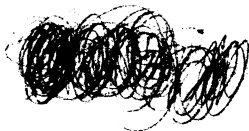


P O E M S

B Y



MR. . G R A Y.

Lucy Burwell

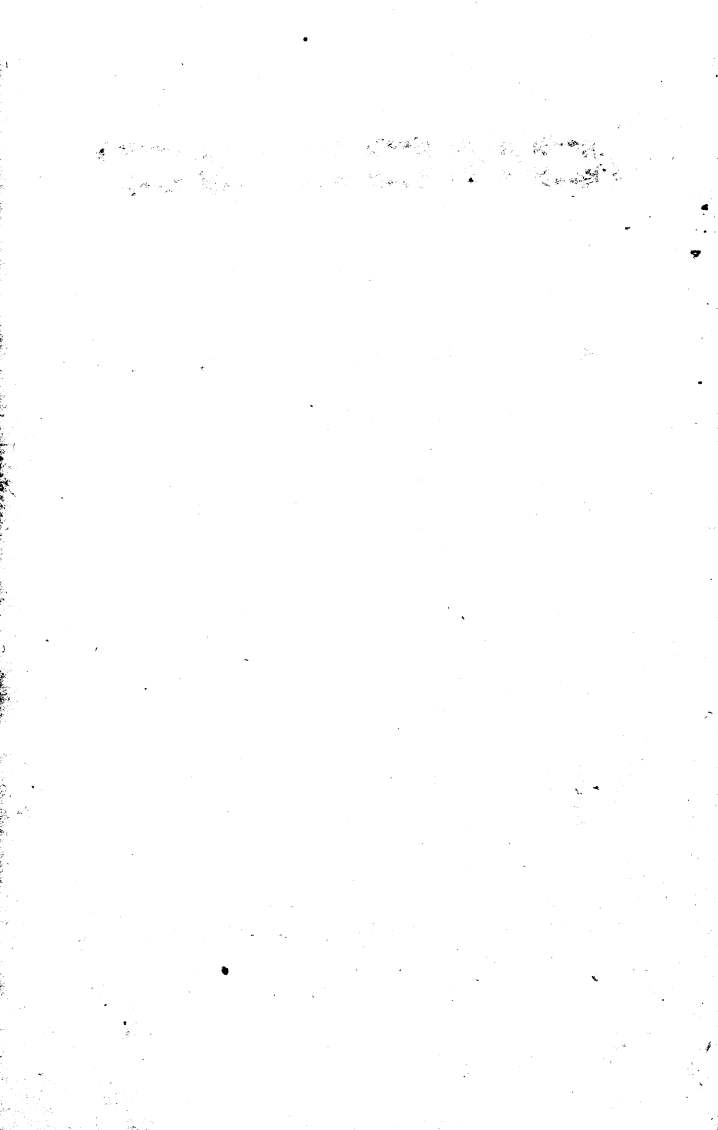
A NEW EDITION.

E D I N B U R G H :

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M.DCC.LXXV.



Lacy Barwell. Feb-ry 11th 1799



A S H O R T
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
L I F E
O F
M R. G R A Y.

MR. Gray's parents were reputable citizens of London. He was their fifth child, and the only one of a numerous family that lived beyond infancy. He was born in Cornhill, December 26, 1716.

He

He was educated at Eton school, where he contracted a friendship with Mr. Horace Walpole, and Mr. Richard West, son to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and grandson by the mother's side to Bishop Burnet.

Mr. Gray intended to apply to the study of law; but, being invited to go abroad with Mr. Walpole, this intention was laid aside, and never after resumed.

While he was abroad, a difference unhappily took place between him and Mr. Walpole, which however was afterwards made up. But, having hastened home, he found himself in circumstances which he thought narrow, and with a mind unfit for the prosecution of a laborious and active employment. He therefore resided much at Cambridge, and was looked upon by many of his contemporaries, as an effeminate
conceited

conceited being, with a great deal of learning, and very fine talents. By some, he was represented as a very exalted soul. By the world in general he was thought a reserved, melancholy, proud man, of very superior merit in poetry. His Elegy in a Country Church-yard gained him more reputation than ever was gained by a poem of that size. / It has indeed a solemnity of reflection, a pathetic sensibility of feeling, and a correct elegance of expression. But it is not the intention of this sketch to undertake a critical examination of his poems, which will ever be read with pleasure and admiration. Mr. Mason has very ingeniously defended some of his odes against the charge of obscurity, by observing, that we have a double pleasure in overcoming a difficulty, and in contemplating excellence when understood. We find that Mr. Gray began a tragedy on the story of Agrippina, which was never finished.

In 1768, Mr. Gray was most agreeably surpris'd, by receiving a letter from the Duke of Grafton, acquainting him of his being appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, an office of about L. 400 *per annum*. This was doubly acceptable to a man of Mr. Gray's independent spirit, being conferred without the smallest sollicitation, or even knowledge.

Mr. Gray seems to have pass'd his life in study, in composition, and in the exercise of friendly and charitable offices. He died at Cambridge of the gout in his stomach, on the 31st of July 1771.

