

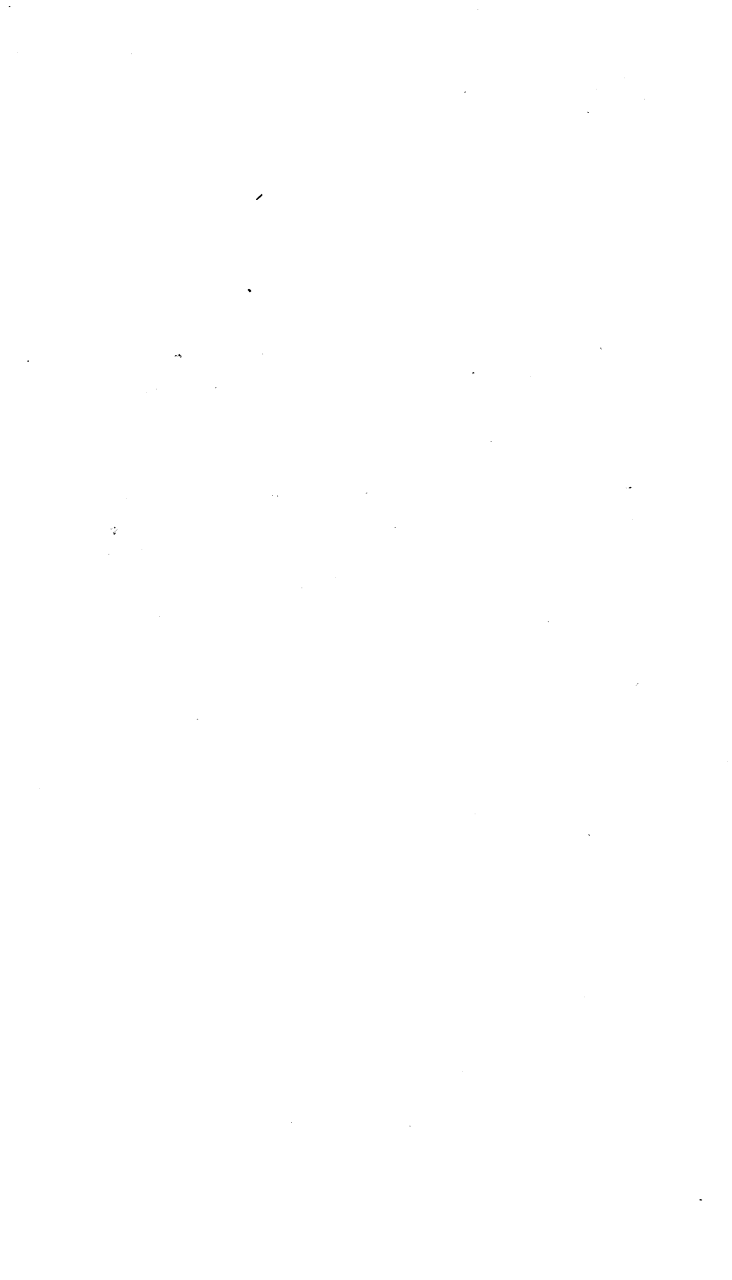


*Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead!*

Published as the Act directs 15 Aug^t 1776

MR. GRAY'S

POEMS.



P O E M S

B Y

MR. G R A Y.

A NEW EDITION.



A. Mulker del.

J. Taylor sculp.

L O N D O N :

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
JANUARY 1950

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
FROM THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the appropriate
committees for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours very truly,
J. H. DILLON

Dean of the Faculty

Enclosed for the President are two copies of the letter of the 10th inst.

and two copies of the letter of the 11th inst.

Very truly,
J. H. DILLON

T H E
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A
SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
MR GRAY.

MR THOMAS GRAY, the subject of this memoir, was born in Cornhill, the twenty-sixth day of December 1716. His grandfather had been a considerable

fiderable merchant; but his father, Mr Philip Gray, exercised the trade of a money-scrivener; and, being of an indolent disposition, he did not add to his paternal fortune. He neglected not, however, the education of his son; whom he sent to Eton school; where he contracted an intimacy with Mr Horace Walpole, who is at present so distinguished in the republic of letters, and with Mr Richard West, a young gentleman of uncommon ability, whose father was Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

From Eton Mr Gray, in the year 1734, removed to Cambridge, and was admitted a pensioner of St Peter's college. Mr West went to study in Christ-Church college at Oxford; and these
ingenious

ingenious friends now commenced an epistolary correspondence, which, though not unworthy of their years, and of the hopes conceived of them, they little imagined was, one day, to be laid before the public.

