

Page 1 from the original of the book 265/212

265/212

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P^BO E M S

BY

M_R. T. G R A Y.

This COLLECTION contains all the AUTHOR'S
POETICAL WORKS, among which are three
never before published in IRELAND.

C O R K :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM FLYN,

FOR

E. SWINEY, J. BARDIN, T. WHITE, & W. FLYN.

M,DCC,LXVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the PARODY on the celebrated ELEGY IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH YARD, by MR. DUNCOMBE,
is much esteemed, it is presumed it will prove
no unacceptable addition to this work.



TO

MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY,

AS A CHIEF PROMOTER OF IT,

THIS EDITION,

OF

GRAY'S POEMS,

DESIGNED TO EXHIBIT A SPECIMEN OF

THE ART OF PRINTING,

IN THIS CITY,

IS WITH ALL DUE RESPECT

INSCRIBED BY

THE EDITORS.





O

D

E

ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Fair VENUS' train appear,
 Disclose the long expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckow's note,
 The untaught harmony of spring:
 While whispering pleasures 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 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,

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the Busy and the Gay
 But flutter 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,

Methinks I hear in accents low .

The sportive kind reply :

Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?

A solitary fly !

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,

No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display :

On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;

Thy fun is set, thy spring is gone ----

We frolic while 'tis May.





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

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between.
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and 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 watry God,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :
 Nor cruel TOM, or 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 glitters, gold.



O

D

E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

E T O N C O L L E G E.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watry 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 grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields belov'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !

C

I feel

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary blifs bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breath a second spring.

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

While some on earnest business bent
 Their mur'muring labours ply
 'Gainst gravest hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,

And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'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 cheer of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play !
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day :
 Yet see how all around 'em wait
 The Ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
 To seize the prey their murth'rous band !
 Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vulturs of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind ;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly knows 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
 Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A griesly 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 suff'rings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan,
 'The tender for another's pain ;
 'Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.



A LONG STORY.

IN BRITAIN'S Isle, no matter where,
 An antient pile of building stands :
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there
 Employ'd the power 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.

* Hatton, prefer'd by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful Person and fine Dancing.

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 versifying tribe !
 Your Hist'ry whither are you spinning ?
 Can you do nothing but describe ?

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

The first came cap-a-pee from France
 Her 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 panegyrics would but teaze her.
 Melissa is her Nom de Guerre.
 Alas, who would not wish to please her !

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

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

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
 Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
 Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
 And fuck'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,
 Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
 But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

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

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

Into the Drawers and China pry,
 Papers and books, a huge Imbroglia !
 Under a tea-cup he might lie,
 Or creased, like dogs-ears in a folio.

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

So Rumor 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 pothooks did fo move him;
 That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
 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 prefer'd his cafe,
 And beg'd his aid that dreadful day.

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

The Court was late, the Culprit there,
 Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
 The Lady JAMES 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 fentry;

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 curtsies, as she takes her chair,
 To all the People of condition.

* The HOUSEKEEPER.

The Bard wirh 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 soon his rhetorick forsook him,
 When he the solemn hall had seen;
 A sudden fit af' ague shook him,
 He stood as mute as poor § MACLEANE.

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

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

* GROOM of the CHAMBERS.

‡ The STEWARD.

§ A famous Highwayman hang'd the week before.

The ghostly Prudes with hagged face
 Already had condemn'd the sinner.
 My Lady rose, and with a grace -----
 She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

‘ Jesu Maria ! Madam Bridget,
 ‘ Why, what can the Vicountefs mean
 (Cried the square Hoods in woful fidget)
 ‘ The times are alter’d quite and clean !

‘ Decorum’s turn’d to mere civility ;
 ‘ Her air and all her manners shew it.
 ‘ Commend me to her affability !
 ‘ Speak to a Commoner and Poet !

[Here 500 Stanzas are lost.]

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



HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
 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 purple Tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the 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 other's woe.

