

2799

8.307



Plat 139

13:11:22

Herewith

1. The Program List
  2. The with Dist. List
- from vid. yr. See the purpose.

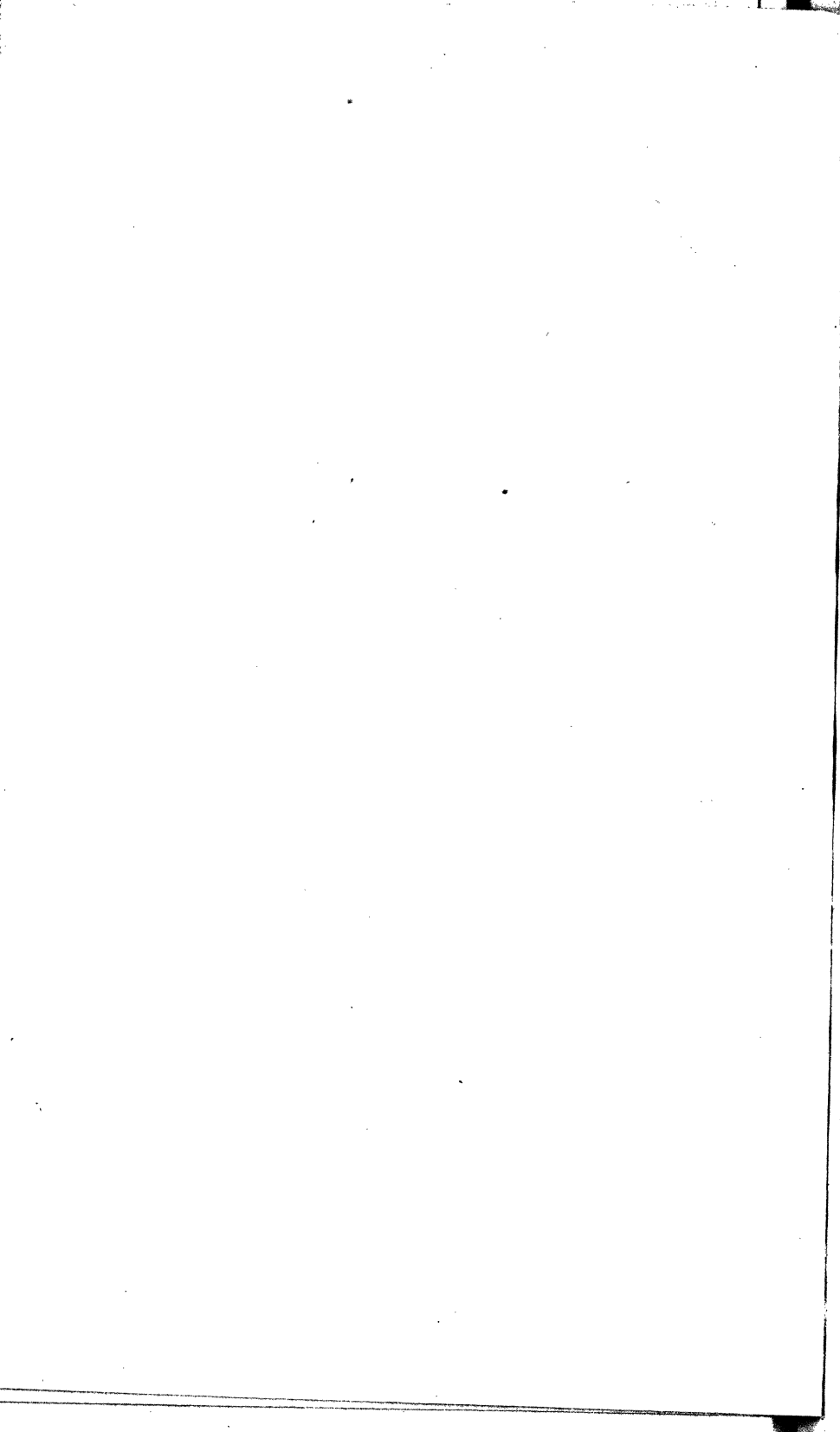
Plat.

The Bunting - 1st and are also  
1768 cost in.

The Buntzger - 5th (un) are also  
not in the authorized 1768 col. m.

Proby, L. L. m.











31.

George Anguish

August 14 1781

Lidney G. Osborne

Gave him 5 G. Anguish

August 10. 1842

for 17 months

# THE BARD.



# P O E M S

B Y

MR. GRAY.



DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM SLEATER  
IN CASTLE-STREET,


1768.


BODI 1139  
1400-12  
OXFORD





## Advertisement.

 *T* the desire of some Gentlemen,  
for whose Taste and Judgment the  
Editor hath the greatest Respect, he has added  
to this Edition of Mr. Gray's Poems two  
Latin Translations of the celebrated Elegy  
written in a Country Church-yard, with a  
poetical Address to the Author; one by the  
Rev. Mr. Lloyd, the other by an anonymous  
Person, which Translations and Poem, it is  
hoped, will not be unacceptable to the classical  
Reader.



*J. Roberts*  
*Esq. of Eton*





# CONTENTS.



*Page.*

ODE on the SPRING. - - - - -	11
— on the Death of a FAVOURITE CAT. - - - - -	19
— on a distant Prospect of ETON } COLLEGE. - - - - -	25
A LONG STORY. - - - - -	35
HYMN to ADVERSITY. - - - - -	51
The PROGRESS of POESY, - - - - -	57
The BARD. - - - - -	71
The FATAL SISTERS. - - - - -	93
The DESCENT of ODIN, - - - - -	101
The TRIUMPHS of OWEN. - - - - -	111
CARMEN ELEGIACUM. - - - - -	117
ELEGIA, &c. - - - - -	130
ELEGY written in a COUNTRY } CHURCH-YARD. - - - - -	131





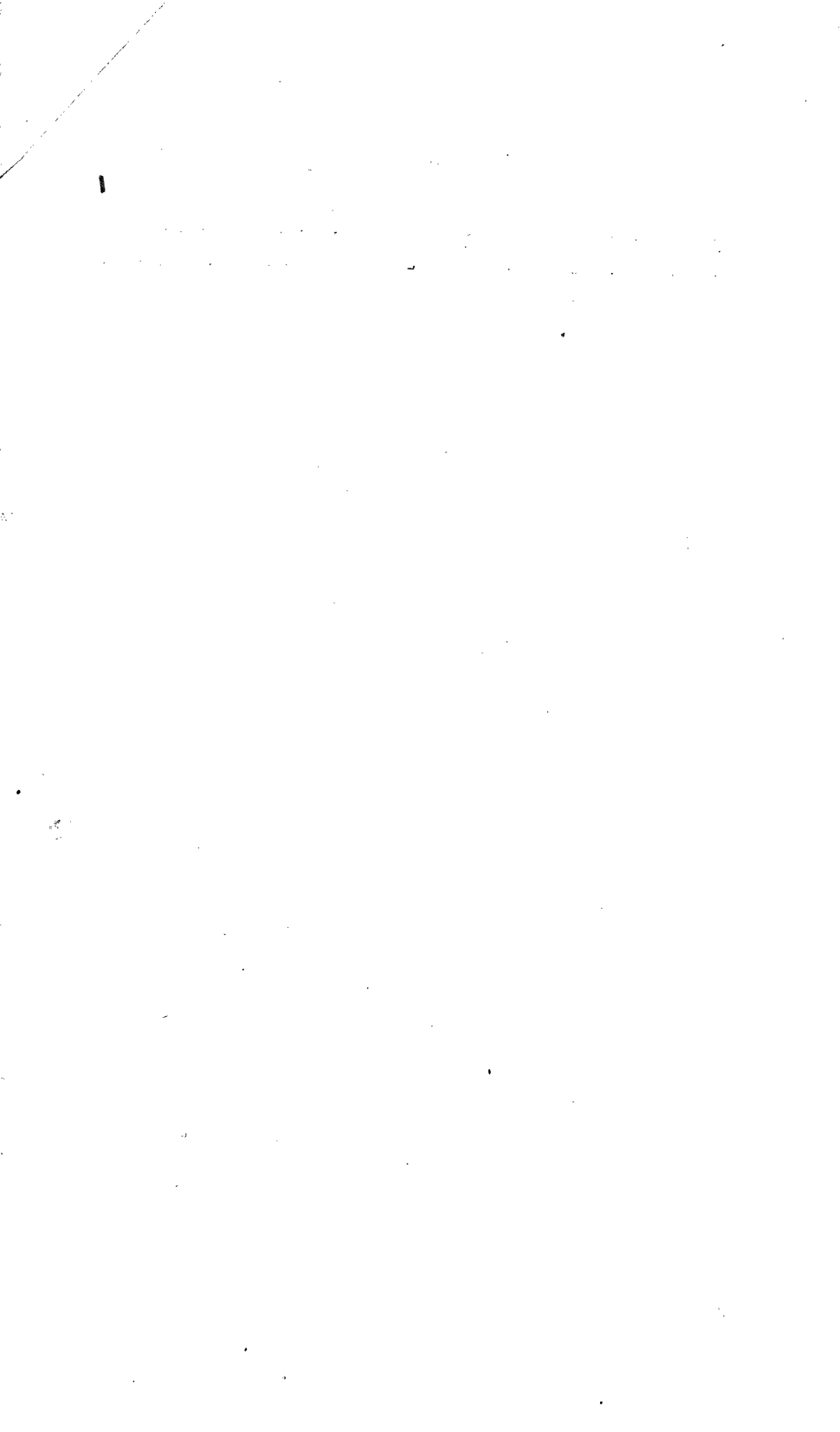
O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.



B

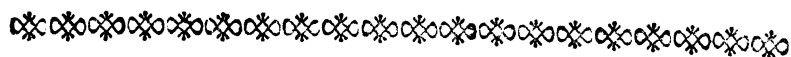




O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.



**L** O! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
Fair VENUS' train appear,  
Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs,  
And wake the purple year!

12 ODE ON THE SPRING.

The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckow's note,  
The untaught harmony of Spring :  
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,  
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear, blue sky  
Their gather'd fragrance fling,

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader, browner shade ;  
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade \* :  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At

---

\* ————— a bank

O'ercanopy'd with luscious woodbine.

*Shakesp. Midf. Night's Dream.*



(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)

How vain the ardour of the Crowd,

How low, how little are the Proud,

How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care :

The panting herds repose :

Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air

The busy murmur glows !

The insect youth are on the wing,

Eager to taste the honied spring,

And float amid the liquid noon\* :

Some lightly o'er the current skim,

Some shew their gayly-gilded trim

Quick-glancing to the sun†.

B 3

To

\* " Nare per æstatem liquidam——"

*Virgil. Georg. lib. 4.*

† ——— sporting with quick glance

Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with  
gold, *Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.*

14 ODE ON THE SPRING.

To Contemplation's sober eye \*

Such is the race of Man :

And they that creep, and they that fly,

Shall end where they began.

Alike the Budy and the Gay

But flutter thro' life's little day,

In Fortune's varying colours drest :

Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,

Or chill'd by age, their airy dance

They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,

The sportive kind reply :

Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?

A solitary fly !

Thy

---

\* While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. GREEN, *in the Grotto.*

*Dodley's Miscellanies*, [Lond. Edit.] Vol. V. p. 861.

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display :  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —  
 We frolick, while 'tis May.







O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.







# O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

## FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.



'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dy'd  
The azure flowers, that blow ;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclin'd,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her

20 ODE ON THE DEATH OF

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

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream :  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Thro' richest purple to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.  
The hapless Nymph with wonder saw,  
A whisker first, and then a claw ;

With



With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What Cat's averse to fish!

Prefumptuous Maid! with looks intent  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
(Malignant fate sat by, and smil'd)  
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd)  
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,  
Some speedy aid to fend.  
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:  
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.  
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,  
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,

And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes

And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;

Nor all, that glisters, gold.





O D E

O N A

DISTANT PROSPECT

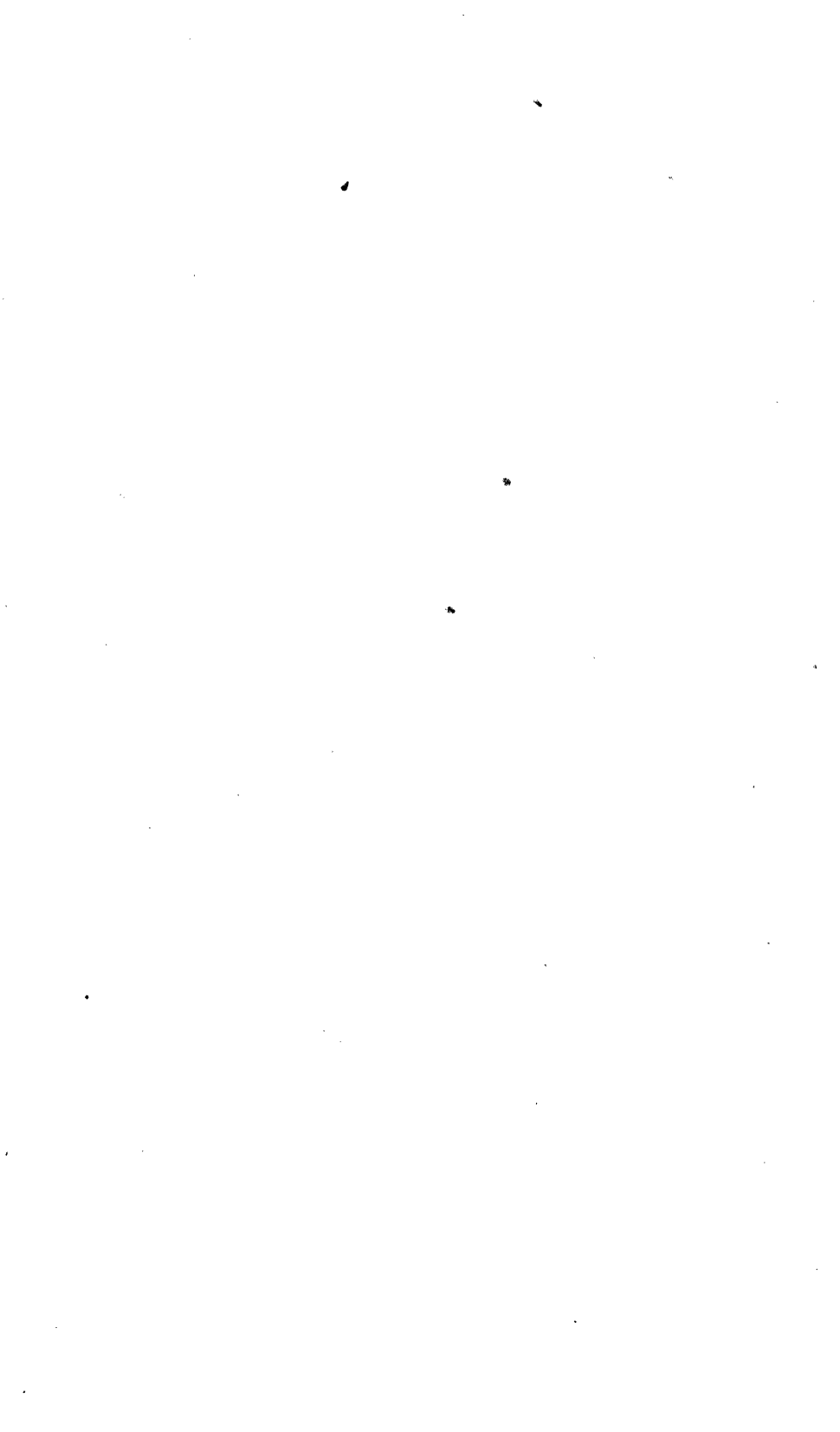
O F

ETON COLLEGE.

