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THE  
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WREATH.

A  
*SELECTION*

OF  
ELEGANT POEMS

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.



NEW-YORK :

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## NOTICE.



No apology need be offered to the Public, for presenting a collection of Poems so deservedly admired as are those which form the Wreath." To every person of good taste, who is a lover of poetry, this volume will, it is presumed, be acceptable. A reference to the page of Contents will shew that every poem in the collection possesses value for the elegance of versification; and is unexceptionable in regard to purity of sentiment. To render the volume more desirable, a neat type and good paper have been made use of by the publishers.





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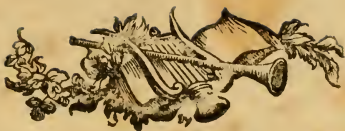
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THE  
WREATH,



THE  
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain;  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;  
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!  
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church, that topp'd the neighb'ring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and youthful converse made !  
How often have I bless'd the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play ;  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey'd ;  
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,  
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;  
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed ;  
These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village ! loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green :  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way ;  
Along thy glades, the solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
Amidst thy desert walks, the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall ;  
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.  
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man ;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store ;  
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :  
His best companions, innocence and health ;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd : trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.  
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose ;  
And ev'ry want to luxury allied,  
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,  
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green—  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds ;  
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain  
 In all my wand'ring round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—  
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:  
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:  
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreat from care, that never must be mine!  
 How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,  
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,  
 His heav'n commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;  
There as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;  
The swain, responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school,  
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,  
And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind ;  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled :  
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;  
She, wretched matron ! forc'd in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wint'ry fagot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was, to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year :

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his placè.  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;  
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;  
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.  
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their wo ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side :  
But, in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all :  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt her new fledg'd offspring to the skies ;  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,



The rev'rend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway ;  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;  
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd ;  
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd,  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n ;  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n :  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew.  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.

Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;  
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage ;  
And e'en the story ran that he could gage.  
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,  
For e'en tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame : the very spot  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,  
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,  
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;  
'The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
'The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;  
'The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day ;  
'The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,  
'The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
'The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay ;  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all  
Retrieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall !  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;  
Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;  
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;  
The host himself no longer shall be found  
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple pleasures of the lowly train :  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd ;  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?  
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand,  
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
And shouting folly hails them from her shore ;  
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around ;  
Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name  
That leaves our useful product still the same.  
Not so the loss : the man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth ;  
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies :  
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,  
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.  
As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms the reign,  
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;  
But when those charms are past, (for charms are frail)  
When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress :  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,  
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;  
But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;

While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,  
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;  
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms—a garden and a grave !

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?  
If, to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?  
To see profusion that he must not share ;  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd  
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;  
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,  
Extorted from his fellow creature's wo.  
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;  
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !  
Sure these denote one universal joy !  
Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah, turn thine eyes  
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.  
She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distress :

Her modest locks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:  
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;  
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,  
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.  
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,  
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah no! to distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their wo.  
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,  
The various terrors of that horrid shore;  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling:  
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd;  
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey;  
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they:  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.



Alas! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,  
'That call'd them from their native walks away ;  
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,  
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main ;  
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,  
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep !  
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' wo :  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.  
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his hapless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
And bless'd the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose ;  
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
And clasp'd them close in sorrow doubly dear ;  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,  
In all the silent manliness of grief.  
O luxury ! thou curst by Heav'n's decree,  
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee ?  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !  
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.  
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo ;

Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,  
And half the bus'ness of destruction done ;  
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;  
And piety with wishes plac'd above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.  
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly when sensual joys invade ;  
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride !  
Thou source of bliss as well as source of wo,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;  
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well !  
Farewell ! and oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torrio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;



Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;  
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

GOLDSMITH.



THE  
TRAVELLER;  
*OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.*



Inscrib'd to the Author's Brother.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;  
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor  
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;  
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
A weary waste, expanding to the skies;  
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.  
Perpetual blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!

Bless'd be that spot where cheerful guests retire,  
 To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire :  
 Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,  
 And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair :  
 Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,  
 Where all the ruddy family around  
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;  
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
 And learn the luxury of doing good !

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,  
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care ;  
 Impell'd with steps unceasing, to pursue  
 Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view ;  
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
 Allures from far, yet as I follow flies ;  
 Me fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;  
 And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,  
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;  
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,  
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,  
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?  
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?  
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,  
 These little things are great to little man ;

And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind  
Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;  
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;  
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;  
Ye bending swains that dress the flow'ry vale;  
For me your tributary stores combine;  
Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;  
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;  
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;  
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consign'd;  
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.  
But where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct when all pretend to know?  
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease:  
The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam ;  
His first, best country, ever is at home.  
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
And estimate the blessings which they share,  
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;  
As diff'rent good, by art or nature giv'n,  
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings ev'n.  
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call.  
With food as well the peasant is supplied  
On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's shelvy side ;  
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,  
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.  
From art more various are the blessings sent,  
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content ;  
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,  
That either seems destructive of the rest.  
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails ;  
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.  
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,  
Conforms and models life to that alone.  
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,  
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;  
Till carried to excess in each domain,  
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.  
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,  
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :  
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,  
Here let me sit, in sorrow for mankind ;

Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,  
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,  
Bright as the summer Italy extends ;  
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;  
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between  
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.  
Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest.  
Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found,  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die :  
These here disporting, own the kindred soil,  
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;  
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,  
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows ;  
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.  
In florid beauty groves and fields appear ;  
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.  
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,  
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain :  
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;  
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.  
All evils here contaminate the mind,  
That opulence departed leaves behind ;

For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,  
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:  
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,  
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;  
The canvass glow'd beyond e'en nature warm;  
The pregnant quarry teen'd with human form;  
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;  
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,  
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:  
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,  
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.  
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied  
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride:  
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind  
An easy compensation seem to find.  
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,  
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade;  
Processions form'd for piety and love,  
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.  
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;  
The sports of children satisfy the child.  
Each nobler aim repress'd by long control,  
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;  
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,  
In happier meanness occupy the mind;  
As in those domes where Cesars once bore sway,  
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,  
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;



And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,  
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.  
My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey  
Where roughest climes a nobler race display ;  
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,  
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;  
No product here the barren hills afford,  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.  
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.  
Yet still e'en here content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,  
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;  
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep ;  
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,  
And drags the struggling savage into day.  
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,  
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;  
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:  
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;  
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms:  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;  
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;  
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.  
Yet let them only share the praises due;  
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:  
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast  
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.  
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,  
That first excites desire, and then supplies;  
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;  
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,  
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.  
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,  
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;



Unfit for raptures ; or, if raptures cheer  
On some high festival of once a year,  
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.  
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;  
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low :  
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,  
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ;  
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart  
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.  
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast  
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest ;  
But all the gentler morals, such as play  
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way ;  
These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,  
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.  
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.  
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please ;  
How often have I led thy sportive choir,  
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire !  
Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew ;  
And haply, tho' my harsh touch falt'ring still,  
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,  
Yet would the viliage praise my wondrous pow'r,  
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour !  
Alike all ages : dames of ancient days  
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze ;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,  
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So gay a life these thoughtless realms display ;  
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.  
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear ;  
For honour forms the social temper here.  
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,  
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,  
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,  
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land.  
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,  
And all are taught an avarice of praise :  
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem ;  
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,  
It gives their follies also room to rise ;  
For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;  
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,  
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;  
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
And trims her robes of frieze with copper-lace ;  
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a year :  
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,  
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies.  
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land ;  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampart's artificial pride.

Onward methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;  
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore ;  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil  
Impels the native to repeated toil,  
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain.  
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts  
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts :  
But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear ;  
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies ;  
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys :  
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves ;  
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

O! how unlike their Belgic sires of old ;  
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold :  
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;  
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !  
Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,  
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;  
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.  
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray ;  
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd ;  
Extremes are only in the master's mind !  
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,  
With daring aims irregularly great :  
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of human-kind pass by ;  
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band ;  
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand ;  
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,  
True to imagin'd right, above control :  
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as man.  
Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,  
Thine are those charms, that dazzle and endear :  
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,  
But foster'd e'en by freedom ills annoy.  
That independence Britons prize too high,  
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;  
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone ;  
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.

Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;  
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,  
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore ;  
Till, over-wrought, the gen'ral system feels  
Its motion stop, or phrensy fires the wheels.  
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,  
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,  
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.  
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;  
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,  
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,  
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,  
One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not thus, when freedom's ills I state,  
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.  
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
Far from my bosom drive the low desire !  
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel  
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;  
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone  
By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun,  
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure ;  
I only would repress them, to secure :  
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,  
at those who think must govern those who toil ;

And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,  
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each :  
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,  
Its double weight must ruin all below.  
O then, how blind to all that truth requires,  
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !  
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
Except when fast-approaching danger warms :  
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,  
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own ;  
When I behold a factious band agree  
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;  
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,  
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;  
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,  
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home ;  
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,  
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;  
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
I fly from petty tyrants, to the throne.  
Ah, brother ! how disastrous was that hour,  
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r ;  
And thus, polluting honour in its source,  
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force !  
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ;  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ;  
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train ;

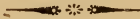


And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
In barren, solitary pomp repose ;  
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train ;  
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?  
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays  
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways ;  
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his wo,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centres in the mind !  
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows ?  
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !  
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find :

With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,  
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy ;  
 The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,  
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,  
 To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,  
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

GOLDSMITH.



THE  
 PROGRESS OF POESY.

*A PINDARIC ODE.*

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

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares  
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.



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 wind :  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

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

Man's feeble race what ills await !  
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
    And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?  
 Night and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky:  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

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 shivering 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 Chief, and dusky Loves.  
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

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 lingering lab'rincths 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 :  
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 sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

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

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.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear  
Two Coursers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding  
pace.

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? Though 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.

GRAY.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN :

*A DIRGE.*

---

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast  
    Made fields and forests bare,  
One ev'ning as I wander'd forth  
    Along the banks of *Ayr*,  
I spy'd a man, whose aged step  
    Seem'd weary, worn with care ;  
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,  
    And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou !  
    (Began the rev'rend sage ;)   
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
    Or youthful pleasure's rage ?  
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,  
    Too soon thou hast began  
To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
    The miseries of man.

III.

The sun that overhangs yon moor,  
    Out-spreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labour to support  
    A haughty lordling's pride ;

I've seen yon weary winter's-sun  
Twice forty times return ;  
And ev'ry time has added proofs,  
That man was made to mourn.

## IV.

O man ! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time !  
Mispending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime !  
Alternate follies take the sway :  
Licentious passions burn ;  
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,  
That man was made to mourn.

## V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,  
Or manhood's active might :  
Man then is useful to his kind,  
*Supported* is his right.  
But see him on the edge of life,  
With cares and sorrows worn,  
Then age and want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !  
Show man was made to mourn.

## VI.

A few seem favourites of fate,  
In pleasure's lap carest ;  
Yet, think not all the rich and great  
Are likewise truly blest.

But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,  
Are wretched and forlorn,  
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,  
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
Inwoven with our frame!  
More pointed still we make ourselves,  
Regret, remorse, and shame!  
And man, whose heav'n-erected face,  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man,  
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil;  
And see his lordly *fellow worm*  
The poor petition spurn,  
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,  
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,  
By Nature's law design'd,  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?



If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty, or scorn?  
Or why has man the will and pow'r  
To make his fellow mourn?

## X.

Yet, let not this too much, my son,  
Disturb thy youthful breast;  
This partial view of human-kind  
Is surely not the *last*!  
The poor, oppressed, honest man,  
Had never, sure, been born,  
Had there not been some recompense  
To comfort those that mourn!

## XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,  
The kindest and the best!  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest!  
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
From pomp and pleasure torn;  
But, Oh! a blest relief to those  
That weary-laden mourn!

## A SUMMER EVENING'S MEDITATION.

“ One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.” YOUNG.

