 With no Greek motto graced ;
 Whilst you, despising the poor strain ;
 "The dog's insufferably vain
 To think to please my taste !"

'Tis vanity, 'tis impudence,
 Is all the merit, all the sense
 Through which to fame I trod ;
 These (by the Trinity 'tis true)
 Procure me friends and notice too,
 And shall gain you, by G—d.

 ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT STANTON-DREW.

JOYLESS I hail the solemn gloom,
 Joyless I view the pillars vast and rude,
 Where erst the fool of superstition trod,
 In smoking blood imbrued,
 And rising from the tomb—
 Mistaken homage to an unknown God.

Fancy, whither dost thou stray ?
 Whither dost thou wing thy way ?
 Check the rising wild delight,
 Ah ! what avails this awful sight,
 Maria is no more !
 Why, curst remembrance, wilt thou haunt my mind ?
 The blessings past are misery now,
 Upon her lovely brow
 Her lovelier soul she wore,
 Soft as the evening gale
 When breathing perfumes through the rose hedged vale.
 She was my joy, my happiness refined.
 All hail, ye solemn horrors of this scene,
 The blasted oak, the dusky green.

Ye dreary altars by whose side
 The Druid priest, in crimson dyed,
 The solemn dirges sung,
 And drove the golden knife
 Into the palpitating seat of life.
 When rent with horrid shouts the distant valleys rung,
 The bleeding body bends,
 The glowing purple stream ascends,
 Whilst the troubled spirit near
 Hovers in the steamy air,
 Again the sacred dirge they sing,
 Again the distant hill and coppice valley ring.
 Soul of my dear Maria, haste,
 Whilst my languid spirits waste,
 When from this my prison free,
 Catch my soul, it flies to thee ;
 Death had doubly armed his dart,
 In piercing thee it pierced my heart.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN TANDEY, SEN.

I.

YE virgins of the sacred choir,
Awake the soul-dissolving lyre,
Begin the mournful strain ;
To deck the much-loved Tandey's urn,
Let the poetic genius burn,
And all Parnassus drain.

II.

Ye ghosts ! that leave the silent tomb,
To wander in the midnight gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye :
Garlands of yew and cypress bring,
Adorn his tomb, his praises sing,
And swell the gen'ral sigh.

III.

Ye wretches, who could scarcely save
Your starving offspring from the grave,
By God afflicted sore ;
Vent the big tear, the soul-felt sigh,
And swell your meagre infant's cry,
For Tandey is no more.

IV.

To you his charity he dealt,
His melting soul your miseries felt,
And made your woes his own ;

A common friend to all mankind,
 His face the index of his mind,
 Where all the saint was shown.

V.

In him the social virtues joined,
 His judgment sound, his sense refined,
 His actions ever just—
 Who can suppress the rising sigh,
 To think such saint-like men must die,
 And mix with common dust?

VI.

Had virtue power from death to save,
 The good man ne'er would see the grave,
 But live immortal here.
 Hawksworth and Tandey are no more ;
 Lament, ye virtuous and ye poor,
 And drop the unfeigned tear.

 ELEGY

ON MR. WILLIAM SMITH.

A SCEND, my Muse, on sorrow's sable plume,
 Let the soft number meet the swelling sigh ;
 With laureated chaplets deck the tomb,
 The blood-stained tomb where Smith and comfort
 lie.

I loved him with a brother's ardent love,
 Beyond the love which tenderest brothers bear ;
 Though savage kindred bosoms cannot move,
 Friendship shall deck his urn and pay the tear.

Despised, an alien to thy father's breast,
 Thy ready services repaid with hate ;
 By brother, father, sisters, all distressed,
 They pushed thee on to death, they urged thy fate.

Ye callous-breasted brutes in human form,
 Have you not often boldly wished him dead ?
 He's gone, ere yet his fire of man was warm,
 O may his crying blood be on your head !

 THE DEFENCE.

NO more, dear Smith, the hackneyed tale renew ;
 I own their censure, I approve it too.
 For how can idiots, destitute of thought,
 Conceive, or estimate, but as they're taught ?
 Say, can the satirizing pen of Shears
 Exalt his name, or mutilate his ears ?
 None but a Lawrence can adorn his lays,
 Who in a quart of claret drinks his praise.
 T—l—r repeats what Catcott told before,
 But lying T—l—r is believed no more.
 If in myself I think my notion just,
 The church and all her arguments are dust.

Religion's but Opinion's bastard son,
 A perfect mystery, more than three in one.

