

No war or battle's sound  
 Was heard the world around :  
 The idle spear and shield were high up  
 hung ;  
 The hookèd chariot stood  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood ;  
 The trumpet spake not to the armed  
 throng ;  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sov'reign  
 lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,  
 Wherein the Prince of Light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth  
 began :  
 The winds, with wonder whist,  
 Smoothly the waters kiss'd,  
 Whispering new joys to the mild  
 ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the  
 charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,  
 Bending one way their precious influ-  
 ence ;  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer had often warn'd them  
 thence ;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and  
 bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The sun himself withheld his wonted  
 speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new-enlighten'd world no more  
 should need ;  
 He saw a greater sun appear  
 Than his bright throne, or burning axle-  
 tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or ere the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
 Full little thought they then  
 That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them  
 below ;  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so  
 busy keep.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 As never was by mortal fingers strook,  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture  
 took :  
 The air, such pleasure loathe to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each  
 heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region  
 thrilling,  
 Now was almost won,  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last  
 fulfilling ;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all heaven and earth in  
 happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shame-fac'd  
 night array'd ;  
 The helmed cherubim,  
 And sworded seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings  
 display'd,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's  
 new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning  
 sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges  
 hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy  
 channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so ;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time ;  
 And let the bass of Heaven's deep  
 organ blow ;  
 And, with your ninefold harmony,  
 Make up full concert to the angelic  
 symphony.

For, if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back, and fetch the age  
 of gold ;  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly  
 mould ;  
 And Hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the  
 peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories  
 wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Thron'd in celestial sheen,  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds  
 down steering ;  
 And Heaven, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high  
 palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,  
 This must not yet be so,  
 The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss,  
 So both himself and us to glorify :  
 Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder  
 through the deep,

With such a horrid clang  
 As on Mount Sinai rang,  
 While the red fire and smould'ring  
 clouds out brake ;  
 The aged earth aghast,  
 With terror of that blast,  
 Shall from the surface to the centre  
 shake ;

When, at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall  
 spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss,  
 Full and perfect is,  
 But now begins ; for, from this happy  
 day,  
 The old dragon, underground,  
 In straiter limits bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;  
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the arched roof in words  
 deceiving.  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos  
 leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the  
 prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
 A voice of weeping heard and loud  
 lament ;  
 From haunted spring and dale,  
 Edg'd with poplar pale,  
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;  
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled  
 thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth,  
 The Lars and Lemurs mourn with mid-  
 night plaint.  
 In urns and altars round,  
 A drear and dying sound  
 Affrights the Flamens at their service  
 quaint ;  
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar power foregoes his  
 wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim  
 Forsake their temples dim  
 With that twice-battered god of Pales-  
 tine ;

And mooned Ashtoroth,  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy  
 shine ;  
 The Libyac Hammon shrinks his horn ;  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded  
 Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue :  
 In vain with cymbals' ring  
 They call the grisly king,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace  
 blue :  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis,  
 haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
 Trampling the unshowered grass with  
 lowings loud ;  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest,  
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his  
 shroud ;  
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his wor-  
 shipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land  
 The dreaded infant's hand,  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky  
 eyne ;  
 Nor all the gods beside  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky  
 twine :  
 Our babe, to show his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swaddling bands control the  
 damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale,  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several  
 grave ;  
 And the yellow-skirted fays  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their  
 moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her babe to rest ;  
 Time is, our tedious song should here  
 have ending :  
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
 Hath fixed her polish'd car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid  
 lamp attending ;  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order ser-  
 viceable.

### THE LADY'S SONG.

*Comus.*

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st  
 unseen  
 Within thy aery shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth  
 well ;  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?  
 O, if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the  
 sphere ! [skies,  
 So may'st thou be translated to the  
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's  
 harmonies.

### HOW CHARMING IS DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

How charming is divine philosophy !  
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools  
 suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute.  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

### BEFORE THE STARRY THRES- HOLD OF JOVE'S COURT.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's  
 court,  
 My mansion is, where those immortal  
 shapes

Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd  
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
 Which men call Earth, and with low-  
 thoughted care,  
 Confin'd and pester'd in this pin-fold  
 here,  
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish  
 being,  
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives  
 After this mortal change, to her true ser-  
 vants,  
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted  
 seats.  
 Yet some there be that by due steps  
 aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that golden  
 key  
 That opes the palace of Eternity:  
 To such my errand is; and but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial  
 weeds  
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn  
 mould.

~~~~~

### CHASTITY.

So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can  
 hear,  
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward  
 shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's  
 essence,  
 Till all be made immortal; but when  
 Lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and  
 foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows  
 damp,  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,

Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made  
 grave,  
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

~~~~~

### THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE.

To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where Day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:  
 There I suck the liquid air,  
 All amidst the garden fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,  
 That sing about the golden tree:  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring,  
 The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring;  
 That there eternal summer dwells,  
 And west-winds with musky wing  
 About the cedarn alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can show,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinths and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumbers soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son advanc'd,  
 Holds her dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,  
 After her wand'ring labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.  
 But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run,  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.  
 Mortals that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue, she alone is free,

She can teach you how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime ;  
Or if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

SONG. MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's har-  
binger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads  
with her  
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap  
throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale prim-  
rose.  
Hail bounteous May ! that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

[SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615—1668.]

THE THAMES.

MY eye, descending from the hill, sur-  
veys,  
Where Thames among the wanton valleys  
strays ;  
Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's  
sons  
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life to meet eternity.  
Though with those streams he no remem-  
brance hold,  
Whose foam is amber and their gravel  
gold,  
His genuine and less guilty wealth to  
explore,  
Search not his bottom but survey his  
shore,  
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious  
wing  
And hatches plenty for the ensuing  
spring,  
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
Like mothers who their infants overlay ;  
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,  
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he  
gave.

No unexpected inundations spoil  
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plough  
man's toil,  
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;  
First loves to do, then loves the good he  
does.  
Nor are his blessings to his banks con-  
fined,  
Put free or common as the sea or wind,  
When he to boast or to disperse her  
stores,  
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
Visits the world, and in his flying towers,  
Brings home to us, and makes both  
Indies ours :  
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where  
it wants,  
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;  
So that to us no thing, no place is  
strange,  
While his fair bosom is the world's ex-  
change.  
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy  
stream  
My great example, as it is my theme !  
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle,  
yet not dull ;  
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing  
full !

[ANONYMOUS. About 1650.]

THE THREE RAVENS.

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,  
They were as black as they might be :  
The one of them said to his mate,  
"Where shall we our breakfast take ?"  
"Down in yonder green field,  
There lies a knight slain under his shield ;  
"His hounds they lie down at his feet,  
So well do they their master keep ;  
"His hawks they fly so eagerly.  
There's no fowl dare come him nigh."  
Down there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with young as she might go.  
She lifted up his bloody head,  
And kissed his wounds that were so red

She got him up upon her back,  
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herself before even-song  
time.

God send every gentleman  
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a  
leman.

[JOHN DRYDEN. 1636—1700.]

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS.  
ANNE KILLIGREW.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the  
skies,  
Made in the last promotion of the blest;  
Whose palms, new pluck'd from para-  
dise, [rise,  
In spreading branches more sublimely  
Rich with immortal green above the rest:  
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring  
star,

Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering  
race,

Or, in procession fix'd and regular,  
Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace;  
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,  
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast  
abyss:

Whatever happy region is thy place,  
Cease thy celestial song a little space;  
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns  
divine,

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.  
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise re-  
hearse,

In no ignoble verse:  
But such as thy own voice did practise  
here,

When thy first fruits of poesy were given,  
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;  
While yet a young probationer,  
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,  
Our wonder is the less to find  
A soul so charming from a stock so good;  
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:  
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,  
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul  
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,  
It did through all the mighty poets roll,  
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,  
And was that Sappho last, which once it  
was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-  
born mind!

Thou hast no dross to purge from thy  
rich ore:

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,  
Than was the beauteous frame she left  
behind:

Return to fill or mend the choir of thy  
celestial kind.

\* \* \* \* \*

O gracious God! how far have we  
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy?  
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,  
Debased to each obscene and impious use,  
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above  
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of  
love?

O wretched we! why were we hurried  
down

This lubrique and adulterate age?

\* \* \* \* \*

What can we say t'excuse our second  
fall?

Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all:  
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,  
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and unde-  
filed;

Her wit was more than man, her innocence  
a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;  
For nature did that want supply:

So rich in treasures of her own,  
She might our boasted stores defy:

Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,  
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas  
only born.

Her morals too were in her bosom bred,  
By great examples daily fed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ev'n love (for love sometimes her muse  
express)

Was but a lambent flame which play'd  
about her breast:

I light as the vapours of a morning dream,

So cold herself, while she such warmth  
 exprest,  
 Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

When in mid-air the golden trump shall  
 sound  
 To raise the nations under ground;  
 When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,  
 The judging God shall close the book of  
 fate;  
 And there the last assizes keep,  
 For those who wake, and those who  
 sleep;  
 When rattling bones together fly,  
 From the four corners of the sky;  
 When sinews on the skeletons are spread,  
 Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires  
 the dead;  
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,  
 And foremost from the tomb shall  
 bound,  
 For they are cover'd with the lightest  
 ground;  
 And straight, with inborn vigour, on the  
 wing,  
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning  
 sing.  
 There thou, sweet saint, before the quire  
 shalt go,  
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to  
 show,  
 The way which thou so well hast learned  
 below.

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THE CHARACTER OF THE EARL  
 OF SHAFTESBURY DELI-  
 NEATED AS ACHITOPHEL.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;  
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:  
 For close designs and crooked counsels  
 fit,  
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;  
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;  
 In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;  
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay:  
 A daring pilot in extremity;  
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves  
 went high

He sought the storms; but, for a calm  
 unfit,  
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast  
 his wit.  
 Great wits are sure to madness near  
 allied,  
 And thin partitions do their bounds  
 divide:  
 Else why should he, with wealth and  
 honours blest,  
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?  
 Punish a body which he could not please;  
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

In friendship false, implacable in hate,  
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.  
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,  
 The pillars of the public safety shook,  
 And fitted Israel with a foreign yoke;  
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting  
 fame,  
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name;  
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,  
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.  
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,  
 Where none can sin against the people's  
 will!  
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence  
 be known, [own!  
 Since in another's guilt they find their  
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;  
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the  
 judge.  
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin  
 With more discerning eyes or hands more  
 clean,  
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to re-  
 dress;  
 Swift of despatch and easy of access.  
 Oh! had he been content to serve the crown  
 With virtues only proper to the gown;  
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed  
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble  
 seed;  
 David for him his tuneful harp had  
 strung,  
 And heaven had wanted one immortal  
 song.  
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not  
 stand;  
 And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's land.  
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess  
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,  
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the  
tree.

[since,  
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long  
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;  
Held up the buckler of the people's cause  
Against the crown, and skulk'd behind  
the laws.

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKING-  
HAM, DELINEATED AS ZIMRI.

A MAN so various that he seem'd to be  
Not one but all mankind's epitome;  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by starts, and nothing  
long;  
But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and  
buffoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blest madman! who could every hour em-  
ploy  
With something new to wish or to enjoy.  
Railing and praising were his usual  
themes,  
And both, to show his judgment, in ex-  
tremes.  
So over-violent or over-civil,  
That every man with him was god or  
devil.  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar  
art,  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert;  
Beggard by fools whom still he found too  
late;  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
He laugh'd himself from court, then had  
relief,  
By forming parties, but could ne'er be  
chief;  
For, spite of him, the weight of business  
fell  
On Absalom and wise Achitophel.

"RELIGIO LAICI."

