

# P O E M S

BY

MR. G R A Y.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

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*Journal of Management Education* 30(6)

THE  
JOURNAL OF THE  
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

VOL. LXXV. PART I.  
1905.

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED BY THE INSTITUTE,  
21, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.

PRINTED BY  
HARRISON AND SONS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

Price 7s. 6d. per volume.

# O D E

## O N T H E

### S P R I N G.

**L**O! 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-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader browner shade;  
Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade;  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and think,

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)  
How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
How low, how indigent the proud,  
How little are 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,  
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 accent low,  
The sportive kind reply ;  
Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?  
A solitary fly !

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,  
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
No painted plumage to display :  
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;  
Thy fun is fet, 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.

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

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



ODE ON THE DEATH, &c. 3

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

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 glitters, gold.

# O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

## ETON COLLEGE.

"Ἄνθρωπος ἱκανὴ προφικτὶς εἰς τὸ δυσχεῖν.

MENANDER.

**Y**E distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her HENRY's \* holy shade:  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!  
Ah fields, belov'd in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
A stranger yet to pain!

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

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margin green,  
The paths of pleasure trace ;  
Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave ?  
The captive linnet which enthrall ?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,  
Their murmur'ing 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 ev'ry wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess'd ;

## ODE ON A DISTANT

The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast.  
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,  
Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,  
And lively Cheer of Vigour born;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly th' approach of morn.

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

These shall the fury passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that sculks behind ;  
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
That inly gnaws the secret heart ;  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

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

Lo, in the vale of Years beneath,  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen !  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every labouring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

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

# O D E

T O

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

Συμφέρει.

Σωφρονεῖν ὑπο στυγν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in *Eumenid.*

**D**AUGHTER 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 Sire to send on earth  
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,  
And bade to form her infant mind.  
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
With patience many a year she bore:  
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

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

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,  
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

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

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,  
Thy milder influence impart,  
Thy philosophic train be there,  
To soften, not to wound my heart;

The gen'rous spark extinct revive;  
Teach me to love, and to forgive,  
Exact my own defects to scan,  
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.



THE  
PROGRESS OF POESY.

A  
PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶν' ἅλα συνελθοῖσιν' ἐς  
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων  
Χαλίζει. —

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

## I. 2.

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

## 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-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.

## 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 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 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-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.  
 Her tract, where'er the Goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,  
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

## - II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,  
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In ling'ring lab'rins creep,

How do your tuneful echoes languish  
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breath'd around;  
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
 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 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.

## III. 2.

Nor second he †, that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:

\* Shakespear.

† Milton.

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

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 courfers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding  
pace.

### III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,  
Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But ah! 'tis heard no more—  
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit  
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban Eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air:  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

T H E

B A R D.

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

[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. I.

‘ R U I N 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  
 ‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’  
 Such were the sounds, that o’er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of † Snowdon’s shaggy side  
 He wound, with toilsome march, his long array.

\* The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or links interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to all its motions.

† *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call

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) ;  
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,  
Struck the deep furrows of his lyre.

*Craigian-eryri* : it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built there by King Edward the First, says, " Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery ;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283), " Apud Aberconway, ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit " erigi castrum forte."

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

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

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

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

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

## I. 3.

- ‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
- ‘ That hush’d the stormy main :
- ‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
- ‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
- ‘ Modred, whose magic song
- ‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d head.
- ‘ \* On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
- ‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
- ‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens sail ;
- ‘ The famish’d † eagle screams, and passes by.

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

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their eyry among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as many think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, i. e. the craigs of the eagles. At this day (as 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.]



- ‘ 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 grilly 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. I.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
- “ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
- “ Give ample room, and verge enough
- “ The characters of hell to trace.
- “ Mark the year, and mark the night,
- “ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
- “ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring;
- “ Shrieks of an agonizing King †!
- “ She-wolf of France ‡, with unrelenting fangs,
- “ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
- “ From thee § be born, who o’er thy country hangs
- “ The scourge of Heav’n. What terrors round him wait!
- “ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d,
- “ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

\* See the Norwegian ode that follows.

† Edward the Second, cruelly murdered in Berkley castle.

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

§ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

## II. 2.

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

## II. 3.

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

\* 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 some time before his father.

