



Engraved by Trotter from an original drawing in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Dorr of Scarning.

Published for I. Bell British Library Strand March 2^d 1782.

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER TO CHURCHILL.



GRAY.
On Thracia's Hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his Car,

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS GRAY.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Thy form benign oh Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart-----
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.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune;
Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great wit; he believ'd in a God :
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townsend and Squire.

GRAY of himself.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS GRAY.
CONTAINING HIS
ODES, MISCELLANIES,
&c. &c. &c.

Hark! the Fatal Sisters join-----
Hail, ye midnight Sisters! hail-----
O'er the glory of the land,
O'er the innocent and gay,
O'er the Muses' tuneful band,
Weave the fun'ral web of GRAY.
'Tis done, 't is done-----
He sinks, he groans, he falls, a lifeless corse----
O'er his green grave, in Contemplation's guise,
Oft' let the pilgrim drop a silent tear,
Oft' let the shepherd's tender accents rise,
Big with the sweets of each revolving year,
Till prostrate Time adore his deathless name,
Fix'd on the solid base of adamantinè fame.

J. T. TO MEM. OF GRAY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR

LENOX

TILDEN

1215 Broadway, New York City

1912

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR

LENOX

TILDEN

1215 Broadway, New York City

1912

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR

LENOX

TILDEN

1215 Broadway, New York City

1912

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR

LENOX

TILDEN

1215 Broadway, New York City

1912

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR

LENOX

TILDEN

1215 Broadway, New York City

1912

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR

LENOX

TILDEN

1215 Broadway, New York City

1912

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR

LENOX

TILDEN

1215 Broadway, New York City

1912

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY, the subject of this narrative, was the fifth son of Mr. Philip Gray, whose father was a considerable merchant, and who himself was engaged in business *, though not to the pecuniary advantage of his family, for being of a shy and indolent temper he suffered those opportunities of improving his fortune to escape him which others would have eagerly embraced. His son Thomas was born Dec. 26th 1716, in Cornhill London, and sent early to Eton school under the tuition of Mr. Antrebus his maternal uncle. This gentleman, being both a good scholar and a man of taste, was assiduous in directing the attention of his nephew to those sources of improvement which he afterwards applied to with so much success. During the time of Mr. Gray's continuance in this abode of the Muses he contracted the strictest intimacy with two of their votaries, whose dispositions in many respects were congenial with his own. One of these was the Honourable Horace Walpole, who hath been so long conspicuous for his skill in the fine arts and his love of letters; the other Richard West Esq. son to a late lord chancellor of Ireland, and grandson by his mother to the celebrated Bishop Burnet. As the accident of his uncle's being an assistant at Eton was the

* A money-scrivener.

cause of his going thither for his classical learning, so to this gentleman's being Fellow of Peterhouse in Cambridge it was owing that he was sent to the same university, and admitted in the year 1734 a Pensioner of the same college.

The relish Mr. Gray had contracted for polite literature before his removal to Cambridge rendered the abstruse studies which then almost wholly engrossed, and at present too much occupy, the attention of young men altogether tasteless and irksome: still

“ Song was his favourite and first pursuit ;”

and tho' his thoughts were directed towards the law as a profession for life, yet like Garrick in the picture between Tragedy and Comedy, he hung back with fond reluctance on the Muse. Nor was this bias of his inclination a little influenced by the constant exhortations of his two friends, particularly Mr. West, who was now removed to Christ's Church Oxford, and whose propensity to poetry and dislike to the law appear to have even exceeded his own. After having passed four years in college Mr. Gray returned to his father in Town, where he remained till the following spring, at which time Mr. Walpole being about to travel invited his friend to go along with him. The invitation was accepted, and they accordingly set out for Italy together, but some disagreement arising between them (occasioned, as Mr. Walpole ingenuously confesses, less by his companion's conduct than his own)

they parted at Rheggio, from whence, after having made a short stay at Venice, Mr. Gray returned. The time however devoted to this excursion was by no means lost: nothing that our poet saw was suffered to escape him. From no relation, though purposely designed for the publick eye, can so much information be drawn as from his casual letters. During this interval of his friend's absence Mr. West, finding that his aversion to the profession for which he had destined himself (and with a view to which he had resided some time in the Temple) became almost insuperable, wrote to Mr. Gray on the subject, expressing in the strongest manner the *ennui* that almost overwhelmed him. To this letter an answer was returned which presents the finest picture of the writer's mind, and abounds with a justness of thinking far beyond his years. Gray was now at Florence, where he had spent in all eleven months, amusing himself at intervals with poetical compositions. It was here that he conceived the design, and produced the first book, of a didactick poem in Latin entitled *De Principiis Cogitandi*, and addressed to Mr. West, a work which he unfortunately never completed. From Florence proceeding to Venice he returned to England, deviating but little from the route he had gone, but particularly taking once more in his way the Grand Chartreuse, where in this visit he wrote on the album of that monastery the following Alcaick ode:

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,
 Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
 Nativa nam certè fluenta
 Numen habet, veteresque fylvas;

Præsentiozem et conspiciamus Deum
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
 Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;

Quàm si repòstus sub trabe citreâ
 Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu).
 Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
 Da placidam juveni quietem.

Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
 Fortuna sacrà lege silentii
 Vetat volentem, me reforbens
 In medios violenta fluctus:

Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
 Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
 Tutumque vulgari tumultu
 Surripias, hominumque curis.

On the 1st of September 1741 he arrived in London, where he had not been much more than two months before his father was carried off by the gout, a malady from which he had long and severely suffered. As the inactivity and ill health of the elder Mr. Gray had prevented him from accumulating the fortune he might have acquired with ease, so his imprudence had induced him to squander no inconsiderable part of what he possessed. The son therefore finding his patrimony inadequate to the profession he had intended to follow without diminishing the income of his mo-

ther and his aunt, resolved for this reason to relinquish it ; yet to silence their importunities on the subject he proposed only to change the line of it, and accordingly went to Cambridge in the year 1742 to take his Bachelor's degree. But the inconveniencies incident to a scanty fortune were not the only evils he had now to combat. Poor West, the friend of his heart, was overborne by a consumption and family distresses ; and these, alas ! were burthens which friendship could not remove. After languishing a considerable time under their united oppression this amiable youth fell a victim to both on the 1st of June 1742 at Pope's, and was interred in the chancel of Hatfield church, beneath a stone bearing the epitaph below *.

From the time of Mr. Gray's return out of Italy to the date of this melancholy event he seems to have employed himself chiefly in writing, for in this interval he communicated to Mr. West the *fragment of his tragedy, and several other pieces*. The shock however of so severe a stroke disarranged his plans, and broke off his designs. The only addition he afterwards made to his didactic poem is the apostrophe to the friend he had lost † ; and nothing can more pathetically

* Here lieth the body of Richard West Esq. only son to the Right Hon. Richard West Esq. late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who died the 1st of June 1742, in the 26th year of his age.

† Hactenus haud segnīs Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britannia per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,

display the feelings of a heart wounded by such a loss
than that apostrophe and the sonnet in which he gave
them vent:

In 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:

Linquis et æternam fati te condis in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallefcere amantem,
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi:
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilectæ Favoni!
Credulus heu longæ, at quondam, fallere Soles:
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!

At Tu, hæc anima, et nostri non indiga luctus;
Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igit,
Unde orta es, frueri; atque o si secunda, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olim miserata labores
Respectes, tenuisque vaces cognoscere curas;
Humanam si sortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplere, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus;
Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo, quod possum, juxtâ lugere sepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

Not morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And newborn 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.

The Ode to Spring was written early in June at Stoke, whither he had gone to visit his mother, and sent to Mr. West before Mr. Gray had heard of his death: how he employed his pen when this ode was returned to him with the melancholy news we have already seen. Impressions of grief on the generality of mankind, like characters marked on the sand of the sea, are speedily effaced by the influx of business or pleasure, but the traces of them on the heart of Gray were too deeply inscribed to be soon obliterated; we shall not therefore wonder at the subjects he has chosen, nor at the solemnity with which he hath treated them. His Ode on the Prospect of Eton College, as well as the Hymn to Adversity, were both written in the following August, and it is highly probable that the Elegy in the Country Churchyard was begun also about this time.