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and  
stars  
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,  
Is reason to the soul: and as on high,

Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
Not light us here; so reason's glimmering  
ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better day.  
And as those nightly tapers disappear  
When day's bright lord ascends our hemi-  
sphere;

So pale grows reason at religion's sight—  
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural  
light.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

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

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son:  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne:  
His valiant peers were placed around;  
Their brows with roses and with myrtle  
bound,  
(So should desert in arms be crown'd):  
The lovely Thais, by his side,  
Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove,  
Who left his blissful seats above  
(Such is the power of mighty Love!).  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god,  
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sove-  
reign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty  
sound,  
A present deity! they shout around:  
A present deity! the vaulted roofs re-  
bound:



With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.  
 The praise of Bacchus then the sweet  
 musician sung :  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :  
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;  
 Flush'd with a purple grace,  
 He shows his honest face ;  
 Now give the hautboys breath : he comes !  
 he comes !  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure ;  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.  
 Soothed with the sound, the king  
 grew vain ;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and  
 thrice he slew the slain.  
 The master saw the madness rise ;  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
 And, while he heaven and earth  
 defied, [pride.  
 Changed his hand, and check'd his  
 He chose a mournful Muse,  
 Soft pity to infuse :  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood ;  
 Deserted, at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed :  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 With downcast looks the joyless victor  
 sate,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul,  
 The various turns of chance below ;  
 And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.  
 The mighty master smiled to see  
 That love was in the next degree :

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honour, but an empty bubble ;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee !  
 The many rend the skies with loud ap-  
 plause ;  
 So love was crown'd, but music won the  
 cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair,  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and  
 look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
 At length, with love and wine at once  
 oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her  
 breast.  
 Now strike the golden lyre again :  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of  
 thunder.  
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head !  
 As awaked from the dead,  
 And amazed, he stares around.  
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,  
 See the Furies arise ;  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their  
 eyes !  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand !  
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle  
 were slain,  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain :  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew !  
 Behold how they toss their torches on  
 high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile  
gods!

The princes applaud with a furious joy;  
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal  
to destroy;

Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another  
Troy.

Thus, long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
While organs yet were mute;  
Timotheus to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle  
soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred  
store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-  
known before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.

#### COME, IF YOU DARE.

"COME, if you dare!" our trumpets  
sound,

"Come, if you dare!" the foes rebound;  
"We come, we come!"

Says the double beat of the thund'ring  
drum;

Now they charge on amain,  
Now they rally again.

The gods from above the mad labour be-  
hold,

And pity mankind that will perish for  
gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,  
Their trumpets languish in the sound—  
They fly! they fly!

"Victoria! Victoria!" the bold Britons  
cry.

Now the victory's won,  
To the lunder we run;

Then return to our lasses like fortunate  
traders,  
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd  
invaders.

#### FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize  
Reserved for your victorious eyes:  
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,  
Oh, pity and distinguish me!  
As I from thousand beauties more  
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd;  
Your every motion charms my mind;  
Angels, when you your silence break,  
Forget their hymns to hear you speak;  
But when at once they hear and view,  
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with  
you.

No graces can your form improve,  
But all are lost unless you love;  
While that sweet passion you disdain,  
Your veil and beauty are in vain:  
In pity then prevent my fate,  
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

#### MANKIND.

MEN are but children of a larger growth;  
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
And full as craving too, and full as vain;  
And yet the soul shut up in her dark  
room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees  
nothing;

But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,  
Works all her folly up, and casts it out-  
ward

To the world's open view.

#### HUMAN LIFE.

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;  
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the  
deceit;

Trust on, and think to-morrow will re-  
pay:

To-morrow's falser than the former day;

Lies worse ; and while it says we shall be  
blest  
With some new joys cuts off what we  
possessed.  
Strange cozenage ! None would live past  
years again ;  
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet re-  
main ;  
And from the dregs of life think to  
receive  
What the first sprightly running could  
not give.

---

#### FREEDOM OF THE SAVAGE.

No man has more contempt than I of  
breath,  
But whence hast thou the right to give  
me death ?  
I am as free as nature first made man,  
Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage  
ran.

---

#### VENI CREATOR.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every pious mind ;  
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete !  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !  
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,  
Whose power does heaven and earth com-  
mand ;  
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,  
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts :  
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts !

Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul ;  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay Thine hand, and hold them  
down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe :  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name !  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died !  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !

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#### ADVICE TO POETS.

OBSERVE the language well in all you  
write,  
And swerve not from it in your loftiest  
flight.

The smoothest verse and the exactest sense  
Displease us, if ill English give offence ;  
A barbarous phrase no reader can ap-  
prove ;

Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.  
In short, without pure language, what you  
write

Can never yield us profit nor delight.  
Take time for thinking ; never work in  
haste ;

And value not yourself for writing fast.  
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,  
Shows want of judgment, not abounding  
wit.

More pleased we are to see a river lead  
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,  
Than from high banks to hear loud  
torrents roar,

With foamy waters on a muddy shore.  
Gently make haste, of labour not afraid :  
A hundred times consider what you've  
said :

Polish, repolish, every colour lay,  
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.  
'Tis not enough when swarming faults are  
writ,

That here and there are scatter'd sparks  
of wit ;

Each object must be fix'd in the due place,  
And differing parts have corresponding  
grace :

Till, by a curious art disposed, we find  
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.  
Keep to your subject close in all you  
say ;

Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.  
The public censure for your writings fear,  
And to yourself be critic most severe.

Fantastic wits their darling follies love ;  
But find you faithful friends that will  
approve,

That on your works may look with careful  
eyes,

And of your faults be zealous enemies :

Lay by an author's pride and vanity,  
And from a friend a flatterer descry,  
Who seems to like, but means not what  
he says :

Embrace true counsel, but suspect false  
praise.

A sycophant will every thing admire :  
Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on  
fire :

All is divine ! there's not a word amiss !  
He shakes with joy, and weeps with ten-  
derness,

He overpowers you with his mighty praise.  
Truth never moves in those impetuous  
ways :

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,  
And freely will your heedless errors blame ;  
He cannot pardon a neglected line,  
But verse to rule and order will confine.

Reprove of words the too affected sound ;  
Here the sense flags, and your expression's  
round,

Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows  
vain,

Your terms improper, make them just and  
plain.

Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom  
use ;

But authors, partial to their darling muse,  
Think to protect it they have just pretence,  
And at your friendly counsel take offence.

Said you of this, that the expression's  
flat ?

Your servant, Sir, you must excuse me  
that,

He answers you. This word has here no  
grace,

Pray leave it out: That Sir's the pro-  
perest place.

This turn I like not: 'Tis approved by all.  
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,

If there's a syllable of which you doubt,  
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out,

Yet still he says you may his faults con-  
fute,

And over him your power is absolute :  
But of his feign'd humility take heed ;

'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.  
And when he leaves you happy in his  
muse,

Restless he runs some other to abuse,  
And often finds; for in our scribbling  
times

No fool can want a sot to praise his  
rhymes :

The flattest work has ever in the court  
Met with some zealous ass for its sup-  
port :

And in all times a forward scribbling fop  
Has found some greater fool to cry him  
up.

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#### UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd ;  
The next, in majesty ; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go ;  
To make a third, she join'd the former  
two.

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#### THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;  
An awful, reverend, and religious man.  
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,  
And charity itself was in his face.  
Rich was his soul, though his attire was  
poor  
(As God hath clothed his own ambassador)

For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.  
 Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last  
 To sixty more, but that he lived too fast;  
 Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense;  
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.  
 Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,  
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere,  
 Nothing reserved or sullen was to see:  
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity:  
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.  
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;  
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.  
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,  
 He drew his audience upward to the sky:  
 And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,  
 (A music more melodious than the spheres:)  
 For David left him, when he went to rest,  
 His lyre; and after him he sung the best.  
 He bore his great commission in his look:  
 But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.  
 He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,  
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;  
 But, on eternal mercy loved to dwell.  
 He taught the gospel rather than the law;  
 And forced himself to drive; but loved to draw.  
 For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,  
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat,  
 To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,  
 Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared;  
 But, when the milder beams of mercy play,  
 He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.  
 Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)  
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:  
 Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;  
 The stiller sounds succeed, and God is there.

[MARTYN PARKER. 1630.]

## YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

YE gentlemen of England  
 That live at home at ease,  
 Ah! little do you think upon  
 The dangers of the seas.  
 Give ear unto the mariners,  
 And they will plainly shew  
 All the cares and the fears  
 When the stormy winds do blow.  
 When the stormy, &c.

If enemies oppose us  
 When England is at war  
 With any foreign nation,  
 We fear not wound or scar;  
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em  
 Our valour for to know,  
 Whilst they reel on the keel,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.  
 And the stormy, &c.

Then courage, all brave mariners,  
 And never be dismay'd;  
 While we have bold adventurers,  
 We ne'er shall want a trade:  
 Our merchants will employ us  
 To fetch them wealth, we know;  
 Then be bold—work for gold,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.  
 When the stormy, &c.

[JOHN CHALKHILL. 1653.]

THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRY-  
MAN'S LIFE.

OH, the sweet contentment  
 The countryman doth find,  
 High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie,  
 lee;  
 That quiet contemplation  
 Possesseth all my mind:  
 Then care away, and wend along with  
 me.  
 For courts are full of flattery,  
 As hath too oft been tried,  
 High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie  
 lee:

The city full of wantonness,  
And both are full of pride :  
Then care away, and wend along with  
me.

But, oh ! the honest countryman  
Speaks truly from his heart,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,  
lee ;

His pride is in his tillage,  
His horses and his cart :  
Then care away, and wend along with  
me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,  
Grey russet for our wives,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,  
lee ;

'Tis warmth and not gay clothing  
That doth prolong our lives :  
Then care away, and wend along with  
me.

The ploughman, though he labour  
hard,  
Yet on the holy day,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,  
lee ;  
No emperor so merrily  
Does pass his time away :  
Then care away, and wend along with  
me.

To recompense our tillage  
The heavens afford us showers,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,  
lee ;  
And for our sweet refreshments  
The earth affords us bowers ;  
Then care away, and wend along with  
me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale  
Full merrily do sing,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,  
lee ;

And with their pleasant roundelays  
Bid welcome to the spring :  
Then care away, and wend along with  
me.

This is not half the happiness  
The countryman enjoys,

High trolollie, lollie, lol ; high trolollie,  
lee ;

Though others think they have as  
much,

Yet he that says so lies :  
Then care away, and wend along with  
me.

[ANONYMOUS. 1700.]

### FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies !  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
O that I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirconnel Lee !

Curst be the heart that thought the  
thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me !

O think na ye my heart was sair,  
When my love dropt down and spak nae  
mair !

There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !  
I'll make a garland of thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, " Haste, and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !  
If I were with thee, I were blest,

Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,  
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding sheet drawn ouer my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies !  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me.

[WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720—1756.]

### THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest !  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

### ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,  
With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;  
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,  
While Fancy lifts the veil between :  
Ah Fear ! ah frantic Fear !

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !  
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly ;  
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear !  
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould  
What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?  
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,  
Howling amidst the midnight storm,  
Or throws him on the ridgy steep  
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :  
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,  
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :

And those the fiends, who, near allied,  
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks pre-  
side ;

While Vengeance in the lurid air  
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :  
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,  
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait ;  
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,  
And look not madly wild, like thee ?

Thou, who such weary lengths has  
pass'd,  
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at  
last ?

Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,  
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?  
Or in some hollow'd seat,  
'Gainst which the big waves beat,  
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests  
brought,

Dark pow'r, with shudd'ring meek sub-  
mitted Thought ?

Be mine, to read the visions old,  
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,  
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,  
Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;  
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,  
In that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,  
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,  
The pebbled beds permitted leave,  
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,  
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !

O thou whose spirit most possess'd  
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast,  
By all that from thy prophet broke,  
In thy divine emotions spoke !  
Hither again thy fury deal,  
Teach me but once like him to feel ;  
His cypress wreath my meed decree,  
And I, O Fear ! will dwell with thee.

### ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy  
modest ear,

Like thy own solemn springs,  
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright  
hair'd Sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloud  
skirts,

With braid ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-  
eyed bat,  
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern  
wing ;  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless  
hum ;  
Now teach me, maid composed  
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy  
darkening vale  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,  
The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
Who slept in buds the day.

And many a Nymph who wreathes her  
brows with sedge,\*  
And sheds the freshening dew, and,  
lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy  
scene ;  
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary  
dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving  
rain,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
That from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd  
spires ;  
And hears their simple bell, and marks  
o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

\* The water-nymphs, Naiads, are so crowned.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as  
oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest  
Eve !  
While summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with  
leaves :  
Or Winter yelling through the troublous  
air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling  
Peace,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favourite name !

#### THE PASSIONS.

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was  
young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft to hear her shell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possess'd beyond the Muse's paint-  
ing :

By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were  
fired,

Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd their instruments of  
sound ;

And, as they oft had heard apart,  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)  
Would prove his own expressive  
power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd : his eyes on fire  
In lightnings own'd his secret  
stings :



In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the  
strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair  
Low, sullen sounds his grief be-  
guiled;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was  
wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at dis-  
tance hail!

