

Not Like Thompson - pure  
Dublin and -  
same place as  
Tue 1st

125-

# THE BARD.

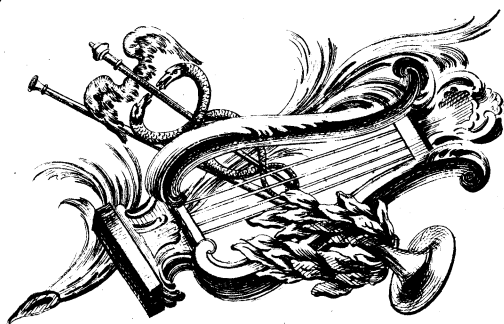


*John Allen M.D.*

P O E M S

BY

M<sup>R</sup>. G R A Y.



D U B L I N :

Printed by WILLIAM SLEATER, at N<sup>o</sup>. 51,

In *Castle-street*.

1775.

2410

1111



# CONTENTS.




*Page.*


O D E on the SPRING, — — —	11
— on the Death of a FAVOURITE CAT,	19
— on a distant Prospect of ETON COLLEGE,	25
A LONG STORY, — — — — —	35
HYMN to ADVERSITY, — — — — —	51
The PROGRESS of POESY, — — —	57
The BARD, — — — — —	71
The FATAL SISTERS, — — — — —	93
The DESCENT of ODIN, — — — — —	101
The TRIUMPHS of OWEN, — — —	111
CARMEN ELEGIACUM, — — — — —	117
ELEGIA, &c. — — — — —	130
ELEGY written in a COUNTRY CHURCH- YARD, — — — — —	131
ELEGIA, scritta in Coemeteria di Campagna,	153
O D E performed in CAMBRIDGE at the INSTALLATION of the DUKE of GRAFTON, — — — — —	167

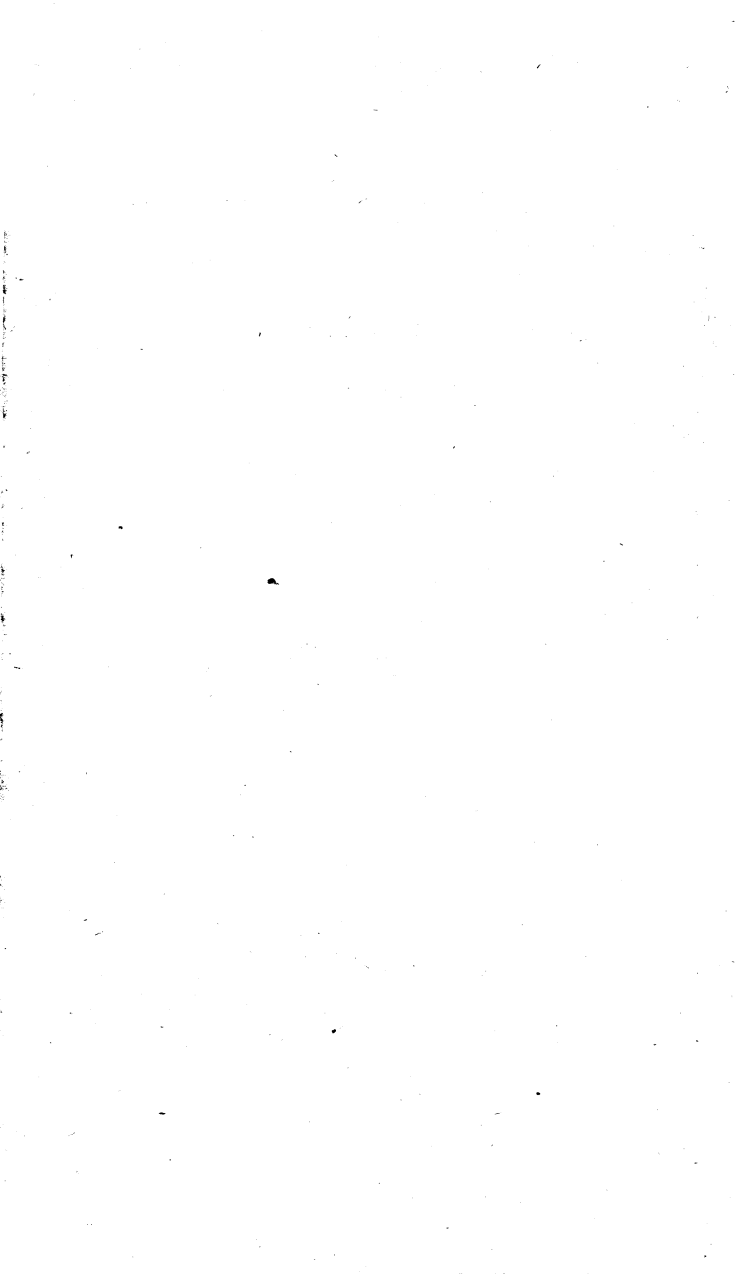




## Advertisement.

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







O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.



E





O D E  
ON THE  
S P R I N G.



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

B 2

The

12 ODE ON THE SPRING.

The Attic warbler pours her throat,

Responsive to the cuckow's note,

The untaught harmony of Spring :

While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,

Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear, blue sky

Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch

A broader, browner shade ;

Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech

O'er-canopies the glade \* :

Beside some water's rushy brink

With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At

---

\* ————— a bank

O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine.

*Shakesp. Midf. Night's Dream.*

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)

How vain the ardour of the Crowd,

How low, how little are the Proud,

How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care :

The panting herds repose :

Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air

The busy murmur glows !

The insect youth are on the wing,

Eager to taste the honey'd spring,

And float amid the liquid noon \* :

Some lightly o'er the current skim,

Some shew their gayly-gilded trim

Quick-glancing to the sun †.

B 3

To

\* “ Nare per æstatem liquidam ——”

*Virgil. Georg. lib. 4.*

† —— sporting with quick glance

Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.

*Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.*

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 I hear, in accents low,

The sportive kind reply :

Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?

A solitary fly !

Thy

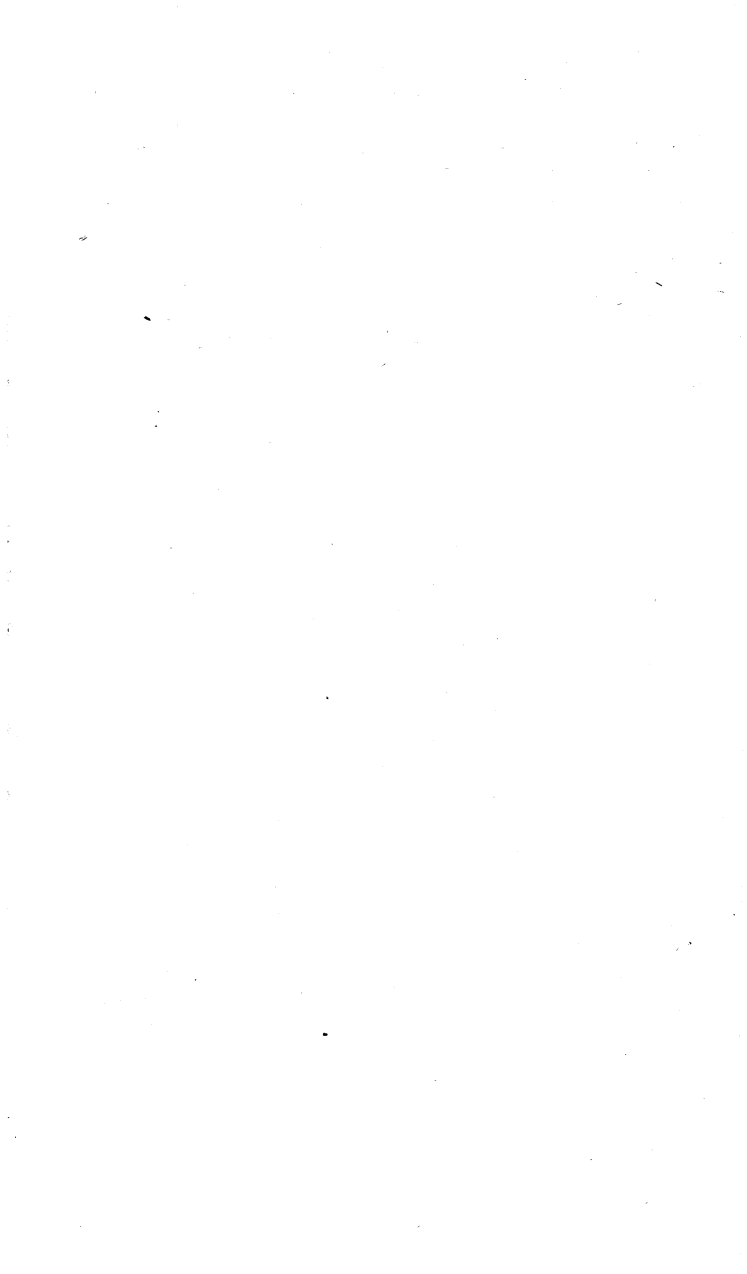
\* While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

Mr. GREEN, in the *Grotto*.

*Dodfley's Miscellanies*, [Lond. Edit.] Vol. V. p. 161.

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 frolick, while 'tis May.







O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes:



B 5





# 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,  
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her

20 ODE ON THE DEATH OF

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

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

With

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

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

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

From

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

And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes

And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;

Nor all, that glisters, gold.





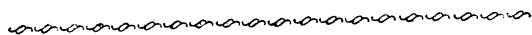
O D E

O N A

DISTANT PROSPECT

O F

ETON COLLEGE.



Ἄνθρωπος' ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

MENANDER.







# O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

## ETON COLLEGE.



YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,

Where grateful Science still adores

Her HENRY's holy Shade ;

And ye, that from the stately brow

Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below

Of

---

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

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

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

Say,

---

\* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

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

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen

Full many a sprightly race

Disporting on thy margent green

The paths of pleasure trace,

Who foremost now delight to cleave

With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?

The captive linnet which enthrall ?

What idle progeny succeed

To chase the rolling circle's speed,

Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,

Their murm'ring labours ply

'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint

To sweeten liberty :

Some

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

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess'd ;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast :  
Their 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,

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 29

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

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that sculks behind ;  
Or 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 moody Madness\* laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

Lo,

---

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

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 31

Lo, in the vale of years beneath

A grisly troop are seen,

The painful family of Death,

More hideous than their Queen :

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,

That every labouring sinew strains,

Those in the deeper vitals rage :

Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,

That numbs the soul with icy hand,

And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,

Condemn'd alike to groan,

The tender for another's pain :

Th' unfeeling for his own,

Yet,

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

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



LONG



A

# LONG STORY.

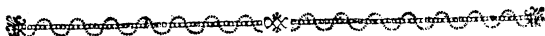


C





A  
L O N G   S T O R Y.



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

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

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

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

What, in the very first beginning !  
Shame of the versifying tribe !

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

A House

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who

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

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

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

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

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

Into the Draw'rs and China pry,  
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglia !

Under a tea-cup he might lie,  
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears in a folio.

