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THE
POETICAL WORKS OF

William **C**lawper

VOLUME THE SECOND



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

1853



CONTENTS.

VOL. II,

	PAGE
T HE TASK	1
Book I. The Sofa	1
Book II. The Time-Piece	29
Book III. The Garden	59
Book IV. The Winter Evening	89
Book V. The Winter Morning Walk	117
Book VI. The Winter Walk at Noon	149
An Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq.	185
Tirocinium; or, a Review of Schools	189

OLNEY HYMNS.

1. Walking with God	221
2. Jehovah-Jireh	222
3. Jehovah-Rophi	223
4. Jehovah-Nifli	224
5. Jehovah-Shalom	226
6. Wisdom	227
7. Vanity of the World	221
8. O Lord, I will praise Thee	229
9. The Contrite Heart	230
10. The Future Peace and Glory of the Church	231
11. Jehovah our Righteousness	232
12. Ephraim repenting	233
13. The Covenant	234
14. Jehovah-Shammah	235
15. Praise for the Fountain opened	236
16. The Sower	237
17. The House of Prayer	238

VOL. II,

b

	Page
18. Loveft thou me ?	239
19. Contentment	240
20. Did Teftament Gofpel	241
21. Sardis	243
22. Prayer for a Bleffing	244
23. Pleading for and with Youth	245
24. Prayer for Children.	246
25. Jehovah Jefus	247
26. On opening a Place for Social Prayer.	248
27. Welcome to the Table	249
28. Jefus hafting to fuffer.	250
29. Exhortation ta Prayer.	251
30. The Light and Glory of the Word.	252
31. On the Death of a Minifter.	253
32. The flining Light	253
33. The waiting Soul	254
34. Seeking the Beloved.	255
35. Light ftining out of Darknefs	256
36. Welcome Crofs	257
37. Afflictions fanctified by the Word.	258
38. Temptation	259
39. Looking upwards in a Storm	260
40. The Valley of the Shadow of Death.	261
41. Peace after a Storm	262
42. Mourning and Longing	263
43. Self-Acquaintance	265
44. Prayer for Patience	266
45. Submiffion	267
46. The happy Change	268
47. Retirement	269
48. The hidden Life	270
49. Joy and Peace in Believing	271
50. True Pleafures	272
51. The Chriftian.	273
52. Lively Hope and gracious Fear.	274
53. For the Poor.	275
54. My Soul thirfteth for God.	276
55. Love confraining to Obedience	277
56. The Heart healed and changed by Mercy	278
57. Hatred of Sin	279

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
58. The new Convert	280
59. True and false Comforts	281
60. A living and a dead Faith	282
61. Abuse of the Gospel	283
62. The Narrow Way.	284
63. Dependence	285
64. Nat of Works	286
65. Praise for Faith	287
65. Grace and Providence	287
67. I will praise the Lord at all Times	288
Fragment of a Hymn	289
To the REV. Mr. Newton, An Invitation into the Country Catharina. Addressed to Miss Stapleton, now Mrs. Court- ney	290
The Moralizer corrected. A Tale	293
The faithful Bird	295
The needles Alarm. A Tale	296
Boadicea. An Ode	301
Heroilm	303
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk, the Gift of my Cousin, Ann Bodham	306
On a mischievous Bull, which the Owner of him fold at the Author's instance	310
Annus Memorabilia, 1789. Written in Commemoration of his Majesty's happy Recovery.	311
Hymn, for the use of the Sunday School at Olney	314
Stanzas subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality of the Parish of All-Saints, Northampton, Anno Domini 1787	315
On a similar Occasion, for the Year 1788	317
On a similar Occasion, for the Year 1789.	319
On a similar Occasion, for the Year 1790.	320
On a similar Occasion, for the Year 1792	322
On a similar Occasion, for the Year 1793	324
On a Goldfinch, starved to Death in his Cage	326
The Pine Apple and the Bee	326
Horace. Book ii, Ode x	328
A Reflection on the foregoing Ode	329
The Lily and the Rose	330
Idem Latine redditum	331

	Page
The Poplar Field	332
Idem Latins redditum	333
Votum	334

TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

1. The Glowworm	335
2. The Jackdaw "	336
3. The Cricket	337
4. The Parrot	339
Translation of Prior's Chloe and Euphelia	340
Infcription for the Tomb of Mr, Hamilton.	341
Epitaph on a Hare.	342
Epitaphium alterum	344
Account of the Treatment of his Hares, inferted by Cow- per in the Gentleman's Magazine	345

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE L
MOTHE GUIDN.

1. The Nativity.	350
2. God neither known nor laved by the World	356
3. The Swallow.	358
4. The Triumph of heavenly love defired.	359
5. A Figurative Defeription of the Procedure of Divine Love, in bringing a Soul to the Paint of Self-renun- ciation and abfolute Acquiefcence.	360
6. A Child of God longing to fee him beloved	363
7. Afpirations of the Soul after Gad	365
8. Gratitude and Love to God.	366
9. Happy Solitude—unhappy Men.	367
10. Living Water	368
11. Truth and Divine love rejefted by the World	369
12. Divine Juftice amiable.	370
13. The Soul that loves God finds Him every where	371
14. The Teftimony of Divine Adaption	372
15. Divine Lave endures no Rival.	374
16. Self-Diffidence.	375
17. The Acquiefcence of pure Lave.	377
18. Repofe in God.	378
19. Glory to God alone	378

CONTENTS.

ix

	Page
20. Self-love and Truth incompatible	380
21. The Love of God, the End of Life	381
22. Love faithful in the Absence of the Beloved	382
23. Love pure and fervent	382
24. The entire Surrender.	383
25. The perfect Sacrifice	384
26. God hides his People.	384
27. The Secrets of Divine Love are to be kept	386
28. The Vicissitudes experienced in the Christian Life	391
29. Watching unto God in the Night Season	395
30. On the Same	397
31. On the Same	399
32. The Joy of the Cross.	401
33. Joy in Martyrdom	404
34. Simple Trust	405
35. The Necessity of Self-abasement	406
36. Love increased by Suffering	408
37. Scenes favourable to Meditation.	409

TRANSLATIONS OF THE LATIN AND ITALIAN PoEMS of MILTON.

Elegy I. To Charles Deodati	412
II. On the Death of the University Beadle at Cambridge.	415
III. On the Death of the Bishop of Winchester	417
IV. To his Tutor Thomas Young, Chaplain to the English Factory at Hamburg.	419
V. On the Approach of Spring	424
VI. To Charles Deodati	429
VII. Composed in the Author's Nineteenth Year	432

EPIGRAMS.

On the Inventor of Guns	435
To Leonora finging at Rome	436
To the Same.	437
The Cottager and his Landlord. A Fable.	437
To Christina, Queen of Sweden, with Cromwell's Picture	438
On the Death of the Vice-Chancellor, a Physician	438
On the Death of the Bishop of Ely.	440
Nature unimpaired by Time.	443

	Page
On the Platonic Idea as it was understood by Aristotle	446
To his Father.	447
To Sallustius, a Roman Poet, much indiffered	453
To Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa	455
On the Death of Damon.	459
An Ode, addressed to Mr, John Roufe, Librarian of the University of Oxford.	469

TRANSLATIONS OF MILTON'S ITALIAN POEMS,

Sonnet	473
Sonnet	474
Canzone	474
Sonnet, To Charles Deodati.	475
Sonnet	476
Sonnet	477
Translation of a Simile in Paradise Lost.	477
Translation of Dryden's Epigram on Milton	478

TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

The Thracian	479
Reciprocal Kindness, the primary Law of Nature	479
A Manual, more ancient than the Art of Printing, and not to be found in any Catalogue.	481
An Enigma	483
Sparrows self-domefticated in Trinity College, Cambridge	484
Familiarity dangerous	485
Invitation to the Redbreast	486
Strada's Nightingale.	487
Ode on the Death of a Lady, who lived One Hundred Years, and died on her Birthday, 1728.	488
The Cause won	490
The Silkworm	490
The Innocent Thief.	491
Denner's Old Woman.	493
The Tears of a Painter.	494
The Maze.	495
No Sorrow peculiar to the Sufferer.	495
The Snail	496
The Cantab	497
On the Picture of a sleeping Child.	498



THE TASK.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE history of the following production is briefly this : A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the Author, and gave him the Sofa for a subject. He obeyed ; and having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and, pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a Volume.

In the Poem on the subject of Education he would be very sorry to stand suspected of having aimed his censure at any particular school. His objections are such as naturally apply themselves to schools in general. If there were not, as for the most part there is, wilful neglect in those who manage them, and an omission even of such discipline as they are susceptible of, the objects are yet too numerous for minute attention ; and the aching hearts of thousand parents, mourning under the bitterness of all disappointments, attest the truth of the allegation. His quarrel therefore is with the mischief at large, and not with any particular instance of it.

THE TASK.

BOOK I. THE SOFA.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Historical deduction of feats, from the fool to the Sofa, A school-boy's ramble. A walk in the country. The scene described. Rural sports as well as fights delightful. Another walk. Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected. Colonnades commended. Alcove, and the view from it. The Wilderness. The Grove. The Thresh. The necessity and the benefits of exercise. The works of nature superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art. The weariness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure. Change of scene sometimes expedient. A common scene described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced. Gipsies. The blessings of civilized life. That late most favourable to virtue. The South Sea Islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai, His present state of mind supposed. Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities. Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured. Fete Champetre. The book concludes with a reflection on the effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.



THE TASK.

BOOK I. THE SOFA.



SING the SOFA. I who lately fang
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd
with awe

The folemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme :
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing, sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted ikins, our fires had none.
As yet black breeches were not; fain smooth,
Or velvet fast, or plush with flabby pile :
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock,
Waffled by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birthday of Invention ; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created; on three legs

Upborne they flood,—three legs upholding firm
A mafly flab, in fafhion fquare or round.

On fuch a ftool immortal Alfred fat,
And fway'd the fceptre of his infant realms :
And fuch in ancient halls and manfions drear
May ftill be feen; but perforated fure,
And drill'd in holes, the folid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.

At length a generation more refined
Improved the fimple plan; made three legs four,
Gave them a twifted form vermicular,
And o'er the feat, with plenteous wadding ftuff'd,
Induced a fplendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapeftry richly wrought.
And woven clofe, or needlework fublime.
There might ye fee the piony fpread wide,
The full blown rofe, the fliepherd and his lafs,
Lapdag and lambkin with black flaring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India, fsmooth and
bright

With Nature's varnifh; fever'd into ftripes,
That interlaced each other, thefe fupplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But reftlefs was the chair; the back ereft
Diftreff'd the weary loins, that felt no eafe ;
The flippery feat betray'd the fliding part
That preff'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the diftant floor.
Thefe for the rich ; the reft, whom Fate had placed
In modeft mediocrity, content

With bafe materials, fat on well tann'd hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glafly fsmooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimfon yarn,
Or fcarlet crewel, in the cuftiion fix'd,
If cuftiion might be call'd, what harder feem'd
Than the firm oak of which the frame was form'd.
No want of timber then was felt or fear'd
In Albion's happy ifle. The lumber flood
Ponderous and fix'd by its own mafly weight.
But elbows ftill were wanting; thefe, fome lay,
An Alderman of Cripplegate contrived;
And fome afcribe the invention to a prieft,
Burly and big, and ftudious of his cafe.
But rude at firft, and not with eafy flope
Receding wide, they preff'd againft the ribs,
And bruifed the fide ; and, elevated high,
Taught the raifed fhoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elapfed or ere our rugged fires
Complain'd, though incommodinufly pent in,
And ill at cafe behind. The ladies firft
'Gan murmur, as became the fofter fex.
Ingenious Fancy, never better pleafed
Than when employ'd to accommodate the fair,
Heard the fweet moan with pity, and devifed
The foft fettee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midft an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So fit two Kings of Brentford on one throne ;
And fo two citizens, who take the air,
Clofe pack'd, and fmiling, in a chaife and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By foft recumbency of outftretch'd limbs,

Was blifs reserved far happier days;—fo flow
 The growth of what is excellent; fo hard
 To attain perfection in this nether world.
 Thus firft Neceflity invented ftools,
 Convenience next fuggedled elbow chairs,
 And Luxury the accomplifh'd Sofa laft.

The nurfe fleeps fwetly, hired to watch the fick,
 Whom fnoring fhe difturbs. As fwetly he
 Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour,
 To fleep within the carriage more fecure,
 His legs depending at the open door.
 Sweet fleep enjoys the Curate in his defk,
 The tedious Rettor drawling o'er his head ;
 And fwet the Clerk below. But neither fleep
 Of lazy nurfe, who fnores the fick man dead,
 Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour,
 To flumber in the carriage more fecure,
 Nor fleep enjoy'd by Curate in his defk,
 Nor yet the dozings of the Clerk are fwet,
 Compared with the refofe the Sofa yields.

Dh may I live exempted [while I live
 Guiltlefs of pamper'd appetite obfcene)
 From pangs arthritic, that infeft the toe
 Df libertine excefs. The Sofa fuits
 The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
 Though on a Sofa, may I never feel :
 For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
 Of grafly fwarth, clofe cropp'd by nibbling fheep,
 And fkirted thick with intertexture firm
 Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
 E'er fince a truant boy I pafT'd my bounds

To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
And still remember, nor without regret,
Of hours that farrow fince has much endear'd,
How oft, my flice of pocket ftore confum'd,
Still hungering, pennilefs, and far from home,
I fed on fcarlet hips and ftony haws,
Or blufhing crabs, or berries, that embofs
The bramble, black as jet, or floes auftere.
Hard fare ! but fuch as boyifh appetite
Difdains not; nor the palate, undepraved
By culinary arts, unfavoury deems.
No Sofa then awaited my return ;
Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
His wafted fpirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring fhort fatigue ; and though our years,
As life declines, fpeed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep ;
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they fpare ;
The elaftic fpring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the ftile with eafe, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Refpiring freely the frefti air, that makes
Swift pace or fteep afcent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfer'd yet; nor yet impair'd
My relifh of fair profpect; fcenes that foothed
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
Still footing, and of power to charm me ftill.
And witnefs, dear companion of my walks,
Whofe arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Faft lock'd in mine, with pleafure fuch as love,

Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
 And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
 Thou know'ft my praise of nature most sincere,
 And that my raptures are not conjured up
 To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
 But genuine, and art partner of them all.
 How oft upon yon eminence our pace
 Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
 The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
 While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
 And still unfated, dwelt upon the scene.
 Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
 The distant plough slow moving, and beside
 His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
 The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy !
 Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
 Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in his bank,
 Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms,
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
 While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
 That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
 The doping land recedes into the clouds ;
 Displaying on its varied side the grace
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
 Tall spire, from which the found of cheerful bells
 Just undulates upon the listening ear;
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.
 Scenes must be beautiful which, daily view'd,
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives

Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Nor rural fights alone, but rural fountains,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet fountains,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
That hail the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought

Devifed the weather-houfe, that ufeful toy!
Fearlefs of humid air and gathering rains.
Forth fteps the man—an emblem of myfelf!
More delicate his timorous mate retires.
When Winter foaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to ftruggle with tenacious clay,
Or ford the rivulets, are beft at home,
The tafk of new difcoveries falls on me.
At fuch a feafon, and with fuch a charge,
Once went I forth ; and found, till then unknown,
A cottage, whither oft we fince repair :
'Tis perch'd upon the green hill top, but ulofe
Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch, itfelf unfeen,
Peeps at the vale below; fo thick befet
With foliage of fuch dark redundant growth,
I call'd the low-roof^ld lodge the *peafant's neft*.
And, hidden as it is, and far remote
From fuch unpleafing founds as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Inceflant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clamorous whether pleafed or pain'd,
Dft have I wilh'd the peaceful covert mine.
Here, I have faid, at leaft I fhould poffefs
The poet's treafure, lilence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and fecure.
Vain thought! the dweller in that ftill retreat
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
Its elevated fite forbids the wretch
To drink fweet waters of the cryftal well;
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy laden, brings his beverage home,

Far fetch'd and little worth,- nor feldom waits,
 Dependant on the baker's punctual call,
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
 Angry and fad, and his laft cruft confumed.
 So farewell envy *of the peafants neft !*
 If folitude make fcant the means of life,
 Society for me!—thou feeming fweet,
 Be ftill a pleafing objecl: in my view;
 My vifit ftill, but never mine abode.

Not diftant far, a length of colonnade
 Invites us. Monument of ancient tafte,
 Now fcorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
 Dur fathers knew the value of a fcreen
 From fultry funs; and, in their fhaded walks
 And long-protrafted bowers, enjoy'd at noon
 The gloom and coolnefs of declining day.
 We bear our fliades about us; felf-deprived
 Of other fcreen, the thin umbrella fpread,
 And range an Indian wafte without a tree.
 Thanks to Benevolus*—he fpares me yet
 Thefe cheftnuts ranged in correponding lines;
 And, though himfelf fo palifh'd, ftill relieves
 The obfolete prolixity of (hade).

Defcending now (but cautious, left too faft)
 A fudden fteep upon a ruftic bridge,
 We pafs a gulf, in which the willows dip
 Their pendent boughs, Hooping as if to drink.
 Hence, ankle-deep in mofs and flowery thyme,
 We mount again, and feel at every ftep
 Our foot half funk in hillocks green and foft,

* John Courtney Throckmorton Esq. of Wefton Underwood.

Raifed by the mole, the miner of the foil.
 He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
 Disfigures Earth : and, plotting in the dark,
 Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
 That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The furnace gain'd, behold the proud alcove
 That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
 The grand retreat from injuries impreff'd
 By rural carvers, who with knives deface
 The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
 In charadlers uncouth, and spelt amifs.
 So strong the zeal to immortalize himself
 Beats in the breast of man, that e'en a few,
 Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorr'd
 Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
 And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
 And, pofted on this speculative height,
 Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
 Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
 At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
 The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees,
 Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land,
 There from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward
 creeps

The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of its charge,
 The wain that meets it passes swiftly by ;
 The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
 Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
 Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
 Diversified with trees of every growth,
 Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
 Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,

Within the twilight of their distant (hades;
 There, loft behind a rising ground, the wood
 Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
 No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
 Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
 And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
 And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
 And as far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
 Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
 Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
 Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
 The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
 Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
 Diffusing odours : nor unnoted pass
 The yew-tree, capricious in attire,
 Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
 Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
 O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
 Of hill and valley interposed between),
 The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
 Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
 As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
 And such the recess; between them weeps
 A little Naiad her impoverish'd urn
 All summer long, which winter fills again.
 The folded gates would bar my progress now,
 But that the Lord* of this enclosed demesne,
 Communicative of the good he owns,
 Admits me to a share : the guiltless eye

* See the foregoing note.

Commits no wrong, nor waftes what it enjoys.
 Refreftling change! where now the blazing fun ?
 By fhort tranfition we have loft his glare,
 And ftepp'd at once into a cooler clime.
 Ye fallen avenues ! once more I mourn
 Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
 That yet a remnant of your race furvives.
 Haw airy and how light the graceful arch,
 Yet awful as the confecrated roof
 Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
 The chequer'd earth feems reftlefs as a flood
 Brufli'd by the wind. So fpportive is the light
 Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
 Shadow and funfliine intermingling quick,
 And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
 Play wanton, every moment, every fpot.