Still would her touch the strain pro-  
long;

And from the rocks, the woods, the  
vale,

She call'd on Echo still, through all  
the song:

And, where her sweetest theme she  
chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard  
at every close,

And Hope, enchanted smiled, and  
waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;—but with  
a frown,

Revenge impatient rose:

He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in  
thunder, down;

And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of  
woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum, with furious  
heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary  
pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd  
mien,

While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd  
bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were  
fix'd;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;

Of differing themes the veering song was  
mix'd;

And now it courted Love, now raving  
call'd on Hate,

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sate retired,  
And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Pour'd through the mellow horn her  
pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;

Through glades and glooms the mingled  
measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted stream, with  
fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,

Love of peace, and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away,  
But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier  
tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of heal-  
thiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemm'd with morning  
dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and  
thicket rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad  
known!

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their  
chaste-eyed Queen,\*

Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,

Peeping from forth their alleys green:

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;

And Sport leapt up and seized his  
beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:

He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand ad-  
dress'd;

But soon he saw the brisk-awakening  
viol.

Whose sweet entrancing voice he  
loved the best;

They would have thought who  
heard the strain

They saw, in Tempé's vale, her  
native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,

\* The Dryads and Diana.

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While as his flying fingers kiss'd the  
 strings,  
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fan-  
 tastic round :  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone  
 unbound ;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy  
 wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !  
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
 You learn'd an all-commanding  
 power,  
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,  
 Can well recall what then it heard ;  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,  
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more pre-  
 vail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard  
 age ;  
 E'en all at once together found,  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—  
 O bid our vain endeavour cease ;  
 Revive the just designs of Greece :  
 Return in all thy simple state !  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

FROM AN ODE ON THE POPULAR  
 SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGH-  
 LANDS ; CONSIDERED AS THE  
 SUBJECT OF POETRY.

ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

THESE, too, thou'lt sing ! for well thy  
 magic muse  
 Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur  
 soar ;

Or stoop to wail the swain that is no  
 more !  
 Ah, homely swains ! your homeward steps  
 ne'er lose ;  
 Let not dank Will \* mislead you to the  
 heath ;  
 Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,  
 He glows to draw you downward to  
 your death,  
 In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow  
 brake !

What though far off, from some dark dell  
 espied  
 His glimmering mazes cheer the excur-  
 sive sight,  
 Yet, turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps  
 aside,  
 Nor trust the guidance of that faithless  
 light :  
 For watchful, lurking, mid th' unrustling  
 reed, [lies,  
 At those murk hours the wily monster  
 And listens oft to hear the passing steed,  
 And frequent round him rolls his sullen  
 eyes,  
 If chance his savage wrath may some weak  
 wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest'd,  
 indeed !  
 Whom late bewilder'd in the dank,  
 dark fen,  
 Far from his flocks, and smoking  
 hamlet, then !  
 To that sad spot where hums the sedgy  
 weed :  
 On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry  
 mood,  
 Shall never look with Pity's kind concern,  
 But instant, furious, raise the whelming  
 flood  
 O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all  
 return !  
 Or if he meditate his wish'd escape,  
 To some dim hill, that seems uprising  
 near,  
 To his faint eye, the grim and grisly  
 shape,

\* A fiery meteor, called by various names, such  
 as Will with the Whisp, Jack with the Lantern,  
 &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny  
 places.

In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.  
 Meantime the watery surge shall round  
 him rise,  
 Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling  
 source!  
 What now remains but tears and hope-  
 less sighs?  
 His fear-shook limbs have lost their youth-  
 ful force,  
 And down the waves he floats, a pale  
 and breathless corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall  
 wait,  
 Or wander forth to meet him on his  
 way!  
 For him in vain at to-fall of the day,  
 His babes shall linger at th' unclosing  
 gate!  
 Ah, ne'er shall he return! alone, if  
 night  
 Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers  
 steep!  
 With drooping willows dress'd, his mourn-  
 ful sprite  
 Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent  
 sleep:  
 Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery  
 hand  
 Shall fondly seem to press her shudder-  
 ing cheek,  
 And with his blue swoln face before her  
 stand,  
 And shivering cold these piteous accents  
 speak:  
 "Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue,  
 At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;  
 Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,  
 While I lie weltering on the osier  
 shore,  
 Drown'd by the Kelpie's \* wrath, nor e'er  
 shall aid thee more!"

Unbounded is thy range; with varied  
 skill  
 Thy muse may, like those feathery  
 tribes which spring  
 From their rude rocks, extend her  
 skirting wing  
 Round the moist marge of each cold  
 Hebrid isle,

\* The water fiend.

To that hoar pile \* which still its ruins  
 shows;  
 In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is  
 found,  
 Whose bones the delver with his spade  
 upthrows,  
 And culls them, wondering, from the  
 hallow'd ground  
 Or thither, † where beneath the showery  
 west,  
 The mighty kings of three fair realms  
 are laid;  
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they  
 rest,  
 No slaves revere them, and no wars  
 invade:  
 Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn  
 hour,  
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells  
 unfold,  
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sove-  
 reign power,  
 In pageant robes, and wreathed with  
 sheeny gold,  
 And on their twilight tombs aerial council  
 hold.

But, oh! o'er all, forget not Kilda's  
 race,  
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the  
 wasting tides,  
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet  
 abides.  
 Go! just, as they, their blameless manners  
 trace!  
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle  
 song,  
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and  
 plain,  
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs  
 along,  
 And all their prospect but the wintry main.  
 With sparing temperance, at the needful  
 time,  
 They drain the scented spring: or, hunger-  
 press'd,

\* One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies; it is reported that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

† Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading  
 climb,  
 And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest.\*  
 Thus, blest in primal innocence they  
 live,  
 Sufficed and happy with that frugal fare  
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger  
 give:  
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and  
 bare;  
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to  
 murmur there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false  
 themes engage  
 Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores pos-  
 sess'd;  
 For not alone they touch the village  
 breast,  
 But fill'd, in elder time, the historic  
 page.  
 There, Shakspeare's self, with every  
 garland crown'd,  
 Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,  
 In musing hour, his wayward sisters  
 found,  
 And with their terrors dress'd the magic  
 scene.  
 From them he sung, when mid his bold  
 design,  
 Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!  
 The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated  
 line  
 Through the dark cave in gloomy pageant  
 pass'd.  
 Proceed! nor quit the tales which,  
 simply told,  
 Could once so well my answering bosom  
 pierce;  
 Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour  
 bold,  
 The native legends of thy land rehearse;  
 To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy  
 powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to  
 depart  
 From sober truth, are still to nature  
 true,

\* An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of  
 which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of  
 the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

And call forth fresh delight to fancy's  
 view,  
 Th' heroic muse employ'd her Tasso's  
 heart!  
 How have I trembled, when, at Tan-  
 cred's stroke,  
 Its gushing blood the gaping cypress  
 pour'd!  
 When each live plant with mortal accents  
 spoke,  
 And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd  
 sword?  
 How have I sat, when piped the pensive  
 wind,  
 To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!  
 Prevailing poet! whose undoubting  
 mind  
 Believed the magic wonders which he  
 sung;  
 Hence, at each sound, imagination  
 glows!  
 Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts  
 here!  
 Hence his warm lay with softest sweet-  
 ness flows!  
 Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong,  
 and clear,  
 And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins  
 the harmonious ear!

#### DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
 And rifle all the breathing spring.  
 No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.  
 No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
 But female fays shall haunt the green,  
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.  
 The redbreast oft at evening hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain  
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell,  
 Or 'midst the chase upon the plain,  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
 For thee the tear be duly shed ;  
 Beloved till life can charm no more,  
 And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

### ODE TO MERCY.

#### STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride  
 By Valour's arm'd and awful side,  
 Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best  
 adored ;  
 Who oft with songs, divine to hear,  
 Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,  
 And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his  
 bloodless sword !  
 Thou who, amidst the deathful field,  
 By god-like chiefs alone beheld,  
 Oft with thy bosom bare art found,  
 Pleading for him the youth who sinks to  
 ground :  
 See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded  
 hands,  
 Before thy shrine my country's genius  
 stands,  
 And decks thy altar still, though pierced  
 with many a wound !

#### ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,  
 The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,  
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his  
 prey ;  
 Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,  
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,  
 And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his  
 rage away.  
 I see recoil his sable steeds,  
 That bore him swift to savage deeds,  
 Thy tender melting eyes they own ;  
 O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,  
 Where Justice bars her iron tower,  
 To thee we build a roseate bower,  
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and  
 share our monarch's throne !

### ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies  
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave !  
 The year's best sweets shall duteous  
 rise,  
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
 His airy harp shall now be laid,  
 That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
 May love through life the soothing  
 shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
 And, while its sounds at distance swell,  
 Shall sadly seem in pity's ear  
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
 When Thames in summer wreaths is  
 drest,  
 And oft suspend the dashing oar  
 To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as ease and health retire  
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,  
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,  
 Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?  
 Or tears which love and pity shed,  
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye  
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering  
 near ?

With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,  
 And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
 No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,  
 Now waft me from the green hill's side  
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
 Dun night has veil'd the solemn view !  
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
 Meek nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to bless  
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !

Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress | And in her hand, for sceptre, she does  
With simple hands thy rural tomb. wield

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay | 'Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear  
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes, | entwain'd,  
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say, | With dark distrust, and sad repentance  
In yonder grave your Druid lies! | fill'd,  
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction  
join'd,  
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement  
unkind.

[WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714—1763.]

### THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN every village mark'd with little spire,  
Embower'd in trees and hardly known to  
fame,  
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean  
attire,  
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress  
name,  
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to  
tame;  
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance  
pent,  
Aw'd by the power of this relentless  
dame,  
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,  
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are  
sorely shent.

\* \* \* \* \*

Near to this dome is found a patch so  
green,  
On which the tribe their gambols do dis-  
play,  
An at the door imprisoning board is  
seen,  
Lest weakly wights of smaller size  
should stray,  
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
The noises intermix'd, which thence re-  
sound,  
Do learning's little tenement betray,  
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look  
profound,  
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her  
wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
Emblem right meet of decency does  
yield;  
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,  
As is the harebell that adorns the field;

\* \* \* \* \*

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders  
thrown,  
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;  
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;  
'Twas her own country bred the flock so  
fair;  
'Twas her own labour did the fleece pre-  
pare;  
And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd  
around,  
Through pious awe did term it passing  
rare,  
For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
And think, no doubt, she been the  
greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth,  
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,  
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, for-  
sooth,  
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;  
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held  
right dear;  
Ne would esteem him act as mought  
behave  
Who should not honour'd eld with these  
revere:  
For never title yet so mean could prove,  
But there was eke a mind which did that  
title love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Herbs too she knew, and well of each  
could speak  
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,  
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy  
streak,  
But herbs for use and physic, not a few  
Of gray renown, within those borders  
grew;  
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,

Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful  
hue,  
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,  
And more I fain would sing, disdain  
here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
'That gives dim eyes to wander leagues  
around,  
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,  
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the  
reaper's wound,  
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy  
found,  
And lavender, whose spikes of azure  
bloom  
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,  
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,  
And crown her kerchiefs clean with  
mickle rare perfume.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent  
eve,  
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth  
did mete ;  
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did  
cleave,  
But in her garden found a summer-seat :  
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat  
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,  
While taunting foe-men did a song en-  
treat,  
All for the nonce untuning every string,  
Upon their useless lyres—small heart had  
they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous  
lore,  
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous  
deed ;  
And in those elfins' ears would oft de-  
plore  
The times when Truth by Popish rage  
did bleed,  
And tortuous death was true Devotion's  
meed ;  
And simple Faith in iron chains did  
mourn,  
That n'ould on wooden image place her  
creed ;  
And lawny saints in smouldering flames  
did burn :

Ah ! dearest Lord ! forefend, thilk days  
should e'er return.