He had a great knowledge in Gothic Architecture, but his most favourite study, for the last ten years

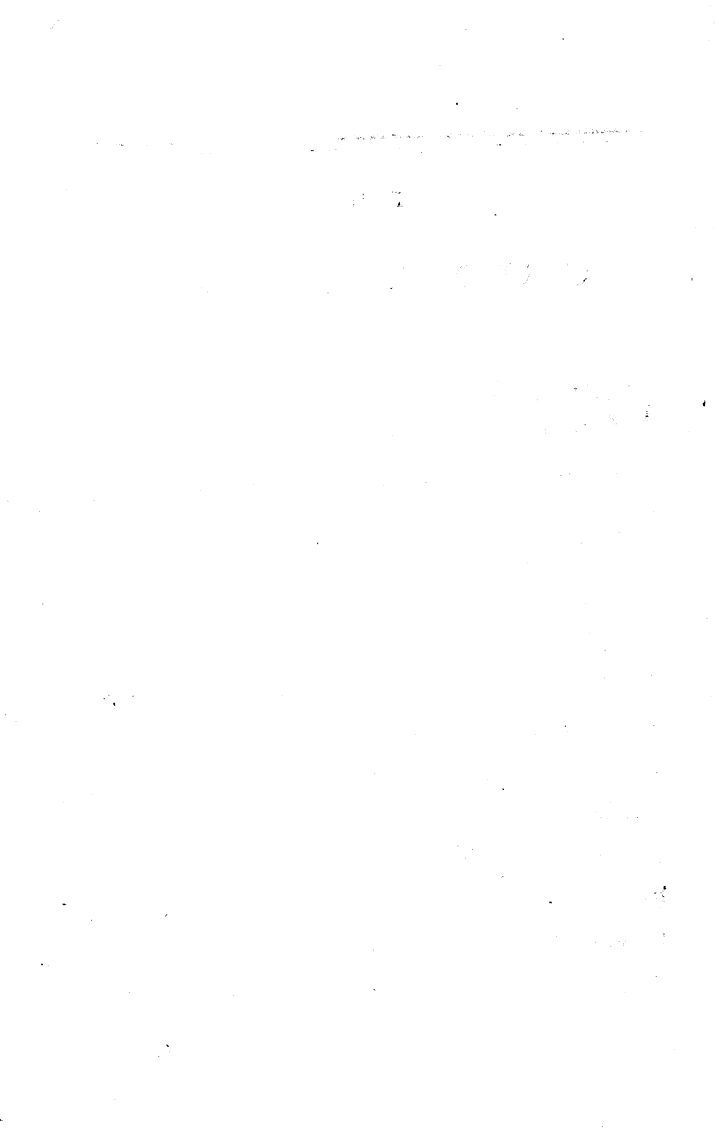
years of his life, was Natural History, in the knowledge of which he was excelled by few.

We shall conclude this account with a character of Mr. Gray, sent by the Rev. Mr. *Temple*, Rector of Mamhead in Devonshire, to *James Boswell*, Esq; which appeared in the London Magazine for March 1772.

“ Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe.
“ He was equally acquainted with the elegant and
“ profound parts of science, and that not superficially
“ but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history,
“ both natural and civil; had read all the original
“ historians of England, France, and Italy; and was
“ a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, mo-
“ rals, politics, made a principal part of his plan of

“ study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his
“ favourite amusement; and he had a fine taste in
“ painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With
“ such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must
“ have been equally instructing and entertaining; but
“ he was also a good man, a well-bred man, a man
“ of virtue and humanity. There is no character
“ without some speck, some imperfection; and I think
“ the greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy,
“ or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness,
“ or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science.
“ He also had, in some degree, that weakness which
“ disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve; though
“ he seemed to value others, chiefly according to the
“ progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could
“ not bear to be considered himself merely as a man
“ of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or
“ station,

“ station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private
 “ independent gentleman, who read for his amuse-
 “ ment. Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so
 “ much knowledge, when it produced so little? Is it
 “ worth taking so much pains to leave no memorial
 “ but a few poems? But let it be considered, that Mr.
 “ Gray was to others, at least innocently employed;
 “ to himself certainly beneficially. His time passed a-
 “ greeably; he was every day making some new ac-
 “ quifition in science; his mind was enlarged, his
 “ heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world
 “ and mankind were shewn to him without a mask;
 “ and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling,
 “ and unworthy the attention of a wise man, except
 “ the pursuit of knowledge, and the practice of virtue,
 “ in that state wherein God hath placed us.”



T H E
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O D E



O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.

A





O D E

O N T H E

S P R I N G.

L O! 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,

4 ODE ON THE SPRING.

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-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch

A broader browner shade;

Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech

O'er-canopies the glade *;

* ————— a bank

O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

Shakesp. Midf. Night's Dream.

Beside

Beside some water's rusky 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 indigent the proud,

How little are 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

ODE ON THE 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.

* " Nare per æstatem liquidam—"

Virgil. Georg. lib. iv.

† ————sporting with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.

Milton's Paradise Lost, book vii.

‡ While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. GREEN, in the Grotto.

Dodley's Miscellanies, Vol. 5. p. 161.

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 I hear, in accent low,

The sportive kind reply ;

Poor Moralist ! and what art thou !

A solitary fly !

Thy joys no glitt'ring 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.