On

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

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

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

The words too eager to unriddle  
The poet felt a strange disorder :  
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,  
And chains invifible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,  
The powerful pot-hooks did fo move him,  
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-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 begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The

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

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

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

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

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

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

In

---

\* *The HOUSE-KEEPER.*

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

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

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

But

---

\* *Groom of the Chambers.*      § *The Steward.*

But soon his rhetorick forfook him,  
When he the folemn hall had feen ;  
A sudden fit of ague shook him,  
He stood as mute as poor || *Maclean*.

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

“ He once or twice had penn’d a sonnet ;  
“ Yet hop’d, that he might save his bacon :  
“ Numbers would give their oaths upon it,  
“ He ne’er was for a conjurer taken.”

The

---

|| *A famous highwayman hang’d the week before.*

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

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

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

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

[*Here 500 Stanzas are lost.*]

And

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



H Y M N





# H Y M N

T O

## A D V E R S I T Y.

— Ζῆνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὀδώ-  
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθῶν  
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.







# H Y M N

T O

## A D V E R S I T Y.



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

And

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

When first thy fire to fend 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 at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;

By

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

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

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

With

54 HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

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

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,  
Thy milder influence impart,  
Thy philosophic Train be there,  
To soften, not to wound the 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.



T H E



T H E


PROGRESS of POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν' ἔς  
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων χατίζει.


PINDAR, Olymp. II.

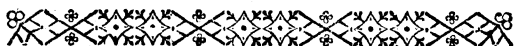




## ADVERTISEMENT.

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

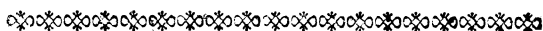




T H E

# PROGRESS OF POESY.

## A PINDARIC ODE.



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

*Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments,*

Αἰολικὴς μουσική, Ἀἰολίδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνευαὶ αὐλῶν.

————— Æolian Song,  
 Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

D

The

## 53 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

The laughing flow'rs, that round them blow,  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :  
 Now rolling down the steep amain,  
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :  
 The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the  
                     roar.

Oh !

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

## I. 2

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

Thee

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

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

## I. 3.

\* Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
     On Cytherea's day,  
 With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;  
     Now pursuing, now retreating,  
 Now in circling troops they meet :  
     To brisk notes, in cadence beating,  
 † Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach 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

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

† *Μαρμαρυγὰς θνήϊτο ποδῶν· δαύμαζ' δὲ θυμῶ.*

*Homer. Od. ©.*

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

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

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

\* Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφύρεσσιν

Παράσσει φῶς ἔρωτος. Phrynichus apud Athenæum.

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

## 62 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky :

\* 'Till down the eastern cliffs afar

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

### II. 2.

|| In climes beyond the solar § road,

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

The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom  
To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.

And

---

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

Cowley.

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

§ "Extra anni solisque vias —" Virgil.

"Tutta lontana dal camin del sole."

Petrarch, Canzon 2.

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

## II. 3.

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

Fields,

---

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

## 64 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

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

### III. I.

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

---

\* *Shakespeare.*

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

## III. 2.

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

\* *Milton.*

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

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

66 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

He saw : but blasted with excess of light,

\* Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,

Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear

† Two Courfers of ethereal race,

‡ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long resounding pace.

Hark,

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

*Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.*

\* Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσεῖ διδοὺ δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδῆν.

*Homer. Od.*

† Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhimes.

‡ Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder ?

*Job.*

## III. 3.

Hark his hands the lyre explore !

Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,

Scatters from her pictur'd urn

\* Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

† But ah ! tis heard no more ———

Oh ! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit

Wakes thee now ? tho' he inherit

Nor

\* Words that weep, and tears that speak.  
Cowley.

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

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

68 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

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.

T H E

---

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



THE  
B A R D,  
A PINDARIC ODE.





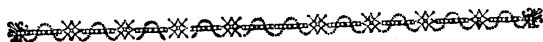
# ADVERTISEMENT.

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.





THE  
B A R D,  
A PINDARIC ODE.



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

---

\* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

*Shakespeare’s King John.*

" 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 founds, 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

\* *The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.*

† — The crested adder's pride.

*Dryden's Indian Queen.*

‡ *Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welch themselves call Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway built by King Edward I. says, "Ad ortum annis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdonia fecit erigi castrum forte."*

Stout \* Gloſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance ;  
To arms ! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his  
    quiv'ring lances.

## I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
    Rob'd in the ſable 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

\* *Gilbert de Clare, furnamed 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.*

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

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

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

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

" Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !

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

" Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;

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

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

I. 3.

" Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,

" That hush'd the stormy main :

" Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :

" Mountains, ye mourn in vain

" Modred, whose magic song

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

" On

- “ \* On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,  
 “ Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :  
 “ Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens fail;  
 “ The famish'd † Eagle screams, and passes by.  
 “ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 “ † Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 “ † Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
 “ Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

“ No

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

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

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

*Shakef. Jul. Cæsar.*

" No more I weep. They do not sleep.

" On yonder cliffs, a grisly band

" I see them sit, they linger yet,

" Avengers of their native land :

" With me in dreadful harmony \* they join,

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

### H. I.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,

" The winding-sheet of Edward's race.

" Give ample room, and verge enough

" The characters of hell to trace.

" Mark the year, and mark the night,

" † When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The

\* See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.

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

- “ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that  
ring,
- “ Shrieks of an agonizing King !
- “ \* She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
“ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
- “ † From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs  
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What Terrors round  
him wait !
- “ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d.
- “ And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.

## II. 2.

- “ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,  
“ ‡ Low on his funeral couch he lies !
- “ No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.

“ 


---

\* *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 fon is gone. He refts among the Dead.  
 " The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were  
     born ?  
 " Gone to falute the rifing Morn.  
 " Fair § laughs the Morn, and foft the Zephyr blows ;  
     " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
 " In gallant trim the gilded Veffel goes ;  
     " Youth on the brow, and Pleafure at the helm ;  
 " Regardlefs of the fweeping Whirlwind's fway,  
 " That, hush'd in grim repofe, expects his evening-  
     prey.

II.

\* \* *Edward the Black Prince, died fome time before his Father.*

§ *Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign.*  
*See Froiffard and other contemporary Writers.*

## II. 3.

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

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

† Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.

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

“ Now

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

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

‡ *Henry the Fifth.*

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

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

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

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

## III. 1.

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

“ But,

---

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

E

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

“ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unroll ?

“ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,

“ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !

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

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

### III. 2.

“ Girt with many a Baron bold,

“ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;

“ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old

“ In bearded majesty, appear.

“ In

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

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

- " In the midst a Form divine !  
 " Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;  
 " Her lion-port \*, her awe-commanding face,  
 " Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.  
 " What strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
 " What strains of vocal transport round her play !  
 " Hear from the grave, great 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.

The

---

\* 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 de-  
 " porture, than with the tartness of her princely  
 " checks."

† 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 dress’d.  
 “ In † buskin’d measures move  
 “ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 “ With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
 “ A § Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,  
 “ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;  
 “ || And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
 “ That lost in long futurity expire.  
 “ Fond,
- 

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

*Spenser’s Proöme to the Fairy Queen.*

† *Shakespeare.*

§ *Milton.*

|| *The succession of Poets after Milton’s time.*

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

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

“ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

“ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

“ Enough for me : With joy I see

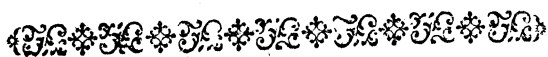
“ The different doom our Fates assign.

“ Be thine Despair, and scepter’d Care,

“ To triumph, and to die, are mine.”

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height  
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.



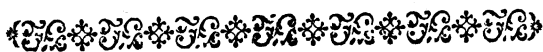


THE  
FATAL SISTERS.  
A N O D E.

[From the NORSE-TONGUE.]

I N T H E  
ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS ;  
HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio : and also in  
BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &C.







## ADVERTISEMENT.

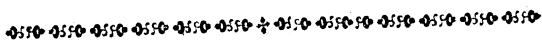
The Author had once thoughts (in concert with a Friend) of giving THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY: In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this Island, and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







## P R E F A C E.

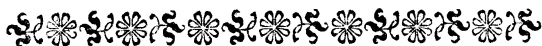


**I**N the Eleventh Century *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney-Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Siðtryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Siðtryg* 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.

## P R E F A C E.

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 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



THE  
FATAL SISTERS.  
AN ODE.



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

\* Iron-fleet of arrowy show'r

† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring

*Note—The Valkyriur were female Divinities, Servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their names signify Chufers 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 Parad. Regain'd.*

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

*Shakefp. Jul. Cæsar.*

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,

Where the dusky warp we strain,

Weaving many a Soldier's doom,

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

See the grisly texture grow,

('Tis of human entrails made,)

And the weights, that play below,

Each a gasping Warriour's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,

Shoot the trembling cords along.

Sword, that once a Monarch bore,

Keeps the tissue close and strong.

*Mista* black, terrific Maid,

*Sangrida*, and *Hilda* see,

Join the wayward work to aid :

'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy fun be fet,  
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,  
Blade with clattering buckler meet,  
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)  
Let us go, and let us fly,  
Where our Friends the conflict share,  
Where they triumph, where they die.)

As the paths of fate we tread,  
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field :  
*Gondula*, and *Geira*, spread  
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,  
Ours to kill, and ours to spare :  
Spite of danger, he shall live,  
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They,

96 THE FATAL SISTERS,

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

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

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

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

Hail

Hail the task, and hail the hands !

Songs of joy and triumph, sing !

Joy to the victorious bands ;

Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,

Learn the tenour of our Song.

Scotland, thro' each winding vale

Far and wide the notes prolong.