"Ἄνθρωπος ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν."

MENANDER.







# O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Y**E distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her HENRY's \* holy Shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below

Of

---

\* King HENRY the Sixth, Founder of the  
College.

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way.

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

Say,

---

\* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

*Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.*

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen

Full many a sprightly race

Disporting on thy margent green

The paths of pleasure trace,

Who foremost now delight to cleave

With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?

The captive linnet which enthrall ?

What idle progeny succeed

To chase the rolling circle's speed,

Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,

Their murm'ring labours ply

'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint

To sweeten liberty :

Some

Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry :  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

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

Alas,



PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 29

Alas, regardless of their doom,

The little victims play !

No sense have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day ;

Yet see how all around 'em wait

The Ministers of human fate,

And black Misfortune's baleful train !

Ah, shew them where in ambush stand

To seize their prey the murth'rous band !

Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,

The vultures of the mind,

Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,

And Shame that sculks behind ;

Or pineing Love shall waste their youth.

Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,

That

That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart,

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

Lo,

---

\* ——— Madness laughing in his ireful mood.  
*Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.*

Lo, in the vale of years beneath

A grisly troop are seen.

The painful family of Death,

More hideous than their Queen :

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,

That every labouring sinew strains,

Those in the deeper vitals rage :

Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,

That numbs the soul with icy hand,

And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,

Condemn'd alike to groan,

The tender for another's pain ;

Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet,

Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate ?  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies.

Thought would destroy their paradise.  
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.





A

# LONG STORY.

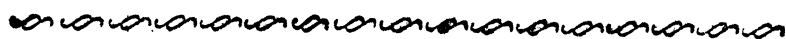


C





A  
L O N G S T O R Y.



**I**N BRITAIN'S Isle, no matter where,  
An ancient pile of building stands :  
The Huntingdons and Hattons there  
Employ'd the pow'r of Fairy hands.

To raise the cieling's fretted height,  
Each pannel in achievements cloathing,  
Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave \* Lord Keeper led the Brawls :  
The Seal, and Maces, danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown'd hat, and fatten doublet,  
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,  
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning !  
Shame of the verifying tribe !  
Your Hist'ry whither are you spinning ?  
Can you do nothing but describe ?

A House

---

\* Hatton, preferred by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.



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

The first came cap-à-pié from France,  
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,  
Whom meaner Beauties eye askance,  
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven  
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire :  
But COBHAM had the polish given,  
And tip'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air——  
Coarse panegyricks would but teaze her,  
Melissa is her Nomme de Guerre.  
Alas, who would not wish to please her !

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

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

Who

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

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

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

The trembling family they daunt,  
They flirt, they fign, they laugh, they tattle,  
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,  
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,  
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,  
Run hurry-fkurry round the floor,  
And o'er the bed and taster clamber,

Into the Draw'rs and China pry,  
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglío !  
Under a tea-cup he might lie,  
Or creas'd, like dogs-cars in a folio.

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

So Rumour says. (Who will, believe)  
But that they left the door a-jarr,  
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,  
He heard the distant din of war.

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

The words too eager to unriddle

The poet felt a strange disorder :

Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,

And chains invifible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,

The powerful pot-hooks did fo move him,

That, will he, nill he, to the Great-houfe

He went as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no fign of grace,

For folks in fear are apt to pray)

To Phœbus he preferr'd his cafe,

And beg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The

The God-head would have back'd his quarrel,  
But with a blush, on recollection

Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel  
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was fate, the Culprit there,  
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping

The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,  
And from the gallery stand peeping.

Such as in silence of the night  
Come (sweep) along some winding entry

(\**Styack* has often seen the sight)  
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry.

In

---

\* THE HOUSE-KEEPER.

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,  
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,  
High Dames of honour once, that garnish'd  
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peerefs comes: The Audience stare,  
And doff their hats with due submission;  
She courtfies, as she takes her chair,  
To all the people of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,  
Had in imagination fenc'd him,  
Disprov'd the arguments of \* *Squib*,  
And all that † *Groom* could urge against him.

But

---

\* Groom of the Chambers.      † The Steward.



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

Yet something he was heard to mutter,  
“ How in the park beneath an old-tree  
“ (Without design to hurt the butter,  
“ Or any malice to the poultry,)   
  
“ He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet ;  
“ Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon :  
“ Numbers would give their oaths upon it,  
“ He ne'er was for a conjurer taken.”

The

---

‡ A famous highwayman hang'd the week before.

The ghostly Prudes with hagg'd face  
Already had condemn'd the sinner.

My Lady rose, and with a grace——  
She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

“ Jesu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,  
“ Why, what can the Viscountess mean  
  (Cry'd the square Hoods in woeful fidget)  
“ The times are alter'd quite and clean !

“ Decorum's turn'd to mere civility ;  
“ Her air and all her manners shew it.  
“ Condemn'd me to her affability !  
“ Speak to a Commoner and Poet !”

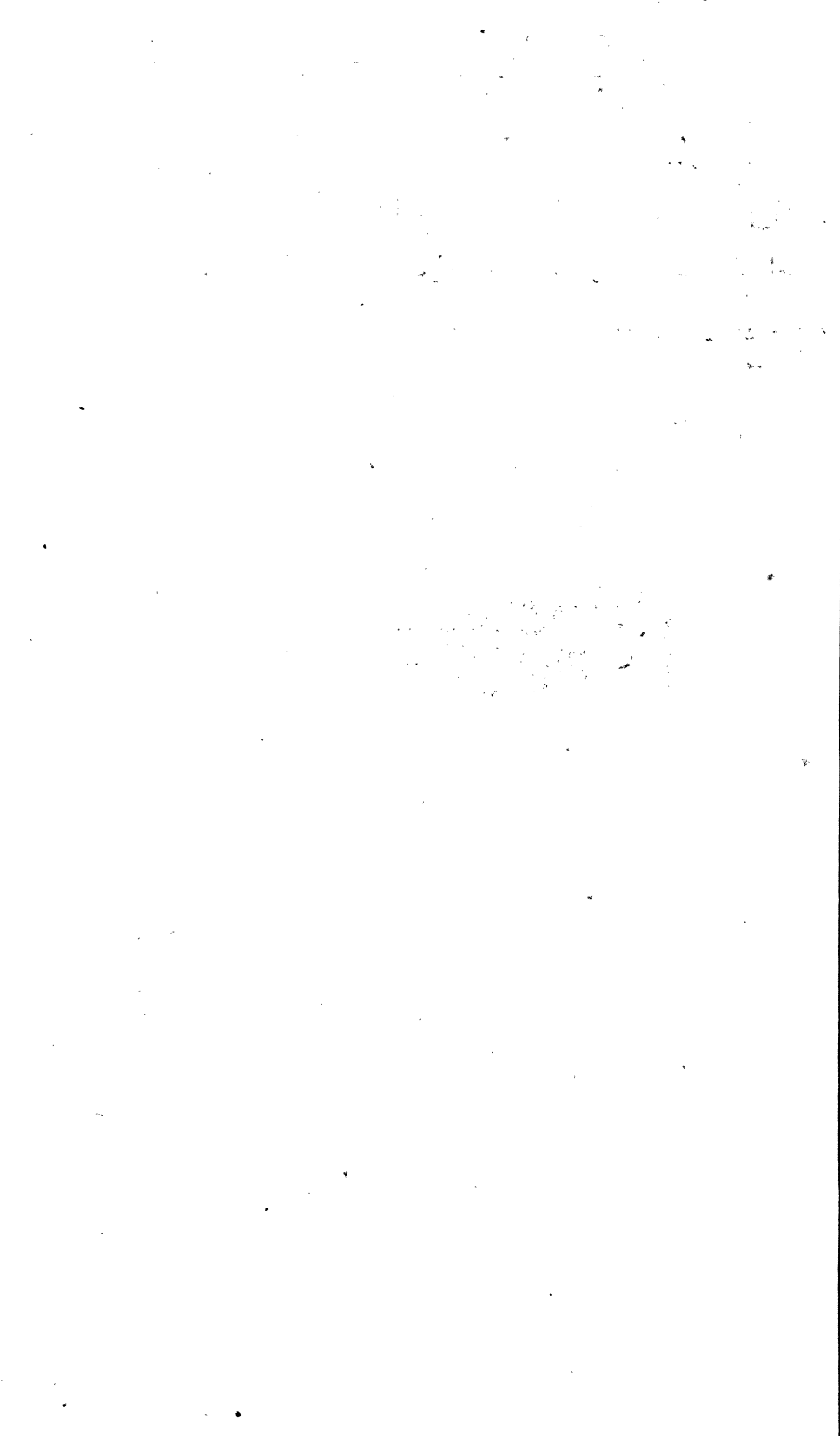
[*Here 500 Stanzas are lost.*]

And

And so, God save our noble King,  
And guard us from long-windéd Lubbers,  
That to eternity would sing,  
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.



H Y M N





# H Y M N

T O

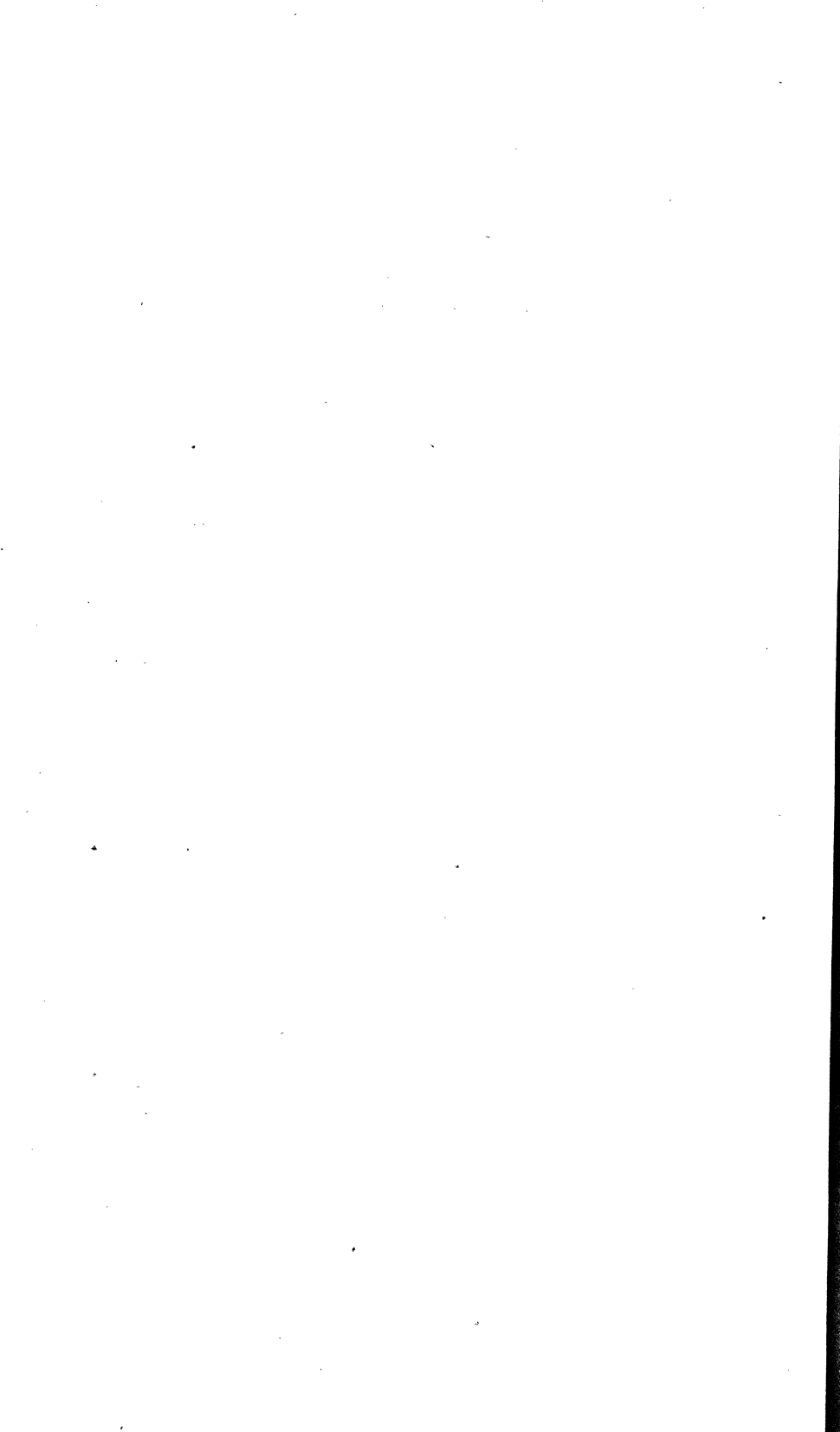
A D V E R S I T Y.

—Ζῆνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδῶ-  
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼν  
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.







# H Y M N

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

\*\*\*\*\*

**D**AUGHTER of Jovꝝ, relentless Pow'r,  
Thou Tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,  
The Bad affright, afflict the Best!  
Bound in thy adamantine chain  
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,

And

52      HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

And purple Tyrants vainly groan  
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth  
Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,  
To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,  
And bad to form her infant mind.  
Stern rugged Nurse ! thy rigid lore  
With patience many a year she bore :  
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe,  
Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly  
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
And leave us leisure to be good.  
Light they disperse, and with them go  
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;

By



By vain Prosperity receiv'd,  
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in fable garb array'd,  
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,  
And Melancholy, silent maid,  
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
Warm Charity, the gen'ral Friend,  
With Justice to herself severe,  
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,  
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !  
Not in thy Gorgon terrors glad,  
Nor circled with the vengeful Band  
(As by the Impious thou art seen)  
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,

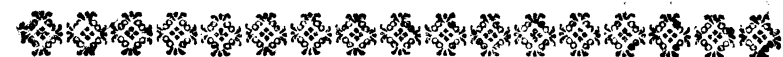
With

54 HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, Goddess, wear,  
Thy milder influence impart,  
Thy philosophic Train be there  
To soften, not to wound my heart,  
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
Teach me to love, and to forgive,  
Exact my own defects to scan,  
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.





THE  
PROGRESS of POESY.  
A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν. ἐς

Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει.


PINDAR, Olymp. II.