'Tis past ! the sultry tyrant of the south  
 Has spent his short-liv'd rage. More grateful hours  
 Move silent on. The skies no more repel  
 The dazzled sight ; but, with mild maiden beams  
 Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye  
 To wander o'er their sphere ; where, hung aloft,  
 Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow  
 New strung in heav'n, lifts high its beamy horns,  
 Impatient for the night, and seems to push  
 Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines  
 E'en in the eye of day ; with sweetest beam  
 Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood  
 Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.  
 The shadows spread apace ; while meeken'd eve,  
 Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires  
 Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,  
 And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour  
 When contemplation, from her sunless haunts,  
 The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth  
 Of unpierc'd woods, where, wrapt in silent shade,  
 She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,  
 And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,  
 Moves forward ; and with radiant finger points  
 To yon blue concave, swell'd by breath divine,  
 Where, one by one, the living eyes of heav'n  
 Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether

One boundless blaze ; ten thousand trembling fires,  
And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,  
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd  
O'er all this field of glories : spacious field,  
And worthy of the Master ! he whose hand,  
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,  
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet, hung on high  
To public gaze ; and said, Adore, O man,  
The finger of thy God ! From what pure wells  
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,  
Are all these lamps so fill'd ? these friendly lamps,  
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep,  
To point our path, and light us to our home.  
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres !  
And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil  
Their destin'd courses. Nature's self is hush'd,  
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles thro'  
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard  
To break the midnight air ; tho' the rais'd ear,  
Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.  
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise !  
But are they silent all ? or is there not  
A tongue in ev'ry star that talks with man,  
And woos him to be wise ; nor woos in vain :  
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,  
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.  
At this still hour the self-collected soul  
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there  
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank ;  
An embryo God ; a spark of fire divine,  
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun

(Fair transitory creature of a day !)  
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,  
Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of bliss !  
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul  
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,  
With recollected tenderness, on all  
The various busy scenes she left below,  
Its deep-laid projects, and its strange events,  
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd  
Her infant hours.—O be it lawful now  
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,  
And, with mute wonder and delighted awe,  
Approach your burning confines !—Seiz'd in thought,  
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail  
From the green borders of the peopled earth,  
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant ;  
From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb  
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk  
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf ;  
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,  
Where cheerless Saturn, 'midst his wat'ry moons,  
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,  
Sits like an exil'd monarch. Fearless thence  
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,  
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,  
Of elder beam ; which ask no leave to shine  
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light  
From the proud regent of our scanty day :  
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,

And only less than he who marks their track,  
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,  
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen  
Impels me onward, thro' the glowing orbs  
Of habitable nature, far remote,  
To the dread confines of eternal night,  
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,  
The deserts of creation, wide and wild,  
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns  
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,  
And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.  
But, oh, thou mighty MIND! whose pow'ful word  
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,  
Where shall I seek thy presence? how, unblam'd,  
Invoke thy dread perfection?—

Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee?  
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion  
Support thy throne? O look with pity down  
On erring, guilty man! not in thy names  
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd  
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd  
The scatter'd tribes: thou hast a gentler voice,  
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,  
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs  
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,  
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,  
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams;  
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,  
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,

Content and grateful, wait th' appointed time,  
And ripen for the skies : the hour will come  
When all these splendours, bursting on my sight,  
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense  
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

BARBAULD.



AN

## ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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

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

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

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

The 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 ev'ning care :  
 Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

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

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

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

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle 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 wake to ecstasy the living lyre.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 E'en 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 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 bubbles by.

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

One morn I miss’d him on the accustom’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-yard path we saw him borne :  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

### 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 recompense 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. GRAY.



THE  
 BIRTH-DAY EVE.

O'ER the Lake's placid bosom, for hush'd was the night,  
 With its fires all unclouded the firmament glow'd,  
 And saw kindred fires dart an emulous light,  
 Deep sunk in their fathomless, crystal abode.

No screech-owl disturb'd the repose of the wood,  
 No watch-dog foreboded disquiet and harm;  
 No torrent in cataracts hurling its flood,  
 With fancy's calm dream blended noise and alarm.

One streamlet, remote from the margin that fell,  
 On the ear stealing soft, in low murmur complain'd;  
 Yet the murmur but seem'd the more clearly to tell,  
 By a contrast so gentle, the stillness that reign'd.

A sound by yon rock, nor uncheck'd, nor suppress'd,  
 As from lips half unconscious, escaping was heard;

Then as rapt meditation expanded the breast,  
Clear, strong, and unbroken, the descant recurr'd :

“ Yes ! Morn, when emergent, she crimsons the sea,  
“ And Noon, thron'd on high, when she scorches the  
plain,

“ And Eve, when she fades from each glimmering tree,  
“ And Night, with new worlds when she spangles her  
train ;

“ All, glorious All ! Hark,—in turns they declare  
“ The Fount whence the tide of resplendency flows :  
“ How glorious they in heir mansions of air !  
“ How glorious he, who such glory bestows.

“ On the wings of the whirlwind, he measures the sky,  
“ Now viewless in light, now in darkness array'd ;  
“ O'er creation expands his unslumbering eye,  
“ And in wisdom controls, what in wisdom he made.

“ He bids the red thunderbolt sleep in its cloud,  
“ While calmly it floats o'er the heads of the just ;  
“ But wings it with rage at the crest of the proud,  
“ Brings him down, lays him low, brings him down to  
the dust.

“ King of kings, Lord of lords, God of Heaven and Earth,  
“ Supreme as in wisdom, in might and in love,  
“ Thy sheltering hand overshadow'd my birth,  
“ And hung on my childhood a shield from above.

- “ When borne on the treacherous current of youth,  
“ Thy love steer’d my bark, and made tranquil the  
stream ;
- “ Unfolded benignant the lamp of thy truth,  
“ And bade me, tho’ trembling, rejoice in the beam.
- “ To the bright shore of manhood, when eager I flew,  
“ And with novelty charm’d, the gay landscape sur-  
vey’d ;
- “ To a lone valley pointing, thy love bade me view  
“ How soft was the verdure, how peaceful the shade.
- “ Bade my feet from its confines aspire not to stray ;  
“ Bade me trace the pure brook, nor the streamlet  
disdain ;
- “ Bade me learn, (may I learn) from the emblem, my  
way  
“ In silence to hold, but to hold not in vain.
- “ Oh Father ! for now from her orbit the year,  
“ E’er yon fires set again, shall her speed have with-  
drawn,
- “ And another, with pinions unfurl’d, her career  
“ Stands prepar’d to begin at the peep of the dawn.
- “ Oh frown not, her tribute while gratitude pays,  
“ And hails thee with rapture the Lord of her doom ;
- “ If hope still confiding, her accents should raise,  
“ And plead with thee, Father, for mercy to come !
- “ Be the year now at hand as the day that is past,  
“ As the sun rose this morn in calm lustre array’d ;

- “ So rise the new-year by no grief overcast,  
“ No turbulent storm of misfortune dismay’d.
- “ On the splendour of noon no obscurity stole,  
“ Save the dim flitting cloud, that but temper’d the  
ray ;
- “ So if sorrow must darken the months as they roll,  
“ Oh, mild be her shadows, and passing her sway.
- “ As the moonlight now slumbers on wood, hill, and  
plain,  
“ And in silence the winds and the waters repose ;
- “ So may Peace shed her beams on the year in its wane,  
“ So bright be its evening, so tranquil its close !
- “ And when morn, noon, and eve, I no longer behold,  
“ When days, months, and years, Lord, I number no  
more,
- “ In the arms of thy mercy thy servant enfold,  
“ Thy work to contemplate, thy name to adore.”

GISBORNE.



A

MONODY,

*ON THE DEATH OF LADY LYTTTELTON.*

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,  
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,  
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,



Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry ;  
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,  
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,  
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,  
    And pour forth all my stores of grief ;  
Of grief surpassing ev'ry other wo,  
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love  
    Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,  
    Exceeds the vulgar joys that move  
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,  
    Ye high o'ershadowing hills,  
Ye lawns gay-smiling with perpetual green,  
    Oft have you my Lucy seen !  
But never shall you now behold her more :  
    Nor will she now, with fond delight,  
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.  
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,  
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine  
Reason's pure light, and virtue's spark divine.

    In vain I look around,  
    O'er all the well-known ground,  
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;  
    Where oft we us'd to walk ;  
    Where oft in tender talk,  
We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;  
    Nor by yon fountain's side,  
    Nor where its waters glide  
Along the valley, can she now be found ;  
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound,

No more my mournful eye  
Can aught of her espy,  
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie,

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ?

Your bright inhabitant is lost.

You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts,  
Where female vanity might wish to shine,  
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.

Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :

To your sequester'd dales

And flower-embroider'd vales,

From an admiring world she chose to fly :

With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,

The silent paths of wisdom trod,

And banish'd every passion from her breast ;

But those, the gentlest and the best,

Whose holy flames, with energy divine,

The virtuous heart enliven and improve,

The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes ! who, like the little playful fawns,

Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,

By your delighted mother's side,

Who now your infant steps shall guide ?

Ah ! where is now the hand, whose tender care

To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,

And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth ?

O loss beyond repair !

O wretched father ! left alone,

To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !

How shall thy weaken'd mind oppress'd with wo,  
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,  
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,  
 Now she, alas ! is gone,  
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save ?

Oh ! how each beauty of her mind and face  
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace !  
 How eloquent in ev'ry look,  
 Thro' her expressive eyes, her soul distinctly spoke !  
 How did her manners, by the world refin'd,  
 Leave all the taint of modish vice behind,  
 And make each charm of polish'd courts agree  
 With candid truth's simplicity,  
 And uncorrupted innocence !  
 To great, to more than manly sense,  
 She join'd the soft'ning influence  
 Of more than female tenderness.

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,  
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,  
 Her kindly-melting heart,  
 To every want, and every wo,  
 To guilt itself when in distress,  
 The balm of pity would impart,  
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !  
 E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life  
 Beneath the bloody knife,  
 Her gentle tears would fall ;  
 Tears, from sweet virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,  
 But strong and elevated was her mind ;

A spirit that, with noble pride,  
Could look superior down  
On fortune's smile or frown ;  
That could, without regret or pain,  
To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice  
Or interest or ambition's highest prize ;  
That, injur'd or offended, never tried  
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,  
But by magnanimous disdain.  
A wit that, temperately bright,  
With inoffensive light,  
All pleasing shone ; nor ever pass'd  
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,  
And sweet benevolence's mild command,  
And bashful modesty, before it cast.  
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,  
That nor too little nor too much believ'd ;  
That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,  
And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.  
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,  
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise.

In life's and glory's freshest bloom,  
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,  
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,  
When now the wint'ry tempests all are fled,  
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,  
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head ;  
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,  
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen ;

With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,  
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen :  
 But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,  
 A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,

Cold with perpetual snows ;

The tender-blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

O best of women ! dearer far to me

Than when, in blooming life,

My lips first call'd thee wife ;

How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?

How, in the world, to me a desert grown,

Abandon'd and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live ?

Without thy lovely smile,

The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,

What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give ?

E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,

Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could  
 raise.

For my distracted mind

What succour can I find ?

On whom for consolation shall I call ?

Support me, ev'ry friend ;

Your kind assistance lend,

To bear the weight of this oppressive wo.

Alas ! each friend of mine,

My dear departed love, so much was thine,

That none has any comfort to bestow.

My books, the best relief

In ev'ry other grief,

Are now with your idea sadden'd all :

Each fav'rite author we together read

My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind :

The rolling year its various course perform'd,

And back return'd again ;

Another, and another, smiling came,

And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.

Still in her golden chain

Harmonious concord did our wishes bind :

Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke !

That all this pleasing fabric love had rais'd

Of rare felicity,

On which e'en wanton vice with envy gaz'd,

And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,

With soothing hope for many a future day,

In one sad moment broke !

Yet, O my soul ! thy rising murmur stay ;

Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,

Or against his supreme decree

With impious grief complain.

That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,

Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control ;

And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,

Her pure exalted soul,

Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain ?