Having made a visit of some length at Stoke to his mother and aunt our poet returned to Cambridge, which from this period became his principal home. The conveniencies resulting from that situation, to a person of circumscribed fortune and a studious temper, were in his estimation more than a counterbalance for the dislike which, on several accounts, he bore to

the place. Less pleased with exerting his own powers than in contemplating the exertions of others, he almost wholly devoted himself to the best writers of Greece; and so assiduously did he apply to the study of their works as in the course of six years to have read with critical exactness almost every author of note in that language. During this interval however he was not so entirely occupied with his stated employment as to have no time for expressing his aversion to the ignorance and dulness which appeared to surround him; but of what he intended on this subject a short fragment only remains.

In the year 1744 he appears to have given up entirely his didactic poem, and to have relinquished, for sometime at least, any further solicitations of the Muse. Mr. Walpole, notwithstanding, being desirous to preserve what he had already written, and to perpetuate the merit of their deceased friend, importuned Mr. Gray to publish his own poems together with those of Mr. West; but this Mr. Gray declined, from the apprehension that the joint stock of both would hardly fill a small volume. A favourite cat belonging to Mr. Walpole happening about this time (1747) to be drowned, Mr. Gray amused himself with writing on the occasion an elegant little ode, in which he hath happily united both humour and instruction. But the following year was distinguished by a far more important effort of his Muse; the Fragment on Education and Government, which is

superiour to every thing in the same style of writing that our own language can boast of, and perhaps any other.

ESSAY I.

——Πόταγ' ὃ γὰρ δέ; τὰν γὰρ αἰδαν
Οὔτι πω ἔς Αἰδαν γε τὸν ἐκλεάδοντα φυλαξῆς. *Theoc.*

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed and fill their verdant veins,
And as in climes where Winter holds his reign
The soil tho' fertile will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies;
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought and warm the op'ning heart;
So fond Instruction on the growing pow'rs
Of Nature idly lavishes her stores
If equal Justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free tho' frugal hand
Light golden show'rs of plenty o'er the land:
But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey
From where the rolling orb that gives the day
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole and life's remotest bounds:
How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the vary'd mind,
Alike to all the kind impartial Heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n;

With sense to feel, with mem'ry to retain,
They follow pleasure and they fly from pain;
'Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
'Th' event presages and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes mutual woes endear,
The social smile and sympathetick tear.

Say, then, thro' ages by what fate confin'd
To diff'rent climes seem diff'rent souls assign'd?
Here measur'd Laws and philosophick Ease
Fix and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
'There Industry and Gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds and tame th' unwilling deep;
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail,
There languid Pleasure sighs in ev'ry gale.
Oft' o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war,
And where the deluge burst with sweepy sway
'Their arms, their kings, their gods, were roll'd away:
As oft' have issu'd, host impelling host,
'The blue-ey'd myriads from the Baltick coast;
'The prostrate South to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of Winter view
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
'Th' encroaching tide that drowns her less'ning lands,
And fees far off with an indignant groan
Her native plains and empires once her own?
Can op'ner skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpow'r the fire that animates our frame,
As lamps that shed at eve a cheerful ray
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?

And where the face of Nature laughs around
 Must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground?
 Unmanly thought! what seasons can controul,
 What fancy'd zone can circumscribe, the soul,
 Who conscious of the source from whence the springs
 By Reason's light on Resolution's wings,
 Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
 O'er Lybia's deserts and thro' Zembla's snows?
 She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
 Another touch another temper take,
 Suspends th' inferiour laws that rule our clay:
 The stubborn elements confess her sway;
 Their little wants their low desires refine,
 And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabrick from the birth
 Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth;
 As various tracks enforce a various toil,
 The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
 An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
 Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;
 For where unwear'd sinews must be found
 With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
 To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
 To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
 What wonder if to patient valour train'd
 They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?
 And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
 The rough abode of Want and Liberty,
 (As lawless force from confidence will grow)
 Insult the plenty of the vales below?
 What wonder in the sultry climes that spread
 Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
 From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
 And broods o'er Ægypt with his wat'ry wings,
 If with advent'rous oar and ready sail
 The dusky people drive before the gale,
 Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
 That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide?

* * * * *

How much it is to be wished that Gray, instead of compiling chronological tables, had completed what he thus admirably begun! In the year 1750 he put his last hand to the *Elegy in the Country Churchyard*, which when finished was communicated first to Mr. Walpole, and by him to several persons of distinction. This brought Mr. Gray acquainted with Lady Cobham, and furnished an occasion for his *Long Story*, a composition in which the different colours of wit and humour are peculiarly and not less intimately blended than the shifting hues on the faces of a diamond. The elegy having been for some time privately transmitted from one hand to another, at length found its way into publick through *The Magazine of Magazines*. This disgraceful mode of appearance subjected the Author to the necessity of exhibiting it under a less disadvantageous form; and Mr. Bentley soon after wishing to supply every ornament that his pencil could contribute, drew, not only for it but also for the rest of Mr. Gray's productions †, a set of designs, which were handsomely repaid by some very beautiful stanzas, of which unfortunately no perfect copy remains. In the March of 1753 Mr. Gray sustained a loss which he long severely felt: his mother, to whom his conduct was exemplary for the discharge of every filial duty, and who merited all

† The headpiece to the *Long Story*, exhibiting a view of Stoke-Pogeis church and mansion, was copied from a sketch by Mr. Gray. The Churchyard was the subject of his elegy.

the tenderness and attention she received, was taken from him by death. The lines in which Mr. Pope hath expressed his piety, beautiful as they are, and much as they deserve to be praised, appear notwithstanding to excite less of sympathy than a single stroke in the epitaph on Mrs. Gray *, or a passage in a letter to Mr. Mason, written the following December, on the deaths of his father and friend: "I have
 " seen the scene you describe, and know how dreadful it is; I know too I am the better for it. We are
 " all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense,
 " no use in the world, any longer than that sad impression lasts: *the deeper it is engraved the better.*"

Mr. Gray, as is evident by a letter to Dr. Wharton, had finished his Ode on the Progress of Poetry early in 1755; his Bard also was begun about this time, and in the year following the beautiful fragment on the Pleasures of Vicissitude. From the loose hints in his commonplace-book he appears to have planned a fourth ode on the connexion between genius and grandeur, but it cannot now be ascertained if any part of it was actually written. A vacancy in the office of Poet-Laureate was occasioned in 1757 by the death of Colley Cibber. The Duke of Devonshire,

* Here sleep the remains of
Dorothy Gray,
 widow, the careful tender mother
 of many children, one of whom alone
 had the misfortune to survive her.

being at that time Chamberlain, made a polite offer of it to Mr. Gray through the hands of Lord John Cavendish his brother; but the disgrace brought upon that office by the profligacy and inability of some who had filled it probably induced Mr. Gray to decline the appointment. This part of our poet's life was chiefly devoted to literary pursuits and the cultivation of friendship. It is obvious from the testimony of his letters that he was indefatigable in the former, and that he was always ready to perform kind offices in the latter. Sir William Williams, an accomplished and gallant young officer, having been killed at Bellisle, his friend Mr. Fred. Montagu proposed to erect a monument over him, and with this view requested Mr. Gray to furnish the epitaph. His slight acquaintance with Sir William would have been a sufficient reason for declining the task, but the friendliness of Mr. Montagu's disposition, and the sincerity of affliction with which he was affected, wrought so powerfully upon Mr. Gray that he could not refuse him, though he was by no means able to satisfy himself with the verses he wrote. The professorship of modern languages and history in the University of Cambridge becoming vacant in 1762 through the death of Mr. Turner, Mr. Gray was spirited up by some of his friends to ask of Lord Bute the succession. His application however failed, the office having been promised to Lady Lowther for the tutor of Sir James, from a motive which reflected more honour on her

