POEMS

Wanted

BY

Mr GRAY.

A

NEW EDITION.

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O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.

O D E

ON THE

SPRING.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

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

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

* ——————a bank,
O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine.
Shakeſ. Midſ. Nig. Dream.

† "Nare per aeſtatem liquidam——"
Virg. Georg. lib. iv.

Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun ‡.

To Contemplation's ſober eye *
Such is the race of Man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Buſy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dreſt;
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The ſportive kind reply;
Poor Moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!

‡ ————————ſporting with quick glance
Shew to the ſun their waved coats drop'd with gold. *Milt. Par. Loſt. book* vii.

* While inſects from the threſhold preach, *&c.*
M. Green, in the Grotto.
Dodſley's Miſcel. Vol. V. *p.* 161.

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

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the taby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

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

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream;
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The haplefs nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

Preſumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,

Nor knew the gulf between:
(Malignant Fate ſat by and ſmil'd)
The ſlipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

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

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that gliſters, gold.

O D E

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

Ανθρωπος' ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς δυστυχεῖν.

Menander.

O D E

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her HENRY's holy ſhade ‡;

‡ King Henry VI. founder of the College.

And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey, [among
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way:

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

Say, Father THAMES, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race

* And bees their honey redolent of ſpring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. Syſtem.

Diſporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten Liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs by Fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:

Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Chear of vigour born,
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

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

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs * laughing wild
Amidſt ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grieſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:

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

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

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

HYMN

TO

ADVERSITY.

——— Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώσαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

Æschylus, in Agamemnon.

HYMN

TO

ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,
The Bad affright, afflict the Best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone:

When firſt thy fire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly Birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own, ſhe learn'd to melt at
others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Proſperity receiv'd, [believ'd.
To her they vow their truth, and are again

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend
Warm Charity, the gen'ral Friend,
With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere, [tear.
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing

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

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

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A

PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει.
Pindar, Olymp. II.

D

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

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

* Awake, my glory; awake, lute and harp.
David's Pſalms.

Pindar ſtiles his own poetry, with its muſical accompanyments, Αἰοληὶς μολπή, Ἀιόλιδες χορδαὶ Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. Eolian ſong, Eolian ſtrings, the breath of the Eolian flute.

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

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign * of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,

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

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

Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions, hear thy ſoft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
Perching * on the ſceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

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

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

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

With antic ſports, 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-e'er ſhe turns, the Graces homage pay;
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way;
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
The † bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of Love.

* Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν· θαίμαζε δὲ θυμῷ. *Homer's Od.*

† Δάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσὶ Παρειῇσι φῶς ἔρωτος. *Phrynicus, apud Athenaeum.*

II. 1.

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

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

† Or ſeen the morning's well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the Eaſtern hills afar.
Cowley.

II. 2.

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

* Extenſive influence of Poetic Genius over the remoteſt and moſt uncivilized nations: its connection with Liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erſe, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments, the Lapland and American Songs.]

† "Extra anni ſolisque vias——" *Virg.*

"Tutta lontana dal camin del ſole."
Petrarch, Canzon ii.

II. 3.

Woods *, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths 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.

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

When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, Oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

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.

* Shakeſpeare.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond He †, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph wings of Eſtaſy,
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

† Milton.

* "——flammantia moenia mundi." *Lucret.*

‡ For the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels——And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeneſs of a throne, as the appearance of a ſapphire ſtone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. *Ezekiel* I. 20. 26, 28.

‖ Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.
Homer's Odyſſey.

Two Coursers of æthereal race †,
With necks in thunder cloath'd ‖, and long-
resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe §, and words that
burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more *——

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

‖ Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder? *Job.*

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

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

Oh! Lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit

" Hark! heard you not yon footſtep dread,
That ſhook the earth with thund'ring tread?
'Twas Death.—In haſte
The warrior paſt;
High tower'd his helmed head:
I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his ſhield,
I ſpy'd the ſparkling of his ſpear,
I ſaw his giant arm the faulchion wield;
Wide wav'd the bickering blade, and ſir'd the angry air.

I. 2.

" On me (he cried) my Britons! wait.
To lead you to the fields of fate
I come. Yon car,
That cleaves the air,
Deſcends to throne my ſtate:
I mount your champion and your God.
My proud ſteeds neigh beneath the thong;
Hark! to my wheels of braſs, that rattle loud!
Hark! to my clarion ſhrill, that brays the woods among.

I. 3.

Fear not now the fever's fire,
Fear not now the death-bed groan,
Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
Bed-rid age with feeble moan;

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear *,

Thefe domeftic terrors wait
Hourly at my palace gate;
And when o'er flothful realms my rod I wave,
Thefe on the tyrant king and coward flave
Rufh with vindictive rage, and drag them to their grave.

II. 1.

But you, my fons! at this high hour
Shall fhare the fullnefs of my power:
From all your bows,
In levell'd rows,
My own dread fhafts fhall fhow'r.
Go then to conquefl, gladly go,
Deal forth my dole of deftiny;
With all my fury dafh the trembling foe
Down to thofe darkfome dens, where Rome's pale fpectres ly.