ODE

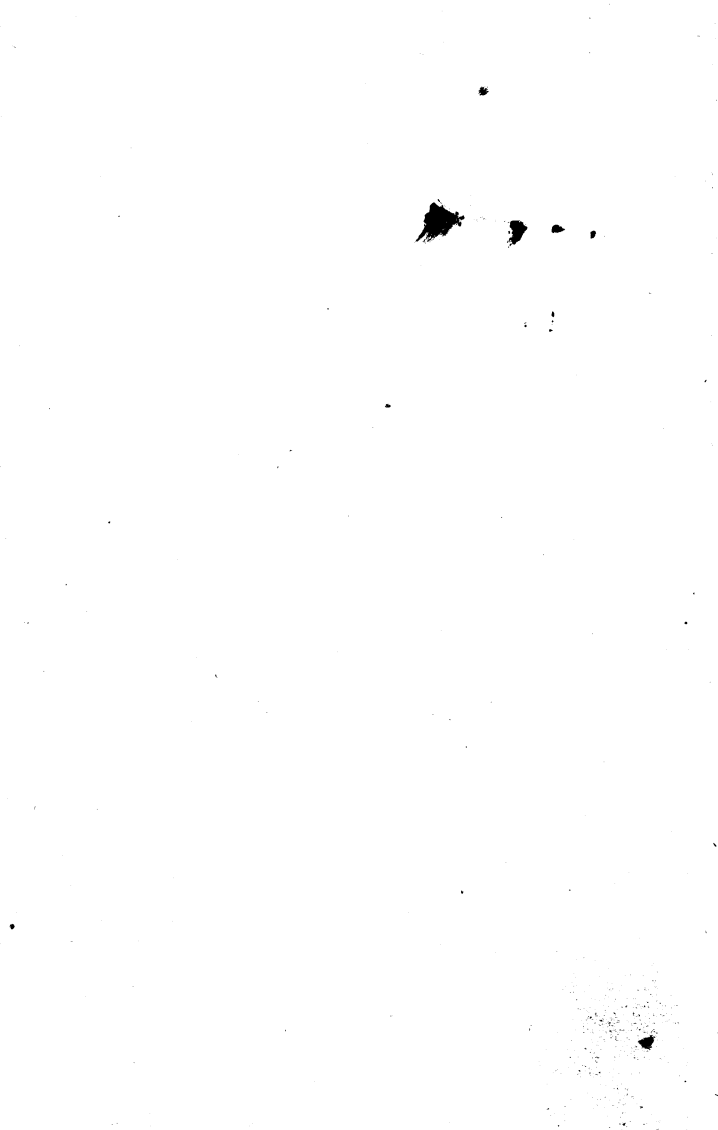
O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

B





O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

F A V O U R I T E C A T,

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,

Gaz'd 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 faw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide

Two beauteous 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

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 wat'ry God,

Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,

Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.

A fav'rite has no friend!

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

D I S T A N T P R O S P E C T

O F

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

"Ἄνθρωπος· ἰκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.

MENANDER.





O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,

Where grateful Science still adores

Her HENRY'S * holy shade:

* King HENRY the Sixth, founder of the College.

C

And

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 !
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 19

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe 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 arms, thy glassy wave ?

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

The captive linnet which enthrall ?

What idle progeny succeed

To chafe the rolling circle's speed,

Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest bus'ness bent,

Their murm'ring labours ply,

'Gainst graver 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 posselt ;
 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

Yet see, how all around them wait

The ministers of human fate,

And black Misfortune's baleful train!

Ah, show them where in ambush stand,

To seize their prey, the murderous band!

Ah, show 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 pining 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

And moody Madnefs * laughing wild

Amid fevereft woe.

Lo, in the vale of Years beneath,

A grisly troop are feen,

The painful family of Death,

More hideous than their queen !

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,

That every labouring finew strains,

Thofe in the deeper vitals rage :

Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,

* And Madnefs laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

That

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 !

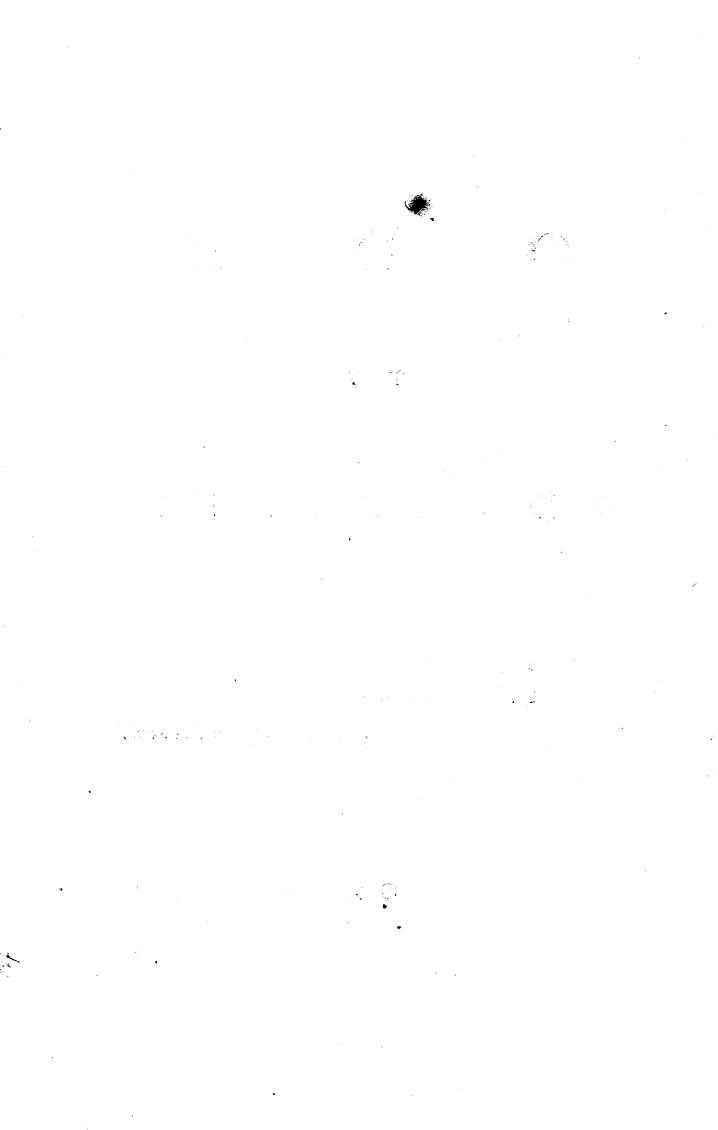
Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies.

