

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing,
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the
skies;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold
notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music
floats

Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Not swell too high, nor sink too low;
If in the brief tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs:
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's
wounds;

Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes,
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to
arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the
seas,

High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his
strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main,
Transported demigods stood round,

And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unshearth'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rock, and skies rebound;
To arms! to arms! to arms!

But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts?

Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of wo,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,

And cries of tortured ghosts,
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round
their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove;
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:

O, take the Husband, or return the Wife!
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair:
Thus song could prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,

A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
Though Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

EASE IN WRITING.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his
eyes,

Again she falls—again she dies—she
dies!

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters
move?

No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to
love.

Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,

All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he
flies;

Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bac-
chanals' cries—Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains
rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;

Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the
sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful
quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear
Borne on the swelling notes our souls
aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred
fire;

And angels lean from Heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Hers lift the soul to Heav'n.

TRUE ease in writing comes from art, not
chance,
As those move easiest who have learned
to dance.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives
offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the
sense.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently
blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother
numbers flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding
shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the
torrent roar;

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight
to throw,
The line too labours and the words move
slow;

Not so when swift Camilla scours the
plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims
along the main,

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays sur-
prise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While at each change, the son of Libyan
Jove

Now burns with glory and then melts
with love;

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury
glow, [flow:
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature
found,

And the world's victor stood subdued by
sound!

The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

ON VIRTUE.

Essay on Man.

KNOW thou this truth, enough for man
to know,
"Virtue alone is Happiness below?"
The only point where human bliss stands
still,

And tastes the good without the fall
to ill ;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it
gives ;
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And if it lose attended with no pain :
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more dis-
tress'd ;
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
Good, from each object, from each place
acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd yet never tir'd ;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;
Never dejected while another's bless'd :
And where no wants, no wishes can re-
main,
Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all
bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks
can know ;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning
blind,
The bad must miss ; the good, untaught,
will find :
Slave to no sect, who takes no private
road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's
God ;
Pursues that chain which links th' im-
mense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and
divine ;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns, from this union of the rising
whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all
began,
All end in Love of God, and Love of
Man.
For him alone Hope leads from goal to
goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and uncon-
fined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the
mind.
He sees why Nature plants in man alone

Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss
unknown
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek
they find).
Wise is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest
Bliss ;
At once his own bright prospects to be
blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to di-
vine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bless-
ing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life,
and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from whole to parts : but
human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to
wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful
lake ;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight suc-
ceeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will
embrace ;
His country next ; and next all human
race ;
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of
the mind
Take ev'ry creat're in of ev'ry kind ;
Earth smiles around, with boundless
bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his
breast.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF
MAN VINDICATED.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book
of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present
state ;
From brutes what men, from men what
spirits know,

Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry
food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his
blood.
O blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle marked by
Heav'n ;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;
Atoms or systems into ruin hur'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a
world.
Hope humbly, then, with trembling
pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God
adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to
know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing
now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never IS, but always TO BE blest :
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd
mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the
wind ; [stray
His soul proud Science never taught to
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, a humbler
heav'n ;
Some safer world in depth of woods em-
brac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land
behold,
No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst
for gold.
TO BE, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire :
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of
sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what-thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too
much :

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
If man alone engross not Heav'n's high
care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
Snatch from his hand the balance and the
rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error
lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the
skies,
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be
Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel :
And who but wishes to revert the laws
Of Order sins against th' Eternal Cause.

ON THE ORDER OF NATURE.

SEE through this air, this ocean, and this
earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend
below !
Vast chain of Being ! which from God
began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can
see,
No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing. On superior
pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where one step broken the great scale's
destroy'd ;
From Nature's chain whatever link you
strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain
alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the
sky ;

Let ruling angels from their spheres be
hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on
world,
Heav'n's whole foundations to the centre
nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God :
All this dread order break—from whom ?
for thee ?
Vile worm !—Oh madness ! pride ! im-
piety !
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to
tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
Just as absurd to mourn the task or pains,
The great directing Mind of All ordains,
All are but parts of one stupendous
whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul :
That chang'd through all, and yet in all
the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal
frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the
trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all
extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns ;
To him no high, no low, no great, no
small ; [all.
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals
Cease, then, nor Order Imperfection
name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we
blame.
Know thy own point : This kind, this due
degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows
on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst
not see
All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
All partial Evil, universal Good :
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's
spite,
One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS
RIGHT.**

THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION AND TYRANNY.