No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise

Up to that unclouded blaze,

That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,  
 In which enthron'd, she now with pity sees,  
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,

Is every mortal bliss :

Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees  
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,

Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,  
 It does not to its sovereign good ascend.

Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,

And seek those regions of serene delight,

Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,  
 No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss ;

There death himself thy Lucy shall restore ;

There yield up all his pow'r, ne'er to divide you more.

LORD LYTTTELTON.



THE

MESSIAH,

*A SACRED ECLOGUE.*

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :  
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.  
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,  
 Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire,  
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Wrapt into future times the bard begun,  
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son !



From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :  
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descend the mystic dove.  
Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !  
The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid,  
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;  
Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white rob'd innocence from heaven descend.  
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !  
O spring to light, auspicious babe be born !  
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
With all the incense of the breathing spring :  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance,  
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies :  
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers !  
Prepare the way ! a GOD, a GOD appears !  
A GOD ! a GOD ! the vocal hills reply,  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !  
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise ;  
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;  
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !  
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;  
Hear him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold !

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day ;  
'Tis he th' obstructed path of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,  
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.  
In adamant chains shall death he bound,  
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;  
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
The promis'd father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the proud faulchion in a ploughshare end :  
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun ;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.  
The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;

And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,  
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;  
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed,  
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead ;  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;  
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.  
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !  
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn :  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !  
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day !

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

POPE.



## THE

## HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :  
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

“ Ah ! why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo ;  
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.

But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;  
O sooth him whose pleasures like thine pass away :  
Full quickly they pass—but they never return."

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :  
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
The path that conducts thee to splendour again :  
But man's faded glory what change shall renew !  
Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !"

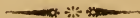
" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more :  
I mourn ; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;  
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with  
dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;  
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save :  
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !  
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave !"

" 'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd,  
That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;  
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
O pity, great Father of light, then I cried,  
Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee !  
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :  
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray, ‘  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blend-  
 ing,  
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

BEATTIE.



A

## MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

YET do I live ! O how shall I sustain  
 This vast unutterable weight of wo ?  
 This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,  
 Or all the complicated ills below—  
 She, in whose life my hopes were treasur’d all,  
 Is gone—forever fled—  
 My dearest Emma’s dead ;  
 These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall :  
 Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,  
 She lives—but (cruel thought !) she lives for me no  
 more.

I who, the tedious absence of a day  
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight;  
Would chide the ling'ring moments for delay,  
And fondly blame the slow return of night;  
How, how shall I endure  
(O misery past a cure!)

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,  
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?  
Did ever mind so much of heav'n partake?  
Did she not love me with the purest flame?  
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?

Though mild as ev'ning skies,  
With downcast, streaming eyes,  
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,  
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,  
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)  
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,  
And O, discard the pageantry of phrase:  
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine!

Thus, haply, as I paint  
The source of my complaint,  
My soul may own th' impassion'd line;  
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,  
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear  
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;  
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"

In pity cease—alas! I know too well:



How in her sweet expressive face  
 Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,  
 Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,  
 Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,  
 But her soft bosom shar'd the wo,  
 While smiles of affability  
 Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.  
 Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,  
 Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,  
 Stranger to ev'ry female art,  
 Alike to feign or to disguise :

And O the boast how rare !

The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,  
 She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,  
 In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.  
 Of feeble words—unable to express  
 Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !

Relentless death ! that, steel'd to human wo,  
 With murd'rous hands deals havock on mankind,  
 Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,  
 And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?

Hark ! groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze !

The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow ;  
 Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,  
 And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :

In vain—Perverse, still on th' unweeting head  
 'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;  
 Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,  
 And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour  
When Virtue shall renounce thy power;  
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,  
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.

Alas! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,  
Some sad memento of my loss appears;  
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,  
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:

But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place  
The memory can efface

Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,  
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heav'n, oh, where!

Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!

Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,

She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:

Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,

To see her force th' endearing smile,

My sorrows to beguile,

When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;

Sure they had warded that untimely dart,

Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's  
heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,

When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,

My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,

And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears:

“ Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,

“ And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!

" But oh ! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,  
 " If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear ;  
 " If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,  
 " Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in  
     vain ;  
 " If it has been my sole endeavour still  
 " To act in all, obsequious to thy will ;  
 " To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,  
 " Then only truly blest when thou wert so ;  
 " If I have doated with that fond excess,  
 " Nor love could add, nor Fortune make it less ;  
 " If this I've done, and more—O then be kind  
 " To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.  
 " When time my once lov'd mem'ry shall efface,  
 " Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place ;  
 " With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,  
 " And hate it for the love thou bore to me—  
 " My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears ;  
 " But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)  
 " Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow  
 " (Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)  
 " That to some distant spot thou wilt remove  
 " This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,  
 " Where safe, thy blandishments it may partake :  
 " And oh ! be tender for its mother's sake.  
 " Wilt thou ?—————  
 " I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent ;  
 " And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore  
     The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,

Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,  
But sink beneath the weight ;  
Just Heav'n ! (I cry'd) from Mem'ry's earliest day  
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known ;  
Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,  
Has claim'd me for her own.

But O !—in pity to my grief, restore  
This only source of bliss ; I ask, I ask no more—  
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past ;  
E'en now she looks—she sighs her last—  
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,  
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,  
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow !  
With impious wish to tear her from the skies ;  
How curse my fate in bitterness of wo !  
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead ?

Fond man, forbear ;

Thy fruitless sorrow spare ;

Dare not to task what Heav'n's high will decreed ;  
In humble rev'rence kiss th' afflictive rod,  
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,  
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach ;  
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,  
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach :  
To shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,  
Which tow'ring hope so fondly builds in air,  
One fatal moment can destroy,  
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.

Then O! with pious fortitude sustain  
 Thy present loss—haply thy future gain;  
     Nor let thy Emma die in vain;  
 Time shall administer its wonted balm,  
 And hush this storm of grief to no displeasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,  
 Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,  
 Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,  
     Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:  
 But finding all its efforts weak and vain,  
     No more it pants and rages for the plain:  
 Moping a while in sullen mood  
     Droops the sweet mourner—but ere long  
 Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,  
     And meditates the song:  
 Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,  
     And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heav'n!—yet—yet the tears will flow,  
     To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!  
 My budding joys, just promising to blow,  
     All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!  
 My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,  
     Move heavily along;  
     Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund  
     song?

Time creeps unconscious of delight:  
 How shall I cheat the tedious day!  
     And O—the joyless night!  
 Where shall I rest my weary head?  
     How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug,\* the wretch's only aid,  
To my torn heart its former peace restore :  
Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,  
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore :  
Haply when lock'd in sleep's embrace,  
Again I shall behold my Emna's face :  
Again with transport hear  
Her voice oft whispering in my ear ;  
May steal once more a balmy kiss,  
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah ! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light  
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose ;  
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,  
And wake me to the sense of all my woes !  
If to the verdant fields I stray,  
Alas ! what pleasures now can these convey ?  
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,  
And darkens all the scene with wo.  
By Nature's lavish beauties cheer'd no more,  
Sorrowing I rove  
Through valley, grot, and grove ;  
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore ;  
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,  
And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,  
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,  
With lenient hand support my drooping head,  
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?

\* Laudanum.

Should worldly business call away,  
 Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,  
 Count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,  
 Impatient for my quick return :  
 Should aught my bosom discompose,  
 Who now, with sweet complacent air,  
 Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,  
 And soften all my woes ?  
 Too faithful Memory—Cease, O cease—  
 How shall I e'er regain my peace ?  
 (O to forget her !)—but how vain each art,  
 Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart !

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,  
 To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,  
 When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,  
 And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,  
 How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,  
 When, twining round my knees, I trace  
 Thy mother's smile upon thy face !  
 How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore  
 Sad mem'ry of my joys—ah, now no more !  
 By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress,  
 More beggar by the riches once possest,  
 My little darling, dearer to me grown ;  
 By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to hear !)  
 Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,  
 Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier :  
 Who now shall seek with fond delight  
 Thy infant steps to guide aright ?



She, who with doating eyes would gaze  
On all thy little artless ways,  
By all thy soft endearments blest,  
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,  
Alas! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove  
A father's dearest, tenderest love ;  
And, O sweet senseless smiler (envy'd state !)  
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,  
When years thy judgment shall mature,  
And Reason shows those ills it cannot cure,  
Wilt thou a father's grief t'assuage,  
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth  
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)  
And be the comfort of my age ?

When sick and languishing I lie,  
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply ?  
And oft as to thy list'ning ear,  
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,  
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,  
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?  
Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,  
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,  
Which I would vainly seek to hide,  
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?  
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,  
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?

SHAW.

## FREEDOM BY GRACE.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain  
 That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm  
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
 With as much ease as Sampson his green withes.  
 He looks abroad into the varied field  
 Of Nature, and tho' poor, perhaps, compar'd  
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
 His are the mountains, and the vallies his,  
 And the resplendent rivers; his t'enjoy  
 With a propriety that none can feel,  
 But who with filial confidence inspir'd,  
 Can lift to Heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,  
 And smiling say—My Father made them all :  
 Are they not his by a peculiar right ;  
 And by an emphasis of int'rest his,  
 Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,  
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind  
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love  
 That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world,  
 So cloth'd with beauty, for rebellious man ?  
 Yes—ye may fill your garner, ye that reap  
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good  
 In senseless riot ; but ye will not find  
 In feast or in the chace, in song or dance,  
 A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd  
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,

Appropriates nature as his Father's work,  
And has a richer use of yours than you.  
He is indeed a freeman ; free by birth  
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills  
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea  
With all his roaring multitude of waves.  
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state,  
And no condition of this changeful life,  
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day  
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less :  
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,  
Nor penury, can cripple or confine ;  
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there  
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds  
His body bound, but knows not what a range  
His spirit takes, unconsious of a chain ;  
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,  
Whom Gōd delights in, and in whom he dwells.  
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste  
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,  
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before ;  
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart,  
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,  
'Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.  
Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone,  
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb  
It yields them, or recumbent on its brow,  
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread  
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away  
From inland regions to the distant main.  
Man views it and admires, but rests content

With what he views. The landscape has his praise ;  
But not its Author ! Unconcern'd who form'd  
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,  
And such well pleas'd to find it, asks no more.  
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from Heav'n,  
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught  
To read his wonders,—in whose thought the world,  
Fair as it is, existed ere it was :  
Not for its own sake merely, but for his  
Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise ;  
Praise that, from earth resulting as it ought,  
To earth's acknowledg'd Sovereign, finds at once  
Its only just proprietor in Him.  
The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd  
New faculties, or learns at least, t'employ  
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,  
Discerns in all things, what with stupid gaze  
Of ignorance till then she overlook'd,  
A ray of heav'nly light gilding all forms  
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,  
The unambiguous footsteps of the God  
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.  
Much conversant with Heav'n, she often holds  
With those fair ministers of light to man,  
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,  
Sweet conference ; enquires what strains were they  
With which Heav'n rang,—when ev'ry star in haste  
To gratulate the new-created earth,  
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God  
Shouted for joy—" Tell me, ye shining hosts,

“ That navigate a sea, that knows no storms  
“ Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,  
“ If from your elevation, whence ye view  
“ Distinctly scenes invisible to man,  
“ And systems of whose birth no tidings yet  
“ Have reach’d this nether world, ye spy a race  
“ Favour’d as ours, transgressors from the womb,  
“ And hasting to a grave, yet doom’d to rise,  
“ And to possess a brighter heav’n than yours ?  
“ As one who, long detain’d on foreign shores,  
“ Pants to return, and when he sees afar  
“ His country’s weather-bleach’d and batter’d rocks  
“ From the green wave emerging, darts an eye  
“ Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;  
“ So I with animated hopes behold,  
“ And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,  
“ That shew like beacons in the blue abyss,  
“ Ordain’d to guide th’ embodied spirit home  
“ From toilsome life to never-ending rest.  
“ Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires  
“ That give assurance of their own success,  
“ And that, infus’d from heav’n, must thither tend.”