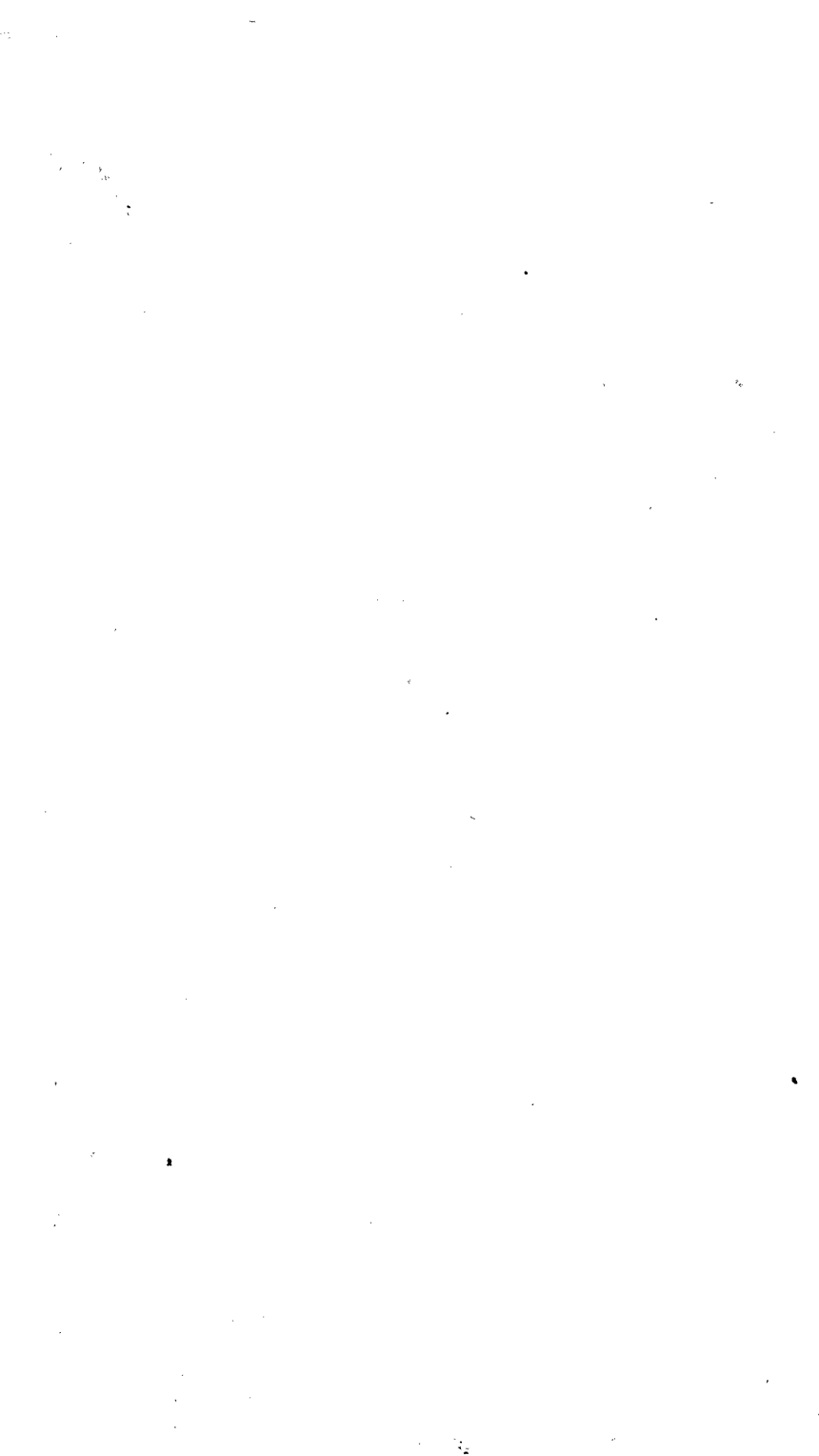
Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

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 clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful Band
 (As by the Impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy

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.





O

D

E

L. 1.

A W A K E, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings,
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of musick winds along
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rowling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
 The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

E 2

L. 2. Oh!

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,^o
 And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the scept'red 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.

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-ey'd 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

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 'The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
 Labour, and penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 'The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky:
 'Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and 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 Natives dull abode.

And

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, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering Lab'rins ths creep,
 How do your tuneful Echo's 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 thy scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
 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 fun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face : The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled,
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :
 The living Throne, the saphire-blaze,
 Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two Coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding
 pace.

III. 3. Hark,

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts, that breath, and words, that burn.
 But ah! 'tis heard no more -----
 Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
 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 following ODE 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.





O

D

E

I. 1.

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

F 2

I. 2. On

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the fable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
 ' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
 ' O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
 ' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breath ;
 ' 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 dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 ' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 ' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
 ' The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by.

' Dear

' Dear loft companions of my tuneful art,
 ' Dear, as the light, that visits these sad eyes,
 ' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries ----
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grieved band,
 ' I see them sit, they linger yet, "
 ' Avengers of their native land :
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ' And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race ;
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 " The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King !
 " She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear'd 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 combined,
 " And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2. " Mighty

II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 “ Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 “ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 “ A tear to grace his obsequies.
 “ Is the fable Warriour 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 evening-
 “ prey.

II. 3.

“ * Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 “ The rich repast prepare,

Rest

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

“ 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 urged their destined course,
 “ And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 “ Ye Towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
 “ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 “ Revere his Consort’s faith, his Father’s fame,
 “ And spare the meek Usurper’s holy head.
 “ Above, below, the rose of snow,
 “ Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
 “ The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 “ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 “ Now, Brothers, bending o’er 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

* Eleanor of Castile, died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection

- “ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”
- ‘ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 - ‘ Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn :
 - ‘ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 - ‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 - ‘ But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
 - ‘ Descending 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 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

affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen in several parts of England.