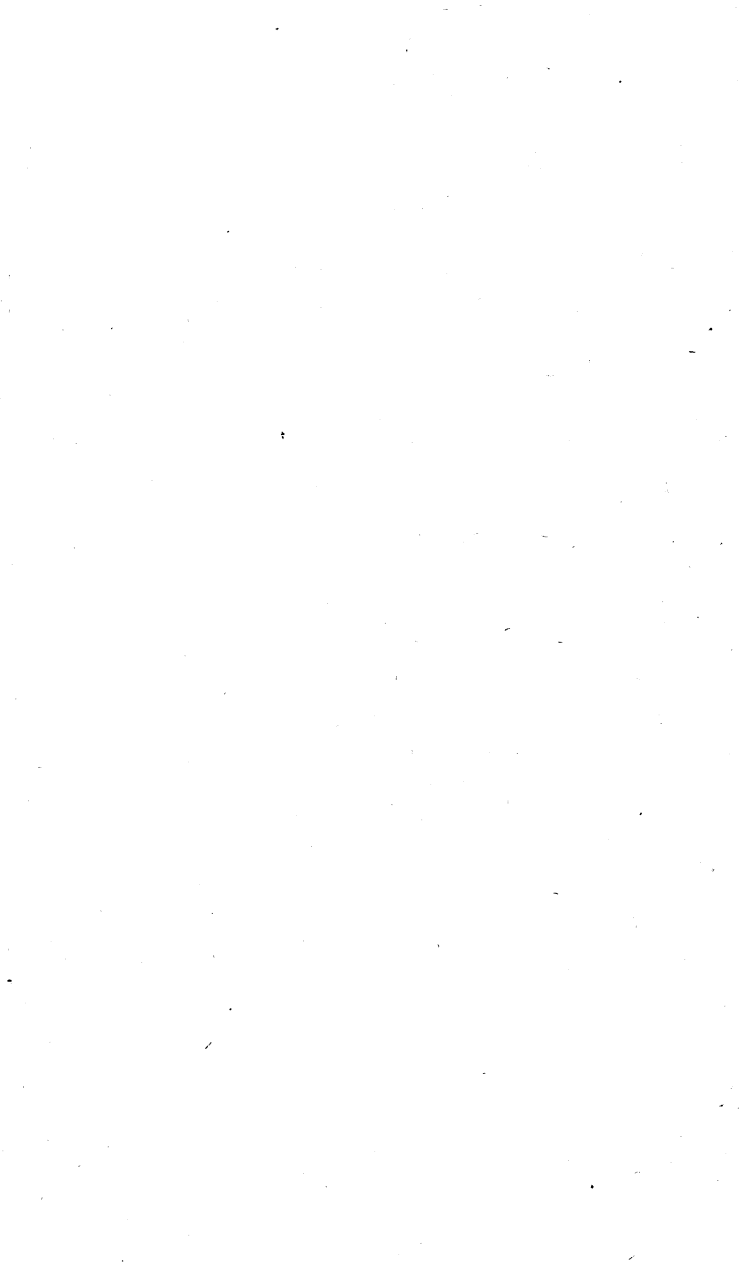
Sifters, hence with spurs of speed :

Each her thundering faulchion wield ;

Each bestride her fable steed,

Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE



65 XXX 722 65 XXX 722 65 XXX 722: 65 XXX 722 XXX 722

THE  
DESCENT OF ODIN.

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

I N

BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis;

HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quårto.

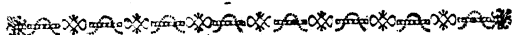
UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

65 XXX 722 65 XXX 722: 65 XXX 722 65 XXX 722





THE  
DESCENT OF ODIN.  
A N O D E.



U PROSE 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

---

\* Niffheimr, 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.

102 THE DESCENT OF ODIN,

Him the Dog of Darknefs spy'd,  
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 fruitless yell,  
The Father of the powerful spell.  
Onward ftill his way he takes,  
(The groaning earth beneath him fhakes)  
Till full before his fearless eyes  
The portals nine of hell arife,

Right againft the eaftern gate,  
By the mofs-grown pile he fate ;  
Where long of yore to fleep was laid  
The duft of the prophetic Maid.  
Facing to the northern clime,  
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme ;

Thrice

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

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

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

Thou

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 unclofe :  
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

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

PR:

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

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

P<sub>R</sub>. 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.

F

Now

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

O. Yet a while my call obey,  
 Prophets, 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 Prophets of good !  
 But Mother of the giant-brood !

PR.

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

THE

---

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





THE  
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,  
A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welch Poetry;

LONDON, 1764, Quarto.





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





THE  
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,  
A FRAGMENT.



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

Big

---

\* *North-Wales.*

F 4

112 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,

Big with hofts of mighty name,  
Squadrons three againft him came ;  
This the force of Eirin hiding,  
Side by fide as proudly riding,  
On her fhadow, long and gay,  
\* Lochlin plows the wat'ry way ;  
There the Norman fails afar,  
Catch the winds, and join the war :  
Black and huge along they fweep,  
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntlefs on his native fands  
‡ The Dragon-Son of Mona ftands ;  
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,  
High he rears his ruby creft.  
There the thund'ring ftrokes begin,  
There the prefs, and there the din ;

Talymalfra's

---

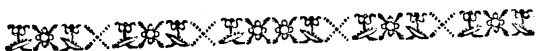
\* Denmark.

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

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







# CARMEN ELEGIACUM.

I N

CŒMETERIO RUSTICO

COMPOSITUM.







## CARMEN ELEGIACUM.



1.

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

Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.

Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,

Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.

Solus ego in tenebris moror, & vestigia solus

Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

2.

Omnia pallescunt jam decedentia visu,

Et terra & cælum, qua patet, omne filet.

Cuncta silent, nisi musca suam sub vespere sero

Raucifonans pigram qua rotat orbe fugam ;

Cuncta silent, nisi qua faciles campanula somnos

Allicit, & lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quàque

3.

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

4.

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

5.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,  
 Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,  
 Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrit hirundo  
 Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,  
 Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis  
 Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

6.

Ampliùs his nunquam conjux bene fida marito  
 Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco ;  
 Nec reditum expectans domini sub vespere fero  
 Excoquet agrestes officiosa dapes ;  
 Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oscula proles,  
 Nec reducem agnoscent æmula turba patrem.

Quam

## 7.

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

## 8.

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

## 9.

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

## 10.

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

An

## 11.

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

## 12.

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

## 13.

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

## 14.

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

Æmulus

## 15.

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

## 16.

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

## 17.

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

Sentire

18.

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

19.

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

20.

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

21.

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

22.

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

Decedens

## 23.

Decedens alicui saltem mens fidit amico  
 In cujus blando pectore ponit opem,  
 Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte  
 Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas.  
 Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inscia flammæ,  
 Natura exclamat fida, memorque fui.

## 24.

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

## 25.

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

## 26.

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

Sapius

27.

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

28.

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

29.

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

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

30.

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

31.

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

32.

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



ELEGIA,



# E L E G I A,

SCRIPTA IN

COEMETERIO RUSTICO.

LATINÈ REDDITA.





# E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN A

Country-Church-Yard.





A D

## P O E T A M.

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

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

Et

*Et cum pallentes*                      *meraberis Umbras,*  
*Cum neque Te*                      *neque murmura fontis*  
*Castalii, cū*                      *us, quam strinxit Apollo.*  
*Ex humili ulterius poterint revocare cubili :*  
*Quamvis nulla tuum decorent Insignia Bustum,*  
*At pia Musa super, nostræ nihil indiga Laudēs,*  
*Perpetuas aget excubias, lacrymâque perenni*  
*Nutriet ambrosios in odoro Cespite flores.*

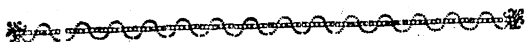


G

ELEGIA.



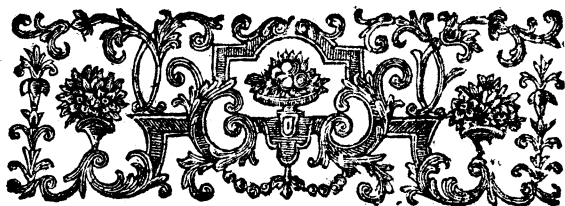
# ELEGIA.



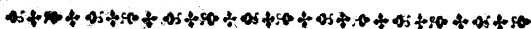
I.

AUDIN' ut occiduae signum campana diei  
Vespertina sonet ! flectunt se tarda per agros  
Mugitusque armenta cient, vestigia arator  
Fessa domum trahit, et solus sub nocte relinquor.

Nunc



# E L E G Y.



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

Now

---

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

*Dante. Purgat. l. 8.*

## 2.

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

## 3.

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

## 4.

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

Non

## 2.

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

## 3.

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

## 4.

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

## 5.

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

## 6.

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

## 7.

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

Nec

## 5.

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

## 6.

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

## 7.

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

## 8.

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

## 9.

Sceptri grande decus, generosæ stirpis honores,  
Quicquid opes, aut forma dedit, commune sepul-  
chrum  
Opprimit, et leti non evitabilis hora.  
Ducit laudis iter tantùm ad confinia mortis.

## 10.

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

## 11.

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

Quis

## 8.

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

## 9.

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

## 10.

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

## 11.

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

## 12.

Quis scit, an hîc animus neglectâ in sede quiescat  
 Qui prius incaluit cœlestis semine flammæ?  
 Quis scit, an hîc sceptri manus haud indigna recumbat,  
 Quæve lyræ poterat inspirâsse furorem?

## 13.

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

## 14.

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

## 15.

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

Eloquio

12.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

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

13.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page

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

14.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

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

15.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast

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

Th'

## 16.

Eloquio attenti moderarier ora senatûs,  
Exitium fœvique minas ridere doloris,  
Per patriam largos fortunæ divitis imbres  
Spargere, et in læto populi se agnoscere vultu,

## 17.

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

## 18.

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

Insanæ

16.

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

17.

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

18.

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

Far

## 19.

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

## 20.

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

## 21.

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

Sollicitæ

## 19.

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

## 20.

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

## 21.

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

For

## 22.

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

## 23.

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

At

## 22.

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

## 23.

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

For

---

\* Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,  
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi  
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.  
*Petrarch, Son. 169.*

## 24.

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

## 25.

Fortè aliquis memoret, canus jam tempora Paſtor,  
“ Illum ſæpe novo ſub lucis vidimus ortu  
“ Verrentem propero matutinos pede rores,  
“ Naſcenti ſuper arva jugoſa occurrere Soli.

## 26.

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

“ Sæpe

24.

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

25.

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

26.

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

“ Hard

27.

- “ Sæpe istam affuetus prope sylvam errare, su-  
perbum  
“ Ridens nescio quid ; nunc multa abnormia volvens.  
“ Aut desperanti similis nunc pallidus ibat,  
“ Ut curâ insanus, miseroque agitatus amore.

28.

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

29.

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

E P I T A.

## 27.

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

## 28.

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

## 29.

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

T H E

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

30.

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

31.

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

32.

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

## THE EPITAPH.

30.

*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.*

31.

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

32.

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

---

§ — paventosa speme. Petrarch. Son. 114.







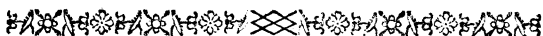
# E L E G I A

SCRITTA IN

CIMITERO di CAMPAGNA.

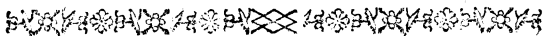


H



## ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Translation into Italian is the production of an ingenious Gentleman and great admirer of English Literature, in the study of which he has made a very considerable progress, the Signor ABBATE CROCCHI of Sienna in Tuscany. — A person who lately travelled through that country, and, at his earnest request, obtained a copy of it from the Author, esteems himself happy in an opportunity of testifying his grateful remembrance of the pleasure, which, during his residence at Sienna, he enjoyed in the society and friendship of Signor CROCCHI, and hopes it may on this occasion prove no unacceptable present to the Public, or unpleasing addition to the Editor's plan of collecting the best Translations of this admired Poem.