So reads he Nature whom the lamp of truth  
Illuminates ; thy lamp, mysterious word !  
Which whoso sees, no longer wanders lost,  
With intellects bemaz’d, in endless doubt,  
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,  
With means that were not till by thee employ’d,  
Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in strength  
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.  
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow’r

And goodness infinite, but speak in ears  
That hear not, or receive not their report.  
In vain thy creatures testify of thee  
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed  
A teaching voice ; but 'tis the praise of thine,  
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,  
And with the boon gives talents for its use.  
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain  
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell,  
Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death  
The uninform'd and heedless sons of men.  
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,  
The glory of thy work, which yet appears  
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,  
Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd  
Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.  
But chance is not ; or is not where thou reign'st :  
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r  
(If pow'r she be that works but to confound)  
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.  
Yet thus we doat, refusing while we can  
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves  
Gods such as guilt makes welcome,—Gods that sleep  
Or disregard our follies, or that sit  
Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.  
Thee we reject, unable to abide  
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,  
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause  
For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.  
Then we are free : then liberty like day  
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heav'n

Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.  
A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not  
Till thou hast touch'd them :—'tis the voice of songs,  
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,  
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,  
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.  
In that blest moment, Nature throwing wide  
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile  
The Author of her beauties, who, retir'd  
Behind his own creation, works unseen  
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.  
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,  
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word !  
From thee, departing, they are lost, and rove  
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.  
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
His high endeavour, and his glad success,  
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.  
But, oh ! thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !  
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,  
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

COWPER.



THE

HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew ;



The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;  
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,  
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
 Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—  
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;  
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :  
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest  
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,  
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow :  
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,  
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun ;  
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
 To find if books or swains report it right,  
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)  
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore,  
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

'The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass :  
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way :



His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair :  
Then near approaching, " Father, hail !" he cried,  
And, " Hail, my son !" the rev'rend sire replied,  
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;  
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,  
While in their age they differ, join in heart.  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;  
Nature in silence bid the world repose :  
When near the road a stately palace rose.  
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd the sloping sides of grass.  
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home ;  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive : the liv'ried servants wait ;  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.  
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo :  
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;  
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road  
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.  
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part :  
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard  
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;  
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.  
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground ;  
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;  
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.  
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;

The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.  
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast ;  
( 'Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest ; )  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair.  
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,  
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls.  
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,  
( Each hardly granted, ) serv'd them both to dine :  
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,  
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;  
And why should such ( within himself he cried )  
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?  
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,  
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,  
When from his vest the young companion bore  
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,  
And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;  
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :  
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought  
 With all the travail of uncertain thought;  
 His partner's acts without their cause appear;  
 'Twas there a vice; and seem'd a madness here:  
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;  
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie:  
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.  
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great,  
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
 Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.  
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

“Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part;  
 From him you come, for him accept it here,  
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.”  
 He spoke and bid the welcome table spread,  
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed:  
 When the grave household round his hall repair,  
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,  
 Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose:  
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
 Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,  
 And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,  
 O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !  
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done !  
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies ; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads ; a servant show'd the way :  
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before :  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide.  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in :  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head ;  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes ;  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries ;  
“ Detested wretch ! ”—But scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man.  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;  
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;  
And wings whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;

Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke ;  
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

“ Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;  
These charms success in our bright region find,  
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;  
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—  
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.  
Then know the truth of government Divine,  
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made :  
In this the right of Providence is laid.

Its sacred majesty through all depends  
On using second means to work his ends.

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high ;  
Your actions uses, nor controls your will ;  
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,  
'Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?  
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just ;  
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

“ The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;  
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,  
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine ;  
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“ The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door  
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul ;  
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

“ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod ;  
But now the child half wear'd his heart from God :  
Child of his age, for him he liv'd in pain,  
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.  
To what excesses had his dotage run !  
But God, to save the father, took the son.  
To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go ;  
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.  
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back !  
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would fail !  
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew ;  
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.  
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,  
His master took the chariot of the sky ;  
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;  
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.



The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun :  
*Lord ! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.*  
 Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PARNELL.



AN

ELEGY,

*ON THE DEATH OF LADY COVENTRY.*

THE midnight clock has toll'd ; and hark ! the bell  
 Of death beats slow ! Heard ye the note profound ?  
 It pauses now ; and now, with rising knell,  
 Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes ; Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,  
 Daughters of Albion ! ye that, light as air,  
 So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,  
 With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair :

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom ;  
 (This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled ;)  
 Fair as the forms that, wove in fancy's loom,  
 Float in light visions round the poet's head.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,  
 Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,  
 How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,  
 The liquid lustre darted from her eyes !



Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,  
That o'er her form its transient glory cast :  
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,  
Chac'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again ! It tells us what she is ;  
On what she was, no more the strain prolong :  
Luxuriant fancy, pause ! an hour like this  
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from that sable bier,  
Where cold and wan the slumb'rer rests her head ;  
In still small whispers to reflection's ear  
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud !  
Proclaim the theme by sage, by fool, rever'd ;  
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud !  
'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes ; ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear,  
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap ;  
E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career,  
The mental monitor shall wake and weep !

For say, than Coventry's propitious star,  
What brighter planet on your births arose ?  
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,  
In life to lavish, or by death to lose ?

Early to lose ! While borne on busy wing,  
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom ;  
Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,  
The wint'ry storm that sweeps you to the tomb ;

Think of her fate ! revere the heav'nly hand  
That led her hence, tho' soon, by steps so slow ;  
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,  
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow ;

To give reflection time, with lenient art,  
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal ;  
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,  
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend  
To you so long a span ? Alas, ye sigh !  
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,  
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die !

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,  
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow ;  
Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear,  
Or shades with horrors what with smiles should glow.

No ; she would warm you with seraphic fire,  
Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day ;  
Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,  
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,  
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave :  
For then, secure in faith's protecting shield,  
The sting from death, the vict'ry from the grave !

Is this the bigot's rant ? Away, ye vain,  
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness sleep :  
Go sooth your souls, in sickness, grief, or pain,  
With the sad solace of eternal sleep !

Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,  
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,  
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,  
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,  
Nor wish for more ; who conquer but to die.  
Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale !  
Like you they reason, not like you enjoy  
The breeze of bliss that fills your silken sail :

On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer  
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore ;  
They dare the storm, and thro' th' inclement year  
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is it for glory ? That just Fate denies :  
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,  
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,  
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd !

Is it his grasp of empire to extend ?  
To curb the fury of insulting foes ?  
Ambition, cease ! the idle contest end :  
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all ;  
(If life be all ;) why desolation low'r  
With famish'd frown on this affrighted ball,  
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour ?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,  
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high !  
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,  
And live your moment, since the next ye die !

Yet know, vain sceptics! know th' Almighty Mind,  
 Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,  
 Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,  
 To heav'n, to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd,  
 By vain philosophy be ere destroy'd:  
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,  
 Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd!

MASON.



POLLIO,

*AN ELEGIAC ODE.*

THE peaceful ev'ning breathes her balmy store,  
 The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green:  
 Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,  
 The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,  
 With solemn Meditation let me stray;  
 This is the hour when to the wise and good  
 The heav'nly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale  
 Whispers the gently-waving boughs among:  
 The star of ev'ning glimmers o'er the dale,  
 And leads the silent host of Heav'n along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,  
The silver empress of the night appears ;  
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,  
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears ;

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,  
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound ;  
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade ;  
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale  
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd tow'rs ;  
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale ;  
Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,  
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,  
Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,  
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains ;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,  
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,  
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,  
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken pray'r.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade  
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears  
Its crumbling turrets: still its tow'ry head  
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears ;

So, midst the snow of age, a boastful air  
Still on the war-worn vet'rān's brow attends ;  
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,  
Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flow'rs creep,  
 Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;  
 Gone is the bow'r, the grot a ruin'd heap,  
 Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,  
 Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,  
 Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight!  
 Now lost to them!—and ah! how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,  
 The dear idea of my Pollio bring;  
 So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,  
 When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,  
 And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;  
 When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn  
 Unfold their bloom, in heav'n's own colours dy'd,

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore;  
 These were the emblems of his healthful mind;  
 To him the letter'd page display'd its lore;  
 To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd;

Him, with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,  
 Flames never to th' illib'ral thought ally'd;  
 The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd  
 In all her charms: he saw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!  
 Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows;  
 Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,  
 And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,  
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee ;  
Oft by the moon have brush'd the ev'ning dew ;  
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,  
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours ;  
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,  
And sainted well, have lost their cheering powers ;

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend ! oh, where,  
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind !  
My tend'rest wish, my heart to thee was bare,  
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind !

How dreary is the gulph ! how dark, how void,  
The trackless shores that never were repass'd !  
Dread separation ! on the depth untry'd,  
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast !

Wide round the spacious heav'ns I cast my eyes :  
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire !  
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies !  
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire !

Far be the thought ! The pleasures most sublime,  
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,  
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,  
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,  
The languid stranger feebly buds, and diès :  
Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand  
With godlike strength beneath her native skies !



The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,  
With patience waits the rosy op'ning day :  
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,  
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray :

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,  
In mental vision view the happy shore  
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,  
Where Fate and Death divide the friends no more !

Oh, that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,  
Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,  
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,  
And from my eyes the mortal film remove !

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain  
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire  
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,  
And wings his spirit with sublime desire !

To fan this spark of Heav'n, this ray divine,  
Still, O my soul ! still be thy dear employ ;  
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,  
And swell thy breast with visionary joy !

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,  
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd,  
And, led in vision, drank at Siloc's fount,  
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd :

Restor'd creation bright before them rose ;  
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains ;  
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose ;  
The flow'ry mountain sung, ' Messiah reigns !'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,  
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene ;  
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,  
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between :  
There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,  
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,  
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,  
And soothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred bones,  
Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn  
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,  
All Nature smiling, and by angels borne,  
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.

MICKLE.



## ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

HAIL, queen of thought sublime ! propitious power,  
Who o'er th' unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,  
Led by the moon, when at the midnight hour  
Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.

O bear me, goddess, to thy peaceful seat !  
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,  
Or lodg'd where mountains screen thy deep retreat,  
Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundless shade,  
Say, rove thy steps o'er Lybia's naked waste ?  
Or seek some distant solitary shore ?  
Or on the Andes' topmost mountain plac'd,  
Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar ?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,  
Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome ?  
Or stray thy feet where pale dejected Wo  
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb ?

Hark ! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear !  
See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole !  
O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,  
And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

O lead my steps, beneath the moon's dim ray,  
Where Tadmor stands all desert and alone !  
While from her time-shook tow'rs, the bird of prey  
Sounds through the night her long-resounding moan :

Or bear me far to yon dark dismal plain,  
Where fell-ey'd tigers, all athirst for blood,  
Howl to the desert ; while the horrid train  
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood !

That queen of nations ! whose superior call  
Rous'd the broad East, and bid her arms destroy !  
When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her fall,  
And deep reflection dash the lip of joy.

Short is ambition's gay deceitful dream ;  
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow,  
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,  
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering bough.

Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,  
When working secret with destructive aim ;  
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,  
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man ;  
Full in the draught be keen ey'd Hope pourtray'd :  
Let fluttering Cupids crowd the growing plan :  
Then give one touch and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays,  
Be Care's deep engine on the soul impress'd ;  
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze,  
Let grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train appear,  
With beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart :  
While, closely couch'd, pale sick'ning Envy near  
Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,  
Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin ;  
Scar'd—while her eyes survey th' ethereal blue,  
Let Heav'n's strong lightning burst the dark within.

Then paint, impending o'er the madd'ning deep,  
That rock, where heart-struck Sappho, vainly brave,  
Stood firm of soul ; then from the dizzy steep  
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here, wrapt in studious thought, let Fancy rove,  
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare ;  
To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,  
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,  
Let judging Reason draw the veil aside ;  
Or, fir'd with envy at some mighty name,  
Read o'er the monument that tells—He dy'd.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway ?  
 What all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has brought ?  
 Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay ?  
 Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought ?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown ?  
 When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier ?  
 Not Wealth, but Pity, swells the bursting groan,  
 Not Pow'r, but whisp'ring Nature, prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,  
 Where the worm fattens on some sceptred brow,  
 Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,  
 Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below ?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,  
 Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head ?  
 Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,  
 And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead.

