



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The Works of George Lord Lyttleton

Lyttelton, George <Lord>

London, 1774

Poems.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-50364](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-50364)

P O E M S.

4 E

T H E



P O E M
 THE
 CONFESSOR
 BY
 JOHN MILTON

whose seed through the broken shade
 of Thine a glass of attention paid
 I see the sun with humble prayer
 and thanks, and on the Syrian shore
 I see the sun on Homer's way
 a word and visible each the ring
 of gold, and all once again
 I see the sun the boy's plain
 and all the world's relation
 of a lover's face
 I turn of passion I pursue
 and all that will be true

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

I N

FOUR ECLOGUES.

I. UNCERTAINTY.

To Mr. POPE.

II. HOPE.

To the Hon. GEORGE DOD-
DINGTON, Esq.

III. JEALOUSY.

To ED. WALPOLE, Esq.

IV. POSSESSION.

To the Right Honourable the Lord
Viscount COBHAM.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

To Mr. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beechen shade,
 The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
 While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
 Though now sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
 Of glorious wars, and godlike chiefs she sing:
 Wilt thou with me re-visit once again
 The crystal fountain, and the flow'ry plain?
 Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
 The various changes of a lover's state;
 And while each turn of passion I pursue,
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

4 E 2

To

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
 Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
 His flock far off, unfed, untended lay,
 To every savage a defenceless prey;
 No sense of int'rest could their master move,
 And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
 A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
 But though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent,
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

Ye nymphs, he cry'd, ye Dryads, who so long
 Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
 For whom retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
 Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
 In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
 Though wild ambition, and destructive rage,
 No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
 Though envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 Nor calumny your innocence invades:
 Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,
 Too often violates your boasted rest;
 With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprize
 On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes;
 Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
 Then reason, liberty, at once were lost:
 And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
 But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
 Then too the smil'd: can smiles our peace destroy,
 Those lovely children of Content and Joy?

How

How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe,
From the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy, these vain enquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace:
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flatt'ring memory, and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
Confirm her pow'r, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
To me alone she gave her willing hand;
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire.
By none but her my crook with flow'rs was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she hear'd, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
To have my faithful service thus repay'd?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
Or did you only nurse my growing love,
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
Sure guilty treachery no place could find
In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind:

A maid

A maid brought up the woods and wilds among,
 Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
 No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
 Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun less fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

H O P E. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
 Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds:
 From love alone their melody proceeds.
 From love Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
 Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
 Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
 Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine,
 My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join*.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
 But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
 And told his joy to all the rural throng.

* N. B. Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-verses, which have never been published.

Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
 When first I own'd my Delia's gentle pow'r ;
 Then gloomy discontent and pining care :
 Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there ;
 Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
 Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
 Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
 These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid ;
 There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay :
 She led the dance—heav'ns! with what grace she mov'd!
 Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd ?
 I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 But glory'd in a happy captive's name ;
 Nor would I now, could love permit, be free,
 But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy ?
 Can no reverse thy flatt'ring blifs destroy ?
 Has treacherous love no torment yet in store ?
 Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal pow'r ?
 Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek ?
 Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break ?
 Why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
 The plaintive accent of thy sad despair ?
 From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
 Who bids me *hope* ; and in that charming word
 Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

Begin, my pipe, begin the gladfome lay ;
 A kifs from Delia shall thy music pay ;
 A kifs obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
 Giv'n with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content :
 No laureat wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
 Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows ;

Let

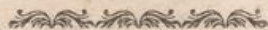
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
I from her lips my recompence require.

Why stays my Delia in her secret bow'r?
Light gales have chas'd the late impending show'r;
Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends:
Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
The birds renew their songs on every spray!
Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown:
All nature smiles.—Will only Delia frown?

Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flow'r of every sweet they drain:
See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep:
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
If with my fond desires my love comply;
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
Accept of this; and could I add beside,
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine.
But if thy mind no gifts have pow'r to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain.

For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
 For him each green-hair'd sifter of the wood,
 Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
 His music calls to dance the night away.
 And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
 With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
 I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
 And let her often hear her shepherd's name :
 Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
 And shew my merits in the fairest light ;
 My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 And every friend shall claim a diff'rent lay.
 But see! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair
 Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
 Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet ;
 Adieu, my pipe, I go my love to meet—
 O may I find her as we parted last,
 And may each future hour be like the past !
 So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed.



J E A L O U S Y. E C L O G U E III.

To Mr. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere ;
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and pow'r by fear :
 Of all the passions that employ the mind,
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find ;
 Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart !

4 F

For

For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)

Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd;
Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast—

The vale beneath, a pleasing prospect yields,
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;

Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;

Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands,

Beyond, a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:

So charming was the scene, a while the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;

But soon the stings infix'd within his heart,
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:

His flow'ry wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,

Then cry'd; "May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
Like these neglected roses, droop and fade!

May angry heav'n deform each guilty grace,
That triumphs now in that deluding face!

Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?

Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
Against whose pow'r no ties have strength to bind?

Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
To conquer your disdain, and merit love?