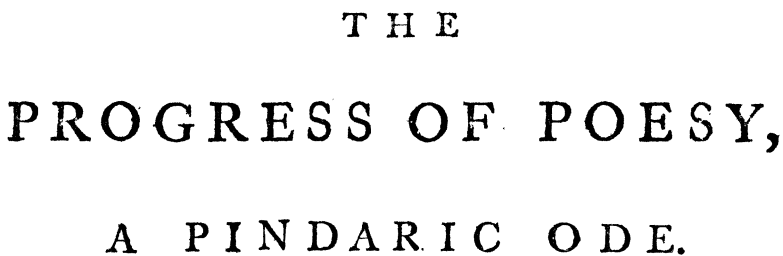




## ADVERTISEMENT.

When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes ; but he had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.





PROGRESS OF POESY,  
A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

\* **A**WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling  
strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take :

The

\* Awake, up my glory : awake, lute and harp.  
*David's Psalms.*

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments,

Αἰολῆς μόλπῃ, Ἀϊόλιδες χορδαί, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν,

Æolian fong,

Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

D

The

58 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

The laughing flow'rs, that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :

Now rolling down the steep amain,

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :

The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the  
roar.

Oh !

---

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described ; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers ; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

## I. 2.

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

---

\* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian Ode of Pindar.

† This is a weak imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode.

## 60 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

### I. 3.

\* Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet:  
To brisk notes in cadence beating  
† Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach de-  
clare :  
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.  
With arms sublime, that float upon the air.  
In gliding state she wins her easy way :  
O'er

---

\* Power of harmony to produce all the graces  
of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρυγὰς θηϊστο ποδῶν· δαίμαζε δὲ θυμῶ.

Homer. Od. 3.



O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move

\* The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of  
Love.

## II. 1

† Man's feeble race what Ills await,

Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,

Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,

And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!

The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,

And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?

Night, and all her sickly dews,

Her

\* Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφύρεϊσι

Παρείησι φῶς ἔρωτος. *Phrynichus, apud Athenæum.*

† To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to Mankind by the same Providence that sends the Day by its chearful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the Night.

## 62 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky :

\* Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of  
war.

### II. 2.

† In climes beyond the solar ‡ road,

Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains  
roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom

To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.

And

---

\* Or seen the Morning's well-appointed Star  
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

*Cowley.*

† Extensive influence of poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]

‡ “Extra anni solisque vias——” *Virgil.*

Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.”

*Petrarch, Canzon 2.*

And oft, beneath the od'rous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,  
 Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.  
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy  
     flame.

## II. 3.

\* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,

Fields,

\* Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Tho. Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this School expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

## 64 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

Fields, that cool Iliffus laves,  
Or where Mæander's amber waves  
In lingering Lab'rinth creep,  
How do your tuneful Echos languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish ?  
Where each old poetic Mountain  
Inspiration breath'd around :  
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain  
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :  
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour  
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Pow'r,  
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They fought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled  
coast.

### III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's \* Darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil

Her

---

\* Shakespeare.

Her awful face : The dauntless Child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year :  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;  
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

## III. 2.

Nor second He \*, that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,  
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.  
 † He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and  
 Time :  
 ‡ The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
 Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,  
 He

\* Milton.

† "—flammanitia mœnia mundi." *Lucretius*.

‡ For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over  
 D 5 their

## 66 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,

\* Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,

Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear

† Two Courfers of ethereal race,

‡ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-re-  
founding pace.

Hark,

their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

*Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.*

\* Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμειβε· δίδου δ' ἡδιῖαν αἰοιδήν.

*Homer. Od.*

† Meant to express the stately march and found-  
ing energy of Dryden's rhimes.

‡ Haft thou cloathed his neck with thunder ?  
*Job.*

## III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !

Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er

Scatters from her pictur'd urn

\* Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

† But ah ! 'tis heard no more——

Oh ! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit

Wakes thee now ? tho' he inherit

Nor

\* Words that weep, and tears that speak.

*Cowley.*

† We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day : for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Choruses—above all, in the last of Caractacus,

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread ? &c.

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
 \* That the Theban Eagle bear  
 Sailing with supreme dominion  
 Thro' the azure deep of air :  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray  
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun :  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the Good how far — but far above the  
 Great.

THE

---

\* *Διὸς πρὸς ἑρμῆα θείον.* Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.





THE  
B A R D,  
A PINDARIC ODE.





## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The following O D E is founded on a Tradition current in *Wales*, that *Edward* THE FIRST, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.





THE  
B A R D,  
A PINDARIC ODE.



I. 1.

“ R UIN feize thee, ruthless King!

“ Confusion on thy banners wait,

“ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing

“ \* They mock the air with idle state.

“ Helm

\* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

*Shakespeare’s King John.*

" Helm, nor \* Hauberk's twifted mail,

" Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, fhall avail

" To fave thy fecret foul from nightly fears,

" From Cambria's curfe, from Cambria's tears !"

Such were the founds, that o'er the † crefted pride

Of the firft Edward fcatter'd wild difmay,

As down the fteep of ‡ Snowdon's fhaggy fide

He wound with toilfome march his long array.

Stout

\* The Hauberk was a texture of ftel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that fate clofe to the body, and adapted itfelf to every motion.

† — The crefted adder's pride.

*Dryden's Indian Queen.*

‡ *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welch themfelves call *Craigian-eryri* : it included all the highlands of Caernarvonfhire and Merionethfhire, as far eaft as the river Conway. R. Hygden, fpeaking of the caftle of Conway built by King Edward I. fays, " Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis " *Erery* ;" and Matthew of Weftminfter, (ad ann. 1283,) " Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis " *Snowdoniæ* fecit erigi castrum forte."

Stout \* Glo'fter stood aghaft in fpeechlefs trance :  
 To arms ! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his  
 quiv'ring lance.

## I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Rob'd in the fable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the Poet flood ;  
 (‡Loofe his beard, and hoary hair  
 § Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

“ And

\* Gilbert de Clare, furnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, fon-in-law to K. Edward.

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

‡ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphaël, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel : there are two of these paintings (both believed original) one at Florence, the other at Paris.

§ Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

" Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,

" Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !

" O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they  
wave,

" Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;

" Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,

" To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's  
lay.

### I. 3.

" Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,

" That hush'd the stormy main :

" Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :

" Mountains, ye mourn in vain

" Modred, whose magic song

" Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd  
head,

" On

- “ \* On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,  
 “ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :  
 “ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens fail ;  
 “ The famish’d † Eagle screams, and passes by.  
 “ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 “ ‡ Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 “ ‡ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
 “ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—  
 “ No
- 

\* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

† Cambden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named the Welch *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *the eagle’s nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify : it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby’s *Ornithol.* published by Ray.]

‡ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,  
 That visit my sad heart——

*Shakesp. Jul. Cæsar.*

" No more I weep. They do not sleep.

" On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,

" I see them sit, they linger yet,

" Avengers of their native land :

" With me in dreadful harmony \* they join,

" And \* weave with bloody hands the tiffue of  
thy line."

## II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,

" The winding-sheet of Edward's race.

" Give ample room, and verge enough

" The characters of hell to trace.

" Mark the year, and mark the night,

" † When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The

\* See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.

† Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in  
Berkley-Castle.



“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that  
ring,

“ Shrieks of an agonizing King !

“ \* She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,

“ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,

“ † From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs

“ The scourge of Heav’n. What Terrors round  
him wait !

“ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d.

“ And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.

## II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,

“ ‡ Low on his funeral couch he lies !

“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford

“ A tear to grace his obsequies.

“ Is

\* Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adul-  
terous Queen.

† Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

‡ Death of that King, abandoned by his Chil-  
dren, and even robbed in his last moments by his  
Courtiers and his Mistress.

- “ Is the fable \* Warrior fled ?  
“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.  
“ The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were  
born ?  
“ Gone to salute the rising Morn.  
“ Fair † laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr  
blows,  
“ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm  
“ In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;  
“ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;  
“ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind’s sway,  
“ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his even-  
ing-prey.

II.

---

\* Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his Father.

† Magnificence of Richard the Second’s reign.  
See Froissard and other contemporary Writers.

## II. 3.

- " \* Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
" The rich repast prepare,  
" Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast;  
" Close by the regal Chair  
" Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
" A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.  
" Heard ye the din of † battle bray,  
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
" Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,  
" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their  
way.

" Ye

---

\* Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older Writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

† Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.

“ Ye Tow’rs of Julius\*, London’s lasting shame,  
 “ With many- a foul and midnight murder fed,  
 “ Revere his † Confort’s faith, his Father’s ‡ fame,  
 “ And spare the meek || Ufurper’s holy head.  
 “ Above, below, the § rose of snow,  
 “ Twin’d with her blushing foe, we spread :  
 “ The bristled ¶ Boar, in infant gore,  
 “ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 “ Now,

---

\* Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

† Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her Husband and her Crown.

‡ Henry the Fifth.

|| Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the Crown.

§ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

¶ The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the Third ; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

“ Now, Brothers, bending o’er th’ accursed loom,  
“ Stamp we our vengeance deep; and ratify his  
doom.

## III. 1.

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
“ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)  
“ \* Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
“ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”  
“ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn  
“ Leave me unblest’d, unpitied, here to mourn :  
“ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,  
“ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

“ But,

---

\* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

“ But, oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s  
height

“ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unroll?

“ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,

“ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!

“ No more our long-lost \* Arthur we bewail.

“ All-hail, † ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s Issue  
hail!

### III. 2.

“ Girt with many a Baron bold,

“ Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

“ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old

“ In bearded majesty, appear.

“ In

\* It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.

" In the midst a Form divine !

" Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;

" Her lyon-port\*, her awe-commanding face,

" Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

" What strings symphonious tremble in the air,

" What strains of vocal transport round her play !

" Hear from the grave, great Talieffint, hear ;

" They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

" Bright rapture calls, and foaring as she sings,

" Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd  
wings.

The

\* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, Ambassadour of Poland, says, " And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert Orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."

† Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the VIth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.

## III. 3.

- " The verse adorn again  
 " \* Fierce War, and faithful Love,  
 " And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.  
 " In † buskin'd measures move  
 " Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 " With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
 " A ‡ Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,  
 " Gales from blooming Eden bear;  
 " ¶ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
 " That lost in long futurity expire.

" Fond,

\* Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize  
 my song.

*Spenser's Proëme to the Fairy Queen.*

† Shakespeare.

‡ Milton.

¶ The succession of Poets after Milton's time.



“ Fond, impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud,

“ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day ?

“ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

“ And warms the nations with redoubled ray,

“ Enough for me: With joy I see

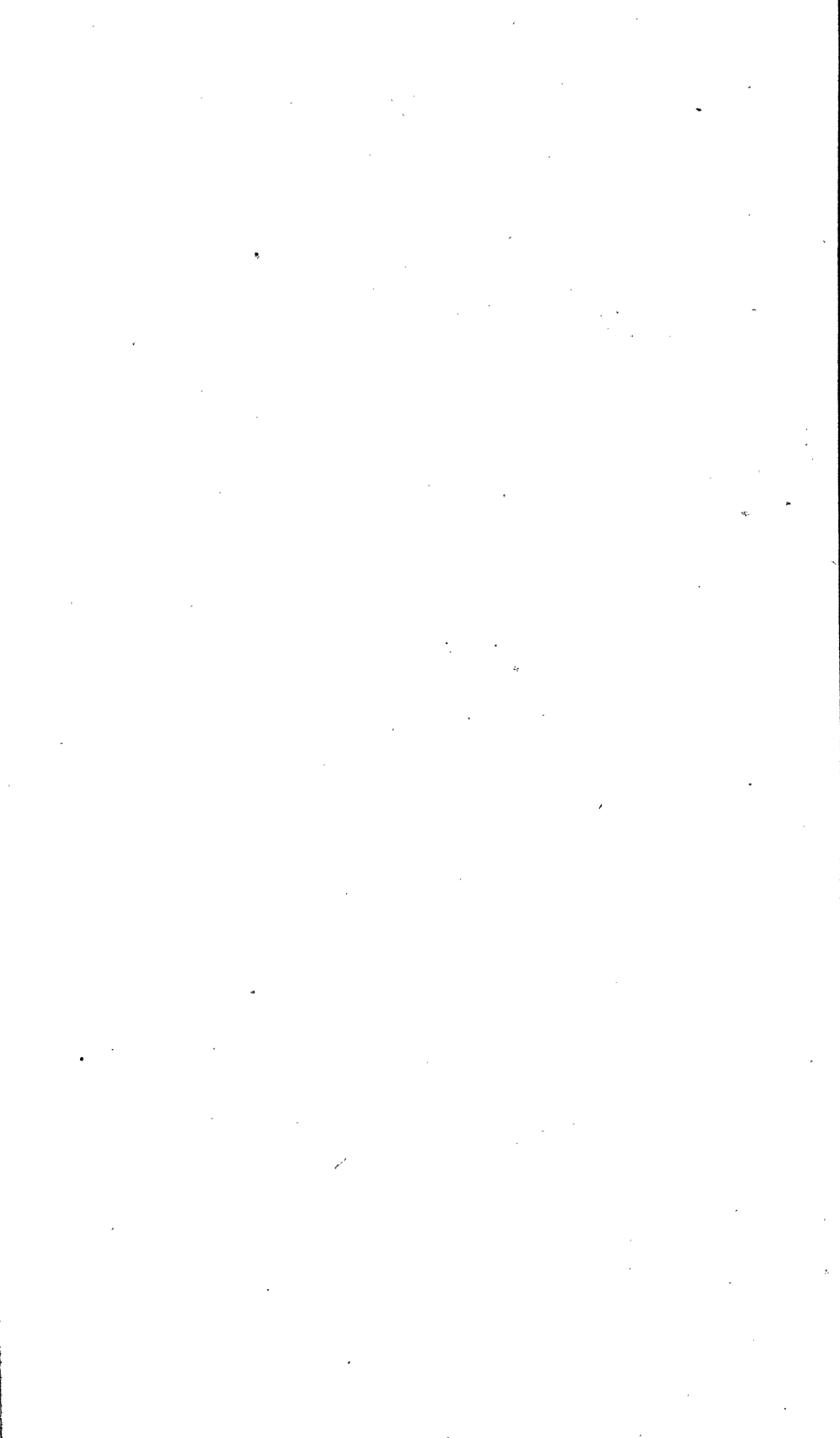
“ The different doom our Fates assign.

“ Be thine Despair, and scepter’d Care,

“ To triumph, and to die, are mine.”

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height

Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.