WHO first taught souls enslav'd and
realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for
one ;
That proud exception to all Nature's
laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its
cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that con-
quest, law ;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of conquerors, slaves of sub-
jects made.
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and
thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when
groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud
to pray,
To pow'rs unseen, and mightier far than
they :
She, from the rending earth and bursting
skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal
rise :
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest
abodes ;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope
her Gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, un-
just,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or
Lust ;
Such as the souls of cowards might con-
ceive,
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would
believe.

Zeal, then, not Charity, became the
guide ;
And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n
on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no
more ;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with
gore :
Then first the flamen tasted living food ;
Next his grim idol, smear'd with human
blood ;
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the
world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, through just and
through unjust,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre,
lust :
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the
cause
Of what restrains him, Government and
Laws ;
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills
rebel ?
How shall he keep, what sleeping or
awake
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
His safety must his liberty restrain :
All join to guard what each desires to
gain.
Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,
Even kings learn'd justice and benevo-
lence ;
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or
gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-
kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before ;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled
new ;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew ;
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to
kings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender
strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other
too ;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create

Th' according music of a well-mix'd
state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that
springs
From order, union, full consent of things :
Where small and great, where weak and
mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not
invade :
More pow'rful each as needful to the
rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest :
Draw to one point, and to one centre
bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or
King.
For Forms of Government let fools
contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots
fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the
right ;
In Faith and Hope the world will dis-
agree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity :
All must be false that thwart this one
great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind or
mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported,
lives ;
The strength he gains is from the embrace
he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the
sun ;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the
gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the
same.

ON HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content ! whate'er
thy name ;
That something still, which prompts th'
eternal sigh ;
For which we bear to live, or dare to
die ;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool, and wise,
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain,
Some, swell'd to Gods, confess e'en virtue vain:
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'rything, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it say they, more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave,
All states can reach it, and all heads con-
Obvious her goods, in no extremes they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, Man, "The Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call.

Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier shocks all common
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:
But mutual wants this Happiness increase;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
And all were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in Hope, and these in Fear;
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
O, sons of earth, attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?

Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

~~~~~  
THE MAN OF ROSS.

—ALL our praises why should Lords engross?  
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:  
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?  
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
Who taught that Heav'n-directed spire to rise?  
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.  
Behold the market-place with poor o'er-spread!  
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:  
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,  
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:  
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless,  
The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.  
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,  
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.  
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.  
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue  
What all so wish, but want the power to do!  
O say! what sums that gen'rous hand supply?  
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?  
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,  
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.  
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts withdraw your blaze!  
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.

~~~~~  
ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O, ever beauteous! ever friendly! tell,
Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
 Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
 From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
 But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death.
 Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates :
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
 (While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
 Lo ! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
 For others' good, or melt at others' wo.
 What can atone (O, ever-injur'd shade !)
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear

Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier ;
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of wo
 To midnight dances, and the public show :
 What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ;
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ;
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow :
 While angels with their silver wings o'er-shade
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !
 Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays ;

Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou below'd no more !

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
 For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age ;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling, with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?

Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
 Who hears him groan and does not wish to bleed ?
 Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;
 As her dead father's reverend image pass'd
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'er-cast ;
 The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye ;
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
 Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
 Britons, attend : be worth like this approv'd,
 And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued ;
 Your scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation, and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
 Such plays alone should win a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

ELOISA'S PRAYER FOR ABELARD.

MAY one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;

If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

FAME.

WHAT'S fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

[JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672—1719.]

ITALY.

FOR whereso'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay, gilded scenes in shining prospect rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;

For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

HYMN.