Ladyship than on the gentleman who succeeded. In 1765 Mr. Gray, ever attached to the beauties of Nature as well as to the love of antiquities, undertook a journey to Scotland for the purpose of gratifying his curiosity and taste. During his stay in this country Dr. Beattie (though not the first of philosophers yet a poet inferior to none since the death of his friend, and whom he in many respects resembled) found the means of engaging his notice and friendship. Through the intervention of this gentleman the Marischal College of Aberdeen had requested to know if the degree of Doctor of Laws would be acceptable to Gray; but this mark of their attention he civilly declined. In December 1767 Dr. Beattie, still desirous that his country should afford some testimony of its regard to the merit of our poet, solicited his permission to print at the University press of Glasgow an elegant edition of his Works. Doddsley had before asked the like favour, and Mr. Gray, unwilling to refuse, gratified both with a copy containing a few notes and the imitations of the old Norwegian poetry, intended to supplant the Long Story, which was printed at first only to illustrate Mr. Bentley's designs. The death of Mr. Bocket in the July following left another opening to the professorship which he had before unsuccessfully sought. Lord Bute however was not in office, and the Duke of Grafton, to preclude a request, within two days of the vacancy appointed Mr. Gray. Cambridge before

had been his residence from choice, it now became so from obligation, and the greater part of his time there was filled up by his old engagements or diverted to new ones. It has been suggested that he once embraced the project of republishing Strabo, and there are reasons to believe that he meant it, as the many geographical disquisitions he left behind him appear to have been too minute for the gratification of general inquiry. The like observation may be transferred to Plato and the Greek Anthologia, as he had taken uncommon pains with both, and has left a ms. of the latter fit for the press. His design of favouring the publick with the history of English poetry may be spoken of with more certainty, as in this he had not only engaged with Mr. Mason as a colleague, but actually paraphrased the Norse and Welsh poems inserted in his Works for specimens of the wild spirit which animated the bards of ancient days. The extensive compass however of the subject, and the knowledge that it was also in the hands of Mr. Warton, induced him to relinquish what he had thus successfully begun. Nor did his love for the antiquities of his country confine his researches to its poetry alone: the structures of our ancestors and their various improvements particularly engaged his attention. Hitherto there hath nothing so authentick and accurate on the subject of Gothick architecture appeared as the observations upon it drawn up by Mr. Gray, and inserted by Mr. Bentham in his Hist. of Ely. Of heraldry, its correlative science,

he possessed the entire knowledge. But of the various pursuits which employed his studies for the last ten years of his life none were so acceptable as those which explained the economy of Nature. For botany he acquired a taste of his uncle when young; and the exercise which for the sake of improvement in this branch of the science he induced himself to take contributed not a little to the preservation of his health. How considerable his improvements in it were those only can tell who have seen his additions to Hudson, and his notes on Linnæus. While confined to zoology he successfully applied his discoveries to illustrate Aristotle and others of the Ancients. From engagements of this kind Mr. Gray's attention was neither often nor long diverted. Excepting the time he gave up to experiments on flowers, for the purpose of investigating the process of vegetation, (which can scarcely be called a relaxation from his stated occupations) his only amusement was music; nor was his acquaintance with this art less than with others of much more importance. His skill was acquired from the productions of the best composers, out of whose works when in Italy he had made a selection. Vocal music he chiefly preferred. The harpsichord was his favourite instrument, but though far from remarkable for a finished execution, yet he accommodated his voice so judiciously to his playing as to give an auditor considerable pleasure. His judgment in statuary and painting was exquisite, and formed from an almost

instinctive perception of those graces beyond the reach of art in which the divine works of the great masters abound. As it was through the unsolicited favour of the Duke of Grafton that Mr. Gray was enabled to follow the bent of his own inclination in the choice of his studies, we shall not be surpris'd to find, from a letter to Dr. Beattie, that gratitude prompted him to offer his firstling :

O Meliboeë, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit
 Nanque erit ille mihi semper Deus: illius aram
 Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.
 Ille meas errare boves ut cernis, et ipsum
 Ludere quæ vellem, calamo permisit agresti.

Accordingly on his Grace's being elected Chancellor of the University Mr. Gray, unasked, took upon him to write those verses which are usually set to musick on this occasion; and whatever the sarcastick Junius (notwithstanding his handsome compliment to the poet) might pretend, this was the offering of no vernal Muse. The ode in its structure is dramattick, and it contains nothing of the complimentary kind which is not entirely suited to the characters employed. Not long after the bustle of the installation was over Mr. Gray made an excursion to the sequestered lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The impressions he there received from the wonderful scenery that every where surrounded him he transmitted to his friend Dr. Wharton in epistolary journals, with all the wildness of Salvator and the softness of Claude. Writing in May 1771 to the same friend, he complains of a

violent cough which had troubled him for three months, and which he called incurable, adding, that till this year he never knew what (mechanical) low spirits were. One circumstance that without doubt contributed to the latter complaint was the anxiety he felt from holding as a sinecure an office the duties of which he thought himself bound to perform. The object of his professorship being twofold, and the patent allowing him to effect one of its designs by deputy, it is understood that he liberally rewarded for that purpose the teachers in the University of Italian and French. The other part he himself prepared to execute; but tho' the professorship was instituted in 1724, none of his predecessors had furnished a plan. Embarrassed by this and other difficulties, and retarded by ill health, the undertaking at length became so irksome that he seriously proposed to relinquish the chair. Towards the close of May he removed from Cambridge to Town, after having suffered from flying attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been subject, and from which a life of singular temperance could not protect him. In London his indisposition having increased, the physician advised him to change his lodgings in Jermynstreet for others at Kensington. This change was of so much benefit that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge, from whence he meditated a journey to his friend Dr. Wharton, which he hoped might reestablish his health; but his intentions and hopes were delu-

five. On the 24th of July 1771 a violent sickness came on him while at dinner in the College-hall; the gout had fixed on his stomach, and resisted all the powers of medicine. On the 29th he was seized by a strong convulsion; which the next day returned with additional force, and the evening after he expired. At the first seizure he was aware of his danger, and tho' sensible at intervals almost to the last, he betrayed no dread of the terrors of death.

To delineate his portrait in this place would be needless. The reader will acquire the best idea of his character if after perusing his life and his writings he will use his own memory a sa cylindrick mirror, and collect into one assemblage the scattered features. Of Mr. Gray's religious opinions but little is known; there are however sufficient traces left to shew him a believer. To Lord Bolingbroke's atheism he hath written an answer. His sentiments of Lord Shaftesbury cannot be mistaken; and both Voltaire and Hume he censures with freedom. In private life he was most respected by those who best knew him: his heart was benevolent and his hand liberal.

On his poems it will be needless to bestow praises, or to repel the attacks of envy and rancour. If Mr. Gray was not a poet of the first order there is no poetry existing; and if his bold expressions be nonsense, so are the best passages of Shakespeare and Milton, and the sublimest figures of divine inspiration.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF MR. THOMAS GRAY.

*Extracted from the registry of the Prerogative Court of
Canterbury.*

IN the name of God. *Amen.* I Thomas Gray of Pembroke-hall in the University of Cambridge, being of sound mind and in good health of body, yet ignorant how long these blessings may be indulged me, do make this my Last Will and Testament in manner and form following. First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogies, near Slough in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered, and (unless it be very inconvenient) I could wish that one of my executors may see me laid in the grave, and distribute among such honest and industrious poor persons in the said parish as he thinks fit the sum of ten pounds in charity. Next, I give to George Williamson Esq. my second cousin by the father's side, now of Calcutta in Bengal, the sum of five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, now standing in my name. I give to Anna Lady Goring, also my second cousin by the father's side, of the county of Suffex, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and a pair of large blue and white old Japan china jars. *Item,* I give to Mary Antrobus of Cambridge spinster, my second cousin by the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill London, now

let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Nortgeth perfumer, provided that she pay out of the said rent, by half-yearly payments, Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the sum of twenty pounds *per annum* during her natural life; and after the decease of the said Jane Olliffe I give the said estate to the said Mary Antrobus, to have and to hold to her her heirs and assigns for ever. Further, I bequeath to the said Mary Antrobus the sum of six hundred pounds new South-sea annuities, now standing in the joint names of Jane Olliffe and Thomas Gray, but charged with the payment of five pounds *per annum* to Graves Stokeley of Stoke-Pogeis in the county of Bucks, which sum of six hundred pounds, after the decease of the said annuitant, does (by the will of Anna Rogers my late aunt) belong solely and entirely to me, together with all overplus of interest in the mean-time accruing. Further, if at the time of my decease there shall be any arrear of salary due to me from his Majesty's Treasury, I give all such arrears to the said Mary Antrobus. *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side, the sums of six hundred pounds old South-sea annuities, of three hundred pounds four *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, and of two hundred pounds three *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, all now standing in my name: I give to Richard Stonehewer Esq. one of his Majesty's Commissioner's of Excise, the sum of five

hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park in the Bishoprick of Durham, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and desire him also to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my servant, Stephen Hempstead, the sum of fifty pounds reduced Bank annuities, and if he continues in my service to the time of my death I also give him all my wearing apparel and linen. I give to my two cousins above-mentioned, Mary Antrobus and Dorothy Comyns, all my plate, watches, rings, china ware, bed linen and table linen, and the furniture of my chambers at Cambridge not otherwise bequeathed, to be equally and amicably shared between them. I give to the Reverend William Mason, Precentor of York, all my books, manuscripts, coins, musick printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion. And after my just debts and the expenses of my funeral are discharged, all the residue of my personal estate whatsoever I do hereby give and bequeath to the said Reverend William Mason, and to the Reverend Mr. James Browne, President of Pembroke-hall Cambridge, to be equally divided between them, desiring them to apply the sum of two hundred pounds to an use of charity concerning which I have already informed them. And I do hereby constitute and appoint them, the said William Mason and James Browne, to be joint executors of this my Last Will and Testament.