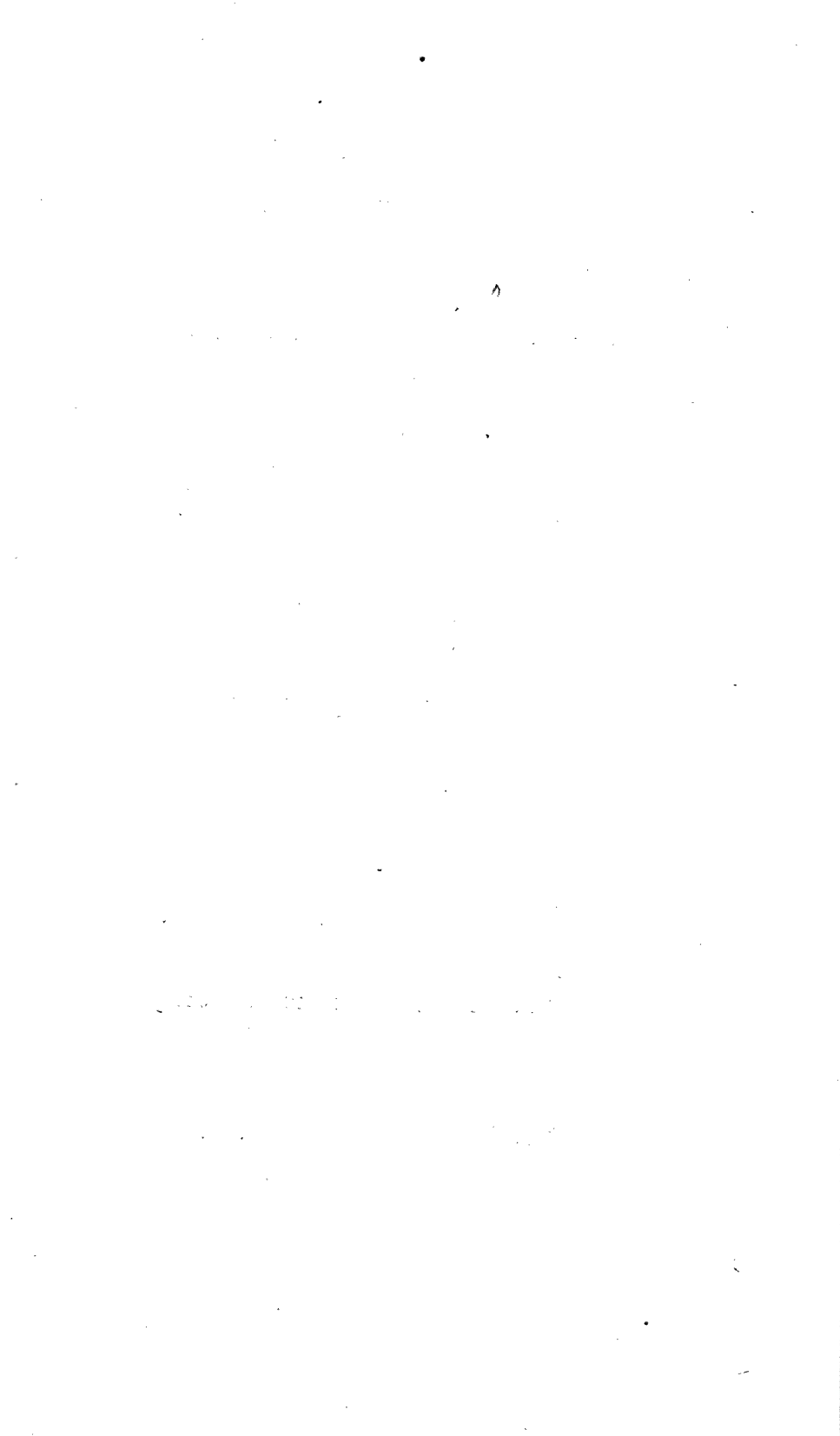
THE  
FATAL SISTERS.  
AN ODE.

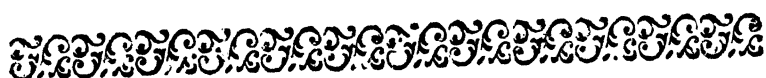
[From the NORSE-TONGUE,]

IN THE  
ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS; HAFNIÆ,  
1697, Folio: and also in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.



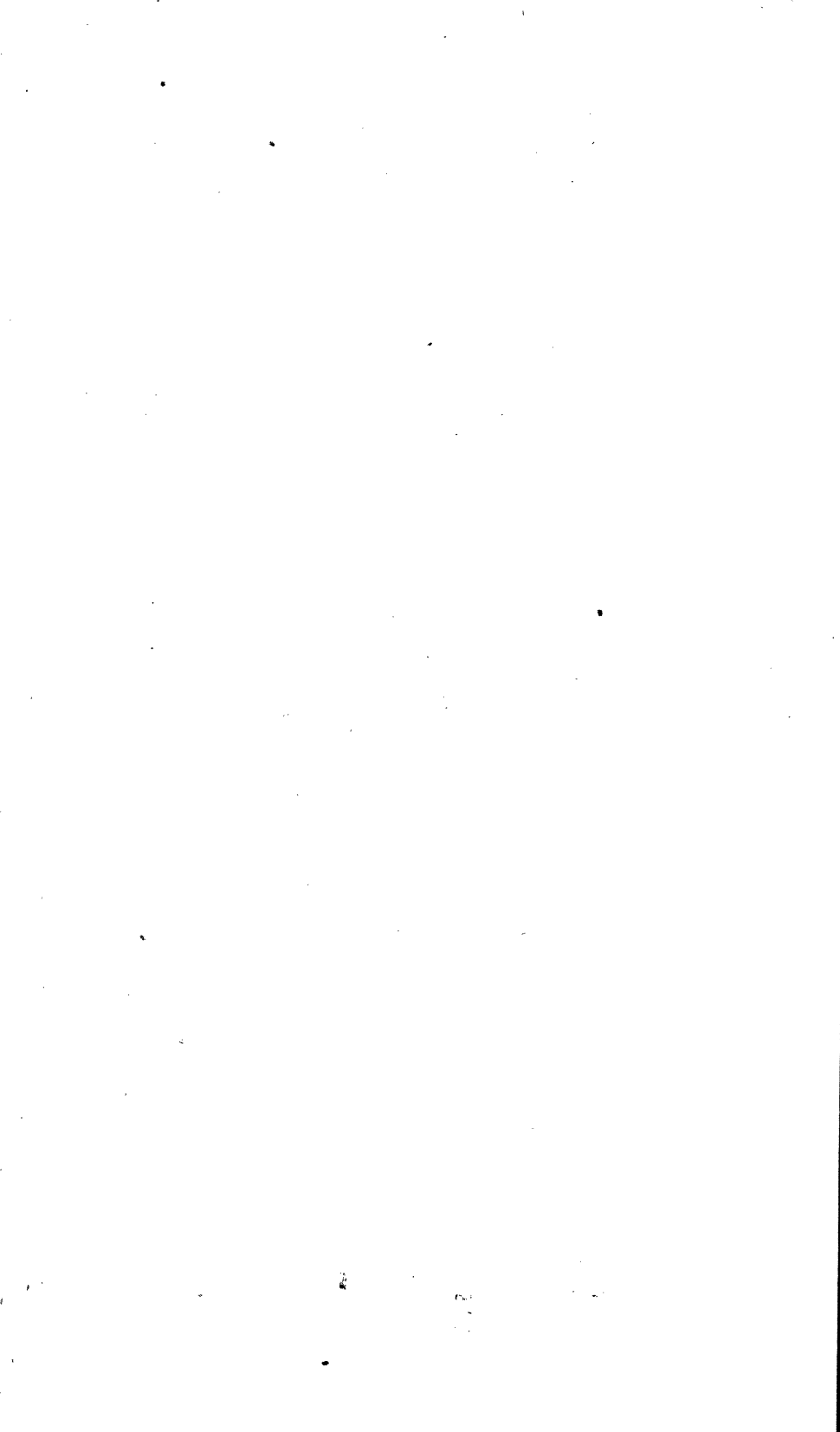




## ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a Friend) of giving *the History of English Poetry*: In the Introduction to it, he meant to have produced some specimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this Island, and were our Progenitors: The following *three Imitations* made a part of them. He has long since dropped his design, especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a Person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.







## P R E F A C E.

++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ +

**I**N the Eleventh Century *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney-Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the filken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action.

On

## P R E F A C E.

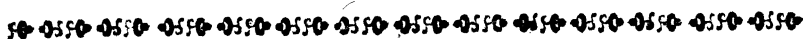
On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle) a Native of *Caithness* in Scotland saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women : they were all employed about a loom ; and as they wove they sung the following dreadful Song ; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped Six to the North and as many to the South.







T H E  
F A T A L   S I S T E R S.  
A N   O D E.



NOW the storm begins to low'r,  
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)

\* Iron-fleet of arrowy show'r

† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring

*Note* — The *Valkyriur* were female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their names signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale.

\* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind  
them shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower —

*Milton's Parad. Regain'd.*

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

*Shakesp. Jul. Cæsar.*

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,

Where the dusky warp we strain,

Weaving many a Soldier's doom,

*Orkney's* woe, and *Randver's* bane.

See the grisly texture grow,

('Tis of human entrails made,)

And the weights, that play below,

Each a gasping Warriour's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,

Shoot the trembling cords along.

Sword, that once a Monarch bore,

Keeps the tiffue close and strong.

*Mista* black, terrific Maid,

*Sangrida*, and *Hilda* see,

Join the wayward work to aid :

'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,

Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,

Blade with clattering buckler meet,

Hauberk crash, and helmet ring,

(Weave the crimson web of war)

Let us go, and let us fly,

Where our Friends the conflict share,

Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,

Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field :

*Gondula*, and *Geira*, spread

O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,

Ours to kill, and ours to spare :

Spite of danger, he shall live,

(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They;

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

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,  
 Gor'd with many a gaping wound ;  
 Fate demands a nobler head ;  
 Soon a King shall bite the ground.

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

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

Hail

Hail the task, and hail the hands !

Songs of joy and triumph sing !

Joy to the victorious bands ;

Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,

Learn the tenour of our song.

Scotland, thro' each winding vale

Far and wide the notes prolong.

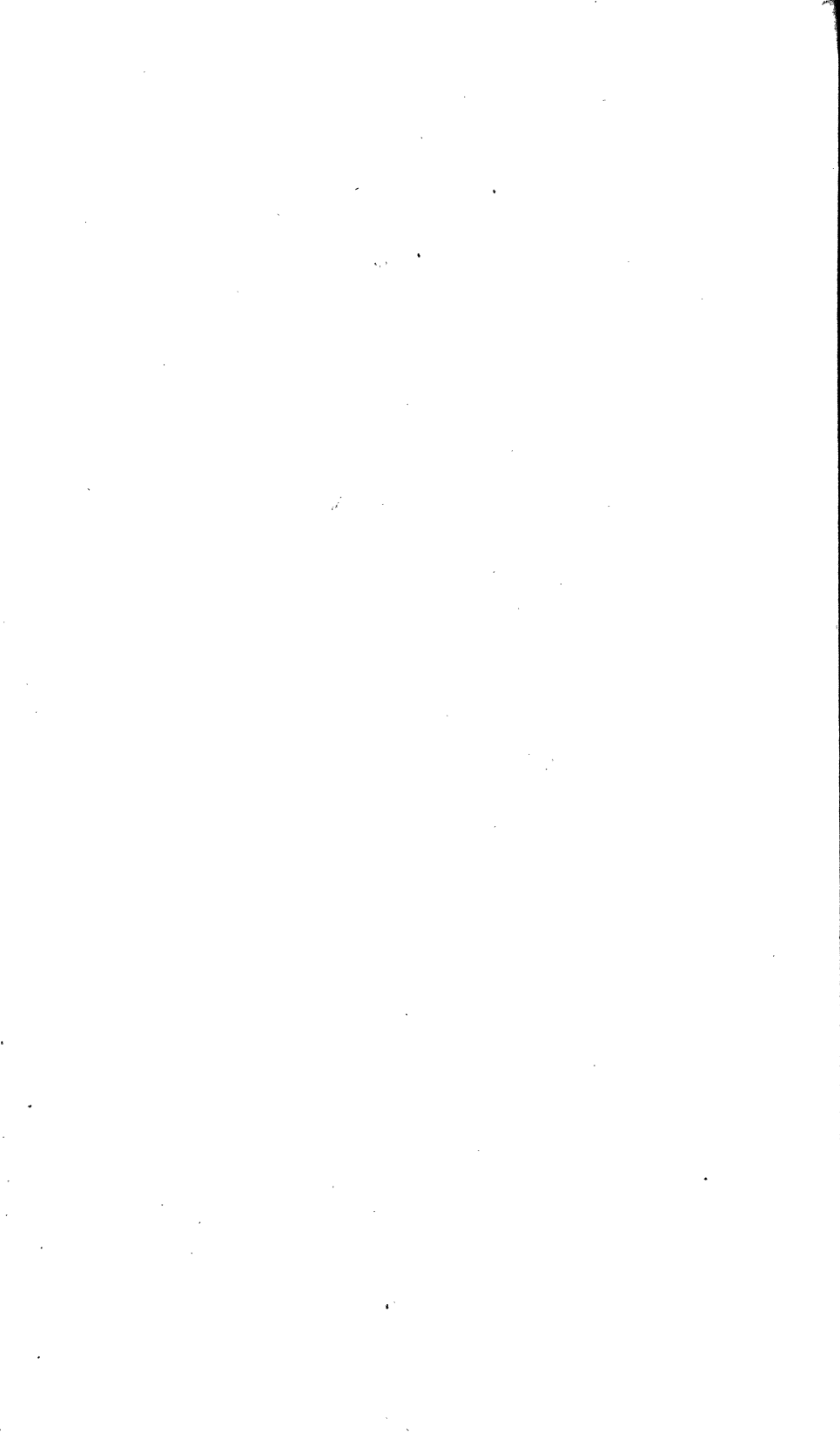
Sisters, hence with spurs of speed :

Each her thundering faulchion wield ;

Each bestride her sable steed.

Hurry, hurry to the field.

T H E





THE  
DESCENT OF ODIN.