And now, with nerves new-braced and fpirits
 cheer'd,

We tread the wildernefs, whose well-roll'd walks,
 With curvature of flow and eafy fweep—
 Deception innocent—give ample fpace
 To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next ;
 Between the upright fhafts of whose tall elms
 We may difcern the threfher at his tafk.
 Thump after thump refoiinds the conftant flail,
 That feems to fwing uncertain, and yet falls
 Full on the deftined ear. Wide flies the chaff;
 The ruftling ftraw fends up a frequent mift
 Of atoms, fparkling in the noon-day beam—
 Come hither, ye that prefs your beds of down,
 And deep not; fee him fwearing o'er his bread
 Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curfe,

But foften'd into mercy ; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceafelefs aftion all that is fubfifts.
Conftant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An infant's paufe, and lives but while fhe moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for ufe,
Elfe noxious: oceans, rivers, lakes, and fstreams,
All feel the frefhening impulfe, and are cleanfed
By reftlefs undulation ; e'en the oak
Thrives by the rude concuffion of the ftorm :
He feems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impreffion of the blaft with proud difdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconfcious arm
He held the thunder : but the monarch owes
His firm inability to what he fcorns—
More fix'd below, the more difturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures elfe are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himfelf derives
No mean advantage from a kindred caufe,
From ftrenuous toil his hours of fvveeteft eafe.
The fedentary ftretch their lazy length
When Cuftom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need : the languid eye, the cheek
Deferted of its bloom, the flaccid, flirunk,
And wither'd mufcle, and the vapid foul,
Reproach their owner with that love of reft
To which he forfeits e'en the reft he loves.
Not fuch the alert and aftive. Meafure life

By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
 And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
 Good health, and, its associate in the moft,
 Good temper; fpirits prompt to undertake,
 And not soon spent, though in an arduous task ;
 The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
 E'en age itself seems privileged in them,
 With clear exemption from its own defects.
 A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
 The veteran flows, and, gracing a gray beard
 With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
 Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
 Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
 Who oftener sacrifice are favour'd left.
 The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
 Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be
 found,

Who, self-imprison'd in their proud falcons,
 Renounce the odours of the open field
 For the uncentred fictions of the loom ;
 Who, satisfied with only pencil'd scenes,
 Prefer to the performance of a God
 The inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
 Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art;
 But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
 None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
 Who shows me that which I shall never see,
 Conveys a distant country into mine,
 And throws Italian light on English walls:
 But imitative strokes can do no more
 Than please the eye—sweet Nature every sense.

The airfalubrious of her lofty hills, **hills,**
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
 And music of her woods—no works of man
 May rival these; these all bespeak a power
 Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
 Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;
 'Tis free to all—'tis every day renew'd;
 Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.
 He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long
 In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
 To fallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
 And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
 Escapes at last to liberty and light:
 His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue;
 His eye relumines its extinguish'd fires;
 He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,
 And riots in the sweets of every breeze.
 He does not scorn it, who has long endured
 A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.
 Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed
 With acrid salts; his very heart athirst
 To gaze at Nature in her green array,
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possessed
 With visions prompted by intense desire:
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left
 Far distant, such as he would die to find—
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns,-
 The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
 And fullen fadness, that o'er shades, distort,
 And mar the face of Beauty, when no cause
 For such immeasurable woe appears,

These Flora banishies, and gives the fair
 Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
 It is the constant revolution, flake
 And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
 That palls and fatigues, and makes languid life
 A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.
 Health suffers, and the spirits ebb ; the heart
 Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
 Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
 No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.
 Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
 Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
 The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
 But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
 To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
 Her mingled suits and sequences; and fits,
 Spectacles both and spectacle, a sad
 And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
 Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
 Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
 Through downright inability to rise,
 Till the flout bearers lift the corpse again.
 These speak a loud memento. Yet e'en these
 Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
 That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
 They love it, and yet loathe it; fear to die,
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
 Then wherefore not renounce them ? No—the
 dread,
 The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
 Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
 And their inveterate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay ? That honour has been long
 The boaft of mere pretenders to the name.
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
 That dries his feathers, faturate with dew,
 Beneath the rofy cloud, while yet the beams
 Of dayfpring overhoot his humble neft.
 The peafant too, a witnefs of his fong,
 Himfelf a fongfter, is as gay as he.
 But fave me from the gaiety of thofe
 Whofe headachs nail them to a noonday bed ;
 And fave me too from theirs whofe haggard eyes
 Fla fh defperation, and betray their pangs
 For property ftripp'd off by cruel chance ;
 From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
 The mouth with blafphemy, the heart with woe.

The Earth was made fo various, that the mind
 Of defultory man, ftudious of change,
 And pleafed with novelty, might be indulged.
 Profpects, however lovely, may be feen
 Till half their beauties fade; the weary fight,
 Too well acquainted with their fmiles, flides off
 Faflidious, feeing lefs familiar fcenes.
 Then fnug enclofures in the flielter'd vale,
 Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
 Delight us; happy to renounce awhile,
 Not fenfelefs of its charms, what ftill we love,
 That fuch fhort abfence may endear it more.
 Then forefts, or the favage rock, may pleafe,
 That hides the feamew in his hollow clefts
 Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
 Confpicuous many a league, the manner,
 Bound homeward, and in hope already there,

Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waift
 A girdle of half-wither'd fhrubs he fnows,
 And at his feet the baffled billows die.

The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
 With prickly gorfe, that, fhapelefs and deform,
 And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
 And decks itfelf with ornaments of gold,
 Yields no unpleafing ramble ; there the turf
 Smells frefti, and, rich in odoriferous herbs
 And fungous fruits of earth, regales the fenfe
 With luxury of unexpected fweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days
 Saw better clad, in cloak of fatin trimm'd
 With lace, and hat with fplendid riband bound.
 A ferving-maid was flie, and fell in love
 With one who left her, went to fea, and died.
 Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
 To diftant fhores ; and fhe would fit and weep
 At what a failor fuffers; fancy too,
 Delufive moft where warmeft wifhes are,
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,
 And dream of tranfports fhe was not to know.
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
 And never fmiled again! And now fhe roams
 The dreary wafte; there fpends the livelong day,
 And there, unlefs when charity forbids,
 The livelong night, A tatter^ld apron hides,
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
 More tatter'd ftill; and both but ill conceal
 A bofom heaved with never ceafing fighs.
 She begs an idle pin of all flic meets,
 And hoards them in her fheve ; but needful food,

Though preff'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
 Though pinch'd with cold, afks never.—Kate is
 crazed!

I fee a column of flow-rifmg fmoke
 O'ertop the lofty wood that fkirts the wild.
 A vagabond and ufelefs tribe there eat
 Their miferable meal. A kettle, flung
 Between two poles upon a ftick tranfverfe,
 Receives the morfel—flefli obfcene of dog,
 Or vermin, or at beft of cock purloin'd
 From his accuftom'd perch. Hard-faring race !
 They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, juft faves un-
 quench'd

The fpark of life. The fportive wind blows wide
 Their fluttering rags, and fhows a tawny fkin,
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
 Great fkill have they in palmiftry, and more
 To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
 Conveying worthlefs drofs into its place;
 Loud when they beg, dumb only when they ftcal.
 Strange! that a creature rational, and caft
 In human mould, fhould brutalize by choice
 His nature; and, though capable of arts,
 By which the world might profit, and himfelf,
 Self-banifh'd from fociety, prefer
 Such fqualid cloth to honourable toil!
 Yet even thefe, though, feigning ficknefs oft,
 They fwathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
 And vex their flefh with artificial fores,
 Can change their whine into a mirthful note
 When fafe occafion offers; and with dance.

And mufic of the bladder and the bag,
 Beguile their woes, and make the woods refound.
 Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
 The houfelefs rovers of the fylvan world;
 And, breathing wholefome air, and wandering
 much,

Need other phyfic none to heal the effeſs
 Of loathfome diet, penury, and cold,

Bleft he, though undiſtinguiſti'd from the crowd
 By wealth or dignity, who dwells fecure,
 Where man, by nature fierce, has laid afide
 His fierceneſs, having learnt, though flow to learn,
 The manners and the arts of civil life.

His wants indeed are many; but fupply
 Is obvious, placed within the eaſy reach
 Of temperate wiſlies and induſtrious hands.

Here virtue thrives as in her proper foil;
 Nat rude and furly, and beſet with thorns,
 And terrible to fight, as when ſhe ſprings
 [If e'er ſhe ſpring ſpontaneous) in remote
 And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,
 And ſtrength is lord of all; but gentle, kind,
 By culture tamed, by liberty refreſh'd,
 And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.

War and the chafe engroſs the ſavage whole;

War follow'd for revenge, or to ſupplant

The envied tenants of fame happier ſpot:

The chafe for ſuſtenance, precarious truſt !

His hard condition with fevere conſtraint

Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth

Of wiſdom, proves a ſchool, in which he learns

Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,

Mean self-attachment, and scarce ought beside.
 Thus fare the hivering natives of the north,
 And thus the rangers of the western world,
 Where it advances far into the deep,
 Towards the Antarctic. E'en the favour'd ides,
 So lately found, although the constant fun
 Cheer all their feasons with a grateful smile,
 Can boast but little virtue; and, inert
 Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain
 In manners—victims of luxurious ease.
 These therefore I can pity, placed remote
 From all that science traces, art invents,
 Or inspiration teaches; and enclosed
 In boundless oceans, never to be pass'd
 By navigators uninform'd as they,
 Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again:
 But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
 Thee, gentle savage!* whom no love of thee
 Or thine, but curiosity, perhaps,
 Or else vainglory, prompted us to draw
 Forth from thy native bowers, to {how thee here
 With what superior skill we can abuse
 The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
 The dream is past; and thou hast found again
 Thy coconuts and bananas, palms and yams,
 And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou
 found
 Their former charms? And having seen our fate,
 Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
 Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,

* Omai.

And heard our mufic; arc thy fimple friends,
 Thy fimple fare, and all thy plain delights
 As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
 Loft nothing by comparifon with ours?
 Rude as thou art (for we return'd thee rude
 And ignorant, except of outward fhew),
 I cannot think thee yet fo dull of heart
 And fpiritlefs, as never to regret
 Sweets tafled here, and left as foon as known.
 Methinks I fee thee ftraying on the beach,
 And afking of the furge that bathes thy foot,
 If ever it has wafh'd our diftant fhore.
 I fee thee weep, and thine are honeft tears,
 A patriot's for his country: thou art fad
 At thought of her forlorn and abjeft ftate,
 From which no power of thine can raife her up.
 Thus Fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
 Perhaps errs little when fhe paints thee thus.
 She tells me, too, that duly every morn
 Thou climb'ft the mountain top, with eager eye
 Exploring far and wide the watery wafte
 For fight of fhip from England. Every fpeck
 Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
 With conflict of contending hopes and fears.
 But comes at laft the dull and dufcly eve,
 And fends thee to thy cabin, well prepared
 To dream all night of what the day denied.
 Alas! expeft it not. We found no bait
 To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
 Difinterefted good, is not our trade.
 We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
 And muft be bribed to compafs earth again

By other hopes and richer fruits than yours,
But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial foil of cultivated life
Thrive moft, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft,—in proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and moil noifome fewer,
The Oregs and feculence of every land.
In cities foul example on moft minds
Begets its likenefs. Rank abundance breeds,
In grofs and pamper'd cities, floth, and luft,
And wantonnefs, and gluttonous excefs.
In cities vice is hidden with moft eafe,
Or feen with leaft reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapfe, can hope no triumph there
Beyond the achievement of fuccefsful flight.
I da confefs them nurferies of the arts,
In which they flourifh moft; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfeft fize.
Such London is, by tafte and wealth proclaimed
The faireft capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worft.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature fees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a ftone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chifel occupy alone
The powers of fculpture, but the ftyle as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incifion of her guided fteel

She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a foil
 So sterile with what charms foe'er she will,
 The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.
 Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?
 In London : where her implements exact,
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world ?
 In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
 As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
 Increasing London? Babylon of old
 Not more the glory of the earth than she,
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two,
 That so much beauty would do well to purge;
 And show this Queen of Cities, that so fair
 May yet be foul; so witty, yet not wife.
 It is not seemly, nor of good report,
 That she is slack in discipline ; more prompt
 To avenge than to prevent the breach of law :
 That she is rigid in denouncing death
 On petty robbers, and indulges life
 And liberty, and oftentimes honour too,
 To speculators of the public gold.
 That thieves at home must hang ; but he, that puts
 Into his overgorged and bloated purse
 The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
 Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
 That, through profane and infidel contempt
 Of holy writ, she has presumed to annul

And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing Faffion to the poft of Truth,
And centring all authority in modes
And cuftoms of her own, till fabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrefpefted forms;
And knees and haffocks are well nigh divorced.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make fweet the hitter draught
That life holds out to all, should rnoft abound
And leaft be threaten'd in the fields and groves ?
Poffbfs ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and fedans, know no fatigue
But that of idlenefs, and tafte no fcenes
But fuch as art contrives, poffefs ye ftill
Your element; there only ye can fhine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to confole at noon
The penfive wanderer in their fhades. At eve
The moonbeam, fliding foftly in between
The fleeping leaves, is all the light they wifli,
Birds warbling all the mufic. We can fpare
The fplendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Dur fofter fatellite. Your fangs confound
Our more harmonious notes : the thrufh departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mifchief in your mirth ;
It plagues your country. Folly fuch as yours,
Graced with a fword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,
Dur arch of empire, fteadfaft but for you,
A mutilated ftructure, foon to fall.



THE TASK.

BOOK II. THE TIME-PIECE.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections fuggefted by the condufion of the former book. Peace among the nations recommended on the ground of their common fellowjhip in forrow. Prodigies enumerated. Sicilian earthquakes. Man rendered obnoxious to thefe calamities by fm. God the agent in them. The philofophy that flops at fecondary caufes reproved. Our own late mifcarriages accounted for. Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontainbleau. But the pulpit, not fatire, the proper engine of reformation. The Reverend Advertiser of engraved fermons. Petit-maitre parfon. The good preacher. Pitture of a theatrical clerical coxcomb. Story-tellers and jefters in the pulpit reproved. Apoftrophe to popular applaufe. Retailers of ancient philofophy expojlulated with. Sum of the whole matter, Effects offacerdotal mifmanagement on the laity. Their folly and extravagance. The mifchiefs of profufion. Profufion itfelf, with all its confequent evils, afcribed, as to its principal caufe, to the want of difcipline in the Univerfties,



THE TASK.

BOOK II. THE TIME-PIECE.



H for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is fever³d as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands interfered by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat

32 *THE* *TASK.*

With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man? And what man, feeling this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush,
 And hang his head to think himself a man?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That finews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
 No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home:—Then why abroad?
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us are emancipate and loafed.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
 Is felt mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of social intercourse,
 Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
 Between the nations in a world that seems
 To toll the deathbell of its own decease,
 And by the voice of all its elements [winds
 To preach the general doom.* When were the

* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.

Let flip with fuch a warrant to defstroy ?
 When did the waves fo haughtily o'erleap
 Their ancient barriers, deluging the Ory ?
 Fires from beneath, and meteors* from above,
 Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,
 Have kindled beacons in the fkies ; and the old
 And crazy earth has had her fliaking fits
 More frequent, and foregone her ufual reft.
 Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
 And pillars of our planet feem to fail.
 And Nature † with a dim and fickly eye
 To wait the clofe of all? But grant her end
 More diftant, and that prophecy demands
 A longer refpite, unaccomplifti'd yet;
 Still they are frowning fignals, and befpeak
 Difpleafure in His breaft who fmites the earth
 Or heals it, makes it languifh or rejoice.
 And 'tis but feemly, that, where all deferve
 And ftand expofed by common peccancy
 To what no few have felt, there fhould be peace,
 And brethren in calamity ftiould love.

Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
 Lie fcatter'd where the fhapely column flood.
 Her palaces are duft. In all her ftreets
 The voice of finging and the fpriightly chord
 Are filent. Revelry, and dance, and flow
 Suffer a fyncope and folemn paufe ;
 While God performs upon the trembling ftage

* Auguft 18, 1783.

† Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Afia during the whole Cummer of 1783.

Of his own works his Oreadful part alone.
 How does the earth receive him?—with what figs
 Of gratulation and delight her King?
 Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
 Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,
 Disclosing Paradise where'er he treads?
 She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
 Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
 And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.
 The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
 For He has touch'd them. From the extreme point
 Of elevation down into the abyss
 His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
 The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rife,
 The rivers die into offensive pools,
 And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
 And mortal nuisance into all the air.
 What solid was, by transformation strange,
 Grows fluid; and the fix'd and rooted earth,
 Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
 Or with vertiginous and hideous whirl
 Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
 The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
 And agonies of human and of brute
 Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
 And fugitive in vain. The Sylvan scene
 Migrates uplifted; and, with all its foil
 Alighting in far distant fields, finds out
 A new population, and survives the change.
 Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
 To an enormous and overbearing height,
 Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice

Which winds and waves obey, invades the ihore
Refiftlefs. Never fuch a fudden flood,
Upridged fo high, and fent on fuch a charge,
Pofleff'd an inland fcene. Where now the throng
That preff'd the beach, and, hafty to depart,
Look'd to the fea for fafety? They are gone,
Gone with the refluent wave into the deep—
A prince with half his people! Ancient towers,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy fcenes
Where beauty oft and lettered worth confume
Life in the unproductive fhades of death,
Fall prone : the pale inhabitants come forth,
And, happy in their unforefeen releafe
From all the rigours of reftraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day that fets them free.
Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee faft,
Freedom! whom they that lofe thee fo regret,
That e'en a judgement, making way for thee,
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy fake.

Such evil Sin hath wrought; and fuch a flame
Kindled in heaven, that it burns down to earth,
And, in the furious inqueft that it makes
On God's behalf, lays wafte his faireft works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The minifter of man, to ferve his wants,
Confpire againft him. With his breath he Oraws
A plague into his blood ; and cannot ufe
Life's neceflary means, but he muft die.
Storms rife to o'erwhelm him : or if ftormy winds
Rife not, the waters of the deep fhall rife,
And, needing none afliftance of the florin,
Shall roll themfelves afliore, and reach him there.

The earth shall flake him out of all his holds,
 Or make his house his grave : nor for content,
 Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
 And crown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.
 What then !—were they the wicked above all,
 And we the righteous, whose fast-anchor'd isle
 Moved not, while theirs was rock'd, like alight ikiff,
 The sport of every wave ? No : none are clear,
 And none than we more guilty. But, where all
 Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
 Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark :
 May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
 The more malignant. If he spare not them,
 Tremble and be amazed at thine escape,
 Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee !

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
 In all the good and ill that checker life !
 Refalving all events, with their effects
 And manifold results, into the will
 And arbitration wife of the Supreme.
 Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
 The least of our concerns (since from the least
 The greatest oft originate) ; could chance
 Find place in his dominion, or dispose
 One lawless particle to thwart his plan ;
 Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
 Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
 The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
 This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
 In Nature's tendencies, oft overlooks ;
 And, having found his instrument, forgets,
 Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,

Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men,
That live an atheistic life : involves the heaven
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivel'd lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And defolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; *of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and reaction. He has found
The source of the disease that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear,
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend the effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the
world?

And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eyefalve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,

Shall be conftrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year moft part deform'd
 Withdrippingrains, or wither'd by a froft,
 I would not yet exchange thy fullen fkies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines; nor for Aufonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
 To fhake thy fenate, and from heights fublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flafh down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my tafk :
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and farrows, with as true a heart
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too; and with a juft difdain
 Frown at effeminates, whofe very looks
 Reflett difhonour on the land I love.
 How, in the name of foldierfhip and fenfe,
 Should England profper, when fuch things, as
 fmoth
 And tender as a girl, all effenced o'er
 With odours, and as profligate as fweet ;
 Who fell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
 And love when they fhould fight; when fuch as
 theſe
 Perfume to lay their hand upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful caufe ?
 Time was when it was praife and boaft enough
 In every clime, and travel where we might,
 That we were born her children. Praife enough
 To fill the ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
 And Wolfe's great name cumpatriot with his own.

Farewell thofe honours, and farewell with them
The hope of fuch hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory; one in arms
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of fmiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-fick of his country's fhamè !
They made us many foldiers. Chatham, ftill
Confulting England's happinefs at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put fo much of his heart into his aft,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were fwift to follow whom all laved.
Thofe funs are fet. Oh, rife fome other fuch !
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and defpair of new.

Now hoift the fail, and let the ftreamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and fprinkle liquid fweets,
That no rude favour maritime invade
The nofe of nice nobility! Breathe foft,
Ye clarionets ; and fofter ftill, ye flutes ;
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic founds,
May bear us fmoothly to the Gallic fhore !
True, we have loft an empire—let it pafs.
True; we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious flirew.
And let that pafs—'twas but a trick of ftate !
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direft foe a friend's embrace.

And, ftiated as we have been, to the very beard
 Braved and defied, and in our own fea proved
 Too weak for thofe decifive blows that once
 Enfured us maftery there, we yet retain
 Some fmall pre-eminence; we juftly boaft
 At leaft fuperior jockey/hip, and claim
 The honours of the turf as all our own!
 Go then, well worthy of the praife ye feek,
 And ftow the flame ye might conceal at home
 In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate
 Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!—
 'Tis generous to communicate your fkill
 To thofe that need it! Folly is foon learn'd :
 And under fuch preceptors who can fail?

There is a pleafure in poetic pains
 Which only poets know. The ftifts and turns,
 The expedients and inventions multiform,
 To which the mind reforts, in chafe of terms
 Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
 To arreft the fleeting images that fill
 The mirror of the mind, and hold them faft,
 And force them fit till he has pencil'd off
 A faithful likenefs of the forms he views;
 Then to difpofe his copies with fuch art,
 That each may find its fnoft propitious light,
 And fhine by fituation, hardly lefs
 Than by the labour and the fkill it coft;
 Are occupations of the poet's mind
 So pleafing, and that fteal away the thought
 With fuch adOrefs from themes of fad import,
 That, loft in his own mufings, happy man!
 He feels the anxieties of life, denied

Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
 Such joys has he that fings. But ah! not fuch,
 Or feldom fuch, the hearers of his fong.
 Faftidious, or elfe littlefs, or perhaps
 Aware of nothing arduous in a tafk
 They never undertook, they little note
 His dangers or efcapes, and haply find
 There leaft amufement where he found the moft,
 But is amufement all? Studios of fong,
 And yet ambitious not to fing in vain,
 I would not trifle merely, though the world
 Be loudeft in their praife who do no more.
 Yet what can fatire, whether grave or gay?
 It may correft a foible, may chaftife
 The freaks of fafhion, regulate the drefs,
 Retrench a fwordblade, or difplace a patch;
 But where are its fublimer trophies found?
 What vice has it fubdued? whose heart reclaim'd
 By rigour? or whom laugh'd into reform?
 Alas! Leviathan is not fo tamed:
 Laugh'd at, he laughs again; and ftricken hard,
 Turns to the ftroke his adamant fcales,
 That fear no difcipline of human hands.

The pulpit, therefore (and I name it fill'd
 With folemn awe, that bids me well beware
 With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
 The pulpit [when the fatirift has at laft,
 Strutting and vapouring in an empty fchool,
 Spent all his force, and made no profelyte)—
 I fay the pulpit |in the fober ufe
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers) [ftand,
 Muft ftand acknowledged, while the world fhall

The moſt important and effectual guard,
 Support, and ornament of Virtue's cauſe.
 There ſtands the meſſenger of truth : there ſtands
 The legate of the ſkies! his theme divine,
 His office ſacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law ſpeaks out
 Its thunders; and by him, in ſtrains as ſweet
 As angels uſe, the Goſpel whiſpers peace.
 He ſtabliſhes the ſtrong, reſtores the weak,
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
 And, arm'd himſelf in panoply complete
 Of heavenly temper, furniſhes with arms
 Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
 Of holy diſcipline, to glorious war
 The ſacramental hoſt of God's cleft !
 Are all ſuch teachers ?—would to heaven all were !
 But hark—the Doctor's voice !—ſail wedged be-
 tween

Two empirics he ſtands, and with ſwoln cheeks
 Inſpires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
 Than all inveſtive is his bold harangue,
 While through that public organ of report
 He hails the clergy; and, defying flame,
 Announces to the world his own and theirs!
 He teaches thoſe to read, whom ſchools diſmiſſ'd,
 And colleges, untaught; ſells accent, tone,
 And emphafiſ in ſcore, and gives to prayer
 The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
 He grinds divinity of other days
 Down into modern uſe; transforms old print
 To zigzag manuſcript, and cheats the eyes
 Of gallery critics by a thouſand arts.

Are there who purchase of the Doctor's ware?

O, name it not in Gath! it cannot be, [aid.

That grave and learned Clerks should need such

He doubtless is in sport, and does but Oroll,

Afluming thus a rank unknown before—

Grand caterer and Orynurfe of the church!

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose
life,

Coincident, exhibit lucid proof

That he is honest in the sacred cause.

To such I render more than mere respect,

Whose actions say that they respect themselves.

But loose in morals, and in manners vain,

In conversation frivolous, in Orefs

Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;

Frequent in park with lady at his side,

Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;

But rare at home, and never at his books,

Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;

Constant at routs, familiar with a round

Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor;

Ambitious of preferment for its gold,

And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,

By infidelity and love of the world,

To make God's work a finecure ; a slave

To his own pleasures and his patron's pride :—

From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,

Preserve the church! and lay not rareless hands

On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,

Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—

Paul fhould himfelf direct me, I would trace
 His mafter-ftrokes, and draw from his defign.
 I would exprefs him fimple, grave, fincere;
 In doftrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
 And plain in manner; decent, folemn, chafte,
 And natural in gefture; much impreffTd
 Himfelf, as confcious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too; affectionate in look,
 And tender in adOrefs, as well becomes
 A meflenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
 The things that mount the roftrum with a fkip,
 And then fkip down again; pronounce a text;
 Cry—hem; and reading what they never wrote,
 Juft fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
 And with a well bred whifper clofe the fcene!

In man or woman, but far moft in man,
 And mod of all in man that minifters
 And ferves the altar, in my foul I loathe
 All affetlation. 'Tis my perfeft fcorn;
 Objefl: of my implacable difguft.
 What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
 A filly fond conceit of his fair form,
 And juft proportion, fafliionable mien,
 And pretty face, in prefence of his God?
 Or will he feek to dazzle me with tropes,
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of life?
 He mocks his Maker, proftitutes and flames
 His noble office, and, inftead of truth,

Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!
Therefore, avaunt! all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, prattled at the glafs !
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine ; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much
admired

By curious eyes and judgements ill inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Mifled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the preff'd nostril, spectacle-befrid.
Some, decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into them/elves;
And, having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!
Forth comes the pocket mirror.—First we stroke
An eyebrow ; next compose a fraggling lock ;
Then with an air most gracefully performed
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low :
The better hand more busy gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye
With opera glafs to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the flow-retiring fair.—
Now this is fulsome ; and offends me more
Than in a churchman flovenly negled:
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And flight the hovel as beneath her care;

But how a body so fantastic, trim,
 And quaint in its deportment and attire,
 Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

He that negotiates between God and man,
 As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
 Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
 Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
 To court a grin, when you should woo a frown;
 To break a jest, when pity would inspire
 Pathetic exhortation; and to address
 The flippant fancy with facetious tales,
 When sent with God's commission to the heart!
 So did not Paul. Directed me to a quip
 Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
 And I content you take it for your text,
 Your only one, till fides and benches fail.
 No: he was serious in a serious cause,
 And understood too well the weighty terms
 That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
 To conquer those by jocular exploits
 Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

Oh Popular Applause! what heart of man
 Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
 The wisest and the best feel urgent need
 Of all their caution in thy gentle gales;
 But swell'd into a gust—who then, alas!
 With all his canvass set, and inexpert,
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?
 Praise from the rivell'd lips of toothless bald
 Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean
 And craving Poverty, and in the bow
 Respectful of the frutch'd artificer,

Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
 The bias of the purpose. How much more,
 Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,
 In language soft as Adoration breathes ?
 Ah, spare your idol! think him human still.
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too !
 Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the sempiternal source
 Of Light Divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome
 Orew from the stream below. More favour'd, we
 Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.
 To them it flow'd much mingled and defiled
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
 Illusive of philosophy, so call'd,
 But falsely. Sages after ages strove
 In vain to filter off a crystal draught
 Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced
 The thirst than flaked it, and not seldom bred
 Intoxication and delirium wild.
 In vain they puff'd inquiry to the birth [man ?
 And springtime of the world; ask'd, Whence is
 Why form'd at all ? And wherefore as he is ?
 Where must he find his Maker? With what rites
 Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless ?
 Or does he sit regardless of his works ?
 Has man within him an immortal seed?
 Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
 His ashes, where ? and in what weal or woe ?
 Knots worthy of solution, which alone
 A Deity could solve. Their answers vague
 And all at random, fabulous and dark,
 Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,

Defective and unfunction'd, proved too weak
 To bind the roving appetite, and lead
 Blind Nature to a *Gad* not yet reveal'd.
 'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
 Explains all mysteries, except her own,
 And so illuminates the path of life,
 That fools discover it, and stray no more.
 Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
 My man of morals, nurtured in the shades
 Of Academus, is this false or true?
 Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
 If Christ, then why resort at every turn
 To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short
 Of man's occasions, when in Him reside
 Grace, knowledge, comfort—anunfathom'd store?
 How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd!
 Men that, if now alive, would fit content
 And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
 Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
 Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too!

And thus it is.—The pastor, either vain
 By nature, or by flattery made so, taught
 To gaze at his own splendour, and to exalt
 Absurdly, not his office, but himself;
 Or unenlighten'd, and too proud to learn;
 Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach;
 Perverting often, by the pretence of lewd
 And loose example, whom he should intrust;
 Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,
 The noblest function, and discredits much
 The brightest truths that man has ever seen.

For ghofly counfel; if it either fall
 Below the exigence, or be not back'd
 With fhow of love, at leaft with hopeful proof
 Of fame fincerity on the giver's part ;
 Or be diflionour'd in the exterior form
 And mode of its conveyance by fuch tricks
 As move derifion, *or* by foppifh airs
 And hiftrionic mummery, that let down
 The pulpit to the level of the ftage;
drops from the lips a difregarded thing.
 The weak perhaps are moved, but are not taught,
 While prejudice in men of ftronger minds
 Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they fee.
 A relaxation of religion's hold
 Upon the roving and untutor'd heart
 Soon follows, and the curb of confcience fnapp'd,
 The laity run wild.—But da they now?
 Note their extravagance, and be convinced.

As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
 A wooden one, fo we, no longer taught
 By monitors that mother church fupplies,
 Now make our own. Pofterity will afk
 [If e'er pofterity fee verfe of mine)
 Some fifty or a hunOred luftums hence,
 What was a monitor in George's days ?
 My very gentle reader, yet unborn,
 Of whom I needs muft augur better things,
 Since Heaven would fure grow weary of a world
 Produftive only of a race like us,
 A monitor is wood—plank ftiaven thin.
 We wear it at our backs, There, clofely braced
 And neatly fitted, it compreffbs hard

The prominent and inoft unfightly bones,
And binds the fhoulders flat. We prove its ufe
Sovereign and moft effectual to fecure
A form, not now gymnafic as of yore,
From rickets and diftortion, elfe our lot.
But thus admonifh'd, we can walk ereft,
One proof at haft of manhood! while the friend
Sticks clofe, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
Our habits, coftlier than Lucullus wore,
And by caprice as multiplied as his,
Juft pleafe us while the fafhion is at full,
But change with every moon. The fycophant,
That waits to drefs us, arbitrates their date ;
Surveys his fair reverfion with keen eye ;
Finds one ill made, another obfolete,
This fits not nicely, that is ill conceived ;
And, making prize of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own.
Variety's the very fpice of life,
That gives it all its flavour. We have run
Through every change that Fancy, at the loom
Eahaufted, has had genius to fupply ;
And, ftudious of mutation ftill, difcard
A real elegance, a little ufed,
For monftrous novelty and ftrange difguife.
We facrifice to Orefs, till houfehold joys
And comforts ceafe. Orefs Orains our cellar Ory,
And keeps our larder lean ; puts out our fires ;
And introduces hunger, froft, and woe,
Where peace and hofpitality might reign.
What man that lives, and that knows how to live,
Would fail to exhibit at the public fhows

A form as splendid as the proudest there,
Though appetite raise outcries at the cost?
A man of the town dines late, but soon enough,
With reasonable forecast and despatch,
To insure a five-box station at half price.
You think, perhaps, so delicate his Oref's,
His daily fare as delicate. Alas !
He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems
With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet!
The rout is Folly's circle, which she Oraws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early gray, but never wise;
There form connexions, but acquire no friend;
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success ;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood, and devote old age
To sports which only childhood could excuse.
There they are happiest who dissemble best
Their weariness; and they the most polite
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,
Though at their own destruction. She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They, what can they less?
Make just reprisals ; and with cringe and strut,
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.
All catch the frenzy, downward from her Grace,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,
To her, who, frugal only that her thrift
May feed excesses she can ill afford,

Is hackney'd home unlackey'd,—who, in hafte
 Alighting, turns the key in her own door,
 And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,
 Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.
 Wives beggar hufbands, hufbandsftarve their wives,
 On Fortune's velvet altar offering up
 Their laft poor pittance;—Fortune, moil fevere
 Of goddefles yet known, and coftlier far
 Than all that held their routs in heathen heaven.—
 So fare we in this prifon-houfe the World;
 And 'tis a fearful fpeftaule to fee
 So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
 They gaze upon the links that hold them faft
 With eyes of anguifli, execrate their lot,
 Then (hake them in defpair, and dance again !

Now balket up the family of plagues
 That wafte our vitals; peculation, fale
 Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
 By forgery, by fubterfuge of law,
 By tricks and lies as numerous and as keen
 As the neceflities their authors feel;
 Then caft them, clofely bundled, every brat
 At the right door. Profufion is its fire.
 Profufion unreftrain'd with all that's bafe
 In character has litter'd all the land,
 And bred, within the memory of no few,
 A priefthood fuch as Baal's was of old,
 A people fuch as never was till now.
 It is a hungry vice :—it eats up all
 That gives fociety its beauty, ftrength,
 Convenience, and fecurity, and ufe :
 Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd

And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws
Can feize the flippery prey : unties the knot
Of union, and converts the sacred band,
That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
Profusion, deluging a state with lufts
Of groffest nature and of worst effects,
Prepares it for its ruin : hardens, blinds,
And warps the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at virtue; mock the fools
That trust them; and in the end disclose a face
That would have flock'd Credulity herself,
Unmask'd, vouchsafing this their sole excuse—
Since all alike are selfish, why not they ?
This does Profusion, and the accursed cause
Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bestrode him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage good ones. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blush'd at its own praise ; and press the youth
Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning grew
Beneath his care a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held

Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
 If e'er it chanced, as fometimes chance it muft,
 That one among fo many overleap'd
 The limits of control, his gentle eye
 Grew ftern, and darted a fevere rebuke :
 His frown was full of terror, and his voice
 Shook the delinquent with fuch fits of awe
 As left him not, till penitence had won
 Loft favour back again, and clofed the breach.
 But Difcipline, a faithful fervant long,
 Declined at length into the vale of years:
 A palfy ftruck his arm; his fparkling eye
 Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice, un-
 ftrung,
 Grew tremulous, and moved derifion more
 Than reverence in perverfe rebellious youth.
 So colleges and halls neglected much
 Their good old friend; and Difcipline at length,
 O'erlook'd and unemployed, fell fick, and died.
 Then Study languifti'd, Emulation flept,
 And Virtue fled. The fchools became a fcene
 Of folemn farce, where Ignorance in ftits,
 His cap well lined with logic not his own,
 With parrot tongue perform'd the fcholar's part,
 Proceeding foon a graduated dunce.
 Then compromife had place, and fcrutiny
 Became ftone-blind; precedence went in truck,
 And he was competent whole purfe was fo.
 A diffblution of all bonds enfued ;
 The curbs invented for the mulifh mouth
 Of headftrong youth were broken ; bars and bolts
 Grew rufty by difufe; and maffy gates

Forgot their office, opening with a touch ;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,
The tassel'd cap and the purple band a jest,
A mockery of the world! What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oftener seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense, as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures ; buys the boy a name
That fits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition, thus acquired,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly, but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to the united powers
Of fastidiousness, dissipation, taverns, stewes.
Now blame we most the nurseries or the nurse ?
The child's crook'd and twisted and deform'd
Through want of care ; or her, whose winking eye
And flumbersome officiousness mars the brood?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction ; needs to learn
That it is dangerous sport with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,

The nurture of her youth, her deareft pledge.

All are not fuch. I had a brother once—
 Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
 A man of letters, and of manners too!
 Of manners fweet as Virtue always wears,
 When gay good-nature Oreffes her in fmiles.
 He graced a college,* in which order yet
 Was facred; and was honour'd, loved, and wept
 By more than one, themfelves confpicuous there.
 Some minds are temper'd happily, and mix'd
 With fuch ingredients of good fenfe and taft
 Of what is excellent in man, they third
 With fuch a zeal to be what they approve,
 That no reftraints can circumfcribe them mare
 Than they themfelves by choice, for wifdom's fake.
 Nor can example hurt them : what they fee
 Of vice in others but enhancing more
 The charms of virtue in their juft efleem.
 If fuch efcape contagion, and emerge
 Pure from fo foul a pool to fhine abroad,
 And give the world their talents and themfdves,
 Small thanks to thofe whofe negligence or floth
 Expofed their inexperience to the fnare,
 And left them to an undirected choice.

