

THE PROPHECY.

I.

THIS truth of old was sorrow's friend,
"Times at the worst will surely mend."
The difficulty's then to know
How long oppression's clock can go ;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

II.

When Vice exalted takes the lead,
And Vengeance hangs but by a thread ;
Gay peeresses turned out o' doors ;
W——masters, peers, and sons of w——s ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

III.

When vile Corruption's brazen face,
At council-board shall take her place ;
And lords-commissioners resort,
To welcome her at Britain's court ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth night.

IV.

See Pension's harbour large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier !
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G——'s jetty head ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

V.

When civil power shall snore at ease,
 While soldiers fire—to keep the peace ;
 When murderers sanctuary find,
 And petticoats can justice blind ;
 Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

VI.

Commerce o'er bondage will prevail,
 Free as the wind that fills the sail.
 When she complains of vile restraint,
 And power is deaf to her complaint ;
 Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

VII.

When raw projectors shall begin
 Oppression's hedge to keep her in ;
 She in disdain will take her flight,
 And bid the Gotham fools good-night ;
 Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

VIII.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
 By prudent ministers of state ;
 And what the people did not give,
 Is levied by prerogative ;
 Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

IX.

When popish bishops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name ;
By treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

X.

When popish priest a pension draws,
From starved exchequer, for the cause
Commissioned, proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XI.

When, snug in power, sly recusants
Make laws for British protestants ;
And d——g William's revolution,
As justices claim execution ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XII.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence ;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIII.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Marked by the priest for sacrifice,
And doomed a victim for the sins
Of half the outs, and all the ins ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIV.

When stewards pass a boot account,
And credit for the gross amount ;
Then to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XV.

When scrutineers, for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends ;
Or judge as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XVI.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer ;
A prince, to purpled pride unknown !
No favourites disgrace the throne !
Look up, ye Britons ! sigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

XVII.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven years' lease, you sold, is out ;
No future contract to fulfil ;
Your tenants holding at your will ;
Raise up your heads ! your right demand,
For your redemption's in your hand.

XVIII.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

TO MR. POWEL.

WHAT language, Powel ! can thy merits tell,
By Nature formed in every path t' excel ;
To strike the feeling soul with magic skill,
When every passion bends beneath thy will.
Loud as the howlings of the northern wind,
Thy scenes of anger harrow up the mind ;
But most thy softer tones our bosoms move,
When Juliet listens to her Romeo's love.
How sweet thy gentle movements then to see,
Each melting heart must sympathise with thee.

Yet, though designed in every walk to shine,
 Thine is the furious, and the tender thine ;
 Though thy strong feelings and thy native fire,
 Still force the willing gazers to admire,
 Though great thy praises for thy scenic art,
 We love thee for the virtues of thy heart.

THE ART OF PUFFING.

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN.

VERSED by experience in the subtle art,
 The mysteries of a title I impart ;
 Teach the young author how to please the town,
 And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.
 Since Curl, immortal, never-dying name !
A double-pica in the book of fame,
 By various arts did various dunces prop,
 And tickled every fancy to his shop ;
 Who can, like Pottinger, ensure a book ?
 Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke ?
 Villains exalted in the midway sky,
 Shall live again to drain your purses dry :
 Nor yet unrivalled they ; see Baldwin comes,
 Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums :
 The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true,
 What else can Paoli's supporter do ?
 The trading wits endeavour to attain,
 Like booksellers, the world's first idol—gain ;
 For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
 And hail his sentiment, though trite, divine ;
 For this the patriotic bard complains,

And Bingley binds poor Liberty in chains ;
 For this was every reader's faith deceived,
 And Edmunds swore what nobody believed ;
 For this the wits in close disguises fight ;
 For this the varying politicians write ;
 For this each month new magazines are sold,
 With dulness filled and transcripts of the old.
 "The Town and Country" struck a lucky hit,
 Was novel, sentimental, full of wit.
 Aping her walk, the same success to find,
 "The Court and City" hobbles far behind.
 Sons of Apollo learn ; merit's no more
 Than a good frontispiece to grace the door.
 The author who invents a title well
 Will always find his covered dulness sell ;
 Flexney and every bookseller will buy,
 Bound in neat calf the work will never die.

JOURNAL SIXTH,

SATURDAY, 30TH SEPTEMBER 1769.

'TIS mystery all, in every sect
 You find this palpable defect,
 The axis of the dark machine
 Is enigmatic and unseen.
 Opinion is the only guide
 By which our senses are supplied,
 Mere grief's conjecture, fancy's whim,
 Can make our reason side with him.
 But this discourse, perhaps, will be
 As little liked by you as me ;

I'll change the subject for a better,
 And leave the doctor and his letter.
 A priest whose sanctimonious face
 Became a sermon, or a grace,
 Could take an orthodox repast,
 And left the knighted loin the last ;
 To fasting very little bent,
 He'd pray indeed till breath was spent.
 Shrill was his treble as a cat,
 His organs being choked with fat ;
 In college quite as graceful seen
 As Camplin or the lazy dean
 (Who sold the ancient cross to Hoare
 For one church dinner, nothing more,
 The dean who sleeping on the book,
 Dreams he is swearing at his cook).
 This animated hill of oil
 Was to another dean the foil.
 They seemed two beasts of different kind,
 Contra in politics and mind ;
 The only sympathy they knew,
 They both loved turtle a-la-stew.
 The dean was empty, thin, and long,
 As Fowler's back, or head, or song.
 He met the rector in the street,
 Sinking a canal with his feet.

"Sir," quoth the dean, with solemn nod,
 "You are a minister of God ;
 And, as I apprehend, should be
 About such holy works as me.
 But, cry your mercy, at a feast
 You only show yourself a priest,
 No sermon politic you preach,

No doctrine damnable you teach.
Did not we few maintain the fight,
Mystery might sink and all be light.
From house to house your appetite
In daily sojourn paints ye right.
Nor lies true orthodox you carry,
You hardly ever hang or marry.
Good Mr. Rector, let me tell ye
You've too much tallow in this belly.
Fast, and repent of every sin,
And grow, like me, upright and thin ;
Be active and assist your mother,
And then I'll own ye for a brother."

"Sir," quoth the rector in a huff,
"True, you're diminutive enough,
And let me tell ye, Mr. Dean,
You are as worthless, too, as lean ;
This mountain strutting to my face,
Is an undoubted sign of grace.
Grace, though you ne'er on turtle sup,
Will like a bladder blow you up,
A tun of claret swells your case
Less than a single ounce of grace."

"You're wrong," the bursting dean replied,
"Your logic's on the rough-cast side,
The minor's right, the major falls,
Weak as his modern honour's walls.
A spreading trunk, with rotten skin,
Shows very little's kept within ;
But when the casket's neat, not large,
We guess th' importance of the charge."

"Sir," quoth the rector, "I've a story
 Quite *apropos* to lay before ye.
 A sage philosopher, to try
 What pupil saw with reason's eye,
 Prepared three boxes, gold, lead, stone,
 And bid three youngsters claim each one.
 The first, a Bristol merchant's heir,
 Loved self above the charming fair;
 So 'tis not difficult to say,
 Which box the dolthead took away.
 The next, as sensible as me,
 Desired the pebbled one, d'ye see.
 The other, having scratched his head,
 Considered though the third was lead,
 'Twas metal still surpassing stone,
 So claimed the leaden box his own.
 Now to uncloseth they all prepare,
 And hope alternate laughs at fear.
 The golden case does ashes hold,
 The leaden shines with sparkling gold,
 But in the outcast stone they see
 A jewel——such pray fancy me."

"Sir," quoth the dean, "I truly say
 You tell a tale a pretty way;
 But the conclusion to allow—
 'Fore-Gad, I scarcely can tell how.
 A jewel! fancy must be strong
 To think you keep your water long.
 I preach, thank gracious heaven, as clear
 As any pulpit stander here,
 But may the devil claw my face
 If e'er I prayed for puffing grace,
 To be a mountain, and to carry

Such a vile heap—I'd rather marry !
 Each day to sweat three gallons full,
 And span a furlong on my skull.
 Lost to the melting joys of love—
 Not to be borne—like justice move.”

And here the dean was running on,
 Through half a couplet having gone ;
 Quoth rector peevish, “ I shan't stay
 To throw my precious time away.
 The gen'rous Burgum having sent
 A ticket as a compliment,
 I think myself in duty bound
 Six pounds of turtle to confound.”

“ That man you mention,” answers dean,
 “ Creates in priests of sense the spleen.
 His soul's as open as his hand,
 Virtue distressed may both command ;
 That ragged virtue is a w——e,
 I always beat her from my door,
 But Burgum gives, and giving shows
 His honour leads him by the nose.
 Ah ! how unlike the church divine,
 Whose feeble lights on mountains shine,
 And being placed so near the sky,
 Are lost to every human eye.
 His luminaries shine around
 Like stars in the Cimmerian ground.”

“ Invidious slanderer !” quoth priest,
 “ O may I never scent a feast,
 If thy curst conscience is as pure
 As underlings in Whitfield's cure.
 The church, as thy display has shown,

Is turned a bawd to lustful town ;
 But what against the church you've said
 Shall soon fall heavy on your head.
 Is Burgum's virtue then a fault ?
 Ven'son and heaven forbid the thought !
 He gives, and never eyes return,
 O may paste altars to him burn !
 But whilst I talk with worthless you,
 Perhaps the dinner waits——adieu."