Thought would destroy their paradise.

No more—where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise.



O D E

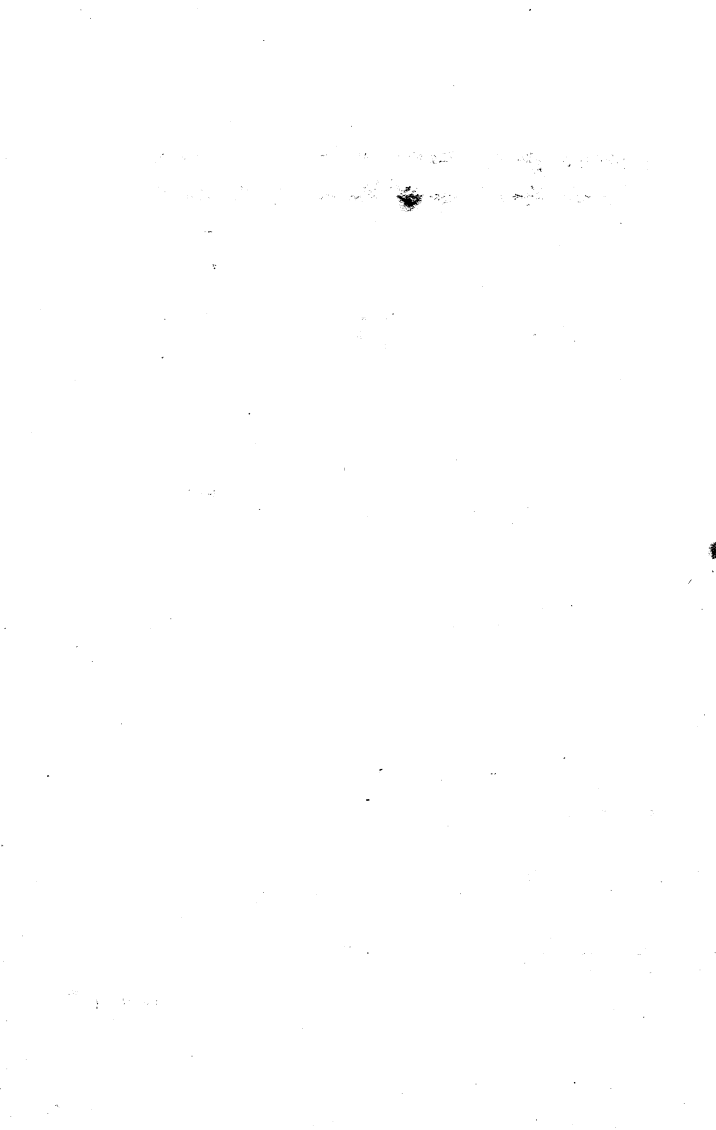
T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

Συμφερει
Σωφρονειν ὑπο γενε.

ÆSCHYLUS, *in Eumenid.*

D 2





O D E

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

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

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 bade 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

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 vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.
Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still

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.

O, 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 fun'ral cry,

Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy

Thy form benign, O 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.

1887

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1887

THE
PROGRESS OF POESY.

A
PINDARIC ODE.

Φανῶντα συνέλοιπόν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων
Χαίρει.——

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

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

When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.



T H E
P R O G R E S S O F P O E S Y.
A P I N D A R I C O D E.

I. I.

* **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, my glory : awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments
Αἰολίης μολπῆς, Ἀιολίδες χορδαί, Αἰολίδων πνεύει ἀυλῶν.
Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The

The laughing flowers, 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 rowling down the steep amain,

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:

The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

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

And 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

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

† This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

Of

40 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of flumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings 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;

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

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 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.

* Μαμαρυγάς θνήτο ποδῶν· δαύμαζε δὲ θυμῶν.

HOMER. Od. G.

† Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι

Παρέησι φῶς ἔρωτος. PHRYNICHUS, apud Athenæum.

II. I.

* 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;

* To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given us by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful-presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

* 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.

* 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 Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs, &c.]

‡ “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-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields,

* Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of
 Dante

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In ling'ring lab'rinth creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes 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 :

Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Tho. Wyatt
 had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imi-
 tated the Italian writers, and 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.

Till

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they 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 smil'd.

* Shakespear.

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 Ecstasy,

The secrets of th' abyss to spy.

† He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :

* Milton.

† " — flammantia moenia mundi."

Lucretius.

* The living throne, the sapphire blaze,

Where angels tremble while they gaze,

He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,

† Clos'd 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-cloth'd, and long-refounding
pace.

* For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over 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.*

† Οφθαλμοὶ μὲν αὐμορσεῖ διδρα δ' ἠδ' ἄν αἰοιδῆν. HOM. OD.

‡ Meant to express the stately march and founding energy of Dryden's rhimes.

|| Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ?

Job.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !

Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring 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

* 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 chorufes,——above all in the laſt of Caractacus :

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

50 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

* That the Theban Eagle bear,

Sailing with supreme dominion

Through 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.

* *Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα 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.

T H E

B A R D.

A P I N D A R I C O D E.

G 2

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

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.



T H E

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 !

* Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread.

Shakeſpeare’s King John.

‘ Helm,

- ‘ 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 links interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that fat clofe to the body, and adapted itfelf to all its motions.