See then the quiver broken and decay'd,
 In which are kept our arrows! Rufting there
 In wild diforder, and unfit for ufe,
 What wonder, if difcharged into the world,
 They flame their fhooters with a random flight,
 Their points obtufe, and feathers drunk with wine !

* Ben'et College,, Cambridge.

Well may the church wage unsuccessful war,
With such artillery arm'd. Vice parries wide
The undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.

Have we not track'd the felon home, and found
His birthplace and his dam? The country mourns,
Mourns because every plague that can infest
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of the edifice that Policy has raised,
Swarms in all quarters; meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at every turn.
Profusion breeds them; and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found:
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the robed pedagogue! Else let the arraign'd
Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.
So when the Jewish Leader stretch'd his arm,
And waved his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains
Were cover'd with the pest; the streets were fill'd;
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
Nor palaces nor even chambers 'scaped;
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.



THE TASK.

BOOK III THE GARDEN.

ARGUMENT.

Self-recollection and reproof. Addrefs to domeftic happinefi. Some account of myfelf. The vanity of many of their purfuits who are reputed wife. yuftification of my cenfures. Divine illumination neceffary to the moft expert philofopher. The queftion, What is truth? anfwered by other queftions. Domeslic happinefs addreffed again. Few lovers of the country. My tame hare. Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden. Pruning. Framing. Green-houfe. Sowing of flower feeds. The country preferable to the town even in the winter. Reafons why it is deserted at that feafon. Ruinous effects of gaming and of expenfive improvement. Book concludes with an apoftrophe to the metropolis.



THE TASK.

BOOK III THE GARDEN.



AS one who, long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled, winds now this way and now
that

His devious course uncertain, seeking home;
Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd,
And fare difcomfited, from flough to (lough
Plunging, and half despairing of escape;
If chance at length he find a greenward smooth
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rife,
He cherups brisk his ear-ereiling feed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease,
So I, designing other themes, and call'd
To adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
To tell its (lumpers, and to paint its dreams,
Have rambled wide. In country, city, feat
Of academic fame (howe'er deserved),
Long held, and scarcely disengaged at last.
But now with pleasant pace a cleaner road
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,
Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers new.

Since pulpits fail, and founding-boards reflect

Most part an empty ineffectual found,
 What chance that I, to fame so little known,
 Nor conversant with men or manners much,
 Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
 Crack the fatiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
 For me, enamour'd of sequefler'd scenes,
 And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
 Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
 My languid limbs, when summer fears the plains;
 Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft
 And shelter'd Sofa, while the nitrous air
 Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth;
 There, undisturb'd by Folly, and apprised
 How great the danger of disturbing her,
 To muse in silence, or at least confine
 Remarks that gall so many, to the few
 My partners in retreat. Disguist conceal'd
 Is oftentimes proof of wisdom, when the fault
 Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
 Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
 Or tainting long enjoy thee! too infirm,
 Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
 Unmix'd with Drops of bitter, which neglect
 Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
 Thou art the nurse of Virtue: in thine arms
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
 Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
 Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
 That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
 And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm

Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forfaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown!
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets; and venets seem
Convened for purposes of empire less
Than to release the adulterers from her bond.
The adulterers! what a theme for angry verse!
What provocation to the indignant heart,
That feels for injured love! but I disdain
The nauseous talk, to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her flame!
No:—Let her pass, and, charioted along
In guilty splendour, shake the public ways;
The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white!
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now, of character unfirch'd,
And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time
Not to be pass'd: and she that had renounced
Her sex's honour, was renounced herself
By all that prized it; not for prudery's sake,
But dignity's, repentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a wif,
Desirous to return, and not received—
But was a wholesome rigour in the main,
And taught the unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honour in those days,

And judged offenders well. And he that fharp'd,
 And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,
 Was mark'd and fliunn'd as odious. He that fold
 His country, or was flack when fhe required
 His every nerve in action and at ftretch,
 Paid, with the blood that he had bafely fpared,
 The price of his default. But now, yes, now
 We are become fo candid and fo fair,
 So liberal in conftruttion, and fo rich
 In chriftian charity, [good-natured age!]
 That they are fafe, finners of either fex,
 Tranfgrefs what laws they may. Well dreff'd,
 well bred,

Well equipaged, is ticket good enough
 To pafs us readily through every door.
 Hypocrify, deteft her as we may
 (And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet),
 May claim this merit ftill—that fhe admits
 The worth of what fhe mimics with fuck care,
 And thus gives virtue indirect applaufe ;
 But fhe has burnt her mafk, not needed here,
 Where vice has fuck allowance, that her fhifts
 And fpacious femblances have loft their ufe.

I was a ftricken deer, that left the herd
 Long fince : with many an arrow deep infix'd
 My panting fide was charged, when I withdrew,
 To feek a tranquil death in diftant fhades.
 There was I found by one who had himfelf
 Been hurt by the archers. In his fide he bore,
 And in his hands and feet, the cruel fears.
 With gentle force foliciting the darts,
 He Orew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.

Since then, with few affociates, in remote
 And lilcnt woods I wander, far from thofe
 My former partners of the peopled fcene ;
 With few aflociates, and not wi/hing more.
 Here much I ruminare, as much I may,
 With other views of men and manners now
 Than once, and others of a life *to* come.
 I fee that all are wanderers, gone aftray,
 Each in his own delufions; they are loft
 In chafe of fancied happinefs, ftill woo'd
 And never won. **Dream** after **dream** enfues ;
 And ftill they Oream, that they fliall ftill fucceed ;
 And ftill are difappointed. Rings the world
 With the vain ftir. I fum up half mankind,
 And add two thirds of the remainder half,
 And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay
 As if created only like the fly
 That fpreads his motley wings in the eye of noon,
 To fport their feafon, and be feen no more.
 The reft arc foberdreamers, grave and wife,
 And pregnant with difcoveries new and rare.
 Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
 Of heroes little known ; and call the rant
 A hiftory : defcribe the man, of whom
 His own coevals took but little note ;
 And paint his perfon, character, and views,
 As they had known him from his mother's womb.
 They difentangle from the puzzled fkein,
 In which obfcurity has wrapp'd them up,
 The threads of politic and ftirewd defign,
 That ran through all his purpofes, and charge

His mind with meanings that he never had,
 Or having, kept conceal'd. Some drill and bore
 The solid earth, and from the strata there
 Extract a register, by which we learn,
 That He who made it, and reveal'd its date
 To Moses, was mistaken in its age.
 Some, more acute, and more industrious still,
 Contrive creation; travel nature up
 To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
 And tell us whence the stars: why some are fix'd,
 And planetary some; what gave them first
 Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light.
 Great contest follows, and much learned dust
 Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
 And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
 The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
 In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
 To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
 Is't not a pity now, that tickling rheums
 Should ever tease the lungs, and bear the fight
 Of oracles like these? Great pity too,
 That having wielded the elements, and built
 A thousand systems, each in his own way,
 They should go out in smoke, and be forgot?
 Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
 But frantic who thus spend it? all for smoke—
 Eternity for bubbles proves at last
 A senseless bargain. When I see such games
 Play'd by the creatures of a Power who swears
 That he will judge the earth, and call the fool
 To a sharp reckoning that has lived in vain;
 And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,

And prove it in the infallible result, **result**

So hollow and so false—I feel my heart
Diffuse in pity, and account the learn'd,
If this be learning, most of all deceived.

Great crimes alarm the confidence, but she fleeps
While thoughtful man is plausibly amused.

Defend me therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up !

'Twere well, says one sage erudite, profound,
Terribly arch'd, and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
'Twere well, could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases : what's the world to you ?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.

I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.

How then should I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meandering there,

And catechise it well; apply your glass,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood

Congenial with thine own : and, if it be,
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skillful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind ?

True ; I am no proficient, I confess,

In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,

And bid them hide themselves in the earthbeneath ;
 I cannot analyfe the air, nor catch
 The parallax of yonder luminous point,
 That feems half quench'd in the immense abyfs :
 Such powers I boaft not;—neither can I reft
 A filent witnefs of the headlong rage,
 Or heedlefs folly, by which thoufands die,
 Bone of my bone, and kinOred fouls to mine.

God never meant that man fhould fcacle the
 heavens

By ftrides of human wifdom. In his works,
 Though wondrous, He commands us in his word
 To feek him rather where his mercy fhines.
 The mind indeed, enlighten'd from above,
 Views him in all; afcribes to the grand caufe
 The grand effeft; acknowledges with joy
 His manner, and with rapture taftes his ftyle.
 But never yet did philofophic tube,
 That brings the planets home into the eye
 Of Obfervation, and difcovers, elfe
 Not vifible, his family of worlds,
 Difcover Him that rules them ; fuch a veil
 Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
 And dark in things divine. Full often too
 Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
 Of nature, overlooks her Author more;
 From inflrumental caufes proud to Oraw
 Conclufions retrograde, and mad miftake.
 But if his word once teach us, fhoot a ray
 Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
 Truths undifcern'd but by that holy light,
 Then all is plain. Philofophy, baptized

In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and, viewing all the fees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives *Him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches : piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale ! for deep discernment praised,
And found integrity, not more than famed
For sanctity of manners undefiled.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower distill'd in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of vanity, that seizes all below.
The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
And wherefore ? will not God impart his light
To them that ask it?—Freely; 'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,

Or negligent enquirer, not a spark.

What's that which brings contempt upon a book,
And him that writes it, though the style be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact ?

That makes a minister in holy things

The joy of many, and the Oread of more,

His name a theme for praise and for reproach ?—

That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?

What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,

That learning is too proud to gather up ;

But which the poor and the despised of all

Seek and obtain, and often find unfought?

Tell me, and I will tell thee what is truth.

Oh friendly to the best pursuits of man,

Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,

Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd!

Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;

Though many boast thy favours, and affect

To understand and choose thee for their own,

But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,

E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,

Though placed in Paradise [for earth has still

Some traces of her youthful beauty left),

Substantial happiness for transient joy.

Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse

The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,

By every pleasing image they present,

Reflections such as meliorate the heart,

Compose the passions, and exalt the mind;

Scenes such as these 'tis his supreme delight

To fill with riot, and defile with blood.

Should fome contagion, kind to the poor brutes
 We perfecute, annihilate the tribes
 That draw the fportfman aver hill and dale,
 Fearlefs and rapt away from all his cares ;
 Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
 Nor baited hook deceive the fifli's eye ;
 Could pageantry and dance, and feaft and long,
 Be quell'd in all our fummer-month retreats ;
 How many felf-deluded nymphs and fwains,
 Who dream they have a tafte for fields and groves,
 Would find them hideous nurferies of the fpleen,
 And crowd the roads, impatient for the town !
 They love the country, and none elfe, who feek
 For their own fake its filence and its fhade.
 Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
 Sufceptible of pity, or a mind
 Cultured and capable of fober thought,
 For all the favage din of the fwift pack,
 And clamours of the field?—Detefted fport,
 That OWES its pleafures to another's pain ;
 That feeds upon the fobs and dying (hrieks
 Of harmlefs nature, dumb, but yet endued
 With eloquence, that agonies infpire,
 Of filent tears and heart-diftending lighs ?
 Vain tears, alas, and lighs that never find
 A correponding tone in jovial foulds !
 Well—one at haft is fafe. One fhelter'd hare
 Has never heard the fanguinary yell
 Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
 Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
 Wham ten long years¹ experience of my care
 Has made at laft familiar; fhe has loft

Much of her vigilant inftintive dread,
 Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
 Yes—thou mayft eat thy bread, and lick the hand
 That feeds thee; thou mayft frolic on the floor
 At evening, and at night retire fecure
 To thy ftraw couch, and flumber unalarm'd;
 For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledged
 All that is human in me, to protect
 Thine unfufpecting gratitude and love.
 If I furvive thee, I will dig thy grave;
 And, when I place thee in it, fighting fay,
 I knew at leaft one hare that had a friend.*

How various his employments whom the world
 Calls idle; and who juftly in return
 Efteems that bufy world an idler too !
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
 Delightful induftry enjoy'd at home,
 And Nature in her cultivated trim
 Oreff'd to his tafte, inviting him abroad,—
 Can he want occupation who has thefe ?
 Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
 Me therefore ftudious of laborious cafe,
 Nat flathful, happy to deceive the time,
 Not wafte it, and aware that human life
 Is but a loan to be repaid with ufe,
 When He (hall call his debtors to account,
 From whom are all our bleflings, bufinefs finds
 E'en here : while fedulous I feek to improve,
 At leaft negleft not, or leave unemploy'd,
 The mind he gave me; driving it, though flack

* See the note at the end of this volume,

Too oft, and much impeded in its work
 By causes not to be divulged in vain,
 To its just point—the service of mankind.
 He, that attends to his interior self,
 That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
 That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
 A false, not a dissipated life,
 Has business; feels himself engaged to achieve
 No unimportant, though a silent, task.
 A life all turbulence and noise may seem
 To him that leads it, wise and to be praised;
 But wisdom is a pearl with most success
 Sought in still water and beneath clear skies.
 He that is ever occupied in florins,
 Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
 Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

The morning finds the self-seeker'd man
 Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.
 Whether inclement seasons recommend
 His warm but simple home, where he enjoys
 With her, who shares his pleasures and his heart,
 Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph,
 Which neatly fate prepares; then to his book
 Well chosen, and not fully perused
 In selfish silence, but imparted oft,
 As ought occurs, that she may smile to hear,
 Or turn to nourishment, digested well.
 Or if the garden with its many cares,
 All well repaid, demand him, he attends
 The welcome call, conscious how much the hand
 Of laggard Labour needs his watchful eye,
 Oft loitering lazily, if not overseen,

Or misapplying his unflulful ftrength.
 Nor docs he govern only or direft,
 But much performs himfelf. No works, indeed,
 That afk robuft, tough finews, bred to toil,
 Servile employ; but fuch as may amufe,
 Not tire, demanding rather fkill than force.
 Proud of his well fpread walls, he views his trees,
 That meet no barren interval between,
 With pleafure more than e'en their fruits afford ;
 Which, fave himfelf who trains them, none can
 feel.

Thefe therefore are his own peculiar charge;
 No meaner hand may difcipline the fhoots,
 None but his fteel approach them, What is weak,
 Diftemper'd, or has loft prolific powers,
 Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand
 Dooms to the knife: nor does he fpare the foft
 And fucculent, that feeds its giant growth,
 But barren, at the expenfe of neighbouring twigs
 Lefs oftentatious, and yet ftudded thick
 With hopeful gems. The reft, no portion left
 That may difgrace his art, or difappoint
 Large expectation, he difpofes neat
 At meafured diftances, that air and fun,
 Admitted freely, may afford their aid,
 And ventilate and warm the fwelling buds.
 Hence Summer has her riches, Autumn hence,
 And hence e'en Winter fills his wither'd hand
 With blufting fruits, and plenty not his own.*
 Fair recompenfe of labour well beftow'd,

* *Miraturque novas fructus et nun sua pona.—Virg.*

And wife precaution ; which a clime fa rude
 Makes needful ftill, whofe Spring is but the child
 Of churlifti Winter, in her froward moo'ds
 Difcovering much the temper of her fire.

For oft, as if in her the fteam of mild
 Maternal nature had reverfed its courfe,
 She brings her infants forth with many fmiles ;
 But, once deliver'd, kills them with a frown.
 He therefore, timely warn'd, himfelf fupplies
 Her want of care, fcreening and keeping warm
 The plenteous bloom, that no rough blaft may
 fweep

His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
 As the fun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,
 The fence withOrawn, he gives them every beam,
 And fpreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

To raife the prickly and green-coated gourd,
 So grateful to the palate, and when rare
 So coveted, elfe bafe and difeftem'd—
 Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
 That toiling ages have but juft matured,
 And at this moment unaffay'd in fong.
 Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long fince,
 Their eulogy ; thofe fang the Mantuan bard,
 And thefe the Grecian, in ennobling ftrains;
 And in thy numbers, Phillips, fhines for aye
 The folitary Shilling. Pardon then,
 Ye fage difpenfers of poetic fame,
 The ambition of one meaner far, whofe powers,
 Prefuming an attempt not lefs fublime,
 Pant for the praife of Orefling to the tafte
 Of critic appetite, no fordid fare,

A cucumber, while softly yet and scarce.

The {table yields a ftercorarious heap,
 Impregnated with quick fermenting falts.
 And potent to-refift the freezing blaft :
 For, ere the beech and elm have caft their leaf
 Deciduous, and when now November dark
 Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
 Expofed to his cold breath, the tafk begins.
 Warily therefore, and with prudent heed,
 He feeks a favour'd fpot; that where he builds
 The agglomerated pile, his frame may front
 The fun's meridian difk, and at the back
 Enjoy clofe ftielter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
 Impervious to the wind. Firft he bids fpread
 Ory fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe
 The afcending damps ; then leifurely impofe,
 And lightly, fhaking it with agile hand
 From the full fork, the faturated ftraw.
 What longeft binds the clofeft, forms fecure
 The fhapely fide, that as it rifes takes,
 By juft degrees, an overhanging breadth,
 Sheltering the bafe with its projected eaves:
 The uplifted frame, compaft at every joint,
 And overlaid with clear tranfluent glafs,
 He fettles next upon the floping mount,
 Whofe fharp declivity fhoots off fecure
 From the dafh'd pane the deluge as it falls.
 He fhuts it clofe, and the firft labour ends.
 Thrice muft the voluble and reftlefs earth
 Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,
 Slow gathering in the midft, through the fquare
 mafs

Diffused, attain the surface : when, behold !
A pestilent and most corrosive steam,
Like a gross fog Boeotian, riling fast,
And fast condensed upon the dewy fath,
Afsk egress ; which obtain'd, the overcharged
And Orench'd conservatory breathes abroad,
In volumes wheeling flow, the vapour dank ;
And,,purified, rejoices to have lost
Its foul inhabitant. But to assuage
The impatient fervour, which it first conceives
Within its reeking bosom, threatening death
To his young hopes, requires discreet delay.
Experience, flow preceptress, teaching oft
The way to glory by miscarriage foul,
Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch
The auspicious moment, when the temper'd heat,
Friendly to vital motion, may afford
Soft fomentation, and invite the feed.
The feed, selected wisely, plump, and smooth,
And glossy, he commits to pots of size
Diminutive, well fill'd with well prepared
And fruitful soil, that has been treasured long,
And Orunk no moisture from the dripping clouds.
These on the warm and genial earth, that hides
The smoking manure, and o'erfpreads it all,
He places lightly, and, as time subdues
The rage of fermentation, plunges deep
In the soft medium, till they stand immerfed.
Then rise the tender germs, upstarting quick,
And spreading wide their spongy lobes ; at first
Pale, wan, and livid ; but afluming soon,
If fann'd by balmy and nutritious air,

Strain'd through the friendly mats, a vivid green.
 Two haves produced, two rough indented leaves,
 Cautious he pinches from the fecond ftalk
 A pimple, that portends a future fprout,
 And interdicts its growth. Thence ftraightfucceed
 The branches, fturdy to his utmoft wifh;
 Prolific all, and harbingers of more.