How are thy servants blest, oh Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed the tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, oh my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

~~~~~  
ROSAMOND'S SONG.

FROM walk to walk, from shade to shade,  
From stream to purling stream convey'd,  
Through all the mazes of the grove,  
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,  
Turning,  
Burning,  
Changing,  
Ranging,

Full of grief and full of love,  
Impatient for my Lord's return  
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,  
Was ever passion cross'd like mine ?  
To rend my breast,  
And break my rest,  
A thousand thousand ills combine.  
Absence wounds me,  
Fear surrounds me,  
Guilt confounds me,

Was ever passion cross'd like mine ?

How does my constant grief deface  
The pleasures of this happy place !  
In vain the spring my senses greets,  
In all her colours, all her sweets ;  
To me the rose  
No longer glows,  
Every plant  
Has lost his scent ;  
The vernal blooms of various hue,  
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,  
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant  
bowers,  
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,

Purple scenes,  
Winding greens,  
Glooms inviting,  
Birds delighting,  
(Nature's softest, sweetest store)  
Charm my tortur'd soul no more.  
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die :  
Why so slow ! great Henry, why ?  
From death and alarms  
Fly, fly to my arms,  
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.

~~~~~  
CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st
well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond
desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward
horror
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the
Soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out a here-
after,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes
must we pass !
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies
before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest
upon it. [us
Here will I hold. If there's a power above
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight
in virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be
happy.
But when or where ?—This world was
made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end
'em.
Thus am I doubly arm'd—My death
and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.

The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point :
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in
years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of
worlds.

~~~~~  
[JAMES THOMSON. 1699—1748]

THE PLEASURES OF  
RETIREMENT.

O, KNEW he but his happiness, of men  
The happiest he ! who, far from public  
rage,  
Deep in the vale, with a choice few  
retired,  
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural  
life.  
What though the dome be wanting, whose  
proud gate  
Each morning vomits out the sneaking  
crowd  
Of flatt'ers false, and in their turn abused ?  
Vile intercourse ! What though the  
glitt'ring robe,  
Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give,  
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him  
not ?  
What though, from utmost land and sea  
purvey'd,  
For him each rarer tributary life  
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
With luxury and death ? What though  
his bowl,  
Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in  
beds,  
Of gay care, he tosses not the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle  
state ?  
What though he knows not those fantastic  
joys  
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?  
Sure peace is his ; a solid life estranged  
From disappointment and fallacious hope :  
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,

In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the  
Spring,  
When Heav'n descends in show'rs, or  
bends the bough ;  
When Summers reddens, and when Au-  
tumn beams ;  
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
Concealed, and fattens with the richest  
sap :  
These are not wanting ; nor the milky  
drove,  
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;  
Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of  
stream,  
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the  
shade,  
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;  
Nor ought beside of prospect, grove, or  
song,  
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and foun-  
tains clear.  
Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain  
Innocence,  
Unsullied Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,  
Patient of labour, with a little pleased ;  
Health ever-blooming, unambitious Toil,  
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.  
The rage of nations, and the crush of  
states,  
Move not the man, who, from the world  
escaped,  
In still retreats and flow'ry solitudes,  
To Nature's voice attends, from month to  
month, [year :  
And day to day, through the revolving  
Admiring, sees her in her ev'ry shape,  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;  
Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of  
more.  
He, when young Spring protrudes the  
bursting gems,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the health-  
ful gale  
Into his freshen'd soul ; her genial hours  
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,  
And not an op'ning blossom breathes, in  
vain.  
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,  
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse of  
these,  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;



Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vig'rous year.  
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart distends  
With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams  
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.  
Ev'n Winter mild to him is full of bliss.  
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,  
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,  
Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.  
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing  
O'er land and sea th' imagination roams ;  
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
Elates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs ;  
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels ;  
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace  
Of prattling children, twisted round his neck,  
And, emulous to please him, calling forth  
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;  
For happiness and true philosophy  
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.  
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
And guilty cities, never know ; the life  
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
When angels dwelt, and God himself,  
with man.

## DOMESTIC BLISS.

HAPPY they, the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love ;  
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence.

## CELADON AND AMELIA.

'Tis list'ning fear and dumb amazement all :  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;  
And following slower, in explosion vast,  
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,  
The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes  
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
The noise astounds ; till over head a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,  
And opens wider ; shuts and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze :  
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling, peal on peal  
Crush'd horrible, convulsive heav'n and earth.  
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.  
And yet not always on the guilty head  
Descends the fated flash.—Young Celadon  
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;

With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace ;  
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :  
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
And his the radiance of the risen day.  
They loved ; but such their guiltless passion was,  
As in the dawn of time informed the heart  
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish ;  
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow  
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;  
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived  
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

## THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

AH ! little think the gay, licentious, proud,  
Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround !  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel riot waste ;  
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death,  
And all the sad variety of pain :  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame : how many bleed,  
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man ;  
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;  
Shut from the common air and common use  
Of their own limbs : how many drink the cup  
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of Misery : sore pierced by wintry winds,  
How many shrink into the sordid hut  
Of cheerless Poverty : how many shake  
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse.  
Whence, tumbling headlong from the height of life,  
They furnish matter for the tragic muse :  
Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,  
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop  
In deep, retired distress : how many stand  
Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,  
And point the parting anguish.—Thought fond man  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills  
That one incessant struggle render life,  
One scene of toil, of suff'ring, and of fate,  
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;  
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;  
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;  
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
Refining still, the social passions work.

## SUNRISE.

YONDER comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,



Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd  
air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd  
plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and  
wandering streams,  
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer  
Light!  
Of all material beings first, and best!  
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
Without whose vesting beauty all were  
wrapt  
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!  
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom  
best seen  
Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of  
thee?