† 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

Stout * Glo'fter stood aghaft in fpeechlefs trance :

To arms ! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring
lance.

all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, fpeaking of the caſtle of Conway built there by King Edward the Firſt, ſays, “ Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery ;” and Matthew of Weſtminſter, (ad ann. 1283), “ Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi caſtrum forte.”

* Gilbert de Clare, ſurnamed the Red, Earl of Glouceſter and Hertford, ſon-in-law to King 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.

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 stood ;
(* Loofe 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 furrows of his lyre.

* 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.

‘ Hark,

- ‘ 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.

H

‘ On

- ‘ * 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.
-

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

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their eyry among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as many think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, i. e. the crags of the eagles. At this day (as 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.]

‘ Dear

- ‘ 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 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 tissue of thy line.’
-

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

Shakefp. Jul. Cesar.

† See the Norwegian ode that follows.

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*!
-

* Edward the Second, cruelly murdered in Berkley castle.

“ She-wolf

- “ 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 fun’ral couch he lies ‡!
 “ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 “ A tear to grace his obsequies.

* Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous Queen.

† Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

‡ Death of that king, abandoned by his children, 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 fway,
“ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his ev’ning-prey.
-

* 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,
“ Reft 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.
-

* 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.

“ Heard

- " Heard ye the din of battle bray *,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 " Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye tow'rs 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.
-

* Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

† Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to have been 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.

Above

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

* The white and red roses, devices of the two branches 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*.

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, unpity’d, here to mourn :

* 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, Gaddington, Waltham, and in several other places.

- “ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
“ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
“ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden’s height
“ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unrol?
“ 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!
-

* 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 Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

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 lion-port *, her awe-commanding face,

‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador 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 tartness of her princely
 ‘ checks.’

‘ What

- What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
 - What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 - Hear from the grave, great Talieffin *, hear ;
 - They breathe 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.
-

* 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 Horror, 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.

* Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Spenser's Proëme to the Fairy Queen.

† Shakespear.

‡ Milton.

|| The succession of poets after Milton's time.

- ‘ Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon fanguine 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 sceptred 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.



O D E

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O D E *

F O R

M U S I C,

I R R E G U L A R.

I.

“ **H**ENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground),
“ Comus, and his midnight crew,
“ And Ignorance with looks profound,
“ And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue;

* This Ode was performed in the Senate-house at Cambridge, July 1. 1769, at the installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

- “ Mad Sedition’s cry profane ;
“ Servitude that hugs her chain :
“ Nor in these consecrated bow’rs
“ Let painted Flatt’ry hide her serpent-train in flow’rs.
“ Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
“ Dare the Muse’s walk to stain ;
“ While bright-ey’d Science watches round :
“ Hence away, ’tis holy ground !”

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day,
Bursts on my ear th’ indignant lay :
There sit the fainted sage, the bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Thro’ ev’ry unborn age and undiscover’d clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they ;

Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place, where, on their op'ning soul,
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

“ Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
“ That Contemplation loves,
“ Where willowy Camus lingers with delight
“ Oft at the blush of dawn
“ I trod your level lawn;
“ Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright

“ In

“ In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
“ With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey’d Melancholy.*”

IV.

But hark ! the portals found, and pacing forth,
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go :
Great Edward *, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,

* Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

And

And sad Chatillon *, on her bridal morn,
 That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare †,
 And Anjou's heroine ‡, and the paler Rose ||,
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes ;

* Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aulâ Mariæ de Valentia.

† Elifabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of 'princely.' She founded Clare Hall.

‡ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in the former Ode.

|| Elifabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the house of York). She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

And

And either Henry * there,
 The murder'd faint, and the majestic lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome :
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their ^{*}human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb):
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning, come :
 And thus they speak, in soft accord,
 The liquid language of the skies.

* Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

V.

- “ What is grandeur, what is power ?
“ Heavier toil, superior pain.
“ What the bright rewards we gain ?
“ The grateful memory of the good.
“ Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
“ The bee’s collected treasures sweet,
“ Sweet Music’s melting fall, but sweeter yet
“ The still final voice of Gratitude.”

VI.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,

The venerable Margaret * see !

“ Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud),

“ To this, thy kindred train, and me :

* Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry the Seventh ; foundress of St. John’s and Christ’s Colleges.

- " Pleas'd, in thy lineaments we trace
 " A Tudor's † fire, a Beaufort's grace.
 " Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 " The flower unheeded shall descry,
 " And bid it round Heaven's altars shed
 " The fragrance of its blushing head :
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
 " To glitter on the diadem.
-

† The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor : hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

VII.

- “ Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 “ Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 “ No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
 “ Nor dares with courtly tongue refin’d
 “ Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
 “ She reveres herself and thee.—
 “ With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
 “ The laureat wreath, that Cecil * wore, she brings,
 “ And, to thy just, thy gentle hand,
 “ Submits the fasces of her sway,
 “ While spirits blest above, and men below,
 “ Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.
-

* Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

VIII.

- “ Thro’ the wild waves as they roar,
“ With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
“ Thy steady course of honour keep,
“ Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
“ The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
“ And gilds the horrors of the deep.”