'Tis fancy all, distempers of the mind ;
 As education taught us, we're inclined.
 Happy the man whose reason bids him see
 Mankind are by the state of nature free ;
 Who, thinking for himself, despises those
 That would upon his better sense impose ;
 Is to himself the minister of God,
 Nor dreads the path where Athanasius trod.
 Happy (if mortals can be) is the man,
 Who, not by priest, but reason rules his span ;
 Reason, to its possessor a sure guide,
 Reason, a thorn in Revelation's side.
 If reason fails, incapable to tread,
 Through gloomy Revelation's thick'ning bed,
 On what authority the Church we own ?
 How shall we worship deities unknown ?
 Can the Eternal Justice pleased receive
 The prayers of those, who, ignorant, believe ?

Search the thick multitudes of every sect,
 The Church supreme, with Whitfield's new elect ;
 No individual can their God define,
 No, not great Penny, in his nervous line.
 But why must Chatterton selected sit,
 The butt of every critic's little wit ?
 Am I alone for ever in a crime ?
 Nonsense in prose, or blasphemy in rhyme ?
 All monosyllables a line appears ?
 Is it not very often so in Shears ?
 See gen'rous Eccas, lengthening out my praise,
 Enraptured with the music of my lays ;
 In all the arts of panegyric graced,
 The cream of modern literary taste.

"Why, to be sure, the metaphoric line
 Has something sentimental, tender, fine ;
 But then how hobbling are the other two ;
 There are some beauties, but they're very few.
 Besides the author, 'faith 'tis something odd,
 Commends a reverential awe of God.
 Read but another fancy of his brain ;
 He's atheistical in every strain."
 Fallacious is the charge : 'tis all a lie.
 As to my reason I can testify.
 I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,
 Who bid our glories of creation rise ;
 Who formed His varied likeness in mankind,
 Centr'ing His many wonders in the mind :
 Who saw religion a fantastic night,
 But gave us reason to obtain the light.
 Indulgent Whitfield scruples not to say,
 He only can direct to Heaven's highway ;
 While bishops, with as much vehemence, tell,
 All sects heterodox are food for Hell.
 Why then, dear Smith, since doctors disagree,
 Their notions are not oracles to me.
 What I think right I ever will pursue,
 And leave you liberty to do so too.

 SUNDAY.

A FRAGMENT.

HERVENIS, harping on the hackneyed text,
 By disquisitions is so sore perplexed,
 He stammers, instantaneously is drawn,
 A bordered piece of inspiration-lawn,

Which being thrice unto his nose applied,
 Into his pineal gland the vapours glide ;
 And now again we hear the doctor roar
 On subjects he dissected thrice before ;
 I own at church I very seldom pray,
 For vicars, strangers to devotion, bray.
 Sermons, though flowing from the sacred lawn,
 Are flimsy wires from reason's ingot drawn ;
 And to confess the truth, another cause
 My every prayer and adoration draws ;
 In all the glaring tinctures of the bow,
 The ladies front me in celestial row
 (Though when black Melancholy damps my joys,
 I call them Nature's trifles, airy toys ;
 Yet when the goddess Reason guides the strain,
 I think them, what they are, a heavenly train ;
 The amorous rolling, the black sparkling eye,
 The gentle hazel, and the optic sly ;
 The easy shape, the panting semi-globes,
 The frankness which each latent charm disrobes ;
 The melting passions, and the sweet severe,
 The easy amble, the majestic air ;
 The tap'ring waist, the silver-mantled arms,
 All is one vast variety of charms).
 Say who but sages stretched beyond their span,
 Italian singers, or an unmann'd man,
 Can see Elysium spread upon their brow,
 And to a drowsy curate's sermon bow.

If (but 'tis seldom) no fair female face
 Attracts my notice by some glowing grace,
 Around the monuments I cast my eyes,
 And see absurdities and nonsense rise.
 Here rueful-visaged angels seem to tell,

With weeping eyes, a soul is gone to hell ;
 There a child's head, supported by duck's wings,
 With toothless mouth a hallelujah sings.
 In funeral pile eternal marble burns,
 And a good Christian seems to sleep in urns.
 A self-drawn curtain bids the reader see
 An honourable Welshman's pedigree ;
 A rock of porphyry darkens half the place,
 And virtues blubber with no awkward grace ;
 Yet, strange to tell, in all the dreary gloom
 That makes the sacred honours of the tomb,
 No quartered coats above the bell appear,
 No battered arms, or golden corsets there.

 HAPPINESS.

A FRAGMENT.

SINCE happiness was not ordained for man,
 Let's make ourselves as easy as we can ;
 Possessed with fame or fortune, friend or w——e,
 But think it happiness—we want no more.