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,  
 Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring :  
 But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,  
 And scents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur and the pomp of pow'r,  
 Can these bid sorrow's gushing tears subside ?  
 Can these avail in that tremendous hour,  
 When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide !

Ah no ! the mighty names are heard no more :  
 Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling bloom,  
 Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,  
 And swell with pompous verse the scutcheon'd tomb,

For me—my Passion ne'er my soul invade,  
Nor be the whims of tow'ring Frenzy giv'n ;  
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade,  
Where Contemplation wings the soul to Heav'n !

O guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare !  
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,  
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,  
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft when midnight's sadly solemn knell  
Sounds long and distant from the sky-topp'd tow'r,  
Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell,  
Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obscure.

Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled,  
May some sad friend recall the former years,  
Then stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,  
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears !

OGILVIE.



## RETIREMENT.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of Even,  
The lingering light decays,  
And Hesper on the front of heaven  
His glittering gem displays ;  
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,  
Beside a lulling stream,  
A pensive Youth, of placid mien,  
Indulg'd this tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd  
High o'er the glimmering dale ;  
Ye woods along whose windings wild  
Murmurs the solemn gale ;  
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,  
And Wo retires to weep,  
What time the wan moon's yellow horn,  
Gleams on the western deep :

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms  
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,  
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,  
To your retreats I fly.  
Deep in your most sequester'd bower  
Let me at last recline,  
Where Solitude, mild, modest Power,  
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair !  
Thy heavenly smile how win !  
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,  
And stills the storm within.  
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove  
Thine ardent votary bring,  
And bless his hours, and bid them move  
Serene, on silent wing !

Oft let remembrance sooth his mind  
With dreams of former days,  
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd  
He fram'd his infant lays ;



When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care  
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,  
Nor Envy with malignant glare  
His simple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee  
His early vows were paid,  
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,  
Devoted to the shade.  
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy  
In stormy paths to roam,  
Remote from all congenial joy!—  
O take the Wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,  
Thy charms my only theme;  
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine  
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.  
Whence the scar'd owl on pinions gray  
Breaks from the rustling boughs,  
And down the lone vale sails away  
To more profound repose.

O, while to thee the woodland pours  
Its wildly warbling song,  
And balmy from the bank of flowers  
The zephyr breathes along;  
Let no rude sound invade from far,  
No vagrant foot be nigh,  
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car,  
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade  
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,  
 O guard from harm his hoary head,  
 And listen to his lore ;  
 For he of joys divine shall tell,  
 That wean from earthly wo,  
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell  
 That chains this heart below.

For me, no more the path invites  
 Ambition loves to tread ;  
 No more I climb those toilsome heights  
 By guileful Hope misled ;  
 Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more  
 To Mirth's enlivening strain ;  
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,  
 And all the past is vain.

BEATTIE.



THE  
 MANSION OF REST.

I talk'd to my flattering heart,  
 And chid its wild wandering ways ;  
 I charg'd it from folly to part,  
 And to husband the rest of its days :  
 I bade it no longer admire  
 The meteors which fancy had dress'd ;  
 I whisper'd 'twas time to retire,  
 And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

A charmer was list'ning the while,  
Who caught up the tone of my lay ;  
" O come then," she cried with a smile,  
" And I'll shew you the place and the way :"  
I follow'd the witch to her home,  
And vow'd to be always her guest :  
" Never more," I exclaim'd, " will I roam  
" In search of the Mansion of Rest."

But the sweetest of moments will fly,  
Not long was my fancy beguil'd ;  
For too soon I confess'd with a sigh,  
That the syren deceiv'd while she smil'd.  
Deep, deep, did she stab the repose  
Of my trusting and unwary breast,  
And the door of each avenue close,  
That led to the Mansion of Rest.

Then Friendship entic'd me to stray  
Thro' the long magic wilds of Romance ;  
But I found that she meant to betray,  
And shrunk from the sorcerer's glance.  
For experience has taught me to know,  
That the soul that reclin'd on her breast,  
Might toss on the billows of wo,  
And ne'er find the Mansion of Rest.

Pleasure's path I determin'd to try,  
But Prudence I met in the way ;  
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,  
And appear'd to illumine my day ;

She cried—as she shew'd me a grave,  
 With nettles and wild flowers dress'd,  
 O'er which the dark cypress did wave,  
 “ Behold there the Mansion of Rest.”

She spoke—and half vanish'd in air,  
 For she saw mild Religion appear  
 With a smile, that would banish despair,  
 And dry up the penitent tear.  
 Doubts and fears from my bosom were driv'n,  
 And pressing the cross to her breast,  
 And pointing serenely to Heav'n,  
 She shew'd the true Mansion of Rest.

CHARLES I. FOX.



TO THE  
 MEMORY  
 OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.



Inscrib'd to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth  
 To mingle with the stars ; and ev'ry Muse,  
 Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight  
 Of honours due to his illustrious name ?  
 But what can man ?—E'en now the sons of light,  
 In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,

Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.

Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,

And sung to harps of angels ; for with you,

Ethereal flames ! ambitious I aspire

In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can you shew your guest ?

Who, while on this dim spot where mortals toil,

Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,

Could trace the secret hand of Providence,

Wide-working through this universal frame !

Have ye not listen'd, while he bound the suns

And planets to their spheres ! th' unequal task

Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd

O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd

The pride of schools, before their course was known.

Full in its causes and effects, to him,

All-piercing sage ! who sat not down and dream'd

Romantic scenes, defended by the din

Of specious words and tyranny of names ;

But, bidding his amazing mind attend,

And with heroic patience, years on years

Deep searching, saw at last the system dawn,

And shine of all his race on him alone !

What were his raptures then ! how pure ! how strong !

And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,

By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys

In some small fray victorious ! when (instead

Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd

By violence unmanly, and sore deeds

Of cruelty and blood) Nature herself

Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid

Her ev'ry latent glory to his view !  
All intellectual eye, our solar round  
First gazing thro', he by the blended pow'r  
Of Gravitation and Projection, saw  
The whole in silent harmony revolve.  
From unassisted vision hid, the moons  
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,  
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.  
He also fix'd our wand'ring queen of night :  
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,  
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,  
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.  
Her ev'ry motion, clear discerning, He  
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught  
Why now the mighty mass of water swells  
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,  
And the full river turning ; till again  
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves  
A yellow waste of idle sand behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight  
Thro' the blue infinite ; and ev'ry star  
Which the clear concave of a winter's night  
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,  
Far stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,  
Or such as farther in successive skies  
To fancy shine alone, at his approach  
Biaz'd into suns, the living centre each  
Of an harmonious system all combin'd,  
And rui'd unerring by that single pow'r  
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine !

O wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call  
From a few causes such a scheme of things,  
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,  
An universe complete ! and, O belov'd  
Of Heav'n, whose well purg'd penetrative eye,  
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd  
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame !  
He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd  
The comet thro' the long elliptic curve,  
As round innum'rous worlds he wound his way ;  
Till to the forehead of our ev'ning sky  
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew, -  
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heav'ns are all his own ; from the wild rule  
Of whirling vortices, and circling spheres,  
To their first great simplicity restor'd.  
The schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain  
To combat still with demonstration strong,  
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze  
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled.  
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,  
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun.

The aerial flow of sound was known to him,  
From whence at first in wavy circles breaks,  
Till the touch'd Organ takes the message in.  
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense,  
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.  
Ev'n Light itself, which ev'ry thing displays,  
Shone undiscover'd till his brighter mind  
Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;



And from the whit'ning undistinguish'd blaze,  
Collecting ev'ry ray into his kind.  
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train  
Of parent colours. First, the flaming red  
Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny orange next ;  
And next delicious yellow, by whose side  
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green ;  
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,  
Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,  
Emerg'd the deepen'd indigo, as when  
The heavy-skirted ev'ning droops with frost.  
While the last gleamings of refracted light  
Dy'd in the fainting violet away,  
These when the clouds distil the rosy show'r,  
Shine out distinct adown the wat'ry bow ;  
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends,  
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.  
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,  
And myriads still remain—Infinite source  
Of beauty ever-flushing ! ever new !  
Did ever poet image aught so fair,  
Dreaming in whisp'ring groves by the hoarse brook !  
Or prophet, to whose rapture heav'n descends ;  
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,  
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare  
How just, how beauteous, the refractive law !  
The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down  
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,  
Where the green islands of the happy shine,  
He stemm'd alone : and to the source (involv'd  
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd

His lights at equal distances, to guide  
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who  
His high discoveries sing! when but a few  
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds  
To what he knew in fancy's lighter thought,  
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd  
Responsive to his knowledge! for could he,  
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw  
The finish'd university of things,  
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,  
Forebear incessant to adore that Pow'r  
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few  
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,  
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends  
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,  
Oh speak the wond'rous man! how mild, how calm!  
How greatly humble, how divinely good!  
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;  
Fervent in doing well, with ev'ry nerve  
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,  
And panting for perfection: far above  
Those little cares and visionary joys  
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart  
Of ever-cheated ever-trusting man!  
And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,  
You, who unconscious of those nobler flights  
That reach impatient at immortal life,  
Against the prime endearing privilege

Of being dare contend, say, can a soul  
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,  
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath  
 Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,  
 And then forever lost in vacant air?

But hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,  
 Solemn as when some awful change is come,  
 Sound thro' the world—" 'Tis done ! the measure's full,  
 " And I resign my charge."—Ye mould'ring stones,  
 That build the tow'ring pyramid, the proud  
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd  
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports  
 The worshipp'd name of hoar Antiquity,  
 Down to the dust ! what grandeur can ye boast,  
 While Newton lifts his column to the skies,  
 Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop  
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom  
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,  
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear  
 And elegiac song. But Newton calls  
 For other notes of gratulation high.

That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds  
 He here so well descry'd, and, wond'ring, talks  
 And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O Britain's boast ! whether with angels thou  
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,  
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind ;  
 Or whether mounted on cherubic wing,  
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,  
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,  
 And grateful adoration, for that light

So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,  
From Light himself—Oh look with pity down  
On human kind, a frail erroneous race!  
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!  
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,  
And be her Genius call'd ; her studies raise,  
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.  
For, though deprav'd and sunk she brought thee forth,  
And glories in thy name, she points thee out  
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star :  
While in expectance of thy second life,  
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust  
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

THOMSON.

## MOONLIGHT.

Written in the Castle of York, by James Montgomery, printer of the "Sheffield Iris," imprisoned six months for a supposed libel.

GENTLE Moon ! a captive calls :  
Gentle Moon ! awake, arise !  
Gild the prison's sullen walls ;  
Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside ;  
Let those smiles, that light the pole,  
Through the liquid ether glide—  
Glide into the mourner's soul.

Cheer his melancholy mind ;  
 Sooth his sorrows, heal his smart :  
 Let thine influence, pure, refin'd,  
 Cool the fever of his heart.

Chace despondency and care,  
 Fiends that haunt the GUILTY breast ;  
 Conscious virtue braves despair ;  
 Triumphs most when most oppress'd !

Now I feel thy power benign  
 Swell my bosom, thrill my veins ;  
 As thy beams the brighter shine,  
 When the deepest midnight reigns:

Say, fair shepherdess of night !  
 Who thy starry flock dost lead  
 Unto rills of living light,  
 On the blue ethereal mead ;

At this moment, dost thou see,  
 From thine elevated sphere,  
 One kind friend who thinks of me—  
 Thinks, and drops a feeling tear ?

On a brilliant beam convey  
 This soft whisper to his breast :  
 “ Wipe that generous drop away,  
 “ He for whom it falls is—blest !

“ Blest with Freedom unconfin'd ;  
 “ Dungeons cannot hold the soul :  
 “ Who can chain the immortal mind ?  
 “ —None but HE, who spans the pole.