This said, the rector trudged along,
 As heavy as Fowlerian song.
 The hollow dean, with fairy feet,
 Stepped lightly through the dirty street.
 At last, arrived at destined place,
 The bulky doctor squeaks the grace.
 " Lord bless the many-flavoured meat,
 And grant us strength enough to eat !
 May all and every mother's son
 Be drunk before the dinner's done.
 When we give thanks for dining well, oh !
 May each grunt out in ritornello."
 Amen ! resounds to distant tide,
 And weapons clang on every side,
 The oily river burns around,
 And gnashing teeth make doleful sound.
 Now is the busy president
 In his own fated element,
 In every look and action great,
 His presence doubly fills the plate.
 Nobly invited to the feast,
 They all contribute gold at least.
 The duke and president collected,
 Alike beloved, alike respected.

[This poem immediately follows the other. It has no title, and is written upon the same paper, a whole sheet, folded into four columns. The line, "Alike beloved, alike respected," ends one column, with a little scrawl at the end; the next begins thus:—]

SAY, Baker, if experience hoar
Has yet unbolted wisdom's door,
What is this phantom of the mind,
This love, when sifted and refined?
When the poor lover fancy-frighted
Is with shadowy joys delighted,
A frown shall throw him in despair;
A smile shall brighten up his air.
Jealous without a seeming cause,
From flattering smiles he misery draws;
Again without his reason's aid,
His bosom's still, the devil's laid.
If this is love, my callous heart
Has never felt the rankling dart.
Oft have I seen the wounded swain,
Upon the rack of pleasing pain,
Full of his flame, upon his tongue
The quivering declaration hung,
When lost to courage, sense, and reason,
He talked of weather and the season.
Such tremors never coward me,
I'm flattering, impudent, and free,
Unmoved by frowns and low'ring eyes,
'Tis smiles I only ask and prize,
And when the smile is freely given,
You're in the highway road to heaven.
These coward lovers seldom find
That whining makes the ladies kind.
They laugh at silly, silent swains,

Who're fit for nothing but their chains.
 'Tis an effrontery and tongue
 On very oily hinges hung,
 Must win the blooming, melting fair,
 And show the joys of heaven here.
 A rake, I take it, is a creature
 Who winds through all the folds of nature ;
 Who sees the passions, and can tell
 How the soft beating heart shall swell.
 Who, when he ravishes the joy,
 Defies the torments of the boy.
 Who, with the soul, the body gains,
 And shares love's pleasures, not his pains.
 Who holds his charmer's reputation
 Above a tavern veneration,
 And when a love repast he makes,
 Not even prying fame partakes.
 Who looks above a prostitute, he
 Thinks love the only price of beauty,
 And she that can be basely sold,
 Is much beneath or love or gold.
 Who thinks the almost dearest part
 In all the body is the heart.
 Without it rapture cannot rise,
 Nor pleasures wanton in the eyes,
 The sacred joy of love is dead,
 Witness the sleeping marriage bed
 This is the picture of a rake,
 Show it the ladies—won't it take !

A buck's a beast of th' other side,
 And real but in hoofs and hide.
 To nature and the passions dead,
 A brothel is his house and bed ;

To fan the flame of warm desire
 And after wanton in the fire,
 He thinks a labour, and his parts
 Were not resigned to conquer hearts.

The girls of virtue when he views,
 Dead to all converse but the stews,
 Silent as death, he's nought to say,
 But sheepish steals himself away.
 This is a buck to life displayed,
 A character to charm each maid.
 Now prithee, friend, a choice to make,
 Wouldst choose the buck before the rake?

The buck, as brutal as the name,
 Envenoms every charmer's fame,
 And though he never touched her hand,
 Protests he had her at command.
 The rake, in gratitude for pleasure,
 Keeps reputation dear as treasure.

[After these points follows without title.]

But Hudibrastics may be found
 To tire ye with repeated sound,
 So changing for a Shandeyan style,
 I ask your favour and your smile.

ODE.—RECITATIVE.

In his wooden palace jumping,
 Tearing, sweating, bawling, thumping,
 "Repent, repent, repent,"
 The mighty Whitfield cries,
 Oblique lightning in his eyes,

“ Or die and be damned ! ” all round,
 The long-eared rabble grunt in dismal sound,
 “ Repent, repent, repent, ”
 Each concave mouth replies.

The comet of gospel, the lanthorn of light
 Is rising and shining,
 Like candles at night.

He shakes his ears,
 He jumps, he stares,
 Hark, he's whining,
 The shorthand saints prepare to write,
 And high they mount their ears.

AIR.

“ Now the devil take ye all,
 Saints or no saints, all in a lump,
 Here must I labour and bawl,
 And thump, and thump, and thump ;
 And never a sous* to be got,
 Unless—I swear by Jingo,
 A greater profit's made
 I'll forswear my trade,
 My gown and market lingo,
 And leave ye all to pot. ”

RECITATIVE.

Now he raves like brindled cat
 Now 'tis thunder,
 Rowling,
 Growling,
 Rumbling,
 Grumbling,

* He means a *SOUL*.

Noise and nonsense, jest and blunder.
Now he chats of this and that,
No more the soul jobber,
No more the sly robber,
He's now an old woman who talks to her cat.
Again he starts, he beats his breast,
He rolls his eyes, erects his chest,
Hark ! hark ! the sound begins,
'Tis a bargain and sale for remission of sins.

AIR.

“ Say, beloved congregation,
In the hour of tribulation,
Did the power of man affray me ?
Say ye wives and say ye daughters,
Hav'n't I stanch'd your running waters ?
I have laboured, pay me, pay me !

I have given absolution,
Don't withhold your contribution,
Men and angels should obey me—
Give but freely ; you've remission
For all sins without condition ;
You're my debtors, pay me, pay me ! ”

RECITATIVE.

Again he's lost, again he chatters
Of lace, and bobbin, and such matters.
A thickening vapour swells—
Of Adam's fall he tells ;
Dark as twice ten thousand hells
Is the gibberish which he spatters.

Now a most dismal elegy he sings,
 Groans, doleful groans are heard about,
 The Issacharian rout
 Swell the sharp howl, and loud the sorrow rings.

He sung a modern buck whose end
 Was blinded prejudice and zeal,
 In life to every vice a friend,
 Unfixed as fortune on her wheel.
 He lived a buck, he died a fool,
 So let him to oblivion fall,
 Who thought a wretched body all,
 Untaught in nature's or the passion's school.

Now he takes another theme,
 Thus he tells his waking dream.

AIR.

"After fasting, and praying, and grunting, and
 weeping,
 My guardian angel beheld me fast sleeping,
 And instantly capering into my brain
 Relieved me from prison of bodily chain.
 The soul can be everything, as you all know,
 And mine was transformed to the shape of a crow."
 (The preacher or metre has surely mistook
 For all must confess that a parson's a rook.)

"Having wings, as I think I informed ye before,
 I shot through a cavern and knocked at hell's door.
 Out comes Mr. Porter Devil,
 And I'll assure ye very civil

“ ‘Dear sir,’ ” quoth he, ‘ pray step within,
 The company is drinking tea,
 We have a stranger just come in,
 A brother from the Triple Tree.’ ”

“ Well, in I walked, and what d’ye think ?
 Instead of sulphur, fire, and stink,
 ’Twas like a masquerade,
 All grandeur, all parade.
 Here stood an amphitheatre,
 There stood the small Haymarket House,
 With devil actors very clever,
 Who without blacking did Othello,
 And truly a huge hornèd fellow
 Told me, he hoped I would endeavour
 To learn a part, and get a sous,
 For pleasure was the business there.

“ A lawyer asked me for a fee,
 To plead my right to drinking tea ;
 I begged his pardon, to my thinking
 I’d rather have a cheering cup,
 For tea was but insipid drinking,
 And brandy raised the spirits up.
 So having seen a place in hell,
 I strait awoke, and found all well.”

RECITATIVE.

Now again his cornets sounding,
 Sense and harmony confounding,
 Reason tortured, scripture twisted,
 Into every form of fancy.
 Forms which never yet existed,
 And but his oblique optics can see.

He swears,
 He tears,
 With sputtered nonsense now he breaks the ears ;
 At last the sermon and the paper ends.
 He whines, and hopes his well-beloved friends,
 Will contribute their sous,
 To pay the arrears for building a house.
 With spiritual doctors, and doctors for poxes,
 Who all must be satisfied out of the boxes.
 Hark, hark, his cry resounds,
 " Fire and thunder, blood and wounds,
 Contribute, contribute
 And pay me my tribute,
 Or the devil, I swear,
 Shall hunt ye as sportsmen would hunt a poor hare.
 Whoever gives, unto the Lord he lends."
 The saint is melted, pays his fee, and wends ;
 And here the tedious, length'ning Journal ends.

 RESIGNATION.*

HAIL, Resignation, hail ! ambiguous dame !
 Thou Parthian archer in the fight of fame,
 When thou hast drawn the mystic veil between,
 'Tis the poor minister's concluding scene :
 Sheltered beneath thy pinions, he withdraws,
 And tells us his integrity's the cause.
 Sneaking to solitude, he rails at state,
 And rather would be virtuous than be great ;
 Laments the impotence of those who guide,
 And wishes public clamours may subside.