They were not long in their respective universities, when they turned their attention to the study of the law. For, with that view, they found themselves in London in the year 1738. Mr West took chambers in the Inner Temple. But Mr Gray being invited by Mr Walpole to accompany him in his travels, delayed, for a time, his application to a science, which, surely, did not suit either his temper or his genius.

The improvement he received from visiting France and Italy was doubtless very great. But the pleasure arising from his travels, was painfully interrupted by the disagreement which arose between him and Mr Walpole. Their dispositions were different. The pensive and philosophical turn of the former, did not well agree with the gaiety and liveliness of the latter. They had set out in the end of the year 1739, and they parted at Reggio in the 1741. Many years, however, did not pass till a reconciliation was produced between them, by the intervention and offices of a lady, who had a friendship for both.

On Mr Gray's return to London*,

* September 1741.

he found his father altogether waisted with the severe attacks of the gout, to which he had long been subject. Two months after, he lost him, and succeeded to a scanty patrimony. The intention he had formed, of studying the law as a profession, began now to be shaken. But his friends urging him to maintain his original purpose, and the delicacy of his nature inducing him not to give them uneasiness, by too sudden a declaration of the state of his mind, he went to Cambridge, and took his Bachelor's degree in the Civil Law. The time he had passed in his travels, the intense labour required by the study of the Common Law, and, above all, the narrowness of his fortune, estranged him from a design, which perhaps
he

he had never entertained with affection or ardour; and the anxiety excited by this undecisiveness as to the scheme of life he should follow, was now embittered by the sickness of Mr West, who had some time languished in a consumption, and who, in June 1742, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, fell an unsuspecting victim to this distemper.

A short time before this cruel event, Mr Gray had gone to visit his mother, in her retirement at Stoke, near Windsor, where he wrote his beautiful Ode on the Spring. And it is not impossible, but a presage of what was to happen, occasioned the interesting melancholy which reigns in it. His re-
grets

grets it is easier to conceive than to describe; and they seem immediately to have given birth to a very tender sonnet in English, in the manner of Petrarque, and to a noble apostrophe in Latin, which he intended as the introduction to one of his books, *De principiis cogitandi* *. It is also worthy of observation, that within three months after Mr West's death, he appears to have composed the Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College, and the Hymn to Adversity. Nor is it to be doubted, that his sorrow for his beloved friend gave a tone to these delightful poems; and the reader of sensibility, who peruses them under this impression, will find an additional charm in them.

* See his memoirs by Mr Mason.

The genius of Mr Gray, which was averse from the mechanism and toil of business, joined to his passion for study and literature, inclined him to live at Cambridge, where he had free access to many valuable libraries. From the winter of the year 1742, to the end of his life, it was the seat of his residence; and he was seldom absent from it, except on occasional visits to his mother, and during that period *, when, on the opening of the British Museum, he took lodgings in Southampton Row, for the purpose of examining, and extracting from, the Harleian and other manuscripts.

It was not till the year 1750, that

* Between the years 1759 and 1762.

he put the last hand to his much celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard. Mr Walpole, who was infinitely delighted with it, communicated it in manuscript to many persons of distinction, who failed not to feel for and to bestow on the author the admiration and applause he so justly merited. In this polite and fashionable circle was Lady Cobham, who wishing much to be acquainted with Mr Gray, procured this pleasure, by the means of her relation Miss Speed, and of Lady Schaub. The history of this incident, the circumstances of which were somewhat peculiar, he has thrown into a ballad, intitled, *A True Story*. Of this piece the humour does not appear very striking; and, though it has found admirers, the author him-

self refused it a place in his own edition of his poems.

The year 1753 was memorable to Mr Gray, by the loss of his mother, whom he loved with an exemplary affection. In the 1756, some young men, who lived in the same staircase, and who fancied that birth and fortune gave them a title to be impertinent, disturbing him frequently and intentionally with their insults and riots, he found it necessary to remove from Peter-house, and went to Pembroke-hall. In the 1768, by the unsolicited influence of the Duke of Grafton, he was nominated King's Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, a place of 400 l. a-year.

It

It appears, that in the early part of his life, he had entertained the desire of publishing an edition of Strabo; and, among his papers, there were many geographical disquisitions, which had been made with that intention. He also left many explanatory and critical observations on the writings of Plato; and he had bestowed uncommon labour on the *Anthologia*. A project worthy of him, and more interesting than any of these, was, A history of English Poetry, on which he had long meditated, but thought proper to abandon, when he was informed that Mr Warton, of Trinity College, Oxford, was engaged in a similar pursuit.