Has

Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
 And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?
 Ah no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
 He pleas'd you, by not studying to please:
 His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
 And had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.
 O pain to think! another shall possess
 Those balmy lips which I was wont to press:
 Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!—
 I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
 Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,
 Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful fight!
 Where-e'er they pass'd, be blasted every flow'r,
 And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
 Ah wretched swain, could no examples move
 Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
 Hast thou not heard how poor * Menalcas dy'd
 A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
 Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
 Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
 And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.
 Would I could die like him, and be at peace!
 These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
 There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
 And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
 No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid:
 Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 Alas! what aid, fond swain, would'st thou receive?
 Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Protect her, heav'n! and let her never know
 The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe;
 I ask no vengeance from the pow'rs above;
 All I implore is, never more to love.
 Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast;
 Wearied, at length I seek thy downy rest:
 No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
 Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye sylvans, hear,
 What by your guardian deities I swear;
 No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 No more I'll court the trait'refs to my arms;
 Not all her arts my stedd' soul shall move,
 And she shall find that reason conquers love——

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
 At once transported, he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

POSSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

To Lord COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgement gives me skill to sing;
 Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains:
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;

Recall

Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind:
 When all thy glorious days of prosp'rous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night.
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood,
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
 In friendly league, to favour human-kind.
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade,
 The gentle Virtues, and mild Wisdom play'd,
 Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
 Lurkt sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
 Nor Force, nor Int'rest, join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.
 Thither with glad devotion Damon came,
 To thank the pow'rs who blest his faithful flame;
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
 Hail, bounteous god, before whose hallow'd shrine
 My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
 While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
 Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove!
 And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
 Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
 Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
 As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.

O the dear gloom of last propitious night!
 O shade more charming than the fairest light!
 Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
 Then all my pains one moment overpaid;

Then

Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
 Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
 Thou too, bright goddess, once in Ida's grove,
 Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love;
 With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
 Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade;
 Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
 And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

What are you now, my once most valued joys?
 Infipid trifles all, and childish toys——
 Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
 Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.
 Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,
 Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
 Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
 And crown her with the pride of all the spring:
 On all her days let health and peace attend;
 May she ne'er want, nor ever lose a friend!
 May some new pleasure every hour employ!
 But let her Damon be her highest joy.

With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
 All night caress thee, and admire all day;
 In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
 To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
 Together will we share the harvest toils,
 Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
 Delightful state, where peace and love combine,
 To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
 Here limpid fountains roll through flow'ry meads,
 Here rising forests lift their verdant heads;
 Here let me wear my careless life away,
 And in thy arms insensibly decay.

When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
 And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;

When

When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
 And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
 Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,
 At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath!
 May we beneath one common stone be laid,
 And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
 Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
 Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
 And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
 Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

S O L I L O Q U Y of a B E A U T Y in the
 C O U N T R Y.

Written at Eaton School.

'T WAS night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
 With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd;
 There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town:
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:
 " Ah, what avails it to be young and fair:
 " To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 " What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
 " If all in envious solitude are lost?
 " Where none admire, 'tis useless to excell;
 " Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle:
 " Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shewn;
 " Both most are valu'd, where they best are known.
 " With ev'ry grace of nature, or of art,
 " We cannot break one stubborn country heart:

The

" The brutes, infensible, our pow'r defy:
 " To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
 " The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
 " That is our heav'n, and we are angels there:
 " In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
 " The court of Britain is the court of Love.
 " How has my conscions heart with triumph glow'd,
 " How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
 " At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
 " The homage due to Empire, paid to me!
 " When ev'ry eye was fix'd on me alone,
 " And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's frown;
 " When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
 " Less jealous in their pow'r, than in their love.
 " Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
 " Like flow'rs transplanted to a colder sky:
 " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 " In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 " Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
 " Unblest I wear my useles time away;
 " Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all day;
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to pray'r;
 " For dulness ever must be regular.
 " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there:
 " From books to work, from work to books I rove,
 " And am (alas!) at leisure to improve!—
 " Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 " These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sew?

" Sure erring nature never could design
 " To form a hufwife in a mould like mine !
 " O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
 " Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r :
 " Let me re-visit the dear town again :
 " Let me be feen!—could I that wish obtain,
 " All other wifhes my own power would gain." }

B L E N H E I M.

Written at the Univerfity of Oxford in the year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose fkilful hand firft taught
 The tow'ring pile to rife, and form'd the plan
 With fair proportion; architect divine,
 Minerva; thee to my advent'rous lyre
 Affiftant I invoke, that means to fing
 Blenheim, proud monument of Britifh fame,
 Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty tow'rs
 Didft to his virtue raife, whom oft thy fhield
 In peril guarded, and thy wifdom steer'd
 Through all the ftorms of war.—Thee too I call,
 Thalia, fylvan Mufe, who lov'ft to rove
 Along the fhady paths and verdant bow'rs
 Of Woodftock's happy grove: there tuning fweet
 Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
 Attentive liften; let thy warbling fong
 Paint with melodious praife the pleafing fcene,
 And equal thefe to Pindus' honour'd fhades.

When Europe freed, confefs'd the faving pow'r
 Of Marl'rough's hand; Britain, who fent him forth
 Chief of confederate hofts, to fight the caufe

Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
 This palace, sacred to her leader's fame:
 A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
 Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
 Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
 Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
 Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
 Who paidst his service with so rich a meed!
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
 The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
 Not thus Germania pays th' uncancel'd debt
 Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
 When thou behold'st these tow'rs; ingrate, to thee
 A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
 Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite, and know,
 Britain, like heav'n, protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
 Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
 With ever-new delight. The tap'stry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
 Attracts her curious eye: Here Ister rolls
 His purple wave; and there the Granic flood
 With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece

Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
 With glorious competition; equal both
 In valour and in fortune: but their praise
 Be different, for with different views they fought;
 This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood
 The bow'r of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
 Sacred to grief and love; the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
 Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flow'ry brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excell.
 But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
 Through which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn! Silent a while, and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
 In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
 Glitters relucient in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
 Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
 Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
 Triumphal, ever in his mind renew'd

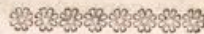
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
 So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
 Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
 Against the pride of Asia, and the pow'r
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
 No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
 Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
 And in magnificent retirement past
 The evening of his life.—But not alone,
 In the calm shades of honourable ease,
 Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent heav'n
 Gave a companion to his softer hours,
 With whom conversing, he forgot all change
 Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
 Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
 Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
 In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:
 Like two fair stars with intermingled light,
 In friendly union they together shone,
 Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
 Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
 Thee, Churchill, first, the ruthless hand of death
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
 To the sublimer feats of joy and love;
 Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
 Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
 The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
 With pious honours to thy sacred name
 Immortal. Lo! where tow'ring on the height
 Of yon aerial pillar proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
 And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,
 The German eagles spread their wings, his hand

Grasps

Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube fought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by th' imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
A regal breast, has level'd to the ground:
Mean insult! this with better auspices
Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
How Marl'rough fought, for whom, and how repay'd
His services. Nor shall the constant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching, shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With rev'rence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marl'rough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heav'n, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.

