



A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

V O L. VI.





A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



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MDCCLXV.



Whose lofty Genius bears along
 The conscious dignity of Song ;
 And, scorning from the sacred store
 To waste a note on Pride, or Power,
 Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,
 And warbles 'mid the rustic tombs :
 He too perchance, (for well I know,
 His heart would melt with friendly woe)
 He too perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,
 Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hov'ring Shade.



O D E.

By Mr. GRAY.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΤΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ—

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

I. I.

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

Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rolling down the steep again,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
 The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

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

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day,

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

II. 1.

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

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering Lab'rinth creep,
 How do your tuneful Echo's languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish !
 Where each old poetic Mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around ;
 Every 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 fought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the fun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To Him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

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

He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two courfers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-responding

III. 3.

[pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed 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.



O D E.

By the Same.

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

I. 1.

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

Stout

Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance :
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

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

' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
' O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
' Revenge on thee in hoarser numbers breathe ;
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
' That hush'd the stormy main :
' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
' Mountains, ye mourn in vain
' Modred, whose magic song
' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.

- ‘ On dreary Arvon’s coast they lie,
 ‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
 ‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens fail ;
 ‘ The famish’d Eagle screams, and passes by.
 ‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ‘ Dear, as the light, that visits these sad eyes,
 ‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ‘ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries —
 ‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ‘ On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
 ‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,
 ‘ Avengers of their native land :
 ‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 “ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race,
 “ Give ample room, and verge enough,
 “ The characters of hell to trace.
 “ Mark the year, and mark the night,
 “ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 “ The shrieks of death, through Berkley’s roofs that ring,
 “ Shrieks of an agonizing King !
 “ She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 “ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,

“ From

" From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him wait!
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 " No pitying heart, no eye afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the fable Warriour fled?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 " The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 " Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

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

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

“ Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 “ Close by the regal chair
 “ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 “ A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
 “ Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 “ Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 “ Long Years of havoc urge their destin’d course,
 “ And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 “ Ye Towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
 “ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 “ Revere his Consort’s faith, his Father’s fame,
 “ And spare the meek Ufurper’s holy head.
 “ Above, below, the rose of snow,
 “ Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
 “ The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 “ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 “ Now Brothers, bending o’er th’ accursed loom,
 “ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. II.

“ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 “ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)

“ Half

“ † Half of thy heart we consecrate,
 “ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”
 ‘ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 ‘ Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn:
 ‘ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 ‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 ‘ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
 ‘ Descending flow their glit’ring skirts unroll?
 ‘ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 ‘ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 ‘ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,
 ‘ All-hail ‡, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s Issue, hail!

III. 2.

‘ Girt with many a Baron bold,
 ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 ‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 ‘ In bearded majesty, appear.
 ‘ In the midst a Form divine!
 ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;

† Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow, for the loss of her, are still to be seen in several parts of England.

‡ Accession of the line of Tudor.

- ‘ Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
- ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
- ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin *, hear;
- ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
- ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
- ‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
- ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
- ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
- ‘ In buskin’d measures move
- ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
- ‘ With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
- ‘ A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
- ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
- ‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
- ‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
- ‘ Fond impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
- ‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day?

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

‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me : With joy I see
‘ The different doom our Fates assign.
‘ Be thine Despair, and scepter’d Care,
‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

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