# E L E G I A.



**I**L Bronzo vespertin con flebil rombo  
Gia s'ode tintinnir ; dal firmamento  
Sparito il dì, cade la notte a piombo.  
Sciolto dal giogo il bue con passo lento  
Va mugghiando pel campo, e l'aratore  
A casa ciondolon fen' riede a stento,  
E al bujo, e a me ne lascia il mondo ; e fuore  
Sparisce il verde fuol ; full' aria resta  
Cupo silenzio in tenebroso orrore,  
Se non là dove il Calabrone infesta  
Colle ali sue ronzanti, e al sonno invita  
De' campanacci il suon per la foresta ;

Se non là dove d' Ellera vestita  
S' alza la torre, e stupida Civetta  
Colla luna si duol, se la romita  
Sua casa nel passar qualcuno infetta.  
Sott' olmi scabri, e all' ombra di quei tassi  
Dove la terra squallida, e negletta  
In mucchj si solleva e dove sassi  
Polve a tocco leggier, rustica gente  
D'angusta fossa in sen sepolta stassi.  
Non l'aura del matin, che dolcemente  
Spira, non rondinella, che in suo tetto  
Intessutto di sien canta dolente ;  
Non del Corno il romor, che dirimpetto  
Echeggia, e non del Gallo acuto canto  
Riſvegliar la potrà dal cupo letto.  
Arder per lei più non vedraſſi intanto  
L'acceſo focolar, nè la Caſiera  
La cena preparare a quello accanto.

I figlj più non anderanno in schiera  
Sulle ginocchia al genitor rampone  
Per divider fra loro i baci a fera.  
Sotto l'adunca falce, in sua stagione  
Cadde la messe, e o! che con lieto cuore  
Traffero al campo i buoi da sua magione  
Per rompere le zolle! o! quale ardore  
Mostrarono in tagliar le annose piante,  
Che a' colpi non reggea natio rigore!  
Quì non si faccia ambizione avanti  
Di questi a disprezzar l'util lavoro,  
Lor rozze gioje, e lor destin mancante;  
Ne quei che son ricchi d'argento e d'oro  
De' poveri la pura, e breve istoria  
Con sorriso inuman credan disdoro\*;

H 3

Alla

---

\* Per disonore, poeticè.

Alla tomba foltanto della gloria

Conducono le vie ; la pompa, i faſti

E potenza e beltà vanno in baldoria :

E tu, che il tron fulla ſuperbia alzaſti,

Non imputar de' miſeri ad errore

Se monumento alcun non ritrovaſti

Sulla lor tomba, dove più ſonore

In lungo e dritto andron l'adorna volta

Fa rifuonar le laudi al gran fattore.

Forſe un buſto ſpirante, e un' urna ſcolta

Può richiamare indietro al ſuo ſoggiorno

Il fiato fuggitivo un' altra volta ?

Può dell' onor la voce in ſtile adorno

Tacita polve riſvegliare, o puote

La morte intenerir, che venne attorno ?

Chi ſà che in queſte oſcure foſſe ignote

Non ſia ſepolto un cuor di fiamme pregno,

Diſceſe in lui dalle celeſte ruote ;

Che

Che braccio què non fia di scettro degno  
Per governare imperj, o per mandare  
Della Cetera il suon d'estasi al fegno.  
Ma la scienza non mai volle spiegare  
Agli occhi loro le feconde Carte  
Di cio che al tempo un dì seppe involare ;  
Fredda miseria senza spirto, ed arte  
Il nobil foco lor tenne sopito  
E l'alma irrigidì per ogni parte.  
O quante gemme di fulgor squisito  
Nelle caverne fon dell' oceàno  
\* U' penetrar non puotefi dal lito !  
Quanti fiori talor spuntar dal piano  
Per non effervuti, e grato odore  
Dal deserto terren spirano in vano !

H 4

Qualche

---

\* *Per Ove.*

Qualche rustico Hampden, che con valore  
De' campi fuoi al piccolo Tiranno  
Intrepido mostrò fermezza, e cuore ;  
Qualche muto Milton, qualche d'inganno  
Incapace Cromwell qui forse posa,  
Che mai non fece alla sua patria danno.  
Vietò loro il destin l'aura pomposa  
Dell' astante senato, e l'incuranza  
Di fortuna dolente, e rovinosa,  
Sparger loro vietò dolce abbondanza  
Con larga man sopra terren ridente,  
E divulgar le imprese in lontananza :  
Nè circoscrisse la virtù nascente,  
Ma ristrinse i delitti, e al tron le strade  
Non volle che s'appriffer della gente  
Per mezzo al sangue con taglienti spade,  
Nè chiuse volle di pietà le porte  
Agli occhi delle misere contrade ;

Virtude

Virtude interna a lor toccata in forte  
Vietò celare, e volle che mostrasse  
Un ingenuo pudor ciascun da forte ;  
Che l'idolo del lusso non si alzasse,  
E di superbo incenso, acceso all fuoco  
Di lusinghiera Clio non mai fumasse.  
Ben lungi dalle risse, in cui per poco  
S'impegna il volgo infan, le loro brame  
Non fur use a volar di loco in loco ;  
Lungo la fredda valle, ove lo stame  
Traean di vita, il placido tenore  
Serbaron del cammin lontan da trame.  
Pur a protegger da insultante umore  
Anche queste ossa, un fragil monumento,  
Eretto quivi a rusticale onore  
Solamente un sospir per un momento  
Dal passeggiar con rozze rime implora  
E con sculture fabricate a stento.

Il nome loro, ed i lor anni ancora  
Scritti da volgar mufa in luogo intefsi  
Sono di fama, e d'elegia fonora :  
Sparfi veggionfi attorno i fagri tefti  
Che infegnano a partir da quefta vita  
Della campagna agli abitanti onefti ;  
Poichè chi mai vi fu, che in far partita  
Lafciaffe in preda al taciturno oblio  
Queft' effer anfo che pur piace e invita ?  
Chi dal lieto confin di vita uscìo  
Senza fiffare un guardo impaziente  
Nel tempo indietro, che di già sparìo ?  
L'alma che parte dal fuo fral cadente  
Conta in tenero petto, e qualche filla  
Richiede per pietà l'occhio languente ;  
Fin dal fepolcro la natura ftrilla,  
E fin per entro all noftro cener vive  
Del confueto ardor qualche fcintilla.

In quanto a te, per man di cui si scrive  
Delle persone in versi incolti il fato  
Che restar senz' onor di vita prive,  
Se di genio simil quà mai portato  
Da cupo meditar per accidente  
Fia 'l tuo destin da passeggier cercato,  
Forse qualche Bifolco a lui presente,  
Per lunga etade incanutito il crine,  
Dir gli potrà : Noi lo vedem sovente  
Con frettoloso piè scuoter le brine  
Allo spuntar della vermiglia Aurora  
Per incontrare il sol sulle colline.  
Sdrajato al piè noi lo vedem talora  
Di quell' antico tremolante Faggio,  
Che lassù capriccioso intreccia fuori  
Del suol le sue radici, e il caldo raggio  
Temprar, del rio vicin sul margo affiso,  
Quando il sole era a mezzo del viaggio ;

Ora

Ora pel bosco con giocondo viso  
S' udia vagando sue bizzarre fole  
Brontolar con ischerno, e lieto riso ;  
Or pallido e dolente, come fuole  
Chi disperato è dagli affanni oppresso,  
O d' un deluso amor quel che si duole.  
In van l' attesi una mattina io stesso  
Sulla collina, e lungo lo scopeto,  
E all' albero a lui grato ancora appresso ;  
Vi giunse un' altra in vece sua ; pel cheto  
Bosco ei non si vedea, nè per la valle,  
Nè sul colle, o al ruscello consueto ;  
Il dì seguente per l' angusto calle,  
Che guida al tempio, con lugubre ammanto  
Gli amici lo portàr sopra le spalle  
Con dolenti sospir, con flebil canto.  
T' accosta, e leggi l' incisa canzone  
(Giacchè di legger tu puoi darti il vanto)  
Là nella pietra sotto quel macchione.

## E P I T A F F I O.

**Q**UI in grembo della terra il capo posa  
 Un Giovan, la cui vita alla Fortuna,  
 Ed alla Fama fu sempre nascosa.

La Scienza non sdegnò l'umil sua cuna,  
 Per suo seguace la Malinconia  
 Segnollo in fronte con marca opportuna.

Grande fu sua bontade, in sen nudria  
 Sincero il cor, il Ciel non fu nemico  
 Di premio uguale a tanta cortesia :

Quanto di bene avea donò al mendico,  
 Una lagrima sola ; il Ciel cortese  
 D'ogni suo voto il fin dielli, un amico.

Sua virtù non cercar di far palese,  
 Nè di trarre ti prenda altro desio  
 Sue colpe da quel luogo, u' son comprese :

Sepolte entrambe in un profondo oblio  
 Riposan queste in paventosa speme  
 Nel seno del suo padre, e del suo Dio  
 Finchè del mondo giungan le ore estreme.

Altra

Altra Versione del medesimo EPITAFFIO,  
In diverso Metro.

*A* Fama ed a Fortuna affatto ignoto  
Un Giovanne nel sen di queste Zolle  
Quì posa il capo: a lui di bassa stirpe  
La Scienza non mostrò severo il ciglio;  
Malinconia lo volle  
Contrassegnar per figlio.  
Grande fù sua bontà, l'alma sincera;  
Grande ugualmente fù la recompensa,  
Che il Ciel dar si compiacque a virtù vera.  
Alla miseria, che in altrui vedea  
Una Lagrima diè, che solo avea:  
Dal Ciel ottenne (ch' altro non bramava)  
Un amico fidel: Non ti curare  
Di più saperne i meriti, o di scavar  
Da terribil soggiorno  
Le sue fragilità:  
Ivi ognuna si stà  
Egualemente riposando insieme  
In paventosa speme  
In sempiterno oblio  
Del Padre suo nel seno, e del suo Dio.

O D E



# O D E

Performed at the Installation of

His Grace AUGUSTUS HENRY FITZROY,  
DUKE of GRAFTON.



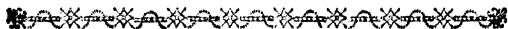




# O D E

Performed at the Installation of

His Grace AUGUSTUS HENRY FITZROY,  
DUKE of GRAFTON.



A I R.

“ **H**ENCE, avault, ('tis holy ground)  
“ Comus, and his midnight crew,  
“ And Ignorance, with looks profound,  
“ And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,  
“ Mad Sedition's cry profane,  
“ Servitude that hugs her chain,  
“ Nor in these consecrated Bowers  
“ Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in  
flowers.

Nor

## C H O R U S.

" 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 ! "

## R E C I T A T I V E.

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  
 Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime.  
 Rapt in celestial transport they, (*accomp.*)  
 Yet hither oft a glance from high  
 They send of tender sympathy  
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul  
 First the genuine ardor stole.  
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,  
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,

“ Meek

Meek Newton's self `bends from his state sublime,  
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

## A I R.

" 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 cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,  
" With Freedom by my side. and soft-ey'd Melan-  
choly.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

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

Great Edward \* with the lilies on his brow,  
 From haughty Gallia torn,  
 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,  
 And either Henry there,  
 The murder'd Saint ¶, and the majestic Lord §§  
 That broke the bonds of Rome.

Their

\* Edward III. gave the old foundation of Trinity College.

† Founded Pembroke-Hall. She married an Earl of Pembroke, who was killed in a tournament on his wedding-day.

‡ Founded Clare-Hall. Her father the Earl of Glocester married a daughter of Edward I.