Among the branches of knowledge

in which he excelled, it would be improper not to mention Architecture; and his skill in Heraldry was exact and extensive. But what was most peculiarly to his taste, and engaged his attention the most constantly, was Natural History. He left many notes on Linnæus, and on Hudson's *Flora Anglica*; and while employed on Zoology, he studied Aristotle on that subject, and explained many of the obscure passages of that distinguished Antient. Music he knew most exquisitely; and, while abroad, he had acquired a skill in Painting. In a word, if Mathematics are excepted, there was not a part of human learning which he had not cultivated with success.

A propensity to melancholy, the constant attendant of genius, was observable in Mr Gray, from his earliest years; and a hereditary gout served to encourage it. About the end of May 1771, he made a visit to London; but being oppressed with feverishness, and dejection of mind, he was advised to leave his lodgings in Jermyn street for Kensington; where a freer air so far operated to his recovery, as to enable him to return to Cambridge. On the 24th of July, however, a sudden sickness, while at dinner, made him retire to his chamber, from the College hall. His malady, which was found to be the gout in his stomach, continued to increase, and baffled all the art of medicine. On the 29th a strong
convulsion-

convulsion-fit seized him; it returned with additional violence on the 30th; and the evening after, this ingenious poet, and cultivated scholar, ceased to adorn England and human nature.

O D E

O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.

O D E
O N T H E
S P R I N G.

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

C

The.

22 ODE ON THE SPRING.

The untaught harmony of spring :
 While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade ;
 Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade * ;
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think,
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state),
 How vain the ardour of the croud,
 How low, how indigent the proud,
 How little are the great !

* ————— a bank

O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

Shakesp. Midf. Night's Dream.

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose ;
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon * :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim,
 Quick-glancing to the sun †.

* Nare per æstatem liquidam —

Virgil. Georg. lib. 4.

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

Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.

24 ODE ON THE SPRING.

To Contemplation's sober eye *
 Such is the race of man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the 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 !

* While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. GREEN, *in the Grotto.*

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

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy fun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

O D E

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

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

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

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

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd :
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws ;

D

Her

30 ODE ON THE DEATH

Her coat, that with the tortoise vies ;

Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes ;

She saw, and purr'd applause,

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

Two angel forms were seen to glide,

The Genii of the stream :

Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,

Thro' richest purple to the view

Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :

A whisker first, and then a claw,

With many an ardent wish,

She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.

What female heart can gold despise ?

What cat's averse to fish ?

Prefumptuous

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 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 glifters, gold.

O D E

O D E

O N A

DISTANT PROSPECT

O F

ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

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

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY'S * holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below

* King HENRY the Sixth, founder of the College.

Of

36 ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

Of grove, of lawn, of mead furvey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among;
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

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

* 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 arms, 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 bus'ness bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry ;

38 ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast.
 Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
 Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
 And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day.

Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous 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 inly gnaws the secret heart ;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

40 ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

Ambition this shall tempt to rise ;
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood 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, in the vale of Years beneath,
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen !

* And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring finew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the foul with icy hand,
And flow-consuming Age.

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

O D E

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

—— Ζῆνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ἰδῶ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μάδ' ἄν
Θέεντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in *Agamemnone*.

O D E

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

DAughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

F

When

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly 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 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 general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,
 (As by the impious thou art seen),
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

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

T H E

THE
PROGRESS OF POESY.

A
PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνέλοισιν' ἔς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων
Χαλίζει. —

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

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

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

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

I. I.

A Wake, Æolian lyre, awake *,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings,
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

The

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

David's Psalms.

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

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; as well in its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry
and

52 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

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

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.

and barren) with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers ; as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

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

On

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
 * Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

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,

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

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

54 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

With antic Sports, and blue-eye'd Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ;
 To brisk notes, in cadence beating,
 * Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
 Where-e'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 † The bloom of young Desire, and purple light
 of Love.

* Μαρμαρυγὰς θνέϊτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῶ.

HOMER, Od. 9.

† Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι

Παρειήσι ᾧς ἔρωτος.

PHRYNICHUS, *apud Athenæum.*

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await;
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky;
 † Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts
 of war.

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

† Or seen the Morning's well-appointed star
 Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

Cowley.