Here

Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
 When honour calls them to the field of war,
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
 The proud reward of thy successful toils
 For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame:
 That, fir'd with gen'rous envy, they may dare
 To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
 With martial virtue; and to high attempts
 Excite their arms, till other battles won,
 And nations fav'd, new monuments require,
 And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.



To the Reverend Dr. A Y S C O U G H, at Oxford.

Written from Paris, in the year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
 Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?
 How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty;
 How the same hands that tyrants durst controul,
 Their empire stretcht from Atlas to the Pole;

Till

Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
 Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire;
 Yet in her troubled states see all the woes,
 And all the crimes that giddy faction knows;
 Till, rent by parties, by corruption fold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold;
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tut'refs of protecting Rome?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The pow'rs of thought—to benefit mankind?
 Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and doze,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose;
 But reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
 Dispell the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
 Nor vext with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good *Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party rage;

* Dr. Hough.

He,

He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
 Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest guide.

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
 To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
 Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
 Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.
 The priest, who plagues the world, can never mend.
 No foe to man was e'er to God a friend:
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
 The useful science of the world to know,
 Which books can never teach, or pedants shew.

A nation here I pity, and admire,
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
 Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
 To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
 Whose nobles, born to cringe, and to command,
 In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;
 From each low tool of pow'r, content receive
 Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
 Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,
 Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though oppress'd;

With

With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court :
Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ :
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;
By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire ;
Now sweet Racine with milder influence move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects store,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' opprest and poor ;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style Ambition GREAT *.
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew † :
Where, sick of glory, faction, pow'r, and pride
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had try'd),
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ‡ ;
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded pow'r ;

* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

‡ St. Cloud.

Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind!

O native isle, fair freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain?
When kifs with pious love the sacred earth,
That gave a Burleigh, or a Ruffel birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see;
And tells me, These, like England, once were Free!

XXXXXXXXXX

To Mr. P O Y N T Z,

Ambassador at the Congress of SOISSONS, in the Year 1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;

Say, Poyntz, amidst the toils of anxious state,
 Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
 Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
 Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
 That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
 No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
 Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
 To favour'd man by smiling heav'n decreed,
 Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
 And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who from the world retir'd,
 By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
 On flow'ry couches slumbers life away,
 And gently bids his active pow'rs decay;
 Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
 And shuns renown as much as infamy.
 But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
 To private leisure public virtue bears;
 Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
 And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
 Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
 And crowns propitious his declining head;
 In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
 For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
 Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
 Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
 And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies,
 Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
 The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
 When peace restor'd shall on her downy wing
 Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
 Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
 The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,

Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
 Contemplative and quiet happiness:
 Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
 And painful merit paid with sweet content.
 Yet tho' thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
 Tho' wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul;
 One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
 That only can improve and crown the rest.—
 Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
 Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
 The point to which our sweetest passions move,
 Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
 This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
 Friend of our health, and author of our rest;
 Bids ev'ry gloomy vexing passion fly,
 And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
 Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inspires
 More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
 Beneath his pow'r my raptur'd fancy glows,
 And ev'ry tender verse more sweetly flows.
 Dull is the privilege of living free;
 Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
 Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
 Can best defend them from consuming care.
 In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
 And nature in her rural works admire;
 Tho' grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
 They may delight us, but can never warm.
 May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
 With pleasing pangs of ever gay desire;
 And teach thee that soft science, which alone
 Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
 Thy soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,
 To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd;

And

And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
 Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
 Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
 For heav'n shall ratify what they reveal :

A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
 With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd ;
 Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
 Distinguish'd only by their softer dress :
 Thy greatness she, or thy retreat shall share,
 Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care ;
 Her smiles the taste of ev'ry joy shall raise,
 And add new pleasure to renown and praise ;
 Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
 That happiness is near ally'd to love.

V E R S E S to be written under a Picture of Mr. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz ! but who shall find
 A hand, or colours, to express thy mind ?
 A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
 In a false world that dares to be sincere ;
 Wise without art ; without ambition great ;
 Tho' firm, yet pliant ; active, tho' sedate ;
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
 Yet better still by native prudence taught ;
 That, fond the griefs of the distressed to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel ;
 That, when misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe ;
 That, fixt on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause ;
 That, to its own perfections singly blind,
 Would for another think this praise design'd.

An Epistle to Mr. POPE, from Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night,
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of antient wit;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
 From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty:
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
 Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate:
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd!
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise;
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his master bear:

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the throne of wit,
 Near me and Homer thou aspire to fit,
 No more let meaner satire dim the rays
 That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
 Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting column to thy country's praise;
 To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
 That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
 Where science in the arms of peace is laid,
 And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.

Such

Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
 With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
 Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
 But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire;
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.

To my LORD HERVEY.

In the Year 1730. From Worcestershire.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
 Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit equus.*

HORACE.

FAV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
 Pollio, by nature form'd in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
 Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
 Return'd at length to his own native shore,
 From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
 Has found that happiness he sought in vain
 On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?