T H E

THE
FATAL SISTERS.
AN ODE,

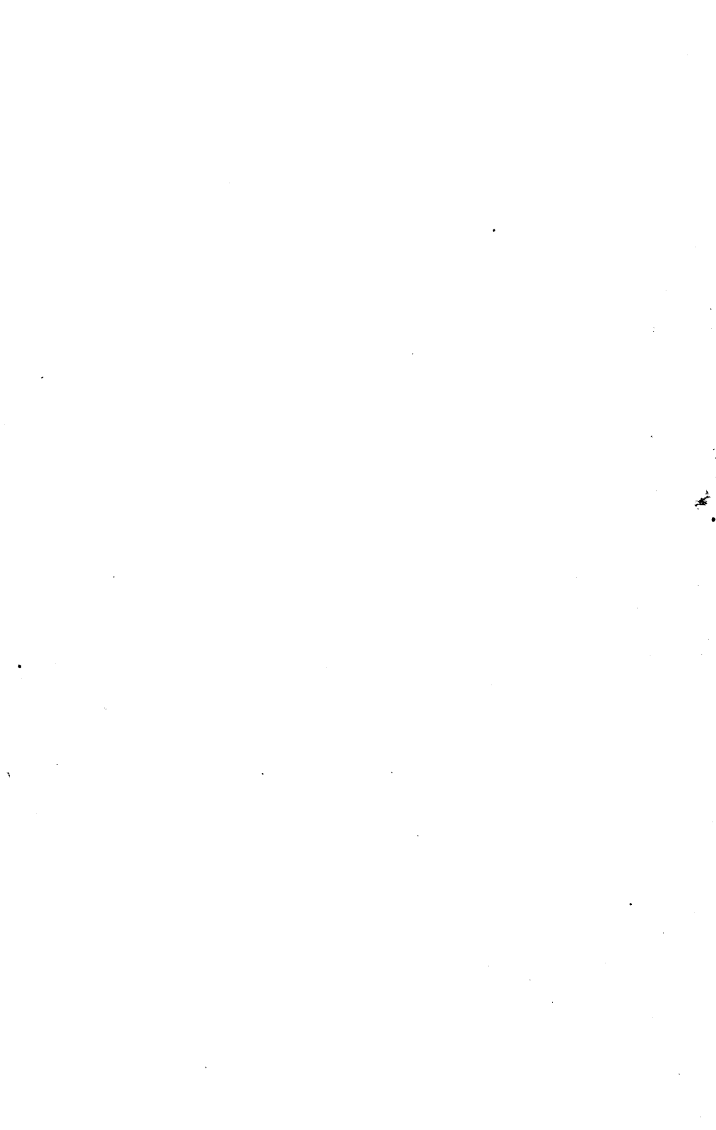
(From the NORSE-TONGUE),

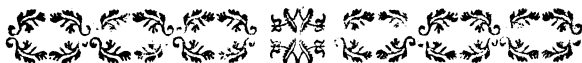
IN THE
ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS; HAF-
NIÆ, 1697, Folio; and also in BARTHOLINUS.

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 *a 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 *Sigtryg 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 *Sigtryg* 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

M

distance,

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

FATAL SISTERS.

A N O D E.

NOW the storm begins to lower :
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare.)

* Iron fleet of arrowy shower

† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Note—The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chasers 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 *Valhalla*, (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 Paradise Regained.*

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air. *Shakeſpear's Jul. Cæſar.*

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
 Weaving many a foldier'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 warrior's head.

Shafts, for shuttles, dipt in gore,
 Shoot the trembling cords along !
 Sword, that once a monarch bore,
 Keep the tissue close and strong !

Mista,

Mista, black terrific maid,

Sangrida, and *Hilda*, see!

Join the wayward work to aid:

'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy fun be fet,

Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,

Blade with clatt'ring 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' enfanguin'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, 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.

* Ireland.

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 thund'ring faulchion wield ;

Each bestride her fable steed.

Hurry, hurry, to the field !

THE

T H E
D E S C E N T O F O D I N .

A N O D E ,

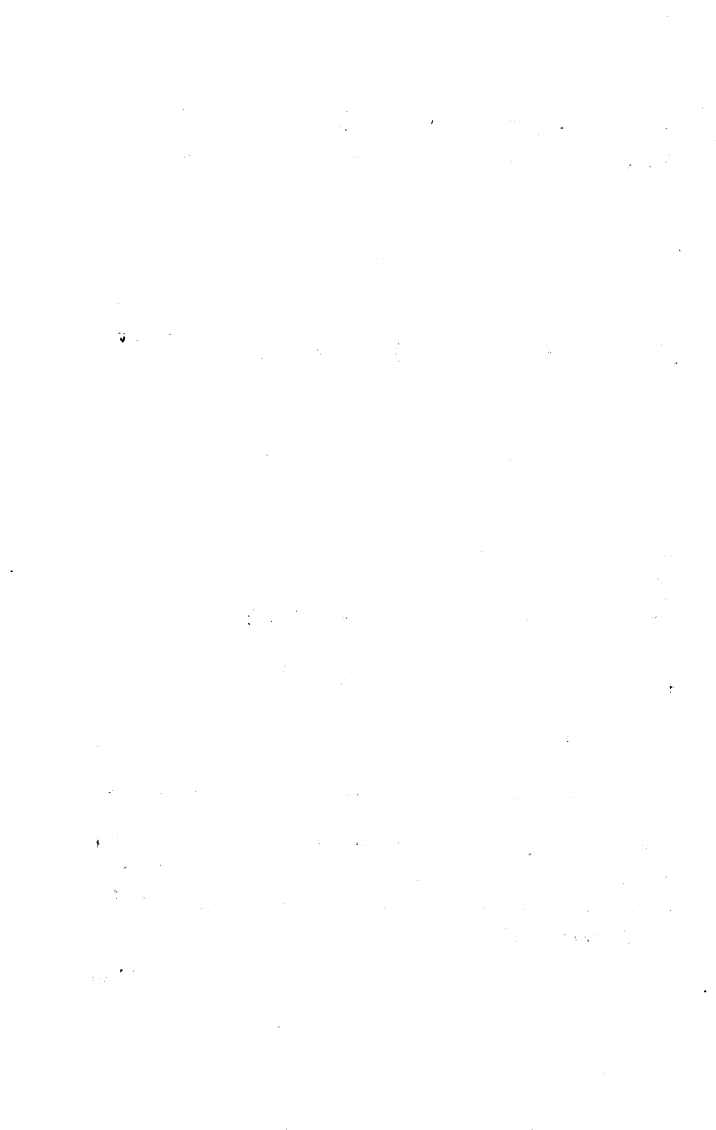
(From the NORSE-TONGUE),

I N

BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis ;
HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

N





T H E

DESCENT OF ODIN.