‡ 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 ma-

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

nifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

\* Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

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

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

§ Henry the Fifth.

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

\*\* The white and red roses, devices of the two branches of York and Lancaster.

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

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

### III. I.

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
 “ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)  
 “ \* Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
 “ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”  
 ‘ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn  
 ‘ Leave me unblest’d, unpity’d, here to mourn :  
 ‘ In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,  
 ‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 ‘ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height  
 ‘ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unrol?  
 ‘ 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!

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

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

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

## 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 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 dress’d.  
 ‘ In ‡ buskin’d measures move

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

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

‡ Shakespear.

‘ 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 implous 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.

\* Milton.

† The succession of poets after Milton’s time.

O D E \*

F O R

M U S I C.

I R R E G U L A R.

I.

“ HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground),  
“ “ Comus, and his midnight crew,  
“ And ignorance with looks profound,  
“ And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue;  
“ Mad Seditiōn's cry profane;  
“ Servitude that hugs her chain :  
“ Nor in these consecrated bow'rs  
“ Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent train in flow'rs.  
“ Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,  
“ Dare the Muse's walk to stain ;  
“ While bright-ey'd Science watches round :  
“ Hence away, 'tis holy ground !”

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

## II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day,  
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :  
 There sit the fainted sage, the bard divine,  
 The few whom Genius gave to shine  
 Thro' ev'ry unborn age and undiscover'd clime.  
 Rapt in celestial transport they :  
 Yet hither oft a glance from high  
 They send of tender sympathy,  
 To bless the place, where, on their op'ning soul,  
 First the genuine ardour stole.  
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,  
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,  
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,  
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

## III.

" Ye brown o'er-aching groves,  
 " That Contemplation loves,  
 " Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !  
 " Oft at the blush of dawn  
 " I trod your level lawn ;  
 " Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright  
 " In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,  
 " With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy."

## IV.

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;

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

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

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

§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in the former Ode.

|| Elisabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the house of York). She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

And either Henry \* there,  
 'The murder'd faint, and the majestic lord,  
 That broke the bonds of Rome :  
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,  
 Their human passions now no more,  
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb) :  
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain  
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,  
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,  
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning, come :  
 And thus they speak, in soft accord,  
 The liquid language of the skies.

## V.

" What is grandeur, what is power ?  
 " Heavier toil, superior pain.  
 " What the bright reward we gain ?  
 " The grateful memory of the good.  
 " Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
 " The bee's collected treasures sweet,  
 " Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet  
 " The still small voice of Gratitude."

## VI.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,  
 The venerable Margaret † see !  
 " Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud),  
 " To this, thy kindred train, and me :

\* Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

† Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of

" Pleas'd, in thy lineaments we trace  
 " A Tudor's \* fire, a Beaufort's grace.  
 " Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,  
 " The flower unheeded shall descry,  
 " And bid it round Heaven's altars shed  
 " The fragrance of its blushing head :  
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem,  
 " To glitter on the diadem.