\* \* \* \* \*

Right well she knew each temper to  
descry,  
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to  
raise,  
Some with vile copper prize exalt on  
high,  
And some entice with pittance small of  
praise,  
And other some with baleful sprig she  
'frays :  
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth  
hold,  
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd  
she sways ;  
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks be-  
hold,  
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the  
scene unfold.

~~~~~

#### THE SCHOOL LET OUT.

BUT now Dan Phoebus gains the middle  
sky,  
And Liberty unbars her prison-door,  
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd  
o'er  
With boisterous revel-rout and wild up-  
roar ;  
A thousand ways in wanton rings they  
run,  
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastime, I  
implore !  
For well may freedom, erst so dearly  
won,  
Appear to British elf more gladsome than  
the sun.  
'  
Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive  
trade,  
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest  
flowers,  
For when my bones in grass-green sods  
are laid,  
For never may ye taste more careless  
hours  
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.  
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !

But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers ;  
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace  
can spring  
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or  
of king.

See in each sprite some various bent  
appear !  
These rudely carol, most incondite lay ;  
Those sauntering on the green, with  
jocund leer  
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;  
Some builden fragile tenements of clay,  
Some to the standing lake their courses  
bend,  
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake  
to play ;  
Think to the huckster's savoury cottage  
tend,  
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted  
mite to spend.

Here as each season yields a different  
store,  
Each season's stores in order ranged been,  
Apples with cabbage-net y'cover'd o'er,  
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight,  
are seen,  
And gooseberry, clad in livery red or  
green ;  
And here of lovely dye the catherine  
pear,  
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy julce I  
ween !  
O may no wight e'er pennyless come  
there,  
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with  
hopeless care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet  
abound,  
With thread so white in tempting posies  
tied,  
Scattering like blooming maid their  
glances round,  
With pamper'd look draw little eyes  
aside,  
And must be bought, though penury be-  
tide ;  
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,  
And here, each season, do those cakes  
abide,

Whose honour'd names th' inventive city  
own,  
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's  
praises known.

[MARK AKENSIDE. 1721—1770.]

THE MINGLED PAIN AND PLEASURE  
ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS  
EMOTIONS.

*Pleasures of the Imagination.*

BEHOLD the ways  
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,  
For ever just, benevolent, and wise :  
That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pur-  
sued  
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,  
Should never be divided from her chaste,  
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge  
Thy tardy thought through all the various  
round  
Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul  
At length may learn what energy the hand  
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide  
Of passion swelling with distress and  
pain,  
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops  
Of cordial Pleasure ? Ask the faithful  
youth,  
Why the cold urn of her whom long he  
lov'd  
So often fills his arms ; so often draws  
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,  
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?  
O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of  
worlds  
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the  
noise  
Of Care and Envy, sweet Remembrance  
soothes,  
With Virtue's kindest looks, his achin  
breast,  
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask th  
crowd,  
Which flies impatient from the village  
walk  
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when fa-  
below  
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the  
coast



Some hapless bark ; while sacred Pity  
 melts  
 The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand  
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent  
 hair ;  
 While ev'ry mother closer to her breast  
 Catches her child, and, pointing where  
 the waves  
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks  
 aloud,  
 As one poor wretch, that spreads his  
 piteous arms  
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring  
 surge,  
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,  
 Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou  
 indeed  
 No kind endearment here by Nature giv'n  
 To mutual Terror and Compassion's  
 tears ?  
 No sweetly-smelling softness, which at-  
 tracts,  
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social  
 pow'rs  
 To this their proper action and their  
 end ?—  
 Ask thy own heart ; when, at the mid-  
 night hour,  
 Slow through that studious gloom thy  
 pausing eye,  
 Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves  
 around  
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs  
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by  
 Fame  
 For Grecian heroes, where the present  
 pow'r  
 Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal  
 page,  
 E'en as a father blessing, while he reads  
 The praises of his son ; if then thy soul,  
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious  
 days,  
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their  
 flame :  
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy  
 view,  
 When rooted from the base, heroic states  
 Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the  
 frown [band  
 Of curs'd Ambition ;—when the pious  
 Of youths that fought for freedom and  
 their sires

Lie side by side in gore ;—when ruffian  
 Pride  
 Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the  
 pomp  
 Of public pow'r the majesty of rule,  
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple  
 robe,  
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn  
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes  
 Of such as bow the knee ;—when honour'd  
 urns  
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust  
 And storied arch, to glut the coward rage  
 Of regal envy, strew the public way  
 With hallow'd ruins !—when the muse's  
 haunt,  
 The marble porch where Wisdom, wont  
 to talk  
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,  
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious  
 monks,  
 Or female Superstition's midnight pray'r ;—  
 When ruthless Rapine from the hand of  
 Time  
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer  
 blow  
 To sweep the works of Glory from their  
 base ;  
 Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown  
 street  
 Expands his raven wings, and up the  
 wall,  
 Where senates once the pride of monarchs  
 doom'd,  
 Hisses the gliding snake through hoary  
 weeds,  
 That clasp the mould'ring column :—thus  
 defac'd,  
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect  
 thrills  
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's  
 tear  
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended  
 arm  
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,  
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's  
 brow,  
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car ;—  
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste  
 The big distress ? or wouldst thou then  
 exchange  
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot  
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd

Of mute barbarians bending to his nod  
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,  
And says within himself, "I am a king,  
"And wherefore should the clam'rous  
voice of Woe

"Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful  
dregs

Of these late ages, this inglorious draught  
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,  
Blest be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!  
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame  
The native honours of the human soul,  
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

~~~~~  
ON TASTE.

SAY, what is Taste, but the internal  
pow'rs

Active and strong, and feelingly alive  
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense  
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or  
gross

In species? This nor gems, nor stores of  
gold,

Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;  
But God alone, when first his active hand  
Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.

He, Mighty Parent! wise and just in all,  
Free as the vital breeze, or light of  
heav'n,

Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the  
swain

Who journeys homeward from a sum-  
mer-day's

Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
And due repose, he loiters to behold  
The sunshine gleaming as through amber  
clouds

O'er all the western sky! Full soon, I  
ween,

His rude expression, and untutor'd airs,  
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold  
The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,  
How lovely! how commanding! But  
though Heav'n

In every breast hath sown these early  
seeds

Of love and admiration, yet in vain,  
Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,  
Without enliv'ning suns and genial  
show'rs,

And shelter from the blast, in vain we  
hope

The tender plant should rear its blooming  
head,

Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.

Nor yet will ev'ry soil with equal stores

Repay the tiller's labour; or attend

His will, obsequious, whether to produce

The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds

Incline to diff'rent objects: one pursues

The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;

Another sighs for harmony and grace,  
And gentlest beauty. Hence when light-

ning fires

The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock  
the ground;

When furious whirlwinds rend the howl-

ing air,

And Ocean, groaning from his lowest  
bed,

Heaves his tempestuous billows to the  
sky;

Amid the mighty uproar, while below

The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks  
abroad

From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys  
The elemental war. But Waller longs,

All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,  
To spread his careless limbs, amid the  
cool

Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning  
deer

The tale of slighted vows and Love's  
disdain

Resounds, soft warbling, all the livelong  
day.

Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping  
rill

Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the  
groves;