Hail Revelation ! sphere-enveloped dame,
 To some divinity, to most a name,
 Reason's dark-lantern, Superstition's sun,
 Whose cause mysterious and effect are one—
 From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
 Fair as ambition's dream, or beauty's face,
 But in reality, as shadowy found
 As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.
 What little rest from over-anxious care
 The lords of nature are designed to share,

To wanton whim and prejudice we owe,
 Opinion is the only god we know.
 Our furthest wish, the Deity we fear,
 In different subjects, differently appear.
 Where's the foundation of religion placed ?
 On every individual's fickle taste.
 The narrow way the priest-rid mortals tread,
 By superstitious prejudice misled—
 This passage leads to heaven—yet strange to tell !
 Another's conscience finds it leads to hell.
 Conscience, the soul-chameleon's varying hue,
 Reflects all notions, to no notion true.
 The bloody son of Jesse when he saw
 The mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
 He made himself an ephod to his mind,
 And sought the Lord, and always found him kind ;
 In murder, horrid cruelty, and lust,
 The Lord was with him, and his actions just.

Priestcraft, thou universal blind of all,
 Thou idol, at whose feet all nations fall,
 Father of misery, origin of sin,
 Whose first existence did with fear begin ;
 Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
 Veil thy Elysium with a cloud of doubt—
 Since present blessings in possession cloy
 Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy—
 Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,
 And dawning reason would direct them right,
 Some glittering trifle to their optics hold ;
 Perhaps they'll think the glaring spangle gold,
 And, maddened in the search of coins and toys,
 Eager pursue the momentary joys.

Mercator worships mammon, and adores
 No other deity but gold and w——s.
 Catcott is very fond of talk and fame ;
 His wish, a perpetuity of name ;
 Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,
 To bear his name, and signify his trade,
 In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,
 To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
 Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
 The seeming happiness thou hast in view.
 Unfinished chimneys, gaping spires complete,
 Eternal fame on oval dishes beat ;
 Ride four-inch bridges, clouded turrets climb,
 And bravely die—to live in after-time.
 Horrid idea ! if on rolls of fame
 The twentieth century only find thy name,
 Unnoticed this in prose or tagging flower
 He left his dinner to ascend the tower.
 Then what avails thy anxious spitting pain ?
 Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
 On matrimonial pewter set thy hand ;
 Hammer with every power thou canst command ;
 Stamp thy whole self, original as 'tis,
 To propagate thy whimsies, name, and phiz—
 Then, when the tottering spires or chimneys fall,
 A Catcott shall remain admired by all.

Endo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
 Is only happy when he's thought a wit—
 Thinks I've more judgment than the whole reviews,
 Because I always compliment his Muse ;
 If any mildly would reprove his faults,
 They're critics envy-sickened at his thoughts.

To me he flies, his best-belovèd friend,
Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, sages—if not sleep-charmed by the rhyme—
Is flattery, much-lovèd flattery, any crime?
Shall dragon satire exercise his sting,
And not insinuating flattery sing?
Is it more noble to torment than please?
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And speak of worth where merit cannot say;
Let lazy Barton undistinguished snore,
Nor lash his generosity to Hoare;
Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active spirit, ever in display,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;
His sainted soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
Thus in his happiness is placed;
When in soft calm the waves of fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul;
But what would make another man distressed,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest:
No disappointment can his peace invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made—
This character let grey Oxonians scan,
And tell me of what species he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticised,
Who damns good English if not latinised.
In Aristotle's scale the Muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays!

Versed in the mystic learning of the schools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees.
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catcott admires him for a fossil face.
When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had marked him almost man,
A solemn dulness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wond'rous wise.
But little had she read in nature's book,
That fools assume a philosophic look.

O Education ! ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong ;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate.
On every atom of the doctor's frame
Nature has stamped the pedant with his name ;
But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)
A licensed butcher of the human kind.
Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies ;
Death and our doctor closed her sparkling eyes.
O all ye powers, the guardians of the world !
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurled ?
Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail ?
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his cordial julep strike him dead.

But to return—in this wide sea of thought,
How shall we steer our notions as we ought ?
Content is happiness, as sages say,
But what's content ? The trifle of a day.

Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
 Nor be by superstition led aside.
 The saint and sinner, fool and wise, attain
 An equal share of easiness and pain.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS INTENDED MARRIAGE.

1. **M**ARRIAGE, dear M——, is a serious thing ;
 'Tis proper every man should think it so.
 'Twill either every human blessing bring,
 Or load thee with a settlement of woe.
2. Sometimes, indeed, it is a middle state,
 Neither supremely blest nor deeply curst ;
 A stagnant pool of life ; a dream of fate,
 In my opinion, of all states the worst.
3. Observe the partner of thy future state ;
 If no strong vice is stamped upon her mind,
 Take her ; and let her ease thy am'rous pain ;
 A little error proves her humankind.
4. What we call vices are not always such ;
 Some virtues scarce deserve the sacred name.
 Thy wife may love, as well as pray too much,
 And to another stretch her rising flame.
5. Choose no religionist ; whose every day
 Is lost to thee and thine, to none a friend.
 Know too, when pleasure calls the heart astray,
 The warmest zealot is the blackest fiend.