~~~~~  
A WINTER STORM.

THEN comes the father of the tempest
forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless
rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with
vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake
the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The un-
sightly plain
Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent
clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night, shut
up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of
Heaven,
Each to his home retire; save those that
love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply
pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted
stalls,
Or ruminant in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people
crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage
hind

Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and
tales there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he
talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm
that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a tor-
rent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'er-
spread,
At last the roused-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it
comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy
wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and
sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating
spreads,
Calm sluggish, silent; till again, con-
strain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the
turbid stream;
There, gathering triple force, rapid and
deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and
thunders through.
* * * * *
When from the pallid sky the Sun de-
scends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring
orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery
streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling
clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank in the leaden-colour'd east, the
Moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted
horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seen to shoot athwart the
gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening
blaze.
* * * * *
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide

And blind commotion, heaves; while
from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a
voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world
prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden
burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends the etereal force, and with strong
gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd
deep.
Through the black night that sits immense
around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting
brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to
burn.
Meantime the mountain-billows to the
clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above
surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations
drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters: now the inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous
shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintery Baltic thundering o'er their
head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted Heaven, they wing their
course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp
rock,
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them float-
ing round.
* * * * *
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and
sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tear-
ing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated
grove,