And hill and dale with all their echoes  
mourn.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

~~~~~

THE PLEASURES OF A CULTI-

VATED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of Heav'n, whom not the languid  
songs

Of Luxury, the siren! not the bribes

Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy  
spoils

Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave  
 Those everblooming sweets, which from  
 the store  
 Of Nature fair Imagination culls,  
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What  
 though not all  
 Of mortal offspring can attain the height  
 Of envied life; though only few possess  
 Patrician treasures, or imperial state:  
 Yet Nature's care to all her children just,  
 With richer treasures and an ampler state  
 Endows at large whatever happy man  
 Will deign to use them. His the city's  
 pomp,  
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns  
 The princely dome, the column, and the  
 arch,  
 The breathing marbles, and the sculptur'd  
 gold,  
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow  
 claim,  
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the  
 Spring  
 Distils her dew, and from the silken gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand  
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the  
 morn.  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her  
 wing;  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely  
 walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a  
 breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud im-  
 bibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling  
 shade  
 Ascend, but whence his bosom can par-  
 take  
 Fresh pleasure unproved.

[ANONYMOUS. 1720.]

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE  
 BONNY.

O WALY, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my love went to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
 And thought it was a trusty tree,  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak',  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love is bonny,  
 A little time while it is new,  
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades away like morning dew.  
 Oh! wherefore should I busk my head?  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fil'd by me,  
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love's forsaken me.  
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
 Oh, gentle death! when wilt thou come?  
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blowing snows inclemency;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely sight to see;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
 And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd  
 That love had been so ill to win,  
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pinn'd it with a silver pin.  
 And oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I mysel' were dead and gane,  
 Wi' the green grass growing over me!

[ANONYMOUS. 1720.]

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S  
 LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe! lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:  
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.  
 Balow, my babe! thy mother's joy!  
 Thy father bred me great annoy.

Balow, my babe ! lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee  
weep.

Balow, my darling ! sleep awhile,  
And when thou wak'st then sweetly  
smile ;  
But smile not as thy father did,  
To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !  
For in thine eye his look I see,  
The tempting look that ruin'd me.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

When he began to court my love,  
And with his sugar'd words to move,  
His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,  
That time to me did not appear ;  
But now I see that cruel he  
Cares neither for his babe nor me.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth  
That ever kiss a woman's mouth !  
Let never any after me  
Submit unto thy courtesy :  
For, if they do, oh ! cruel thou  
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first  
To yield thee all a maiden durst :  
Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;  
But quick as thought the change is  
wrought,  
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,  
From young men's flattery I'd refrain ;  
For now unto my grief I find  
They all are perjur'd and unkind :  
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,  
Witness my babe lies in my arms.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,  
That I must needs be now a nurse,  
And lull my young son on my lap !  
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.  
Balow, my child ! thy mother mild  
Shall wail as from all bliss exiled.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe ! weep not for me,  
Whose greatest grief's for wronging  
thee,  
Nor pity her deserved smart  
Who can blame none but her fond  
heart ;  
For, too soon trusting latest finds  
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe ! thy father's fled,  
When he the thriftless son has play'd :  
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he  
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me ;  
But now perhaps thy curse and mine  
Make him eat acorns with the swine.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,  
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :  
Perhaps at death, for who can tell  
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,  
By some proud foe has struck the blow,  
And laid the dear deceiver low ?  
Balow, my babe, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,  
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,  
Repeating, as he pants for air,  
My name, whom once he call'd his  
fair !  
No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake.  
Then quickly to him would I make  
My smock, once for his body meet,  
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.  
Ah me ! how happy had I been,  
If he had ne'er been wrapp'd therein.  
Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe ! I'll weep for thee ;  
Tho' soon, -alack, thou'lt weep for me !  
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,  
God grant thee patience when they  
come :

Born to sustain thy mother's shame  
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.  
Balow, my babe ! lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee  
weep.

[WM. HAMILTON OF BANGOUR. 1704—1754.]

## THE BRAES OF YARROW

“Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny  
bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny  
bride,  
And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.”

“Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,  
Where got ye that winsome marrow?”

“I got her where I durst not well be  
seen,  
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.”

“Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny  
bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome mar-  
row,  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.”

“Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny  
bride?  
Why does she weep thy winsome mar-  
row?  
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen  
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yar-  
row?”

“Lang must she weep, lang must she,  
must she weep,  
Lang must she weep with dule and  
sorrow,  
And lang must I nae mair well be seen  
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.”

“For she has tint her lover, lover dear,  
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;  
And I have slain the comeliest swain  
That ever pu’ed birks on the braes of  
Yarrow.”

“Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow,  
Yarrow, reid?  
Why on thy braes heard the voice of  
sorrow?  
And why yon melancholious weeds,  
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?”

“What’s yonder floats on the rueful,  
rueful flood?”

What’s yonder floats? Oh, dule and  
sorrow!

Oh! ’tis the comely swain I slew  
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow!

“Wash, oh, wash his wounds, his wounds  
in tears,  
His wounds in tears of dule and sorrow,  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,  
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow!”

“Then build, then build, ye sisters,  
sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,  
And weep around in woeful wise,  
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.”

“Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless  
shield,  
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierc’d his breast,  
His comely breast on the braes of Yar-  
row.”

“Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,  
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,  
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm  
Thou met’st, and fell on the braes of  
Yarrow.”

“Sweet smells the birk, green grows,  
green grows the grass,  
Yellow on Yarrow braes the gowan,  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
Sweet is the wave of Yarrow flowan.”

“Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as  
sweet flows Tweed,  
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,  
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
The apple from its rocks as mellow.”

“Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy  
love,  
In flow’ry bands thou didst him fetter;  
Tho’ he was fair, and well belov’d again,  
Than me he never lov’d thee better.”

“Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny  
bride,  
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and lo’e me on the banks of  
Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the braes of  
Yarrow.”



THE BRAES OF YARROW (WM. HAMILTON OF BANGOUR).

“Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,  
My arm, that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,  
His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow.”—P. 136.



"How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,  
How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed  
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow!

"Oh, Yarrow fields! may never, never  
rain,  
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,  
For there was vilely kill'd my love,  
My love as he had not been a lover!

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of  
green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing:  
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,  
He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-  
white steed,  
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,  
But ere the toofal of the night,  
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful  
day,  
I sung, my voice the woods returning;  
But lang ere night the spear was floun  
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous  
father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My lover's blood is on thy spear;  
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo  
me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be  
proud;  
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,  
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes  
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,  
And strive with threat'ning words to move  
me;  
My lover's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of  
love,  
With bridal sheets my body cover;  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
Let in the expected husband lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband  
is?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in  
slaughter.

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,  
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding, after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him  
down,  
Oh, lay his cold head on my pillow!  
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,  
And crown my careful head with yellow.

"Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best  
belov'd,  
Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee,  
Ye 't lie all night between my breasts:  
No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, indeed, oh, lovely, lovely youth!  
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter;  
And lie all night between my breasts,  
No youth shall ever lie there after."

Return, return, oh, mournful, mournful  
bride!

Return and dry thy useless sorrow:  
Thy lover heeds naught of thy sighs,  
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow!

[ANONYMOUS. 1726.]

### WHY, LOVELY CHARMER.

*The Hive.*

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,  
So very kind, and yet so shy?  
Why does that cold forbidding air  
Give damps of sorrow and despair?  
Or why that smile my soul subdue,  
And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive, with all your art,  
By turns to fire and freeze my heart:  
When I behold a face so fair,  
So sweet a look, so soft an air,  
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,—  
I cannot love thee less or more.



[ANONYMOUS. 1726.]

## UNHAPPY LOVE.

I SEE she flies me everywhere,  
 Her eyes her scorn discover :  
 But what's her scorn, or my despair,  
 Since 'tis my fate to love her ?  
 Were she but kind whom I adore,  
 I might live longer, but not love her more.

[ANONYMOUS. 1726.]

TILL DEATH I SYLVIA MUST  
ADORE.

TILL death I Sylvia must adore ;  
 No time my freedom can restore ;  
 For though her rigour makes me smart,  
 Yet when I try to free my heart,  
 Straight all my senses take her part.

And when against the cruel maid  
 I call my reason to my aid ;  
 By that, alas ! I plainly see  
 That nothing lovely is but she ;  
 And reason captivates me more.  
 Than all my senses did before.

[ALEXANDER POPE. 1688—1744.]

## THE MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE : IN IMITATION  
OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :  
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan  
 shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian  
 maids,  
 Delight no more—O Thou my voice  
 inspire  
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with  
 fire !  
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun :  
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a  
 Son !  
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills  
 the skies :

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall  
 move,  
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
 Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar  
 pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !  
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall  
 aid,  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a  
 shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud  
 shall fail ;  
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand ex-  
 tend,  
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven  
 descend.  
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected  
 morn !  
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be  
 born !  
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to  
 bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing  
 spring :  
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
 See nodding forests on the mountains  
 dance :  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the  
 skies !  
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert  
 cheers ;  
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :  
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending  
 skies !  
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys,  
 rise ;  
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage  
 pay ;  
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods,  
 give way ,  
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards fore-  
 told !  
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, be-  
 hold !  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual  
 ray,  
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :  
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall  
 clear,

And bid new music charm the unfolding  
 ear :  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch  
 forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall  
 hear,  
 From every face he wipes off every tear.  
 In adamant chains shall Death be  
 bound,  
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal  
 wound.  
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest  
 air,  
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep  
 directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night pro-  
 tects,  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom  
 warms ;  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care  
 engage,  
 The promised Father of the future age.  
 No more shall nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful  
 eyes,  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered  
 o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no  
 more ;  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare  
 end.  
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son  
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire  
 begun ;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall  
 yield,  
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap  
 the field.  
 The swain, in barren deserts with surprise  
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;  
 And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to  
 hear  
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush  
 nods.  
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with  
 thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;

To leafless shrubs the flowering palms  
 succeed,  
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome  
 weed.  
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the  
 verdant mead,  
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger  
 lead ;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall  
 meet,  
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's  
 feet.  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
 Pleased the green lustre of the scales  
 survey,  
 And with their forky tongue shall inno-  
 cently play.  
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,  
 rise !  
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !  
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !  
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with pros-  
 trate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of Sabeian  
 springs,  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains  
 glow.  
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide dis-  
 play,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.  
 No more the rising sun shall gild the  
 morn,  
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;  
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts ; the Light himself  
 shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke  
 decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt  
 away ;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving power  
 remains ;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH  
 reigns !

## CDE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing,  
 The breathing instruments inspire ;  
 Wake into voice each silent string,  
 And sweep the sounding lyre !  
 In a sadly pleasing strain  
 Let the warbling lute complain :  
 Let the loud trumpet sound,  
 Till the roofs all around  
 The shrill echoes rebound :  
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow  
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
 Hark ! the numbers soft and clear  
 Gently steal upon the ear ;  
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
 And fill with spreading sounds the  
 skies ;  
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold  
 notes,  
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music  
 floats  
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,  
 The strains decay,  
 And melt away  
 In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,  
 Not swell too high, nor sink too low ;  
 If in the brief tumultuous joys arise,  
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;  
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,  
 Exalts her in enliv'ning airs :  
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds,  
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's  
 wounds ;  
 Melancholy lifts her head,  
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes,  
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,  
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

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

And men grew heroes at the sound,  
 Inflam'd with glory's charms :  
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,  
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade :  
 And seas, and rock, and skies rebound ;  
 To arms ! to arms ! to arms !

But when through all the infernal bounds,  
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,  
 Love, strong as Death, the poet led  
 To the pale nations of the dead,  
 What sounds were heard,  
 What scenes appear'd,  
 O'er all the dreary coasts ?  
 Dreadful gleams,  
 Dismal screams,  
 Fires that glow,  
 Shrieks of wo,  
 Sullen moans,  
 Hollow groans,  
 And cries of tortured ghosts,  
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;  
 And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,  
 See, shady forms advance !  
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
 And the pale spectres dance !

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,  
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round  
 their heads.  
 By the streams that ever flow,  
 By the fragrant winds that blow  
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;  
 By those happy souls who dwell  
 In yellow meads of asphodel,  
 Or amaranthine bow'rs ;  
 By the heroes' armed shades,  
 Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades,  
 By the youths that died for love,  
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove ;  
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :  
 O, take the Husband, or return the Wife !  
 He sung, and Hell consented  
 To hear the poet's prayer :  
 Stern Proserpine relented,  
 And gave him back the fair :  
 Thus song could prevail  
 O'er Death and o'er Hell,  
 A conquest how hard, and how glorious !  
 Though Fate had fast bound her,  
 With Styx nine times round her,  
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his  
 eyes,  
 Again she falls—again she dies—she  
 dies!  
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters  
 move?  
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to  
 love.  
 Now under hanging mountains,  
 Beside the falls of fountains,  
 Or where Hebrus wanders,  
 Kolling in meanders,  
 All alone,  
 Unheard, unknown,  
 He makes his moan;  
 And calls her ghost,  
 For ever, ever, ever lost!  
 Now with Furies surrounded,  
 Despairing, confounded,  
 He trembles, he glows,  
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:  
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he  
 flies;  
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bac-  
 chanals' cries—Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,  
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,  
 Eurydice the woods,  
 Eurydice the floods,  
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains  
 rung.  
 Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
 And fate's severest rage disarm;  
 Music can soften pain to ease,  
 And make despair and madness please;  
 Our joys below it can improve,  
 And antedate the bliss above.  
 This the divine Cecilia found,  
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the  
 sound.  
 When the full organ joins the tuneful  
 quire,  
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear  
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls  
 aspire,  
 While solemn airs improve the sacred  
 fire;  
 And angels lean from Heav'n to hear.  
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,  
 To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;  
 His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,  
 Hers lift the soul to Heav'n.

## EASE IN WRITING.

TRUE ease in writing comes from art, not  
 chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learned  
 to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives  
 offence,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the  
 sense.  
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently  
 blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother  
 numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding  
 shore,  
 The hoarse rough verse should like the  
 torrent roar;  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight  
 to throw,  
 The line too labours and the words move  
 slow;  
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the  
 plain,  
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims  
 along the main,  
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays sur-  
 prise,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
 While at each change, the son of Libyan  
 Jove  
 Now burns with glory and then melts  
 with love;  
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury  
 glow,  
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to  
 flow:  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature  
 found,  
 And the world's victor stood subdued by  
 sound!  
 The power of music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

## ON VIRTUE.

*Essay on Man.*

KNOW thou this truth, enough for man  
 to know,  
 "Virtue alone is Happiness below?"  
 The only point where human bliss stands  
 still,

And tastes the good without the fall  
to ill ;  
Where only Merit constant pay receives,  
Is blest in what it takes, and what it  
gives ;  
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,  
And if it lose attended with no pain :  
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,  
And but more relish'd as the more dis-  
tress'd ;  
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears  
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :  
Good, from each object, from each place  
acquir'd,  
For ever exercis'd yet never tir'd ;  
Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;  
Never dejected while another's bless'd :  
And where no wants, no wishes can re-  
main,  
Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.  
See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all  
bestow !  
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks  
can know ;  
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning  
blind,  
The bad must miss ; the good, untaught,  
will find :  
Slave to no sect, who takes no private  
road,  
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's  
God ;  
Pursues that chain which links th' im-  
mense design,  
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and  
divine ;  
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,  
But touches some above, and some below ;  
Learns, from this union of the rising  
whole,  
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;  
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all  
began,  
All end in Love of God, and Love of  
Man.  
For him alone Hope leads from goal to  
goal,  
And opens still, and opens on his soul ;  
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and uncon-  
fined,  
It pours the bliss that fills up all the  
mind.  
He sees why Nature plants in man alone

Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss  
unknown  
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
Are given in vain, but what they seek  
they find).  
Wise is her present ; she connects in this  
His greatest Virtue with his greatest  
Bliss ;  
At once his own bright prospects to be  
blest,  
And strongest motive to assist the rest.  
Self-love thus push'd to social, to di-  
vine,  
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bless-  
ing thine.  
Is this too little for the boundless heart ?  
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :  
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life,  
and Sense,  
In one close system of Benevolence :  
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,  
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.  
God loves from whole to parts : but  
human soul  
Must rise from individual to the whole.  
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to  
wake,  
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful  
lake ;  
The centre mov'd, a circle straight suc-  
ceeds,  
Another still, and still another spreads ;  
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will  
embrace ;  
His country next ; and next all human  
race ;  
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of  
the mind  
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind ;  
Earth smiles around, with boundless  
bounty blest,  
And Heav'n beholds its image in his  
breast.

#### THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book  
of Fate,  
All but the page prescrib'd, their present  
state ;  
From brutes what men, from men what  
spirits know,

Or who could suffer being here below?  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry  
 food,  
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his  
 blood.  
 O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,  
 That each may fill the circle marked by  
 Heav'n;  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a  
 world.  
 Hope humbly, then, with trembling  
 pinions soar;  
 Wait the great teacher, Death; and God  
 adore.  
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to  
 know,  
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing  
 now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;  
 Man never IS, but always TO BE blest:  
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.  
 Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd  
 mind  
 Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the  
 wind; [stray  
 His soul proud Science never taught to  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;  
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,  
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, a humbler  
 heav'n;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods em-  
 brac'd,  
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land  
 behold,  
 No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst  
 for gold.  
 To BE, contents his natural desire,  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.  
 Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of  
 sense  
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;  
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,  
 Say, here he gives too little, there too  
 much:

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust;  
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust.  
 If man alone engross not Heav'n's high  
 care,  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:  
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the  
 rod,  
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.  
 In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error  
 lies;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the  
 skies,  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be  
 Gods.  
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:  
 And who but wishes to revert the laws  
 Of Order sins against th' Eternal Cause.

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#### ON THE ORDER OF NATURE.

SEE through this air, this ocean, and this  
 earth,  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
 Above, how high progressive life may go!  
 Around, how wide! how deep extend  
 below!  
 Vast chain of Being! which from God  
 began,  
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can  
 see,  
 No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,  
 From thee to Nothing. On superior  
 pow'rs  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where one step broken the great scale's  
 destroy'd;  
 From Nature's chain whatever link you  
 strike,  
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain  
 alike.  
 And, if each system in gradation roll  
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the whole must fall.  
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns run lawless through the  
 sky;

Let ruling angels from their spheres be  
 hurl'd,  
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on  
 world,  
 Heav'n's whole foundations to the centre  
 nod,  
 And nature tremble to the throne of God:  
 All this dread order break—from whom?  
 for thee?

Vile worm!—Oh madness! pride! im-  
 piety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to  
 tread,

Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?  
 Just as absurd for any part to claim  
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:

Just as absurd to mourn the task or pains,  
 The great directing Mind of All ordains,  
 All are but parts of one stupendous  
 whole,

Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul:  
 That chang'd through all, and yet in all  
 the same,

Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal  
 frame,

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the  
 trees,

Lives through all life, extends through all  
 extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal  
 part,

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;  
 To him no high, no low, no great, no  
 small; [all.

He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals  
 Cease, then, nor Order Imperfection  
 name:

Our proper bliss depends on what we  
 blame.

Know thy own point: This kind, this due  
 degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows  
 on thee.

Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee  
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst  
 not see

All Discord, Harmony not understood;

All partial Evil, universal Good:

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's  
 spite,

One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS  
 RIGHT.

### THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION AND TYRANNY.

WHO first taught souls enslav'd and  
 realms undone,

Th' enormous faith of many made for  
 one;

That proud exception to all Nature's  
 laws,

T' invert the world, and counterwork its  
 cause?

Force first made conquest, and that con-  
 quest, law;

Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,  
 Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,  
 And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of sub-  
 jects made.

She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and  
 thunder's sound,

When rock'd the mountains, and when  
 groan'd the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud  
 to pray,

To pow'rs unseen, and mightier far than  
 they:

She, from the rending earth and bursting  
 skies,

Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal  
 rise:

Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest  
 abodes;

Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope  
 her Gods;

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, un-  
 just,

Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or  
 Lust;

Such as the souls of cowards might con-  
 ceive,

And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would  
 believe.

Zeal, then, not Charity, became the  
 guide;  
 And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n  
 on pride.  
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no  
 more;  
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with  
 gore:  
 Then first the flamen tasted living food;  
 Next his grim idol, smear'd with human  
 blood;  
 With Heav'n's own thunders shook the  
 world below,  
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.  
 So drives Self-love, through just and  
 through unjust,  
 To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre,  
 lust:  
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the  
 cause  
 Of what restrains him, Government and  
 Laws;  
 For what one likes, if others like as well,  
 What serves one will, when many wills  
 rebel?  
 How shall he keep, what sleeping or  
 awake  
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?  
 His safety must his liberty restrain:  
 All join to guard what each desires to  
 gain.  
 Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,  
 Even kings learn'd justice and benevo-  
 lence;  
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,  
 And found the private in the public good.  
 'Twas then the studious head or  
 gen'rous mind,  
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human-  
 kind,  
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore  
 The faith and moral Nature gave before;  
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled  
 new;  
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;  
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to  
 kings,  
 Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender  
 strings,  
 The less or greater set so justly true,  
 That touching one must strike the other  
 too;  
 Till jarring int'rests of themselves create

Th' according music of a well-mix'd  
 state.  
 Such is the world's great harmony, that  
 springs  
 From order, union, full consent of things:  
 Where small and great, where weak and  
 mighty, made  
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not  
 invade:  
 More pow'ful each as needful to the  
 rest,  
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest:  
 Draw to one point, and to one centre  
 bring  
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or  
 King.  
 For Forms of Government let fools  
 contest;  
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:  
 For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots  
 fight,  
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the  
 right;  
 In Faith and Hope the world will dis-  
 agree,  
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity:  
 All must be false that thwart this one  
 great end,  
 And all of God, that bless mankind or  
 mend.  
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported,  
 lives;  
 The strength he gains is from the embrace  
 he gives.  
 On their own axis as the planets run,  
 Yet make at once their circle round the  
 sun;  
 So two consistent motions act the soul,  
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.  
 Thus God and Nature link'd the  
 gen'ral frame,  
 And bade Self-love and Social be the  
 same.

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 ON HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim,  
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er  
 thy name;  
 That something still, which prompts th  
 eternal sigh;  
 For which we bear to live, or dare to  
 die;



Which still so near us, yet beyond us  
 lies,  
 O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool, and  
 wise,  
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropp'd below,  
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to  
 grow ?  
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious  
 shine,  
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming  
 mine ?  
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian  
 laurels yield,  
 Or reaped in iron harvests of the field ?  
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If  
 vain our toil,  
 We ought to blame the culture, not the  
 soil :  
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,  
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere ;  
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,  
 And, fled from monarchs, St. John  
 dwells with thee.  
 Ask of the Learn'd the way, the  
 Learn'd are blind,  
 This bids to serve, and that to shun man-  
 kind :  
 Some place the bliss in action, some in  
 ease,  
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment  
 these :  
 Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in  
 pain,  
 Some, swell'd to Gods, confess e'en virtue  
 vain :  
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,  
 To trust in ev'rything, or doubt of all.  
 Who thus define it say they, more or less  
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness ?  
 Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's  
 leave, [ceive ;  
 All states can reach it, and all heads con-  
 Obvious her goods, in no extremes they  
 dwell ;  
 There needs but thinking right, and  
 meaning well ;  
 And mourn our various portions as we  
 please,  
 Equal is common sense and common ease.  
 Remember, Man, "The Universal Cause  
 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;"  
 makes what Happiness we justly  
 all

Subsist not in the good of one, but all.  
 There's not a blessing individuals find,  
 But some way leans and hearkens to the  
 kind ;  
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with  
 pride,  
 No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfied :  
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pre-  
 tend,  
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :  
 Abstract what others feel, what others  
 think,  
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :  
 Each has his share ; and who would more  
 obtain  
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the  
 pain.  
 Order is Heav'n's first law ; and this con-  
 fess'd,  
 Some are, and must be, greater than the  
 rest ;  
 More rich, more wise : but who infers  
 from hence [sense.  
 That such are happier shocks all common  
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,  
 If all are equal in their Happiness :  
 But mutual wants this Happiness increase ;  
 All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's  
 peace.  
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;  
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king ;  
 In who obtain defence, or who defend ;  
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend :  
 Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of  
 the whole  
 One common blessing, as one common  
 soul.  
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,  
 And all were equal, must not all contest ?  
 If then to all men Happiness was meant,  
 God in externals could not place Content.  
 Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy  
 those ;  
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will ap-  
 pear,  
 While those are placed in Hope, and  
 these in Fear ;  
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,  
 But future views of better or of worse.  
 O, sons of earth, attempt ye still to rise,  
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the  
 skies ?

Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil  
 surveys,  
 And buries madmen in the heaps they  
 raise.  
 Know, all the good that individuals  
 find,  
 Or God and Nature meant to mere man-  
 kind,  
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of  
 sense,  
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and  
 Competence.

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THE MAN OF ROSS.

—ALL our praises why should Lords  
 engross?  
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of  
 Ross:  
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding  
 bounds,  
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause re-  
 sounds.  
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's  
 sultry brow?  
 From the dry rock who bade the waters  
 flow?  
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
 But clear and artless, pouring through the  
 plain  
 Health to the sick, and solace to the  
 swain.  
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady  
 rows?  
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
 Who taught that Heav'n-directed spire to  
 rise?  
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe  
 replies.  
 Behold the market-place with poor o'er-  
 spread!  
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly  
 bread:  
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void  
 of state,  
 Where age and want sit smiling at the  
 gate:  
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans  
 bless,  
 The young who labour, and the old who  
 rest.

Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,  
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes,  
 and gives.  
 Is there a variance? Enter but his door,  
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no  
 more.  
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the  
 place,  
 And vile attorneys, now a useless race.  
 Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue  
 What all so wish, but want the power to  
 do!  
 O say! what sums that gen'rous hand  
 supply?  
 What mines, to swell that boundless  
 charity?  
 Of debts and taxes, wife and children  
 clear,  
 This man possess'd—five hundred pounds  
 a year.  
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts  
 withdraw your blaze!  
 Ye little stars! hide your diminished  
 rays.