II. 2.

Where creeps the Ninefold ftream profound
Her black inexorable round;

* Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῶν. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himfelf to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it purfues its flight, regardlefs of their noife.

Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above
the Great.

And on the bank
To willows dank,
The ſhiv'ring ghoſts are bound.
Twelve thouſand creſcents all ſhall ſwell
To full-orb'd pride, and all decline,
Ere they again in life's gay manſions dwell.
Not ſuch the meed that crowns the ſons of Free-
dom's line.

II. 3.

No, my Britons! battle-ſlain,
Rapture gilds your parting hour!
I, that all-deſpotic reign,
Claim but there a moment's power!
Swiftly the ſoul of Britiſh flame
Animates ſome kindred frame;
Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
Exults again in martial ecſtacies, [dies."
Again for Freedom fights, again for Freedom

THE

BARD.

A

PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

THE

BARD.

A

PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

'RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs king!
'Confuſion on thy banners wait,
'Tho' fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
'They mock the air with idle ſtate *.
'Helm, nor Hauberk's twiſted mail †,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail

* Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread.
Shakeſpeare's King John.

† The Hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets,

"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.

or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſate cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to every motion.

‡ The creſted adder's pride. *Dryd. Ind. Qu.*

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

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

I. 2.

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

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

* Edmund de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords-Marchers, whoſe lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

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

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

And with a master's hand and prophet's fire;
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I 3.

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

‡ The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
' The famish'd eagle screams * and passes by.
' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
' Dear, as the light that visits those 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 griefly band,
' I see them sit, they linger yet,
' Avengers of their native land:

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

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

Shakespeare's Julius Cesar.

' 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, thro' Berkely's roofs that ring;
" Shrieks of an agonizing king!
" She-wolf of France ‡, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
" From thee be born ‖, who o'er thy country hangs

* See the Norwegian Ode that follows.

† Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkely castle.

‡ Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

‖ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

" 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 ſable warrior fled † ?
" Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the dead.
" The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.

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

† Edward the Black Prince, dead ſometime before his father.

" 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;
" 'Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;

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

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

" Close by the regal chair
" Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray †,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
" Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
" Ye Towers of Julius ‡, London's lasting shame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his consort's faith *, his Father's fame ‖,

† Ruinous Civil wars of York and Lancaster.

‡ Henry VI. George Duke of Clarence, Edward V. Richard Duke of York, *&c.* believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar.

* Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

‖ Henry V.

" And ſpare the meek Uſurper's holy head †.
" Above, below, the Roſe of ſnow ‡,
" Twin'd with her Bluſhing foe we ſpread;
" The briſtled Boar in infant-gore ||
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify [his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)
" Half of thy heart we conſecrate §.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, Oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn [mourn;
' Leave me, unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to

† Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.

‡ The white and red Roſes, devices of York and Lancaſter.

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

§ Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the

" 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 ſlow their glitt'ring ſkirts unroll?
' Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight,
' Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
' No more our long-loſt Arthur we bewail *.
' All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's iſſue, hail †!

conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

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

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

III. 2.

' Girt with many a Baron bold,
' Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
' And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſmen old
' In bearded majeſty, appear.
' In the midſt a form divine!
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face *,
' Attemper'd ſweet to virgin grace.
' What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air,
' What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
' Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin hear †,

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinſki, Ambaſſador of Poland, ſays, "And thus ſhe, lion-like, riſing, "daunted the malapart orator no leſs with her "ſtately port and majeſtical deporture, than "with the tarneſſe of her princelie checkes."

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

' 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.

‡ Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall moralize my ſong.
Spenſer's Proeme to the Fairy Queen.

† Shakeſpeare.

* Milton.

† The ſucceſſion of Poets after Milton's time.

'Fond impious Man, think'ſt thou yon ſanguine cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: with joy I ſee
'The different doom our Fates aſſign:
'Be thine Deſpair, and ſceptred Care;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He ſpoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

THE

FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN THE

ORCADES of THORMODUS, TORFÆUS; HAFNIÆ, 1697, *Folio*: and alſo in BARTHOLINUS.

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving *the History of English Poetry*. In the introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this Island, and were our progenitors; the following three imitations made a part of them. He has long since dropped his design, especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

PREFACE.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips, and a conſiderable body of troops, into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of *Sictryg with the ſilken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs by the death of Brian their king, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day, the day of the battle, a native of Caithneſs in Scotland, ſaw at a diſtance a number of perſons on horſeback, riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter into it. Curioſity led him to follow them, till looking

through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women; they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the North, and as many to the South.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

NOW the ſtorm begins to lowr,
(Haſte, the loom of Hell prepare,)

Note.—The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, ſervants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies *Chuſers of the ſlain.* They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands, and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of Odin, or Paradiſe of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Iron fleet of arrowy ſhower *
Hurtles in the darken'd air †.

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

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

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

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them ſhot
Sharp fleet of arrowy ſhower——
Milton's Paradiſe Regain'd.

† The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air.
Shakeſpeare's Julius Cæſar.