And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, shall go about to molest or commence any suit against my said executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke and make void all such bequests or legacies as I had given to that person or persons, and give it to be divided between my said executors and residuary legatees, whose integrity and kindness I have so long experienced, and who can best judge of my true intention and meaning. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 2d day of July 1770. THOMAS GRAY.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared, by the said Thomas Gray, the testator, as and for his Last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have signed our names as witnesses hereto.

RICHARD BAKER.

THOMAS WILSON.

JOSEPH TURNER.

Proved at London the 12th of August 1771, before the Worshipful Andrew Coltre Ducarel Doctor of Laws and Surrogate, by the oaths of the Reverend William Mason, Clerk, Master of Arts, and the Reverend James Browne, Clerk, Master of Arts, the executors, to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

JOHN STEVENS.

HENRY STEVENS.

GEO. GOSTLING, jun.

} Deputy Registrars.

THE TEARS OF GENIUS, AN ODE,

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. GRAY.

(By J. T——.)

ON Cham's fair banks, where Learning's hallow'd
Majestick rises on th' astonish'd sight, [fane
Where oft' the Muse has led the fav'rite swain,
And warm'd his soul with heav'n's inspiring light, 4

Beneath the covert of the sylvan shade,
Where deadly cypress, mix'd with mournful yew,
Far o'er the vale a gloomy stillness spread,
Celestial Genius burst upon the view. 8

The bloom of youth, the majesty of years,
The soften'd aspect, innocent and kind,
The sigh of sorrow and the streaming tears,
Resistless all, their various pow'r combin'd. 12

In her fair hand a silver harp she bore,
Whose magick notes, soft warbling from the string,
Give tranquil joys the breast ne'er knew before,
Or raise the soul on rapture's airy wing.
By grief impell'd I heard her heave a sigh, 17
While thus the rapid strain resounded thro' the sky :

Haste, ye sister pow'rs of Song!
Hasten from the shady grove,
Where the river rolls along
Sweetly to the voice of love; 22

Where indulging mirthful pleasures
Light you press the flow'ry green,
And from Flora's blooming treasures
Cull the wreath for Fancy's queen; 26

Where your gently-flowing numbers,
Floating on the fragrant breeze,
Sink the soul in pleasing slumbers
On the downy bed of ease. 30

For graver strains prepare the plaintive lyre,
That wakes the softest feelings of the soul;
Let lonely grief the melting verse inspire,
Let deep'ning sorrow's solemn accents roll. 34

Rack'd by the hand of rude Disease
Behold our fav'rite poet lies!
While ev'ry object form'd to please
Far from his couch ungrateful flies. 38

The blissful Muse, whose fav'ring smile
So lately warm'd his peaceful breast,
Diffusing heav'nly joys the while,
In Transport's radiant garments drest,

With darksome grandeur and enfeebled blaze 43
Sinks in the shades of night and shuns his eager gaze.

The gaudy train who wait on Spring *,
Ting'd with the pomp of vernal pride,
The youth who mount on pleasure's wing †,
And idly sport on Thames' side,
With cool regard their various arts employ, 49
Nor rouse the drooping mind nor give the pause of joy.

Ha! what forms, with port sublime ‡,
Glide along in fullen mood,
Scorning all the threats of time,
High above misfortune's flood? 54

They seize their harps, they strike the lyre,
With rapid hand, with freedom's fire;
Obedient Nature hears the lofty sound, 57
And Snowdon's airy cliffs the heav'nly strains resound.

In pomp of state behold they wait,
With arms outstretch'd and aspects kind,
To snatch on high to yonder sky
The child of Fancy left behind;
Forgot the woes of Cambria's fatal day, 63
By rapture's blaze impell'd they swell the artless lay.

* Ode on Spring.

† Ode on the Prospect of Eton College.

‡ Bard, an ode.

But ah! in vain they strive to sooth
 With gentle arts the tort'ring hours,
 Adversity * with rankling tooth
 Her baleful gifts profusely pours.

68

Behold she comes! the fiend forlorn,
 Array'd in Horror's settled gloom,
 She strews the brier and prickly thorn,
 And triumphs in th' infernal doom;
 With frantick fury and insatiate rage
 She gnaws the throbbing breast and blasts the glow-
 [ing page.

73

No more the soft Eolian flute †
 Breathes thro' the heart the melting strain,
 The pow'rs of Harmony are mute,
 And leave the once-delightful plain;
 With heavy wing I see them beat the air,
 Damp'd by the leaden hand of comfortless Despair. 80

Yet stay, O stay! celestial Pow'rs!
 And with a hand of kind regard
 Dispel the boist'rous storm that lours
 Destructive on the fav'rite bard;
 O watch with me his last expiring breath,
 And snatch him from the arms of dark oblivious Death!

85

* Ode to Adversity.

† The Progress of Poetry.

Hark! the Fatal Sisters† join,
 And with horror's mutt'ring sounds,
 Weave the tissue of his line,
 While the dreadful spell resounds;

90

"Hail, ye midnight Sisters! hail!
 "Drive the shuttle swift along,
 "Let our secret charms prevail
 "O'er the valiant and the strong;

94

"O'er the glory of the land,
 "O'er the innocent and gay,
 "O'er the Muses' tuneful band,
 "Weave the fun'ral web of Gray."

98

'Tis done, 'tis done—the iron hand of Pain,
 With ruthless fury and corrosive force
 Racks ev'ry joint and seizes ev'ry vein:
 He sinks, he groans, he falls, a lifeless corse!

102

Thus fades the flow'r, nipp'd by the frozen gale,
 Tho' once so sweet, so lovely, to the eye,
 Thus the tall oaks, when boist'rous storms assail,
 Torn from the earth a mighty ruin lie.

106

† The Fatal Sisters, an ode.

Ye sacred Sisters of the plaintive verse
Now let the stream of fond affection flow;
O pay your tribute o'er the flow-drawn hearse
With all the manly dignity of wo!

110

Oft' when the curfew tolls its parting knell
With solemn pause yon' Churchyard's gloom survey,
While sorrow's sighs and tears of pity tell
How just the moral of the poet's lay*.

114

O'er his green grave, in Contemplation's guise,
Oft' let the pilgrim drop a silent tear,
Oft' let the shepherd's tender accents rise,
Big with the sweets of each revolving year,
Till prostrate Time adore his deathless name,
Fix'd on the solid base of adamantine fame.

120

* Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

ODES.

ODE I.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs,
And wake the purple year,
The Attick warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring,
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly
Cool zephirs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

5

10

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 rustick state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little, are the proud,
How indigent the great!

15

20

* ————— a bank

O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine.

Shakesp. Midf. Night's Dream.

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 honey'd 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 †.

25

30

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.

35

40

* Nare per æstatem liquidam. *Virg. Georg. lib. 4.*

† —————sporting with quick glance,
 Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.

Milton's Paradise Lost, b. 7.

‡ While insects from the threshold peech, &c.
M. Green in the Grotto. Doddsley's Miscellanies, vol. v. p. 161.

Methinks I hear in accents 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 sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolick while 'tis May.

45

50

ODE II.

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 flow'rs that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
 Gaz'd on the lake below.

6

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 em'rald eyes,
 She saw, and purr'd applause.

12

D.

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.

18

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 ?

24

Presumpt'ous 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.

30

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 !

36

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.

42

ODE III.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἀνθρώπος ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν. MENANDER.