'Tis

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
 The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile;
 At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
 Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
 That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
 In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies
 Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
 Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
 But in its proper channels gliding fair;
 A common benefit, which all may share.
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain. }
 So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds,
 Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
 Which with but *thinking right* were our's at home.
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.
 The wretch, by wild impatience driv'n to rove,
 Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
 From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, that from our passions flow,
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
 Or how can aught but pow'ful Reason cure,
 What from unthinking Folly we endure?

Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
 In gen'rous love of others' good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear:
 This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
 This was the sov'reign good they justly sought;
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of Philosophy:
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,
 But in the palace of Augustus knew
 The same unerring maxims to pursue,
 Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
 His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
 View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
 Undazzled every glitt'ring folly see,
 And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
 In its own center keep your steady mind;
 Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind;
 In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
 But be a country gentleman at heart!

ADVICE to a LADY. 1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue:
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? to be fair:
For this the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that were made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest Sense;
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
 Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
 And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts;
 For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
 At ministers, because they wish their place.
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
 Without, all beauty, and all peace within:
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
 Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
 A woman's noblest station is retreat;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign:
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
 One only care your gentle breasts should move,
 Th' important business of your life is love;
 To this great point direct your constant aim,
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd:
 With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.

The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
 Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
 Here sweet extreams alone can truly bless:
 The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
 Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
 Nor think that conquest justifies disdain;
 Short is the period of insulting pow'r,
 Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
 Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
 And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
 Whose soul, entire by him she loves possesseth,
 Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
 And asks no pow'r, but that of pleasing most:
 Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
 The honest warmth of undissembled love;
 For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
 And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
 Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
 That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
 Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
 If angry Fortune on their union frown:
 Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
 Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
 And that fond love, which should afford relief,
 Does but encrease the anguish of their grief:
 While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
 Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
 Than sell your violated charms for gain;
 Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,
 For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
 The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
 Who not to love, but av'rice, fall a prey:
 Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife*;
 A maid so wedded, is a *whore for life*.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heav'n
 Has equal love, and easy fortune giv'n,
 Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done:
 The prize of happiness must still be won;
 And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
 The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost:
 The *graces* might alone his heart allure;
They and the *virtues* meeting must secure.

Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
 Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.
 From kind concern about his weal, or woe,
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow;
 The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
 Make it your pride his *servant* to appear:
 Endearing thus the common acts of life,
 The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife*;
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
 Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
 And form your heart to all the arts of love.
 The task were harder to secure my own
 Against the pow'r of those already known;
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind
 With gentle force the captivated mind,

Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
 Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy;
 I own your genius, and from you receive
 The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

S O N G. Written in the Year 1732.

I.
WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.
 Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear,
 No other wit but her's approve;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.
 If the some other youth commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.
 When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shadiest grove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.
 When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

S O N G. Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love and me,
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat
 And tremble on your tongue?

III.

Will you in ev'ry look declare
 Your heart is still the same;
 And heal each idly-anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When shortly we shall meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

V.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove;
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love:

VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this;
 No more to let us join;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring blifs,
 To die, and think you mine.

D A M O N

D A M O N and D E L I A.

In imitation of H O R A C E and L Y D I A.

Written in the year 1732.

D A M O N.

T E L L me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly:
W at means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? tell me how?—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

D E L I A.

Firſt tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with ſuch warmth her charms you prais'd,
And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me ſee
Your flatt'ry is not all for me?
Alas! too well your ſex I knew,
Nor was ſo weak to think you true.

D A M O N.

Unkind! my falſhood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try by this deceit
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide beneath another name
The ſecret of our mutual flame.

D E L I A.

Damon, your prudence I confeſs,
But let me wiſh it had been leſs;

4 K

Too

Too well the lover's part you play'd,
 With too much art your court you made;
 Had it been only art, your eyes
 Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah, cease thus idly to molest,
 With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
 While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
 To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Tho' well I might your truth distrust,
 My foolish heart believes you just;
 Reason this faith may disapprove;
 But I believe, because I love.



O D E.

In imitation of PASTOR FIDO.

(*O primavera gioventu del anno.*)

Written Abroad, in 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flow'rs and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful spring,
 At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
 The am'rous Nightingale and Poet sing.

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possess;
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance, that I once was blest.

III.
 Thy faded charms, which Winter snatcht away,
 Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
 But ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.
 Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,
 Tho' on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear;
 Harsh is the musick, joyless is the scene,
 The odour faint; for Delia is not there.

V.
 Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

Parts of an ELEGY of TIBULLUS Translated.

(*Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.*)

1729-30.

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
 And much possessing labour still for more;
 Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
 Aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms:
 Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
 Humbly secure and indolently blest;
 Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
 I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
 In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
 In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,

4 K 2

And

And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
 Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
 With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay,
 With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bow'r.
 At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
 Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near,
 Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
 Slumber assisted by the beating show'r!
 Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
 In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
 While I, contented with my little store,
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
 But idly lolling on some shady seat,
 Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat:
 For what reward so rich could fortune give
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
 Let great Messalla shine in martial toils,
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
 Me Beauty holds in strong, tho' gentle chains,
 Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
 With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
 How would I slight Ambition's painful praise!
 How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
 The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
 On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
 How downy should I think the woodland bed!
 The wretch who sleeps not by his fair one's side,
 Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
 Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
 Tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.
 Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave:
 For all the honours prosp'rous war can give;

Tho'

Tho' through the vanquish'd East he spread his fame,
 And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
 Tho' bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
 With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
 No pomps like these my humble vows require;
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
 Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
 Thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold!
 Then, Delia, then thy heart will melt in woe,
 Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
 Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
 But ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
 Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:
 Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast
 Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.
 But now nor death, nor parting, should employ
 Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
 We'll live, my Delia, and from life remove
 All care, all bus'ness, but delightful Love.
 Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
 Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
 Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
 This hour is Love's——be Fortune's all the rest.