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,  
With her subtle magic spell,  
In romantic visions airy,  
Steals the captive from his cell.

On her moonlight pinions borne,  
Far he flies from grief and pain :  
Never, never to be torn  
From his friends and home again !

Stay, thou dear delusion ! stay !  
Beauteous bubble ! do not break !  
—Ah ! the pageant flits away !  
—Who from such a dream would wake ?

MONTGOMERY.



*Oriental Eclogues.*



ECLOGUE I.

SELIM ; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

*Scene, a Valley near Bagdat.—Time, the Morning.*

' YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,  
' And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.  
' Not all are bless'd whom Fortune's hand sustains  
' With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains :  
' Well may your hearts believe the truth I tell ;  
' 'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.'

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd :  
 Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd :  
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd,  
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;  
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,  
 What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,  
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride ;  
 When wanton gales along the vallies play ;  
 Breathe on each flow'r,—and bear their sweets away ;  
 By Tygris' wand'ring ways he sat, and sung  
 This useful lesson for the fair and young :

‘ Ye Persian dames,’ he said, ‘ to you belong  
 ‘ (Well may they please) the morals of my song :  
 ‘ No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,  
 ‘ Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !  
 ‘ The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies  
 ‘ Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes ;  
 ‘ For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,  
 ‘ And yours the love that kings delight to know.  
 ‘ Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,  
 ‘ The best kind blessings Heav'n can grant the fair :  
 ‘ Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,  
 ‘ Boast but the worth Balsora's pearls display !  
 ‘ Drawn from the deep, we own the surface bright ;  
 ‘ But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.  
 ‘ Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast ;  
 ‘ By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.  
 ‘ Self-flatt'ring sex ! your hearts believe, in vain,  
 ‘ That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;



‘ Or hope a lover by your faults to win,  
‘ As spots on ermine beautify the skin :  
‘ Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care  
‘ Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;  
‘ Each tender passion man delights to find  
‘ The lov’d perfection of a female mind.  
‘ Biess’d were the days when wisdom held her reign,  
‘ And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;  
‘ With Truth she wedded in the secret grove ;  
‘ Immortal Truth ! and Daughters bless’d their love.  
‘ O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues come away !  
‘ Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !  
‘ The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,  
‘ By Ind excell’d, or Araby, no more.  
‘ Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,  
‘ The dear deserters shall return again.  
‘ Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear ;  
‘ To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear :  
‘ Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,  
‘ And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.  
‘ With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,  
‘ Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid ;  
‘ But man the most—not more the mountain doe  
‘ Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.  
‘ Cold is her breast, like flow’rs that drink the dew ;  
‘ A silken veil conceals her from the view.  
‘ No wild desires amidst thy train be known,  
‘ But Faith, whose heart is fix’d on one alone :  
‘ Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,  
‘ And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;

‘ And love the last. By these your hearts approve ;  
 ‘ These are the virtues that must lead to love.’

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,  
 The maids of Bagdat verify’d the lay :  
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;  
 The shepherds lov’d, and Selim bless’d his song.

COLLINS.



ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN ; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

*Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-Day.*

IN silent horror o’er the boundless waste,  
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass’d ;  
 One cruse of water on his back he bore,  
 And his light scrip contain’d a scanty store ;  
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand ;  
 The sultry sun had gain’d the middle sky,  
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh :  
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,  
 Shrill roar’d the winds, and dreary was the view !  
 With desp’rate sorrow wild, th’ affrighted man  
 Thrice sigh’d, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :  
 “ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,  
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !  
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,  
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ?  
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;  
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear  
In all my griefs a more than equal share ! -  
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,  
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,  
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,  
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :  
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,  
And faint and sickly winds forever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade  
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !  
The lily Peace outshines the silver store,  
And life is dearer than the golden ore :  
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,  
To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.  
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;  
And are we only yet repaid by thee ?  
Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,  
Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?  
Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,  
The gentle voice of peace or pleasure's song ?  
Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,  
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,

Why think we these less pleasing to behold,  
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
“ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

O cease my fears !——All frantic as I go,  
When thought creates unnumber’d scenes of wo;  
What if the lion in his rage I meet !  
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :  
And fearful ! oft, when day’s declining light,  
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,  
By hunger rous’d he scours the groaning plain,  
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train ;  
Before them Death with shrieks direct their way,  
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
“ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
If ought of rest I find, upon my sleep :  
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,  
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,  
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !  
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;  
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.

He said, and call’d on heav’n to bless the day,  
And back to Schiraz’ walls he bent his way.

## ECLOGUE III.

## ABRA ; OR THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

*Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.*

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' tow'rs are seen,  
 In distant view along the level green ;  
 While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,  
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade :  
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,  
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;  
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,  
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,  
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain ;  
 At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,  
 Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead :  
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,  
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.  
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,  
 A various wreath of od'rous flow'rs she made.  
 Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,  
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;  
 All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :  
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,  
 By love conducted from the chace away :  
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,  
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among.

At length he found and woo'd the rural maid ;  
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;  
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :  
 Oft as she went she backward turn’d her view,  
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.  
 Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove ;  
 To richer scenes of golden pow’r and love !  
 Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd’s strain ;  
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

Yet, midst the blaze of courts she fix’d her love  
 On the cool fountain or the shady grove ;  
 Still, with the shepherd’s innocence her mind  
 To the sweet vale and flow’ry mead inclin’d :  
 And oft as Spring renew’d the plains with flow’rs,  
 Breath’d his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours ;  
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,  
 The breezy mountains and the forests green.  
 Her maids around her mov’d, a duteous band !  
 Each bore a crook all rural in her hand :  
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung ;  
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

And oft the royal lover left the care  
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;

Oft to the shades and low roof'd cots retir'd,  
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd :  
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,  
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

Bless’d was the life that royal Abbas led :

Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.

What if in wealth the noble maid excel !

The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.

Let those who rule on Persia’s jewell’d throne

Be fam’d for love, and gentlest love alone ;

Or wreathe, like Abbas full of fair renown,

The lover’s myrtle with the warrior’s crown.

‘ O happy days !’ the maids around her say :

‘ O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

COLLINS.



ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER ; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

*Scene, a Mountain in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.*

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin’d,  
Each swain was bless’d, for ev’ry maid was kind ;  
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,  
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains ;



What time the moon had hung her lamp on high ;  
 And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky :  
 Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,  
 Where wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led.  
 Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay  
 Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.  
 Along the mountain's bending side they ran ;  
 Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began :

## SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,  
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.  
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey ;  
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way !  
 And first review that long-extended plain,  
 And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain !  
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we try'd !  
 And last, this lofty mountain's weary side !

## AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know  
 The toils of flight, or some severer wo !  
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,  
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind ;  
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,  
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.  
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,  
 Drops its fair honours to the conqu'ring flame ;  
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,  
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

## SECANDER.

Unhappy land ! whose blessings tempt the sword ;  
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !  
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,  
To shield the shepherd and protect the maid !  
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,  
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind :  
Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,  
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

## AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,  
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.  
Sweet to the sight is Zebra's flow'ry plain,  
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain !  
No more the virgins shall delight to rove  
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;  
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,  
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale ;  
Fair scenes ! but ah ! no more with peace possess'd,  
With ease alluring, and with plenty bless'd.  
No more the shepherd's whit'ning tents appear,  
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;  
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd ;  
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

## SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,  
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :

In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,  
Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair.  
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;  
Those hairs the Tartars cruel hand shall rend.

## AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far  
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;  
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,  
To shield your harvest, and defend your fair :  
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,  
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.  
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,  
By lust incited, or by malice led,  
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,  
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;  
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,  
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of wo.

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard  
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :  
Th' affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,  
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

COLLINS.

THE MINSTREL:

OR,

*THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.*

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BOOK I.

---

I.

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ;  
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And wag'd with Fortune an eternal war ;  
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,  
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,  
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown !

II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days,  
Not equally oppressive is to all.  
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,  
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.  
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,  
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of  
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall [Fame ;  
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim  
Had HE, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

## III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;  
 Nor need I here describe in learned lay,  
 How forth THE MINSTREL far'd in days of yore,  
 Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;  
 His waving locks and beard all hoary gray :  
 While from his bending shoulder, decent hung  
 His harp, the soul companion of his way,  
 Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :  
 And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

## IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,  
 That a poor Villager inspires my strain ;  
 With thee let Pageantry and Power abide :  
 'The gentle muses haunt the sylvan reign ;  
 Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain  
 Enraptur'd roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.  
 They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,  
 The parasite their influence never warms,  
 Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

## V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,  
 Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.  
 Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,  
 While warbling larks on russet pinions float :  
 Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,  
 Where the gray linnets carol from the hill.  
 O let them ne'er, with artificial note,  
 To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,  
 But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they  
 will.

## VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;

Nor was perfection made for man below.

Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,

Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.

With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow ;

If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;

There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;

Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,

And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

## VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse

Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;

Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse

Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.

Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.

Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd ?

No ; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,

To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;

Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

## VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul

In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,

On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,

Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen ;

Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,

Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,

(The mansion then no more of joy serene,)

Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,

And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

## IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
 Of charms which Nature to her vot'ry yields !  
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;  
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
 And all that echoes to the song of even,  
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,  
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

## X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,  
 And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.  
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth  
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :  
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;  
 Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,  
 The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,  
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream—  
 Return my roving Muse, resume thy purpos'd theme.

## XI.

There liv'd in Gothic days, as legends tell,  
 A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;  
 Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,  
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;  
 But he, I ween, was of the north countrie ;  
 A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;  
 Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;  
 Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;  
 Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.



## XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,  
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;  
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;  
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;  
His drink the living water from the rock :  
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent  
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;  
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,  
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er  
they went.

## XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment springs.  
Contentment opes the source of every joy.  
He envied not, he never thought of kings ;  
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,  
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :  
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguil'd ;  
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,  
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,  
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a child.

## XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er cast,  
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;  
Each season look'd delightful, as it past,  
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.  
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life  
They never roam'd, secure beneath the storm  
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,  
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm  
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

## XV.

The wight, whose tales these artless lines unfold,  
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair.  
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold :  
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,  
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare.  
 You guess each circumstance of EDWIN'S birth ;  
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;  
 The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ;  
 And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

## XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;  
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.  
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,  
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.  
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;  
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;  
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.  
 The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :  
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd  
 him mad.

## XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?  
 Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;  
 Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous fray  
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,  
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head ;  
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream  
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,  
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,  
 Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the weary team.

## XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity or speed,  
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.  
His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd, would bleed  
To work the wo of any living thing,  
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;  
These he detested; those he scorn'd to wield:  
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,  
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,

And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

## XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves  
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;  
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,  
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:  
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,  
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.  
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign  
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?

Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

## XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,  
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,  
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,  
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn;  
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,  
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;  
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,  
And villager abroad at early toil.—

But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

## XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,  
 When all in mist the world below was lost.  
 What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sublime,  
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,  
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost  
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,  
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd !  
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,  
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound !

## XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,  
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.  
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight :  
 Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene  
 The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling sheen.  
 Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul :  
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,  
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,  
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

## XXIII.

“ O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom !”  
 (The Muse interprets thus his tender thought,)  
 “ Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,  
 “ Of late so grateful in the hour of drought !  
 “ Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought  
 “ To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake ?  
 “ Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ?  
 “ For now the storm howls mournful thro' the brake,  
 “ And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

## XXIV.

“ Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,  
“ And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown’d?  
“ Ah ! see, th’ unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,  
“ Have all the solitary vale imbrown’d ;  
“ Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound.  
“ The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray,  
“ And hark ! the river, bursting ev’ry mound,  
“ Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway  
“ Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter’d rocks away

## XXV.

“ Yet such the destiny of all on earth :  
“ So flourishes and fades majestic Man.  
“ Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,  
“ And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.  
“ O smile, ye heavens serene, ye mildews wan,  
“ Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,  
“ Nor lessen of his life the little span.  
“ Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,  
“ Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

## XXVI.

“ And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,  
“ Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.  
“ But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,  
“ Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.  
“ Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return ?  
“ Is yonder wave the sun’s eternal bed ?  
“ Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,  
“ And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,  
“ Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

## XXVII.

" Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,  
 " When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?  
 " Shall Nature's voice, to Man alone unjust,  
 " Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live !  
 " Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive  
 " With disappointment, penury, and pain ?  
 " No : Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,  
 " And Man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
 " Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphan  
     reign."