Ye distant Spires! ye antique Tow'rs!
 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 flow'rs, among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way:

10

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

* King Henry VI. founder of the college.

D ij

I feel the gales that from ye blow 15
 A momentary blifs bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladfome wing
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent * of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring. 20

Say, father Thames! for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave 25
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chafe the rolling circle's speed
 Or urge the flying ball? 30

While some on earnest bus'ness bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply,
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty,
 Some bold adventurers disdain 35
 The limits of their little reign,

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

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. 40

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast;
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue, 45
 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. 50

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 'em wait 55
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah! shew them where in ambush stand
 To seize their prey the murd'rous band!
 Ah! tell them they are men. 60

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.

63

70

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
 Amid severest wo.

75

80

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

* And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That ev'ry lab'ring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage;
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And flow-consuming Age.

85

90

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 swift flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more; where ignorance is bliss
 'Tis folly to be wise.

95

100

ODE IV.

TO ADVERSITY.

— Ζῆνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὀδῶ-
 σαντα, τῷ πάθει μάθ' ἄν

Θέντα κυρίας ἔχειν. ÆSCHYLUS, in *Agamemnone*.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!

Bound in thy adamantinè chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpity'd and alone.

When first thy fire to fend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bad to form her infant mind;
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was thou badst her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' wo.

Scar'd at thy frown terriffick 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, 30
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess ! lay thy chaste'ning hand,
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad, 35
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. 40

Thy form beign, O Goddess ! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophick train be there,
To soften not to wound my heart :
The gen'rous spark extinct revive, 45
Teach me to love and to forgive ;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man. 48

ODE V.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY. PINDARICK.

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.

Φωνᾶντα συνελοῖσιν ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων
Χαλίζει. —

PINDAR, *Olymp.* ii.

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 styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολὶς μοῦσῃ, * Αἰολίδες χορδαί, Αἰολιδῶν πνοαὶ αὐκῶν, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.--- The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united. The various sources of poetry which gives life and lustre to all it touches are here described as well in its quiet majestick progress, enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with all the pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers, as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

The laughing flow'rs that round them blow 5
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of musick winds along
 Deep, majestick, smooth, and strong,
 Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign;
 Now rowling down the steep amain 10
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

1. 2.

Oh ! Sov'reign * of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the fullen Cares 15
 And frantick 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 † 20
 Of Jove, thy magick lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terrour of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

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

† This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

I. 3.

Thee * the voice the dance obey, 25
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay :
 O'er Idalia's velvet green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day
 With antick Sports and blueey'd Pleasures 30
 Frisking light in frolick measures :
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet †. 35
 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 40
 The bloom of young desire and purple light of love ‡.

II. I.

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 ! 45

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρυγὰς θνήτο ποδῶν· δαύμαζε δὲ θυμῶ.

Homer, Od. Θ.

‡ Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι

Παρείνσι φᾶς ἔρωτος. *Phrynichus apud Athenæum.*

|| To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life the Muse

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, 50
 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 56
 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, 60
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs and dusky loves.
 Her track where'er the goddess roves

was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day by its cheerful 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.*

† Extensive influence of poetick genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations; its connexion with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh, Fragments, the Lapland and American songs, &c.]

‡ Extra anni solisque vias.—

Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.

Virgil.

Petrarch, Canz. 2.

Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame, 64
 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'rinth creep, 70
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute but to the voice of Anguish?
 Where each old poetick mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around,
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain 75
 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 Pow'r
 And coward Vice that revels in her chains. 80
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost
 They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

* 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 Surry 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 restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

III. 1.

Far from the fun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling * laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd, 85
 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 ; 90
 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 sympathetick Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he † that rode sublime 95
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy,
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time ‡ :
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze ||,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze, 100

* Shakespeare.

† Milton.

‡ ———flammanitia moenia mundi.

Lucretius.

|| 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,

E ij

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 104
 Two courfers of ethereal race †, [pace.
 With necks in thunder cloth'd ‡ and long-resounding
 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 ||; 110
 But ah! 't is 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 ++, 115
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air,

* Οφθαλμοὺν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδυ δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδὴν. *Hom. Od.*

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

‡ Hast thou clothed 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;

Hark! heard ye not yon' footstep dread? *Gr.*

++ Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. *Olymp. ii. Pindar compares*

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, 120
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.

himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and
clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of
their noise.

ODE VI.

THE BARD. PINDARICK.

Advertisement.

THE following ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I. I.

' 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, 5
 ' 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, 10
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side ||
 He wound with toilsome march his long array:

* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakeſp. King John.

† The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body and adapted itself to every motion.

‡ The crested adder's pride. *Dryden's Indian Queen.*

|| Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous track which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri:

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

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the fable garb of Wö,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair †
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air ||) 20
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
' Hark how each giant oak and desert cave
' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
' O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe, 26

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 by King Edward I. says, *Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery*; and Matthew of Westminster, (*ad an. 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.

|| Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
 ‘ To highborn Hoel’s harp or soft Llewellyn’s lay.

I. 3.

‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
 ‘ That hush’d the stormy main ; 30
 ‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 ‘ Mountains ! ye mourn in vain
 ‘ Modred, whose magick song
 ‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp’d head.
 ‘ On dreary Arvon’s * shore they lie, 35
 ‘ 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 these sad eyes, 40
 ‘ Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ‘ Ye dy’d amidst your dying country’s cries——

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

† Camden 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 Welsh Craigan-cryri, 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——

Shakeſp. Julius Cæſar.

" No more I weep. They do not sleep :
 " On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 " I see them sit ; they linger yet, 45
 " 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 ; 50
 " Give ample room and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year and mark the night
 " When Severn shall reecho with affright
 " The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
 " Shrieks of an agonizing king † ! 56
 " She-wolf of France ‡, with unrelenting fangs
 " That tear'd 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 ! 60
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

* See the Norwegian ode that follows.

† Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

‡ Isabel of France, Edward II's adulterous queen.

¶ Triumphs of Edward III. in France.

II. 2.

- " Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 " Low on his fun'ral couch he lies *!
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65
 " 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 noontide beam were born?
 " Gone to salute the rising morn : 70
 " 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, 75
 " 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 80
 " 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,

† Edw. the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

‡ Magnificence of Rich. II's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

|| Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsing-

- " Heard ye the din of battle bray *,
 " Lance to lance and horse to horse?
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course, 85
 " 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. 90
 " 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 Brother's! bending o'er th' accursed loom 95
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

ham, 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 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 Cæsar.

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

|| Henry V.

++ 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 III. whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

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.) 100
 " Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn.
 " In yon' bright track that fires the western skies
 " They melt they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 " Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll ? 106
 " Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight,
 " Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul !
 " No more our long-lost Arthur † we bewail :
 " All-hail, ye genuine Kings ‡, Britannia's issue, hail !

III. 2.

" Girt with many a baron bold 111
 " Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
 " And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
 " In bearded majesty appear ;

* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroick 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 other places.

† It was the common belief of the Welsh nation that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, 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.

- ' In the midst a form divine, 115
 ' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line,
 ' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 ' Attender'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 ' What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
 ' What strains of vocal transport round her play! 120
 ' Hear from the grave, great Taliesin †! 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 125
 ' 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. 130

* 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."

† Taliesin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the 6th century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

‡ Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Spenser's Proem to The Fairy Queen.

|| Shakespeare.

' 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. [cloud,
 ' Fond impious man! think'st thou yon' sanguine
 ' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
 ' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood, 137
 ' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 ' Enough for me: with joy I see
 ' The diff'rent doom our Fates assign: 140
 ' 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.

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 afterwards 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 11th 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 Christmasday (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 gigantick 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.

ODE VII.

THE FATAL SISTERS. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

To be found in the Orcades of Thermodus Torfaus; Hafnia, 1697, folio; and also in Bartholinus.

Vitt er orpit fyrir Valfalli, &c.

Now the storm begins to low'r,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare)
Iron-fleet of arrowy show'r *
Hurtles † in the darken'd air.

4

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

8

Note. — The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothick 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.

* How quick they wheel'd, and flying, behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r— *Milt. Par. Reg.*

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air. *Shakeff. Jul. Cæs.*

F iiij

See the grisly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below
Each a gasping warrior's head. 12

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the tremblings cords along:
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiffue close and strong. 16

Mista black, terrifick maid!
Sangrida and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid;
'Tis the woof of victory. 20

Ere the ruddy fun be set
Pikes must shiver jav'lines sing,
Blade with clatt'ring bukler meet,
Hauberk crash and helmet ring. 24

(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. 28

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' enfanguin'd field,
Gondula and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield. 32

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.)

