



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Juvenile Poems - with his last corrections, additions, and improvements, as they were delivered to the editor a little before his death

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

Windsor Forest

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54366](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54366)

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.

WINDSOR-Forest.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD SANDOWN.

By the Author of
The New and Correct Map of the
County of Windsor, &c. &c. &c.
LONDON: Printed by R. DODD, in Pall-mall.



S. Wale inv. et del. J. S. Müller sc:
My humble Muse, in unambitious Strains
Paints the green Forests & the flow'ry Plains.
Windsor Forest.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3, etc. originally thus,

Chaste Goddess of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades.
Unlock your springs — P.

REMARKS.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6, *neget quis carmina Gallo?* Virg.

The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song :
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
 Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :
 Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend :
 There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus ;

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While thro' fresh fields th'enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath? P.

That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler fight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

REMARKS.

VER. 33. *Not proud Olympus etc.*] Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had said,

*Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.*

The comparison is childish, for this story of Atlas being fabulous, leaves no room for a compliment. Our Poet has been more artful (though he employs as fabulous a circumstance in his comparison) by shewing in what the nobility of the hills of Windsor-Forest consists —

Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear. etc.
 not to speak of the beautiful turn of wit.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they ;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.) 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd ?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain ;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man.)

VER. 57, etc.

No wonder savages or subjects slain —

But subjects starv'd while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word savages is not properly applied to beasts but to men ; which occasioned the alteration. P.

REMARKS.

VER. 45. *savage laws*] The Forest Laws.

Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th'industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th'Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill *etc.*
 The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in
 England at the time of the Conqueror. P.

REMARKS.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd etc.*] Alluding to the destru-
 ction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there
 by William I. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields were ravish'd from th'industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :*] Translated
 from,

Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,
 an old monkish writer, I forget who. P.

94 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th'unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears 91
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

REMARKS.

VER. 80. *himself deny'd a grave!*] The place of his interment at Caen in Normandy was claimed by a Gentleman as his inheritance, the moment his servants were going to put him in his tomb: so that they were obliged to compound with the owner before they could perform the King's obsequies.

VER. 81. *second hope*] Richard, second son of William the Conqueror.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. *Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.* Virg.

Ye vig'rous fwains! while youth ferments your
 blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
 Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs. P.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds^a,
 The partridge feeding in the new-thorn fields,
 Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.

^a Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the fea-
 son by a circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage. P.

Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 107. It stood thus in the first Editions,
 Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 115. *nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
 Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis infula textit.* Virg.

(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.) 124

With flaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous Lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand, 137
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:

With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply, 141
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

VER. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 134. *Præcipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt.* Virg.

† G 2

The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
 And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost. 154
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courser etc.*] Translated from Statius,

Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille

Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

These lines Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his translation of Fresnoy's Art of painting, calls *wonderfully fine*, and says *they would cost him an hour, if he had the leisure to translate them, there is so much of beauty in the original*; which was the reason, I suppose, why Mr. P. tried his strength with them.

VER. 158. *and earth rolls back*] He has improved his original,

terraeque urbesque recedunt. Virg.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the Main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be
 known,
 But by the crescent and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;

REMARKS.

VER. 162. Queen ANNE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 175.

*Nec postu variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
 Vittæ coercuerat neglectos alba capillos.* Ovid.

A painted quiver on her shoulder founds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd, 180
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, 185
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run, 191
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 183, 186.

*Ut fugere accipitem penna trepidante columbæ,
 Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas.*

Ovid.

VER. 191, 194.

*Sol erat a tergo : vidi præcedere longam
 Ante pedes umbram : nisi si timor illa videbat.
 Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar ; et ingens
 Erinales vittas affabat anbelitus oris.*

In vain on father Thames she calls for aid, 195
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
" Ah Cynthia! ah — tho' banish'd from thy train,
" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,

" My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.

She said, and melting as in tears she lay, 201

In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,

For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore, 205

And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,

And with celestial tears augments the waves.

Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies

The headlong mountains and the downward skies,

The watry landskip of the pendant woods, 211

And absent trees that tremble in the floods;

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,

And floating forests paint the waves with green,

REMARKS.