A N O D E,  
(From the NORSE - TONGUE)

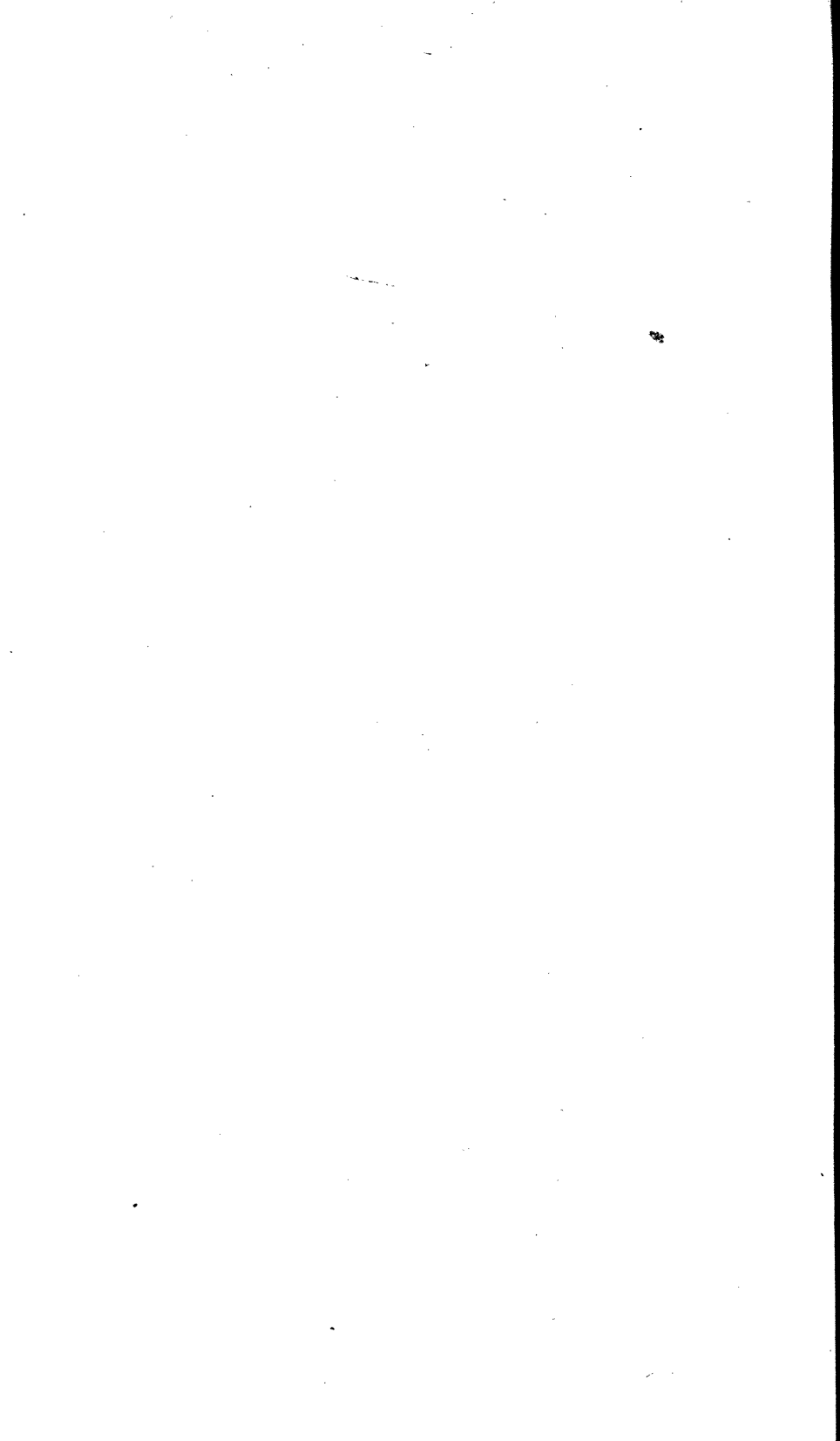
I N

BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis ;

HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.









T H E  
**DESCENT OF ODIN.**  
A N O D E.

+++++

U P R O S E the King of Men with speed,  
And saddled strait his coal-black steed ;  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to \* H E L A's drear abode.

Him

---

\* *Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle : Over it presided H E L A, the Goddess of Death.

Him the Dog of Darkneſs ſpy'd,  
 His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide,  
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
 Foam and human gore diſtill'd :  
 Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,  
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;  
 And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,  
 The Father of the powerful ſpell.  
 Onward ſtill his way he takes,  
 (The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes)  
 Till full before his fearleſs eyes  
 The portals nine of hell ariſe.

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,  
 By the moſs-grown pile he fate ;  
 Where long of yore to ſleep was laid  
 The duſt of the prophetic Maid.  
 Facing to the northern clime,  
 Thrice he trac'd the runic rhyme ;

Thrice

Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,  
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead;  
Till from out the hollow ground  
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

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

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a Warriour's Son,

Thou

104 THE DESCENT OF ODIN,

Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;  
Tell me what is done below,  
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,  
Drest for whom yon golden bed ?

PR. Mantling in the goblet see  
The pure bev'rage of the bee,  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;  
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold :  
*Balder's* head to death is giv'n.  
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n !  
Unwilling I my lips uncloze :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.  
Prophetess, arise, and say,  
What dangers *Odin's* Child await,  
Who the Author of his fate ?

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

O. Prophets, my spell obey,  
 Once again arise, and say,  
 Who th' Avenger of his guilt,  
 By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,  
 By *Odin's* fierce embrace comrest,  
 A wond'rous Boy shall *Rinda* bear,  
 Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,  
 Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
 Nor see the sun's departing beam ;  
 Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile,  
 Flaming on the fun'ral pile.

106 THE DESCENT OF ODIN,

Now my weary lips I close :

Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a while my call obey,  
Prophetess, awake, and say,  
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,  
That bend to earth their solemn brow,  
That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snowy veils, that float in air.  
Tell me, whence their sorrows rose :  
Then I leave thee to repose.

PR. Ha ! no Traveller art thou,  
King of Men, I know thee now,  
Mightiest of a mighty line——

O. No boding Maid of skill divine  
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good !  
But Mother of the giant-brood !

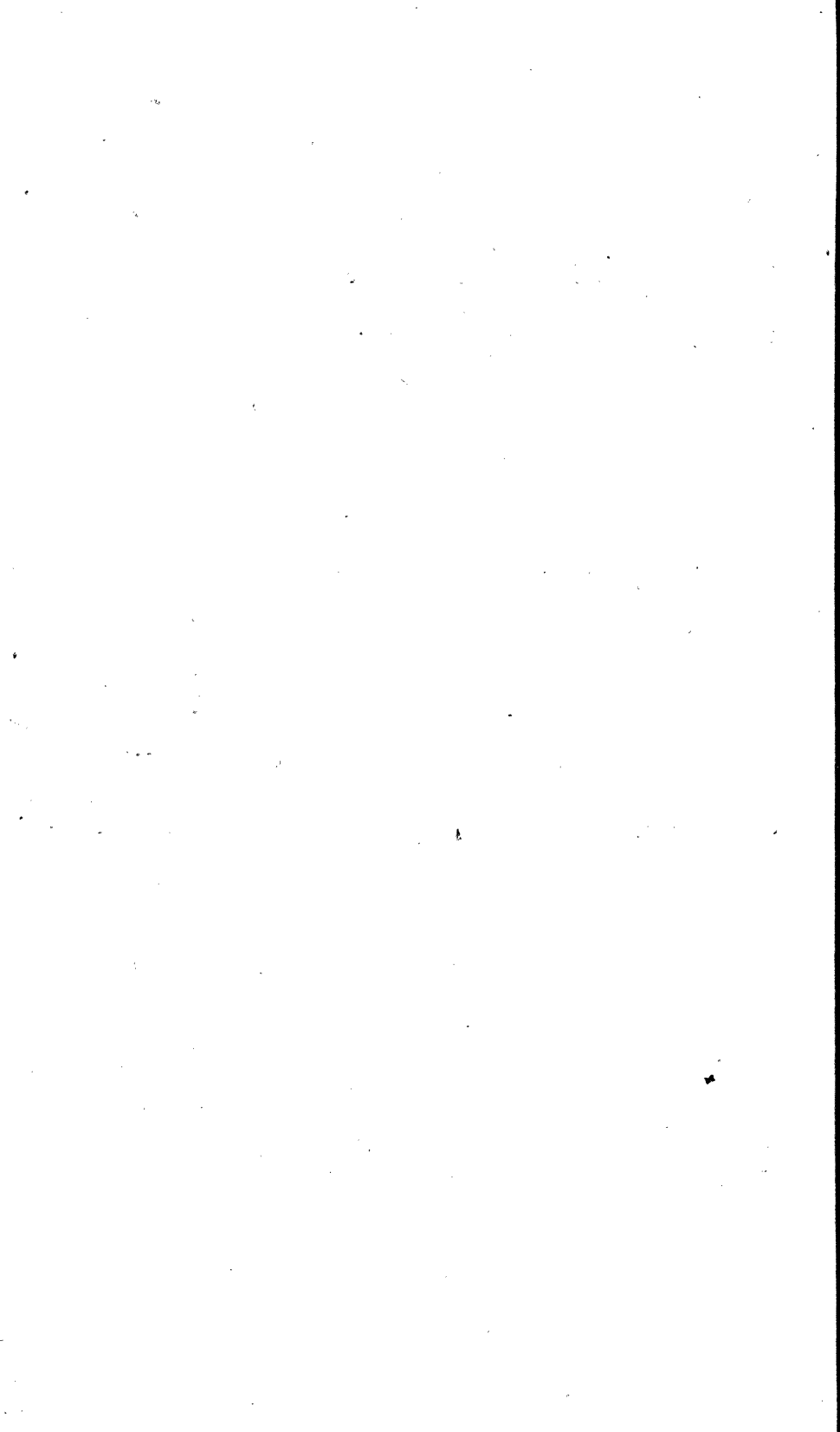
PR.

PR. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
That never shall Enquirer come  
To break my iron-sleep again :  
Till \* *Lok* has burst his tenfold chain.  
Never, till substantial Night  
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;  
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE

---

\* *Lok* is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies : even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's *Introduction to the History of Denmark*, 1755, Quarto.





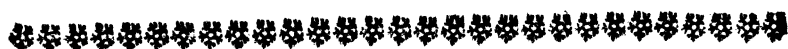


THE  
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,  
A FRAGMENT.

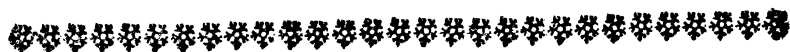
FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welch Poetry ;  
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.





OWEN succeeded his Father GRIFFIN in  
the PRINCIPALITY of North-Wales,  
A. D. 1120. This battle was fought  
near forty Years afterwards.





THE  
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,  
A FRAGMENT.



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

Big

---

\* North-Wales.

## 112 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,

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

Dauntleſs on his native ſands  
† The Dragon-Son of Mona ſtands;  
In glitt'ring arms and glory dreſt,  
High he rears his ruby creſt.  
There the thund'ring ſtrokes begin,  
There the preſs, and there the din;

Talymalfra's

---

\* Denmark.

† The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his deſcendants bore on their banners.

Talymalfra's rocky shore  
Echoing to the battle's roar.  
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,  
Thousand Banners round him burn.  
Where he points his purple spear,  
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,  
Marking with indignant eye  
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.  
There Confusion, Terror's child,  
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,  
Agony, that pants for breath,  
Despair and honourable Death.

\*

\*

\*

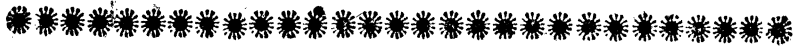
\*



Waxley Ego  
Campana



## CARMEN ELEGIACUM.



1.

**A**UDISTIN! quam lenta sonans campana  
per agros,

Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.

Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,

Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.

Solsego in tenebris moror, & vestigia solus

Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

3.

Quàque hedera antiquas fociâ complectitur umbrâ  
 Turres feralis lugubre cantat avis ;  
 Et strepit ad lunam, si quis sub nocte vagetur  
 Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

4.

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ  
 Qua putris multo cespite turget humus,  
 Dormit, in æternum dormit gens prisca colonûm,  
 Quisque suâ angustâ conditus usque domo.

5.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,  
 Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,  
 Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrit hirundo  
 Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,  
 Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata fonantis

\* Æterno elicient hos, repetentque tuos



7.

Quam sæpe Hi rastris glebam fregere feracem !  
 Sæpe horum cecidit false resecta feges.  
 Quam læti egerunt stridentia plaustra per agros,  
 Et stimulis tardos increpuere boves !  
 Horum sylva vetus quam concidit ista bipenni,  
 Quaque ruit latè vi tremefecit humum !

8.

Ne tamen Ambitio risu male læta maligno  
 Sortemve, aut lusus, aut rude temnat opus !  
 Nec fronte excipiat ventosa Superbia torvâ  
 Pauperis annales, historiaeque breves.

9.

Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,  
 Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere boni,  
 Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem :  
 Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

10.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ insimulare, Superbi,  
 Quod domini ostendant nulla trophæa decus,  
 Quà canit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,  
 Claresque ingeminant claustra profunda sonos.

An

## 11.

An vanis inscripta notis angustior urna  
 Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,  
 An revocent animam fatali a sede fugacem?  
 Derque iterum vitâ posse priore frui?  
 Possit adulantum sermo penetrare sepulchrum?  
 Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

## 12.

Forſan in hoc, olim divino ſemine prægnans  
 Ingenii, hoc aliquis cespite dormit adhuc.  
 Neglecto hoc forſan jaceat ſub cespite, ſceptra  
 Cujus tractârint imperioſa manus.  
 Vel quales ipſo forſan vel Apolline dignæ  
 Pulſârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

## 13.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina præſcæ  
 Nunquam divitias explicuere ſuas.  
 Horum autem ingenium torpeſcere fecit egeſtas  
 Aſpera, et anguſtæ forſ inimica domi.

## 14.

Multa ſub oceano pellucidâ gemma lateſcit,  
 Et rudis ignotum fert et inane decus.  
 Plurima neglectos fragrans roſa pandit odores,  
 Ponit et occiduo pendula ſole caput.

Æmulus

## 15.

Æmulus Hampdeni hic aliquis requiescat agrestis  
 Quem patriæ indignans exstimulavit amor;  
 Ausus hic exiguo est villæ oppugnare tyranno,  
 Afferere et forti jura paterna manu.  
 Aut mutus forsan, fatoque inglorius, alter  
 Hac vel Miltono par requiescat humo.  
 Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax  
 Qui patriam poterit vel jugulasse suam.

## 16.

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere senatum,  
 Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,  
 Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,  
 Historiam ex populi colligere ore suam.

## 17.

Illorum vetuit fors improba, — nec tamen arcto  
 Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,  
 Verum etiam & vitia ulterius transire vetabat,  
 Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare scelus.  
 Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,  
 Excipere et furdâ supplicis aure preces.

Sentire

18.

Sentire ingenuum nec dedidicere ruborem,  
 Conscia suffusus quo notat ora pudor.  
 Luxuriâ hi nunquàm sese immergere superbâ,  
 Nec musæ his laudes prostituere suas.

19.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ  
 Spectabant propriam sobria vota domum;  
 Quisque sibi vivens, et sponte inglorius exul,  
 Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

20.

Hæc tamen a damno qui servet tutius ossa,  
 En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem?  
 Et vera agresti eliciunt suspiria corde  
 Incultæ effigies, indocilesque modi.

21.

Atque locum supplent elegorum nomen et anni  
 Quæ forma inscribit rustica Musa rudi:  
 Multa etiam sacri diffundit commata textûs  
 Queis meditans discat vulgus agreste mori.

22.

Heu, quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ  
 Jussus, et æternas jam subiturus aquas,  
 Descendit nigram ad noctem, cupidusque supremo  
 Non saltem occiduam respicit ore diem?

Decedens

23.

Decedens alicui saltem mens fidit amico  
 In cujus blando pectore ponit opem,  
 Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte  
 Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas.  
 Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris not infcia flammæ,  
 Natura exclamat fida, memorque fui.

24.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine fortem,  
 Et defunctorum rustica fata gemis,  
 Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat  
 Et fuerit qualis fors tua forte roget.

25.

Huic aliquis forsán senior respondeat ultro,  
 Cui niveis albent tempora sparsa comis,  
 Vidimus hunc quam sæpe micantes roribus herbas  
 Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.  
 Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,  
 Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

26.

Sæpe sub hac fago, radices undique circum  
 Quæ varie antiquas implicat alta suas,  
 Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æstu,  
 Lustraretque inhians flebile murmur aquæ.

Sæpius

27.

Sæpius hac sylvam propter, viridesque recessus  
 Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,  
 Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,  
 Musarumque frequens sollicitaret opem,  
 Jam veluti demens, tacitis errarit in agris,  
 Aut cujus stimulat corda repulsus amor.

28.

Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos;  
 Nec juga, nec saliens fons, tacitumve nemus;  
 Altera lux oritur; nec apertâ hic valle videtur,  
 Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

29.

Tertia successit—lentoque exangue cadaver  
 Ecce sepulchrali est pompa secuta gradu.  
 Tu lege, (namque potes) cælatum in marmore car-  
 men,  
 Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis.

## E P I T A P H I U M.

30.

CUI nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda,  
 Congesto hoc juvenem cespitem servat humus,  
 Huic tamen arrisit jucunda Scientia vultu,  
 Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura sibi.

## 31.

Largus opum fuit, et sincero pectore fretus,  
Accepit prætium par, tribuente Deo.  
Indoluit miserans inopi, lacrymasque profudit.  
Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit.  
A cælo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,  
Silicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

## 32.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,  
Nec vitia ex sacrâ sede referre petas.  
Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter spe condita restant,  
In gremio Patris scilicet atque Dei.





# E L E G I A,

SCRIPTA IN

COEMETERIO RUSTICO.

LATINÈ REDDITA.







E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN A

Country Church-Yard.





A D

# P O E T A M.

*N*OS quoque per tumulos, et amica Silentia dulcis  
Raptat Amor ; Tecum liceat, Divine Poeta,  
Ire simul, tacitâque lyram pulsare sub umbrâ.

*Non* tua securos fastidit Musa Penates,  
*Non* humiles habitare casas, et sordida Rura ;  
*Quamvis* radere iter liquidum super ardua Cæli  
*Cærulea*, Pindaricâ non expallesceret Alâ.  
*Quod* si Te Latæ numeros audire Camænæ  
*Non* piget, et nostro vacat indulgere labori ;  
*Fortè* erit, ut vitreas recubans Anienis ad undas,  
*Te* doceat resonare nemus, Te flumina, Pastor,  
*Et* tua cæruleâ discet Tiberinus in Urnâ  
*Carmina*, cum tumulos præterlabetur agrestes.

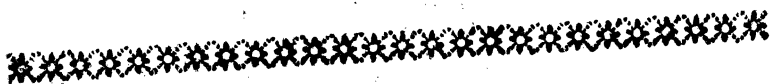
*Et*

*Et cum pallentes inter numeraberis Umbras,  
 Cum neque Te vocale melos, neque murmura fontis  
 Castalii, citharæve sonus, quam strinxit Apollo,  
 Ex humili ulterius poterint revocare cubili;  
 Quamvis nulla tuum decorent Insignia Bustum,  
 At pia Musa super, nostræ nihil indiga Laudis,  
 Perpetuas aget excubias, lacrymâque perenni  
 Nutriet ambrosios in odoro Cespite flores.*





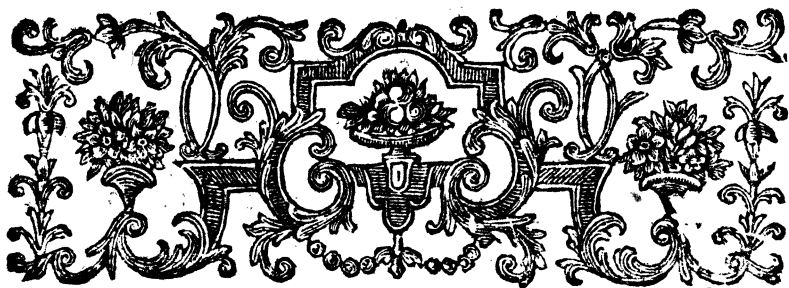
# E L E G I A.



1.

**A**UDIN' ut occiduæ signum campana diei  
 Vespertina sonet! flectunt se tarda per agros  
 Mugitusque armenta cient, vestigia arator  
 Fessa domum trahit, et solus sub nocte relinquitur.

Nunc



# E L E G Y.

1.

**T**H E Curfew tolls \* the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now

---

\* ——— squilla di lontano,  
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.  
*Dante. Purgat. l. 8.*

## 2.

Nunc rerum species evanida cedit, et omnis  
Aura filet, nisi quàm pigro scarabæus in orbes  
Murmure se volvat, nisi tintinnabula longè  
Dent sonitum, faciles pecori suadentia fomnos;

## 3.

Aut nisi sola sedens hederoso in culmine turris  
Ad Lunam effundat lugubres noctua cantus,  
Visa queri, propter fæcretos fortè recessus  
Si quis eat, turbetque antiqua et inhospita regna.

## 4.

Hic subterque rudes ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ,  
Quàm super ingestus crebro tumet aggere cespes,  
Æternum posuere angusto in carcere duri  
Villarum Patres, et longa oblivia ducunt.

Non

## 2.

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

## 3.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r  
The moeping owl does to the Moon complain  
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

## 4.

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

## 5.

Non vox Auroræ croceos spirantis odores,  
Non quæ stramineo de tegmine stridit hirundo,  
Non galli tuba clara, neque hos resonabile cornu,  
Ex humili ulterius poterunt revocare cubili.

## 6.

Non illis splendente foco renovabitur ignis,  
Sedula nec curas urgebit vespere conjux ;  
Non patris ad reditum tenero balbutiet ore  
Certatimve amplexa genu petet oscula proles.

## 7.

Illis sæpe seges maturâ cessit arista,  
Illi sæpe graves fregerunt vomere glebas;  
Ah ! quoties læti sub plaustra egere juvencos !  
Ah ! quoties duro nemora ingemuere sub ictu !

Nec



## 5 .

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

## 6.

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

## 7.

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

## 8.

Nec vitam utilibus quæ incumbit provida curis,  
 Nec fortem ignotam, securaque gaudia ruris  
 Rideat Ambitio, tumidove Superbia fastu  
 Annales inopum quoscunque audire recuset.

## 9.

Sceptri grande decus, generosæ stirpis honores,  
 Quicquid opes, aut forma dedit, commune sepul-  
 chrum

Opprimit, et leti non evitabilis hora.

Ducit laudis iter tantum ad confinia mortis.

## 10.

Parcite sic tellure fitis (ita fata volebant)  
 Si nulla in Memori surgant Insignia Busto,  
 Quà longos per templi aditus, laqueataque testæ  
 Divinas iterare solent gravia organa laudes.

## 11.

Inscriptæne valent urnæ, spirantiaque æra,  
 Ad sedes fugientem animam revocare relictas ?  
 Dicite, sollicitet cineres si fama repostos ?  
 Gloria si gelidas Fatorum mulceat Aures ?

Quis

## 8.

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

## 9.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

## 10.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,  
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,  
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

## 11.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

12.

Quis scit, an hîc animus neglectâ in sede quiescat  
 Quis prius incaluit cœlestis femine flammæ ?  
 Quis scit, an hîc sceptrò Manus haud indigna recumbat,  
 Quæve lyræ poterat magicum inspirâsse furorem ?

13.

Annales sed nulla suos His Musa reclusit,  
 Dives opum variarum, et longo fertilis ævo :  
 Pauperies angusta sacros compefcuit ignes,  
 Et vivos animi glaciavit frigore cursus.

14.

Sæpe coruscantes puro fulgore sub antris  
 Abdidit Oceanus, cæcoque in gurgite gemmas ;  
 Neglectus sæpe, in solis qui nascitur agris,  
 Flos rubet, inque auras frustra disperdit odorem.

15.

Hîc aliquis fortè Hampdenus, qui pectore firmo  
 Obstetit Imperio parvi in sua rura Tyranni,  
 Miltonus tumulo rudis atque inglorius illo  
 Dormiat, aut patrii Cromvellus sanguinis infons.

Eloquio

## 12.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some Heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

## 13.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page

Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

## 14.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear :  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

## 15.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th'

## 16.

Eloquio attenti moderarier ora fenatûs,  
Exitium sævique minas ridere doloris,  
Per patriam largos fortunæ divitis imbres  
Spargere, et in lato populi se agnoscere vultu,

## 17.

Hos sua fors vetuit; tenuique in limite clausit  
Virtutes, scelerisque simul compescuit ortum;  
Ad solium cursus per cædem urgere cruentos,  
Atque tuas vetuit, Clementia, claudere portas,

## 18.

Conatus premere occultos, quos conscia Veri  
Mens fovet, ingenuique extinguere signa pudoris,  
Luxuriæque focos cumulare, Ædemque superbam  
Thure, quod in sacris Musarum adoleverat aris.

Infanzæ

16.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

17.

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind ;

18.

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

Far

## 19.

Infanæ procul amotis certamine turbæ  
Sobria non illis dēdicerunt vota vagari ;  
Securum vitæ per iter, vallemque reductam,  
Servabant placidum, cursu fallente, tenorem.

## 20.

His tamen incautus tumultis ne forte viator  
Insultet, videas circum monimenta caduca,  
Quà numeris incompōitis, rudibusque figuris  
Ossa tegit lapis, et suspiria poscit euntem.

## 21.

Pro mœstis elegis, culto pro carmine, scribit  
Quicquid musa potest incondita, nomen et annos ;  
Multaque queis animum moriens soletur agrestis,  
Dogmata dispergit sacraī Scripturāī.

Sollicitæ



## 19.

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

## 20.

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

## 21.

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

For

22.

Sollicitæ quis enim, quis amatæ dulcia Vitæ  
Tædia, sustinuit mutare silentibus umbris;  
Deferuitve almæ confinia lata diei,  
Nec desiderio cunctantia lumina flexit?

23.

Projicit in gremium sese moriturus amicum,  
Deficiensque oculus lacrymas, pia munera, poscit;  
Quinetiam fida ex ipso Natura sepulchro  
Exclamat, solitoque relucet igne favillæ.

At

## 22.

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

## 23.

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

For

---

\* Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,  
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi  
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.

*Petrarch. Son. 169.*

24.

At te, cui curæ tumulo sine honore jacentes,  
 Incomptoque memor qui pingis agrestia versu;  
 Si quis erit, tua qui cognato pectore quondam  
 Fata roget, solâ secum meditatus in umbrâ,

25.

Fortè aliquis memoret, canus jam tempora  
 Pastor,

“ Illum sæpe novo sub lucis vidimus ortu  
 “ Verrentem propero matutinos pede rores,  
 “ Nascenti super arva jugosa occurrere Soli.

26.

“ Illic antiquas ubi torquet devia fagus  
 “ Radices per humum, patulo sub tegmine, lassus  
 “ Solibus æstivis, se effundere sæpe solebat,  
 “ Lumina fixa tenens, rivumque notare loqnacem.

“ Sæpe

## 24.

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

## 25.

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

## 26.

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

“ Hard

27.

- “ Sæpe istam affuetus prope sylvam errare, superbum  
“ Ridens nescio quid; nunc multa abnormia volvens,  
“ Aut desperanti similis nunc pallidus ibat,  
“ Ut curâ infanus, misero ve agitatus Amore.

28.

- “ Mane erat, et solito non illum in colle videbam,  
“ Non illum in campo, notâ nec in arboris umbrâ:  
“ Jamque nova est exorta dies; neque flumina propter,  
“ Nec propter sylvam, aut arvis erat ille jugosis.

29.

- “ Adveniente aliâ, portatum hunc ordine mœsto  
“ Vidimus, et tristes quâ semita ducit ad Ædem  
“ Rite ire exequias; ades huc, et perlege carmen  
“ (Nam potes) inscriptum lapidi sub vepre vetustâ.”

E P I T A.

## 27.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
“ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,  
“ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
“ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

## 28.

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

## 29.

The next with dirges due, in sad array,  
“ Slow thro’ the Church-way path we saw him  
borne.  
“ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the  
lay,  
“ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

## E P I T A P H I U M.

30.

**N**E C famæ, neque notus, hęc quiescit,  
 Fortunæ Juvenis, super silenti  
 Telluris gremio caput reponens.  
 Non cunas humiles, Laremque parvum  
 Contempsit pia Musa; flebilisque  
 Fuffit Melpomene suum vocari.

31.

Huic largum fuit, integrumque pectus,  
 Et largum tulit a Deo favorem :  
 Solum quod potuit dare, indigenti  
 Indulfit lacrymam; Deusque Amicum,  
 Quod solum petiit, dedit roganti.

32.

Virtutes fuge curiosus ultra  
 Scrutari; fuge sedibus tremendis  
 Culpas eruere, in Patris Deique  
 Illic mente sacrâ simul repostæ  
 Inter spemque metumque conquiescunt.



## THE EPITAPH.

30.

**H**ERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

31.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :  
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

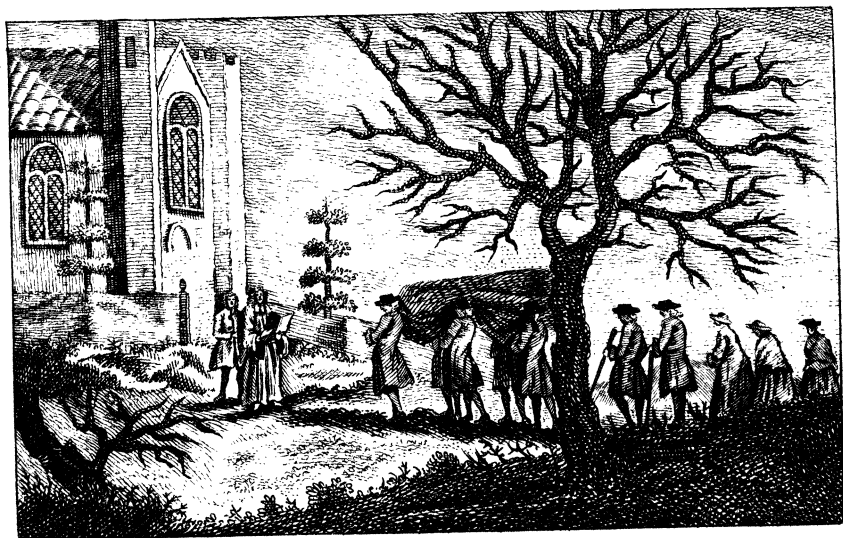
32.