ON THOMAS PHILLIPS'S DEATH. 135

6. Let not the fortune first engross thy care,
Let it a second estimation hold.
A Smithfield-marriage is of pleasures bare,
And love, without the purse, will soon grow cold.
7. Marry no lettered damsel, whose wise head
May prove it just to graft the horns on thine.
Marry no idiot, keep her from thy bed ;
What the brains want will often elsewhere shine.
8. A disposition good, a judgment sound,
Will bring substantial pleasures in a wife.
Whilst love and tenderness in thee are found,
Happy and calm will be the married life.

ON THOMAS PHILLIPS'S DEATH.

TO Clayfield, long renowned the Muses' friend,
Presuming on his goodness this I send ;
Unknown to you, tranquillity, and fame,
In this address perhaps I am to blame.
This rudeness let necessity excuse,
And anxious friendship for a much loved Muse.
Twice have the circling hours unveiled the East
Since Horror found me and all pleasures ceased ;
Since every number tended to deplore ;
Since fame asserted, Phillips was no more.

Say, is he mansioned in his native spheres,
Or is't a vapour that exhales in tears ?

Swift as idea rid me of my pain,
 And let my dubious wretchedness be plain.
 It is too true ; the awful lyre is strung,
 His elegy the sister Muses sung.
 O may he live, and useless be the strain !
 Fly, generous Clayfield, rid me of my pain.
 Forgive my boldness, think the urgent cause,
 And who can bind necessity with laws.
 I wait, the admirer of your noble parts,
 You, friend to genius, sciences, and arts.

FABLES FOR THE COURT.

Addressed to Mr. Michael Clayfield of Bristol.

THE SHEPHERDS.

MORALS, as critics must allow,
 Are almost out of fashion now,
 And if we credit Dodsley's word,
 All applications are absurd.
 What has the author to be vain in,
 Who knows his fable wants explaining,
 And substitutes a second scene
 To publish what the first should mean ?
 Besides, it saucily reflects
 Upon the reader's intellects.
 When armed in metaphors and dashes,
 The bard some noble villain lashes,
 'Tis a direct affront, no doubt,
 To think he cannot find it out.
 The sing-song trifles of the stage,
 The happy favourites of the age,

Without a meaning crawl along,
And for a moral give a song.
The tragic Muse, once pure and chaste,
Is turned a w——, debauch'd by taste.
Poor Juliet never claims the tear
Till borne triumphant on the bier ;
And Ammon's son is never great
Till seated in his chair of state ;
And yet the harlot scarce goes down,
She's been so long upon the town,
Her morals never can be seen.
Not rigid Johnson seems to mean,
A tittering epilogue contains
The cobweb of a poet's brains.
If what the Muse prepares to write,
To entertain the public sight,
Should in its characters be known,
The knowledge is the reader's own.
When villainy and vices shine,
You won't find Sandwich in the line ;
When little rascals rise to fame,
Sir Fletcher cannot read his name ;
Nor will the Muse digressive run
To call the king his mother's son,
But plodding on the beaten way,
With honest North prepares the lay,
And should the meaning figures please
The dull reviews of laughing ease,
No politician can dispute
My knowledge of the Earl of Bute.

A flock of sheep, no matter where,
Was all an aged shepherd's care ;
His dogs were watchful, and he took

Upon himself the ruling crook ;
His boys, who wattled-in the fold,
Were never bought and never sold.
'Tis true, by strange affection led,
He visited a turnip bed ;
And, fearful of a winter storm,
Employed his wool to keep it warm ;
But that, comparatively set
Against the present heavy debt,
Was but a trifling piece of state,
And hardly made a villain great.
The shepherd died—the dreadful toll
Entreated masses for his soul.
The pious bosom and the back
Shone in the farce of courtly black.
The weeping laureate's ready pen
Lamented o'er the best of men ;
And Oxford sent her load of rhyme
In all varieties of chime,
Administ'ring due consolation,
Well seasoned with congratulation.
Cambridge her ancient lumber wrote,
And what could Cambridge do but quote ?
All sung, though very few could read,
And none but mercers mourned indeed.
The younger shepherd caught the crook,
And was a monarch in his look.
The flock rejoiced, and could no less
Than pay their duty and address ;
And Edinburgh was heard to sing,
" Now heaven be praised for such a king !"
All joined in joy and expectation,
And union echoed through the nation:
A council called——