THE

LATIN ODES

OF

MR. GRAY,

IN ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH

AN ODE

ON THE

DEATH of a favorite SPANIEL.

LONDON:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Odes are intended, with another very lately published,* as sincere, though feeble testimonies of respect to an Author, who successfully adopted Delicacy of Reflection from the Roman, Sublimity of Expression from the Grecian Lyrist, and painted moral Sensibility from Nature, and himself.

* Ode Pindarica pro Cambriæ Vatibus Latino Carmine reddita.—1775. Matthews, Cambridge.
THE

LATIN ODES

OF

MR. GRAY.

ODE I.

Why task the barbarous Seats to roam,
Which restless Law proclaims her Home,
With me to tend the wordy jar,
The boiling Gownswoman's mimic war,

Is't not thy wish in Quiet lay'd
Beneath the broad Elm's social shade,
With Books Life's tumults to beguile,
And idly lure the Muse's smile?

B Full
Full oft with step devoid of care
I brush the Dew, to meet the Fair,
To meet her, ere Aurora's light,
Nor quit her 'mid the gloom of Night.

Where'er I stray, on ev'ry Hill
Parnassus' heights my Fancy fill
Fertil of woods; I view below
Each Stream an Aganippe flow.

Gay-laughs the Spring, while I inhale
(Gay-laugh the Nymphs) the morning Gale,
(Nor mine inelegance of Smell)
Breath'd from the Violet's silken Bell.

Reclin'd upon the flow'ring grazs
I see the nimble Waters pass,
Soft-chiding, as they weave their way,
Each Pebble, wishing their delay.
These simple cares were wont to cheer
My Soul each happy, circling Year,
While purer flow'd the Western hours,
And Comfort wak'd the social Pow'rs.

Nor rural Leisure mine to shun,
True as the Flow'r, that wooes the Sun;
(Though Tempests swell with churlish rage,
And Summer bend with Winter's Age)

Whether inspiring Labor's train
His Car refreshes Hill, and Plain,
The Dawn while Eastern Tracks unfold,
Array'd in Purple, and in Gold,

His Orb I hail with watchful sight
Benignant Prodigal of Light:
Or if he paints in milder pride
With flame his favor'd Calpe's side,
How faintly sinks th' expiring Ray,
Till the last glimm'ring blush of Day!
The playful Clouds from Æther steal,
Till Shades the verdant scene conceal.

Oh! were my happier lot to share
(Dead to the world, and all its care)
Such calm decline, such peaceful doom,
As smiles a welcome to the tomb!

No, splendid God, thy mid-day blaze
Too lavish Charms for Me displays;
Bask Thou, *Olympus*, in the Beam,
Proud of the Light's luxuriant Stream;

ODE
ODE II.

FOUNTAIN of Tears, whose softer Mine
Treasures the Soul of source divine,
He, pious Maid, is ever bless'd,
Who feels thee flowing through his breast.*

ODE III.

PARENT of Roses, from whose wing
The infant Gales of Zephyr spring;
Thy Breath, the Nurse of fond Desires,
Thy Praise the Sylvan Train inspires.

Say in what cool, sequester'd bow'r
My Friend deceives the leisure hour?
Say! is the Lyre's sweet Magic lay'd,
Or charms it the Pierian shade?

C

* The Title of Ode is hazarded to these four Lines, the Original, though very abbreviated, being exquisitely marked with Sentiment and Expression.
His richer Fancy wand’ring wide!

Yet heedless of the Classic Tide

Chill’d by the Grove, of Alba’s Boast,
—Ev’n of the Man, he values moft.

To Faunus, and the Satyrs dear,
Ye, whom proud Anio taught to fear,
Rolling his stream the rocks along,
Forefts of Pine, attend my Song!

Fam’d Tibur oft, and oft the shade,
Where Friendship’s foot enchanted stray’d,
Hills, Valleys, Streams have tun’d his name,
While Echo swell’d the Notes of Fame.