The whirling tempest raves along the
plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly
roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid
base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rock-
ing dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage
blast.

~~~~~  
RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's com-  
mand,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang the strain:  
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the  
waves;  
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall;  
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all:  
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak:  
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to hurl thee down  
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
And work their woe—but thy renown:  
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore encircle thine:  
Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair:  
Rule Britannia, &c.



## THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd  
round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is no  
where found,  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground :  
And there a season atween June and  
May,  
Half pranked with spring, with summer  
half imbrown'd,  
A listless climate made, where sooth to  
say,  
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n  
for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns  
between ;  
And flowery beds that slumberous in-  
fluence kest,  
From poppies breath'd ; and beds of  
pleasant green,  
Where never yet was creeping creature  
seen.  
Meantime unnumber'd glittering stream-  
lets play'd  
And purled everywhere their waters  
sheen ;  
That as they bicker'd through the  
sunny glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling  
murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
Were heard the lowing herds along the  
vale,  
And flocks loud-bleating from the dis-  
tant hills ;  
And vacant shepherds piping in the  
dale :  
And now and then sweet Philomel  
would wail,  
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest  
deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did  
keep ;  
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to  
sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,  
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;  
Where nought but shadowy forms were  
seen to move,  
As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood :  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and  
fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the  
blood ;  
And where this valley winded out,  
below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and  
scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-  
shut eye ;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that  
pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer sky :  
There eke the soft delights, that witch-  
ingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the  
breast,  
And the calm pleasures always hover'd  
nigh ;  
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or  
unrest,  
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious  
nest.

## ODE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
Ah ! tell me, whither art thou fled ;  
To what delightful world above,  
Appointed for the happy dead.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,  
And sometimes share thy lover's woe ;  
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?

Oh ! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
While, under every well-known tree,  
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,  
And every tear is full of thee.

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
Beside some sympathetic stream,  
In slumber find a short relief,  
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream !

[ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731—1802.]

## ELIZA.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd  
height,  
O'er Minden's plains spectatress of the  
fight ;  
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody  
strife  
Her dearer self, the partner of her life ;  
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
And view'd his banner, or believed she  
view'd.  
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker  
tread,  
Fast by his hand one lispng boy she led ;  
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm  
Slept on her kerchief, cradled on her  
arm :  
While round her brows bright beams of  
honour dart,  
And love's warm eddies circle round her  
heart.  
—Near and more near the intrepid beauty  
press'd,  
Saw through the driving smoke his danc-  
ing crest,  
Heard the exulting shout—"They run !  
—they run !"  
"He's safe !" she cried, "he's safe ! the  
battle's won !"  
—A ball now hisses through the airy  
tides,  
(Some Fury wings it, and some Demon  
guides,)  
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that  
deck,  
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her  
neck :  
The red stream issuing from her azure  
veins,  
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom  
stains.  
—"Ah me !" she cried, and sinking on  
the ground,  
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the  
wound :  
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital  
urn,  
Wait, gushing life, oh ! wait my love's  
return !" —  
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams  
from far,

The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of  
war ;—  
"Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their  
tender age !  
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust  
your rage !"  
Then with weak arms, her weeping babes  
caress'd,  
And sighing, hid them in her blood-  
stain'd vest.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior  
flies,  
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes :  
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
Eliza echoes through the canvas walls ;  
Quick through the murmuring gloom his  
footsteps tread,  
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the  
dead,  
Vault o'er the plain,—and in the tangled  
wood,—  
Lo ! dead Eliza—weltering in her blood !  
Soon hears his listening son the welcome  
sounds,  
With open arms and sparkling eyes he  
bounds,  
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little  
hand,  