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

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

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

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

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

They, whom once the desart beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

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

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

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

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

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

Siſters! hence with ſpurs of ſpeed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE

DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE,

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN

BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendae mortis: HAFNIAE, 1689, *Quarto.*

Epreis Odinn Allda Gautr, &c.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

UPROSE the King of Men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed;
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode.

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

Him the Dog of Darkneſs ſpied,
His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd:
Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The Father of the powerful ſpell.
Onward ſtill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes),
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of hell ariſe.

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile he ſate:
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verſe that wakes the Dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound.

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

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

PR. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!

Unwilling I my lips unclose :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

OD. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate.

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

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

PR. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compreſt,
A wond'rous Boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam ;

Till he on Hoder's corſe ſhall ſmile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

OD. Yet a-while my call obey.
Prophetefs, awake, and ſay,
What Virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,
That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe:
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

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

OD. No boding Maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetefs of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PR. Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never ſhall Enquirer come

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

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

THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

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

ADVERTISEMENT.

OWEN succeeded his father GRIFFIN in the Principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

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

* North-Wales

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin * plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon-Son † of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory dreft,
High he rears his ruby creft.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand Banners round him burn.

* Denmark.

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

Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and ſhame to fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Deſpair, and honourable Death.

* * * * * * * * * *

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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

* ——ſquilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore.
Dante. Purgat. l. 8.

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

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

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's
ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moul-
d'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers for 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-
ſhorn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly
bed.

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

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

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

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
Await alike th' inevitable hour. [gave,
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 isle and fret-
ted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

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

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

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

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desart 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 forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

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

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

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

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

* * *

For 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, lingering look behind?

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

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If Chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

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

' 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 noontide would he stretch,
' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

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

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

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

The EPITATH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own,

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:

He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

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

† "----paventosa speme." *Petrarch. Son.* 114.

O D E

TO

M U S I C.

Perform'd in the Senate-houſe in CAMBRIDGE, July 1. 1769, at the inſtallation of AUGUSTUS-HENRY Duke of GRAFTON, Chancellor of the Univerſity.

Set by Dr RANDAL, Muſic Profeſſor.

O D E

TO

M U S I C.

A I R.

HENCE! avaunt! 'tis holy ground,
Comus and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance, with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth, of pallid hue;
Mad Sedition's cry prophane,
Servitude that hugs her chain;
Nor in the confecrated bowers,
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her ſerpent train
in flow'rs.

CHORUS.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muses' walk to stain,
While bright-ey'd Science walks around,
Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground.

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day,
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay!
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine,
Thro' every unborn age and undiscover'd clime;
Rapt in celestial transport they:
Yet higher oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place, where on their op'ning soul
First the genuine ardor stole;
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And as the choral warblings round him swell,

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

AIR.

'Ye brown o'er-arching groves
'That contemplation loves,
'Where willoway Camus lingers with delight,
'Oft at bluſh of dawn
'I've trod your level lawn, [light,
'Oft' woo'd the gleam of Cynthia's ſilver
'In cloiſters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
'With Freedom by my ſide, and ſoft ey'd Melancholy.'

RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals ſound, and pacing forth,
With ſolemn ſteps and ſlow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers, in long order go;

Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow,
From haughty Gallia torn;
And ſad Chatillon on her bridal morn,
That wept her bleeding love; and princely
Clare;
And Anjou's heroine; and the paler roſe,
The rival of her crown and of her woes;
And either Henry there,
The murder'd ſaint, and the majeſtic lord
That broke the bonds of Rome.
Their tears their little triumphs o'er,
Their human paſſions move no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.

[*Accompanied.*]

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich ſtreams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade their awful fanes and turrets riſe,
To hail their Fitzroy's feſtal morning come;
And thus they ſpeak in ſoft accord
The liquid language of the ſkies.

QUARTETTO.

What is grandeur! what is power!
Heavier toil! ſuperior pain!

What the bright reward of gain?
The grateful memory of the good:
Sweet is the breath of vernal ſhow'r,
The bees collected treaſure ſweet;
Sweet Muſic's fall,—but ſweeter yet,
The ſtill, ſmall voice of Gratitude!

RECITATIVE.

Foremoſt and leaning from her golden cloud,
The venerable Margaret ſee—
Welcome, my noble Son ſhe cries aloud,
To this thy kindred train and me,
Pleas'd in thy lineaments to trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace!

AIR.

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded ſhall deſcry,
And bid it round Heav'n's altars ſhed
The fragrance of its bluſhing head,
Shall raiſe from earth the latent gem,
To glitter on the diadem!

RECITATIVE.

Lo Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtruſive ſhe;

No vulgar praiſe, no venal incenſe flings,
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind;
For ſhe reveres herſelf and thee!
With modeſt pride, to grace thy youthful brow
The laureat wreaths that Cecil wore ſhe brings,
And to thy juſt, thy gentle hand,
Submits the faſces of her ſway,
Whilſt ſpirits bleſt above, and men below,
Join with glad voice the loud ſymphonicus lay;

GRAND CHORUS.

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

THE END.