## VII.

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

Henry the Seventh; foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

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

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

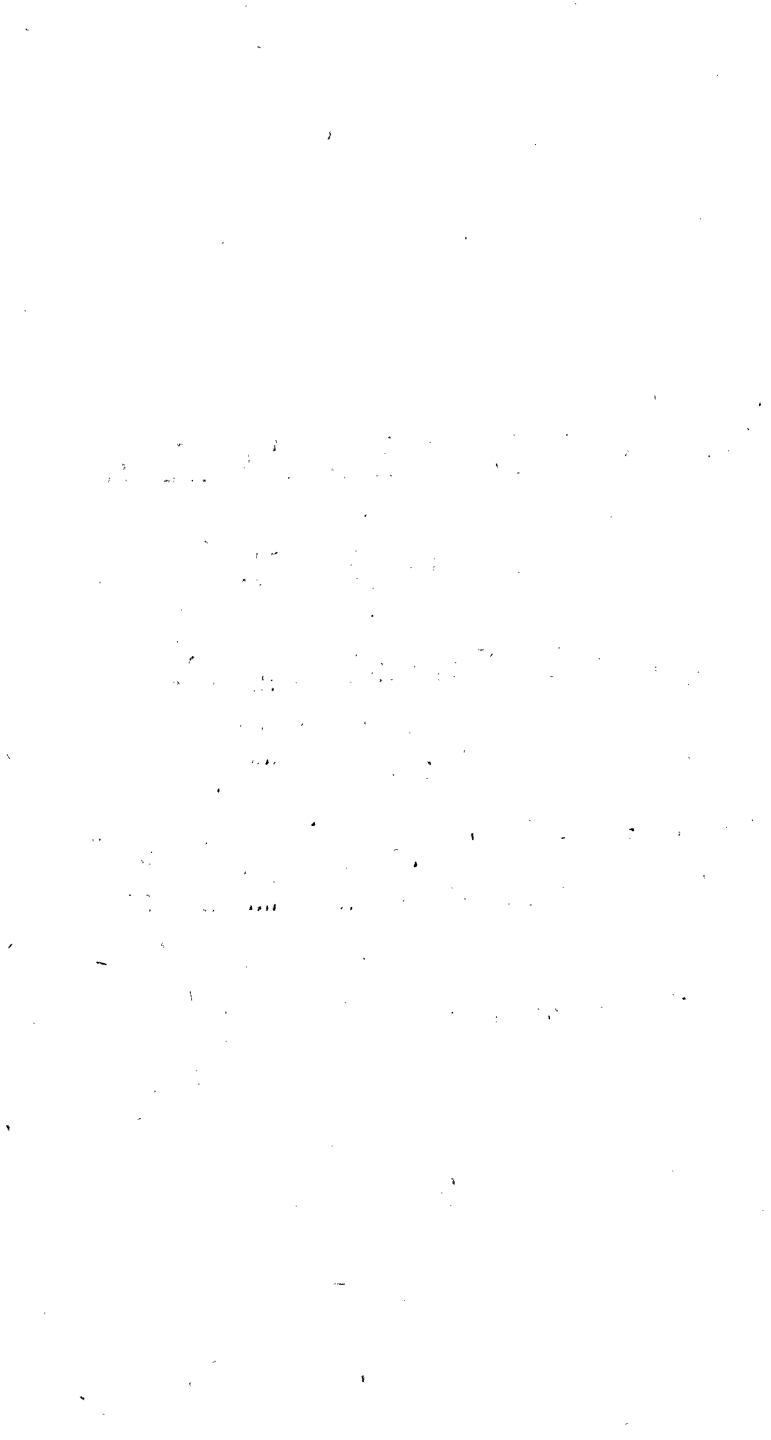
## VIII.

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

THE  
FATAL SISTERS.  
A N O D E,  
(From the NORSE-TONGUE),

IN THE  
ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS;  
HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio; and also in BAR-  
THOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.



## ·ADVERTISEMENT.

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

## P R E F A C E.

IN the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sigtryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat: but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of *Gaithnefs* 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.

A N O D E.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They, whom once the desert-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 tenour of our song.  
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,  
Far and wide the notes prolong.

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

\* Ireland.

THE  
DESCENT OF ODIN.

A. N. O. D. E,

(From the NORSE-TONGUE),

BARTHOLINUS de causis contemnendæ mortis;  
HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

UP rose the King of men with speed,  
And saddled strait his coal-black steed:  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to \* HELA's drear abode.  
Him 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.

\* *Niflheimr* was the hell of the Gothic nations, and consisted of nine worlds, to which were consigned all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: over it presided HELA the Goddess of death.

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 sat,  
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 fullen sound.

## P R O P H E T E S S .

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

## 42 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

ODIN.

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

PROPHETESS.

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

ODIN.

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

PROPHETESS.

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 reſoſe.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my ſpell obey;  
Once again, ariſe, and ſay,

Who th' avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt?

## P R O P H E T E S S.

In the caverns of the west,  
By *Odin's* fierce embrace comrest,  
A wond'rous boy shall *Rinda* bear,  
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,  
Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
Nor see the sun's departing beam,  
Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile  
Flaming on the funeral pile.  
Now my weary lips I close:  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## O D I N.

Yet a while my call obey;  
Prophetess, 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.

## P R O P H E T E S S.

Ha! no traveller art thou.  
King of men, I know thee now;  
Mightiest of a mighty line——

## O D I N.

No boding maid of skill divine  
Art thou, nor prophetess of good,  
But mother of the giant-brood.