S O N G. Written in the year 1732.

I.
SA Y, Myra, why is gentle love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move;
 Which can be just and kind?

II. Is:

II.

Is it, because you fear to share
 The ills that Love molest;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We ev'ry bliss must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.



Written at Mr. POPE'S House at Twickenham, which he had
 lent to Mrs. G——lle. In August 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town,
 Not all its wealth or pride
 Could tempt me from the charms that crown
 Thy rural flow'ry side:

II.

Thy flow'ry side, where Pope has plac'd
 The Muses' green retreat,
 With ev'ry smile of nature grac'd,
 With ev'ry art compleat.

III.

But now, sweet bard, thy heav'nly song
 Enchants us here no more;
 Their darling glory lost too long
 Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

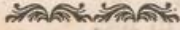
IV.

Yet still for beauteous G——lle's sake,
 The Muses here remain;
 G——lle, whose eyes have power to make
 A Pope of ev'ry swain.

EPI-

E P I G R A M.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.



To Mr. WEST, at Wickham. Written in the Year 1740.

FAIR nature's sweet simplicity
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.
To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.



To Miss L U C Y F —.

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my am'rous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid deceiv'd
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancy'd pains.

But Venus now, to punish me,
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

To the Same, with HAMMOND's Elegies.

ALL that of love can be express'd
In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

To the Same.

TO him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.
Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live;
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.
Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

To the Same.

I.

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
Last night the secret casket I explor'd;
Where all the letters of my absent fair,
(His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd:

II.

In every word a magic spell I found
Of pow'r to charm each busy thought to rest,
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III. So

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
 And loses every sorrow at the sight;
 Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
 Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
 Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
 Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid:
 My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

V.

Not one kind word shall in my pow'r remain
 A painful witness of reproach to thee;
 And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
 My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A Prayer to VENUS in her Temple at STOWE.

To the Same.

I.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,
 These humble off'rings, which thy servant pays,
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
 No other wish, nor other object knows,
 Oh! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose.

4 L

IV. No

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

XXXXXXXXXX

To the Same.

On her pleading want of TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
 For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd
 But that she had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
 In secret shades his fair to meet
 Beneath th' accustom'd lyme;
 She would have fondly met him there,
 And heal'd with love each tender care,
 But that she had not time.

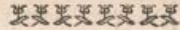
III.

"It was not thus, inconstant maid,
 "You acted once (the shepherd said)
 "When love was in its prime:"
 She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
 And would have writ to ease his pain,
 But that she had not time.

IV. How

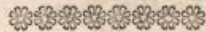
IV.

How can you act so cold a part?
 No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
 If love be not a crime.——
 We soon must part for months, for years——
 She would have answer'd with her tears,
 But that she had not time.



To the Same.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
 Still the bright object of my constant flame;
 But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
 With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul?
 Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that love alone inspires.
 These, these are lost; and I behold no more
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
 I ought, but dare not, try to love you less;
 Weakly I grieve, unpity'd I complain;
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
 Were far more blest, when you like me could love.



To the Same.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before;
 I say to my heart, "Be at rest, and believe
 "That whom once she has chosen she never will leave."

4 L 2

II. But

II.

But ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.

To the Same, with a NEW WATCH.

WITH me, while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow,
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

An Irregular ODE, written at Wickham in 1746.

To the Same.

I.

YE silvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart,
A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

2.

II. Is

II.

Is it glad summer's balmy breath that blows
 From the fair jasmine, and the blushing rose?
 Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
 Of rural bliss was here before:
 Oft have I met her on the verdant side
 Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
 Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
 Array'd in all her flow'ry pride.
 No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
 No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?
 Four times has the revolving sun
 His annual circle through the zodiac run;
 Since all that Love's indulgent pow'r
 On favour'd mortals can bestow,
 Was giv'n to me in this auspicious bow'r.

IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
 Was yielded to my longing arms;
 And round our nuptial bed,
 Hov'ring with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
 Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
 Of innocent desires,
 While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
 Whence then this strange encrease of joy?
 He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
 (If such another happy man there be)
 Has by his own experience try'd
 How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

To

[630]
To the MEMORY of the same LADY.
A MONODY. A. D. 1747.

*Ipse cavá solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

I.

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief,
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest blifs, the happiest love
Can on th'ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heav'nly voice,

For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring:
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song;
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell,
 For Death has stop'd that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye:

To

To your sequefter'd dales
 And flow'r-embroider'd vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly;
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal, and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?
 O loss beyond repair!
 O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
 Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice, their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
 From these fond arms that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aonian maids,
 Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date,

For

For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus' or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on ^a Mincio's bank
 Befet with ofiers dank,
 Nor where ^b Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where, through hanging woods,
 Steep ^c Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where ^d Meles, or ^e Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now besecm,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome?
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright-sparkling could inspire,

^a The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of VIRGIL.

^b The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of PROPERTIUS.

^c The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where HORACE had a villa.

^d The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HOMER, supposed to be born on its banks,
 is called Melisigenes.

^e The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

By all the graces temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now confin'd?

x.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb.
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

xi.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace !
 How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke !
 Tell how her manners by the world refin'd
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted innocence !
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness :

How

How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
 Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want and every woe,
 To Guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

xii.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind:
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile, or frown;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize;
 That, injur'd or offended, never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.

4 M 2

Such

Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclai'm of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

xiii.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
 From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride
 A sudden blast from Appenninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows:
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

xiv.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bow'rs,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV. What

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there;
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain:
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms,
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd, and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call?