§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. foundress of Queen's College.

|| Elizabeth Wodeville, wife of Edward IV. augmented and improved the last mentioned college.

¶ Henry VI. founder of King's College.

§§ Henry VIII. enriched and enlarged Trinity-College.

(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er, (*accomp.*)  
 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.

## Q U A R T E T T O.

" What is Grandeur, what is power ?

" Heavier toil, superior pain.

" What the bright reward we gain ?

" The grateful memory of the Good.

" Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,

" The bees collected treasures sweet,

" Sweet musick's melting fall, but sweeter yet

" The still small voice of Gratitude.

" Foremost

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud

The venerable Mārgaret see !

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

“ To this thy kindred train, and me :

“ Pleas'd in thy lineaments, we trace

“ A Tudor's fire \*, a Beaufort's † grace.

## A I R.

“ 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.

“ Lo,

† The bloods of the Stuarts and of the Tudors were united by the marriage of a King of Scotland to a daughter of Henry VII.

‡ The father of the last named King, married the daughter of Beaufort Duke of Somerset.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

“ 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 laureate 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.

GRAND

## G R A N D C H O R U S.

“ Thro’ the wild wayes 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 shines serene,  
“ And gilds the horrors of the deep.”



O D E



# O D E

ON THE

Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.



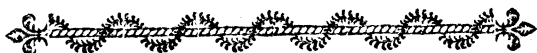
I



## ADVERTISEMENT:

Mr. GRAY left the following beautiful lyric fragment unfinished at his decease. The supplementary lines, distinguished by *Italic* character, have been since added by the Rev. Mr. MASON.





# O D E

O N T H E

Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.



NOW the golden Morn aloft  
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,

With vermil cheek, and whisper soft

She wooes the tardy Spring :

Till April starts, and calls around

The sleeping fragrance from the ground

And lightly o'er the living scene

Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,

Frisking ply their feeble feet ;

Forgetful of their wintry trance

The birds his presence greet :

But chief the Sky-lark warbles high

His trembling thrilling extacy ;

And lessening from the dazzled sight,

Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my Soul ! on wings of fire,  
 Rise the rapt'rous Choir among ;  
 Hark ! 'tis Nature strikes the Lyre,  
 And leads the general song :  
*Warm let the lyric transport flow,*  
*Warm, as the ray that bids it glow ;*  
*And animates the vernal grove*  
*With health, with harmony and love.*

Yesterday the fullen year  
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;  
 Mute was the music of the air,  
 The herd stood drooping by :  
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,  
 No yesterday, nor morrow know ;  
 'Tis Man alone that joy descries  
 With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow  
 Soft Reflection's hand can trace ;  
 And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw  
 A melancholy grace ;  
 While Hope prolongs our happier hour,  
 Or deepest shades, that dimly lower  
 And blacken round our weary way,  
 Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still,

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,  
 See a kindred Grief pursue ;  
 Behind the steps that Misery treads  
 Approaching Comfort view :  
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow,  
 Chastis'd by fabler tints of woe ;  
 And blended form, with artful strife,  
 The strength and harmony of life.

See the Wretch, that long has tost  
 On the thorny bed of pain,  
 At length repair his vigour lost,  
 And breathe, and walk again :  
 The meanest floweret of the vale,  
 The simplest note that swells the gale,  
 The common sun, the air, the skies,  
 To Him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell,  
 Near the source whence Pleasure flows ;  
 She eyes the clear \* crystalline well,  
 And tastes it as it goes.  
*While far below the madding Croud  
 Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,  
 Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,  
 And perish in the boundless deeps.*

---

\* So Milton accents the word :

On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd.

P. L. Book vi. v. 772.

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,  
*Sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,*  
 Go, softly rolling, side by side,  
 Their dull, but daily round :  
*To these, if Hebe's self should bring*  
*The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,*  
*Say, can they taste the flavour high*  
*Of sober, simple, genuine Joy ?*

*Mark Ambition's march sublime*  
*Up to Power's meridian height ;*  
*While pale-eyed Envy sees him climb,*  
*And sickens at the sight.*  
*Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,*  
*Float hourly round Ambition's head ;*  
*While Spleen, within his rival's breast,*  
*Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.*

*Happier he, the Peasant, far,*  
*From the pangs of Passion free,*  
*That breathes the keen yet wholesome air*  
*Of rugged Penury.*  
*He, when his morning task is done,*  
*Can slumber in the noontide sun ;*  
*And lie him home, at evening's close,*  
*To sweet repast, and calm repose.*

*He,*

*He, unconscious whence the bliss,  
Feels and owns in carols rude,  
That all the circling joys are his  
Of dear Vicissitude.*

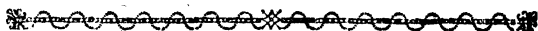
*From toil he wins his spirits light,  
From busy day, the peaceful night ;  
Rich, from the very want of wealth,  
In Heav'n's best treasures, Peace and Health.*





O D E  
O N T H E  
D E A T H O F H O E L.

FROM THE WELCH \*



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

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

---

\* Of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards.  
He flourished about the time of Talieffin, A. D. 570.  
This Ode is extracted from the Gododin, and now  
first published.

Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,  
He ask'd, and had the lovely Maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row  
Twice two hundred Warriors go ;  
Every 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 extatic juice.  
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn :  
But none from Cattraeth'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

S O N N E T



# SONNET\*

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 amorous descant join ;  
Or chearful fields resume their green attire :  
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,  
A different object do these eyes require.  
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;  
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.  
Yet morning smiles the busy race to chear,  
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

---

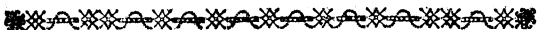
\* *Now first published.*



# E P I T A P H

O N

Mrs. C L A R K E. \*

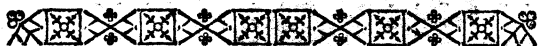


L O! where this silent Marble weeps,  
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps:  
A Heart, within whose sacred cell  
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.  
Affection warm, and faith sincere,  
And soft humanity were there.  
In agony, in death resign'd,  
She felt the Wound she left behind.  
Her infant Image, 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 Memory, and with Love.

E P I-

---

\* This Lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and is buried in the Church of Beckenham, Kent.



# E P I T A P H

O N

Sir WILLIAM WILLIAMS.



**H**ERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,  
Young Williams fought for England's fair re-  
nown ;

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

At Aix his voluntary sword he drew,

There first in blood his infant honor 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.

O D E

---

\* *This Epitaph (hitherto unpublished) was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a Monument at Bellisle, at the siege of which this accomplished youth was killed, 1761 ; but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.*



O D E  
O N  
R A N E L A G H.

Addressed to the LADIES.

B E I N G

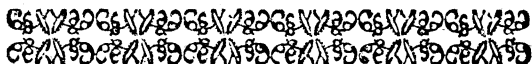
A Parody on Mr. GRAY's celebrated Ode  
on a distant Prospect of Eton College.





The following PARODIES and BURLESQUE  
ODE, written in Imitation of three of  
Mr. GRAY's justly-admired Pieces, it is  
hoped will prove an agreeable entertain-  
ment to the Reader.





O D E  
O N  
R A N E L A G H.



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

[I 2]

And

---

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

And ye, who from the fields which lie  
 Round Chelsea, with amazement's eye,  
 The gardens and the dome survey,  
 Whose walks, whose trees, whose lights among,  
 Wander the courtly train along  
 Their thought-dispelling way.

Ah, splendid room! ah, pleasing shade!

Ah, walks belov'd in vain,  
 Where oft in happier times I stray'd,

A stranger then to pain :  
 I feel the gales, which from you blow  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 They seem to sooth my famish'd soul,  
 And, redolent of tea and roll,  
 To breathe a second spring.

Rotonda,

Rotonda, say, for thou hast seen

Full many a sprightly race,

In thy bright round with step serene,

The paths of pleasure trace ;

Who chiefly now delight to lave

Green hyson, in the boiling wave,

The fable coffee, which distil ?

What longing progeny are found,

Who stroll incessant round and round,

Like horses in a mill ?

While some on earnest business dream :

And, gravely stupid, try

To search each complicated scheme

Of publick policy :

Some ladies leave the spacious dome

Around the garden's maze to roam,

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

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

Alas !

Alas ! regardless of their doom,

The lovely victims rove ;

No sense of sufferings yet to come

Can now their prudence move :

But see ! where all around them wait

The ministers of female fate,

An artful, perjur'd, cruel train ;

Ah ! shew them where in ambush stand ;

To seize their prey, the faithless band

Of false deceitful men !

These shall the lust of gaming wear,

That harpy of the mind,

With all the troop of rage and fear,

That follows close behind :

Or pining love shall waste their youth,

Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,

[I 4]

That

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

Ambition this shall tempt to fix  
Her hopes on something high,  
To barter for a coach and six,  
Her peace and liberty.  
The stings of scandal these shall try,  
And affectation's haughty eye,  
That scowls on those it us'd to greet,  
The cutting sneer, th' abusive song,  
And false report that glides along,  
With never-resting feet.

And

And lo ! where in the vale of years

A grisly tribe are seen ;

Fancy's pale family of fears,

More hideous than their queen :

Struck with th' imaginary crew

Which artless nature never knew

These aid from quacks, and cordials beg,

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

Remains a-while at her command

A tea-pot, or an egg.

To each her suff'rings : all must grieve,

And pour a silent groan,

At homage others charms receive,

Or flights that meet their own : — —

But ill the voice of truth severe  
Will suit the gay, regardless ear,  
Whose joy in mirth and revels lies !  
Thought would destroy this paradise.  
No more ! — Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.



AN



A N

# Evening Contemplation

I N

A C O L L E G E.

B E I N G

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







A N  
Evening Contemplation

I N  
A C O L L E G E.



**T**HE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,  
With jarring found the porter turns the key,  
Then in his dreary mansion, slumb'ring, waits,  
And slowly, sternly quits it — tho' for me.

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

Save

190 AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION

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 those walls, where thro' the glimm'ring shade  
Appear the pamphlets in a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,  
The peaceful fellows of the College sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,  
The noisy servants ratt'ling o'er their head,  
The call of bus'ness and domestick cares,  
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chatt'ring females crowd their social fire,  
No dread have they of discord and of strife;  
Unknown the names of husband and of fire,  
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Of

Oft have they bask'd along the funny walls,

Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight :  
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls !

How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate !

O let not Temp'rance, too disdainful, hear

How long our feasts, how long our dinners last ;  
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,

On these unmarried men reflections cast !

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face

(Themselves confess it and their 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 thrills her quav'ring lay.

Say,

Say, is the sword well suited to the band,  
 Does broider'd coat agree with fable gown,  
 Can Dresden's laces shade a churchman's hand,  
 Or learning's vot'ries ape the beaux of town ?

Perhaps in these time-tott'ring walls reside  
 Some who were once the darlings of the fair ;  
 Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,  
 Controul the manager and awe the play'r.

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

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

Some

Some future Herring, that with dauntless breast,  
Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose,  
Some mute, some thoughtless Hardwicke here may  
rest,

Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,  
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,  
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,  
And steer, with steady course, the helm of state,

Fate yet forbids ; nor circumscribes alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines ;  
Forbids, in Freedom's veil, to insult the throne,  
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs.