The crowded roots demand enlargement now,
 And tranplantation in an ampler fpace.
 Indulged in what they wifh, they foon fupply
 Large foliage, overfhadowing golden flowers,
 Blown on the fummit of the apparent fruit.
 Thefe have their fexes; and, when fummer fhines,
 The bee tranfports the fertilizing meal
 Frum flower to flower, and e'en the breathing air
 Wafts the rich prize to its appointed ufe.
 Not fo when winter fcowls. Afliftant Art
 Then acts in Nature's office, brings to pafs
 The glad efpoufals, and enfures the crop.

Grudge not, ye rich (fince Luxury muft have
 His dainties, and the World's more numerous half
 Lives by contriving delicates for you),
 Grudge not the coft. Ye little know the cares,
 The vigilance, the labour, and the fkill,
 That day and night are exercifed, and hang
 Upon the ticklifh balance of fufpenfe,
 That ye may garnifli your profufe regales
 With fummer fruits, brought forth by wintry funs.
 Ten thoufand dangers lie in wait to thwart
 The procefs. Heat, and cold, and wind, and fteam,
 Moifture, and drought, mice, worms, and fwarming
 flics,

Minute as duft, and numberlefs, oft work
 Dire difappointment, that admits no cure,
 And which no care can obviate. **I**t were long,
 Too long, to tell the expedients and the fliifts
 Which he that fights a feafon fo fevere
 Devifes, while he guards his tender truft ;
 And oft at laft in vain. The learn'd and wife
 Sarcatic would exclaim, and judge the fong
 CoId as its theme, and like its theme the fruit
 Of too much labour, worthlefs when produced.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhoufe too.
 Unconfcious of a lefs propitious clime,
 There blooms exotic beauty, warm and fnug,
 While the winds whittle, and the fnows defcend.
 The fpiry myrtle with unwithering leaf
 Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boaft
 Of Portugal and weftern India there,
 The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
 Peep through their polifh'd foliage at the ftorm,
 And feem ta fmile at what they need not fear.
 The amomum there with intermingling flowers
 And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boafte
 Her crimfon honours; and the fpangled beau,
 Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
 All plants, *of* every leaf, that can endure
 The winter's frown, if fcreen'd from his ftirewd
 bite,
 Live there, and proffer. Thofe Aufonia claims
 Levantine regions thefe; the Azores fend
 Their jefflamine, her jefflamine remote
 Caffraia : foreigners from many lands,
 They form one facial fhade, as if convened

By magic fummons of the Orphean lyre-
 Yet juft arrangement, rarely brought to pafs
 But by a mailer's hand, difpofing well
 The gay diverfities of leaf and flower,
 Muft lend its aid to illuftrate all their charms,
 And Orefs the regular yet various fcene.
 Plant behind plant afpiring, in the van
 The dwarfifti, in the rear retired, but ftill
 Sublime above the reft, the ftatelier ftand.
 So once were ranged the fons of ancient Rome,
 A noble fhow! while Rofcius trod the ftage ;
 And fo, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,
 The fons of Albion ; fearing each to lofe
 Some note of Nature's mufic from his lips,
 And covetous of Shakefpeare's beauty, feen
In every flafli of his far-beaming eye.
 Nor tafte alone and well contrived difplay
 Suffice to give the marfhal'd ranks the grace
 Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
 Unfung, and many cares are yet behind,
 And more laborious; cares on which depends
 Their vigour, injured foon, not foon reftored.
 The foil muft be renew'd, which often wafh'd
 Lofes its treafure of falubrious falts,
 And difappoints the roots; the flender roots
 Clofe interwoven, where they meet the vafe,
 Muft fsmooth be fhorn away; the faplefs branch
 Muft fly before the knife ; the wither'd leaf
 Muft be detach'd, and where it ftrews the floor
 Swept with a woman's neatnefs, breeding elfe
 Contagion, and difleminating death.
 Difcharge but thefe kind offices (and who

Would spare, that loves them, offices like these ?)
 Well they reward the toil. The fight is pleased,
 The scent regaled, each odoriferous leaf,
 Each opening blossom freely breathes abroad
 Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.

So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
 All healthful, are the employments of rural life,
 Reiterated as the wheel of time
 Runs round; still ending, and beginning still.
 Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,
 That softly swell'd and gaily dress'd appears
 A flowery island, from the dark green lawn
 Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due
 To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
 Here also grateful mixture of well match'd
 And sort'd hues (each giving each relief,
 And by contrasted beauty shining more)
 Is needful. Strength may wield the ponderous
 spade,

May turn the clod, and wheel the compost horse;
 But elegance, chief grace the garden (hows,
 And most attractive, is the fair result
 Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind.
 Without it all is Gothic as the scene
 To which the infipid citizen resorts
 Near yonder heath ; where Industry mispent,
 But proud of his uncouth ill chosen task,
 Has made a heaven on earth; with funs and moons
 Of close-ramm'd Hones has charged the encum-
 ber'd foil,

And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.

He therefore who would see his flowers disposed

Sightly and injuft order, ere he gives
 The beds the truſted treafure of their feeds,
 Forecaſts the future whole; that when the ſcene
 Shall break into its preconceived diſplay,
 Each for itſelf, and all as with one voice
 Conſpiring, may atteſt his bright deſign.
 Nor even then, diſmiſſing as performed
 His pleaſant work, may he ſuppoſe it done.
 Few ſelf-ſupported flowers endure the wind
 Uninjured, but expect the upholding aid
 Of the ſmooth-haven prop, and, neatly tied,
 Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age,
 For intereſt-ſake, the living to the dead.
 Some clothe the foil that feeds them, far diſſeſed
 And lowly creeping, modeſt and yet fair,
 Like virtue, thriving moſt where little ſeen ;
 Some, more aſpiring, catch the neighbour ſhrub
 With claſping tendrils, and inveſt his branch
 Elſe unadorn'd, with many a gay feſtnon
 And fragrant chaplet, recompenſing well
 The ſtrength they borrow with the grace they lend.
 All hate the rank ſociety of weeds,
 Noiſome, and ever greedy to exhauſt
 The impoveriſh'd earth; an overbearing race,
 That, like the multitude, made faſtion-mad,
 Diſturb good order, and degrade true worth.

O bleſt ſecluſion from a jarring world,
 Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
 Cannot indeed to guilty man reſtore
 Loſt innocence, or cancel follies paſt;
 But it has peace, and much ſecures the mind
 From all aſſaults of evil; proving ſtill

A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease
 By vicious Custom, raging uncontrord
 Abroad, and defolating public life.
 When fierce temptation, feconded within
 By traitor Appetite, and arm'd with darts
 Tempered in hell, invades the throbbing breast,
 To combat may be glorious, and success
 Perhaps may crown us ; but to fly is safe.
 Had I the choice of sublunary good,
 What could I wish, that I possess not here ?
 Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship,
 peace,
 No loose or wanton, though a wandering muse,
 And constant occupation without care.
 Thus blest I draw a picture of that bliss;
 Hopeless indeed, that dissipated minds,
 And profligate abusers of a world
 Created fair so much in vain for them,
 Should seek the guiltless joys that I describe,
 Allured by my report: but fare no less,
 That self-condemn'd they must neglect the prize,
 And what they will not taste must yet approve.
 What we admire WE praise ; and, when WE praise,
 Advance it into notice, that, its worth
 Acknowledged, others may admire it too.
 I therefore recommend, though at the risk
 Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,
 The cause of piety and sacred truth,
 And virtue, and those scenes which God ordain'd
 Should best secure them, and promote them most;
 Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
 Forfaken, or through folly not enjoy'd.

Pure is the nymph, though liberal of her smiles,
 And chaste, though unconfined, whom I extol.
 Not as the prince in Shufhan, when he call'd,
 Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vafliti forth,
 To grace the full pavilion. His defign
 Was but to boast his own peculiar good,
 Which all might view with envy, none partake.
 My charmer is not mine alone; my sweets,
 And she, that sweetens all my bitters too,
 Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
 And lineaments divine I trace a hand
 That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,
 Is free to all men, universal prize.
 Strange that so fair a creature should yet want
 Admirers, and be destined to divide
 With meaner objects even the few she finds !
 Stripped of her ornaments, her leaves, and flowers,
 She loses all her influence. Cities then
 Attract us, and neglected Nature pines,
 Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.
 But are not wholesome airs, though unperfum'd
 By roses; and clear funs, though scarcely felt ;
 And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure
 From clamour, and whose very silence charms;
 To be prefer'd to smoke, to the eclipse
 That metropolitan volcanoes make,
 Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day
 long;
 And to the stir of Commerce, driving flow,
 And thundering loud, with histen thousand wheels?
 They would be, were not madness in the head,
 And folly in the heart; were England now

What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days,
And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
Knew their own masters; and laborious hinds,
That had survived the father, served the son.
Now the legitimate and rightful Lord
Is but a transient guest, newly arrived,
And soon to be supplanted. He that law
His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.
Estates are landscapes, gazed upon awhile,
Then advertised, and auctioneer'd away.
The country starves, and they that feed the o'er-
charged
And forfeited lewd town with her fair dues,
By a just judgement strip and starve themselves.
The wings, that waft our riches out of sight,
Grow on the gambler's elbows; and the alert
And nimble motion of those restless joints,
That never tire, soon fans them all away.
Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes!
The omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!
Down falls the venerable pile, the abode
Of our forefathers—a grave whicker'd race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,
But in a distant spot; where more exposed
It may enjoy the advantage of the North,
And aguish East, till time shall have transform'd
Those naked acres to a flickering grove.

He fpeaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn;
Woods vanifli, hills fubfide, and valleys rife;
And freams, as if created for his ufe,
Purfue the track of his directing wand,
Sinuous or ftraight, now rapid and now flow,
Now murmuring foft, now roaring in cafcades—
E'en as he bids! The enraptured owner fmiles.
'Tis finifli'd ! and yet, finifli'd as it feems,
Still wants a grace, the lovelieft it could fhow,
A mine to fatisfy the enormous coft.
Orain'd to the laft poor item of his wealth,
He fights, departs, and leaves the accomplish'd plan,
That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day
Labour'd, and many a night purfued in dreams,
Juft when it meets his hopes, and proves the heaven
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy !
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come,
When, having no ftake left, no pledge to endear
Her interefts, or that gives her facred caufe
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with moft intenfè and flagrant zeal,
To ferve his country. Minifterial grace
Deals him out money from the public cheft;
Or, if that mine be {hut, fome private purfe
Supplies his need with an ufurious loan,
To be refunded duly, when his vote
Well managed ftiall have earn'd its worthy price,
O innocent, compared with arts like thefe,
Crape, and cock'd piftol, and the whittling ball
Sent through the traveller's temples ! He that finds
One Orop of Heaven's fweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perifti, well content,

So he may wrap himself in honest rags
 At his last gasp; but could not for a world
 Fetch up his dirty and dependent bread
 From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
 Sordid and sickening at his own success.

Ambition, avarice, penury incur'd
 By endless riot, vanity, the lust
 Of pleasure and variety, despatch,
 As duly as the swallows disappear,
 The world of wandering knights and squires to
 town.

London gulfs them all! The flerk is there,
 And the flark's prey; the spendthrift, and the
leech

That sucks him; there the hypocrite, and he
 That with bareheaded and obsequious bows,
 Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail
 And groat *per diem*, if his patron frown.
 The levee swarms, as if in golden pomp
 Were character'd on every statesman's door,
 "Batter'd and bankrupt fortunes mended here."
 These are the charms that fully and eclipse
 The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe
 That lean hard-handed Poverty inflicts,
 The hope of better things, the chance to win,
 The wish to fline, the thirst to be amused,
 That at the found of Winter's hoary wing
 Unpeople all our counties of such herds
 Of fluttering, loitering, cringing, begging, loofe,
 And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast
 And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.

O thou, resort and mart of all the earth,

Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleafest and yet fhock'ft me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can defpond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee !
Ten righteous would have fav'd a city once,
And thou haft many righteous.—Well for thee—
That fait preferves thee; more corrupted elfe,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard his Abraham plead in vain.



THE TASK.

BOOK IV. THE WINTER EVENING.

ARGUMENT.

The post comes in. The newspaper is read. The world contemplated at a distance. Address to Winter. The amusements of a rural winter evening compared with the fashionable ones. Address to Evening. A brown study. Fall of snow in the evening. The waggoner. A poor family-piece. The rural thief. Public houses. The multitude of them censured. The farmer's daughter: what she was—what she is. The simplicity of country manners almost lost. Causes of the change. Desertion of the country by the rich. Neglect of magistrates. The militia principally in fault. The new recruit and his transformation. Reflection on bodies corporate. The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.



THE TASK.

BOOK IV. THE WINTER EVENING.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearifome but needful length
Befrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her un wrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noify world,
With fpatter'd boots, ftrapp'd waift, and frozen
locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the clofe-pack'd load behind,
Yet carelefs what he brings, his one concern
Is to canduft it to the deftined inn;
And, having Dropp'd the expected bag, pafs on.
He whittles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: meflenger of grief
Perhaps to thoufands, and of joy to fame;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houfes in afhes, and the fall of flocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epiftles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Faft as the periods from his fluent quill,

Or charged with amorous figs of abfent fwains,
 Or nymphs refponfive, equally affeft
 His horfe and him, unconfcious of them all.
 But O the important budget! uftier'd in
 With fuch heart-fhaking mufic, who can fay
 What are its tidings ? Have our troops awaked ?
 Or do they ftill, as if with opium drugg'd,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
 Is India free ? and does fhe wear her plumed
 And jewel'd turban with a fmile of peace,
 Or do we grind her ftill ? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wifdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
 I burn to fet the imprifon'd wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again,
 Now ftir the fire, and clofe the ftutters faft,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the fofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hifling urn
 Throws up a fteamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not fuch his evening, who with tinning face
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and fqueezed
 And bored with elbow-paints through both his
 fides,
 Outcolds the ranting aftor on the ftage :
 Nor his, who patient ftands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots, burfting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and fmiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work!

Which not e'en critics criticife; that holds
Inquifitive attention, while I read,
Faft bound in chains of flence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themfelves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of bufy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vaft concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts Ambition. On the fummit fee
The feals of office glitter in his eyes ;
He climbs, he pants, he grafps them ! At his heels,
Clove at his heels, a demagogue afcends,
And with a dexterous jerk foon twifts him down,
And wins them, but to lofe them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in foft
Meanders lubricate the courfe they take;
The modeft fpeaker is afhamed and grieved
To engrofs a moment's notice ; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bafffulnefs! it claims at leaft this praife ;
The dearth of information and good fenfe,
That it foretells us, always comes to pafs.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forefts of no meaning fpread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders loft;
While fields of pleafantry amufe us there
With merry defcants on a nation's woes.
The reft appears a wildernefs of ftrange
But gay confufion ; rofes for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothlefs, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their fweets,

Nefarious pleasures, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
 Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
 And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'Tis phantasm, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus fitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations ; I behold
 The tumult, and am still, The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And avarice that make man a wolf to man ;
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land ;
 The manners, customs, policy of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans ;
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return—a rich repast for me.
 He, travels, and I too. I tread his deck,

Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with fleet like afties fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other fnows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the fun
A prisoner in the yet undawning East,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy West; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of founding an alarm assaults these doors

Till the ftreetrings; no ftationary fteeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedlefs of the
found,

The filent circle fan themfelves, and quake :
But here the needle plies its bufy tafk,
The pattern grows, the well depifted flower,
Wrought patiently into the fnowy lawn,
Unfolds its bofom; buds, and leaves, and fprigs,
And curling tenOrils, gracefully difpofed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With moft fucefs when all befides decay.

The poet's or hiftarian's page by one
Made vocal for the amufement of the reft;
The fprightly lyre, whofe treafure of fweet founds
Thetouch from manya. trembling chord fhakes out;
And the clear voice, fymphonious, yet diftinct,
And in the charming ftrife triumphant ftill,
Beguile the night, and fet a keener edge
On female induftry : the threaded fteel
Flies fwiftly, and unfelt the tafk proceeds.

The volume clofed, the cuftomary rites
Of the laft meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the miftrefs of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domeftic fhade,
Enjoy'd, fpare feaft ! a radifh and an egg!
Difcourfe enfues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor fuch as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or profcibes the found of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,

Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them an intruder on their joys,
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand,
 That calls the part to our exact review,
 The dangers we have escaped, the broken snare,
 The disappointed foe, deliverance found
 Unlock'd for, life preserved, and peace restored,
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

O evenings worthy of the Gods! exclaim'd
 The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
 More to be prized and coveted than yours,
 As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
 Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
 The pent-up breath of an unfavoury throng,
 To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
 And snappifti dialogue, that flippant wits
 Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
 The self-complacent actor, when he views
 (Stealing a fide-long glance at a full house)
 The flope effaces, from the floor to the roof
 [As if one master-spring control'd them all],
 Relax'd into a univerfal grin,
 Sees not a countenance there that I speak a joy
 Half so refined or so sincere as ours.
 Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks
 That idleness has ever yet contrived
 To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,

To palliate dulnefs, and give time a fhove.
 Time, as he paffes us, has a dove's wing,
 Unfoil'd, and fwift, and of a filken found;
 But the World's time is Time in mafquerade!
 Theirs, fhould I paint him, has his pinions fledged
 With motley plumes; and, where the peacock
 flows

His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red
 With fpots quadrangular of diamond form,
 Enfanguined hearts, clubs typical of ftrife,
 And fpades, the emblem of untimely graves.
 What fhould be, and what was an hourglafs once,
 Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard maft
 Well does the work of his deftructive feythe.
 Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom Fafhion
 blinds

To his true worth, moft pleafed when idle moft;
 Whofe only happy are their wafted hours.
 E'en mifles, at whofe age their mothers wore
 The back-firing and the bib, aflume the Orefs
 Of womanhood, fit pupils in the fchool
 Of card-devoted time, and night by night
 Placed at fame vacant corner of the board,
 Learn every trick, and foon play all the game.
 But truce with cenfure. Roving as I rove,
 Where fhall I find an end, or how proceed?
 As he that travels far oft turns afide,
 To view fome rugged rock or mouldering tower,
 Which feen delights him not; then, coming home,
 Defcribes and prints it, that the world may know
 How far he went for what was nothing worth ;
 So I, with brufh in hand and pallet fpread,

With colours mix'd for a far different use,
Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing
That Fancy finds in her excurfive flights,

Come, Evening, once again, feafon of peace;
Return, fweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I fee thee in the ftreaky weft,
With matron-ftep flow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy fweeping train ; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repofe

On bird and beaft, the other charged for man
With fweet oblivion of the cares of day :
Not fumptuoufly adorn'd, not needing aid,
Like homely featured Night, of cluftering gems ;
A ftar or two, juft twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee ; fave that the moon is thine
No lefs than hers, not worn indeed on high
With oftentatious pageantry, but fet
With modeft grandeur in thy purple zone,
Replendent lefs, but of an ampler round.

Come then, and thou fhalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me fo. Compofure is thy gift:
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to mufic, or the poet's toil ;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;
Or twining filken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to
pleafe ;

I flight thee not, but make thee welcome ftill.