~~~~~

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN  
 UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-  
 light shade,  
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder  
 glade?  
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom  
 gor'd?  
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
 O, ever beauteous! ever friendly! tell,  
 Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?  
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
 To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?  
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
 For those who greatly think or bravely  
 die?  
 Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul  
 aspire  
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
 Ambition first sprung from your blest  
 abodes,  
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods:  
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,  
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes  
 glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an  
age,  
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage :  
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of  
years  
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;  
Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,  
And, close confin'd to their own palace,  
sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade  
her die)

Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
As into air the purer spirits flow,  
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs  
below ;

So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too  
good,

Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's  
blood !

See on these ruby lips the trembling  
breath,

These cheeks now fading at the blast of  
death.

Cold is that breast which warmed the  
world before,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no  
more.

Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,  
Thus shall your wives, and thus your  
children fall :

On all the line a sudden vengeance  
waits,

And frequent hearses shall besiege your  
gates :

There passengers shall stand, and point-  
ing say

(While the long fun'erals blacken all the  
way),

Lo ! these were they, whose souls the  
Furies steel'd,

And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to  
yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !  
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd  
to glow

For others' good, or melt at others' wo.

What can atone (O, ever-injur'd shade !)  
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?  
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic  
tear

Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy  
mournful bier ;

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were  
clos'd,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-  
pos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave  
adorn'd,

By strangers honour'd, and by strangers  
mourn'd.

What though no friends in sable weeds  
appear,

Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourr  
a year,

And bear about the mockery of wo

To midnight dances, and the public show :  
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes

grace,

Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ;

What though no sacred earth allow thee  
room,

Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy  
tomb ;

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be  
dress'd,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy  
breast :

There shall the morn her earliest tears  
bestow,

There the first roses of the year shall  
blow :

While angels with their silver wings o'er-  
shade

The ground, now sacred by thy relics  
made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a  
name,

What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and  
fame.

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails  
thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot ;

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall  
be !

Poets themselves must fall like those  
they sung,

Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tune-  
ful tongue.

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mourn-  
ful lays,

Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he  
pays ;

Then from his closing eyes thy form shall  
part,  
And the last pang shall tear thee from his  
heart ;  
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no  
more !

~~~~~

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of  
art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the  
heart,  
To make mankind, in conscious virtue  
bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they  
behold :  
For this the tragic Muse first trod the  
stage,  
Commanding tears to stream through  
every age ;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature  
kept,  
And foes to virtue wondered how they  
wept.  
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to  
move  
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;  
In pitying love, we but our weakness  
show,  
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.  
Here tears shall flow from a more gene-  
rous cause,  
Such tears as patriots shed for dying  
laws :  
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour  
rise,  
And calls forth Roman drops from  
British eyes.  
Virtue confess'd in human shape he  
draws,  
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato  
was :  
No common object to your sight displays,  
But what with pleasure Heaven itself sur-  
veys,  
A brave man struggling in the storms of  
fate,  
And greatly falling, with a falling state.  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
nat bosom beats not in his country's  
cause ?

Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?  
Who hears him groan and does not wish  
to bleed ?  
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst trium-  
phal cars,  
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of  
wars,  
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in  
state ;  
As her dead father's reverend image  
pass'd  
The pomp was darken'd, and the day  
o'er cast ;  
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from  
every eye ;  
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded  
by ;  
Her last good man dejected Rome  
adored,  
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's  
sword.  
Britons, attend : be worth like this  
 approv'd,  
And show you have the virtue to be  
mov'd.  
With honest scorn the first famed Cato  
view'd  
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom  
she subdued ;  
Your scene precariously subsists too long  
On French translation, and Italian song.  
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the  
stage,  
Be justly warm'd with your own native  
rage :  
Such plays alone should win a British  
ear,  
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

~~~~~

ELOISA'S PRAYER FOR  
ABELARD.