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold  
Alas ! we both with cold and hunger  
quake—  
Why do you weep ? Mamma will soon  
awake."  
—"She'll wake no more !" the hopeless  
mourner cried,  
Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands,  
and sigh'd ;  
Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranced  
he lay,  
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless  
clay ;  
And then upsprung with wild convulsive  
start,  
And all the father kindled in his heart ;  
"Oh, Heaven !" he cried, "my first rash  
vow forgive !  
These bind to earth, for these I pray to  
live."  
Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his  
crimson vest,  
And clasp'd them sobbing, to his aching  
breast.



## THE STARS.

ROLL on, ye stars! exult in youthful  
prime,  
Mark with bright curves the printless  
steps of Time ;  
Near and more near your beamy cars ap-  
proach ;  
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs en-  
croach ;  
Flowers of the sky ! ye too to age must  
yield,  
Frail as your silken sisters of the field.  
Star after star from Heaven's high arch  
shall rush,  
Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems  
crush,  
Headlong extinct to one dark centre fall,  
And death, and night, and chaos mingle  
all :  
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the  
storm,  
Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form,  
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of  
flame,  
And soars and shines, another and the  
same !

## THE PAPYRUS.

PAPYRA, throned upon the banks of Nile,  
Spread her smooth leaf, and waved her  
silver style.  
The storied pyramid, the laurel'd bust,  
The trophied arch had crumbled into  
dust ;  
The sacred symbol, and the epic song  
(Unknown the character, forgot the  
tongue),  
With each unconquer'd chief, or sainted  
maid,  
Sunk undistinguish'd in Oblivion's shade.  
Sad o'er the scatter'd ruins Genius sigh'd,  
And infant Arts but learn'd to lisp and  
died,  
Till to astonish'd realms Papyra taught  
To paint in mystic colours sound and  
thought.  
With Wisdom's voice to point the page  
sublime,  
And mark in adamant the steps of Time.

Three favour'd youths her soft attention  
share,  
The fond disciples of the studious fair.  
Hear her sweet voice, the golden process  
prove ;  
Gaze as they learn, and, as they listen,  
love.  
*The first* from alpha to omega joins  
The letter'd tribes along the level lines :  
Weights with nice ear the vowel, liquid,  
surd,  
And breaks in syllables the volent word.  
Then forms *the next* upon the marshall'd  
plain  
In deepening ranks his dext'rous cypher-  
train, bands,  
And counts, as wheel the decimating  
The dews of Egypt, or Arabia's sands.  
And then *the third*, on four concordant  
lines,  
Prints the long crotchet, and the quaver  
joins ;  
Marks the gay trill, the solemn pause in-  
scribes,  
And parts with bars the undulating tribes.  
Pleased, round her cane-wove throne, the  
applauding crowd  
Clapp'd their rude hands, their swarthy  
foreheads bow'd ;  
With loud acclaim, "A present God !"  
they cried,  
"A present God !" rebelling shores  
replied ;  
Then mark'd at intervals with mingled  
swell,  
The echoing harp, shrill clarion, horn,  
and shell :  
While bards, ecstatic bending o'er the  
lyre,  
Struck deeper chords, and wing'd the  
song with fire.  
Then mark'd astronomers with keener  
eyes,  
The moon's refulgent journey through the  
skies ;  
Watch'd the swift comets urge their  
blazing cars,  
And weigh'd the sun with his revolving  
stars.  
High raised the chemists their hermetic  
wands  
(And changing forms obey'd their waving  
hands),

Her treasured gold from earth's deep  
chambers tore,  
Or fused and harden'd her chalybeate ore.  
All, with bent knee, from fair Papyra  
claim,  
Wove by her hands, the wreath of death-  
less fame.  
Exulting Genius crown'd his darling child,  
The young Arts clasp'd her knees, and  
Virtue smiled.

## STEEL.

HAIL adamantine steel ! magnetic lord,  
King of the prow, the ploughshare, and  
the sword.  
True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides  
His steady helm amid the struggling  
tides ;  
Braves with broad sail th' immeasurable  
sea,  
Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but  
thee.—  
By thee the ploughshare rends the matted  
plain,  
Inhumes in level rows the living grain ;  
Intrusive forests quit the cultured ground,  
And Ceres laughs, with golden fillets  
crown'd.  
O'er restless realms, when scowling Dis-  
cord flings  
Her snakes, and loud the din of battle  
rings ;  
Expiring strength, and vanquish'd courage  
feel  
Thy arm resistless, adamantine Steel !

## SLAVERY.

HARK ! heard ye not that piercing cry,  
Which shook the waves, and rent the  
sky !  
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder Western  
shores  
Weeps pale Despair, and writhing Anguish  
roars. [yell  
E'en now in Afric's groves with hideous  
Fierce Slavery stalks, and slips the dogs  
of Hell ;  
From vale to vale the gathering cries re-  
bound,  
And sable nations tremble at the sound !—

Ye bands of Senators ! whose suffrage  
sways  
Britannia's realms ; whom either Ind  
obeys ; [brave ;  
Who right the injur'd, and reward the  
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have  
pow'r to save !  
Thron'd in the vaulted heart, his dread  
resort,  
Inexorable Conscience holds his court ;  
With still small voice the plots of Guilt  
alarms,  
Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand  
disarms ;  
But, wrapp'd in night with terrors all his  
own, [done.  
He speaks in thunder when the deed is  
*Hear Him*, ye Senates ! hear this truth  
sublime,  
"He who allows oppression shares the  
crime."  
No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune  
wears,  
No gem, that twinkling hangs from  
Beauty's ears,  
Not the bright stars, which Night's blue  
arch adorn,  
Nor rising suns, that gild the vernal  
morn, [breaks  
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that  
For others' woe down Virtue's manly  
cheeks.

[JAMES BEATTIE. 1735—1803.]

EDWIN.

*The Minstrel.*

THERE liv'd in gothic days, as legends  
tell,  
A shepherd-swain, a man of low de-  
gree ;  
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland  
might dwell,  
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.  
But he, I ween, was of the north coun-  
trie :  
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's  