*The Duke of Grafton resigned the premiership, 28th January 1770.

But while such rogues as North or Sandwich steer,
Our grievances will never disappear.

Hail, Resignation ! 'tis from thee we trace
The various villainies of power and place ;
When rascals, once but infamy and rags,
Rich with a nation's ruin, swell their bags,
Purchase a title and a royal smile,
And pay to be distinguishably vile ;
When big with self-importance thus they shine,
Contented with their gleanings they resign !
When ministers, unable to preside,
The tottering vehicle no longer guide,
The powerful Thane prepares to kick his Grace
From all his glorious dignities of place ;
But still the honour of the action's thine,
And Grafton's tender conscience can resign !
Lament not, Grafton, that thy hasty fall
Turns out a public happiness to all ;
Still, by your emptiness of look, appear
The ruins of a man who used to steer ;
Still wear that insignificance of face
Which dignifies you more than power or place.
Whilst now the Constitution tottering stands,
And needs the firm support of able hands,
Your Grace stood foremost in the glorious cause,
To shake the very basis of our laws ;
But, thanks to Camden and a noble few,
They stemmed Oppression's tide, and conquer'd you.
How can your prudence be completely praised
In flying from the storm yourself had raised ?
When the black clouds of discord veiled the sky,
'Twas more than prudence in your Grace to fly ;
For had the thunders burst upon your head,

Soon had you mingled with the headless dead :
 Not Bute, though here the deputy of fate
 Could save so vile a minister of state.
 Oft as the Carlton Sibyl* prophesied
 How long each minister of state should guide,
 And from the dark recesses of her cell,
 When Bute was absent, would to Stuart tell
 The secret fates of senators and peers,
 What lord's exalted but to lose his ears,
 What future plans the Junto have designed,
 What writers are with Rockingham combined,
 Who should accept a privy seal or rod,
 Who's lord-lieutenant of the land of Nod,
 What pensioned nobleman should hold his post,
 What poor dependant scored without his host,
 What patriot, big with popular applause,
 Should join the ministry and prop the cause,
 With many secrets of a like import,
 The daily tittle-tattle of a court,
 By common fame retail'd as office news
 In coffee-houses, taverns, cellars, stews ;
 Oft from her secret casket would she draw
 A knotty plan to undermine the law ;
 But though the council sat upon the scheme,
 Time has discovered that 'tis all a dream ;
 Long had she known the date of Grafton's power,
 And in her tablet marked his flying hour:
 Rumour reports a message from her cell
 Arrived but just three hours before he fell.
 Well knew the subtle minister of state
 Her knowledge in the mysteries of fate,
 And, catching every pension he could find,
 Obeyed the fatal summons—and resigned !

* The Princess Dowager of Wales.

Far in the north, amidst whose dreary hills
None hear the pleasant murmuring sound of rills,
Where no soft gale in dying rapture blows,
Or aught which bears the look of verdure grows,
Save where the north wind cuts the solemn yew,
And russet rushes drink the noxious dew,
Dank exhalations drawn from stagnant moors—
The morning dress of Caledonia's shores—
Upon a bleak and solitary plain,
Exposed to every storm of wind and rain,
A humble cottage rear'd its lowly head,
Its roof with matted reeds and rushes spread ;
The walls were osiers daubed with slimy clay,
One narrow entrance opened to the day.
Here lived a Laird, the ruler of his clan,
Whose fame through every northern mountain ran ;
Great was his learning, for he long had been
A student at the town of Aberdeen ;
Professor of all languages at once,
To him some reckoned Chappellow a dunce.
With happy fluency he learned to speak
Syriac or Latin, Arabic or Greek ;
Not any tongue in which Oxonians sing
When they rejoice, or blubber with the king,
To him appeared unknown : with sapient look
He taught the Highland meaning of each crook ;
But often, when to pastimes he inclined,
To give some relaxation to his mind,
He laid his books aside—forgot to read—
To hunt wild goslings down the river Tweed,
To chase a starving weasel from her bed,
And wear the spoil triumphant on his head.
'Tis true his rent-roll just maintained his state
But some, in spite of poverty, are great.

Though famine sunk her impress on his face,
Still you might there his haughty temper trace.
Descended from a catalogue of kings,
Whose warlike arts McPherson sweetly sings,
He bore the majesty of monarchs past,
Like a tall pine rent with the winter's blast,
Whose spreading trunk and withered branches show
How glorious once the lordly tree might grow.

Of all the warring passions in his breast,
Ambition still presided o'er the rest :
This is the spur which actuates us all,
The visionary height whence thousands fall,
The author's hobby-horse, the soldier's steed,
Which aids him in each military deed,
The lady's dresser, looking-glass, and paint,
The warm devotion of the seeming saint.

Sawney, the nobler ruler of the clan,
Had numbered o'er the riper years of man,
Graceful in stature, ravishing his mien,
To make a conquest was but to be seen.
Fired by ambition, he resolved to roam
Far from the famine of his native home,
To seek the warmer climate of the south,
And at one banquet feast his eyes and mouth.
In vain the amorous Highland lass complained,
The son of monarchs would not be restrained ;
Clad in his native many-coloured suit,
Forth struts the walking majesty of Bute.
His spacious sword, to a large wallet strung,
Across his broad, capacious shoulders hung :
As from the hills the land of promise rose,
A secret transport in his bosom glows ;
A joy prophetic, until then unknown,
Assured him all he viewed would be his own.

New scenes of pleasure recreate his sight,
He views the fertile meadows with delight ;
Still in soliloquy he praised the view,
Nor was more pleased with future scenes at Kew.
His wonder broke in murmurs from his tongue.
No more the praise of Highland hills he sung,
Till now a stranger to the cheerful green
Where springing flowers diversify the scene,
The lofty elm, the oak of lordly look,
The willow shadowing the bubbling brook,
The hedges blooming with the sweets of May,
With double pleasure marked his gladsome way.
Having through varying rural prospects passed,
He reached the great metropolis at last.

Here fate beheld him as he trudged the street,
Bare was his buttocks and unshod his feet,
A lengthening train of boys displayed him great,
He seemed already minister of state.
The Carlton Sibyl saw his graceful mien,
And straight forgot her hopes of being Queen.

She sighed, she wished ; swift virtuous Chudleigh
flew

To bring the Caledonian swain to Kew ;
Then introduced him to her secret cell—
What further can the modest numbers tell ?

None rode the broomstaff with so good a grace,
Or pleased her with such majesty of face ;
Enraptured with her incubus, she sought
How to reward his merit as she ought.
Resolved to make him greatest of the great,
She led him to her hidden cave of state ;

There spurs and coronets were placed around,
 And privy seals were scattered on the ground ;
 Here piles of honorary truncheons lay,
 And gleaming stars made artificial day,
 With mystic rods, whose magic power is such
 They metamorphose parties with a touch.
 Here hung the princely——* of gartered blue,
 With flags of all varieties of hue.
 "These," said the Sibyl, "from this present hour
 Are thine, with every dignity of power.
 No statesman shall be titularly great,
 None shall obtain an office in the state,
 But such whose principles and manners suit
 The virtuous temper of the Earl of Bute.
 All shall pursue thy interest, none shall guide
 But such as you repute are qualified.
 No more on Scotland's melancholy plain
 Your starving countrymen shall drink the rain,
 But hither hastening on their naked feet,
 Procure a place, forget themselves, and eat.
 No southern patriot shall oppose my will,
 If not my look, my Treasurer can kill ;
 His pistol never fails in time of need,
 And who dares contradict my power shall bleed.
 A future Barrington will also rise,
 With blood and death to entertain my eyes—
 But this forestalls futurity and fate,
 I'll choose the present hour to make thee great."
 He bowed submission, and with eager view
 Gazed on the withered oracle of Kew.
 She seized a pendant garter, and began
 To elevate the ruler of the clan,

* Illegible in MS.

Girt round his leg the honoured trifle shown,
And gathered double lustre from the throne :
With native dignity he filled the stall,
The wonder, jest, and enmity of all.
Not yet content with honorary grace,
The Sibyl, busy for the sweets of place,
Kick'd out a minister, the people's pride,
And lifted Sawney in his place to guide.
The Leader of the Treasury he rose,
Whilst fate marked down the nation's future woes.
Mad with ambition, his imperious hand
Scattered oppression through a groaning land.
Still taxes followed taxes, grants, supplies,
With every ill resulting from excise.
Not satisfied with this unjust increase,
He struck a bolder stroke, and sold the peace :
The Gallic millions so convinced his mind,
On honourable terms the treaty's signed.