Support

Support me, every friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each fav'rite author we together read
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

xviii.

We were the happiest pair of human kind!
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain;
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
 Was his most righteous will, and be that will obey'd!

XIX. Would

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure, exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is every mortal bliss;
 Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.

V E R S E S, making part of an E P I T A P H.

On the same L A D Y.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
 Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;

Her

Her Eloquence was sweeter than her Song,
Soft as her heart, and as her Reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

~~~~~

H O R A C E.

Book IV. Ode iv.

(*Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.*)

Written at Oxford 1725<sup>a</sup>.

I.

AS the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove,  
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,  
Faithful<sup>b</sup> assistant of his master's love,  
King of the wand'ring nations of the air,

II.

When balmy breezes fan'd the vernal sky,  
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,  
In slight essays his growing force to try,  
While inborn courage fir'd his gen'rous breast;

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,  
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;  
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown  
The scaly snake and crested dragon know:

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,  
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,  
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,  
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood:

<sup>a</sup> First printed in Mr. WEST'S PINDAR.

<sup>b</sup> In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

v.  
Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,  
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight;  
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;  
So sunk their haughty spirit at the fight.

vi.  
Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find  
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,  
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind  
Each gen'rous Nero forms to early fame!

vii.  
A valiant son springs from a valiant fire:  
Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove;  
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire  
Degenerate to form the tim'rous dove.

viii.  
But education can the genius raise,  
And wise instructions native virtue aid;  
Nobility without them is disgrace,  
And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

ix.  
Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,  
Let mighty Afrubal subdu'd confess  
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd  
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

x.  
Of this be witness that auspicious day,  
Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,  
First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,  
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

xi.  
Since the dire African with wasteful ire  
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy,  
As through the pine trees flies the raging fire,  
Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

4 N

xii. From

XII.

From this bright era, from this prosp'rous field,  
 The Roman glory dates her rising pow'r;  
 From hence 'twas giv'n her conqu'ring sword to wield,  
 Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:  
 " Like stags to rav'nous wolves an easy prey,  
 " Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,  
 " Whom to elude and 'scape were victory;

XIV.

" A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,  
 " Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore  
 " Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,  
 " Thro' angry seas and adverse tempests bore.

XV.

" As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,  
 " Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,  
 " Improves by loss, and thriving with the stroke,  
 " Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

XVI.

" Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head  
 " So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules,  
 " Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,  
 " Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

" Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,  
 " Brighter she rises from the depths below:  
 " To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,  
 " Recruits her strength, and foils the wond'ring foe.

XVIII.

" No more of victory the joyful fame  
 " Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;  
 " Lost, lost are all the glories of her name!  
 " With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

XIX. " What

XIX.

“ What shall the Claudian valour not perform,  
 “ Which Pow’r Divine guards with propitious care,  
 “ Which Wisdom steers through all the dang’rous storm,  
 “ Thro’ all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war?”

\*\*\*\*\*

V I R T U E and F A M E.

To the COUNTESS of EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,  
 Happen’d to cross each other’s way;  
 Said Virtue! Hark ye, madam Fame,  
 Your ladyship is much to blame;  
 Jove bids you always wait on me,  
 And yet your face I seldom see:  
 The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,  
 And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;  
 Or, thund’ring thro’ the ranks of war,  
 Ambition ties you to her car.

Saith Fame, “ Dear madam, I protest  
 I never find myself so blest  
 As when I humbly wait behind you;  
 But ’tis so mighty hard to find you!  
 In such obscure retreats you lurk!  
 To seek you is an endless work.”

“ Well, answer’d Virtue, I allow  
 Your plea. But hear, and mark me now,  
 I know (without offence to others)  
 I know the best of wives and mothers;  
 Who never pass’d an useless day  
 In scandal, gossiping, or play:  
 Whose modest wit, chastis’d by sense,  
 Is lively chearful innocence;

4 N 2

Whose

Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,  
 Whose duty is her sole delight;  
 Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,  
 Her parent's joy, her husband's passion."

Fame smil'd, and answer'd, "On my life,  
 This is some country parson's wife,  
 Who never saw the court nor town,  
 Whose face is homely as her gown;  
 Who banquets upon eggs and bacon"—  
 "No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—  
 I beg you'll let me set you right—  
 'Tis one with ev'ry beauty bright;  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry polish'd art  
 That rank or fortune can impart;  
 'Tis the most celebrated toast  
 That Britain's spacious isle can boast;  
 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;  
 'Tis EGREMONT—Go, tell it, Fame!"

Addition extempore, by Earl HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—strait reply'd,  
 "First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;  
 My trumpet oft I've rais'd to sound  
 Her modest praise the world around;  
 But notes were wanting—Can't thou find  
 A Muse to sing her face, her mind?  
 Believe me, I can name but one,  
 A friend of your's—'tis LYTTTELTON."

Letter

Letter to Earl HARDWICKE, occasioned by the foregoing Verses.

MY LORD,

A Thousand thanks to your lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be lord chancellor, rather than a laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,  
 With countenance serene and sweet,  
 The Muse, who in my youthful days  
 Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.  
 She smil'd, and said, "Once more I see  
 My fugitive returns to me;  
 Long had I lost you from my bower,  
 You scorn'd to own my gentle power;  
 With me no more your genius sported;  
 The grave Historic Muse you courted;  
 Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,  
 Pursu'd Urania through the skies;  
 But now, to my forsaken track,  
 Fair EGREMONT has brought you back;  
 Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,  
 That soft, that pleasing path to tread;  
 For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,  
 Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.  
 Lo! to my flow'ry groves and springs  
 Her fav'rite son the goddess brings,  
 The council's and the senate's guide,  
 Law's oracle, the nation's pride:  
 He comes, he joys with thee to join,  
 In singing WYNDHAM's charms divine.

To thine he adds his nobler lays,  
 E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.  
 Enjoy that praise, nor envy PITT  
 His fame with burgeses or with cit;  
 For sure one line from such a bard,  
 Virtue would think her best reward."



On reading Miss CARTER's Poems in MS.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wond'ring ear  
 Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks  
 Of Siloe's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,  
 According to seraphic voices, sung  
*Glory to God on high, and on the earth*  
*Peace and good-will to men!*—Resume the lyre,  