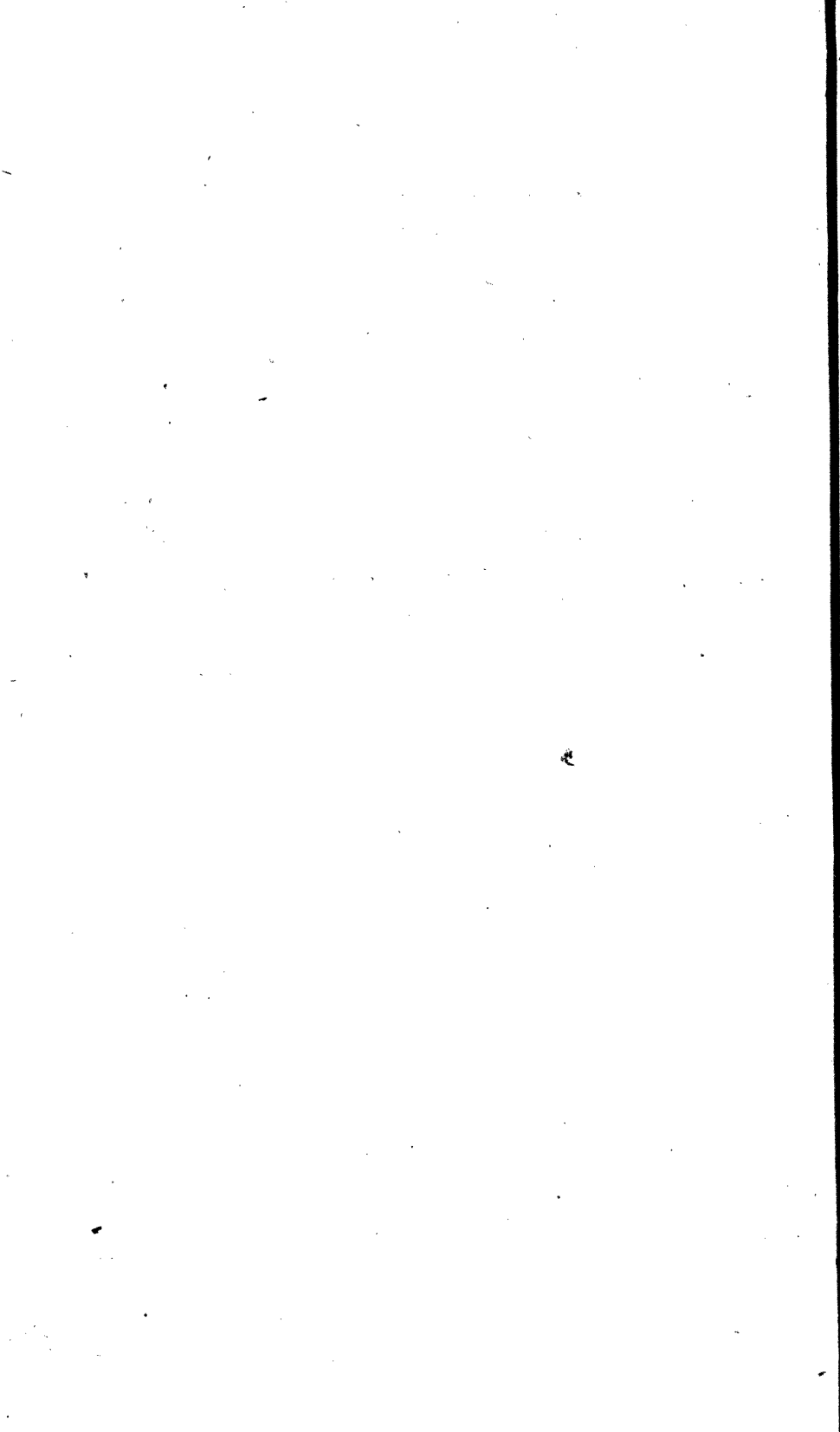
No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (\* There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

---

\* — paventosa speme.

Petrarch. Son. 114.







O D E

O N

R A N E L A G H.

Addressed to the LADIES.

B E I N G

A Parody on Mr. GRAY's celebrated Ode on  
a distant Prospect of Eton College



[ H ]

---

The following *Parodies* and *burlesque Ode*,  
written in IMITATION of three of  
Mr. *Gray's* justly-admired pieces, it is  
hoped will prove an *agreeable Entertainment*  
to the Reader.

---



O D E

O N

R A N E L A G H.



**Y**E dazzling lamps, ye jocund fires,  
That from yon fabric shine,  
Where grateful pleasure yet admires  
Her \* Lacy's great design :

[H 2]

And

---

\* Mr. Lacy, formerly one of the managers of Drury-lane theatre, is said to have first planned Ranelagh.

And ye, who from the fields which lie  
Round Chelsea, with amazement's eye,

The gardens and the dome survey,  
Whose walks, whose trees, whose lights among,  
Wander the courtly train along  
Their thought-dispelling way.

Ah, splendid room ! ah, pleasing shade !

Ah, walks belov'd in vain  
Where oft in happier times I stray'd,  
A stranger then to pain :  
I feel the gales, which from you blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
They seem to sooth my famish'd soul,  
And, redolent of tea and roll,  
To breathe a second spring.

Rotonda,

Rotonda, say, for thou hast seen

Full many a sprightly race,

In thy bright round with step serene,

The paths of pleasure trace ;

Who chiefly now delight to lave

Green hyson, in the boiling wave,

The fable coffee, which distil ?

What longing progeny are found,

Who stroll incessant round and round,

Like horses in a mill ?

While some on earnest business dream ;

And, gravely stupid, try

To search each complicated scheme

Of public policy :

Some ladies leave the spacious dome

Around the garden's maze to roam,

[H 3]

And

And unknown regions dare descry;  
Still as they walk they look behind,  
Left fame a secret foe should find  
From some malicious eye.

Loud mirth is theirs, and pleasing praise.

To beauty's shrine address'd;  
The sprightly songs, the melting lays,  
Which charm the soften'd breast;  
Theirs lively wit, invention free,  
The sharp bon mot, keen repartee,  
And ev'ry art coquets employ;  
The thoughtless day, the jocund night,  
The spirits brisk, the sorrows light,  
That fly th' approach of joy.

Alas!



Alas! regardless of their doom.

The lovely victims rove ;

No sense of sufferings yet to come

Can now their prudence move :

But see! where all around them wait

The ministers of female fate,

An artful, perjur'd, cruel train ;

Ah! shew them where in ambush stand

To seize their prey, the faithless band

Of false deceitful men !

These shall the lust of gaming wear,

That harpy of the mind,

With all the troop of rage and fear,

That follows close behind :

Or pining love shall waste their youth,

Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,

[H 4]

That

That gnaws bright Hymen's golden chain,  
Who opens wide the fatal gate,  
For sad distrust and ruthless hate,  
And sorrow's pallid train.

Ambition this shall tempt to fix  
Her hopes on something high,  
To barter, for a coach and six,  
Her peace and liberty.

The stings of scandal these shall try,  
And affectation's haughty eye,

That scowls on those it us'd to greet,  
The cutting sneer, th' abusive song,  
And false report, that glides along,  
With never-resting feet.

And

And lo ! where in the vale of years

A Grifly tribe are seen ;

Fancy's pale family of fears,

More hideous than their queen :

Struck with th' imaginary crew

Which artless nature never knew

These aid from quacks, and cordials beg,

While this, transform'd by folly's hand,

Remains a-while at her command

A tea-pot, or an egg.

To each her suff'rings : all must grieve,

And pour a silent groan,

At homage others charms receive,

Or flights that meet their own : — —

[H 5]

But

But ill the voice of truth severe

Will suit the gay, regardless ear,

Whose joy in mirth and revels lies !

Thought would destroy this paradise.

No more ! — Where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise.





A N

# Evening Contemplation

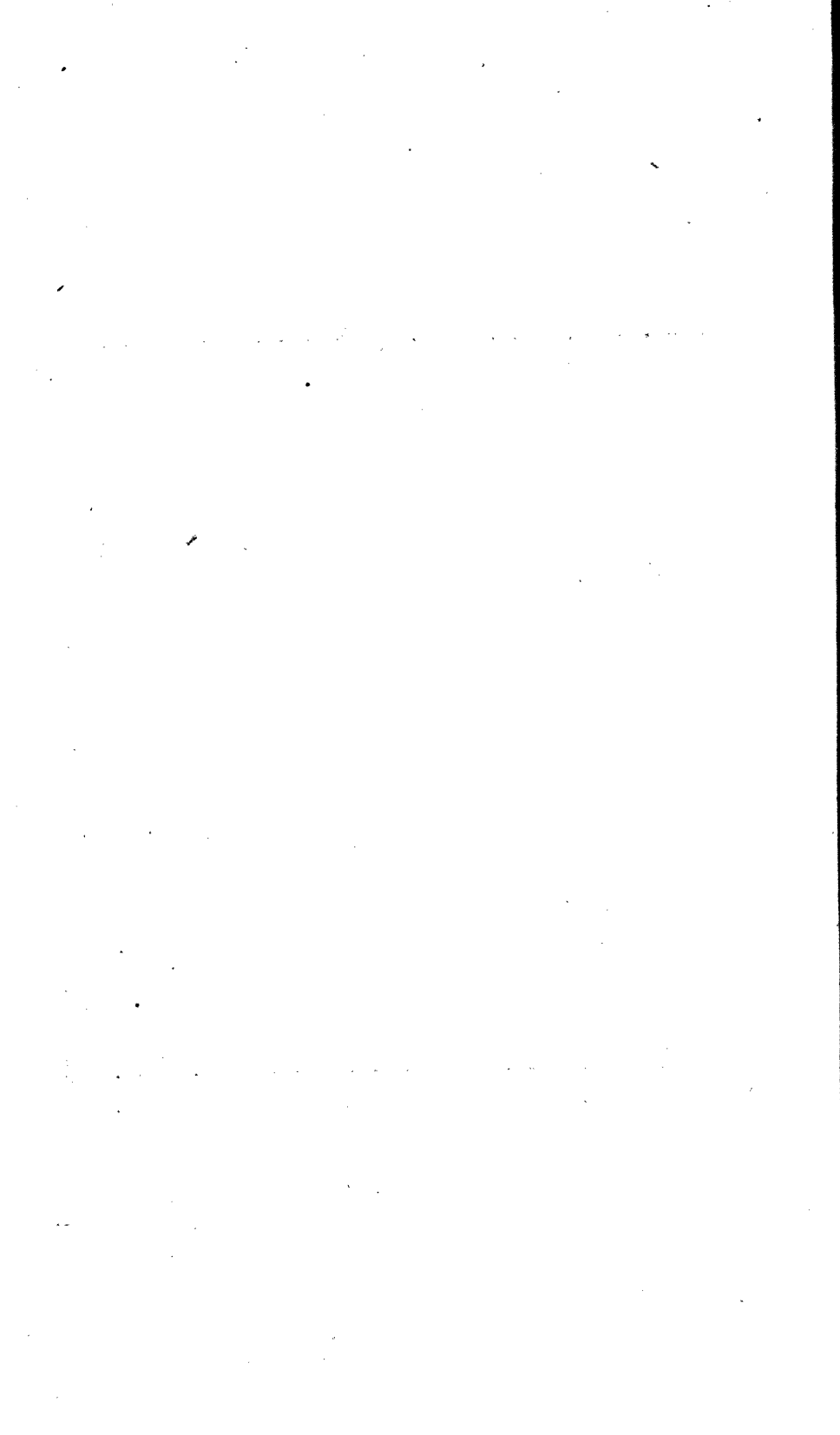
I N

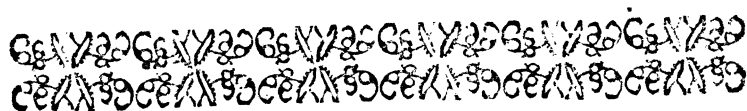
A C O L L E G E .

B E I N G

A Parody on the Elegy in a Country  
Church-Yard.





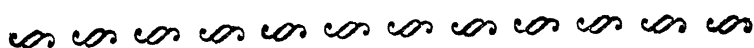


A N

## Evening Contemplation

I N

A C O L L E G E.



**T**H E curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,  
With jarring sound the porter turn the key,  
Then, in his dreary mansion flumb'ring, waits  
And slowly, sternly quits it . . . . Tho' for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly Moon  
And thro' the cloyster peace and silence reign;  
Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy tune,  
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain.

Save

166 EVENING CONTEMPLATION

Save that in yonder Cobwed-mantled Room,  
Where lies a Student in profound repose,  
Oppress'd with Ale, wide echos thro' the Gloom,  
The droning music of his vocal Nose.

Within those Walls, where thro' the glimm'ring  
shade  
Appear the Pamphlets in a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,  
The peaceful Fellows of the College sleep.

The tinkling Bell proclaiming early Prayers,  
The noisy Servants ratt'ling o'er their head,  
The call of bus'ness and domestick cares,  
Ne'er rouse these Sleepers from their downy bed.

No chatt'ring Females crowd their social fire,  
No dread have they of discord and of strife;  
Unknown the names of Husband and of Sire,  
Unfelt the plagues of Matrimonial Life.

Oft



Oft have they bask'd along the funny walls,

Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their  
weight :

How jocund are their looks when Dinner calls !

How smoke the Cutlets on their crowded Plate !

O let not Temp'rance, too-disdainful, hear

How long our Feasts, how long our Dinners last ;

Nor let the Fair, with a contemptuous sneer,

On these unmarried men Reflections cast !

The splendid Fortune and the Beauteous Face

(Themselves confess it and their Sires bemoan)

Too soon are caught by Scarlet and by Lace :

These Sons of Science shine in Black alone.

Forgive, ye Fair, th' involuntary fault,

If these no Feats of Gaiety display,

Where thro' proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault

Melodious *Frafi* thrills her quav'ring lay.

Say,

Say, is the Sword well suited to the Band,  
 Does broider'd coat agree with fable Gown,  
 Can Dresden's laces shade a Churchman's hand,  
 Or Learning's Vot'ries ape the Beaux of Town?

Perhaps in these time-tott'ring walls reside  
 Some who were once the Darlings of the Fair;  
 Some who of old could Tastes and Fashions guide,  
 Controul the Manager and awe the Play'r.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind  
 With Rome's rich spoils and Truth's exalted  
 Views;  
 Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,  
 And bade them flight all females . . . . but the  
 Muse.

Full many a lark, high-tow'ring to the sky,  
 Unheard, unheeded, greets th'approach of light;  
 Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,  
 With twinkling lustre glimmers thro' the night.  
 Some

Some future Herring, that with dauntless breast,  
Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose,  
Some mute, some thoughtless Hardwicke here may  
rest,  
Some Pelham dreadful to his Country's Foes.

From Prince and People to command Applause,  
'Midst ermin'd Peers to guide the high debate,  
To shield Britannia's and Religion's Laws,  
And steer, with steady course, the helm of State.

Fate yet forbids ; nor circumscribes alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines ;  
Forbids, in Freedom's veil, t'insult the throne.  
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs,

To fill the madding Crowd's perverted mind  
With "Pensions, Taxes, Marriages and Jews ;"  
Or shut the gates of Heav'n on lost Mankind,  
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far

## 170 EVENING CONTEMPLATION

Far from the giddy Town's tumultuous strife,  
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;  
Content and happy in a single life,  
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Ev'n now their Books from Cobwebs to protect,  
Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric style,  
On fluted pillars rais'd, with bronzes deck'd,  
They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the Authors' Names, tho' richly bound,  
Mis-spelt by blund'ring Binder's want of care;  
And many a catalogue is strew'd around  
To tell th' admiring Guest what Books are there.

For who, to thoughtless Ignorance a prey,  
Neglects to hold short Dalliance with a Book?  
Who there, but wishes to prolong his stay,  
And on those Cases casts a ling'ring look?

Reports

Reports attract the Lawyer's parting eyes,  
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require ;  
For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,  
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd compeers,  
Dost in their Lines their artless Tales relate,  
If chance, with prying search, in future years,  
Some Antiquarian shall enquire thy Fate.

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,  
And say, " Each morn, unchill'd by frosts, he  
ran

" With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,  
" To reach the Chapel ere the Psalms began.