36

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

40

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.

44

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

48

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

52

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

56

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

60

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

64

ODE VIII.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

*To be found in Bartholinus, de causis contemnendæ mortis;
 Hafniæ, 1689, quarto.*

Upreis Odinn Allda gautr, &c.

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

† Nifheimr, the hell of the Gothick 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 spy'd,
 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 pow'rful 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 fate,
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetick maid.
 Facing to the northern clime
 Thrice he trac'd the Runick 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.
 PROP. What call unknown, what charms, pre-
 To break the quiet of the tomb? [sume
 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

33

That calls me from the bed of rest?

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,

40

For whom yon' glitt'ring board is spread,

Drest for whom yon' golden bed?

PROPH. Mantling in the goblet see

The pure bev'rage of the bee,

O'er it hangs the shield of gold;

45

'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 uncloze;

Leave me, leave me to repose.

50

ODIN. Once again my call obey:

Prophetess! arise, and say

What dangers Odin's child await,

Who the author of his fate?

PROPH. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;

55

His brother sends him to the tomb.

Now my weary lips I close;

Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN. Prophetess! my spell obey,

Once again arise, and say

60

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

PROPH. 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.

68

70

Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN. Yet a while my call obey:
Prophetess! awake, and say
What virgins these, in speechless wo,
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.

75

80

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

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

85

PROPH. 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; 90
 Never till substantial Night
 Has reassum'd her ancient right,
 Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
 Sinks the fabrick of the world. 94

† Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the *twi-*
light 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 *Introduction a l'Histoire de Dannemarc par*
Monf. Mallat, 1755, 4to; or rather a translation of it publish-
 ed in 1770, and entitled *Northern Antiquities*, in which some
 mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

ODE IX.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN. A FRAGMENT.

*From Mr. Evans's specimen of the Welsh 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.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong,
Fairest flow'r of Rod'rick's stem,
Gwyneth's † shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores
Nor on all profusely pours,
Lord of ev'ry regal att,
Lib'ral 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
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin ‡ plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war,

† North Wales.

‡ Denmark.

Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon son † of Mona stands; 20
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 25
Echoing to the battle's rore.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood
Backward Meinah rolls his flood,
While heap'd his master's feet around
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground. 30
Where his glowing eyeballs turn
Thousand banners round him burn,
Where he points his purple spear
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye 35
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. 40

* * * * *

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

ODE X.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the Welsh of Aneurim, styled The Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Talieffin, A. D. 570. This ode is extracted from the Gododin. [See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71, 73.]

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd
To rush and sweep them from the world!
Too, too secure in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, dy'd,
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 Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce
Or the grape's ecstasick juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn,
But none from Cattraeth'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.

24

ODE XI.

FOR MUSICK.

*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.*

I.

"HENCE, avaunt! ('t is holy ground)
 "Comus and his midnight crew,
 "And Ignorance with looks profound,
 "And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
 "Mad Sedition's cry profane,
 "Servitude that hugs her chain,
 "Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
 "Let painted Flatt'ry hid 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! 't is holy ground."

10

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.

15

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, 25
 And nods his hoary head and listens to the rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching 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 Melan-
 choly," 30

IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth 35
 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 *

† Edward III. who added the *Fleur de lys* of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity college.

From haughty Gallia torn, 40
 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, 45
 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) 50
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,

* 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.

† Elizabeth 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 I.; hence the poet gives her the epithet of princely. She founded Clare-hall.

‡ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI, foundress of Queen's-college. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former ode.

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

† Henry the VI. and VIII. the former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity-college.

And bad 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:

"What is grandeur, what is power?

"Heavier toil, superiour pain.

"What the bright reward we gain?

"The grateful mem'ry of the good.

"Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,

"The bee's collected treasures sweet,

"Sweet Musick's melting fall, but sweeter yet

"The still small voice of Gratitude."

VI.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
 The venerable Marg'ret * see!

"Welcome, my noble son!" she cries aloud,

"To this thy kindred train and me:

"Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace.

"A Tudor's † fire a Beaufort's grace.

"Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,

"The flow'r unheeded shall descry,

"And bid it round heav'n's altars shed

"The fragrance of its blushing head;

* Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of H. VII.
 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 Crafton, who
 claims descent from both these families.

" Shall raise from earth the latent gem 75

" To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

" Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming hand;

" Not obvious, not obtrusive, she

" No vulgar praise no venal incense sings,

" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd 80

" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :

" She reveres herself and thee.

" With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow

" The laureate wreath † that Cecil wore she brings,

" And to thy just, thy gentle, hand 85

" Submits the fasces of her sway,

" While spirits blest above and men below

" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

" Thro' the wild waves as they roar

" With watchful eye and dauntless mien 90

" 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." 94

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

MISCELLANIES.

A LONG STORY.

Advertisement.

MR. GRAY's Elegy, previous to its publication, was handed about in ms. and had amongst other admirers the Lady Cobham, who resided in the mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance inducing her to wish for the Author's acquaintance, Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to introduce her to it. These two ladies waited upon the Author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided, and not finding him at home they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surpris'd at such a compliment, returned the visit; and as the beginning of this intercourse bore some appearance of romance, he gave the humorous and lively account of it which the Long Story contains.

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the pow'r of Fairy hands
To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building which we now call Queen Elizabeth's is here admirably described both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastick manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton.

Full oft' within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave Lord-Keeper* led the brawls;
 The seal and maces danc'd before him. 12

His bushy beard and shoestrings green,
 His highcrown'd-hat and fatten doublet,
 Mould the stout heart of England's queen,
 Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it. 16

What, in the very first beginning!
 Shame of the versifying tribe!
 Your hist'ry whether are you spinning?
 Can you do nothing but describe? 20

A house there is (and that's enough)
 From whence one fatal morning issues
 A brace of warriors†, not in buff,
 But rustling in their silks and tissues. 24

The first came *sap-a-pee* from France,
 Her conq'ring destiny fulfilling,
 Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
 And vainly ape her art of killing. 28

The other Amazon kind heav'n
 Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;

* Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—Brawls were a sort of figure-dance then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillions, or still more modern quadrilles.

† The reader is already apprised who these ladies were; the two descriptions are prettily contrasted; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham in the eighth stanza.

But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

32

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her;
Melissa is her *nom de guerre*;

Alas! who would not wish to please her?

36

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
In pity to the country farmer.

40

Fame in the shape of Mr. P—t †
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a Poet,

44

Who prow'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dry'd up the cows and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs and kill'd the pheasants.

48

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermine.

52

The heroines undertook the task;
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles, they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

56

† I have been told that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name, yet surely without any great reason.

The trembling family they daunt,
 They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle;
 Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
 And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle. 60

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
 Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
 Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
 And o'er the bed and tester clamber; 64

Into the drawers and china pry,
 Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
 Under a teacup he might lie,
 Or creas'd like dogs-ears in a folio. 68

On the first marching of the troops
 The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
 Convey'd him underneath their hoops
 To a small closet in the garden. 72

So Rumour says; (who will believe)
 But that they left the door a-jar,
 Where safe, and laughing in his sleeve,
 He heard the distant din of war. 76

Short was his joy: he little knew
 The pow'r of magick was no fable;
 Out of the window with they flew,
 But left a spell upon the table. 80

The words too eager to unriddle
 The Poet felt a strange disorder;
 Transparent birdline form'd the middle,
 And chains invisiblc the border. 84

So cunning was the apparatus,
The pow'rful pothooks did so move him,
That will he nill he to the great house
He went as if the devil drove him.

88

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

92

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a blush, on recollection
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

96

The court was fat, the culprit there;
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
The Lady James and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

100

Such as in silence of the night
Come (fweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack † has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry:

104

In peaked-hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once that garnish'd
The drawingroom of fierce Queen Mary!

108

The peeress comes: the audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission;
She court'ries as she takes her chair
To all the people of condition.