* Accession of the Line of Tudor.

- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin†, hear;
- ‘ They breath a soul to animate thy clay.
- ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
- ‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d
- ‘ wings.

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 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.

† Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourish’d in the VIth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Country men.

- ' Enough for me: With joy I see
- ' The different doom our Fates assign.
- ' Be thine Despair, and scept'red 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

THE
FATAL SISTERS.

A N O D E,

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

I N T H E

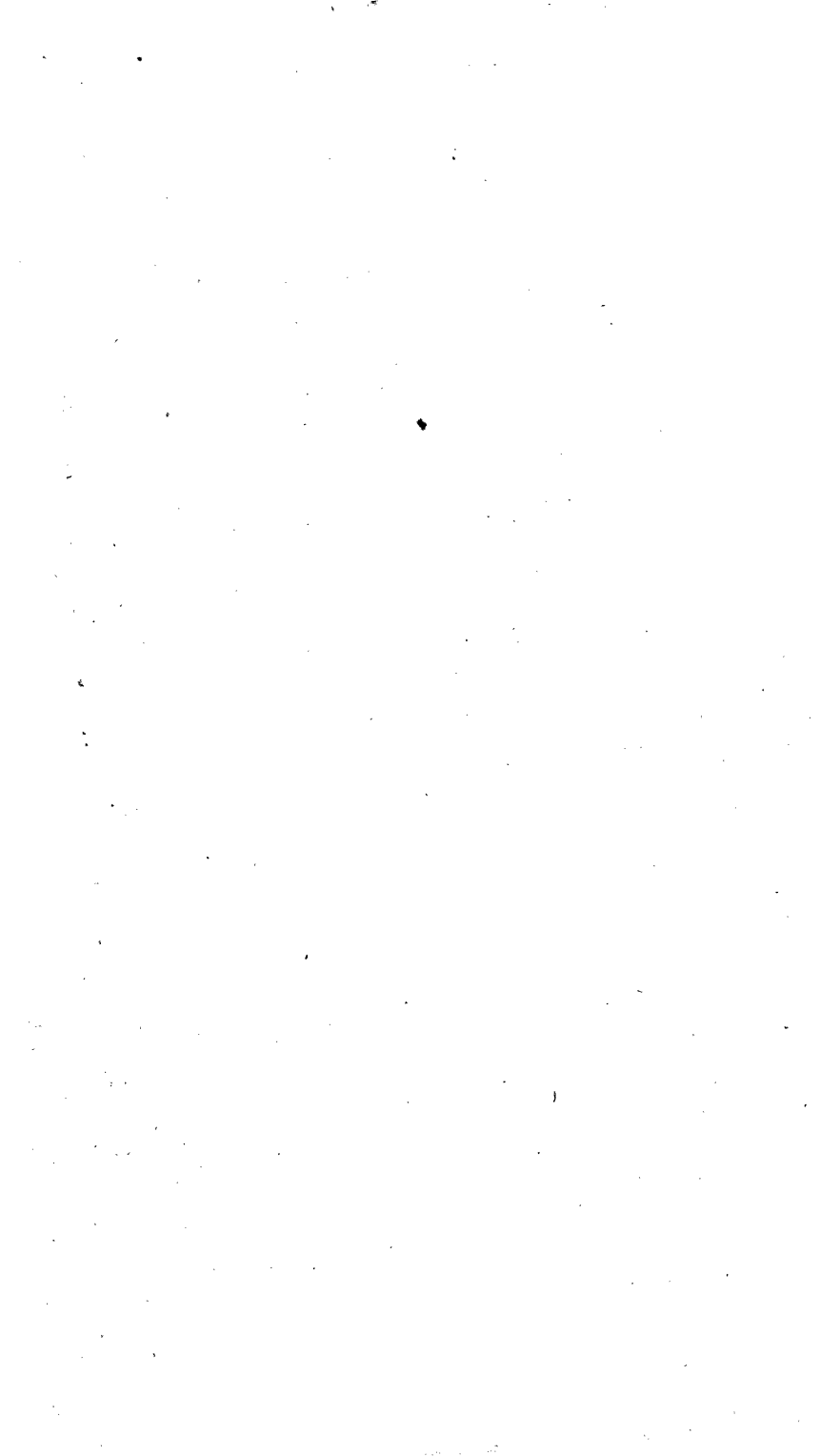
ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS;
HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio: and also in BAR-
THOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.



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

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 drop'd 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.

IN 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 SILKEN 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 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

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.



THE

FATAL SISTERS.