MAY one kind grave unite each hapless  
name,  
And graft my love immortal on thy fame !  
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are  
o'er,  
When this rebellious heart shall beat no  
more ;

If ever chance two wandering lovers  
brings  
To Paraclete's white walls and silver  
springs,  
O'er the pale marble shall they join their  
heads,  
And drink the falling tears each other  
sheds;  
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,  
"O may we never love as these have  
lov'd!"  
From the full choir, when loud hosannas  
rise,  
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,  
Amid that scene if some relenting eye  
Glance on the stone where our cold relics  
lie,  
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from  
Heaven,  
One human tear shall drop, and be for-  
given.  
And sure if fate some future bard shall  
join  
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,  
Condemn'd whole years in absence to  
deplore,  
And image charms he must behold no  
more;  
Such if there be, who loves so long, so  
well;  
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!  
The well-sung woes will soothe my pen-  
sive ghost;  
He best can paint them who shall feel  
them most.

~~~~~

FAME.

WHAT'S fame? a fancy'd life in others'  
breath,  
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.  
Just what you hear, you have; and what's  
unknown,  
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your  
own.  
All that we feel of it begins and ends  
In the small circle of our foes or friends;  
To all beside as much an empty shade  
An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;  
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or  
shine,  
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;  
An honest man's the noblest work of  
God.  
Fame but from death a villain's name can  
save,  
As justice tears his body from the grave;  
When what t' oblivion better were re-  
sign'd,  
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.  
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;  
Plays round the head, but comes not to  
the heart:  
One self-approving hour whole years out-  
weighs  
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;  
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

~~~~~

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO  
HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
"Sister spirit, come away."  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?

~~~~~

[JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672—1719.]

ITALY.

FOR whereso'er I turn my ravished eyes,  
Gay, gilded scenes in shining prospect rise;  
Poetic fields encompass me around,  
And still I seem to tread on classic ground

For here the muse so oft her harp has  
strung,  
That not a mountain rears its head un-  
sung ;  
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket  
grows,  
And every stream in heavenly numbers  
flows.

HYMN.

How are thy servants blest, oh Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,  
And breathed the tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,  
Made every region please ;  
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,  
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, oh my soul, devoutly think,  
How, with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,  
And fear in every heart ;  
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free,  
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,  
My faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired  
Obedient to thy will ;  
The sea, that roared at thy command,  
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.  
Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display ;  
And publishes, to every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
And nightly to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though nor real voice nor sound,  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye :  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps he lea

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

#### ROSAMOND'S SONG.

FROM walk to walk, from shade to shade,  
From stream to purling stream convey'd,  
Through all the mazes of the grove,  
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,

Turning,  
Burning,  
Changing,  
Ranging,

Full of grief and full of love,  
Impatient for my Lord's return  
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,  
Was ever passion cross'd like mine ?

To rend my breast,  
And break my rest,  
A thousand thousand ills combine.  
Absence wounds me,  
Fear surrounds me,  
Guilt confounds me,

Was ever passion cross'd like mine ?

How does my constant grief deface  
The pleasures of this happy place !  
In vain the spring my senses greets,  
In all her colours, all her sweets ;

To me the rose  
No longer glows,  
Every plant  
Has lost his scent ;

The vernal blooms of various hue,  
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,  
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant  
bowers,  
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,

Purple scenes,  
Winding greens,  
Glooms inviting,  
Birds delighting,

(Nature's softest, sweetest store)  
Charm my tortur'd soul no more.  
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die :  
Why so slow ! great Henry, why ?  
From death and alarms  
Fly, fly to my arms,  
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.

#### CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st  
well—

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond  
desire,

This longing after immortality ?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward  
horror

Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the  
Soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?

'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us ;

'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out a here-  
after,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !

Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes  
must we pass !

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies  
before me ;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest  
upon it. [us,

Here will I hold. If there's a power above  
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
Through all her works,) he must delight  
in virtue ;

And that which he delights in must be  
happy.

But when or where ?—This world was  
made for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end  
'em.

Thus am I doubly arm'd—My death  
and life,

My bane and antidote are both before me.  
This in a moment brings me to an end :

But this informs me I shall never die.

The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:  
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in  
 years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter and the crash of  
 worlds.

[JAMES THOMSON. 1699—1748.]

THE PLEASURES OF  
 RETIREMENT.

O, KNEW he but his happiness, of men  
 The happiest he! who, far from public  
 rage,  
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few  
 retired,  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural  
 life.  
 What though the dome be wanting, whose  
 proud gate  
 Each morning vomits out the sneaking  
 crowd  
 Of flatt'ers false, and in their turn abused?  
 Vile intercourse! What though the  
 glitt'ring robe,  
 Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give,  
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
 The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him  
 not?  
 What though, from utmost land and sea  
 purvey'd,  
 For him each rarer tributary life  
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
 With luxury and death? What though  
 his bowl,  
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in  
 beds,  
 Oft of gay care, he tosses not the night,  
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle  
 state?  
 What though he knows not those fantastic  
 joys  
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;  
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
 Sure peace is his; a solid life estranged  
 From disappointment and fallacious hope:  
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,

In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the  
 Spring,  
 When Heav'n descends in show'rs, or  
 bends the bough;  
 When Summers reddens, and when Au-  
 tumn beams;  
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
 Concealed, and fattens with the richest  
 sap:  
 These are not wanting; nor the milky  
 drove,  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of  
 stream,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the  
 shade,  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;  
 Nor ought beside of prospect, grove, or  
 song,  
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and foun-  
 tains clear.  
 Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain  
 Innocence,  
 Unsullied Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,  
 Patient of labour, with a little pleased;  
 Health ever-blooming, unambitious Toil,  
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.  
 The rage of nations, and the crush of  
 states,  
 Move not the man, who, from the world  
 escaped,  
 In still retreats and flow'ry solitudes,  
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to  
 month, [year:  
 And day to day, through the revolving  
 Admiring, sees her in her ev'ry shape,  
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;  
 Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of  
 more.  
 He, when young Spring protrudes the  
 bursting gems,  
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the health-  
 ful gale  
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours  
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,  
 And not an op'ning blossom breathes, in  
 vain.  
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,  
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse of  
 these,  
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;



Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an  
 eye  
 Shot round, rejoices in the vig'rous  
 year.  
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the  
 world,  
 And tempts the sickled swain into the  
 field,  
 Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart dis-  
 tends  
 With gentle throes ; and, through the  
 tepid gleams  
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his  
 song.  
 Ev'n Winter mild to him is full of  
 bliss.  
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary  
 waste,  
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried  
 earth,  
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the  
 skies,  
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,  
 Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.  
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours  
 secure,  
 And mark them down for wisdom. With  
 swift wing  
 O'er land and sea th' imagination roams ;  
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
 Elates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs ;  
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
 The touch of kindred, too, and love he  
 feels ;  
 The modest eye, whose beams on his  
 alone  
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace  
 Of prattling children, twisted round his  
 neck,  
 And, emulous to please him, calling forth  
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose  
 gay,  
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly  
 scorns ;  
 For happiness and true philosophy  
 Are of the social, still, and smiling  
 kind.  
 This is the life which those who fret in  
 guilt,  
 And guilty cities, never know ; the life  
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
 When angels dwelt, and God himself,  
 with man.

## DOMESTIC BLISS.

HAPPY they, the happiest of their kind,  
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one  
 fate  
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their  
 beings blend.  
 'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,  
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
 That binds their peace, but harmony  
 itself,  
 Attuning all their passions into love ;  
 Where friendship full exerts her softest  
 power,  
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire  
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
 Thought meeting thought, and will pre-  
 venting will,  
 With boundless confidence.

## CELADON AND AMELIA.

'Tis list'ning fear and dumb amazement  
 all :  
 When to the startled eye the sudden  
 glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive through the  
 cloud ;  
 And following slower, in explosion vast,  
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first heard solemn o'er the verge of  
 Heaven,  
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer  
 comes  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and  
 more  
 The noise astounds ; till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,  
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze :  
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling, peal on  
 peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsive heav'n and  
 earth.  
 Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply  
 troubled thought.  
 And yet not always on the guilty head  
 Descends the fated flash.—Young Celadon  
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;

With equal virtue form'd, and equal  
 grace ;  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex  
 alone :  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming  
 morn,  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.  
 They loved ; but such their guiltless  
 passion was,  
 As in the dawn of time informed the  
 heart  
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
 'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mu-  
 tual wish ;  
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic  
 glow  
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting  
 all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer  
 self ;  
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
 Still in harmonious intercourse they lived  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing  
 heart,  
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

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### THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

AH ! little think the gay, licentious,  
 proud,  
 Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence  
 surround !  
 They, who their thoughtless hours in  
 giddy mirth,  
 And wanton, often cruel riot waste ;  
 Ah ! little think they, while they dance  
 along,  
 How many feel, this very moment, death,  
 And all the sad variety of pain :  
 How many sink in the devouring flood,  
 Or more devouring flame : how many  
 bleed,  
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and  
 Man ;  
 How many pine in want, and dungeon  
 glooms ;  
 Shut from the common air and common  
 use

Of their own limbs : how many drink the  
 cup  
 Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread  
 Of Misery : sore pierced by wintry winds,  
 How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless Poverty : how many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, re-  
 morse.  
 Whence, tumbling headlong from the  
 height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse :  
 Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to  
 dwell,  
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contempla-  
 tion join'd,  
 How many, rack'd with honest passions,  
 droop  
 In deep, retired distress : how many stand  
 Around the deathbed of their dearest  
 friends,  
 And point the parting anguish.—Thought  
 fond man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless  
 ills  
 That one incessant struggle render life,  
 One scene of toil, of suff'ring, and of  
 fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand ap-  
 pall'd,  
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to  
 think ;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would  
 warm,  
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;  
 The social tear would rise, the social  
 sigh ;  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.

---

### SUNRISE.

YONDER comes the powerful king of  
 day,  
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening  
 cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's  
 brow  
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near ap-  
 proach  
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent a  
 G

Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd  
 air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd  
 plays  
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and  
 wandering streams,  
 High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer  
 Light!  
 Of all material beings first, and best!  
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were  
 wrapt  
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!  
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom  
 best seen  
 Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of  
 thee?

#### A WINTER STORM.

THEN comes the father of the tempest  
 forth,  
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless  
 rains obscure  
 Drive through the mingling skies with  
 vapour foul;  
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake  
 the woods,  
 That grumbling wave below. The un-  
 sightly plain  
 Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent  
 clouds  
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
 Combine, and deepening into night, shut  
 up  
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of  
 Heaven,  
 Each to his home retire; save those that  
 love  
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply  
 pool.  
 The cattle from the untasted fields return,  
 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted  
 stalls,  
 Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.  
 Thither the household feathery people  
 crowd,  
 The crested cock, with all his female train,  
 Pensive, and dipping; while the cottage  
 hind

Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and  
 taleful there  
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he  
 talks,  
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm  
 that blows  
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.  
 Wide o'er the brim, with many a tor-  
 rent swell'd,  
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'er-  
 spread,  
 At last the roused-up river pours along:  
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it  
 comes,  
 From the rude mountain and the mossy  
 wild,  
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and  
 sounding far;  
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating  
 spreads,  
 Calm sluggish, silent; till again, con-  
 strain'd  
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,  
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the  
 turbid stream;  
 There, gathering triple force, rapid and  
 deep,  
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and  
 thunders through.

\* \* \* \* \*

When from the pallid sky the Sun de-  
 scends,  
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring  
 orb  
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery  
 streaks  
 Begin to flush around. The reeling  
 clouds  
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,  
 Blank in the leaden-colour'd east, the  
 Moon  
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted  
 horns.  
 Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,  
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;  
 Or frequent seen to shoot athwart the  
 gloom,  
 And long behind them trail the whitening  
 blaze.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide

And blind commotion, heaves; while  
 from the shore,  
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,  
 And forest-rustling mountains, comes a  
 voice,  
 That solemn sounding bids the world  
 prepare.  
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden  
 burst,  
 And hurls the whole precipitated air,  
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main  
 Descends the etereal force, and with strong  
 gust  
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd  
 deep.  
 Through the black night that sits immense  
 around,  
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting  
 brine  
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to  
 burn.  
 Meantime the mountain-billows to the  
 clouds  
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above  
 surge,  
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
 And anchor'd navies from their stations  
 drive,  
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste  
 Of mighty waters: now the inflated wave  
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous  
 shoot  
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,  
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their  
 head.  
 Emerging thence again, before the breath  
 Of full-exerted Heaven, they wing their  
 course,  
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp  
 rock,  
 Or shoal insidious, break not their career,  
 And in loose fragments fling them float-  
 ing round.

\* \* \* \* \*

Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and  
 sheds  
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;  
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tear-  
 ing wind's  
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
 Thus struggling through the dissipated  
 grove,

The whirling tempest raves along the  
 plain;  
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly  
 roof,  
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid  
 base.  
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rock-  
 ing dome,  
 For entrance eager, howls the savage  
 blast.

~~~~~  
 RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's com-  
 mand,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sang the strain:  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the  
 waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall;  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all:  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies  
 Serves but to root thy native oak:  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their attempts to hurl thee down  
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
 And work their woe—but thy renown:  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine:  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And every shore encircle thine:  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair:  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

## THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

IN lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd  
 round,  
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no  
 where found,  
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:  
 And there a season atween June and  
 May,  
 Half pranked with spring, with summer  
 half imbrown'd,  
 A listless climate made, where sooth to  
 say,  
 No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n  
 for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:  
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns  
 between;  
 And flowery beds that slumberous in-  
 fluence kest,  
 From poppies breath'd; and beds of  
 pleasant green,  
 Where never yet was creeping creature  
 seen.  
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering stream-  
 lets play'd  
 And purled everywhere their waters  
 sheen;  
 That as they bicker'd through the  
 sunny glade,  
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling  
 murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
 Were heard the lowing herds along the  
 vale,  
 And flocks loud-bleating from the dis-  
 tant hills;  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the  
 dale:  
 And now and then sweet Philomel  
 would wail,  
 Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest  
 deep,  
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;  
 And still a coil the grasshopper did  
 keep;  
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to  
 sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,  
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;  
 Where nought but shadowy forms were  
 seen to move,  
 As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood:  
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and  
 fro,  
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the  
 blood;  
 And where this valley winded out,  
 below,  
 The murmuring main was heard, and  
 scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
 Of dreams that wave before the half-  
 shut eye;  
 And of gay castles in the clouds that  
 pass,  
 For ever flushing round a summer sky:  
 There eke the soft delights, that witch-  
 ingly  
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the  
 breast,  
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd  
 nigh;  
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or  
 unrest,  
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious  
 nest.