## P R O P H E T E S S .

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

\* *Lok* is the Evil Being who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his confinement; 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 in his curious introduction to the *History of Denmark*, 1755, Quarto.



T H E

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.\*

A F R A G M E N T.

F R O M

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry;  
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

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.

Big with hosts of mighty name,  
Squadrons three against him came;  
'This the force of Eirin hiding;  
Side by side, as proudly riding

\* OWEN succeeded his father GRIFFIN in the principality of NORTH-WALES, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North-Wales.

On her shadow, long and gay,  
 \* Lochlin plows the watry 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 drest,  
 High he rears his ruby crest.  
 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;  
 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.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Denmark.

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

# O D E

O N

## THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the WELCH \*.

**H**AD I but the torrent's might,  
With headlong rage, and wild affright,  
Upon Dëira's squadrons hurl'd,  
To rush, and sweep them from the world!  
'Too, too secure, in youthful pride  
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,  
Great Cian's son; of Madoc old  
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;  
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,  
He ask'd, and had the lovely maid.

To Catraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,  
Twice two hundred warriors go;  
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck  
Chains of regal honour deck,

\* Of Aneurim, styled, *the Monarch of the Bards*.  
He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570.

Wreath'd in many a golden link :  
From the golden cup they drink  
Nectar, that the bees produce,  
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.-  
Flush'd with mirth and hope, they burn :  
But none from Catraeth's vale return,  
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,  
(Bursting thro' the bloody throng),  
And I, the meanest of them all,  
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

## O D E.

## A F R A G M E N T.

NOW the golden Morn aloft  
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,  
 With vermil cheek, and whisper soft  
 She wooes the tardy Spring :  
 Till April starts, and calls around  
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;  
 And lightly o'er the living scene  
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,  
 Frisking ply their feeble feet ;  
 Forgetful of their wintry trance  
 The birds his presence greet :  
 But chief, the Sky-Lark warbles high  
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;  
 And, lessening from the dazzled sight,  
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the fullen year  
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;  
 Mute was the music of the air,  
 The herd stood drooping by :  
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,  
 No yesterday, nor morrow know ;

"Tis man alone that joy descries  
With forward, and reverted eyes.

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

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

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

\* \* \* \*

## E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

## COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his 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 evening care ;  
No children run to 'lisp their fire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kifs 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 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 path of glory leads 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 fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

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



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

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

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;  
 Full many a 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 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 even 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' unlettered 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 lingring look behind?

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

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

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,

- ‘ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
- ‘ Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
- ‘ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

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

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

- ‘ One morn I 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 canst read) the lay
- ‘ Grav’d on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn \*.’

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

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

## THE EPITAPH.

**H**ERE RESTS HIS HEAD UPON THE LAP OF EARTH  
A YOUTH, TO FORTUNE AND TO FAME UN-  
KNOWN :

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 ('T WAS 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.

## E P I T A P H I.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. RICHARD WEST.

**I**N vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,  
 And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire :  
 The birds in vain their am'rous descant join ;  
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.  
 These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,  
 A diff'rent object do these eyes require.  
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;  
 And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.  
 Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;  
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;  
 To warm their little loves the birds complain :  
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

## E P I T A P H II.

O N

MRS. CLARKE\*.

**L**O! where this silent marble weeps,  
 A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;  
 A Heart, within whose sacred cell  
 The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.  
 Affection warm, and Faith sincere,  
 And soft Humanity, were there.  
 In agony, in death resign'd,  
 She felt the wound she left behind.  
 Her infant image, here below,  
 Sits smiling on a father's woe:  
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays  
 Along the lonely vale of days?  
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear;  
 A sigh, an unavailing tear;  
 'Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,  
 With Life, with Mem'ry, and with Love.

\* Mrs. Clarke was the wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom, and died April 27. 1757.

## E P I T A P H    III.

O N

SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS \*.

**H**ERE, foremost in the dang'rous paths of fame,  
 Young WILLIAMS fought for ENGLAND's fair  
 renown ;

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

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

\* This epitaph was intended to have been inscribed  
 on a monument at Bellisle, at the siege of which this  
 accomplished youth was killed, 1761.

T H E    E N D.