A N O D E.

NOW the storm begins to lower,
 (Haste the loom of Hell prepare,)

* Iron-fleet of arrowy shower

Note—The VALKYRIUR were female Divinities, Servants of ODIN (or WODEN) in the Gothic mythology. Their name 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 PAR. REGAINED.

H

Hurtles

‡ Hurtles in the darken'd air.
 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 griesly 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,
 Keep the tiffue close and strong.

MISTA black, terrific Maid,
 SANGRIDA, and HILDA see,
 Join the wayword work to aid :
 'Tis the woof of victory.

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

‡ The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

SHAKESPEAR'S JULIUS CÆSAR.

(Weave

(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 reigns to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
 Spite of danger he shall live.

(Weave the crimson web of war.)

'They, whom once the desert-beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample 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 fun.
 Sisters, weave the web of death;
 Sisters, cease, the work is done.

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

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
 Learn the 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 fable steed.
 Hurry, hurry to the field.

T H E

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
D E S C E N T o f O D I N ,
A N O D E ,

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed ;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to *HELA's drear abode.
Him the Dog of Darknes spied,
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 ;

* NISTHEIMR, 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 HELA, the Goddess of Death.

And

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 traced the runic rhyme;
 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

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 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

Now my weary lips I close :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophetess 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 compest,
 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.
 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. 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 antient right ;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* 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.

T H E

TRIUMPHS of OWEN.

A F R A G M E N T.

F R O M

MR. EVANS'S Specimens of the WELCH POETRY;

LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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



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 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 sails 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 prefs, and there the din ;
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.

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



E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE 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 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;

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

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.

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

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

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

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

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of 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.

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.

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!

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.

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

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

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

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.

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,

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

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

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

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 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 ?

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

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

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,

‘ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

‘ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away

‘ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

‘ His listless length at noontide wou'd he stretch,

‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,

‘ Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove,

‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,

‘ Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

‘ One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,

‘ Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ;

‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,

‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

- ‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
- ‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him born,
- ‘ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay,
- ‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.
- ‘ There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,
- ‘ By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets found :
- ‘ The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
- ‘ And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

THE E P I T A P H

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 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.

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.



A N

EVENING CONTEMPLATION

IN A COLLEGE.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,
 With jarring sound the porter turns the key,
 Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
 And slowly, sternly quits it--- tho' for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
 And thro' the cloister peace and silence reign,
 Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
 Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain:

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
 Where lies a student in profound repose
 Oppress'd with ale, wide-echoes thro' the gloom
 The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within

Within those walls, where, thro' the glimmering shade,
 Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering 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, rattling o'er their head,
 The calls of business and domestic cares
 Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females croud their social fire,
 No dread have they of discord and of strife;
 Unknown the names of husband and of fire,
 Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd along the sunny walls,
 Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight:
 How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
 How smoke the cutlets on their crouded plate!

O let not Temperance too-disdainful hear
 How long their feasts, how long their 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 fires 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 Frazi trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band,
 Does 'broider'd coat agree with sable gown,
 Can Mechlin-laces shade a churchman's hand,
 Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in these time-tottering 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 player.

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 slight all females---but the muse.

Full many a lark, high-towering 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 future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
 Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose ;
 Some mute, unconscious 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 heaven on lost mankind,
 And wrest their darling hopes their future views.

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.

Even now their books from cobwebs to protect,
 Inclos'd by doors of glass, in Doric style,
 On polish'd pillars rais'd, with bronzes deckt,
 They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the authors' names, tho' richly bound,
 Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care ;
 And many a catalogue is strow'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 lingering look ?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
 Novels lord Fopling and fir 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 these lines their artless tale 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 by the fire, engag'd in serious talk,
 ' Or mirthful converse, would he loitering stand ;
 ' Then in the garden chose a funny walk,
 ' Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.

' One morn we miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
 ' Beside the fire, and on his favourite green ;
 ' Another came, nor yet within the chair,
 ' Nor yet at bowls, nor chapel was he seen.

‘ The next we heard that in a neighbouring 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 tied.

‘ 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 L E T T E R.

“ **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,
 “ A son, the pride and 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.”

C O N T E N T S.

O	DE on the Spring	- - - - -	page 5
	Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat, drowned in		
	a Tub of gold Fishes	- - - - -	9
	Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College	- - - - -	13
	A Long Story	- - - - -	19
	Hymn to Adversity	- - - - -	27
	Ode to his Lyre	- - - - -	31
	Ode on Edward I. putting the Bards to Death in		
	Wales	- - - - -	39
	The Fatal Sisters	- - - - -	47
	The Descent of Odin	- - - - -	57
	The Triumphs of Owen	- - - - -	63
	Elegy written in a Country Church Yard	- - - - -	67
	An Evening Contemplation in a College	- - - - -	73