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 chear the shiv'ring native's dull abode,
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves,
 Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
 flame,

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

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

“Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.”

Petrarch, Canzon 2.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In ling'ring lab'rins creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :

* 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 Surry and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Till

58 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled
coast.

III. I.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling * laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;

* Shakespeare.

Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he *, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
† He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
‡ The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
|| Clos'd his eyes in endless night.

* Milton.

† “ — flammantia mœnia mundi.” *Lucretius.*

‡ For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. —
And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the
likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone.
— This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

Ezekiel. 20. 26. 28.

|| Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε διδου δ' ἠδ᾽ ἄαν λαιδῆν. *HOM. OD.*

60 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear

* Two courfers of ethereal race,

† With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-re-
founding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!

Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,

Scatters from her pictur'd urn

‡ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

|| But ah! 'tis heard no more —

Oh!

* Meant to express the stately march and founding energy
of Dryden's rhymes.

† Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? *Job.*

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

|| We have had in our language no other odes of the sub-
lime kind, than that of Dryden on St Cecilia's day: for Cow-
ley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgement, style, and
harmony,

Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 * That the Theban Eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far — but far above the
 Great.

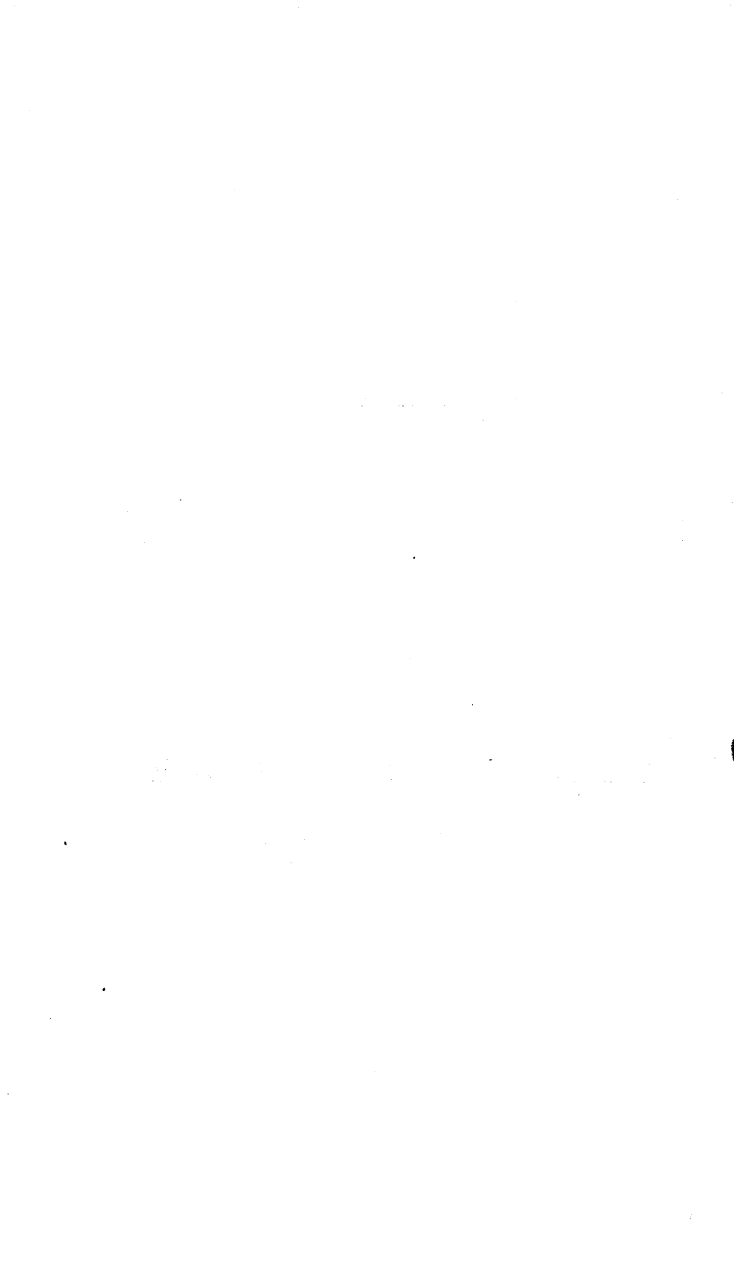
harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr Maſon indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his chorufes, — above all in the laſt of Caractacus:

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

* Διὸς πρὸς ἐπιχαιρέειον. 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.

H

T H E



T H E

B A R D.

A

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

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

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

T H E

B A R D.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. I.