But who his private character can blame,
Or brand his titles with a villain's name ?
Upon an estimation of the gains,
He stoop'd beneath himself to take the reins,
A good economist, he served the crown,
And made his master's interest his own.
His starving friends and countrymen applied
To share the ministry, assist to guide ;
Nor ask'd in vain :—his charitable hand
Made Plenty smile in Scotland's barren land,
Her wandering sons, for poverty renown'd,
Places and pensions, bribes or titles found.
Far from the south was humble merit fled.
And on the northern mountains rear'd her head ;
And genius, having ranged beyond the Tweed,

Sat brooding upon bards who could not read ;
 Whilst courage, boasting of his Highland might,
 Mentions not Culloden's inglorious flight :
 But whilst his lordship fills the honour'd stall,
 Ample provision satisfies them all.
 The genius sings his praise, the soldier swears
 To mutilate each murmuring caitiff's ears ;
 The father of his country they adore,
 And live in elegance unknown before.
 Nor yet unthankful he for power and place ;
 He praised the Sibyl with distinguish'd grace.*

Around this mystic sun of liquid gold
 A swarm of planetary statesmen roll'd ;
 Though some have since as ministers been known,
 They shone with borrow'd lustre not their own :
 In every revolution, day and night,
 From Bute they caught each particle of light :
 He destined out the circles they fulfil,
 Hung on the bulky nothing of his will.

How shall I brand with infamy a name
 Which bids defiance to all sense of shame ?
 How shall I touch his iron soul with pain,
 Who hears unmoved a multitude complain ?
 A multitude made wretched by his hand,
 The common curse and nuisance of the land.
 Holland, of thee I sing—infernal wretch !
 Say, can thy power of mischief further stretch ?
 Is there no other army to be sold,
 No town to be destroy'd for bribes and gold ?
 Or wilt thou rather sit contented down
 And starve the subject to enrich the crown ?

* Twelve lines are here omitted.

That when the treasury can boast supplies,
Thy pilfering genius may have exercise :
Whilst unaccounted millions pay thy toil,
Thou art secure if Bute divides the spoil.
Catching his influence from the best of kings,
Vice broods beneath the shadow of his wings ;
The vengeance of a nation is defied,
And liberty and justice set aside.
Distinguished robber of the public, say,
What urged thy timid spirit's hasty way ?
Sheltered in the protection of a king.
Did recollection paint the fate of Byng ?
Did conscience hold that mirror to thy sight,
Or Aylyffe's ghost accompany thy flight ?
Is Bute more powerful than the scepter'd hand,
Or art thou safer in a foreign land ?
In vain, the scene relinquished, now you grieve,
Cursing the moment you were forced to leave
Thy ruins, on the Isle of Thanet built,
The fruits of plunder, villainy, and guilt.
When you presume on English ground to tread,
Justice will lift her weapon at your head.
Contented with the author of your state,
Maintain the conversation of the great.
Be busy in confederacy and plot,
And settle what shall be on what is not ;
Display the statesman in some wild design,
Foretell when North will tumble and resign,
How long the busy Sandwich, mad for rule,
Will lose his labour and remain a fool ;
But your accounts, the subject of debate,
Are much beneath the notice of the great.
Let bribed exchequer-tellers find 'em just,
While, on the penalty of place, they must ;

Before they're seen, your honesty is clear,
And all will evidently right appear.

When as a Minister you had your day,
And gathered light from Bute's superior ray,
His striking representative you shone,
And seemed to glimmer in yourself alone ;
The lives of thousands bartered for a bribe,
With villainies too shocking to describe ;
Your system of oppression testified
None but the conscientious Fox could guide.
As Bute is fix'd eternal in his sphere,
And Ministers revolve around in air,
Your infamy, with such a lasting ray,
Glowed through your orb in one continual day :
Still ablest politicians hold dispute
Whether you gave or borrowed light from Bute.
Lost in the blaze of his superior parts,
We often have descried your little arts ;
But at a proper distance from his sphere
We saw the little villain disappear :
When dressed in titles, the burlesque of place,
A more illustrious rascal showed his face ;
Your destined sphere of Ministry now run,
You dropped like others in the parent sun ;
There as a spot you purpose to remain,
And seek protection in the Sibyl's swain.
Grafton his planetary life began,
Though foreign to the system of the clan ;
Slowly he rolled around the fount of light,
Long was his day, but longer was his night.
Irregular, unequal in his course,
Now languid he revolves, now rolls with force !
His scarce-collected light, obliquely hurl'd,

Was scattered ere it reached his frozen world.
Through all his under offices of place,
All had conspired to represent his Grace ;
Lifeless and dull the wheels of state were driven,
Slow as a courtier on his road to heaven.
If expedition urged the dull machine,
He knew so little of the golden mean,
Swift hurry and confusion wild began
To discompose the Thane's determined plan.
Error, his secretary, lent his aid
To undermine each plot his cunning laid ;
He wrote despatches in his Grace's name,
And ruined every project North could frame ;
Yet, as he blundered through the lengthened night,
He seriously protested all was right,
Since dissipation is thy only joy,
Go, Grafton, join the dance, and act the boy ;
'Tis not for fops in cabinets to shine,
And justice must confess that title's thine ;
Dress to excess and powder into fame,
In drums and hurricanes exalt your name.
There you may glitter, there your worth may rise
Above the little reach of vulgar eyes ;
But in the high departments of the state
Your talents are too trifling to be great :
There all your imperfections rise to view,
Not Sandwich so contemptible as you.
Bute from the summit of his power descried
Your glaring inability to guide,
And mustering every rascal in his gang,
Who might for merit altogether hang,
From the black catalogue and worthy crew,
The Jesuitical and scheming few,
Selected by the leader of the clan,

Received instructions for their future plan,
And after proper adoration paid,
Were to their destined sphere of state convey'd,
To shine the Minister's satellites,
Collect his light, and give his lordship ease,
Reform his crooked politics, and draw
A more severe attack upon the law ;
Settle his erring revolutions right,
And give in just proportion day and night.
Alas ! the force of Scottish pride is such,
These mushrooms of a day presumed too much.
Conscious of cunning and superior arts,
They scorned the Minister's too trifling parts ;
Grafton resents a treatment so unjust,
And damns the Carlton Sibyl's fiery lust,
By which a scoundrel Scot oppressed the realm,
And rogues, below contempt, disgraced the helm.
Swift scandal caught the accents as they fell,
And bore them to the Sibyl's secret cell.
Enraged, she winged a messenger to Bute,
Some Minister more able to depute ;
Her character and virtue was a jest,
Whilst Grafton was of useless power possessed.
This done, her just desire of vengeance warm,
She gave him notice of the bursting storm.
Timid and dubious, Grafton faced about,
And trembled at the thoughts of being out ;
But as no laws the Sibyl's power confined,
He dropped his blushing honours and resigned.
Step forward, North ! and let the doubtful see
Wonders and miracles revived in thee.
Did not the living witness haunt the court,
What ear had given faith to my report ?
Amidst the rout of ministerial slaves,

Rogues who want genius to refine to knaves,
 Who could imagine that the wretch most base
 Should fill the highest infamy of place ?
 That North, the vile domestic of a peer,
 Whose name an Englishman detests to hear,
 Should leave his trivial share of Bedford's gains,
 Become a Minister, and take the reins ;
 And from the meanest of the gang ascend
 Above his worthy governor and friend ?
 This wondrous metamorphose of an hour
 Sufficiently evinced the Sibyl's power
 To ruin nations, little rogues to raise,
 A virtue supernatural displays ;
 What but a power infernal or divine
 Could honour North, or make his Grace resign ?

Some superficial politicians tell,
 When Grafton from his gilded turret fell,
 The Sibyl substituted North a blank,
 A mustered fagot to complete the rank,
 Without a distant thought that such a tool
 Would change its being and aspire to rule ;
 But such the humble North's indulgent fate,
 When striding in the saddle of the state,
 He caught by inspiration statesmanship,
 And drove the slow machine and smack'd his whip ;
 Whilst Bedford, wondering at his sudden skill,
 With reverence viewed the packhorse of his will.

His Majesty (the buttons thrown aside)
 Declared his fixed intention to preside.
 No longer sacrificed to every knave,
 He'd show himself discreet as well as brave ;

In every cabinet and council cause
 He'd be dictator and enforce the laws ;
 Whilst North should in his present office stand
 As understrapper to direct his hand.

Now, Expectation, now extend thy wing !
 Happy the land whose minister's a king !
 Happy the king who, ruling each debate,
 Can peep through every roguery of state !
 See Hope, arrayed in robes of virgin white,
 Trailing an arched variety of light,
 Comes showering blessings on a ruined realm,
 And shows the crowned director of the helm.
 Return, fair Goddess ! till some future day,
 The king has seen the error of his way ;
 And by his smarting shoulders seems to feel
 The wheel of state is not a Catherine wheel.
 Wise by experience, general nurse of fools,
 He leaves the Ministry to venal tools,
 And finds his happy talents better suit
 The making buttons for his favourite Bute ;
 In countenancing the unlawful views
 Which North, the delegate of Bute, pursues ;
 In glossing with authority a train
 Whose names are infamy and objects gain.

Hail, filial duty ! great if rightly used,
 How little when mistaken and abused !
 Viewed from one point, how glorious art thou seen !
 From others, how degenerate and mean !
 A seraph or an idiot's head we see :
 Oft on the latter stands the type of thee,
 And bowing at his parent's knee is dressed
 In a long hood and many-coloured vest.