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.

* *Niflheimer* was the hell of the Gothic nations, and consisted of nine worlds, to which were consigned all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle: over it presided HELA the Goddess of death.

400 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

Him the dog of darknefs spied ;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diftill'd.
Hoarfe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
And long purfues, with fruitlefs yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward ftill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him fhakes),
Till full before his fearlefs eyes
The portals nine of hell arife.

Right againft the eastern gate,
By the mofs-grown pile he fat,

Where

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

P R O P H E T E S S .

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

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 D I N.

A Traveller to thee unknown,
 Is he that calls, a warrior'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?

Pre-

P R O P H E T E S S .

Mantling in the goblet fee

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 uncloſe.

Leave me, leave me to repose.

O D I N .

Once again my call obey.

Prophetess, ariſe, and ſay,

What dangers *Odin's* child await,

Who the author of his fate ?

P R O P H E T E S S .

In *Hoder's* hand the hero's doom ;

His brother sends him to the tomb.

Now my weary lips I close.

Leave me, leave me to repose.

O D I N .

Prophetess, my spell obey ;

Once again arise, and say,

Who th' avenger of his guilt,

By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt ?

P R O P H E T E S S .

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

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

O D I N.

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 ?

O

Tell

106 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

Tell me, whence their sorrows rose;

Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou.

King of men, I know thee now;

Mightiest of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine

Art thou, nor prophets of good,

But mother of the giant-brood.

PROPHETESS.

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 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 confinement; 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 in his curious introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.



THE
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.
A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry:
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

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

OWEN succeeded his father GRIFFIN in the principality of NORTH-WALES, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

L



T H E

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A F R A G M E N T.

O WEN's praise demands my song,
OWEN swift, and OWEN strong;

Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,

* Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

* North-Wales.

P

He

114 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

He nor heaps his brooded stores,

Nor on all profusely pours ;

Lord of every regal art,

Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hofts 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 :

* Denmark.

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 rocky shore

Echoing to the battle's roar.

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

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
 Thousand banners round him burn ;
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Hafty, hafty 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.

* * * * *

O D E

O D E

O N

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the WELSH.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the case of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the case of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

4. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the case of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

5. The fifth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the case of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

6. The sixth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the case of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

7. The seventh part of the paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the case of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

8. The eighth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the case of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

9. The ninth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the case of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

10. The tenth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the case of the existence of solutions of the system of equations



O D E

O N

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the WELSH *.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage, and wild affright,
Upon Dëira's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

* Of Aneurim, styled *the Monarch of the bards*. He flourished about the time of Talieffin, A. D. 570.

Too,

Too, too secure, in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son; of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd, and had the lovely maid.

To Catraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.

Flush'd with mirth and hope, they burn :

But none from Catraeth's vale return,

Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,

(Bursting thro' the bloody throng),

And I, the meanest of them all,

That live to weep, and sing their fall.

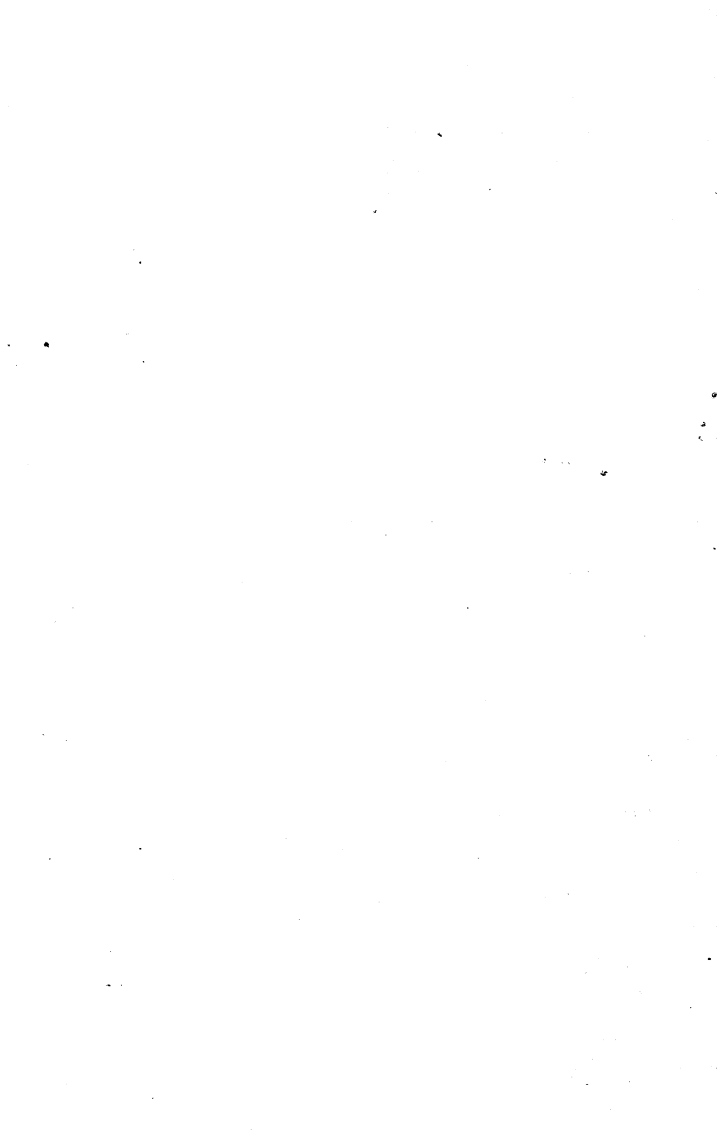
Q

ELEGY

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.