‘**R**uin feize thee, ruthless King!
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait;
‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
‘ * They mock the air with idle state!

* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakespeare’s King John.

I

‘ Helm,

‘ Helm, nor * Hauberk’s twisted mail,
 ‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 ‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears !’
 Such were the sounds that o’er the † crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
 As down the steep of ‡ Snowdon’s shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.

* 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 Welsh 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 there by King Edward the First, says, “ Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis “ Erery ;” and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283), “ Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi “ castrum forte.”

Stout Glo'fter * stood aghast in speechless trance !
 To arms ! cried Mortimer †, and couch'd his
 quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

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

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

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

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

‡ 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

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep furrows 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



Published 1st August 1776.

Page Sculpt.

*And with a Master's Hand, and Prophet's Fire,
Struck the deep Sorrows of his Lyre!*

Pa. 68.

‘ * 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—

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

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by 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, Westmorland, &c. can testify : it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby’s Ornithol. published by Ray.]

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

Shakesp. Jul. Cæsar.

- ‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
‘ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
‘ I see them sit : they linger yet,
‘ Avengers of their native land :
‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
‘ And weave * with bloody hands the tissue of
‘ thy line.’

II. 1.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
“ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
“ Give ample room, and verge enough
“ The characters of hell to trace.
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright

* See the Norwegian ode that follows.

“ The

- “ 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’erthy 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.

* Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-castle.

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

‡ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

II. 2.

- “Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 “Low on his fun’ral couch he lies *!
 “No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 “A tear to grace his obsequies.
 “Is the fable warrior † fled?
 “Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 “The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
 “Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 “Fair laughs the Morn ‡, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 “While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
 “In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 “Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

* Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his misfires.

† Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

‡ Magnificence of Richard the Second’s reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

“Regardless

“ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind’s fway,
“ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his ev’ning-
prey.

II. 3.

“ Fill * high the sparkling bowl,
“ The rich repast prepare,
“ Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
“ Close by the regal chair
“ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
“ A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
“ 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.

* 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 civil wars of York and Lancaster.

“ Ye tow’rs of Julius *, London’s lasting shame,
 “ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 “ Revere his consort’s † faith, his father’s ‡ fame,
 “ And spare the meek usurper’s holy || head.
 “ 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.

* 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

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

III. I.

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

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

“ But

- ‘ 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.

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

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

- ‘ In the midst a form divine !
- ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
- ‘ Her 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.

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, ‘ And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princely checkes.’

† Talieffin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
 ‘ * Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
 ‘ In † buskin’d measures move
 ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 ‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 ‘ A ‡ voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 ‘ || And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 ‘ That lost in long futurity expire.

* Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Spenser's Proem to the Fairy Queen.

† Shakespeare.

‡ Milton.

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

‘ Fond

‘ Fond impious man, thinkst 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 sceptred Care ;

‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain’s
height,

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

O D E

F O R

M U S I C.

O D E *

F O R

M U S I C.

I R R E G U L A R.

I.

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

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

“ Mad

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

II.

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

Yet

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

III.

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

L

“ In

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

IV.

But hark ! the portals found, and pacing forth,
 With solemn steps and flow,
 High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
 And mitred Fathers in long order go :
 Great Edward *, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad Chatillon †, on her bridal morn

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

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

That

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 faint, and the majestic lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome :
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb):

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

† Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Fifth, foundress of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in the former Ode: V. Epode 2. l. 12.

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

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

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.

V.

- “ 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 flower,
“ The bee's collected treasures sweet,
“ Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
“ The still small voice of Gratitude.”

VI.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
The venerable Margaret * see !

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

“ To this, thy kindred train, and me :

“ Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace

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

“ Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,

“ The flower unheeded shall descry,

“ And bid it round Heaven's altars shed

“ The fragrance of its blushing head :

“ Shall raise from earth the latent gem,

“ To glitter on the diadem.

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

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

VII.

VII.

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

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

VIII.

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

THE

T H E
F A T A L S I S T E R S.

A N O D E,

(From the NORSE TONGUE),

To be found in the ORCADES of THORMO-
DUS TORFÆUS; HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio;
and also in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

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

The author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving *A History of English Poetry*: In the introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors: the following three imitations made a part of them. He afterward 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.

IN the eleventh century *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sigtryg with the 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 *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat : but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle), a native of *Caithness* in Scotland saw, at a 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 fix to the north, and as many to the south.