Juft when our Orawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliath, might have feen his giant bulk

Whole without ftooping, towering creft and all,
 My pleafures too begin. But me perhaps
 The glowing hearth may fatisfy awhile
 With faint illumination, that uplifts
 The fhadow to the ceiling, there by fits
 Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame-
 Not undelightful is an hour to me
 SD fpent in parlour twilight: fuch a gloom
 Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
 The mind contemplative, with fome new theme
 Pregnant, or indifpofed alike to all.
 Laugh ye, who boaft your more mercurial powers,
 That never feel a ftupor, know no pause,
 Nor need one; I am confcious, and confefs,
 Fearlefs, a foul that does not always think.
 Me oft has Fancy ludicrous and wild
 Soothed with a waking dream of houfes, towers,
 Trees, churches, and ftrange vifages, expreff'd
 In the red cinders, while with poring eye
 I gazed, myfelf creating what I faw.
 Nor lefs amufed, have I quiet watch'd
 The footy films that play upon the bars,
 Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
 Of fuperftition, prophefying ftill,
 Though ftill deceived, fame ftranger's near ap-
 proach.
 'Tis thus the underftanding takes repofe
 In indolent vacuity of thought,
 And deeps and is refrefth'd, Meanwhile the face
 Conceals the mood lethargic with a mafk
 Of deep deliberation, as the man
 Were tafk'd to his full ftrength, abforb'd and loft.

Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
 At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
 That sweeps the bolted flutter, summons home
 The recollected powers; and snapping flint
 The glassy threads with which the Fancy weaves
 Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
 How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
 Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
 The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within !
 I saw the woods and fields at close of day
 A variegated show; the meadows green,
 Though faded ; and the lands, where lately waved
 The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
 Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share.
 I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
 With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
 By flocks just feeding, and selecting each
 His favourite herb ; while all the leafless groves,
 That skirt the horizon, wore a fable hue,
 Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
 To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
 Which even now, though silently perform'd,
 And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
 Of universal nature undergoes.
 Just falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes
 Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
 Softly alighting upon all below,
 Affiliate all objects. Earth receives
 Gladly the thickening mantle ; and the green
 And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
 In such a world, so thorny, and where none

Finds happiness unblighted; or, if found,
 Without some thiftly furrow at its side;
 It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
 Against the law of love, to measure lots
 With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
 We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
 And sympathize with others suffering more,
 Ill fares the traveller now, and he that talks
 In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
 The wain goes heavily, impeded fore
 By congregated loads adhering close
 To the clogg'd wheels; and in its fluggish pace
 Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
 The toiling feeds expand the nostril wide,
 While every breath, by respiration strong
 Forced downward, is consolidated soon
 Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
 The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
 With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
 Presented bare against the storm, plods on,
 One hand secures his hat, save when with both
 He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
 Refounding oft, and never heard in vain.
 O happy; and, in my account, denied
 That sensibility of pain with which
 Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
 Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
 The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
 The learned finger never need explore
 Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful East,
 That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
 Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.

Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
 Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
 That **drag** the dull companion to and fro,
 Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
 Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'ft,
 Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,
 With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
 Humane as they would seem, not always show.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
 Such claim companion in a night like this,
 And have a friend in every feeling heart.
 Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
 They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
 Illclad, and fed but sparingly, time to cool.
 The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
 Her scanty flock of brushwood, blazing clear,
 But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
 The few small embers left she nurses well;
 And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,
 And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
 Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.
 The man feels least, as more inured than she
 To winter, and the current in his veins
 More briskly moved by his feverer toil;
 Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
 The taper soon extinguid'd, which I saw
 Dangled along at the cold finger's end
 Just when the day declined; and the brown loaf
 Lodged on the shelf, half eaten without fauce
 Of favoury cheese, or butter, costlier still;
 Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas,
 Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd.

104 *THE* *TASK,*

And fweet colloquial pleafures are but few!
 With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care,
 Ingenious Parfimony takes, but juft
 Saves the fmall inventory, bed, and ftool,
 Skillet, and old carved cheft, from public fale.
 They live, and live without extorted alms
 From grudging hands; but other boaft have none
 To foothe their honeft pride, that fcorns to beg,
 Nor comfort elfe, but in their mutual love.
 I praife you much, ye meek and patient pair,
 For ye are worthy; choofing rather far
 A dry but independent cruft, hard-earn'd,
 And eaten with a figh, than to endure
 The rugged frowns and infolent rebuffs
 Of knaves in office, partial in the work
 Of diftribution; liberal of their aid
 To clamorous importunity in rags,
 But oft-times deaf to fuppliants, who would blufh
 To wear a tatter'd garb however coarfe,
 Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
 Thefe afk with painful fliyriefts, and, refufed
 Befcaufe deferving, filently retire)
 But be ye of good courage! time itfelf [creafe;
 Shall much befriend you. Time fhall give in-
 And all your numerous progeny, well train'd,
 But helpiefs, in few years fhall find their hands,
 And labour too. Meanwhile ye fhall not want
 What, confcious of your virtues, we can fpare,
 Nor what a wealthier than ourfelves may fend.
 I mean the man who, when the diftant poor
 Need help, denies them nothing but his name.
 But poverty with moft, who whimper forth

Their long complaints, is self-inflited woe;
The effect of laziness or fottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much felicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge,
Plash'd neatly, and secured with driven flakes
Deep in the loamy bank! Uptorn by strength,
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
An ass's burden, and, when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well stack'd pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrench'd the door, however well secured,
Where Chanticleer amid his harem sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp. Twitch'd from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain,
And loudly wondering at the sudden change.
Nor this to feed his own! 'Twere some excuse,
Did pity of their sufferings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they
Neglected pine at home; themselves, as more
Exposed than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robb'd of their defences all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety that prompts
His every action, and imbrutes the man.

O for a law to noofe the villain's neck
 Who ftarves his own; who perfecutes the blood
 He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
 And wrongs the woman he has fworn to love !

Pafs where we may, thro' city or thro' town,
 Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
 Though lean and bccgar'd, every twentieth pace
 Conduits the unguarded nofe to fuch a whiff
 Of ftale debauch, forth iffuing from the ftyes
 That law has licenfed, as makes temperance reel.
 There fit, involved and loft in curling clouds
 Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
 The lacquey, and the groom : the craftman there
 Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil;
 Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the /hears,
 And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
 All learned, and all drunk! the fiddle fcreams
 Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
 Its wafted tones, and harmony unheard :
 Fierce the difpute whate'er the theme ; while fhe,
 Fell Difcord, arbitrefs of fuch debate,
 Perch'd on the fign-poft, holds with even hand
 Her undecifive fcales. In this fhe lays
 A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
 And fmiles delighted with the eternal poife.
 Dire is the frequent curfe, and its twin found,
 The cheek-diftending oath, not to be praifed
 As ornamental, mufical, polite,
 Like thofe which modern fenators employ,
 Whofe oath is rhetoric, and who fwear for fame!
 Behold the fchools in which plebeian minds,
 Once fimple, are initiated in arts,

Which fame may praflife with politer grace,
 But none with readier fkill! 'Tis here they learn
 The road that leads from competence and peace
 To indigence and rapine; till at laft
 Society, grown weary of the load,
 Shakes her encumber'd lap, and cafts them out.
 But cenfure profits little: vain the attempt
 To advertife in verfe a public pert,
 That like the filth, with which the peafant feeds
 His hungry acres, ftinks, and is of ufe.
 The excife is fatten'd with the rich refult
 Of all this riot; and ten thoufand cafs,
 For ever dribbling out their bafe contents,
 Touch'd by the Midas finger of the ftate,
 Bleed gold for Minifters to fport away.
Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
 Glorioufly Orunk, obey the important call!
 Her caufe demands the afliftance of your throats;
 Ye all can fwallow, and fhe afks no more.

Would I had fallen upon thofe happier days
 That poets celebrate; thofe golden times,
 And thofe Arcadian fcenes that Maro fings.
 And SiOney, warbler of poetic profe.
 Nymphs were Dianas then, and fwains had hearts
 That felt their virtues : Innocence, it feems,
 From courts difmiff'd, found fhelter in the groves ;
 The footfteps of Simplicity, impreff'd
 Upon the yielding herbage (fo they fing),
 Then were not all effaced : then fpeech profane,
 And manners profligate, were rarely found,
 Obferved as prodigies, and ~~foon~~ reclaim'd.
 Vain wifh ! thofe days were never : airy dreams

Sat for the picture : and the poet's hand,
 Imparting substance to an empty shade,
 Impofed a gay delirium for a truth.
 Grant it:—I ftill muft envy them an age
 That favour'd fuch a Oream; in days like thefe
 Impoffible, when Virtue is fo fcarce,
 That to fuppofe a fcene where fhe prefides,
Is tramontane, and ftumbles all belief.
 No : we are polifli'd now ! The rural lafs,
 Whom once her virgin modefty and grace,
 Her artlefs manners, and her neat attire,
 So dignified, that fhe was hardly lefs
 Than the fair fhepherdefs of old romance,
 Is feen no more, The character is loft!
 Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft,
 And ribands ftreaming gay, fuperbly raifed,
 And magnified beyond all human fize,
 Indebted to fome fmart wig-weaver's hand
 For more than half the treffes it fuftains;
 Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form
 Ill propp'd upon French heels; fhe might be
 deem'd

(But that the bafket dangling on her arm
 Interprets her more truly) of a rank
 Too proud for dairy work, or fale of eggs.
 Expeft her foon with footboy at her heels,
 No longer blufting for her awkward load,
 Her train and her umbrella all her care !

The town has tinged the country ; and the ftain
 Appears a fpot upon a veftal's robe,
 The worfe for what it foils. The fafliion runs
 Down into fcenes ftill rural; but, alas,

Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now!
Time was when in the pastoral retreat
The unguarded door was safe; men did not watch
To invade another's right, or guard their own.
Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, uncared
By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale
Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
But farewell now to untrustful nights,
And slumbers unalarm'd! Now, ere you sleep,
See that your polished arms be primed with care,
And drop the nightbolt;—ruffians are abroad;
And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear
To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
E'en daylight has its dangers; and the walk
Through paths wastes and woods, unconscious
once

Of other tenants than melodious birds,
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.
Lamented change! to which full many a cause
Inveterate, helpless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill,
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
Increase of power begets increase of wealth;
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess;
Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague,
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they that have an arm to check

The licenfe of the loweft in degree,
 Defert their office; and themfelves, intent
On pleafure, haunt the capital, and thus
 To all the violence of lawlefs hands
 Refign the fcenes their prefence might proteft,
 Authority herfbf not feldom fleeps,
 Though refident, and witnefs of the wrong.
 The plump convivial parfon often bears
 The magifterial fword in vain, and lays
 His reverence and his worfhip both to reft
 On the fame culhion of habitual floth.
 Perhaps timidity refrains his arm ;
 When he fhould ftrike he trembles, and fets free,
 Himfelf enflaved by terror of the band,
 The audacious convift, whom he dares not bind.
 Perhaps, though by profeflion ghofly pure,
 He too may have his vice, and fometimes prove
 Lefs dainty than becomes his grave outfide
 In lucrative concerns. Examine well
 His milk-white hand ; the palm is hardly clean—
 But here and there an ugly fmutch appears.
 Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touched
 Corruption ! Whofo fees an audit here
 Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fifh,
 Wildfowl or venifon; and his errand fpeeds.

But fafter far, and more than all the reft,
 A noble caufe, which none, who bears a fpark
 Of public virtue, ever wifli'd removed,
 Works the deplored and mifchievous effeft.
 'Tis univerfal foldierfhip has ftabb'd
 The heart of merit in the meaner clafs.
 Arms, through the vanity and brainlefs rage

Of thofe that bear them, in whatever caufe,
 Seem moft at variance with all moral good,
 And incompatible with ferious thought.
 The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
 Bleft with an infant's ignorance of all
 But his own fimple pleafures; now and then
 A wrefling match, a footrace, or a fair;
 Is balloted, and trembles at the news:
 Sheepifh he doffs his hat, and mumbling fwears
 A Bible-oath to be whate'er they pleafe,
 To do he knows not what. The tafk perform'd,
 That infant he becomes the ferjeant's care,
 His pupil, and his torment, and his jeft.
 His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
 Bent knees, round fhoulders, and dejected looks
 Procure him many a curfe. By flow degrees,
 Unapt to learn, and form'd of ftubborn fluff,
 He yet by flow degrees puts off himfelf,
 Grows cunfcious of a change, and likes it well:
 He ftands ereft; his flouch becomes a walk;
 He fteps right onward, martial in his air,
 His form, and movement; is as fmart above
 As meal and larded locks can make him; wears
 His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a grace;
 And, his three years of herofhip expired,
 Returns indignant to the flighted plough.
 He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
 Attends him; drives his cattle to a march;
 And fights for the fmart comrades he has left.
 'Twere well if his exterior change were all—
 But with his clumsy port the wretch has loft
 His ignorance and harmlefs manners too.

To fwear, to game, to drink; to fhow at home
 By lewdnefs, idlenefs, and fabbath-breach,
 The great proficiency he made abroad ;
 To aftonifti and to grieve his gazing friends;
 To break fame maiden's and his mother's heart ;
 To be a peft where he was ufeful once ;
 Are his fole aim, and all his glory now.

Man in fociety is like a flower
 Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone
 His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
 Shine out; there only reach their proper ufe.
 But man, a flu elated and leagued with man
 By regal warrant, or felf-join'd by bond
 For intereft-fake, or fwarming into clans
 Beneath one head for purpofes of war,
 Like flowers felected from the reft, and bound
 And bundled clofe to fill fame crowded vafe,
 Fades rapidly, and, by compreffion marr'd,
 Contrafts defilement not to be endured.
 Hence charter'd boroughs are fuch public plagues ;
 And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
 In all their private functions, once combined,
 Become a loathfome body, only fit
 For diffolution, hurtful to the main.
 Hence merchants, unimpeachable of fin
 Againft the charities of domeftic life,
 Incorporated, feem at once to lofe
 Their nature; and, difclaiming all regard
 For mercy and the common rights of man,
 Build factories with blood, conducting trade
 At the fword's point, and dyeing the white robe
 Of innocent commercial Juftice red.

Hence ton the field of glory, as the world
 Mifdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
 With all the majesty of its thundering pomp,
 Enchanting music, and immortal wreaths,
 Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught
 On principle, where foppery atones
 For folly, gallantry for every vice.

But flighted as it is, and by the great
 Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,
 Infected with the manners and the modes
 It knew not once, the country wins me still.
 I never framed a wish, or form'd a plan
 That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
 But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd
 My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
 Had found me, or the hope of being free.
 My very dreams were rural; rural too
 The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
 Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
 Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.
 No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned
 To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
 Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
 Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
 The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech.
 Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms.
 New to my taste his Paradise surpass'd
 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
 To speak its excellence. I danced for joy.
 I marvel'd much that, at so ripe an age
 As twice seven years, his beauties had then first;
 Engaged my wonder; and admiring still,

And ftill admiring, with regret fupposed
 The joy half loft, becaufe not fooner found.
 Thee too, enamour'd of the life I loved,
 Pathetic in its praife, in its purfuit
 Determined, and poflefing it at laft
 With tranfports, fuch as favour'd lovers feel,
 I ftudied, prized, and with'd that I had known
 Ingenious Cowley ! and, though now reclaim'd
 By modern lights from an erroneous tafte,
 I cannot but lament thy fplendid wit
 Entangled in the cobwebs of the fchuols.
 I ftill revere thee, courtly though retired;
 Though ftretch'd at eafe in Chertfey's filent bowers,
 Not unemploy'd; and finding rich amends
 For a loft world in folitude and verfe.
 'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
 Is an ingredient in the compound man,
 Infufed at the creation of the kind.
 And though the Almighty Maker has throughout
 Difcriminated each from each, by ftrokes
 And touches of his hand, with fo much art
 Diversified, that two were never found
 Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
 That all difcern a beauty in his works,
 And all can tafte them : minds that have been
 form'd
 And tutor'd, with a relifh more exaft,
 But none without fame relifh, none unmoved.
 It is a flame that dies not even there,
 Where nothing feeds it : neither bufinefs, crowds,
 Nor habits of luxurious city life,
 Whatever elfe they fmother of true worth

In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
 The villas with which London stands begirt,
 Like a fourth Indian with his belt of beads,
 Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
 The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
 The citizen, and brace his languid frame !
 E'en in the stifling bosom of the town
 A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms
 That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled,
 That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
 Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
 He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
 That Nature lives ; that fight-refreshing green
 Is still the livery she delights to wear,
 Though fickle fables of the exuberant whole.
 What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
 The prouder fashions fronted with a range
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
 The Frenchman's darling ? * are they not all proofs
 That man, immured in cities, still retains
 His inborn inextinguishable thirst
 Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
 By supplemental shifts the best he may ?
 The most unfurnished with the means of life,
 And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
 To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
 Yet feel the burning instinct: over head
 Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
 And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands,

* Mignonette.

A fragment, and the fpoutlefs teapot there ;
 Sad witnefles how clofe-pent man regrets
 The country, with what ardour he contrives
 A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patronefs of health and eafe,
 And contemplation, heart-confoling joys,
 And harmlefs pleafures, in the throng'd abode
 Of multitudes unknown ! hail, rural life !
 Addrefs himfelf who will to the purfuit
 Of honours, or emolument, or fame ;
 I fhall not add myfelf to fuch a chafe,
 Thwart his attempts, or envy his fuccefs.
 Some muft be great. Great offices will have
 Great talents. And God gives to every man
 The virtue, temper, underftanding, tafte,
 That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
 Juft in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.
 To the deliverer of an injured land
 He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart
 To fee], and courage to redrefs her wrongs ;
 To monarchs dignity ; to judges fenfe ;
 To artifts ingenuity and fkill ;
 To me an unambitious mind, content
 In the low vale of life, that early felt
 A wifh for eafe and leifure, and ere long
 Found here that leifure and that eafe I wifli'd.

THE TASK.

*BOOK V. THE WINTER MORNING
WALK.*

ARGUMENT.

Afrofty morning. The foddering of cattle. The woodman and his dog. The poultry. Wh'msical effects of frost at a waterfall. The Empress of Russians palace of ice. Amufements of monarchs: Wari one of them. Wars, whence. And whence monarchy. The evils of it. English and French loyalty contrafted. The Bastille, and a prisoner there. Liberty the chief recommendation of this country. Modern patriotism questionable, and why. The perishable nature of the best human institutions. Spiritual liberty not perijhable. The slavish Jlate of man by nature. Deliver him, Deisl, if you can. Grace muft do it. The refpeflive merits of patriots and martyrs flated. Their different treatment. Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free. Hit relish of the works of God. Address to the Creator.



THE TASK.

BOOK V. THE WINTER MORNING WALK,

TIS morning; and the fun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon ; while the
clouds,

That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Referable most fame city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His flanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity and sage remark,
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye afkance
I view the muscular proportion'd limb
Transform, to a lean flank. The shapless pair,
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step ; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.