The sceptred king who dignifies a throne
Should be in private life himself alone ;
No friend or mother should his conscience scan,
Or with the nation's head confound the man.
Like juggling Melchi Zadok's priestish plea,
Collected in himself a king should be.
But truths may be unwelcome, and the lay
Which shall to royal ears such truths convey,
The conflagrations of the hangman's hire
May roast and execute with foreign fire.
The Muse who values safety shall return,
And sing of subjects where she cannot burn.
Continue, North, thy vile burlesque of power,
And reap the harvest of the present hour ;
Collect and fill thy coffers with the spoil,
And let thy gatherings recompense thy toil,
Whilst the rogues out revile the rascals in,
Repeat the proverb, "Let those laugh that win."
Fleeting and transitory is the date
Of sublunary ministers of state ;
Then, whilst thy summer lasts, prepare thy hay,
Nor trust to autumn and a future day.

I leave thee now, but with intent to trace
The villains and the honest men of place.
The first are still assisting in thy train
To aid the pillage and divide the gain.
The last, of known integrity of mind,
Forsook a venal party and resigned !

Come, Satire ! aid me to display the first,
Of every honest Englishman accursed ;
Come, Truth ! assist me to prepare the lays,
Where worth demands, and give the latter praise.

Ingenious Sandwich, whither dost thou fly
 To shun the censure of the public eye ?
 Dost thou want matter for another speech,
 Or other works of genius to impeach ?
 Or would thy insignificance and pride
 Presume above thyself and seek to guide ?
 Pursue thy ignis-fatuus of power,
 And call to thy assistance virtuous Gower ;
 Set Rigby's happy countenance in play
 To vindicate whatever you can say.
 Then, when you totter into place and fame,
 With double infamy you brand your name.
 Say, Sandwich, in the winter of your date,
 Can you ascend the hobby-horse of state ?
 Do titles echo grateful in your ear ?
 Or is it mockery to call you peer ?
 In ——— silvered age to play the fool,
 And ——— with rascals infamous a tool,
 Plainly denote your judgment is no more,
 Your honour was extinguished long before.

Say, if reflection ever blessed thy mind,
 Hast thou one real friend among mankind ?
 Thou hadst one once, free, generous, and sincere,
 Too good a senator for such a peer ;
 Him thou hast offered as a sacrifice
 To lewdness, immorality, and vice :
 Your patronising scoundrels set the gin,
 And friendship was the bait to draw him in.
 What honourable villain could they find
 Of Sandwich's latitudinary mind ?
 Though intimacy seemed to stop the way,
 You they employed to tempt him and betray.
 Full well you executed their commands,

Well you deserved the pension at their hands.
 For you, in hours of trifling, he compiled
 A dissertation blasphemous and wild.
 Be it recorded, too, at your desire,
 He called for demons to assist his lyre ;
 Relying on your friendship, soon he found
 How dangerous the support of rotten ground.
 In your infernal attributes arrayed,
 You seized the wished-for poem and betrayed.

Hail, mighty Twitcher ! can my feeble line
 Give due reward to merit such as thine ?
 Not Churchill's keenest satire ever reached
 The conscience of the rascal who impeached.
 My humble numbers and untutored lay
 On such a hardened wretch are thrown away ;
 I leave thee to the impotent delight
 Of visiting the harlots of the night :
 Go, hear thy nightingale's enchanting strain,
 My satire shall not dart a sting in vain.
 There you may boast one sense is entertained,
 Though age present your other senses pained :
 Go, Sandwich, if thy fire of lust compel,
 Regale at Harrington's religious cell.

• • • • •
 Exert your poor endeavours as you please,
 The jest and bubble of the harlot crew ;
 What entertained your youth, in age pursue.
 When Grafton shook oppression's iron rod,
 Like Egypt's lice, the instrument of God ;
 When Camden, driven from his office, saw
 The last weak efforts of expiring law ;
 When Bute, the regulator of the state,
 Preferred the vicious, to supplant the great ;

When rank corruption through all orders ran,
 And infamy united Sawney's clan ;
 When every office was with rogues disgraced,
 And the Scotch dialect became the taste—
 Could Beaufort with such creatures stay behind ?
 No ; Beaufort was a Briton, and resigned.
 Thy resignation, Somerset, shall shine
 When time hath buried the recording line,
 And, proudly glaring in the rolls of fame,
 With more than titles decorate thy name.
 Amidst the gathered rascals of the age,
 Who murder noble parts, the court their stage,
 One nobleman of honesty remains,
 Who scorns to draw in ministerial chains ;
 Who honours virtue and his country's peace,
 And sees with pity grievances increase ;
 Who bravely left all sordid views of place,
 And lives, the honour of the Beaufort race.

Deep in the secret, Barrington and Gower
 Raised upon villainy, aspire to power ;
 Big with importance, they presume to rise
 Above a minister they must despise ;
 Whilst Barrington, as secretary, shows
 How many pensions paid his blood and blows ;
 And Gower, the humbler creature of the two,
 Has only future prospects in his view.
 But North requires assistance from the great,
 To work another button in the state,
 That Weymouth may complete the birthday suit,
 Full trimmed by Twitcher, and cut out by Bute.
 So many worthy schemers must produce
 A statesman's coat of universal use ;
 Some system of economy, to save

Another million for another knave ;
Some plan to make a duty, large before,
Additionally great, to grind the poor :
For 'tis a maxim with the guiding wise,
Just as the commons sink, the rich arise.

If Ministers and privy-council knaves
Would rest contented with their being slaves,
And not, with anxious infamy, pursue
Those measures which will fetter others too,
The swelling cry of liberty would rest,
Nor Englishmen complain, nor knaves protest.
But courtiers have a littleness of mind,
And, once enslaved, would fetter all mankind.
'Tis to this narrowness of soul we owe
What further ills our liberties shall know ;
'Tis from this principle our feuds began,
Fomented by the Scots, ignoble clan.
Strange that such little creatures of a tool,
By lust, and not by merit, raised to rule,
Should sow contention in a noble land,
And scatter thunders from a venal hand.
Gods ! that these flyblows of a stallion's day,
Warm'd into being by the Sibyl's ray,
Should shake the constitution, rights, and laws,
And prosecute the Man of Freedom's cause !
Whilst Wilkes to every Briton's right appealed,
With loss of liberty that right he sealed :
Imprison'd and oppress'd he persevered,
Nor Sawney or his powerful Sibyl fear'd.
The hag, replete with malice from above,
Shot poison on the screech-owl of her love :
Unfortunately to his pen it fell,
And flowed in double rancour to her cell.

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Shot poison on the screech-owl of her love :
Unfortunately to his pen it fell,
And flowed in double rancour to her cell.

Madly she raved, to ease her tortured mind,
 The object of her hatred is confined ;
 But he, supported by his country's laws,
 Bid her defiance, for 'twas freedom's cause.
 Her Treasurer and Talbot fought in vain,
 Though each attain'd his favourite object—gain.
 She sat as usual when a project fails,
 Damn'd Chudleigh's phiz, and dined upon her
 nails.

Unhappy land ! whose govern'd Monarch sees
 Through glasses and perspective such as these.
 When juggling to deceive his untried sight,
 He views the Ministry all trammell'd right ;
 Whilst, to his eye the other glass applied,
 His subjects' failings are all magnified.
 Unheeded the petitions are received,
 Nor one retort of grievances believed ;
 'Tis but the voice of faction in disguise
 That blinds with liberty the people's eyes :
 'Tis riot and licentiousness pursues
 Some disappointed placeman's private *views*.
 And shall such venal creatures steer the helm,
 Waving Oppression's banners round the realm ?
 Shall Britons to the vile detested troop,
 Forgetting ancient honour, meanly stoop ?
 Shall we our rights and liberties resign,
 To lay those jewels at a woman's shrine ?
 No ; let us still be Britons : be it known,
 The favours we solicit are our own.
 Engage, ye Britons, in the glorious task,
 And stronger still enforce the things you ask :
 Assert your rights, remonstrate with the throne,
 Insist on liberty, and that alone.

Alas ! America, thy ruined cause
 Displays the Ministry's contempt of laws.
 Unrepresented, thou art taxed, excised,
 By creatures much too vile to be despised ;
 The outcast of an ousted gang are sent
 To bless thy commerce with . . . * government.
 Whilst pity rises to behold thy fate,
 We see thee in this worst of troubles great ;
 Whilst anxious for thy wavering dubious cause,
 We give thy proper spirit due applause.
 If virtuous Grafton's sentimental taste
 Is in his measures or his mistress placed,
 In either 'tis originally rare ;
 One shows the midnight cully, one the peer :
 Review him, Britons, with a proper pride—
 Was this a statesman qualified to guide ?
 Was this the Minister whose mighty hand
 Has scattered civil discord through the land ?
 Since smallest trifles, when ordained by fate,
 Rise into power and counteract the great,
 What shall we call thee, Grafton ? Fortune's whip ?
 Or, rather, the burlesque of statesmanship ?
 When, daring in thy insolence of place,
 Bold in an empty majesty of face,
 We saw thee exercise thy magic rod,
 And form a titled villain with a nod ;
 Turn out the virtuous, airily advance
 The members of the council in a dance,
 And honouring Sandwich with a serious *air*,
 Commend the fancy of his *solitaire*.
 These were thy actions, worthy of record,
 Worthy the bubbled wretch and venal lord.
 Since villainy is meritorious grown,

* This hiatus occurs in the MS.