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

Far

194 AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION

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

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

Oft are the authors' names, tho' richly bound,  
Mis-spelt by blund'ring binder's want of care ;  
And many a catalogue is strew'd around  
To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

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

Reports

Reports attract the Lawyer's parting eyes,  
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,  
For songs and plays the voice of beauty cries,  
And sense and nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd compeers,  
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate,  
If chance, with prying search, in future years,  
Some antiquarian shall enquire thy fate.

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,  
And say, " Each morn, unchill'd by frosts, he ran  
" With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,  
" To reach the Chapel ere the psalms began.

" There, in the arms of that lethargick 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

196 AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION

- “ Now by the fire, engag’d in serious talk,  
“ Or mirthful converse, would he loit’ring stand ;  
“ ‘Then in the garden close a sunny walk,  
“ Or launch the polish’d bowl with steady hand.
- “ One morn we miss’d him at the hour of pray’r,  
“ Beside the fire, and on his fav’rite green ,  
“ Another came, nor yet within the chair,  
“ Nor yet at bowls, nor Chapel was he seen.
- “ The next we heard, that in a neighb’ring shire  
“ That day to Church he led a blushing bride,  
“ A nymph, whose snowy vest and maiden fear  
“ Improv’d her beauty while the knot was ty’d.
- “ Now, by his patron’s bounteous care remov’d,  
“ He roves enraptur’d thro’ the fields of Kent ;  
“ Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov’d,  
“ Read here the letter which he lately sent.”

THE

## THE LETTER.

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,  
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown ;  
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,  
And social quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of religious truth,  
Two gifts my endless gratitude engage ;  
A wife, the joy and transport of my youth,  
Now, with a son, the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,  
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move ;  
Content, with calm, domestic life, where meet  
The smiles of friendship, and the sweets of love.

THE

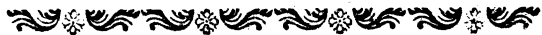


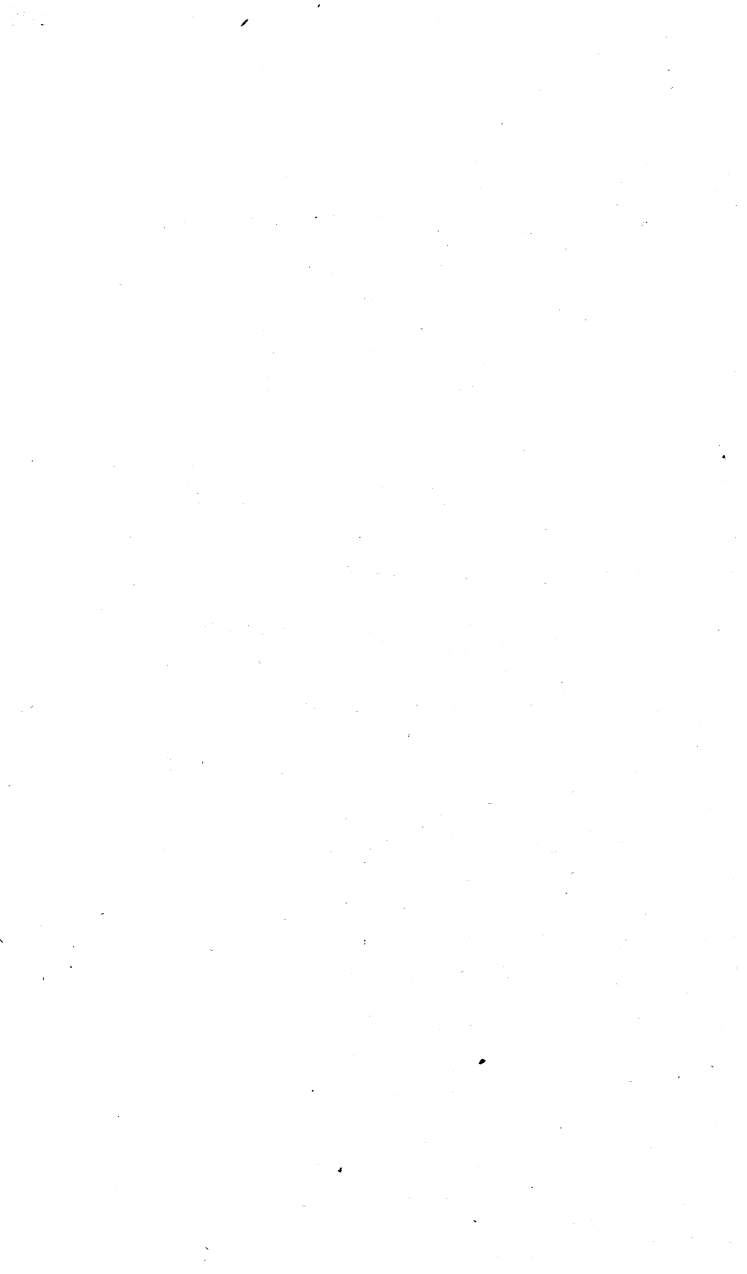


THE  
B A R D:  
A  
BURLESQUE ODE.

WRITTEN BY  
R. LLOYD AND G. COLMAN.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ ΕΣ  
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ  
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ. PINDAR, Olymp. II.







# O D E I.



I. 1.

**D**AUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,  
Cimmerian Muse ! all hail !

That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,  
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil !

What Poet sings, and strikes the strings ?

It was the mighty Theban spoke.

He, from the ever-living lyre,

With magic hand elicits fire.

Heard ye the din of modern Rhymers bray ?

It was cool M——n, or warm G——y

Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

[K]

The

## I. 2.

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

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

On

## I. 3.

On this terrestrial ball,

The tyrant Fashion governs all.

She, fickle Goddess, whom, in days of yore,

The Idiot Moria, on the banks of Seine,

Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore,

Long she paid him with disdain,

And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd :

At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain

On thy blest calends, April, he reveal'd :

From their embraces sprung,

Ever changing, ever ranging,

Fashion, Goddess ever young.

## II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride

Upon a weather-cock, astride.

Each blast that blows, around she goes,

While nodding o'er her crest,

Emblem of her magic pow'r,

The lightameleon stands confest,

Changing its hues a thousand times an hour ;

And in a vest is she array'd,

Of many a dancing moon-beam made,

Nor zoneless is her waist :

But fair and beautiful, I ween,

As the cestos-cinctur'd Queen,

Is with the rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

She

## II. 2.

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

[K 3]

Third

---

\* The author is either mistaken in this place, or has  
 else indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical li-  
 cence. Whitenose was not the fire, but the son, of the  
 Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar. HEBER.

## II. 3.

Third from Whitenose springs

Pegasus with eagle wings :

Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,

With many a bound he beats the ground,

While all the Turf with acclamation rings.

He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York :

He too Newmarket won.

There Granta's Son

Seiz'd on the steed ;

And thence him led (so Fate decreed)

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

With his dark and inky waves

Either bank in silence laves,

Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

What

## III. I.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,  
In trimmest guise array'd,  
First the neighing steed assay'd ?  
His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel  
Sparkles refulgent with elastic steel :  
The whiles he wins his whiffling way.  
Prancing, ambling round and round,  
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greensward gay :  
Till fated with the pleasing ride,  
From the lofty steed dismounting,  
He lies along, enwrapt in conscious pride,  
By gurgling rill or crystal fountain.

Lo !

## III. 2.

Lo ! next, a Bard, secure of praise,  
His self-complacent countenance displays.

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

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

The grizzle grace

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

In large wide boots, whose pond'rous weight

Would sink each wight of modern date,

He rides, well-pleas'd. So large a pair

Not Garagantua's self might wear ;

Not he, of nature fierce and cruel,

Who, if we trust to ancient ballad,

Devour'd three pilgrims in a sallad ;

Nor he of the same germane, hight Pantagruel.

Accoutred

## III. 3.

Accoutred thus, the advent'rous youth

Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,

Fast by whose side clear streams meand'ring  
creep ;

But urges on amain the fiery steed

Up Snowden's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock uncouth :

Where the venerable herd

Of goats, with long and sapient beard,

And wanton kiddlings their blithe revels keep ;

Now up the mountain see him strain !

Now down the vale he's toft,

Now flashes on the fight again,

Now in the Palpable Obscure quite lost.

## IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,

With high or low, all, all, is woe,

Disease, mischance, pale fear and dubious fate.

But, o'er every peril bounding

Ambition views not all the ills surrounding,

And,

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

## IV. 2.

See, see, he soars ! with mighty wings outspread,  
And long resounding mane,  
The Courser quits the plain.  
Aloft in air, see, see him bear  
The Bard, who shrouds  
His Lyric glory in the clouds,  
Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head !  
He topples headlong from the giddy height,  
Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endless  
night.

## IV. 3.

O Steed Divine ! what daring spirit  
Rides thee now ? tho' he inherit  
Nor the pride nor self-opinion,  
Which elate the mighty pair,  
Each of Taste the fav'rite minion,  
Prancing thro' the desert air ;

By

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



THE END.



# ELEGIA INGLESE

DEL SIGNOR

TOMMASO GRAY,

SOPRA UN CIMITERO

DI AMPAGNA

TR. ORTATA

IN VE LATINI,

E

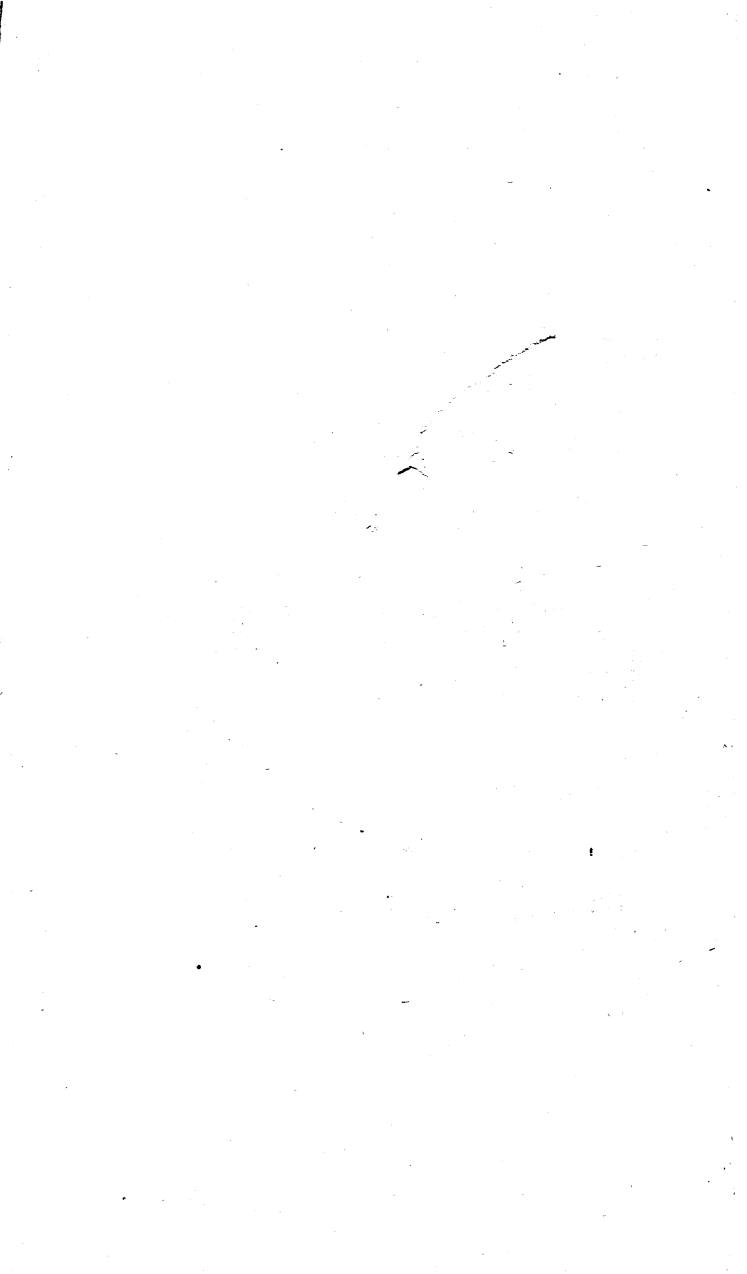
VOLGARI.