120 *THE* *TASK.*

The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grafs, upfearing o'er the reft,
Of late unfightly and unfeen, now ftiine
Confpicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod fuperb.
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and feem halfpetrified to fleep
In unrecumbent fadnefs. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unfupplied; but filent, meek,
And patient of the flow-paced fwain's delay.
He from the ftack carves out the accuftom'd load,
Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the folid mafs :
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant ftands,
With fuch undeviating and even force
He fevers it away : no needlefs care,
Left ftorms fhould overfet the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man ; to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder foreft drear,
From morn to eve his folitary tafk.
Shaggy, and lean, and flirewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd fhort, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Clofe behind his heel
Now creeps he flow ; and now, with many a frifk
Wide fcampering, fnatches up the drifted fnow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his fnout;
Then fhakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedlefs of all his pranks, the fturdy churl

Moves right toward the mark ; nor flops for aught,
 But now and then with preffure of his thumb
 To adjuft the fragrant charge of a fliort tube,
 That fumes beneath his nofe : the trailing cloud
 Streams far behind him, fcenting all the air.
 Now from the rooft, or from the neighbouring
 pah,

Where, diligent to catch the firft faint gleam
 Of fmiling day, they goflip'd fide by fide,
 Come trooping at the houfewife's well known call
 The feather'd tribes domeftic. Half on wing,
 And half on foot, they brufli the fleecy flood,
 Confcious and fearful of too deep a plunge.

The fparrrows peep, and quit the flickering eaves,
 To feize the fair occafion; well they eye
 The fcatter'd grain, and thieviflily refolved
 To efcape the impending famine, often feared
 As oft return, a pert voracious kind.

Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
 Remains to each, the fearch of funny nook,
 Or fhed impervious to the blaft. Refign'd
 To fad neceflity, the cock foregoes

His wonted ftrut; and, wading at their head
 With well confider'd fteps, feems to repent
 His alter'd gait and ftatelinefs retrench'd.

How find the myriads, that in fummer cheer
 The hills and valleys with their ceafelefs fangs,
 Due fuftenance, or where fubfift they now ?

Earth yields them nought: the imprifon'd worm
 is fafe

Beneath the frozen clod ; all feeds of herbs
 Lie cover'd clofe ; and berry-bearing thorns,

That feed the thrufli, [whatever fame fuppofe)
 Afford the fmaller minftrels na fupply.
 The long protrafted rigour of the year
 Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and
 holes

Ten thoufand feek an unmolefted end,
 As inflinct prompts; felf-buried ere they die.
 The very rooks and daws forfake the fields,
 Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
 Repays their labour more; and perch'd aloft
 By the wayfide, or ftalking in the path,
 Lean penfioners upon the traveller's track,
 Pick up their naufeous dole, though fwet to them,
 Of voided pulfe or half-digefted grain.
 The freams are loft amid the fplendid blank,
 D'erwhelming all diftinction. On the flood,
 Indurated and fix'd, the fnowy weight
 Lies undiflblved; while filently beneath,
 And unperceived, the current fteals away.
 Not fo where, fcornful of a check, it leaps
 The mill-dam, dafhes on the refliefs wheel,
 And wantons in the pebbly gulf below :
 No froft can bind it there; its utmoft force
 Can but arreft the light and fmoky mift
 That in its fall the liquid fheet throws wide.
 And fee where it has hung the embroider'd banks
 With forms fo various, that no powers of art,
 The pencil or the pen, may trace the fcene!
 Here glittering turrets rife, upbearing high
 [Fantaftic mifarrangement!) on the roof
 Large growth of what may feem the fparkling trees
 And fhrubs of fairy land. The chryftal drops

B. v. *WINTER MORNING WALK.* 123

That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.
Here grotto within grotto false defies
The funbeam; there, etnboff'd and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likenesses of some object seen before.
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,
And in defiance of her rival powers;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistresses of the fur-clad Rufs!
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Arift,us found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armory of Winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy fleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blood-bruising hail,
And snow, that often blinds the traveller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.

124 *THE* *TASK.*

Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
 Were soon conjoin'd; nor other cement ask'd
 Than water interfused to make them one.
 Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
 Illumined every side : a watery light
 Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
 Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
 From Heaven to Earth, of lambent flame serene.
 So flood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
 And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
 That royal residence might well befit,
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
 Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
 Blush'd on the panels. Mirror needed none
 Where all was vitreous; but in order due
 Convivial table and commodious seat
 [What seem'd a table and commodious seat) were there;
 Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august,
 The same lubricity was found in all,
 And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
 Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
 And soon to hide into a stream again.
 Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
 Of undefin'd feverity, that glanced
 [Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
 On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
 'Twas transient in its nature, as in flow
 'Twas durable; as worthless as it seem'd
 Intrinsically precious ; to the foot
 Treacherous and false ; it smiled, and it was cold.

Great princes have great playthings. Some
 have play'd

At hewing mountains into men, and fame
 At building human wonders mountain-high.
 Some have amufed the dull fad years of life
 |Life fpent in indolence, and therefore fad)
 With fchemes of monumental fame; and fought
 By pyramids and maufolean pomp,
 Shortlived themfelves, to immortalize their bones.
 Some feek diverfion in the tented field,
 And make the farrows of mankind their fport.
 But war's a game which, were their fubjefts wife,
 Kings ftiouli not play at- Nations would do well
 To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
 Of heroes, whofe infirm and baby minds
 Are gratified with mifchief, and who fpoil,
 Befcaufe men fuffer it, their toy the World.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
 Confederacy of projectors wild and vain
 Was fplit into diverfity of tongues,
 Then, as a ftiepherd feparates his flock,
 Thefe to the upland, to the valley thofe,
 Goddraveafunder, and affign'd their lot
 To all the nations. Ample was the boon
 He gave them, in its diftribution fair
 And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
 Peace was awhile their care : they plough'd and
 fow'd,
 And reap'd their plenty without grudge or ftrife,
 But violence can never longer fleep
 Than human paffions pleafe. In every heart
 Are fown the fparks that kindle fiery war ;
 Dccafion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
 Cain had already fhed a brother's blood;

126 *THE* *TASK.*

The deluge wafli'd it out; but left unquench'd
The feeds of murder in the bread of man.
Soon by a righteous judgement in the line
Of his defcending progeny was found
The firft artificer of death; the fhrewd
Contriver, who firft fweated at the forge
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied fteel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
The fvvord and falchion their inventor claim ;
And the firft fmith was the firft murderer's fon.
His art furvived the waters; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and fpread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
Thefe meadows and that range of hills his own,
The tafted fweets of property begat
Defire of more; and induftry in fome,
To improve and cultivate their juft demefne,
Made others covet what they faw fo fair.
Thus wars began on earth : thefe fought for fpoil,
And thofe in felf-defence. Savage at firft
The onfet, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the reft for ftrength,
For ftratagem, or courage, or for all,
Was chofen leader; him they ferved in war,
And him in peace, for fake of warlike deeds
Reverenced no lefs. Who could with him compare ?
Or who fo worthy to control themfelves
As he, whofe prowefs had fubdued their foes?
Thus war, affording field for the difplay
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigencies too, and call

For skill in government, at length made king.
 King was a name too proud for man to wear
 With modesty and meekness; and the crown,
 So dazzling in their eyes who set it on,
 Was sure to intoxicate the brows it bound.
 It is the abject property of most,
 That, being parcel of the common mass,
 And destitute of means to raise themselves,
 They sink, and settle lower than they need.
 They know not what it is to feel within
 A comprehensive faculty that grasps
 Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
 Almost without an effort, plans too vast
 For their conception, which they cannot move.
 Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk
 With gazing, when they see an able man
 Step forth to notice; and, befuddled thus,
 Build him a pedestal, and say, "Stand there,
 And be our admiration and our praise."
 They roll themselves before him in the dust,
 Then boast deserving in their own account,
 When most extravagant in his applause,
 As if exalting him they raised themselves.
 Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
 And sober judgment, that he is but man,
 They demi-deify and fume him so,
 That in due season he forgets it too.
 Inflated and affronted with self-conceit,
 He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,
 Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
 The world was made in vain, if not for him,
 Thenceforth they are his cattle : drudges, born

To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
And sweating in his service, his caprice
Becomes the foul that animates them all.
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reckoning; and they think the fame.
Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
Were burnt into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died.
Strange, that such folly, as lifts bloated man
To eminence, fit only for a God,
Should ever drive out of human lips,
E'en in the cradled weaknesses of the world!
Still stranger much, that when at length mankind
Had reach'd the finewy firmness of their youth,
And could discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
And quake before the Gods themselves had made.
But above measure strange, that neither proof
Of sad experience, nor examples set
By some, whose patriot virtue has prevail'd,
Can even now, when they are grown mature
In wisdom, and with philosophic deeds
Familiar, serve to emancipate the rest!
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from fire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing!

But is it fit, or can it bear the ftiock
 Of rational difcuflion, that a man,
 Compounded and made up like other men
 Of elements tumultuous, in whom luft
 And folly in as ample meafure meet,
 As in the bofoms of the flaves he rules,
 Should be a defpot abfolute, and boaft
 Himfelf the only freeman of his land ?
 Should, when he pleafes, and on whom he will,
 Wage war, with any or with no pretence
 Of provocation given, or wrong fuftain'd,
 And force the beggarly laft doit by means
 That his own humour diftates, from the clutch
 Of Poverty, that thus he may procure
 His thoufands, weary of penurious life,
 A fplendid opportunity to die?
 Say ye, who [with lefs prudence than of old
 Jotham afcribed to his affbmbled trees
 In politic convention) put your truft
 In the ftadow of a bramble, and reclined
 In fancied peace beneath his dangerous branch,
 Rejoice in him, and celebrate his fway,
 Where find ye paflive fortitude ? Whence fprings
 Your felf-denying zeal, that holds it good
 To ftroke the prickly grievance, and to hang
 His thorns with ftreamers of continual praife ?
 We too are friends to loyalty. We love
 The king who loves the law, refpefts his bounds,
 And reigns content within them : him we ferve
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us free :
 But recollecting ftill that he is man,
 We truft him not too far. King though he be,

And king in England too, he may be weak,
 And vain enough to be ambitious still;
 May exercise amidst his proper powers,
 Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
 Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,
 To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
 But not to warp or change it. We are his,
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
 Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
 Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
 We love the man, the paltry pageant you :
 We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
 You the regardless author of its woes :
 We for the sake of liberty a king,
 You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
 Our love is principle, and has its root
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free ;
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
 Were kinglike as true treasure as it seems,
 Sterling, and worthy of a wife man's wife,
 I would not be a king to be beloved
 Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

Whose freedom is by sufferance, and at will
 Of a superior, he is never free.
 Who lives, and is not weary of a life
 Exposed to manacles, deserves them well.
 The state that strives for liberty, though foil'd,
 And forced to abandon what it bravely fought,

Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
 And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
 Not often unsuccessful: power usurp'd
 Is weakness when opposed; conscious of wrong,
 'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
 But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
 All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts;
 The surest preface of the good they seek.*

Then flame to manhood, and opprobrious more
 To France than all her losses and defeats,
 Old or of later date, by sea or land,
 Her house of bondage, worse than that of old
 Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastille.
 Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts;
 Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair,
 That monarchs have supplied from age to age
 With music, such as suits their sovereign ears,
 The sighs and groans of miserable men!
 There's not an English heart that would not leap
 To hear that ye were fallen at last; to know
 That e'en our enemies, so oft employ'd
 In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
 For he that values Liberty confines
 His zeal for her predominance within

• The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware that it is become almost fashionable to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
Immured though unaccused, condemn'd untried,
Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape !
There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a flump,
And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all its pleasant boughs are gone,
To count the hour-bell, and expect no change;
And ever, as the fullen found is heard,
Still to reflect, that though a joyless note
To him whose moments have all one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
Account it music; that it summons fame
To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball:
The wearied hireling finds it a reprieve
From labour; and the lover, that has chid
Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
Upon his heart-firings, trembling with delight:—
To fly for refuge from diffracting thought
To such amusements as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools;—
To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own :—
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend :—
To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The fluds that thick emboss his iron door;

Then downward and then upward, then aflant,
 And then alternate; with a fickly hope
 By dint of change to give his taftelefs tafk
 Same relifh; till the fum, exactly found
 In all dirctions, he begins again :—
 Oh comfortlefs exiftence! hemm'd around
 With woes, which who that fuffers would not kneel
 And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
 That man fhould thus encroach on fellow man,
 Abridge him of his juft and native rights,
 Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
 Upon the endearments of domeftic life
 And focial, nip his fruitfulnefs and ufe,
 And doom him for perhaps a heedlefs word
 To barrennefs, and folitude, and tears,
 Moves indignation, makes the name of king
 | Of king whom fuch prerogative can pleafe)
 As dreadful as the Manichean God,
 Adored through fear, ftrong only tu deftroy.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
 Of fleeting life its luftre and perfume;
 And we are weeds without it. All conftraint,
 Except what wifdom lays on evil men,
 Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progrefs in the road of fcience; blinds
 The eyefight of Difcovery; and begets,
 In thofe that fuffer it, a fordid mind
 Beftial, a meagre intellect, unfit
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.
 Thee therefore ftill, blame-worthy as thou art,
 With all thy lofs of empire, and though fqueezed
 By public exigence, till annual food

Fails for the craving hunger of the fate,
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief
 Among the nations, feeling thou art free!
 My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
 Replete with vapours, and dispofes much
 All hearts to fadness, and none more than mine:
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
 And plausible than facial life requires,
 And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
 From Nature's bounty—that humane address
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
 In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
 Or flusli'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
 Yet being free I love thee : for the sake
 Of that one feature can be well content,
 Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.
 But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
 Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
 Then what were left of roughness in the grain
 Of British natures, wanting its excuse
 That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
 And shock me. I should then with double pain
 Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
 And if I must bewail the blessing lost,
 For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
 I would at **least** bewail it under skies
 Milder, among a people less austere ;
In scenes which, having never known me free,
 Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

Do I forebode impossible events,
 And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
 But the age of virtuous politics is past,
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
 Deep in his soft credulity the flamp
 Defign'd by loud declaimers on the part
 Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
 Incurs derision for his easy faith
 And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
 For when was public virtue to be found
 Where private was not? Can he love the whole
 Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend
 Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
 Who flights the charities for whose dear sake
 That country, if at all, must be beloved?

'Tis therefore sordid and good men are sad
 For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
 And fickle; while her champions wear their hearts
 So loose to private duty, that no brain,
 Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,
 Can dream them trusty to the general weal.
 Such were not they of old, whose temper'd blades
 Dispersed the shackles of usurp'd control,
 And hew'd them link from link; then Albion's sons
 Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart
 Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
 And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
 Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.
 'Tis therefore many, whose frequenter'd lot

Forbids their interference, looking on,
 Anticipate perforce some dire event;
 And, seeing the old castle of the fate,
 That promised once more firmness, so aflail'd
 That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
 Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
 All has its date below; the fatal hour
 Was register'd in heaven ere time began.
 We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
 Die too : the deep foundations that we lay,
 Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
 We build with what we deem eternal rock :
 A distant age asks where the fabric stood ;
 And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,
 The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there is yet a liberty, unfung
 By poets, and by senators unpraised,
 Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
 Of earth and hell confederate take away :
 A liberty which persecution, fraud,
 Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
 Which who so tastes can be enslaved no more.
 'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
 Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
 And seal'd with the same token. It is held
 By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure
 By the unimpeachable and awful oath
 And promise of a God. His other gifts
 All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,
 And are august; but this transcends them all.
 His other works, this visible display
 Of all-creating energy and might,

Are grand, no doubt, and worthy of the Word
 That, finding an interminable space
 Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,
 And made so sparkling what was dark before.
 But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
 Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,
 Might well suppose the artificer divine
 Meant it eternal, had he not himself
 Pronounced it transient, glorious as it is,
 And, still designing a more glorious far,
 Doomed it as inefficient for his praise.
 These, therefore, are occasional, and pass;
 Form'd for the confutation of the fool,
 Whose lying heart disputes against a God;
 That office served, they must be swept away.
 Not so the labours of his love : they shine
 In other heavens than these that we behold,
 And fade not. There is Paradise that fears
 No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
 Large prelibation oft to fairs below.
 Of these, the first in order, and the pledge
 And confident assurance of the rest,
 Is liberty: a flight into His arms,
 Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way.
 A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
 And full immunity from penal woe.

Chains are the portion of revolted man,
 Stripes, and a dungeon; and his body serves
 The triple purpose. In that fickle, foul,
 Opprobrious residence he finds them all.
 Propense his heart to idols, he is held
 In silly dotage on created things,

Careless of their Creator, And that low
 And fordid gravitation of his powers
 To a vile clod withdraw him, with such force
 Resistless from the centre he should seek,
 That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
 Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,
 To reach a depth profounder still, and still
 Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
 Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
 But, ere he gain the comfortless repose
 He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul,
 In heaven-renouncing exile, he endures—
 What does he not, from lusts opposed in vain,
 And self-reproaching conscience? He foresees
 The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
 Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all
 That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
 Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
 Far worse than all the plagues, with which his sins
 Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
 Ages of hopeless misery; future death,
 And death still future : not a hasty stroke,
 Like that which sends him to the dusty grave;
 But unrepeatable enduring death.
 Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears :
 What none can prove a forgery may be true ;
 What none but bad men with exploded must.
 That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
 Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
 Of laughter his compunctions are sincere;
 And he abhors the jest by which he shines.
 Remorse begets reform. His master-lust

Falls firſt before his reſolute rebuke,
 And ſeems dethroned and vanquiſh'd, Peace en-
 fues,

But ſpurious and ſhort-lived; the puny child
 Of ſelf-congratulating Pride, begot
 On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,
 And fights again; but finds his beſt eſlay
 A preſage ominous, portending ſtill
 Its own diſhonour by a worſe relapſe.
 Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foil'd
 So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
 Scoffs at her own performance. Reaſon now
 Takes part with Appetite, and pleads the cauſe
 Perverſely, which of late ſhe ſo condemn'd;
 With ſhallow flifts and old devices, worn
 And tatter'd in the ſervice of debauch,
 Covering his ſtame from his offended fight.

" Hath God indeed given appetites to man,
 And flared the earth ſo plenteouſly with means
 To gratify the hunger of his wiſh;
 And doth he reprobate, and will he damn
 The uſe of his own bounty? making firſt
 So frail a kind, and then enabling laws
 So ſtrict, that leſs than perfect muſt deſpair?
 Falſehood! which whoſo but ſuſpects of truth
 Dilhonours God, and makes a flave of man.
 Do they themſelves, who undertake for hire
 The teacher's office, and diſpenſe at large
 Their weekly dole of edifying ſtrains,
 Attend to their own muſic? have they faith
 In what, with ſuch ſolemnity of tone
 And geſture, they propound to our belief?

Nay—conduct hath the loudeft tongue. The voice
 Is but an infrument, on which the prieft
 May play what tune he pleafes. In the deed,
 The unequivocal, authentic deed,
 We find found argument, we read the heart."

