



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

Countess Temple appointed Poet Laureate to the King of the Fairies

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887)

Countess TEMPLE appointed POET LAUREATE to the KING of
the FAIRIES.

Written at the desire of Lady SUFFOLK, January 3, 1763.

BY these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we Oberon the grand,
Emperor of Fairy-land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispers'd through fifty lovely faces;
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith;
Declare——and thus your monarch faith:

Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals countess Temple's name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill;

* Anna Chamber, countess Temple, a collection of whose poems were printed at Strawberry-hill.

A chaplet of immortal bays
 Shall crown her brows, and guard her lays;
 Of nectar-sack, an acorn cup
 Be at her board each year fill'd up;
 And, as each quarter feast comes round,
 A silver-penny shall be found
 Within the compass of her shoe—
 And so we bid you all adieu.

Given at our palace of Cowslip-castle, the shortest night
 of the year.

OBERON.

PORTRAIT DE MADAME LA MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

1766.

WHERE do Wit and Memory dwell?
 Where is Fancy's favourite cell?
 Where does Judgment hold her court,
 And dictate laws to Mirth and Sport?
 Where does Reason—not the dame
 Who arrogates the sage's name,
 And, proud of self-conferr'd degree,
 Esteems herself Philosophy!
 But the Reason that I mean,
 Slave of Truth, and Passion's queen,
 Who doubts, not dictates, seeks the best,
 And to Presumption leaves the rest:
 With whom resides the winning Fair?
 With Rousseau?—No; nor with Voltaire;
 Nor where leaf-gold of eloquence,
 Adorning less than veiling sense,

VOL. IV.

Ddd

Dazzles