charms ;  
Zealous, yet modest : innocent, though  
free ;  
Patient of toil ; serene, amidst alarms ;  
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.



The shepherd-swain of whom I mention  
made,  
On Scotia's mountains fed his little  
flock ;  
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never  
sway'd ;  
An honest heart was almost all his  
stock ;  
His drink the living water from the  
rock :  
The milky dams supplied his board, and  
lent  
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's  
shock ;  
And he, though oft with dust and sweat  
besprent,  
Did guide and guard their wanderings,  
wheresoe'er they went.

From labour health, from health con-  
tentment springs,  
Contentment opes the source of every  
joy ;  
He envied not, he never thought of,  
kings ;  
Nor from those appetites sustain'd  
annoy,  
That chance may frustrate, or indul-  
gence cloy :  
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes  
beguil'd ;  
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor  
mistress coy,  
For on his vows the blameless Phoebe  
smil'd,  
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from  
a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er-  
cast,  
Nor blasted were their wedded days  
with strife ;  
Each season, look'd delightful, as it  
past,  
To the fond husband, and the faithful  
wife ;  
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life  
They never roam'd ; secure beneath the  
storm  
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,  
Where peace and love are canker'd by  
the worm  
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to  
deform.

The wight, whose tales these artless  
lines unfold,  
Was all the offspring of this humble  
pair :  
His birth no oracle or seer foretold :  
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,  
Nor aught that might a strange event  
declare.  
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's  
birth ;  
The parent's transport, and the parent's  
care ;  
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit,  
and worth ;  
And one long summer-day of indolence  
and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;  
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant  
eye :  
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor  
toy,  
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.  
Silent, when glad ; affectionate, though  
shy ;  
And now his look was most demurely  
sad,  
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none  
knew why ;  
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet  
bless'd the lad ;  
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and  
some believ'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats dis-  
play ?  
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever  
fled ;  
Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous  
fray  
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest  
sped,  
Or roam'd at large the lonely moun-  
tain's head ;  
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd  
stream  
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps  
led,  
There would he wander wild, till  
Phoebus' beam,  
Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the  
weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or  
speed,  
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring :  
His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd,  
would bleed  
To work the woe of any living thing,  
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling ;  
These he detested, those he scorn'd to  
wield ;  
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the  
king,  
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field :  
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy  
might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in won-  
der, roves  
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with  
pine ;  
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling  
groves,  
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents  
shine :  
While waters, woods, and winds, in  
concert join,  
And Echo swells the chorus to the  
skies.  
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign  
For aught the huntsman's puny craft  
supplies ?  
Ah! no : he better knows great Nature's  
charms to prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,  
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kind-  
ling dawn,  
The crimson cloud, blue main, and  
mountain gray,  
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky  
lawn ;  
Far to the west the long long vale with-  
drawn,  
Where twilight loves to linger for a  
while ; [fawn,  
And now he faintly kens the bounding  
And villager abroad at early toil. —  
But lo! the sun appears! and heaven,  
earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to  
climb,  
When all in mist the world below was  
lost ;

What dreadful pleasure! there to stand  
sublime,  
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert  
coast,  
And view th' enormous waste of vapour  
tost  
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon  
round,  
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains  
now emboss'd!  
And hear the voice of mirth and song  
rebound,  
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the  
hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward  
wight, [scene :  
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful  
In darkness, and in storm, he found  
delight ;  
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave  
serene  
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling  
shene,  
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul :  
And if a sigh would sometimes inter-  
vene,  
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,  
A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wish'd not to  
control.

EDWIN'S MEDITATIONS IN  
AUTUMN.

"O YE wild groves, O where is now  
your bloom!"  
(The Muse interprets thus his tender  
thought)  
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your  
balmy gloom,  
Of late so grateful in the hour of  
drought!  
Why do the birds, that song and rapture  
brought  
To all your bowers, their mansions now  
forsake?  
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin  
wrought?  
For now the storm howls mournful  
through the brake,  
And the dead foliage flies in many a  
shapeless flake,