## XXVIII.

'This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.  
 In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.  
 No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,  
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.  
 " Let man's own sphere (said he) confine his view,  
 " Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."  
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew  
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,  
 By pleasure uneduc'd, unaw'd by lawless might.

## XXIX.

" And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,  
 " O never, never turn away thine ear !  
 " Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,  
 " Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear  
 " To others do (the law is not severe)  
 " What to thyself thou wishest to be done.  
 " Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,  
 " And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;  
 " All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own."

## XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower  
The visionary boy from shelter fly !  
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,  
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.  
And, lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,  
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun !  
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,  
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun !  
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

## XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,  
When pleasure, wealth, or power the bosom warm,  
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,  
And disappointment of her sting disarm.  
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?  
Perish the lore that deadens young desire !  
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,  
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire :  
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

## XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar  
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,  
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,  
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.  
There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale ;  
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,  
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,  
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song,  
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shudd'ring isles along.



## XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dy'd,  
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,  
 To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,  
 Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep ;  
 And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep  
 A vision brought to his entranced sight.  
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep  
 Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers bright,  
 With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of night.

## XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch  
 Arose ; the trumpet bids the valves unfold ;  
 And forth an host of little warriors march,  
 Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.  
 Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,  
 And green their helms, and green their silk attire ;  
 And here and there, right venerably old,  
 The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,  
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

## XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,  
 A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;  
 The little warriors doff the targe and spear,  
 And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.  
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance ;  
 To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze ;  
 Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance  
 Rapid along : with many-colour'd rays  
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

## XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,  
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,  
Fell chanticleer ! who oft hath reft away  
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !  
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,  
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear :  
Thy boastful mirth-let jealous rivals spill,  
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,  
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

## XXXVII.

Forbear, my muse. Let Love attune thy line.  
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.  
For how should he at wicked chance repine,  
Who feels from every change amusement flow !  
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,  
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,  
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,  
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,  
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

## XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?  
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;  
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;  
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide  
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;  
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;  
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

## XXXIX.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;  
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;  
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield, and, hark !  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings ;  
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;  
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

## XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !  
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !  
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,  
 To sing thy glories with devotion due !  
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,  
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;  
 And held high converse with the godlike few,  
 Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,  
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

## XLI.

Hence ! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,  
 Sophists of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !  
 Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,  
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,  
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !  
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime  
 First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse should  
 deign,  
 (Though loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme.)  
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

## XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,  
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !  
Whose song sublimely sweet, serenely gay,  
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.  
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,  
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide !  
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,  
For well I know, wherever ye reside,  
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

## XLIII.

Ah me ! neglected on the lonesome plain,  
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,  
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,  
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.  
Then as instructed by tradition hoar,  
Her legend when the Beldame 'gan impart,  
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,  
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart ;  
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

## XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;  
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms display'd ;  
Or merry swains, who quaff the nutbrown ale,  
And sing, enamour'd of the nutbrown maid ;  
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;  
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,  
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,  
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,  
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

## XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,  
 A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,  
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,  
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.  
 O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce  
 That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone ?  
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,  
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan  
 Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

## XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,  
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die :  
 Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,  
 Folded in one another's arms they lie ;  
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :  
 " For from the town the man returns no more."  
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,  
 This deed with fruitless tears shall soon deplore,  
 When death lays waste thy house, and flames consume  
 thy store.

## XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy  
 Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.—  
 " But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,  
 " And innocence thus die by doom severe ?  
 O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,  
 The assaults of discontent and doubt repel :  
 Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere ;  
 But let us hope——to doubt, is to rebel,——  
 Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

## XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,  
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;  
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,  
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.  
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven  
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :  
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,  
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,  
But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

## XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,  
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,  
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage  
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,  
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,  
If but a momentary shower descend !  
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,  
Which bade the series of events extend  
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end !

## L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan  
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;  
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,  
If but that little part incongruous seem.  
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;  
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.  
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,  
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :  
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

## LI.

Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years.  
 For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar  
 On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;  
 Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore  
 Through microscope of metaphysic lore :  
 And much they grope for truth, but never hit.  
 For why ? their powers, inadequate before,  
 This idle art makes more and more unfit ;  
 Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders  
 wit.

## LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth,  
 Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device  
 Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth ;  
 Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice  
 To purchase chat or laughter, at the price  
 Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,  
 That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.  
 Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,  
 Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

## LIII.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceas'd to rave,  
 He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view  
 The cloud stupendous, from the Atlantic wave  
 High towering, sail along the horizon blue :  
 Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new,  
 Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries  
 More wildly great than ever pencil drew,  
 Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,  
 And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.



## LIV.

'Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,  
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,  
List'ning with pleasing dread to the deep roar  
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array  
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,  
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,  
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,  
What time the lightning's fierce career began,  
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

## LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all  
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,  
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,  
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,  
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.  
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.  
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,  
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,  
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melancholy.

## LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?  
Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !  
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt  
Of solitude and melancholy born ?  
He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.  
The sophist's rope of cobwebs he shall twine ;  
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or mourn,  
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;  
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

## LVII.

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;  
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit.  
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,  
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute,  
 His infant muse, though artless, was not mute :  
 Of elegance as yet he took no care ;  
 For this of time and culture is the fruit ;  
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :  
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

## LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,  
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,  
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,  
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.  
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply  
 From Gothic tale ; or song, or fable old,  
 Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.  
 At last, though long by penury controul'd,  
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

## LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,  
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,  
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,  
 And in their northern cave the storms are bound ;  
 From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,  
 Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,  
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd ;  
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;  
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

## LX.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.  
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim ;  
But on this verse if MONTAGUE should smile,  
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,  
And her applause to me is more than fame ;  
For still with truth accords her taste refin'd.  
At lucre or renown let others aim,  
I only wish to please the gentle mind,  
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human-kind.



## BOOK II.



## I.

OF chance or change O let not man complain,  
Else shall he never, never cease to wail :  
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain  
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,  
All feel the assault of fortune's fickle gale ;  
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;  
Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale,  
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,  
And where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have  
bloom'd.

## II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,  
 Nor search the ancient records of our race,  
 To learn the dire effects of time and change,  
 Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.  
 Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,  
 Or hoary hair, I never will repine :  
 But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,  
 Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,  
 Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

## III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,  
 Shall here without reluctance change my lay,  
 And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand ;  
 Now when I leave that flowery path for aye  
 Of childhood, where I sported many a day,  
 Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;  
 Where every face was innocent and gay,  
 Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,  
 Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

## IV.

“ Perish the lore that deadens young desire,”  
 Is the soft tenor of my song no more.  
 Edwin, though lov'd of Heaven, must not aspire  
 To bliss, which mortals never knew before.  
 On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,  
 Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy ;  
 But now and then the shades of life explore,  
 Though many a sound and sight of wo annoy,  
 And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

## V.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.  
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,  
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;  
But, ah ! it withers in the chilling hour.  
Mark yonder oaks ! Superior to the power  
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,  
And from the stormy promontory tower,  
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,  
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

## VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice  
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;  
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,  
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.  
One evening as he fram'd the careless rhyme,  
It was his chance to wander far abroad,  
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,  
Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;  
A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd abode.

## VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene :  
For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,  
Here scorch'd with lightning, there, with ivy green,  
Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell ;  
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell  
Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made ;  
And tow'rd the western sun a streamlet fell,  
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd  
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

## VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see  
 The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,  
 And, here and there, a solitary tree,  
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.  
 Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound  
 Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;  
 And from the summit of that craggy mound  
 The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,  
 Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

## IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread  
 Its flowery bosom to the noon-day beam,  
 Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,  
 And herbs for food with future plenty teem.  
 Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,  
 Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :  
 He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,  
 Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;—  
 When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole ;

## X.

“ Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast  
 “ And woo the weary to profound repose ;  
 “ Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,  
 “ And whisper comfort to the man of woes !  
 “ Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,  
 “ And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.  
 “ O Solitude, the man who thee forgoes,  
 “ When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,  
 “ Shall never know the source whence real grandeur  
 springs.

## XI.

“ Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire !  
“ Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :—  
“ To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?  
“ It is thy weakness that requires their aid :—  
“ To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd ?  
“ They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :—  
“ To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?  
“ Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !  
“ Behold, what deeds of wo the locust can perform !

## XII.

“ True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind  
“ Virtue has rais'd above the things below,  
“ Who, every hope and fear to heaven resign'd,  
“ Shrinks not, though fortune aim her deadliest blow.”  
—This strain from midst the rocks was heard to flow  
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star ;  
And from embattled clouds emerging slow,  
Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;  
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

## XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew ;  
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)  
“ Ye tools and toys of tyranny adieu,  
“ Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good !  
“ Ye only can engage the servile brood  
“ Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,  
“ Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd,  
“ And hugg'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze  
“ Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.



## XIV.

“ Like them, abandon’d to Ambition’s sway,  
 “ I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;  
 “ And fawn’d and smil’d, to plunder and betray,  
 “ Myself betray’d and plunder’d all the while ;  
 “ So gnaw’d the viper, the corroding file.  
 “ But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue,  
 “ Those years of trouble and debasement vile.—  
 “ Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue !  
 “ Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view.

## XV.

“ The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,  
 “ And storms of disappointment all o’erpast,  
 “ Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven shall share  
 “ This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.  
 “ And if for me no treasure be amass’d,  
 “ And if no future age shall hear my name,  
 “ I lurk the more secure from fortune’s blast,  
 “ And with more leisure feed this pious flame,  
 “ Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

## XVI.

“ The end and the reward of toil is rest.  
 “ Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.  
 “ Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess’d,  
 “ Who ever felt his weight of wo decrease !  
 “ Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,  
 “ The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,  
 “ The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,  
 “ All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,  
 “ If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring ?

## XVII.

“ Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb  
“ With trophies, rhymes and scutcheons of renown,  
“ In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,  
“ Where night and desolation ever frown.  
“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;  
“ Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
“ With here and there a violet bestrown,  
“ Fast by a brook, or fountain’s murmuring wave ;  
“ And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

## XVIII.

“ And thither let the village swain repair ;  
“ And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,  
“ To deck with flowers her half-dishevell’d hair,  
“ And celebrate the merry morn of May.  
“ There let the shepherd’s pipe the live-long day,  
“ Fill all the grove with love’s bewitching wo ;  
“ And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,  
“ Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;  
“ No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

## XIX.

“ For though I fly to scape from Fortune’s rage,  
“ And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,  
“ Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,  
“ Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :  
“ For virtue lost, and ruin’d man I mourn.  
“ O Man, creation’s pride, heav’n’s darling child,  
“ Whom nature’s best, divinest gifts adorn,  
“ Why from thy home are truth and joy exil’d,  
“ And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears  
    defil’d !

## XX.

“ Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !  
 “ What majesty attends night’s lovely queen !  
 “ Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams ;  
 “ And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,  
 “ And all conspire to beautify the scene.  
 “ But, in the mental world, what chaos drear !  
 “ What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !  
 “ O when shall that Eternal Morn appear,  
 “ These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear !

## XXI.

“ O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,  
 “ In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,  
 “ Rose from the abyss ; when dark Confusion, driven  
 “ Down, down the bottomless profound of night,  
 “ Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !  
 “ O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,  
 “ To blast the fury of oppressive might,  
 “ Melt the hard heart to love and mercy’s sway,  
 “ And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the  
 way.”

## XXII.

Silence ensued : and Edwin rais’d his eyes  
 In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.  
 “ And is it thus, in courtly life,” he cries,  
 “ That man to man acts a betrayer’s part !  
 “ And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,  
 “ Each social instinct, and sublime desire !  
 “ Hail Poverty ! if honour, wealth, and art,  
 “ If what the great pursue, and learn’d admire,  
 “ Thus dissipate and quench the soul’s ethereal fire !”

## XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away ; nor did the Sage  
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.