 Chauntress divine, and ev'ry Briton call  
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,  
 More pow'rful than the song of Orpheus, tame  
 The savage heart of brutal vice, and bend  
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees  
 Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more  
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,  
 Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd  
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head  
 Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine  
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove  
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand  
 Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT

THE Gods, on thrones celestial seated,  
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,  
 All on Mount Edgcumbe turn'd their eyes;  
 "That place is mine, great Neptune cries:

Behold! how proud o'er all the main  
 Those stately turrets seem to reign!

No views so grand on earth you see!

The master too belongs to me;

I grant him my domain to share,

I bid his hand my trident bear."

"The sea is your's, but mine the land,

Pallas replies; by me were plann'd

Those tow'rs, that hospital, those docks,

That fort, which crowns those island rocks:

The lady too is of my choir,

I taught her hand to touch the lyre;

With ev'ry charm her mind I grac'd,

I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."—

"Hold, madam, interrupted Venus,

The lady must be shar'd between us:

And surely mine is yonder grove,

So fine, so dark, so fit for love;

Trees, such as in th' Idalian glade,

Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade."

Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads came,

Each nymph alledg'd her lawful claim;

But Jove, to finish the debate,

Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:

"Nor god, nor goddess, great or small

That dwelling his or hers may call,

I made Mount Edgcumbe for you all."



## I N V I T A T I O N

To the DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

**W**HEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,  
 To France and England Friendship bring,  
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive  
 That homage we delight to give  
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,  
 To worth which Envy's self disarms  
 Of jealous hatred: Come, and love  
 That nation which you now approve.  
 So shall by France amends be made  
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)  
 For having with seducing art  
 From Britain stol'n her H—v—y's heart.

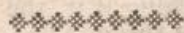
\*\*\*\*\*

## TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

**D**Rumgold, whose ancestors from Albion's shore  
 Their conq'ring standards to Hibernia bore,  
 Tho' now thy valour, to thy country lost,  
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,  
 Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—  
 From British fires deriv'd thy genius came:  
 Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,  
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:  
 The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,  
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.  
 They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire  
 To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,  
 And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek  
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.

Pay

Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:  
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,  
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase  
 To cloath the spirit of the British lays.  
 Thus ev'ry flow'r which ev'ry Muse's hand  
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favour'd land,  
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,  
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.  
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,  
 In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound  
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise  
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.  
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,  
 And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.  
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,  
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;  
 Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;  
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;  
 By pride un sullied, genuine dignity;  
 A noble and sublime simplicity.  
 Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn,  
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,  
 And Albion fighting bid her sons aspire  
 To imitate the merit they admire.



On GOOD HUMOUR. Written at Eaton School, 1729.

**T**ELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this  
 Which all admire, but few, too few possess?  
 A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,  
 And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.  
 Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,  
 Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.

4 O

Say,

Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,  
 What is the thing in which you most excel?  
 Hard is the question, for in all you please,  
 Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;  
 Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,  
 For none can envy him, whom all must love.  
 This magic pow'r can make e'en folly please,  
 This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,  
 And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face.

\*\*\*\*\*

Some additional Stanzas to ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,  
 in ARIOSTO.

I.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,  
 Orlando's wits had safely brought away;  
 He turn'd his eyes towards another place,  
 Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

II.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,  
 Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see:  
 Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,  
 To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

III.

“ A wond'rous thing it is, the Saint reply'd,  
 Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;  
 An airy essence, not to be descry'd,  
 Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

From earth each day in troops they hither come,  
 And fill each hole and corner of the Moon;  
 For they are never easy while at home,  
 Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.

V. When

When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,  
 For fear they should evaporate again;  
 And hard it is, a prison to invent,  
 So volatile a spirit to retain.

VI.

Those that to young and wanton girls belong  
 Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burst the glafs;  
 But those that have below been kept too long  
 Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII.

So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz'd the Knight,  
 As of each vessel he th' inscription read;  
 For various secrets there were brought to light,  
 Of which Report on earth had nothing said.

VIII.

Virginities, that close confin'd he thought  
 In t'other world, he found above the sky;  
 His sifter's and his cousin's there were brought,  
 Which made him swear, tho' good St. John was by.

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he espy'd  
 That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear:  
 " Ah false and treach'rous fugitive! he cry'd,  
 Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here!

X.

Did not thy owner, when we parted last,  
 Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?  
 Scarce of our absence three short months are past,  
 And thou already from thy post art flown!"

XI.

" Be not enrag'd, reply'd th' Apostle kind—  
 Since that this Maidenhead is thine by right,  
 Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,  
 Carry it *thither*, whence it took its flight."

4 O 2

xii. " Thanks,

“ Thanks, Holy Father! quoth the joyous Knight,  
 The Moon shall be no loser by your grace :  
 Let me but have the use on't for a night,  
 And I'll restore it to its present place.”

XXXXXXXXXXXX

To a young LADY, with the Tragedy of Venice Preserv'd.

**I**N tender Otway's moving scenes we find  
 What pow'r the gods have to your sex assign'd:  
 Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate  
 A woman had not propt her sinking state :  
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,  
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its pow'r ;  
 But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,  
 Still o'er the subject main her tow'rs she rears,  
 And stands a great example to mankind,  
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,  
 Skillful the worst, or noblest ends, to serve,  
 And strong alike, to ruin, or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier we with pity view  
 A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true,  
 In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,  
 Yet saving innocence, tho' fame was lost ;  
 Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—  