IN EBLANA CIOCCCLXXVI.,

Presso G. SLEATER.

[L]



LO STAMPATORE  
A CORTESI  
LEGGITORI.

**D**OPO aver pubblicato ne' passati giorni l'Elegia Inglese del Signor TOMMASO GRAY colla bella Traduzione in verso sciolto Italiano del Signor AB. MELCHIORRE CESAROTTI P. P. mi sono venute alle mani due altre Versioni della suddetta Elegia: una in Versi Latini del Signor AB. GIOVANNI COSTA, Maestro dell' Accademia in questo Seminario, l'altra in Terze rime del Signor AB. GIUSEPPE GENNARI. Eglino, come ho saputo, hanno fatto questo lavoro, non per vaghezza di andare in istampa ma per ubbidire ai comandi del Sigr. Kr. DOMENICO TRANT, dottissimo Gentiluomo Irlandese, che nel soggiorno di molti mesi in questa Città ha degnato entrambi della sua virtuosa amicizia. Ora desiderando io per farvi cosa grata, o Cortesi Lettori, di render pubbliche queste due Traduzioni, ho pregato gli Autori, che me ne dessero la permissione; ed essi alle mie preghiere benignamente hanno condisceso. Gradite pertanto la mia buona intenzione, e vivete felici.

# ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

**T**HE 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 moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath

## V E R S I O N E

**N**UNZIO *del dì che parte intorno suona  
Il cavo bronzo, e l'arator già lasso  
Move all' albergo, e i suoi solchi abbandona ;*

*E l' armento mugghiante passo passo  
Va per la spiaggia errando, e lascia il mondo  
A me, d' ogni suo lume ignudo e casso.*

*Già scappa all'occhio, che si volge a tondo,  
L' aspetto della terra, e in ogni lato  
Del ciel regna silenzio, e orror profondo.*

Sol

ELEGIA IN SEPULCRETO RUSTICO  
CONSCRIPTA.

**Æ**S \* triste ingeminat cedentis signa diei,  
Mugit tardigradum per loca sola pecus ;  
Tecta petens, mundo tenebrisque mihiq̃ue relicto,  
Sollicitum fessus carpit arator iter ;

Deficiens oculis regio se subtrahit : æthram  
Augustus late, mutus & horror habet,  
Solum raucifonis melolonthæ † se rotat alis,  
Et mulcet clausas semisopitus oves

Tinnitus longe ; solum illa ex turre corymbis  
Vestita, ad lunam secum habitans queritur  
Secretos bubo deserta in sede recessus  
Turbari inviso, regna vetusta, pede.

Illis

ITALIANA.

*Sol ronzar s'ode scarafaggio alato,  
E s' ode un tintinnio, che dolce invita  
Al sonno il gregge nell' ovil ferrato,*

*E in quella torre ancor d' edra vestita  
Duolsi il gufo alla luna, che uman piede  
Turbi la muta sua stanza romita.*

*Là 've la terra tumefar si vede  
Degli olmi all' ombra, e de' funerei tassi,  
Ciascun riposto in sua ristretta sede,*

\* Ad cujus certos tinnitus Gulielmus Rex, occupata Anglia, extingui ubique ignem, & nocturna lumina jussit.

† Genus scarabæi flavi, *μηλολόβη* apud Aristophanem in Neb.

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 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 sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kisses to share.

Oft

*Dormono un ferreo sonno i vecchi lassè  
 Di questa villa abitatori ; e mai  
 Non gli alzeran da' letti umili e basse*

*Non di piante rondinella i lai,  
 Ne del mattin sonante aura odorosa,  
 Nè gallo annunziator de' prima rai,*

*Nè rauco suon di corno, ed altra cosa,  
 Per essi il focolar più non accende,  
 Nè cibi appresta affaccendata sposa.*

Nè,

Illis sub scabris ulmis, taxique sub umbra,  
 Pulvis ubi molles tollitur in cumulos,  
 Rurigenæ, quicunque sua, clauduntur in arcta  
 Sopiti cella tempus in omne patres.

Non vox thuriferæ Auroræ spirantis in aura,  
 Non quæ de culmis trinsat hirundo casæ,  
 Non galli clangor, non jam resonabile cornu  
 Eriget ex humili pectora strata toro.

Non illis focus ardebit, non sedula fero  
 Uxor adibit opus, nec patris ad reditum  
 Accurrent balbi nati, nec basia circum  
 Genua adrepentes invidiosa petent.

Illis

*Nè, allor ch' umido vel la notte stende,  
 I pargoletti balbettando andranno  
 Incontro al padre che al tugurio scende :*

*Nè più, come solean, cerchio faranno  
 A' suoi ginocchi saltellando, e a prova  
 Baci avranno da lui, baci daranno.*

*Oh quante volte (e rimembrarlo giova)  
 Cesse all' aratro di costor la dura  
 Zolla, e a terra cadeo la messe nuova !*

[L 4]

Come

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !  
 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

*Come lieti e festosi oltre misura  
 Trar fur visti cantando i giunti buoi  
 Al campo, ove avean posta ogni lor cura !*

*Come ogni macchia, ed ogni bosco poi  
 Col martellar delle taglienti scuri  
 Spogliavan dell' onor de' tronchi suoi !*

*Ambizion, non dispregiar gli oscuri  
 Nomi, e dei contadin l' util lavoro  
 E i diletti innocenti, e i gaudii puri.*

Nè

Illis sæpe seges cessit sub falce resecta,  
 Sæpe illis duro gleba refracta solo est.  
 Ut læti junctis petierunt arva juvençis !  
 Ut gemuit validis ictibus omne nemus !

Non almi Ambitio spernat benefacta laboris,  
 Gaudia & illa domûs, fataque tecta situ :  
 Non dedignanti subridens audiat aure  
 Fastus simplicium parvula gesta virûm

Splendorem generis, prælustia Nomina, Opesque,  
 Quidquid & ipse Decor, Divitiæque ferunt,  
 Occupat atra æque non evitabilis Hora,  
 Gloriaque in tumulum dirigit alta vias.

At

*Nè delle inonorate opre di loro  
 Sdegni il Fasto superbo udir la storia :  
 Che antica nobiltà, possanza, ed oro,  
 Valor d' arme, beltà, grandezza, e boria,  
 Tutto è soggetto a inevitabil morte,  
 E guida all' arca ogni sentier di gloria.*

*Ma tu di quei non accusar la sorte,  
 Vano mortal, se in fu la tomba eretto  
 Trofeo non han, ch' oltre all' obblio gli porte,*

[L 5]

Del

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

*Del Tempio in mezzo, ove l' arcato tetto  
 E il liscio muro ripercote intorno  
 D' inni, e di lodi armonial canto eletto.*

*Chiamar può forse d' un sepolcro adorno  
 L' ammirando artificio, o un busto vivo  
 L' alma fugace al suo primier soggiorno?*

*O il cener muto, che di vita è privo,  
 Voce d' onor fia che risvegli, e cruda  
 Morte non abbia blande lodi a schivo?*

Ma

At Tu ne vitio Gens verte superba, quod illis  
 Mnemosyne in bustum nulla tropæa levet  
 Sub longis alis, crustati & fornice templi,  
 Laudis ubi resonis intonat aura modis.

An primas animam in sedes revocare fugacem  
 Artifices urnæ, saxave viva queant ?  
 An tacitos cineres Honor excitet ore, placentive  
 Blandities gelida Mortis in aure sonet ?

Fors cor neglectus premit angulus ille repostum,  
 Quod plenum ætheriis ignibus intus erat,  
 Fors dextram imperii data sceptrâ tenere valentem,  
 Aut vivas œstro sollicitare fides.

Aft

*Ma che ? di sotto a quella terra ignuda  
 Un cor già pien d' alme faville ardenti  
 Forse avvien che negletto ivi si chiuda ;*

*Forse una man, che le soggette genti  
 Regger saprebbe, o coll' amabil suono  
 Di grata sinfonia rapir le menti.*

*Sol Dottrina non feo cortese dono  
 A lor de' fuoi sublimi ampj volumi,  
 Che di spoglie del tempo alteri sono ;*

E

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'

*E fredda Povertate estinse i lumi  
 Natii dell' alma, e le tarpò quell' ali,  
 Onde ad alto volar vien che s' impiumi.*

*Pur molte ascosse agli occhi de' mortali  
 Nell' ime grotte il cupo mar rinferra  
 Lucide gemme, e perle orientali:*

*E vaghi fior nella deserta terra  
 Spuntan non osservati, e in van l' olente  
 Fiato per l' aria si disperde ed erra.*

*Giace*

Ast ampla his nunquam Doctrina volumina lapsi  
 Ditata exuviis temporis explicuit ;  
 Frigida Paupertas rabiem compressit, & acrem  
 Cursum Animæ inducto strinxit acuta gelu.

Sic tegitur late radianti luce serena  
 Oceani cæcis plurima gemma vadis,  
 Invisusque rubet flos plurimus, atque profuso  
 Desertas redolens implet odore plagas.

Rusticus Hampdenus \* fors hic, quem pectore vidit  
 Se contra intrepido stare Tyrannus agri,  
 Miltonusve † jacet mutus sine nomine, puras  
 Aut Cromuel ‡ gaudens cædis habere manus.  
 Patribus

*Giace ignoto così forse alla gente  
 Rustico Hampden, che del poder natio  
 Al Tirannello repugnò sovente :*

*E giace in seno dell' oscuro obbligo  
 Miltone agreste, e un Cromuél, che puro  
 Da sangue cittadin visse e morio.*

*Contraria forte a lor vietò securo  
 Petto mostrar tra le minacce e l' ire,  
 E sprezzar de' Tiranni il giogo duro :*

\* Patriæ Libertatis acerrimus vindex regnante Carolo I.

