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The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

- to his Royal Highness William Duke of Clarence

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

The PRESS at STRAWBERRY HILL to Miss MARY and Miss
AGNES —. 1788.

TO Mary's lips has ancient Rome
Her purest language taught;
And from the modern city home
Agnes its pencil brought.

Rome's ancient Horace sweetly chants
Such maids with lyric fire;
Albion's old Horace fings nor paints—
He only can—admire.

Still would his prefs their fame record,
So amiable the pair is!
But, ah! how vain to think *his* word
Can add a straw to B——!

The PRESS at STRAWBERRY HILL to his Royal Highness
WILLIAM DUKE of CLARENCE. 1790.

SIR,

WHEN you condescend to grace
An ancient printer's dwelling,
He such a moment must embrace
Your virtues to be spelling.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

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Your naval talents, spirit, zeal
Shall other types record:
He but one sentiment can feel,
—And Gratitude's the word.

Condemn not, sir, the truths he speaks,
Though homely his address:
A prince of Brunswic never checks
The freedom of the press.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS. 1792.

AN estate and an earldom at seventy-four!
Had I fought them or wish'd them, 'twould add one fear more, }
That of making a countess when almost four-score.
But Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
Though unkind to my limbs, has still left me my reason;
And whether she lowers or lifts me, I'll try }
In the plain simple style I have liv'd in, to die;
For ambition too humble, for meanness too high.