E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfeu 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.

* — squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante. Purgat. l. 8.

Now

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,

The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,

Molest her ancient 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

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.

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 kiss 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

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,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.

The path of glory leads 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 ile 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 ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
 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 flow'r 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

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbade to wade thro' 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 rhymes 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?

Oh 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 inquire thy fate ;

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

Petrarch. Son. 169.

Haply,

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,

‘ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,

‘ Brushing with hasty steps the dew 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 littleless length at noon-tide would 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 would rove;

‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,

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

‘ One

- ' 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 borne.
- ' Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
- ' Grav'd on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn *.'

* In the first edition of this poem, the following beautiful lines were inserted immediately before the epitaph ; but they have been since omitted, as the parenthesis was thought too long.

There, scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found ;
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH.

*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.

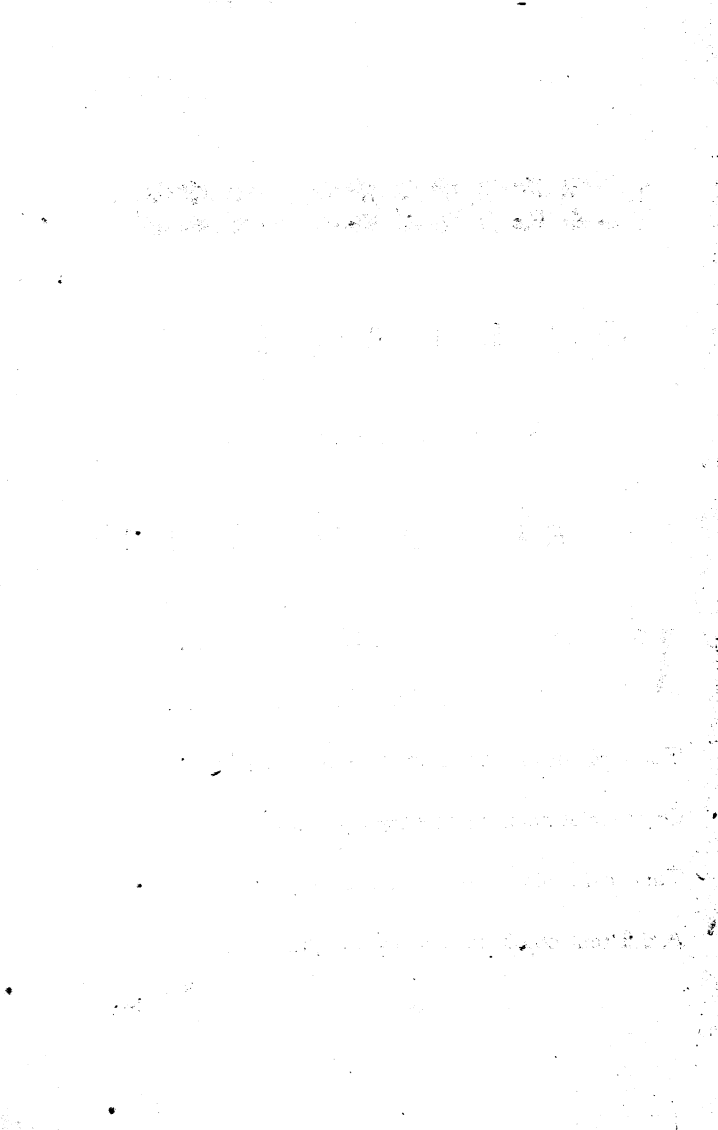
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend.

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.

* —Paventosa speme.

Petrarch. Son. 114.

E P I T A P H S.





E P I T A P H I.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire :

The birds in vain their am'rous descant join ;

Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.

These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,

A diff'rent object do these eyes require.

My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
To warm their little loves the birds complain ;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

EPITAPH



E P I T A P H II.

O N

M R S. C L A R K E *.

L O! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;
A Heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.

* Mrs. Clarke was the wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom, and died April 27, 1757.

In agony, in death resign'd,

She felt the wound she left behind.

Her infant image, here below,

Sits smiling on a father's woe :

Whom what awaits, while yet he strays

Along the lonely vale of days ?

A pang, to secret sorrow dear ;

A sigh, an unavailing tear ;

'Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,

With Life, with Mem'ry, and with Love.

EPITAPH



E P I T A P H I I I .

O N

S I R W I L L I A M W I L L I A M S * .

H E R E , foremoſt in the dang'rous paths of fame,
Young W I L L I A M S fought for E N G L A N D ' S
fair renown ;

His mind each Muſe, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

* This epitaph was intended to have been inſcribed on a monument at Belliſſe, at the ſiege of which this accompliſhed youth was killed, 1761.

At Aix his voluntary sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant-honour seal'd ;
From Fortune, Pleasure, Science, Love, he flew,
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.
With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps——
Ah! gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy Friendship bends and weeps.

F I N I S.