112

† The housekeeper.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
 Had in imagination fenc'd him;
 Disprov'd the arguments of Squib*,
 And all that Groom† could urge against him. 116

But soon his rhetorick forsook him
 When he the solemn hall had seen; not that he
 A sudden fit of ague took him; but that he
 He stood as mute as poor Maclean‡. 120

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
 "How in the park beneath an old tree
 "(Without design to hurt the butter,
 "Or any malice to the poultry). 124

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet,
 "Yet hop'd that he might save his bacon;
 "Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
 "He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken." 128

The ghostly prudes with hagg'd || face
 Already had condemn'd the sinner:
 My Lady rose, and with a grace——
 She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner‡. 132

* The steward.

† Groom of the chamber.

‡ A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

|| Hagg'd, *i. e.* the face of a witch or hag; the epithet *haggard* has been sometimes mistaken as conveying the same idea, but it means a very different thing, *viz.* wild and farouche, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk called an haggard.

‡ Here the story finishes; the exclamation of the ghosts which follows is characteristick of the Spanish manners of the age when they are supposed to have lived; and the 500 flanzas said to be lost may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expostulation.

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget, more indeavour

"Why, what can the Viscountess mean?"

Cry'd the square hoods in woful fidget,

"The times are alter'd quite and clean!" 136

"Decorum's turn'd to mete civility;

"Her air and all her manners shew it:

"Commend me to her affability!

"Speak to a Commoner and Poet!" 140

[Here 500 stanzas are left.]

And so God save our noble king,

And guard us from long-winded lubbers,

That to eternity would sing,

And keep my lady from her rubbers. 144

[The poem is now left to the reader's discretion.]

ELEGY.

[The poem is now left to the reader's discretion.]

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me. 4

Now fades the glimm'ring 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; 8

* —squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore, Dante, *Purgat.* l. 8.

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. 12

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. 16

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's sprill clarion or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning-care,
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the env'y'd kifs to share. 24

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! 28

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. 32

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave. 36

Nor you, ye Proud! impute to these the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40.

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? 44

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 ecstasy the living lyre. 48

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. 52

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. 56

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. 60

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, 64

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, hut their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind, 68

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. 72

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. 76

Yet ev'n 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. 80

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 rustick moralist to die. 84

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind? 88

* This part of the Elegy differs from the first copy: the following stanza was excluded with the other alterations;

Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around
 Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous passion cease,
 In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

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. 91

For thee, who mindful of th' unphonour'd dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, 96

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. 100

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastick root so high,
 " His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by. 104

" Hard by yon' wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
 " Now drooping, woful wan! like one forlorn,
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love. 108

" 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: 112

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

† Mr. Gray forgot, when he displaced by the preceding stanza

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array
 “ Slow thro’ the churchway-path we saw him borne :
 “ Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 “ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon’ aged thorn*.” 116

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own. 120

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, 123
 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. 128

his beautiful description of the evening haunt the reference to
 it which he had here left ;

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
 While o’er the heath we hy’d, our labour done,
 Oft’ as the woodlark pip’d her farewell song,
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

* In the early editions the following lines were added, but
 the parenthesis was thought too long ;

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

† — Paventosa sperme. *Peirarch, Son.* 114.

370 ym **EPITAPH** 1757 1757 **ON MRS. CLARKE** 1757

Ho! 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 wo,
 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. 16

TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS.

THIRD in the labours of the disk came on,
 With sturdy step and flow, Hippomedon;
 Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
 By Phlegyas warn'd and fir'd by Mnēstheus' fate }
 That to avoid and this to emulate. 5
 His vig'rous arm he try'd before he flung,
 Brac'd all his nerves and ev'ry sinew strung,

* This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke physician at Epsom, died April 27th 1757, and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye
 Pursu'd his cast and hurl'd the orb on high;
 The orb on high, tenacious of its course,
 True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
 Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
 Its ancient lord secure of victory:
 The theatre's green height and woody walk
 Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
 The pond'rous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
 While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
 As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke
 The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock,
 Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
 And parting surges round the vessel roar,
 'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
 And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
 A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
 With native spots and artful labour gay,
 A shining border round the margin roll'd,
 And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge, May 8th 1736.

GRAY OF HIMSELF.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
 He had not the method of making a fortune;
 Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat
 No very great wit, he believ'd in a God: [odd;
 A post or a pension he did not desire, [Squire.
 But left church and state to Charles Townshend and

THE END.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RICHARD WEST.

..... simplex nec despice carmen,
Nec vatem : non illa leves primordia motus,
Quanquam parva, dabunt. GRAY, *de Princip. Cogit.*

Just Heav'n ! what sign, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife ?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name ?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know ?-----
But why repine ? does life deserve my sigh ?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die----
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise :
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend :
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet but the friend sincere. AD AMICOS.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTEN LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTEN LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
500 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTEN LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
500 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTEN LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
500 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

MISCELLANIES.

Advertisement.

THE life of Mr. West was so short, and the events of it so few, that it was judged better to insert the anecdotes which remain of this hopeful youth in the preceding account of his friend than to reserve them for a detached article. Mr. Walpole wished to see their Works united in one volume. The only objection of Mr. Gray to this wish no longer now remains. Had he complied with Mr. Walpole's desire, it is the opinion of Mr. Mason that he would have given only the poems which follow.

AD AMICOS.

[Imitated from Tibullus, book iii. elegy 5, and Mr. Pope's letter in sickness to Mr. Steele.]

YES, happy youths! on Camus' sedgy side
You feel each joy that friendship can divide,
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius or the heart to mend; 5
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walks you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft' and oft' alone ye chuse
To catch the zephyr and to court the Muse; 10

Vos tenet, Etruscis manat quæ fontibus unda,
Unda sub æstivum non adeunda canem.
Nunc autem sacris Baiarum maxima lymphis,
Quum se purpureo vere remittit hiems.

Mean-time at me (while all devoid of art
 'These lines give back the image of my heart)
 At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
 Or aims or seems to aim the dart of Fate.
 From you remote methinks alone I stand 15
 Like some sad exile in a desert land,
 Around no friends their lenient care to join
 In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days; 20
 'To sickness still, and still to grief, a prey
 Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
 Did e'er this hand against a brother's life 25
 Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
 Did e'er this tongue the sland'rer's tale proclaim,
 Or madly violate my Maker's name?
 Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
 Or know a thought but all the world might know? 30

At mihi Persephone nigram deununtiat horam
 Inmerito juveni parce nocere, Dea.
 Non ego tentavi nulli temeranda virorum
 Audax laudandæ sacra docere Deæ.
 Nec mea mortiferis infecit pocula succis
 Dexterâ, nec quiquam tætra venena dedit.
 Nec nos insana meditantes jurgia mente
 Inopia in adversos solvimus ora Deos.

As yet just started from the lifts of time
 My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
 Useless as yet thro' life I've idly run,
 No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
 Ah! who ere autumn's mellowing suns appear 35
 Would pluck the promise of the vernal year,
 Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray
 Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
 Stern pow'r of Fate! whose ebon sceptre rules
 The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools, 40
 Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
 A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
 Ah! stay till age shall blast my with'ring face,
 Shake in my head and falter in my pace;
 Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow, 45
 And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

Et nondum cani nigros læsere capillos,
 Nec venit tardo curva Senecta pede.
 Natalem nostri primum videre parentes
 (Quum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.)
 Quid fraudare juvat vitem crescentibus uvis?
 Et modo nata mala vellere poma manu *?
 Parcite, pallentes undas quicumque tenetis,
 Duraque fortiti tertia regna Dei.

* "There is," says Mr. Mason, "a peculiar blemish in this
 "line, arising from the synonymous *mala* and *poma*."---But
 who that can either construe or scan this line could have taken
 these words for *synonymous*?

How weak is man to Reason's judging eye!
 Born in this moment, in the next we die;
 Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
 Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire. 50
 In vain our plans of happiness we raise;
 Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise:
 Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
 Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
 Health is at best a vain precarious thing, 55
 And fair-fac'd youth* is ever on the wing:
 'Tis like the stream aside whose wat'ry bed
 Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
 Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
 Shade all the ground and flourish to the skies; 60
 'The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
 And undermine the hollow bank below;
 Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
 Bare all the roots and on their fibres prey:

Elysios olim liceat cognoscere campos,
 Letheamque ratem, Cimmeriosque lacus,
 Quum nîca rugosa pallebunt ora senecta,

Atque utinam vano nequidquam terrear æstu!

* "Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life
 "in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it is like the
 "stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to
 "flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is un-
 "dermining it at the root in secret." *Pope.*

Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks untimely in the whelming tide.