† Poeta insignis & auctor poematis Paradisi Amissi.

‡ Patriæ Tyrannus cædis amantissimus.

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

Their lot forbid : 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

*O cogli strali del facondo dire  
 Tra liete grida, e suon di man con elle  
 D' attonita Assemblea l' alme ferire ;*

*O i doni d' ubertà spargere in quelle  
 Contrade, e in queste, o al popol grato e amico  
 Scritte legger nel cor l' opre sue belle.*

*Ma se represse in lor destin nemico  
 Gl' innati germi di virtù, tolse anco,  
 L' esca, e 'l seme de' vizj al cor pudico.*

*O for-*

Patribus eloquio captis indicere plausus,  
 Nil pœne, exitii nil timuisse minas,  
 Spargere ridentem fœcundo munere terram,  
 Atque sua in populi cernere picta oculis

Sors acta hos vetuit: nec jam crescentia solum  
 Germina Virtutum, sed Vitia omne genus  
 Repressit simul, ad folium ne in sanguine narent,  
 Ne miserum objicerent pectora clausa malis,

Neve graves simulans tegeret Mens conscia motus,  
 Ingenuo extinctus vel Pudor ore foret,  
 Vel thura ad flammam Musarum accensa sonarent  
 Luxus & fastus accumulata focis.

Hi,

*O fortunati ! niun di loro unquanco  
 Per mezzo al sangue andò nuotando al foglio,  
 Nè a' mali altrui voltò sdegnoso il fianco :*

*Nè sordo si mostrò qual' alpe o scoglio  
 Di coscienza all' alte grida, o in loco  
 Di modesto pudor s' armò d' orgoglio :*

*Nè con molta arroganza e fenna poco  
 Di Lussuria, e del Fasto arse su l' ara  
 Incenso acceso delle Muse al foco.*

Lunge

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

*Lunge da van desir, da folle gara  
 Costor non traviar col volgo insano  
 Dal sentier, -cui Natura apre e rischiara.*

*Ma della vita nel solingo piano  
 Con innocente cor tranquilli e lieti  
 Tutti i spazi compier del corso umano.*

*O Passaggier, se fra quest' olmi e abeti  
 Ti guida il piè, con un sospiro almero  
 Onora gli ossi lor riposti e cheti.*

*Questo*

Hi, stulti abjecto procul a certamine Vulgi,  
 Haud unquam votis edidicere suis  
 Errare, egelidâ sed vitæ in valle reducti,  
 Et soli tacitâ semper iere viâ.

Ossibus hisce tamen monumenta caduca tuendis  
 Addita, & abnormi carmina sculpta manu  
 Suspirî unius, quicumque accefferit isthuc,  
 Munere donari prætereunte rogant ;

Nominaque, atque Anni, quos Musa inscripsit agrestis,  
 Pro Fama, & numeris sunt, Elegia, tuis ;  
 Et lecta e Sacris sententia plurima Chartis  
 Circumfusa, docet rustica corda mori.

Nam

*Questo che i copre Mausoleo terreno  
 Dalle ingiurie del cielo, e i rozzi versi  
 Deh guarda, e leggi, s' hai pietate in seno.*

*Inudi nomi, e gli anni lor diversi  
 Scrisse rustica Musa, e sono in vice  
 Di Fama, e di dolenti elegghi tersi :*

*E il pensier della morte ai vivi indice  
 Sentenza tolta dalle sacre carte,  
 Che appesa qua e là veder ti lice.*

*Perchè*

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 inquire thy fate,

Haply

*Perchè chi mai senza turbarfi in parte,  
 Certa preda d' Obbligo, da questa oh quanto!  
 Cara anche in mezzo a' guai vita si parte?*

*E chi mai tra' mortali oggi può tanto,  
 Che lasci i vivi rai del Sol fiammante  
 Senza un sospir, senza un segnal di pianto?*

*Su qualche amato cor l' alma spirante  
 Desia posarsi, e di pietose stille  
 Chiede tributo ad un amico astante.*

Non

Nam muti oblivî quis præda futurus, ab illo  
 Optato cessit, quo viget, estque, bono,  
 Et læti liquit tepefactas luminis oras,  
 Nec retro ardentes flexit amans oculos?

Dulce super pectus jam jam exhalanda quiescit  
 Vis animæ, atque pias lumina lacrymulas  
 Claudenda exposcunt: Naturæ clamat ab ipso  
 Vox tumulto, et vivax flamma tenet cineres.

At de Te, Vates\*, qui nunc ingloria vitâ  
 Functorum memori carmine facta colis,  
 Huc aliquis solo meditandi ductus amore,  
 Et tibi persimilis si tua fata roget,

Fers

*Non son le fredde ceneri tranquille;  
 Parla Natura dalla tomba, e drento  
 Ardon de' primi affetti le faville.*

*Ma di Te che farà? che il nome spento  
 D' obbliati mortali, e oscure gesta  
 Ravvivi al suon d' Aganippeo concento.*

*Se qualche Spirto al tuo conforme in questa  
 Solinga spiaggia a meditar venulo  
 Del tuo destino a domandar s' arresta,*

\* Loquitur Auctor de seipso sub persona Pastoris.

Forse

- 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 littleless length at noontide 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 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

*Forse risponderà Pastor canuto :*

*Spesso il vedemmo i rugiadosi fiori*

*Premere con presto piè, pensoso e muto*

*Allo spuntar de' mattutini albori,*

*E farse incontro per aprica riva*

*A' nascenti del Sol primi splendori.*

*E' sdrajarfi solea fiso in la viva*

*Sonante acqua d' un rio, mentre che al raggio*

*Dell' ardente meriggio il sol bolliva,*

*Là sotto l' ombra di crollante faggio,*

*Che con barbe attortissime serpeggia,*

*E' tal volta sen già presso il selvaggio*

*Bosco,*

- Fors illi canus tum pastor dicet : “ in ipso  
 “ Vidimus hunc albi limine sæpe diè  
 “ Verrentem celeri pede rores, Solis ut orti  
 “ Obvius exciperet, qua patet ora, jubar.  
 “ Illo nutantis fagi sub tegmine, cujus  
 “ Radicum ingenium tortile ludit humi,  
 “ Projectus medio, lentusque jacebat in æstu,  
 “ Spectabatque caput lene fluentis aquæ.  
 “ Juxta illum errabat lucum spernente renidens  
 “ Nunc ore, & tenui murmure vana crepans,  
 “ Nunc languens, mæstusque, & pallidus, ut miser,  
 “ amens,  
 “ Et qui transverso pressus amore jacet.  
 “ Una dies venit ; solito nec colle, nec ipsum  
 “ Vidi ego dilectos arboris ante pedes :  
 “ Altera successit ; nec fontis lympa, nec ipsum  
 “ Amplius illa placens ora, nemusve dedit :  
 “ Proxima

*Bosco, ora in atto d' uom che altrui dileggia  
 Borbottando fra se parole vane ;  
 Ed or com' uom che per amor folleggia,  
 Per doglia, o colpi di sventure umane,  
 Dipinto di pallor languido e mesto  
 S' aggirava confuso in guise strane.*

*Sorse un mattin ; nè 'l vidi più per questo  
 Erbosò pian, nè sopra 'l poggio, o sotto  
 L' alber, dove sedea tacito e desto.*

*Febo l' altro mattino avea condotto,  
 Ne più sul rio, nè più sul balzo il vidi,  
 Nè al bosco, ov' era il suo dolce ridotto.*

*Nel*

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

T H E 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.”

*Nel terzo giorno alfin con mesti gridi  
 Già morto al Tempio ecco il vediam portarsi,  
 E la turba il seguia de’ suoi più fidi.  
 T’ appressa, e leggi (che ciò ben può farsi,  
 O Viator, da te) leggi la posta.  
 Scritta sul fasso, che tra’ rami sparsi  
 Di folto antico spino è quasi ascosta :*

E P I T A F F I O.

- “ QUI giace in seno alla gran madre antica  
 “ Garzon d’ oscuro sangue, a Fama ignoto :  
 “ E se Fortuna lo guardò nemica,  
 “ Il tesor di Dottrina a lui fu noto.

*Ebbe*

- “ Proxima cùm luxit, meritæ mæsto ordine pompæ  
 “ Elatum sacrâ vidimus ire viâ.  
 “ Accede & legito (legere est tibi copia) carmen,  
 “ Sub spino veteri quod rude marmor habet :

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

- “ Hic Forti ignotus Juvenis, Famæque, reclinem  
 “ Cervicem Terræ detinet in gremio :  
 “ Non humili Doctrina loco pulcherrima natum  
 “ Sprevit, Tristities composuitque suum.  
 “ Larga olli Bonitas sincero in pectore ; at inde  
 “ Æque ille a Cælo præmia larga tulit :  
 “ Ærumnæ (hoc habuit) lácrymam dedit ille ; So-  
 “ dalem  
 “ Illi (hoc optaret) Numen habere dedit.  
 “ Ne merita ulterius quæras cognoscere, parva  
 “ Neu vitia horrenda e Sede vocare velis.  
 “ In spe cuncta illic pariter trepidante quiescunt,  
 “ Illius inque sinu stant Patris atque Dei.”

- “ *Ebbe Malinconia compagna e amica,*  
 “ *E cuor sincero, e d' ogni frode vota ;*  
 “ *Larga' avea carità, ma largo a lui*  
 “ *Anche il Ciel si mostrò de' doni sui*  
 “ *Alla miseria ei diè stilla di pianto,*  
 “ *Ch' altro non ebbe ; e a' suoi desir conforme*  
 “ *Fido amico trovò. Tu lascia intanta*  
 “ *Del cieco abisso nella gola enorme*  
 “ *I meriti, e i falli suoi. Nel grembo santo,*  
 “ *Al suo Padre, al suo Dio, che i passi e l' orme*”  
 “ *Nostre investiga, tra timore e speme*  
 “ *Le buone opre e le ree posano insieme.*

# I N D E X.

	Page.
<b>O</b> DE on the SPRING, — — —	11
— on the Death of a FAVOURITE CAT, —	19
— on a distant Prospect of ETON COLLEGE, —	25
A LONG STORY, — — —	35
HYMN to ADVERSITY, — — —	51
The PROGRESS of POESY, — — —	57
The BARD, — — —	71
The FATAL SISTERS, — — —	93
The DESCENT of ODIN, — — —	101
The TRIUMPHS of OWEN, — — —	111
CARMEN ELEGIACUM, — — —	117
ELEGIA, &c. — — —	130
ELEGY written in a Country Church-yard, —	131
ELEGIA, scritta in Cœmeteria di Campagna, —	153
ODE performed in Cambridge at the Installation of the DUKE of GRAFTON, — —	167
— on the Pleasure arising from VICISSITUDE —	179
— on the Death of HŒL, — —	184
SONNET on the Death of Mr. R. WEST, —	186
EPITAPH on Mrs. CLARKE, — —	187
— on Sir WILLIAM WILLIAMS, —	188
ELEGIA INGLESE, trasportata in Versi Latini, —	189