Ev’n Me the Naïads deign’d to view
Stretch’d on the bank of glist’ning Dew,
Where once the Lyric Bird would lave
His pinions in the sacred wave.

Hark!

* This Ode was written by Mr. Gray immediately after his Journey to Friedeiu, and the Cascades of Tivoli.—Mason.
Hark! while he sweetly trills, the Wood
Is Silence all, unmov'd the Flood!
And still (the Muse commands) his strain
The Laurels old, and Rocks retain.

Nor wonder thus the Scenes inspire
Each Chord, that flutters on my Lyre;
While Nature feels luxuriant Spring,
She calls the meanest voice to sing.

Wrapp'd in each Leaf (nor ill I deem)
Still Phæbus sheds th'enthusiast Dream;
The Rills, the Breezes whisper round,
Accents—of more than mortal Sound.

ODE IV.

HAIL the Name, thou lov'ft to grace,
Religion of this awful Place!
Pow'r divine, who deign'ft to rove
These thy native Streams, and Grove!

Mid
[8]

Mid the Rocks, that frown on high,
Mark the present Deity!
Mid rugged Mountains, craggy Steeps,
The Night of Woods, the Roar of Deeps!

Thy genial Charms eclipse the gleam
Of Phidian Art, of Citron* beam;
Ruler of thy Votary’s breast,
Thine to soothe his toil to rest!

Fortune, from this envy’d Seat,
Where Silence consecrates Retreat,
Wilt thou bar my willing Soul,
Doom’d to Life’s tempestuous roll?

Seats, like These, thou guardian Pow’r,
Bless my Day’s declining hour!
Happiest Wish! this Port to share,
Far from noise, and vulgar care!

* Orig.—Trabe citræ.

ODE
O D E V.
On the Death of a favorite SPANIEL.

"Mr. Walpole had a little, fat, black Spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to let down, and let it run by the Chaise-side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most; on one side was a great wood of Pines, and on the other a vast Precipice; it was noon-day, and the Sun thone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood-side (which was steep upwards, as the other part was downwards) out-rushed a great Wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seised the Dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a Minute; we all saw it, and yet the Servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do any thing to save the Dog. If he had not been there, and the Creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses; Chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty Fathoms perpendicular down the precipice."

Mason's Memoirs of Mr. Gray's Life, and Writings.
—Letter 10th.

WHERE in lone grandeur to the sight
Alps heave o'er Alps, tremendous height,
The PAIR congenial roam;
—Ah! why the rugged Road to stray,
To climb Ambition's narrow Way,
Why quit your peaceful Home?

D H E R E
HERE Pines; stern Rulers of the Grove,
With waving foreheads tow'r above,
    And close the solemn Scene;
THERE frowns the Precipice below——
The aching eyes no object know
    Th' unfathom'd Void to screen.

SOL in meridian glory bright
Darts forth a richer stream of Light,
    To gild the savage place:
When sudden from the shady Steep
A Wolf (ev'n now the Tale I weep)
    The monster of his race

Springs furious——whence thy waste of force?
How poor, if Hunger urge thy course,
    The little Spaniel's Treat!
—Oh! spare, the helpless Suppliant spare!
Still let a Master's anxious care
    His faithful fondling greet!
In vain—for deaf to Pity's cries
Forth to the Steep the Tyrant flies,
    And bears his yelping prey;
—ReSentiment, check the Pistol's Fire!
He's fled—what wishes would conspire
    To stop the Lightning's Sway!

Thus oft in Health's serener Spring,
The frolic Spirits on the wing
    For Pleasure's varying joys,
Misfortune leers, a jealous fiend,
A Favorite first, at last a FRIEND,
    (That happiest Boon) destroys.

Yet oh! ill-fated Spaniel, hear
A Master's sigh, a Master's tear,
    That drops upon thy grave!
Pattern of Constancy, and Truth,
Whose Life could cheer his earlier Youth,
    Whose Death his Life could save!

E. B. G.