" There, in the Arms of that lethargic chair,  
" Which rears its moth-devoured Back so high,  
" At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the Fair,  
" And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

" Now

## 172 EVENING CONTEMPLATION

- “ Now by the fire, engag’d in ferious talk,  
“ Or mirthful converse, would he loit’ring  
stand ;
- “ Then in the Garden close a sunny walk,  
“ Or launch’d the polish’d bowl with steady  
hand ;
- “ One morn we miss’d him at the hour of Pray’r,  
“ Beside the Fire, and on his fav’rite Green ;
- “ Another came, nor yet within the chair,  
“ Nor yet at Bowls, nor Chapel was he seen.
- “ The next we heard, that in a neighb’ring shire  
“ That day to Church he led a blushing Bride,  
“ A Nymph, whose snowy Vest and maiden Fear  
“ Improv’d her Beauty while the knot was ty’d.
- “ Now, by his Patron’s bounteous care remov’d,  
“ He roves enraptur’d thro’ the fields of Kent ;
- “ Yet, ever-mindful of the place he lov’d,  
“ Read here the Letter which he lately sent.”

T H E

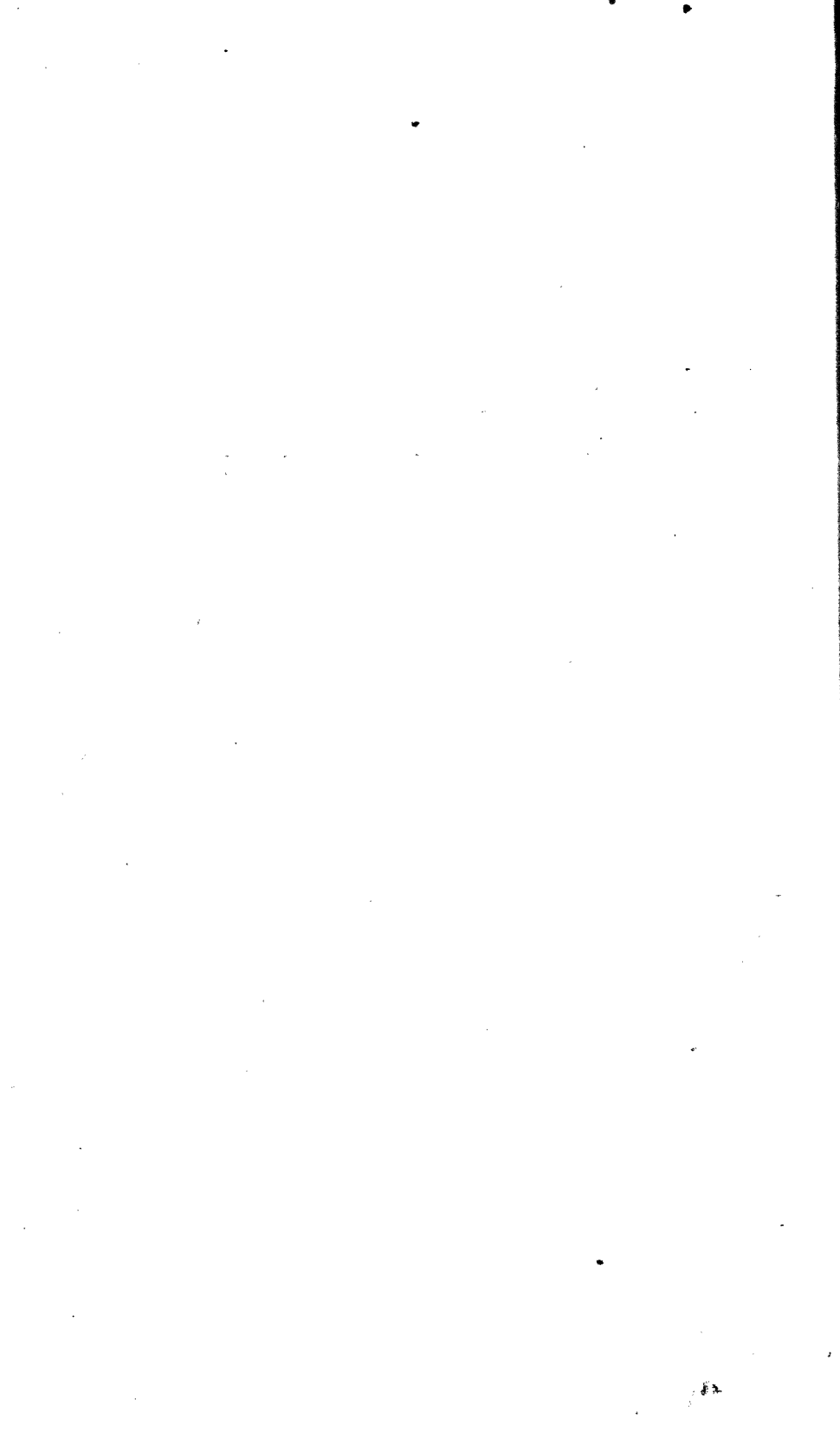
## THE LETTER.

**I**N rural Innocence secure I dwell,  
Alike to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;  
Approving Conscience cheers my humble cell,  
And social Quiet marks me for her own.

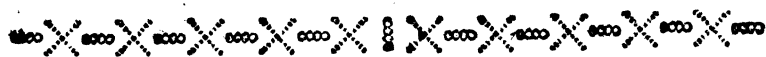
Next to the blessings of religious Truth,  
Two Gifts my endless Gratitude engage ;  
A Wife, the Joy and Transport of my Youth,  
Now, with a Son, the Comfort of my Age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind Retreat,  
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move ;  
Content, with calm, domestic life, where meet  
The Smiles of Friendship, and the Sweets of  
Love,

*The*







# The Bard,

A

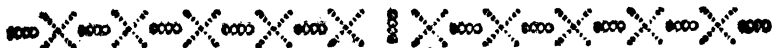
## BURLESQUE ODE.

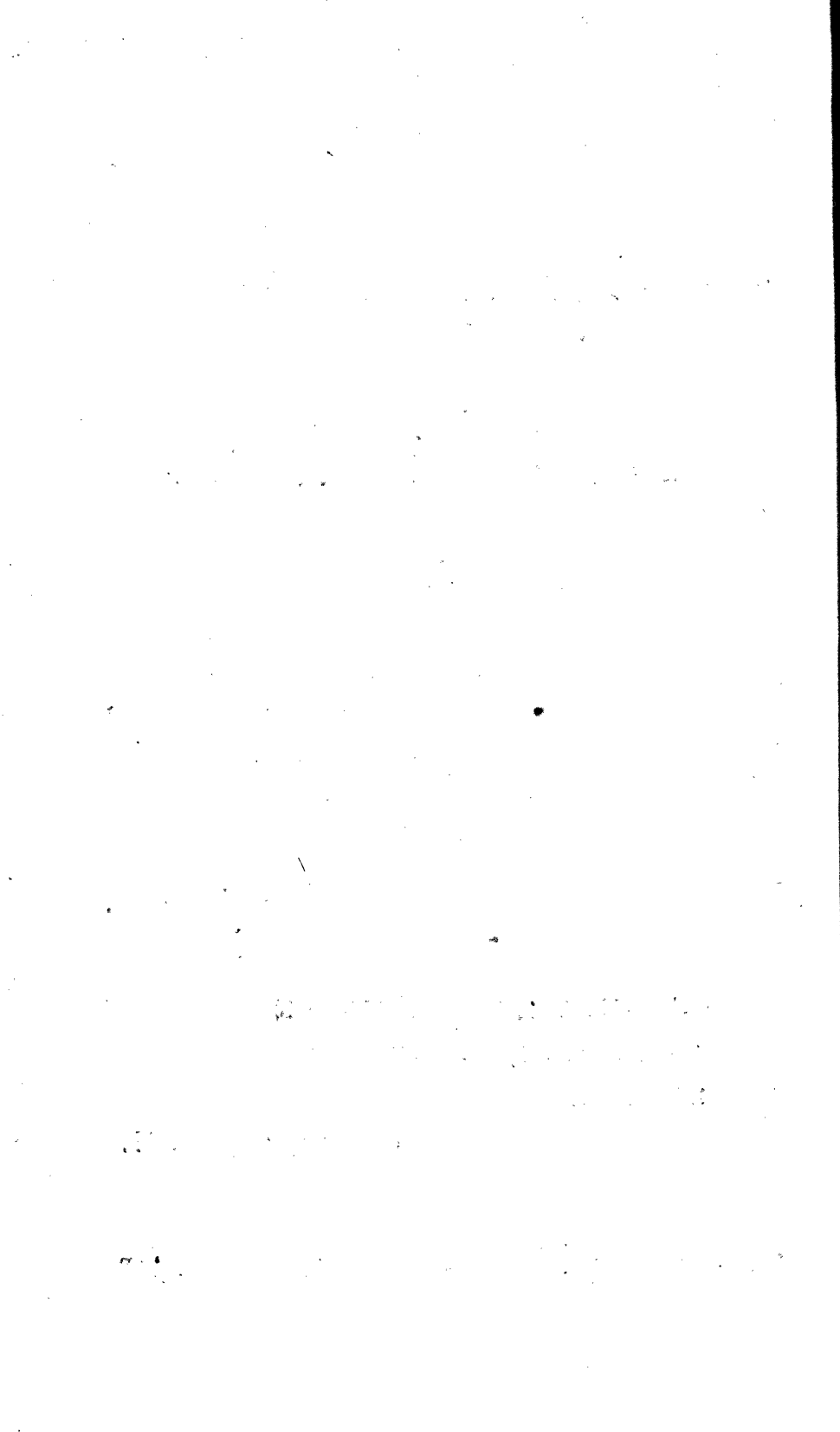
WRITTEN BY

R. LLOYD AND G. COLMAN.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΤΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ ΕΣ  
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ  
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.







# O D E I.



I. 1.

**D**AUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,  
Cimmerian Muse, all hail !  
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,  
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky  
veil !

What Poet sings, and strikes the strings ?

It was the mighty Theban spoke.

He, from the ever-living Lyre,

With magic hand elicits fire.

Heard ye the din of modern Rhymers bray ?

It was cool M——n : or warm G——y

Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

## I. 2.

The shallow Fop, in antic vest,  
 Tir'd of the beaten road,  
 Proud to be singularly drest,  
 Changes, with ev'ry changing moon, the mode.  
 Say, shall not then the Heav'n-born Muses too  
 Variety pursue?

Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?  
 Whether the Muse the style of Cambria's sons,  
 Or the rude gabble of the Huns,  
 Or the broader dialect  
 Of Caledonia she affect,  
 Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

On

I. 3.

On this terrestrial ball  
The tyrant Fashion governs all.  
She, fickle Goddess, whom, in days of yore,  
The ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,  
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore,  
Long she paid him with disdain,  
And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd :  
At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain  
On thy blest calends, April, he reveal'd.  
From their embraces sprung,  
Ever changing, ever ranging;  
Fashion, Goddess ever young,

## II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride  
Upon a weather-cock, astride.  
Each blast that blows, around she goes,  
While nodding o'er her crest,  
Emblem of her magick pow'r.  
The light Cameleon stands confest.  
Changing its hues a thousand times an hour.  
And in a vest is she array'd,  
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,  
Nor zoneless is her waist :  
But fair and beautiful, I ween,  
As the cestos-cinctur'd Queen,  
Is with the rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

She

## II. 2.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road  
 Of lofty cloud-capt ode.  
 Meantime each Bard, with eager speed,  
 Vaults on the Pegasean steed :  
 Yet not that Pegasus of yore,  
 Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,  
 But one of nobler breed.  
 High blood and youth his lusty veins inspire,  
 From Tottipontimoy he came,  
 Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?  
 The bloody-shoulder'd Arab was his fire.  
 \* His Whitenose. He on fam'd Doncastria's plains  
 Resign'd his fated breath :  
 In vain for life the struggling courser strains.  
 Ah! who can run the race with Death?  
 The tyrant's speed, or man or steed,  
 Strives all in vain to fly.  
 He leads the chace, he wins the race,  
 We stumble, fall and die.

[ I 3 ]

Third

---

\* The author is either mistaken in this place,  
 or has else indulged himself in a very unwarrant-  
 able poetical licence. Whitenose was not the  
 Sire, but the Son, of the Godolphin Arabian.

*See my Calendar.*    HEBER.

## II. 3.

Third from Whiterose springs

Pegasus with eagle wings :

Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,  
With many a bound he beats the ground,  
While all the Turf with acclamation rings.

He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York :

He too Newmarket won.

There Granta's Son

Seiz'd on the Steed ;

And thence him led (so Fate decreed)

To where old Cam, renown'd in Poet's song,

With his dark and inky waves

Either bank in silence laves,

Winding flow his sluggish streams along.

What



## III, 1.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,  
In trimmest guise array'd,  
First the neighing steed assay'd ?  
His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel  
Sparkles refulgent with elastic steel :  
The whiles he wins his whiffling way.  
Prancing, ambling round and round,  
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greenfwerd gay :  
Till, fated with the pleasing ride,  
From the lofty Steed dismounting,  
He lies along, enwrap't in conscious pride,  
By gurgling rill or crystal fountain.

Lo !

## III. 2.

Lo! next, a Bard, secure of praise,

His self-complacent countenance displays.

His broad mustachios, ting'd with golden dye,  
Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air:

Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye  
O'erhung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious  
glare.

The grizzle grace

Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.

In large wide boots, whose pond'rous weight  
Would sink each wight of modern date,  
He rides, well-pleas'd. So large a pair  
Not Garagantua's self might wear;  
Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,

Who, if we trust to ancient ballad,

Devour'd three Pilgrims in a Sallad;

Nor He of the same germane, hight Pantagruel.

Accoutred

## III. 3.

Accoutred thus, the advent'rous Youth  
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,  
Fast by whose side clear streams meand'ring  
creep;  
But urges on amain the fiery Steed  
Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock uncouth:  
Where the venerable herd  
Of Goats, with long and sapient beard,  
And wanton Kidlings their blithe revels keep;  
Now up the mountain see him strain!  
Now down the vale he's toft  
Now flashes on the fight again,  
Now in the Palpable Obscure quite lost.

## IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,  
With high or low, all, all, is woe,  
Disease, mischance, pale fear and dubious fate.  
But, o'er every peril bounding  
Ambition views not all the ills surrounding,

And, tip-toe on the mountain's steep,  
 Reflects not in the yawning deep.

## IV. 2.

See, see, he soars ! with mighty wings outspread,

And long resounding mane,

The Courser quits the plain.

Aloft in air, see, see him bear

The Bard, who shrouds

His Lyric Glory in the clouds,

Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head !

He topples headlong from the giddy height,

Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endless  
 night.

## IV. 3.

O Steed Divine ! what daring spirit

Rides thee now ? tho' he inherit

Nor the pride nor self-opinion,

Which elate the mighty pair,

Each of Taste the fav'rite minion,

Prancing thro' the desert air ;

By

By help mechanic of equestrian block,  
Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,  
And, all unheedful of the critic mock,  
Drive his light courser o'er the bounds of Taste.