THE

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

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

* Iron fleet of arrowy shower

† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Note—The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *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 — *Milt. Par. Regained.*

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air. *Shakesf. Jul. Cæsar.*

Glitt'ring

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a foldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and *Randver's* bane.

See the grisly texture grow !
('Tis of human entrails made),
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

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

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and *Hilda*, see !
Join the wayward work to aid :
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere

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

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

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' 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,

100 THE FATAL SISTERS.

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

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

Long his lofs fhall Eirin * weep,
Ne'er again his likenefs fee ;
Long her ftrains in forrow fteep,
Strains of immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the fun.
Sifters, weave the web of death.
Sifters, ceafe : The work is done.

* Ireland.

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

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring faulchion wield;
Each bestride her fable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

N THE

T H E
DESCENT OF ODIN.

A N O D E,

(From the NORSE TONGUE),

To be found in BARTHOLINUS, de causis con-
temnendæ mortis ; HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UÐREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

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

A N O D E.

U Prose the King of men with speed,
And faddled strait his coal-black steed :
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to HELA's * drear abode.

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

Him

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

Right againft the eaftern gate,
 By the mofs-grown pile he fat,
 Where long of yore to fleep was laid
 The duft of the prophetic Maid.

Facing

Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme ;
Thrice pronoun'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead ;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

P R O P H E T E S S .

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb ?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night ?
Long 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 ?

ODIN.

108 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

ODIN.

A Traveller to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

PROPHETESS.

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

O D I N.

Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers *Odin's* child await,
Who the author of his fate.

P R O P H E T E S S.

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

O D I N.

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

O

P R O-

110 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By *Odin's* fierce embrace comprest,
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 funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey ;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,

That

That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

P R O P H E T E S S .

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

O D I N .

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

P R O P H E T E S S .

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come

112 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till *Lok* * has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches ; when he shall break his 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 “ Introduction à l’ Histoire de Dannemare par Monf. Mallet,” 1755, Quarto ; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and intitled, “ Northern Antiquities ;” in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

T H E

T H E
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A F R A G M E N T.

F R O M

Mr EVANS's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry.

LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

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

O W E N succeeded his father G R I F F I N in the principality of N O R T H W A L E S, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

T H E
T R I U M P H S O F O W E N .

A F R A G M E N T .

OWEN's praise demands my song,
OWEN swift, and OWEN strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's * shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours ;

* North Wales.

116 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

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,
Lochlan * plows the watry 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 ſtands ;

* Denmark.

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

In

In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the prefs, and there the din ;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood
Backward Meinai rolls his flood ;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
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 ;

118 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

Agony, that pants for breath ;
Despair, and honourable Death.

* * * * *

ODE

O D E

O N

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the WELCH.

P 2

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

O D E

O N

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the WELCH *.

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

* Of Aneurim, styled *the Monarch of the bards*. He flourished about the time of Talieffin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Gododin.

Too,

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

To Catraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred warriors go ;
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope, they burn :
But none from Catraeth's vale return,

Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting thro' the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

SON-



S O N N E T

ON THE DEATH OF

MR RICHARD WEST.



S O N N E T

ON THE DEATH OF

MR RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their am'rous descant join,
Or chearful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A diff'rent object do these eyes require.
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.

Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
To warm their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

E P I T A P H S.

E P I T A P H I.

O N

M R S C L A R K E *,

LO! where this filent 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.

* This Lady, the wife of Dr Clarke Physician at Ep-
som, died April 27. 1757; and is buried in the church of
Beckenham, Kent.

I

In

In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe :
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days ?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear ;
A sigh, an unavailing tear ;
'Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With Life, with Mem'ry, and with Love.

EPI-

E P I T A P H II.

O N

SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS*.

HEre, foremost in the dangerous paths of
Fame,

Young WILLIAMS fought for ENGLAND's fair
renown ;

His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,

Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

* This epitaph was written at the request of Mr Frederic 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.

R

At

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

ELEGY

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls* the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

* — squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante. Purgat. l. 3.

Now

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 tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

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

The 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

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 139

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

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

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

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn ile and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

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

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

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

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

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

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

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

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

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

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

Their

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
Mufe,

The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

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

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

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

Petrarch, Son. 169.

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 some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,

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

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

- ‘ One morn I mis’d him on the custom’d hill,
 ‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree ;
 ‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;
 ‘ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 ‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him
 borne.
 ‘ Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 ‘ Grav’d on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn *.’

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

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

THE

THE EPITAPH.

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.

* — Paventosa speme.

Petrarch. Son. 114.