Step forward, for thy merit's not unknown.
 What Mansfield's conscience shudder'd to receive,
 Thy mercenary temper cannot leave.
 Reversions, pensions, bribes, and titled stews,
 What mortal scoundrel can such things refuse?
 If Dunning's nice integrity of mind
 Will not in pales of interest be confined,
 Let his uncommon honesty resign,
 And boast the empty pension of the nine:
 A Thurlow, grasping every offered straw,
 Shines his successor, and degrades the law.
 How like the Ministry who linked his chains,
 His measures tend incessantly to gains!

If Weymouth dresses to the height of taste,
 At once with fifty . . . * places laced,
 Can such a summer insect of the state
 Be otherwise than in externals great?
 Thou bustling marplot of each hidden plan,
 How wilt thou answer to the Sibyl's man?
 Did thy own shallow politics direct
 To treat the Mayor with purposed disrespect?
 Or did it come in orders from above,
 From her who sacrificed her soul to love?
 Rigby, whose conscience is a perfect dice,
 A just epitome of every vice,
 Replete with what accomplishments support
 The empty admiration of a court,
 Yet wants a barony to grace record,
 And hopes to lose the rascal in the lord.
 His wish is granted, and the King prepares
 A title of renown, to brand his heirs.

* A word omitted in the MS.

When vice creates the patent for a peer,
What lord so nominally great as Clare?
Whilst Chatham, from his coroneted oak,
Unheeded, shook the senate with his croak,
The Minister, too powerful to be right,
Laughed at his prophecy and second sight,
Since Mother Shipton's oracle of state
Forestalled the future incidents of fate.
Grafton might shake his elbows, dance, and dream,
'Twere labour lost to strive against the stream.
If Grafton, in his juggling statesman's game,
Bubbled for interest, betted but for fame,
The leader of the Treasury could pay
For every loss in politics and play.
Sir Fletcher's noisy eloquence of tongue
Is on such pliant, oily hinges hung,
Turned to all points of politics and doubt,
But though for ever worsted, never out.
Can such a wretched creature take the chair,
And exercise his new-made power with air?
This worthy speaker of a worthy crew
Can write long speeches, and repeat them too;
A practised lawyer in the venal court,
From higher powers he borrows his report;
Above the scandalous aspersion, tool,
He only squares his conscience by a rule.
Granby, too great to join the hated cause,
Throws down his useless truncheon and withdraws;
Whilst unrenowned for military deeds,
A youthful branch of royalty succeeds.

Let Coventry, Yonge, Palmerston, and Brett,
With resignation pay the crown a debt;
If in return for offices of trust

The Ministry expect you'll prove unjust,
 What soul that values freedom could with ease
 Stoop under obligations such as these ?
 If you, a Briton, every virtue dead,
 That would upon your dying freedom tread,
 List in the gang, and piously procure
 To make your calling and election sure,
 Go, flatter Sawney for his jockeyship,
 Assist in each long shuffle, hedge, and slip ;
 Thus rising on the stilts of favour, see
 What Grafton was, and future dukes will be ;
 How Rigby, Weymouth, Barrington began
 To juggle into fame and play the man.

Amidst this general rage of turning out,
 What officer will stand, remains a doubt.
 If virtue's an objection at the board,
 With what propriety the council's stored !
 Where could the Caledonian minion find
 Such striking copies of his venal mind ?
 Search through the winding labyrinths of place,
 See all alike politically base.
 If virtues foreign to the office shine,
 How fast the prodigies of state resign !
 Still as they drop, the rising race begin
 To boast the infamy of being in ;
 And generous Bristol, constant to his friend,
 Employs his lifted crutches to ascend.
 Look round thee, North ! see what a glorious scene !—
 Oh let no thought of vengeance intervene !
 Throw thy own insignificance aside,
 And swell in self-importance, power, and pride.
 See Holland easy with his pilfered store,
 See Bute intriguing how to pilfer more,

See Grafton's coffers boast the wealth of place,
 A provident reserve to hedge a race.
 New to oppression and the servile chain,
 Hark how the wronged Americans complain !
 Whilst unregarded the petitions lie,
 And Liberty unnoticed swells her cry,
 Yet, yet reflect, thou despicable thing,
 How wavering is the favour of a king ;
 Think, since that feeble fence and Bute is all,
 How soon thy humbug farce of state may fall :
 Then catch the present moment while tis 'thine,
 Implore a noble pension, and resign !

 TO HORACE WALPOLE.

WALPOLE, I thought not I should ever see
 So mean a heart as thine has proved to be.
 Thou who, in luxury nurst, behold'st with scorn
 The boy, who friendless, fatherless, forlorn,
 Asks thy high favour—thou mayst call me cheat,
 Say, didst thou never practise such deceit ?
 Who wrote Otranto ? but I will not chide ;
 Scorn I'll repay with scorn, and pride with pride.
 Still, Walpole, still thy prosy chapters write,
 And twaddling letters to some fair indite ;
 Laud all above thee, fawn and cringe to those
 Who, for thy fame, were better friends than foes ;
 Still spurn the incautious fool who dares—

Had I the gifts of wealth and luxury shared,
 Not poor and mean, Walpole ! thou hadst not dared
 Thus to insult. But I shall live and stand
 By Rowley's side, when thou art dead and damned.

FAITH.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
 To thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill—
 But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
 Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
 Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
 Omniscience could the danger see,
 And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the inflictor of the blow ;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals.

ON THE LAST EPIPHANY ; OR, CHRIST COMING
TO JUDGMENT.*

BEHOLD ! just coming from above,
The JUDGE, with majesty and love !
The sky divides, and rolls away,
T' admit him through the realms of day.
The sun, astonished, hides its face,
The moon and stars with wonder gaze
At JESUS' bright superior rays !
Dread lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
And shake the earth and briny shore ;
The trumpet sounds at heaven's command,
And pierceth through the sea and land ;
The dead in each now hear the voice,
The sinners fear and saints rejoice ;
For now the awful hour is come
When every tenant of the tomb
Must rise, and take his everlasting doom.

* Written when only ten years of age.

THE COMPLAINT.

ADDRESSED TO MISS P——— L———, OF BRISTOL.*

LOVE, lawless tyrant of my breast,
 When will my passions be at rest,
 And in soft murmurs roll—
 When will the dove-eyed goddess Peace,
 Bid black despair and torment cease,
 And wake to joy my soul?

Adieu! ye flower-bespangled hills;
 Adieu! ye softly-purling rills,
 That through the meadows play;
 Adieu! the cool refreshing shade,
 By hoary oaks and woodbines made,
 Where oft with joy I lay.

No more beneath your boughs I hear,
 With pleasure unalloyed by fear,
 The distant Severn roar—

* Concerning this poem Professor Skeat says:—"In the *Universal Magazine* for November 1769 I find a poem which has every claim to be by Chatterton, though not included in any edition of his works. The external and internal evidences all point that way. The external evidences are (1) the date of its appearance; (2) the mention of Bristol and the Severn; (3) the signature 'C.' which he adopted about this time in preference to 'T. C.,' which were also the initials of Thomas Cary; and (4) the address to Miss L——, who may have been the same as the person of whom he afterwards wrote in one of his letters, dated 14th May 1770—"If Miss Love has no objection to having a crambo song on her name published, it shall be done. . . . The internal evidences are supplied by comparison with other poems."

Adieu ! the forest's mossy side,
Decked out in Flora's richest pride :
Ye can delight no more.

Oft at the solitary hour,
When Melancholy's silent power
Is gliding through the shade ;
With raging Madness by her side,
Whose hands, in blood and murder dy'd,
Display the reeking blade,

I catch the echo of their feet,
And follow to their drear retreat
Of deadliest nightshade wove :
There, stretched upon the dewy ground,
Whilst noxious vapours rise around,
I sigh my tale of love.

Oft has the solemn bird of night,
When rising to his gloomy flight,
Unseen against me fled !
Whilst snakes in curling orbs uproll'd,
Bedropp'd with azure, flame, and gold,
Hurl'd poison at my head.

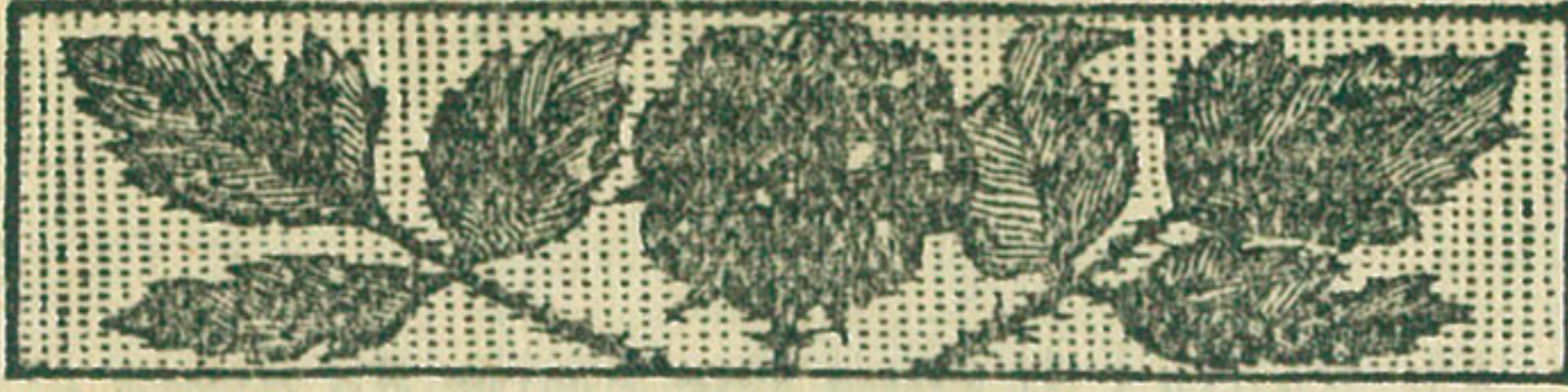
O say ! thou best of womankind,
Thou miracle, in whom we find
Wit, charms, and sense unite,
Can plagues like these be always borne ?
No ; if I still must meet your scorn,
I'll seek the realms of night.