The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,  
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd ;  
For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;  
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills ;  
Nor is the mind with startiing sounds annoy'd ;  
A soothing murmur the lone region fills

Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

## XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,  
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear,  
Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue ;  
For man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear ;  
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.

“ Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell !

“ No more in vain conjecture let me wear

“ My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell ;

“ 'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel.”

## XXV.

At early dawn the youth his journey took,  
And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,  
Then reach'd the wild ; where in a flowery nook,  
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied  
An ancient man ; his harp lay him beside.

A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,

And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied

A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,

And hung his lofty neck with many a flow'ret small.

## XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw  
 The wanderer approaching, innocence  
 Smil'd on his glowing cheek, but modest awe  
 Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.

“Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from whence?”

“Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale?”

“A shepherd-boy,” the youth replied, “far hence

“My habitation : hear my artless tale ;

“Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

## XXVII.

“Late as I roam'd intent on Nature's charms,

“I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound ;

“And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,

“Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound.

“(For in thy speech I recognise the sound.)

“You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,

“And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,

“Pondering on former days, by guilt engross'd,

“Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

## XXVIII.

“But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,

“Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul,

“Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,

“Can selfishness the liberal heart controul ?

“Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul

“As those which feions, fiends, and furies plan ?

“Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tygers prowl ;

“Love is the godlike attribute of man.

“O teach a simple Youth this mystery to scan.

## XXIX.

“ Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,  
“ And give me back the calm contented mind ;  
“ Which, late exulting view'd in Nature's frame,  
“ Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfi'd,  
“ Grace, grandeur, and utility combin'd.  
“ Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still  
“ Well pleas'd with all, but most with human-kind ;  
“ When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will,  
“ Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill.”

## XXX.

“ Wouldst thou,” the sage replied, “ in peace return,  
“ To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,  
“ Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,  
“ From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :  
“ For if my desultory strain with ruth  
“ And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,  
“ Alas ! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,  
“ Shouldst thou the extent of human folly know ?  
“ Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to wo.

## XXXI.

“ But let untender thoughts afar be driven ;  
“ Nor venture to arraign the dread decree ;  
“ For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,  
“ The voice of The Eternal said, Be free ;  
“ And this divine prerogative to thee  
“ Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;  
“ For virtue is the child of liberty,  
“ And happiness of virtue ; nor can they  
“ Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray.

## XXXII.

" Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,  
 " Which else might thy young virtue overpower ;  
 " And in thy converse I shall find relief,  
 " When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;  
 " For solitude has many a dreary hour,  
 " Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain :  
 " Come often then ; for haply, in my bower,  
 " Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou mayst gain.  
 " If I one soul improve, I have not liv'd in vain."

## XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze  
 The Muse of history unrolls her page.  
 But few, alas ! the scenes her art displays,  
 To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.  
 Here Chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,  
 And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn :  
 Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,  
 But lo ! ere long, is left alone to mourn,  
 And languish in the dust, and clasp the abandon'd urn.

## XXXIV.

" Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,  
 " Where ruin's gulf unfathom'd yawns beneath !  
 " Shall life, shall liberty be lost, (he said)  
 " For the vain toys that Pomp and Power bequeath !  
 " The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,  
 " Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave ;  
 " No note the clarion of Renown can breathe,  
 " T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,  
 " Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'erwhelming  
 wave.



## XXXV.

“ Ah ! what avails,” he said, “ to trace the springs,  
“ That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel !  
“ Ah ! what have I to do with conquering kings,  
“ Hands drench’d in blood, and breasts begirt with steel !  
“ To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,  
“ Heroes, alas ! are things of small concern.  
“ Could History man’s secret heart reveal,  
“ And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,  
“ Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn !

## XXXVI.

“ This praise, O Cheronean sage, is thine.  
(“ Why should this praise to thee alone belong ! )  
“ All else from Nature’s moral path decline,  
“ Lur’d by the toys that captivate the throng ;  
“ To herd in cabinets and camps, among  
“ Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride ;  
“ Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,  
“ How tyrant blood o’er many a region wide,  
“ Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

## XXXVII.

“ O who of man the story will unfold,  
“ Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,  
“ In that elysian age (misnam’d of gold)  
“ The age of love, and innocence, and joy,  
“ When all were great and free ! man’s sole employ  
“ To deck the bosom of his parent earth ;  
“ Or tow’rd his bower the murmuring stream decoy,  
“ To aid the flow’ret’s long-expected birth,  
“ And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

## XXXVIII.

" Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,  
 " Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,  
 " Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,  
 " His eye still smiling, and his heart content.  
 " Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour went.  
 " Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.  
 " None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent.  
 " To all an equal lot heaven's bounty gave :  
 " No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

## XXXIX.

" But ah ! the Historic Muse has never dar'd  
 " To pierce those hallow'd bowers : 'tis Fancy's beam  
 " Pour'd on the vision of the enraptur'd Bard,  
 " That paints the charms of that delicious theme.  
 " Then hail, sweet Fancy's ray ! and hail the dream  
 " That weans the weary soul from guilt and wo !  
 " Careless what others of my choice may deem,  
 " I long where love and fancy lead to go,  
 " And meditate on heaven ; enough of earth I know."

## XL.

" I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)  
 " For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.  
 " And yet even there, if left without a guide,  
 " The young adventurer unsafely plays.  
 " Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays  
 " In modest Truth no light nor beauty find.  
 " And who, my child, would trust the meteor blaze,  
 " That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,  
 " More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shin'd ?

XLI.

“ Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart.  
“ And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :  
“ To joy each heightening charm it can impart,  
“ But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.  
“ And often, where no real ills affright,  
“ Its visionary fiends, an endless train,  
“ Assail with equal or superior might,  
“ And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,  
“ And shivering nerves shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

XLII.

“ And yet, alas ! the real ills of life  
“ Claim the full vigour of a mind prepar’d,  
“ Prepar’d for patient, long, laborious strife,  
“ Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.  
“ We fare on earth as other men have far’d :  
“ Were they successful ? Let not us despair.  
“ Was disappointment oft their sole reward ?  
“ Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,  
“ How they have borne the load ourselves are doom’d to bear.

XLIII.

“ What charms the Historic Muse adorn, from spoils  
“ And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,  
“ To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils  
“ Sacred to science, liberty, and right,  
“ And peace, through every age divinely bright  
“ Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind !  
“ Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height  
“ A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus enshrin’d  
“ In power, and man with man for mutual aid combin’d.

## XLIV.

- " Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd !  
 " Hail, sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain'd !  
 " Without you what were man ? A grovelling herd  
 " In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.  
 " Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd  
 " In arts unrivall'd : O, to latest days,  
 " In Albion may your influence unprofan'd  
 " To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,  
 " And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the Poet's lays !

## XLV.

- " But now let other themes our care engage.  
 " For, lo ! with modest yet majestic grace,  
 " To curb Imagination's lawless rage,  
 " And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,  
 " Philosophy appears. The gloomy race  
 " By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,  
 " Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,  
 " And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,  
 " While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

## XLVI.

- " Then waken from long lethargy to life  
 " The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought ;  
 " Then jarring appetites forego their strife,  
 " A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.  
 " Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought  
 " With fell revenge ; lust that defies controul,  
 " With gluttony and death. The mind untaught  
 " Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;  
 " As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the Soul.

## XLVII.

“ And Reason now through Number, Time and Space,  
“ Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,  
“ And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,  
“ Whose long progression leads to Deity.  
“ Can mortal strength presume to soar so high !  
“ Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,  
“ Such glory bear !—for lo ! the shadows fly  
“ From Nature's face ; Confusion disappears,  
“ And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

## XLVIII.

“ In the deep windings of the grove no more,  
“ The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell ;  
“ Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar  
“ Of winds, is heard the angry spirits yell ;  
“ No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,  
“ Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;  
“ Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,  
“ To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,  
“ Or chace the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

## XLIX.

“ Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,  
“ Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,  
“ Lo, with dim eyes that never learn'd to smile,  
“ And trembling hands the famish'd native craves  
“ Of Heaven his wretched fare : shivering in caves,  
“ Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day ;  
“ But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves  
“ The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,  
“ And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

## L.

“ And even where Nature loads the teeming plain  
 “ With the full pomp of vegetable store,  
 “ Her bounty, unimprov’d, is deadly bane :  
 “ Dark woods and rankling wilds from shore to shore  
 “ Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore  
 “ Even Fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood ;  
 “ For there each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,  
 “ Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,  
 “ Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every  
     flood.

## LI.

“ Twas from philosophy man learn’d to tame  
 “ The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.  
 “ Lo ! from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,  
 “ Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.  
 “ The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,  
 “ Bring health and melody to every vale ;  
 “ And, from the breezy main and mountain’s head,  
 “ Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,  
 “ To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

## LII.

“ What dire necessities on every hand  
 “ Our art, our strength, our fortitude require !  
 “ Of foes intestine what a numerous band  
 “ Against this little throb of life conspire !  
 “ Yet Science can elude their fatal ire  
 “ Awhile, and turn aside Death’s levell’d dart,  
 “ Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever’s fire,  
 “ And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,  
 “ And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

## LIII.

“ Nor less to regulate man’s moral frame  
“ Science exerts her all-composing sway.  
“ Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,  
“ Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,  
“ Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?  
“ Flee to the shades of Academus’ grove ;  
“ Where cares molest not ! discord melts away  
“ In harmony, and the pure passions prove  
“ How sweet the words of truth breath’d from the lips of  
Love.

## LIV.

“ What cannot Art and Industry perform,  
“ When Science plans the progress of their toil !  
“ They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;  
“ And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.  
“ When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil  
“ A land, or when the rabble’s headlong rage  
“ Order transforms to anarchy and spoil.  
“ Deep-vers’d in man the philosophic Sage  
“ Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

## LV.

“ ’Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,  
“ From situation, temper, soil, and clime  
“ Explor’d, a nation’s various powers can bind  
“ And various orders, in one form sublime  
“ Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,  
“ Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear  
“ Th’ assault of foreign or domestic crime,  
“ While public faith, and public love sincere,  
“ And Industry and Law maintain their sway sever e.”



## LVI.

Enraptur'd by the Hermit's strain, the youth  
 Proceeds the path of Science to explore.  
 And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,  
 New energies, and charms unknown before,  
 His mind discloses : Fancy now no more  
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies ;  
 But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,  
 Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,  
 Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

## LVII.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,  
 Their laws and nice dependancies to scan ;  
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,  
 And of the services man owes to man,  
 He meditates new arts on Nature's plan,  
 The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,  
 The flame of Industry and Genius fan,  
 And Emulation's noble rage alarm,  
 And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

## LVIII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,  
 And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shar'd,  
 And bless'd the Muse, and her celestial art,  
 Still claim the Enthusiast's fond and first regard.  
 From Nature's beauties variously compar'd  
 And variously combined, he learns to frame  
 Those forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,  
 While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,  
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

## LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,  
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface  
Through ardour to adorn ; but Nature now  
To his experienced eye, a modest grace  
Presents, where Ornament the second place  
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design  
Subservient still. Simplicity apace  
Tempers his rage : he owns her charm divine,  
And clears the ambiguous phrase, and lops the un-  
wieldy line.

## LX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)  
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,  
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains  
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll :  
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,  
How the red current throbb'd his veins along,  
When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,  
Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong,  
Homer raised high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous  
song.

## LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,  
Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,  
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,  
Was taught to modulate the artful strain.  
I fain would sing :—but, ah ! I strive in vain.  
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.—  
With trembling step, to join yon weeping train  
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,  
And, mix'd with shrieks of wo, the knells of death re-  
sound.

## LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,  
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind !  
 He sleeps in dust, and all the muses mourn,  
 He, whom each Virtue fir'd, each grace refin'd,  
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind !  
 He sleeps in dust.—Ah, how should I pursue  
 My theme !—To heart-consuming grief resign'd,  
 Here on his recent grave I fix my view,  
 And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays, adieu !

## LXIII.

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled !  
 And am I left to unavailing wo !  
 When fortune's storms assail this weary head,  
 Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,  
 Ah now for comfort whither shall I go !  
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers,  
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,  
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.  
 'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh my  
 tears.

BEATTIE.







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