 His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she who urg'd him to that pious deed,  
 Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,  
 Whose conqu'ring love her country's safety won,  
 Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

\* “ Hence we may learn what Passion fain would hide,  
 “ That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.

\* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in *Advice to a Lady*, p. 613; but, as Lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more proper to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

“ Venus

" Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,  
 " If angry Fortune on their union frown;  
 " Soon will the flatt'ring dreams of joy be o'er,  
 " And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;  
 " Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,  
 " With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain,  
 " And that fond love, which should afford relief,  
 " Does but augment the anguish of their grief:  
 " While both could easier their own sorrows bear,  
 " Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's pow'r,  
 Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!  
 On each glad day may Plenty show'r delight,  
 And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!  
 May Heav'n, that gave you Belvidera's charms,  
 Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,  
 Whose blis' misfortune never may allay,  
 Whose fondness never may through care decay;  
 Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,  
 And force each modest beauty into fight!  
 So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,  
 No tempest crush the tender buds of joy;  
 But all your hours in one gay circle move,  
 Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

E L E G Y.

**T**ELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,  
 And doom'd its woes without its joys to prove,  
 Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase  
 The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face,  
 Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,  
 To place some meaner idol in her shrine?

O task,

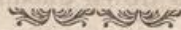
O task, for feeble Reason too severe!  
 O lesson, nought could teach me but Despair!  
 Must I forbid my eyes that heav'nly light,  
 They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?  
 Must my ears shun that voice whose charming sound  
 Seem'd to relieve while it encreas'd my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre  
 To the soft notes of elegant desire;  
 Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,  
 Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,  
 Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine—  
 'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!



Inscription for a Bust of Lady SUFFOLK; designed to be set  
 up in a Wood at Stowe, 1732.

**H**ER wit and beauty for a court were made,  
 But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.



SULPICIA to CERINTHUS, in her Sickness. From TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

**S**AY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast  
 Feel the same fev'rish heats that mine molest?  
 Alas! I only wish for health again,  
 Because I think my lover shares my pain:  
 For what would health avail to wretched me,  
 If you could unconcern'd my illness see?



SULPICIA to CERINTHUS,

**I**'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;  
 Myself I torture while the world I cheat:

Tho'

Tho' Prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,  
 Love fees the low hypocrisy with shame;  
 Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,  
 Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:  
 Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;  
 Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

CATO'S Speech to LABIENUS, in the Ninth Book  
 of LUCAN.

(*Quid quæri, Labieni, jubes, &c.*)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire  
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire?  
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom  
 Or basely live, and see a king in Rome?  
 If life be nothing more than death's delay?  
 If impious force can honest minds dismay,  
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain?  
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can,  
 And right, dependant on itself alone,  
 Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:  
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,  
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.  
 Our souls, allied to God, within them feel  
 The secret dictates of th' Almighty will;  
 This is his voice, be this our oracle.  
 When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,  
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.  
 Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind  
 Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,  
 There, known to few, obscur'd and lost to lie—  
 Is there a temple of the Deity,

Except



Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;  
 And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?  
 Where e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,  
 This wide, this boundless universe, is Jove.  
 Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,  
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair;  
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—  
 Death is the only certain oracle:  
 Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—  
 This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

\*\*\*\*\*

To Mr. GLOVER, on his Poem of LEONIDAS.

Written in the year 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble task pursue,  
 And think thy genius is thy country's due:  
 To vulgar wits inferiour themes belong,  
 But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.  
 Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with every charm,  
 The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;  
 Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise  
 By great examples, drawn from better days:  
 No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,  
 What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;  
 Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend  
 Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:  
 No gen'rous purpose can enlarge the mind,  
 No social care, no labour for mankind,  
 Where mean self-interest every action guides,  
 In camps commands, in cabinets presides;  
 Where luxury consumes the guilty store,  
 And bids the villain be a slave for more.  
 Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise  
 Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,

Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,  
 Servants that rule, and senates that obey!

O people far unlike the Grecian race,  
 That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,  
 That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,  
 In council insolent, in action tame!

Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?  
 Is it to raise their country's sinking state;  
 Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,  
 Her trade to guard, her harrass'd poor to spare?

Is it, like honest Sommers, to inspire  
 The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?  
 Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain  
 The balanc'd world, and boundless pow'r restrain?

Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,  
 Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil,  
 On each relation, friend, dependant pour  
 With partial wantonness the golden show'r,  
 And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise  
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?

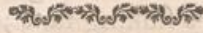
Rouse, Britons, rouse; if sense of shame be weak,  
 Let the loud voice of threat'ning danger speak.

Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land  
 Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand;  
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate,  
 A calm spectatress of the gen'ral fate,  
 Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose  
 Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?

O let us seize the moment in our pow'r,  
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;  
 No later term the angry gods ordain;  
 This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines  
 The native majesty of freedom shines,

Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove  
 My heart not wholly void of public love;  
 Though not like thee I strike the sounding string,  
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,  
 But idly sporting in the secret shade  
 With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.



TO WILLIAM PITT, Esq; on his losing his Commission,  
 in the year 1736.

**L**ONG had thy virtues markt thee out for fame,  
 Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;  
 This gen'rous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find  
 So mean a post disgrace that noble mind;  
 The servile standard from thy freeborn hand  
 He took, and bad thee lead the patriot band.