THE LAST VERSES WRITTEN BY
CHATTERTON.*

FAREWELL, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick,
Lovers of Mammon, worshippers of Trick!
Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,
And paid for learning with your empty praise.
Farewell, ye guzzling aldermanic fools,
By nature fitted for Corruption's tools!
I go to where celestial anthems swell;
But you, when you depart, will sink to Hell.
Farewell, my Mother!—cease, my anguish'd soul,
Nor let Distraction's billows o'er me roll!—
Have mercy, Heaven! when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive.

* These lines were found in Chatterton's pocket-book after his death.





*SELECTIONS FROM THE
ROWLEY POEMS.*

(MODERNISED.)

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERT AND RAUFE.

WHEN England, smoking from her deadly wound,
From her galled neck did pluck the chain away,
Seeing her liegeful sons fall all around
(Mighty they fell, 'twas Honour led the fray),
Then in a dale, by eve's dark mantle grey,
Two lonely shepherds did abrodden¹ fly
(The rustling leaf doth their white hearts dismay),
And with the owlet trembled and did cry ;
First Robert Neatherd his sore bosom stroke,²
Then fell upon the ground and thus y-spoke.

¹ "Abruptly. So Chaucer—Syke he abredden dyde attourne."
—C. "An erroneous explanation," says Skeat.

² Struck.

II.

Robert. Ah Raufe ! if thus the hours do come along,
 If thus we fly in chase of further woe,
 Our feet will fail, albeit we be strong,
 Nor will our pace swift as our danger go.
 To our great wrongs we have upheaped moe,¹
 The Barons war ! Oh, woe and well-a-day !
 I haveth life, but have escapèd so,
 That life itself my senses doth affray.
 Oh Raufe, come list, and hear my woeful tale,
 Come hear the baleful doom of Robin of the dale.

III.

Raufe. Say to me naught ; I know thy woe in mine ;
 Oh ! I've a tale that Sabalus² might tell.
 Sweet flowerets, mantled meadows, forests fine ;
 Groves seen from far around the hermit's cell ;
 The sweet ribible³ dinning in the dell,
 The joyous dancing in the hostel-court ;
 Eke the high song and every joy, farewell !
 Farewell, the very shade of fair disport ;
 Impestering troubles on my head do come,
 Nor one kind saint to ward the aye-increasing doom.

IV.

Rob. Oh ! I could wail my king-cup deckèd mees,⁴
 My spreading flocks of sheep of lily white,
 My tender apples, and my lordly trees,
 My parker's grange,⁵ far spreading to the sight,
 My tender kine, my bullocks strong in fight,

¹ More. ² The devil. ³ A violin. ⁴ Meads. ⁵ Park-keeper's farm.

My garden blanchèd with the comfrey¹ plant,
 My flower Saint Mary² shooting with the light,
 My store of all the blessings heaven can grant.
 I am accustomed now to sorrow's blow,
 Accustomed to the pain, will let no salt tear flow.

V.

Raufe. Here I will stay me until Death do 'pear,
 Here like a foul empoisoned deadly tree,
 Which slayeth everyone that cometh near,
 So will I fixèd unto this place gre.³
 I to lament have far more cause than thee,
 Slain in the war my lovèd father lies ;
 Oh ! joyous I his murderer would slea,⁴
 And by his side for aye enclose mine eyes.
 Removed from every joy, here will I bleed,
 Fall'n is the 'cullis-gate of my heart's castle-stead.

VI.

Rob. Our woes alike, alike our doom shall be,
 My son, my only son ystorven⁵ is ;
 Here will I stay, and end my life with thee,
 A life like mine a burden is, I wis.
 Now from e'en lodges fled is happiness,
 Minsters alone can boast the holy saint.
 Now doth sweet England wear a bloody dress,
 And with her champion's gore her face depaint ;
 Peace fled, disorder showeth her dark rode,⁶
 And through the air doth fly, in garments stained with
 blood.

1 A favourite dish at that time. 2 Marygold. 3 Grow.
 * Slay. 5 Dead. 6 Face.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

NYGELLE.

SPRITES of the blest, the pious Nygelle said,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

I.

Richard of Lion's heart to fight is gone,
 Upon the broad sea do the banners gleam,
 The amenusèd¹ nations are aston,²
 To see so large a fleet, so fine, so breme.³
 The gleaming prows plough up the glassy stream,
 Waves sinking, waves upon the hard oak rise ;
 The water-slughorns⁴ with harmonious cleme,⁵
 Assail the sounding air, and reach the skies.
 Sprites of the blest, on golden thrones a-stead,⁶
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

II.

The red depainted oars from the black tide,
 Carved with devices rare, do gleaming rise ;
 Upswelling do they show in dreary pride,
 Like gore-red meteors in the eve-merk⁷ skies
 The name emblazoned shields, the spears, arise,
 Like the tall rushes on the water-side ;
 Along from bark to bark the bright sheen flies ;
 Short-lived delights do on the water glide.
 Sprites of the blest and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

¹ Diminished, lessened. ² Astonished. ³ Strong.
⁴ War trumpet. ⁵ Sound. ⁶ Seated. ⁷ Dark.

III.

The Saracen looks out ; he doëth fear,
 That England's valiant sons do cut the way.
 Like hunted bucks, they scatter here and there,
 Not knowing in what place to stay.
 The banner glisters in the beam of day,
 The mighty cross-Jerusalem is seen ;
 Thereof the sight, their courage doth dismay,
 In baleful dole their faces are y-wreen.¹
 Sprites of the blest and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

IV.

The bollengers² and cottes,³ so swift in fight,
 Upon the sides of every bark appear ;
 Forth to his office leapeth every knight,
 Eftsoons his squirè, with his shield and spear.
 The joining shields do shimmer and much glare ;
 The splashing oar doth make confusèd din ;
 The running foemen, thinking if to dare,
 Draw the dark sword, they seek the fray, they
 blin.⁴
 Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

V.

Now come the warring Saracens to fight ;
 King Richard like a lioncel⁵ of war,
 In shining gold, like fiery meteor dight,⁶
 Shaketh aloft his hand, and seen afar.
 So have I oft espied a greater star

¹ Covered. ² For *ballingers*. Boats for disembarking.
³ A small boat. ⁴ Cease. ⁵ Young lion. ⁶ Arrayed.

Among the lesser ones to shine full bright ;
 So the sun's wain with aumayl'd¹ beams doth bar
 The silver moon or estells² to give light.
 Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

VI.

Distracted Fear, with locks of blood-red dye,
 Terror enarmèd in the thunder's rage,
 Death, linkèd to dismay, doth gruesome fly,
 Encouraging each champion war to wage.
 Spear crosses spear, swords upon swords engage ;
 Armour on armour dins, shield upon shield,
 Nor death of thousands can the war assuage ;
 But falling numbers sable all the field.
 Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

VII.

The foemen fall around ; the cross reels high ;
 Stainèd in gore, the heart of war is seen ;
 King Richard through near every troop doth fly,
 And beareth many Turks unto the green ;
 By him the flower of Asia's men are slain ;
 The waning moon doth fade before his sun ;
 By him his knights are formed to actions deene³
 Doing such marvels, strangers are aston.⁴
 Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

VIII.

The fight is won ; King Richard master is,
 The English banner kisseth the high air ;

¹ Enamelled. ² Stars. ³ Glorious. ⁴ Astonished

Full of pure joy the army is, I wis,
 And everyone hath it upon his bayre.¹
 Again to England come, and worshipped there,
 Caught into loving arms, and feasted eft;²
 In every eye a-reading naught of wyere³
 Of all remembrance of past pain bereft.
 Sprites of the past, and every sainty-dead,
 Such pleasures pour upon my father's head.

IX.

So Nygelle said, when from the bluey sea
 The swollen sail did dance before his eyne;⁴
 Swift as the wish he to the beach did flee,
 And found his father stepping from the brine.
 Let thyssen⁵ men who have the sprite of love,
 Bethink unto themselves how might the meeting
 prove!

 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

A Man, a Woman, Sir Roger.

I.

WOULDST thou know nature in her better part?
 Go, search the hut and cottage of the hind;
 If they have any, it is rough-made art,
 In them you see the naked form of kind;⁶
 Haveth your mind a liking of a mind?
 Would it know everything, as it might be?

¹ Brow. ² Oft. ³ Grief. ⁴ Eyes. ⁵ Those. ⁶ Nature.

Would it hear phrase of vulgar from the hind,
 Without wiseacre words, and knowledge free?
 If so, read this, which I disporting penned,
 If naught besides, its rhyme may it commend.

II.