But why repine? does life deserve my sigh?

Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.

For those the wretches* I despise or hate

I neither envy nor regard their fate.

70

For me whene'er all-conq'ring Death shall spread

His wings around my unrepining head

I care not†: tho' this face be seen no more

The world will pass as cheerful as before,

Bright as before the day-star will appear,

75

The fields as verdant and the skies as clear;

Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,

Nor signs on earth nor portents in the air;

Unknown and silent will depart my breath,

Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.

80

Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)

Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise:

Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,

Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:

To them may these fond lines my name endear,

Not from the poet but the friend sincere ‡.

86

* "I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men
"whom I never had any esteem for are likely to enjoy this
"world after me." *Pope*.

† "The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as
"ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green;
"people will laugh, &c." *Pope*.

‡ This Epistle was written from Christ-church Oxford, July
4th 1737, in the 21st year of his age.

ELEGIA.

Quon mihi tam gratæ misisti dona Camænæ,
Qualia Mænalius Pan Deus ipse velit,
Ampiector te, Graie, et toto corde reposco,
Oh desiderium jam nimis usque meum :
Et mihi rura placent, et me quoq; sæpe volentem 5
Duxerunt Dryades per sua prata Deæ ;
Sicubi lympa fugit liquido pede, siue virentem,
Magna decus nemoris, quercus opacat humum :
Illuc mane novo vagor, illuc vespere sero,
Et, noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano. 10
Nec nostræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida sylvæ :
Ah, si desit amor, nil mihi rura placent.
Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,
Regnat et in Cœlis, regnat et Oceano ;
Ille gregem taurosq; domat, sæviq; leonem 15
Seminis; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros :
Quin et feryet amore nemus, ramoq; sub omni
Concentu tremulo plurima gaudet avis.
Duræ etiam in sylvis agitant connubia plantæ,
Duræ etiam et fertur saxa animasse Venus. 20
Durior et saxis, et robore durior ille est,
Sincero siquis pectore amare vetat :
Non illi in manibus sanctum deponere pignus,
Non illi arcanum cor aperire velim ;
Nescit amicitias, teneros qui nescit amores : 25
Ah ! si nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.
Me licet a patriâ longé in tellure juberent

Externâ positum ducere fata dies ;
 Si vultus modo amatus adesset, non ego contra
 Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos. 30
 At dulci in gremio curarum oblivia ducens
 Nil cuperem præter posse placere meæ ;
 Nec bona fortunæ aspiciens, neq; munera regum,
 Illa intrâ optarem brachia cara mori. 34

Sept. 17th 1738.

ELEGIA.

[*Addressed to Mr. Gray.*]

ERGO desidiæ videor tibi crimine dignus ;
 Et meritò : victas do tibi sponte manus.
 Arguor et veteres nimium contemnere Musas,
 Irata et nobis est Medicæa Venus.
 Mene igitur statuas et inania saxa vereri ! 5
 Stultule ! marmoreâ quid mihi cum Venere ?
 Hæc veræ, hæc vivæ Veneres, et mille per urbem,
 Quarum nulla queat non placuisse Jovi.
 Cedite Romanæ formosæ et cedite Graiæ,
 Sintque oblita Helenæ nomen et Hermoniæ ! 10
 Et, quascunque refert ætas vetus, Heroinæ :
 Unus honor nostris jam venit Angliasin.
 Oh quales vultus, Oh quantum numen ocellis !
 I nunc et Tuscas improbe confer opes.
 Ne tamen hæc obtusa nimis præcordia credas, 15
 Neu me adeo nullâ Pallade progenitum :
 Testor Pieridumque umbras et flumina Pindi
 Me quoque Calliopes semper amasse choros ;

Et dudum Ausonias urbes, et visere Graias
 Cura est, ingenio si licet ire meo : 20
 Sive est Phidiacum marmor, seu mentoris æra,
 Seu paries Coo nobilis e calamo ;
 Nec minus artificum magna argumenta recentum
 Romanique decus nominis et Veneti :
 Quà Furor et Mayors et sævo in Marmore vultus, 25
 Quaque et formoso mollior ære Venus.
 Quaque loquax spirat fucus, vivique labores,
 Et quicquid calamo dulciùs ausa manus :
 Hic nemora, et sola mærens Melibæus in umbrâ,
 Lymphaque muscofo profiliens lapide ; 30
 Illic majus opus, faciesque in pariete major
 Exurgens, Divum et numina Cœlicolum ;
 O vos sælices, quibus hæc cognoscere fas est,
 Et totâ Italiâ, qua patet usque, frui !
 Nulla dies vobis eat injucunda, nec usquam
 Noritis quid sit tempora amara pati. 36

——— *It was the production of four o'clock in the morning,
 while I lay in my bed tossing and coughing, and all un-
 able to sleep.* ———

ANTE omnes morbos importunissima tussis,
 Quâ durare datur, traxitque sub ilia vires :
 Dura etenim versans imo sub pectore regna,
 Perpetuo exercet teneras luctamine costas,
 Oraque distorquet, vocemque immutat anhelam : 5
 Nec cessare locus : sed sævo concita motu
 Molle domat latus, et corpus labor omne fatigat :

Unde molesta dies, noctemque insomnia turbant.
 Nec Tua, si mecum Comes hic jucundus adesles,
 Verba juvare queant, aut hunc lenire dolorem
 Sufficiant tua vox dulcis, nec vultus amatus. II

ODE.

DEAR Gray! that always in my heart
 Possesses far the better part,
 What mean these sudden blasts that rise,
 And drive the zephirs from the skies?
 O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
 And invoke the tardy May. 6

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,
 Bring all the Graces in thy train:
 With balmy breath and flow'ry tread
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
 Where in Elysian slumber bound
 Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round. 12

Awake, in all thy glories drest,
 Recall the zephirs from the west;
 Restore the sun, revive the skies,
 At mine and Nature's call arise!
 Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
 And misses her accustom'd May. 18

See! all her works demand thy aid,
 The labours of Pomona fade;
 A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
 Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
 The birds forget to love and sing,
 With storms alone the forests ring.

24

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,
 Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
 Create where'er thou turn'st thy eye
 Peace, plenty, love, and harmony,
 Till ev'ry being share its part
 And heav'n and earth be glad at heart.

30

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

PERSPICUI puerum ludentem in margine rivi
 Immerfit vitreæ limpidus error aguae:
 At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit
 Credula, et amplexu funus inane foveat;
 Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno
 Languidus, æternum lumina composuit.

6

Τὸν τρίετη παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀσυνάνακτα,
 εἰδῶλον μορφαῖς κωφὸν ἐπισπάσατο.
 Ἐκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἄρπασε μάτηρ,
 σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.
 Νύμφας δ' ὅκ' ἐμήνηεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γόνων
 μαλὶρός κοιμαθείς τὸν βαθεὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.

TO MR. GRAY.

O Meæ jucunda comes quietis!
Quæ fere ægrotum solita es levare
Pectus, et sensim ah! nimis ingruentes
Fallere curas:

4

Quid canes? quanto Lyra dic furore
Gesties, quando hac reducem sodalem
Glauciam * gaudere simul videbis
Meque sub umbra?

8

* Mr. Gray.

CÆTERA DESIDERANTUR.

CONTENTS.

GRAY.

	Page
Life of the Author,	5
His last will and testament,	25
Ode to memory of Mr. Gray, by J. T.	29

ODES.

Ode I. on the spring,	35
— II. on the death of a favourite cat,	37
— III. on a distant prospect of Eton College,	39
— IV. on adversity,	43
— V. the progress of poetry,	46
— VI. the Bard,	54
— VII. the Fatal Sisters,	65
— VIII. the descent of Odin,	68
— IX. the triumphs of Owen,	73
— X. the death of Hoel,	75
— XI. for musick,	76

MISCELLANIES.

A long story,	81
Elegy. Written in a country churchyard,	87
Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke,	93
Translation from Statius,	ib.
Gray of himself,	94

WEST.

	Page
Ad Amicos,	I
Elegia, "Quod mihi," &c.	6
Ditto, addressed to Mr. Gray, "Ergo desidia," &c.	7
Production of four o'clock in the morning, "Ante "omnes," &c.	8
Ode to May,	9
From the Greek of Posidippus, "Perispici," &c.	10
To Mr. Gray, "O meæ jucunda," &c.	11

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Aug. 3. 1782.

THE END.