## ODE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
 Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;  
 To what delightful world above,  
 Appointed for the happy dead.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,  
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;  
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
 While, under every well-known tree  
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,  
 And every tear is full of thee.

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
 Beside some sympathetic stream,  
 In slumber find a short relief,  
 Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

[ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731—1802.]

## ELIZA.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd  
height,  
O'er Minden's plains spectatress of the  
fight ;  
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody  
strife  
Her dearer self, the partner of her life ;  
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
And view'd his banner, or believed she  
view'd.  
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker  
tread,  
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led ;  
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm  
Slept on her kerchief, cradled on her  
arm :  
While round her brows bright beams of  
honour dart,  
And love's warm eddies circle round her  
heart.  
—Near and more near the intrepid beauty  
press'd,  
Saw through the driving smoke his danc-  
ing crest,  
Heard the exulting shout—"They run !  
—they run !"  
"He's safe !" she cried, "he's safe ! the  
battle's won !"  
—A ball now hisses through the airy  
tides,  
(Some Fury wings it, and some Demon  
guides,)  
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that  
deck,  
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her  
neck :  
The red stream issuing from her azure  
veins,  
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom  
stains.  
—"Ah me !" she cried, and sinking on  
the ground,  
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the  
wound :  
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital  
urn,  
Wait, gushing life, oh ! wait my love's  
return !"—  
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams  
from far,

The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of  
war ;—  
"Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their  
tender age !  
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust  
your rage !"  
Then with weak arms, her weeping babes  
caress'd,  
And sighing, hid them in her blood-  
stain'd vest.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior  
flies,  
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes :  
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
Eliza echoes through the canvas walls ;  
Quick through the murmuring gloom his  
footsteps tread,  
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the  
dead,  
Vault o'er the plain,—and in the tangled  
wood,—  
Lo ! dead Eliza—weltering in her blood !  
Soon hears his listening son the welcome  
sounds,  
With open arms and sparkling eyes he  
bounds,  
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little  
hand, [sand ;  
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold  
Alas ! we both with cold and hunger  
quake—  
Why do you weep ? Mamma will soon  
awake."  
—"She'll wake no more !" the hopeless  
mourner cried,  
Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands,  
and sigh'd ;  
Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranced  
he lay,  
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless  
clay ;  
And then upsprung with wild convulsive  
start,  
And all the father kindled in his heart ;  
"Oh, Heaven !" he cried, "my first rash  
vow forgive !  
These bind to earth, for these I pray to  
live."  
Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his  
crimson vest,  
And clasp'd them sobbing, to his aching  
breast.

## THE STARS.

ROLL on, ye stars! exult in youthful  
 prime,  
 Mark with bright curves the printless  
 steps of Time ;  
 Near and more near your beamy cars ap-  
 proach ;  
 And lessening orbs on lessening orbs en-  
 croach ;  
 Flowers of the sky ! ye too to age must  
 yield,  
 Frail as your silken sisters of the field.  
 Star after star from Heaven's high arch  
 shall rush,  
 Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems  
 crush,  
 Headlong extinct to one dark centre fall,  
 And death, and night, and chaos mingle  
 all :  
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the  
 storm,  
 Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form,  
 Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of  
 flame,  
 And soars and shines, another and the  
 same !

## THE PAPYRUS.

PAPYRA, throned upon the banks of Nile,  
 Spread her smooth leaf, and waved her  
 silver style.  
 The storied pyramid, the laurel'd bust,  
 The trophied arch had crumbled into  
 dust ;  
 The sacred symbol, and the epic song  
 (Unknown the character, forgot the  
 tongue),  
 With each unconquer'd chief, or sainted  
 maid,  
 Sunk undistinguish'd in Oblivion's shade.  
 Sad o'er the scatter'd ruins Genius sigh'd,  
 And infant Arts but learn'd to lisp and  
 died,  
 Till to astonish'd realms Papyra taught  
 To paint in mystic colours sound and  
 thought.  
 With Wisdom's voice to point the page  
 sublime,  
 And mark in adamant the steps of Time.

Three favour'd youths her soft attention  
 share,  
 The fond disciples of the studious fair.  
 Hear her sweet voice, the golden process  
 prove ;  
 Gaze as they learn, and, as they listen,  
 love.  
 The first from alpha to omega joins  
 The letter'd tribes along the level lines :  
 Weighs with nice ear the vowel, liquid,  
 surd,  
 And breaks in syllables the volant word.  
 Then forms *the next* upon the marshall'd  
 plain  
 In deepening ranks his dext'rous cypher-  
 train, bands,  
 And counts, as wheel the decimating  
 The dews of Egypt, or Arabia's sands.  
 And then *the third*, on four concordant  
 lines,  
 Prints the long crotchet, and the quaver  
 joins ;  
 Marks the gay trill, the solemn pause in-  
 scribes,  
 And parts with bars the undulating tribes.  
 Pleased, round her cane-wove throne, the  
 applauding crowd  
 Clapp'd their rude hands, their swarthy  
 foreheads bow'd ;  
 With loud acclaim, "A present God !"  
 they cried,  
 "A present God !" rebelling shores  
 replied ;  
 Then peal'd at intervals with mingled  
 swell,  
 The echoing harp, shrill clarion, horn,  
 and shell :  
 While bards, ecstatic bending o'er the  
 lyre,  
 Struck deeper chords, and wing'd the  
 song with fire.  
 Then mark'd astronomers with keener  
 eyes,  
 The moon's refulgent journey through the  
 skies ;  
 Watch'd the swift comets urge their  
 blazing cars,  
 And weigh'd the sun with his revolving  
 stars.  
 High raised the chemists their hermetic  
 wands  
 (And changing forms obey'd their waving  
 hands),

Her treasured gold from earth's deep  
chambers tore,  
Or fused and harden'd her chalybeate ore.  
All, with bent knee, from fair Papyra  
claim,  
Wove by her hands, the wreath of death-  
less fame.  
Exulting Genius crown'd his darling child,  
The young Arts clasp'd her knees. and  
Virtue smiled.

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STEEL.

HAIL adamantine steel ! magnetic lord,  
King of the prow, the ploughshare, and  
the sword.  
True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides  
His steady helm amid the struggling  
tides ;  
Braves with broad sail th' immeasurable  
sea,  
Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but  
thee.—  
By thee the ploughshare rends the matted  
plain,  
Inhumes in level rows the living grain ;  
Intrusive forests quit the cultured ground,  
And Ceres laughs, with golden fillets  
crown'd.  
O'er restless realms, when scowling Dis-  
cord flings  
Her snakes, and loud the din of battle  
rings ;  
Expiring strength, and vanquish'd courage  
feel  
Thy arm resistless, adamantine Steel !

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SLAVERY.

HARK ! heard ye not that piercing cry,  
Which shook the waves, and rent the  
sky !  
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder Western  
shores  
Weeps pale Despair, and writhing Anguish  
roars. [yell  
E'en now in Afric's groves with hideous  
Fierce Slavery stalks, and slips the dogs  
of Hell ;  
From vale to vale the gathering cries re-  
bound,  
And sable nations tremble at the sound !—

Ye bands of Senators ! whose suffrage  
sways  
Britannia's realms ; whom either Ind  
obeys ; [brave ;  
Who right the injur'd, and reward the  
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have  
pow'r to save !  
Thron'd in the vaulted heart, his dread  
resort,  
Inexorable Conscience holds his court ;  
With still small voice the plots of Guilt  
alarms,  
Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand  
disarms ;  
But, wrapp'd in night with terrors all his  
own, [done.  
He speaks in thunder when the deed is  
*Hear Him*, ye Senates ! hear this truth  
sublime,  
"He who allows oppression shares the  
crime."  
No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune  
wears,  
No gem, that twinkling hangs from  
Beauty's ears,  
Not the bright stars, which Night's blue  
arch adorn,  
Nor rising suns, that gild the vernal  
morn, [breaks  
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that  
For others' woe down Virtue's manly  
cheeks.

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[JAMES BRATTIE. 1735—1803.]

EDWIN.

*The Minstrel.*

THERE liv'd in gothic days, as legends  
tell,  
A shepherd-swain, a man of low de-  
gree ;  
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland  
might dwell,  
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.  
But he, I ween, was of the north coun-  
trie :  
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's  
charms ;  
Zealous, yet modest : innocent, though  
free ;  
Patient of toil ; serene, amidst alarms ;  
Inflexible in faith • invincible in arms.



The shepherd-swain of whom I mention  
made,  
On Scotia's mountains fed his little  
flock;  
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never  
sway'd;  
An honest heart was almost all his  
stock;  
His drink the living water from the  
rock:  
The milky dams supplied his board, and  
lent  
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's  
shock;  
And he, though oft with dust and sweat  
besprent,  
Did guide and guard their wanderings,  
wheresoe'er they went.

From labour health, from health con-  
tentment springs,  
Contentment opes the source of every  
joy;  
He envied not, he never thought of,  
kings;  
Nor from those appetites sustain'd  
annoy,  
That chance may frustrate, or indul-  
gence cloy:  
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes  
beguil'd;  
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor  
mistress coy,  
For on his vows the blameless Phoebe  
smil'd,  
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from  
a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er-  
cast,  
Nor blasted were their wedded days  
with strife;  
Each season, look'd delightful, as it  
past,  
To the fond husband, and the faithful  
wife;  
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life  
They never roam'd; secure beneath the  
storm  
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,  
Where peace and love are canker'd by  
the worm  
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to  
deform

The wight, whose tales these artless  
lines unfold,  
Was all the offspring of this humble  
pair:  
His birth no oracle or seer foretold:  
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,  
Nor aught that might a strange event  
declare.  
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's  
birth;  
The parent's transport, and the parent's  
care;  
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit,  
and worth;  
And one long summer-day of indolence  
and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;  
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant  
eye:  
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor  
toy,  
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.  
Silent, when glad; affectionate, though  
shy;  
And now his look was most demurely  
sad,  
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none  
knew why;  
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet  
bless'd the lad;  
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and  
some believ'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats dis-  
play?  
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever  
fled;  
Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous  
fray  
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest  
sped,  
Or roam'd at large the lonely moun-  
tain's head;  
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd  
stream  
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps  
led,  
There would he wander wild, till  
Phoebus' beam,  
Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the  
weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or  
 speed,  
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring:  
 His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd,  
 would bleed  
 To work the woe of any living thing,  
 By trap or net, by arrow or by sling;  
 These he detested, those he scorn'd to  
 wield;  
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the  
 king,  
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field:  
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy  
 might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in won-  
 der, roves  
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with  
 pine;  
 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling  
 groves,  
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents  
 shine:  
 While waters, woods, and winds, in  
 concert join,  
 And Echo swells the chorus to the  
 skies.  
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign  
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft  
 supplies?  
 Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's  
 charms to prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,  
 When o'er the sky advanc'd the kind-  
 ling dawn,  
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and  
 mountain gray,  
 And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky  
 lawn;  
 Far to the west the long long vale with-  
 drawn,  
 Where twilight loves to linger for a  
 while; [fawn,  
 And now he faintly kens the bounding  
 And villager abroad at early toil.—  
 But lo! the sun appears! and heaven,  
 earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to  
 climb,  
 When all in mist the world below was  
 lost:

What dreadful pleasure! there to stand  
 sublime,  
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert  
 coast,  
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour  
 tost  
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon  
 round,  
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains  
 now emboss'd!  
 And hear the voice of mirth and song  
 rebound,  
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the  
 hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward  
 wight, [scene:  
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful  
 In darkness, and in storm, he found  
 delight;  
 Nor less, than when on ocean-wave  
 serene  
 The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling  
 shene,  
 Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul:  
 And if a sigh would sometimes inter-  
 vene,  
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,  
 A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wish'd not to  
 control.

#### EDWIN'S MEDITATIONS IN AUTUMN.

"O YE wild groves, O where is now  
 your bloom!"  
 (The Muse interprets thus his tender  
 thought)  
 "Your flowers, your verdure, and your  
 balmy gloom,  
 Of late so grateful in the hour of  
 drought!  
 Why do the birds, that song and rapture  
 brought  
 To all your bowers, their mansions now  
 forsake?  
 Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin  
 wrought?  
 For now the storm howls mournful  
 through the brake,  
 And the dead foliage flies in many a  
 shapeless flake.