Man. But whither, fair maid, do ye go?
 O where do ye bend your way?
 I will know whither you go,
 I will not be answered nay.

Woman. To Robin and Nell, all down in the dell,
 To help them at making of hay.

Man. Sir Roger, the parson, hath hired me there,
 Come, come, let us trip it away,
 We'll work and we'll sing, and we'll drink of
 strong beer,
 As long as the merry summer's day.

III.

Woman. How hard is my doom to wurch!¹
 Much is my woe;
 Dame Agnes, who lies in the church
 With birlet² gold,
 With gilded aumeres,³ strong, untold,
 What was she more than me, to be so?

Man. I know Sir Roger from afar,
 Tripping over the lea;
 I'll ask him why the lordès son
 Is more than me.

¹ Work. ² A coif or hood.

³ "Borders of gold and silver, on which was (*sic*) laid thin plates of either metal countercharged, not unlike the present spangled laces."—C.

IV.

Sir Roger. The sultry sun doth hie apace his wain,
 From every beam a seed of life doth fall ;
 Upgather quick the hay upon the plain,
 Methinks the cocks beginneth to grow tall.
 This is alike our doom ; the great the small,
 Must wither and be forwyled¹ by death's
 dart.

See ! the sweet floweret hath no sweet at all ;
 It with the rank weed beareth equal part.
 The craven, warrior, and the wise are blent,
 Alike to dry away with those they did lament.

V.

Man. All-a-boon, Sir Priest, all-a-boon !
 By your priestship now say unto me ;
 Sir Ganfrid the knight, who liveth hardby,
 Why should he than me be more great,
 In honour, knighthood, and estate ?

VI.

Sir Roger. Cast thou thine eyes around this hayèd mee,²
 Attentively look round the sun-beat dell ;
 An answer to thy questioning here see,
 This withered floweret will a lesson tell ;
 Sprouting, it blew, it flourished and did well,
 Looking askance upon the neighbour green ;
 Yet with the 'dained³ green its glory fell,
 Eftsoons it shrunk upon the sun-burnt plain,
 Did not its presence, whilst it there did stand,
 To crop it in the bud move some dread hand ?

¹ Dried. ² Meadow. ³ *i.e.*, Disdained.

VII.

Such is the way of life ; the rich man's ente¹
 Moveth the robber him therefor to slea ;²
 If thou hast ease, the shadow of content,
 Believe the truth, none happier are than thee.
 Thou workest ; well, can that a trouble be ?
 Sloth more would jade thee than the
 roughest day,
 Couldst thou the hidden half of soul's see,
 Thou wouldst eftsoons see truth in what I
 say.

But let me hear thy way of life, and then
 Hear thou from me the lives of other men.

VIII.

Man. I rise with the sun,
 Like him to drive the wain,
 And ere my work is done,
 I sing a song or twain.
 I follow the plough tail,
 With a long jug of ale.
 On every Saint's high-day
 With the minstrel I am seen,
 All a-footing it away
 With maidens on the green.
 But oh ! I wish to be more great,
 In glory, tenure, and estate.

IX.

Sir Roger. Hast thou not seen a tree upon a hill,
 Whose spreading branches reached far to sight ?

1 Purse.

2 Slay.

When furious tempests do the heavens fill,
 It shaketh dire, in dole, and much affright,
 Whilst the poor lowly flower, all humbly dight ¹
 Standeth unhurt, untouched by the storm.
 Such is a view of life; the man of might
 Is tempest-chafed; his woe great as his form;
 Thyself a floweret of a small account,
 Wouldst harder feel the wind as higher thou didst
 mount.

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

I.

ON Rudborne ² bank two pining maidens sat,
 Their tears fast dripping to the water clear;
 Each one lamenting for her absent mate,
 Who at Saint Albans shook the murd'ring spear.
 The nutbrown Elinoure to Juga fair
 Did speak full sad, with languishment of eyne, ³
 Like drops of pearly dew, gleamed the quivering
 brine.

¹ Arrayed.

² "Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water) a river near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the houses of Lancaster and York"—C.

³ Eyes.

II.

Elin. O gentle Juga ! hear my sad complaint,
 To fight for York my lord is dight in steel ;
 O may no sanguine stain the white rose paint,
 May good Saint Cuthbert watch Sir Robert
 wele ; ¹
 Much more than death in phantasy I feel ;
 See ! see ! upon the ground he bleeding lies ;
 Infuse some juice of life, or else my dear love
 dies.

III.

Juga. Sisters in sorrow, on this daisied bank,
 Where melancholy broods, we will lament,
 Be wet with morning dew and even dank ;
 Like blasted oakès in each other bent,
 Or like forsaken halls of merriment,
 Whose ghastly ruins hold the train of fright,
 Where deadly ravens bark, and owlets wake the
 night.

IV.

Elin. No more the miskynette² shall wake the morn,
 The minstrel dance, good cheer, and morris-
 play :
 No more the ambling palfrey and the horn
 Shall from the coppice rouse the fox away,
 I'll seek the forest, all the live-long day ;
 All night among the grav'd churchyard will go,
 And to the passing sprites unfold my tale of
 woe.

¹ Well.² A small bagpipe.

V.

Juga. When leaden clouds do hang upon the gleam
 Of waning moon, in silver mantles dight;
 The tripping fairies weave the golden dream
 Of happiness, which flieth with the night.
 Then (but the Saints forbid!) if to a sprite
 Sir Richard's form is linked, I'll hold distraught,
 His bleeding clay-cold corse, and die each day
 in thought.

VI.

Elin. Ah! woe-bemoaning words! what words can
 show?
 Thou glassy river, on thy bank may bleed
 Champions, whose blood will with thy waters
 flow, [indeed!
 And Rudborne stream be Rudborne stream
 Haste, gentle Juga, trip it o'er the mead,
 To know, or whether we must wail again,
 Or with our fallen knights be mingled on the
 plain.

VII.

So saying, like two tempest-blasted trees,
 Or twain of clouds that holdeth stormy rain;
 They movèd gently o'er the dewy mees,¹
 To where Saint Alban's holy shrines remain.
 There did they find that both their knights
 were slain,
 Distraught, they wandered to swoll'n Rud-
 borne's side,
 Yellèd their lethal knell, sank in the waves,
 and died.

¹ Meads.

THE BRISTOWE TRAGEDY ;

OR, THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE feathered songster chanticleer
 Has wound his bugle horn
 And told the early villager
 The coming of the morn :

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
 Of light eclipse the grey ;
 And heard the raven's croaking
 Proclaim the fated day.

“Thou'rt right,” quoth he, “for by the God
 That sits enthroned on high !
 Charles Bawdin and his fellows twain,
 To-day shall surely die.”

Then with a jug of nappy ale
 His knights did on him wait ;
 “Go tell the traitor, that to-day
 He leaves this mortal state.”

Sir Canterlone then bended low
 With heart brim-full of woe ;
 He journeyed to the castle gate,
 And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain
 And eke his loving wife,
 With briny tears did wet the floor,
 For good Sir Charles's life.

“ O good Sir Charles ! ” said Canterlone,
Bad tidings I do bring.”
“ Speak boldly, man,” said brave Sir Charles,
“ What says thy traitor king ? ”

“ I grieve to tell, before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn,
That thou shalt surely die.”

“ We all must die,” quoth brave Sir Charles,
“ Of that I’m not afeard ;
What boots to live a little space ?
Thank Jesu, I’m prepared ;

But tell the king, for mine he’s not,
I’d sooner die to-day
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye.”

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles’s fate.

Then Master Canynge sought the king,
And fell down on his knee ;
“ I’m come,” quoth he, “ unto your grace,
To move your clemency.”

Then quoth the king, “ Your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend ;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend.”

“ My noble liege ! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, tho’ mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right :

He has a spouse and children twain,
Who ruined are for aye ;
If still you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day.”

“ Speak not of such a traitor vile,”
The king in fury said ;
“ Before the evening star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head :

Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed ;
Speak, Master Canynge ! what thing else
At present do you need ?”

“ My noble liege !” good Canynge said,
“ Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside ;
Be thine the olive rod.

Were God to search our hearts and ways,
The best were sinners great ;
Christ’s vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
’Twill fast thy crown full sure ;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure :

But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain."

"Canynge, away ! this traitor vile
Has scorned my power and me :
How canst thou then for such a man
Entreat my clemency ?"

"My noble liege ! the truly brave
Will val'rous actions prize ;
Respect a brave, a noble mind,
Although in enemies."

"Canynge, away ! by God in heaven
That did me being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live.

By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last ;"
Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence past.

With heart brim-full of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles ;
"What boots it how or when ;
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all we mortal men.

Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye ;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry ?”

Quoth godly Canynge, “ I do weep
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife ;
’Tis this that wets mine eye.”

“ Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring ;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor king.

When through the tyrant’s welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me ;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be ?

How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around :
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground.

How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye ?

And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed ?
Nay ! from my heart fly childish fear,
Be all the man displayed.

Ah ! godlike Henry ! God forbend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis His will ; but if 'tis not,
Why, then, His will be done.

My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince ;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note ;
My father did a noble's arms
Emblazon on his coat.

I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go ;
Where we for ever shall be blest,
From out the reach of woe.

He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite ;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right.

He taught me with a prudent hand
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servants drive away
The hungry from my door :