VER. 205. *Still bears the name*] The River Loddon.

VER. 209. *Oft in her glass, etc.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem. P.

Thro' the fair scene roll flow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear. 220
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays, 225
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below; 230
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal Passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 233.

Happy the man, who to the shades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!
Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
But far more blest, who study joins with ease. P.

VER. 231. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
To change Olympus, etc.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves :

Happy next him, who to these shades retires, 235

Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,

Successive study, exercise, and ease.

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,

And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields: 240

With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,

And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;

O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store, 245

Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:

Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,

Attends the duties of the wife and good,

T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,

To follow nature, and regard his end; 250

Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,

Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,

Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,

Survey the region, and confess her home!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 249, 50. *Servare modum finemque tenere,*
Naturamque sequi. Lucr.

Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd, 255
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens: 260
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
 flow)

I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove, 265
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like Poets venerable made:
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S
 tongue.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 265. it stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing thro' the grove:
 With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By God-like Poets venerable made.

REMARKS.

VER. 270. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue*
 Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the Forest, and
 was from thence convey'd to Westminster. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. *O qui me gelidis, etc.*

Virg.

O early lost! what tears the river shed, 271
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY
 strung

His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung?
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings? 280
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise, 285
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 273.

What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore!

His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more. P.

VER. 288. *her silver star*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the Conclusion, were these,

My humble Muse in unambitious strains
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains;

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age: 290
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow, 295
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what Heroes Windsor bore,
 What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page, 301
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw Monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lillies blazing on the regal shield:

VARIATIONS.

Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains. P.

REMARKS.

VER. 289. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourish'd in the time of Henry VIII. P.

VER. 301. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here. P.

Then, from her roofs when Verriô's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn. 310

Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd! 316

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone)
 Oh fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have
 bled?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 305. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'er-thrown,
 And mould'ring into dust *drops the proud stone.*

VER. 319. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurst! oh sacrilegious brood,
 Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!
 Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed,
 Gods! what new wounds, etc.

REMARKS.

VER. 309. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI. P.

VER. 312. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps:]* Edward IV. 'P.

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire, 321

Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,

A dreadful series of intestine wars,

Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars. 324

At length great ANNA said—"Let Discord cease!"

She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed

Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.

His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream

His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam: 330

Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides

His swelling waters, and alternate tides;

The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,

And on their banks Augusta rose in gold.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 325. Thus in the MS.

Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease;

Let there be Peace—she said, and all was *Peace*.

Between Verse 328 and 329, originally stood these lines,

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,

O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,

With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,

Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.

He saw, and gently rose above the stream;

His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:

With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,

The tributes of the distant East and West. P.

Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood, 335
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood;
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis and the fruitful Tame:
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd; 339
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
 And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood; 345
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes 349
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
 Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise! 354
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;

These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams. 360
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall die with British blood 365
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace; 370
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending Villa's on my side,
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide,
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase, 375
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 361. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
 Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

REMARKS.

VER. 376. *And Temples rise,*] The fifty new Churches. P.

I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
 There mighty Nations shall enquire their doom,
 The World's great Oracle in times to come; 380
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their
 woods,
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display, 385
 To the bright regions of the rising day;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 383, etc. were originally thus,
 Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
 To the rich regions of the rising day,
 Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps;
 Tempt icy seas, etc. P.

REMARKS.

VER. 388. *Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole.*
 The Poet is here recommending the *advantages of commerce*,
 and therefore the extremities of heat and cold are not represent-
 ed in a forbidding manner: as again,

*Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales.*
 But in the Dunciad, where the *mischief of Dulness* is described,
 they are painted in all their inclemencies,
*See round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line.*

† H

Or under fouthern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales! 390
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold. 394
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold, 399
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tyde,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 'Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more ; 406
 'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,

REMARKS.

VER. 396. *Unbounded Thames, etc.*] A wish that London
 may be made a FREE PORT. P.

Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold. 410
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell;
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires, 415
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain. 420
 Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains, 425
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421.

*Quo, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax
 Referre sermones Deorum et
 Magna modis tenuare parvis.*

Hor.

114 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise; 430
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.