Such rcafonings [if that name muft needs belong
 To excufes in which reafon has no part)
 Serve to compafe a fpirit well inclined
 To live on terms of amity with vice,
 And fin without difturbance. Often urged,
 [As often as libidinous difcourfe
 Exhausted, he reforts to folemn themes
 Of theological and grave import)
 They gain at laft his unreferved affent;
 Till, harden'd his heart's temper in the forge
 Of luft, and on the anvil of defpair,
 He flights the ftrokes of confcience. Nothing
 moves,

Or nothing much, his conftancy in ill;
 Vain tampering has but fofter'd his difeafe ;
 'Tis defperate, and he fleeps the fleep of death.
 Haften now, philofopher, and fet him free.
 Charm the deaf ferpent wifely. Make him hear
 Of reftitude and fitnefs, moral truth
 How lovely, and the moral fenfe how fure,
 Confulted and obeyed, to guide his fteps
 Directly to the **FIRST AND ONLY FAIR.**
 Spare not in fuch a caufe. Spend all the powers
 Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praife :
 Be moft fublimely good, verbofely grand,
 And with poetic trappings grace thy profe,
 Till it outmantle all the pride of verfe.

B. v. *WINTER MORNING WALK.* 141

Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high-founding brafs,
Smitten in vain! fuch mufic cannot charm
The eclipfe that intercepts truth's heavenly beam,
And chills and darkens a wide-wandering foul.
The ftill fmall voice is wanted. He muft fpeak,
Whofe word leaps forth at once to its effeft ;
Who calls for things that are not, and they come.

Grace makes the flave a freeman. 'Tis a change
That turns to ridicule the turgid fpeech
And ftately tone of moralifts, who boaft,
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to fmooth
The fhag of favage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in fong :
But transformation of apoftate man
From fool to wife, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
And He by means in philofophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of difdain, achieves
The wonder; humanizing what is brute
In the loft kind, extracting from the lips
Of afps their venom, overpowering ftrength
By weaknefs, and hoftility by love.

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's caufe
Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deferve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the fweet lyre. The hiftoric Mufe,
Proud of the treafure, marches with it down
To lateft times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in ftone and ever during brafs
To guard them, and to immortalize her truft:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,

To those who, ported at the shrine of Truth,
 Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
 Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
 And for a time ensure, to his loved land
 The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;
 But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
 And win it with more pain, Their blood is shed
 In confirmation of the noblest claim—
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
 Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
 Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
 And chafed them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew
 —No marble tells us whither. With their names
 No **bard embalms and** sanctifies his song:
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
 Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
 The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
 But gives the glorious sufferers little 'praise.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
 That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of Nature, and though poor perhaps compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,

* See Hume.

And the reflendent rivers. His to enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,
 Can lift to Heaven an unpreſumptuous eye,
And ſmiling ſay—My Father made them all!
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,
 And by an emphasis of intereſt his,
 Whoſe eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
 Whoſe heart with praiſe, and whoſe exalted mind
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
 That plann'd, and built, and ſtill upholds a world
 So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
 Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
 The loaded foil, and ye may waſte much good
 In ſenſeleſs riot; but ye will not find,
 In feaſt, or in the chaſe, in ſong or dance,
 A liberty like his who, unimpeach'd
 Of uſurpation, and to no man's wrong,
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
 And has a richer uſe of yours than you.
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
 Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
 Were built, the fountains open'd, or the ſea
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.
 His freedom is the ſame in every ſtate;
 And no condition of this changeful life,
 So manifold in cares, whoſe every day
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it leſs;
 For he has wings that neither fickneſs, pain,
 Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
 No nook ſo narrow but he ſpreads them there
 With eaſe, and is at large. The oppreſſor holds

His body bound ; but knows not what a range
 His fpirit takes, unconfcious of a chain ;
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

Acquaint thyfelf with God, if thou wouldft tafte
 His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
 Thou fhalt perceive that thou waft blind before :
 Thine eye fhall be intrufted; and thine heart
 Made pure fhall relifli, with divine delight
 Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
 Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
 And eyes intent upon the fcanty herb
 It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
 Ruminat heedlefs of the fcene outfpread
 Beneath, beyond, and ftretching far away
 From inland regions to the diftant main.
 Man views it, and admires; but refts content
 With what he views. The landfcapc has his praife,
 But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
 The paradife he fees, he finds it fuch,
 And, fuch well pleafed to find it, afks no more.
 Not fo the mind that has been touch'd from Heaven,
 And in the fchool of facred wifdom taught
 To read His wonders, in whofe thought the world,
 Fair as it is, exifted ere it was.
 Not for its own fake merely, but for His
 Much more who fafhion'd it, he gives it praife ;
 Praife that, from earth refulting, as it ought,
 To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
 Its only juft proprietor in Him.
 The foul that fees him or receives fublimed
 New faculties, or learns at leaft to employ

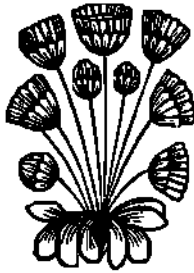
More worthily the powers she own'd before,
 Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
 Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
 A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
 Terrestrial in the vast and the minute ;
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
 Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds
 With those fair ministers of light to man,
 That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
 Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
 With which Heaven rang, when every star, in haste
 To gratulate the new-created earth,
 Sent forth a voice, and all the fans of God
 Shouted for joy—" Tell me, ye shining hafts,
 That navigate a sea that knows no shores,
 Beneath a vault unfulled with a cloud,
 If from your elevation, whence ye view
 Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
 And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
 Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
 Favour'd as ours; transgressors from the womb,
 And hastening to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
 And to possess a brighter heaven than yours ?
 As one who long detain'd on foreign shores
 Pants to return, and when he sees afar
 His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd ricks.
 From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
 Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;
 So I with animated hopes behold,
 And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,

That flow like beacons in the blue abyfs,
 Ordain'd to guide the embodied fpirit home
 From toilfome life to never ending reft.
 Love kindles as I gaze. I feel defires
 That give affurance of their own fuccefs,
 And that, infufed from Heaven, muft thither tend."

So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
 Illuminates. Thy lamp, myfterious Word !
 Which whofo fees no longer wanders loft,
 With intellects bemazed in endlefs doubt,
 But runs the road of wifdom. Thou haft built,
 With means that were not till by thee employ'd,
 Worlds that had never been hadft thou in ftrength
 Been lefs, or lefs benevolent than ftrong.
 They are thy witneffes, who fpeak thy power
 And goodnefs infinite, but fpeak in ears
 That hear not, or receive not their report.
 In vain thy creatures teftify of thee,
 Till thou proclaim thyfelf. Theirs is indeed
 A teaching voice; but 'tis the praife of thine
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
 And with the boon gives talents for its ufe.
 Till Thou art heard, imaginations vain
 Poffefs the heart, and fables falfe as hell;
 Yet, deem'd oracular, lure down to death
 The uninformed and heedlefs fouls of men.
 We give to Chance, blind Chance, ourfelves as
 blind,
 The glory of thy work; which yet appears
 Perfedt and unimpeachable of blame,
 Challenging human fcrutiny, and proved
 Then fkilful moft when moft feverely judged,

But Chance is not; or is not where thou reign'ft :
 Thy Providence forbids that fickle power
 |If power ſhe be that works but to confound)
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
 Yet thus we dote, refuting while we can
 Infrudlion, and inventing to ourſelves
 Gods ſuch as guilt makes welcome; Gods that
 ſleep,
 Or diſregard our follies, or that fit
 Amufed ſpeftators of this buftling ftage.
 Thee we rejeft, unable to abide
 Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure ;
 Made ſuch by thee, we love thee for that cauſe,
 For which we fhunn'd and hated thee before.
 Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
 Breaks on the foul, and by a flaſh from Heaven
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
 A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not,
 Till thou haſt touch'd them ; 'tis the voice of ſong,
 A loud Hofanna ſent from all thy works ;
 Which he that hears it with a fhout repeats,
 And adds his rapture to the general praife.
 In that bleſt moment Nature, throwing wide
 Her veil opaque, diſcloſes with a ſmile
 The Author of her beauties, who, retired
 Behind his own creation, works unſeen
 By the impure, and hears his power denied.
 Thou art the fource and centre of all minds,
 Their only point of reft, eternal Word!
 From thee departing they are loſt, and rove
 At random without honour, hope, or peace.
 From thee is all that foothes the life of man,

His high endeavour! and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve,
But, O thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.



THE TASK.

*BOOK VI THE WINTER WALK
AT NOON.*

ARGUMENT.

Bells at a distance. Their effect. A fine noon in winter. A sheltered walk. Meditation better than books. Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is. The transformation that spring effects in a shrubbery described. A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected. God maintains it by an unremitted act. The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reprov'd. Animals happy, a delightful sight. Origin of cruelty to animals. That it is a great crime proved from Scripture. That proof illustrated by a tale. A line drawn between the lawful and the unlawful destruction of them. Their good and useful properties insisted on. Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals. Instances of man's extravagant praise of man. The groans of the creation shall have an end. A view taken of the rejoyntion of all things. An Invocation and an Invitation of Him who shall bring it to pass. The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness. Conclusion.



THE TASK,

*BOOK VI. THE WINTER WALK AT
NOON.*



HERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is
 phased

With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
[As in a map the voyager his course]
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,

And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
 Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length.
 Yet feeling present evils, while the past
 Faintly impresses the mind, or not at all,
 How readily we wish time spent revoked,
 That we might try the ground again, where once
 [Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
 We miss'd that happiness we might have found !
 Some friend is gone, perhaps his father's best friend,
 A father, whose authority, in youth
 When most severe, and muttering all its force,
 Was but the graver countenance of love:
 Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might
 lower,

And utter now and then an awful voice,
 But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
 Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.
 We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand
 That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allured
 By every gilded folly, WE renounced
 His flickering side, and wilfully forewent
 That converse, which we now in vain regret.
 How gladly would the man recall to life
 The boy's neglected fire! a mother too,
 That foster friend, perhaps more gladly still,
 Might he demand them at the gates of death.
 Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed
 The playful humour; he could now endure
 (Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)
 And feel a parent's preference no restraint.
 But not to understand a treasure's worth
 Till time has stolen away the flighted good,

B. VI. WINTER WALK AT NOON. 153

Is caufe of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wildernefs it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amifs,
And, feeking grace to improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wifer fuit than aflung more.

The night was winter in his rougheft mood ;
The morning fharp and clear, But now at nuon
Upon the fouthern fide of the flant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blaft,
The feafon fmiles, refigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a fpeck
The dazzling fplendour of the fcene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the mufic. I again perceive
The foathing influence of the wafted ftrains,
And fettle in foft mufings as I tread
The walk, ftill verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whofe outfpread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind fways it, has yet well fufficed,
And, intercepting in their filent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me,
No noife is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreaft warbles ftill, but is content
With flender notes, and more than half fuppreff'd :
Pleas'd with his falitude, and flitting light
From fpray to fpray, where'er he refts he fhakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillnefs, accompanied with founds fo foft,

Charms more than filence. Meditation here
 May, think down hours to moments. Here the
 heart

May give a useful leflon to the head,
 And Learning wifer grow without his books.
 Knowledge and Wifdom, far from being one,
 Have ofttimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
 Wifdom in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mafs,
 The mere materials with which Wifdom builds,
 Till fsmooth'd, and fquared, and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber whom it feems to enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd fo much;
 Wifdom is humble that he knows no more.
 Books are not feldom talifmans and fpells,
 By which the magic art of ftirewder wits
 Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.
 Some to the fafcination of a name
 Surrender judgement hood-wink'd. Some the ftyle
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
 Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.
 While floth feduces more, too weak to bear
 The infupportable fatigue of thought,
 And fwallowing therefore without paufe or choice
 The total grift unfifted, hulks and all.
 But trees, and rivulets whofe rapid courfe
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 And fheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
 And lanes, in which the primrofc ere her time
 Peeps through the mofs that clothes the hawthorn
 root,

Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not fly as in the world, and to be won
By flow felicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

What prodigies can power divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the effect we flight the cause,
And, in the constancy of nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! But speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle; but, seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy that moved
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through the imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It flees; and the icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impress'd
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide,
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,

Shall boast new charms, and more than they have

loft.

Then each, in its peculiar honours clad,
 Shall publifh, even to the diftant eye,
 Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
 In ftreaming gold; fyringa, ivory pure;
 The fcented and the fcentlefs rofe; this red,
 And of an humbler growth, the other* tall,
 And throwing up into the darkeft gloom
 Of neighbouring cyprefs, or more fable yew,
 Her filver globes, light as the foamy furf,
 That the wind fevers from the broken wave;
 The lilac, various in array, now white,
 Now fanguine, and her beauteous head now fet
 With purple fpikes pyramidal, as if
 Studious of ornament, yet unrefolved
 Which hue fhe moft approved, fhe chofe them all;
 Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
 But well compenfating their fickly looks
 With never cloying odours, early and late;
 Hyperkum all bloom, fo thick a fwarm
 Of flowers, like fhes clothing her flender rods,
 That fcarce a leaf appears; mezereon too,
 Though leaflefs, well attired, and thick befet
 With blufting wreaths, inverting every fpray;
 Althia with the purple eye; the broom,
 Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
 Her bloffoms; and luxuriant above all
 The jafmine, throwing wide her elegant fweets,
 The deep dark green of whole unvarnifh'd leaf

* The guelder-rofe,

Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.
 These have been, and these shall be in their day;
 And all this uniform uncolour'd scene
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
 And flufft into variety again.
 From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
 Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
 In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
 The grand transition, that there lives and works
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
 The beauties of the wildernesses are his,
 That makes so gay the solitary place,
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
 That cultivation glories in, are his.
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year;
 He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,
 And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
 Rustlet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
 Uninjured, with inimitable art;
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Some say that in the origin of things,
 When all creation Started into birth,
 The infant elements received a law,
 From which they swerve not since. That under
 force

Of that controlling ordinance they move.
 And need not his immediate hand, who first
 Prescribed their course, to regulate it now.
 Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God

The incumbrance of his own concerns, and spare
The great Artificer of all that moves
The frets of a continual aft, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and fevere a task.
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span Omnipotence, and measure might,
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's fun go down.
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impell'd
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause ?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives-
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire,
By which the mighty process is maintained,
Who sleeps not, is not weary,- in whose fight
Slow-circling-ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.

But all are under One. One spirit, His
 Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
 Rules univerfal nature. Not a flower
 But flows fame touch, in freckle, ftreak, or ftain,
 Of his unrival'd pencil. He infpires
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
 And bathes their eyes with neftar, and includes,
 In grains as countlefs as the fea-fide fands,
 The forms with which he fprinkles all the earth.
 Happy who walks with him ! whom what he finds
 Of flavour or of fcenc in fruit or flower,
 Or what he views of beautiful or grand
 In Nature, from the broad majeftic oak
 To the green blade that twinkles in the fun,
 Prompts with remembrance of a prefent God.
 His prefence, who made all fo fair, perceived,
 Makes all ftill fairer. As with him no fcene
 Is dreary, fo with him all feafons pleafe.
 Though winter had been none, had man been true,
 And earth be punifh'd for its tenant's fake,
 Yet not in vengeance ; as this fmiling fky,
 So foon fucceeding fuch an angry night,
 And thefe diffolving fnows, and this clear fteam
 Recovering faft its liquid mufic, prove.

Who then, that has a mind well fining and
 tuned

To contemplation, and within his reach
 A fcene fo friendly to his favourite tafk,
 Would wafte attention at the chequer'd board,
 His hoft of wooden warriors to and fro
 Marching and countermarching, with an eye
 As fix'd as marble, with a forehead ridged

And furrow'd into dorms, and with a hand
 Trembling, as if eternity were hung
 In balance on his conduft of a pin ?
 Nor envies he aught more their idle fport,
 Who pant with application mifapplied
 To trivial toys, and puffing ivory balls
 Acrofs the velvet level, feel a joy
 Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
 Its deftined goal of difficult accefs.
 Nor deems he wifer him, who gives his noon
 To Mifs, the Mercer's plague, from fhop to fhop
 Wandering, and littering with unfolded filks
 The polifli'd counter, and approving none,
 Or promifing with fmiles to call again.
 Nor him who, by his vanity feduced,
 And foothed into a Oream that he difcerns
 The difference of a Guido from a daub,
 Frequents the crowded auftion: ftation'd there
 As duly as the Langford of the ihow,
 With glafs at eye, and catalogue in hand,
 And tongue accomplish'd in the fulfome cant
 And pedantry that coxcombs learn with eafe :
 Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls,
 He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
 Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate
 That he has let it pafs—but never bids.

Here unmolefted, through whatever fign
 The fun proceeds, I wander. Neither mift,
 Nor freezing fky nor fultry, checking me,
 Nor ftranger intermeddling with my joy.
 E'en in the fpring and play-time of the year,
 That calls the unwonted villager abroad

With all her little ones, a sportive train,
 To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
 And prink their hair with dailies, or to pick
 A cheap but wholefome fallad from the brook,
 These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
 Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
 Scarce fhuns me; and the flock-dove unalarm'd
 Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
 His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in fame lonely elm,
 That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
 Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
 He has outflept the winter, ventures forth
 To frisk awhile, and baik in the warm fun,
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play :
 He fees me, and at once, fwift as a bird,
 Ascends the neighbouring beech; there whisks
 his brufli,
 And perks his ears, and ftamps, and fcolds aloud,
 With all the prettinefs of feign'd alarm,
 And anger insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
 For human fellowfhip, as being void
 Of fympathy, and therefore dead alike
 To love and friendfhip both, that is not pleas'd
 With fight of animals enjoying life,
 Nor feels their happinefs augment his own.
 The bounding fawn, that darts acrofs the glade
 When none purfues, through mere delight of heart,
 And fpirits buoyant with excefs of glee;
 The hurfe, as wanton and almoft as fleet,
 That fkims the fpacious meadow at full fpeed,

Then flops and fnorts, and throwing high his
heels

Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving firft from one
That leads the dance, a fummons to be gay,
Though wild their ftrange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet refolved with one content
To give fuch aft and utterance as they may
To ecftafy too big to be fuppreff'd ;—
Thefe, and a thoufand images of blifs,
With which kind Nature graces every fcene,
Where cruel man defeats not her defign,
Impart to the benevolent, who wifh
All that are capable of pleafure pleafed,
A far fuperior happinefs to theirs,
The comfort of a reafonable joy.

Man fcarce had rifen, obedient to His call,
Who form'd him from the duft, his future grave,
When he was crown'd as never king was fince.
God fet the diadem upon his head,
And angel choirs attended. Wondering flood
The new-made monarch, while before him paff'd,
All happy, and all perfect in their kind,
The creatures, fummon'd from their various haunts
To fee their fovereign, and confefs his fway.
Vaft was his empire, abfolute his power,
Or bounded only by a law, whose force
'Twas his fublimeft privilege to feel
And own, the law of univerfal love.
He ruled with meeknefs, they obey'd with joy;
No cruel purpofe lurk'd within his heart,

D. vi. WINTER WALK AT NOON. 163

And no diftruft of his intent in theirs,
So Eden was a fcene of harmlefs fport,
Where kindnefs on his part; who ruled the whole,
Begot a tranquil confidence in all,
And fear as yet was not, nor caufe for fear.
But fin marr'd all; and the revolt of man,
That fource of evils not exhausted yet,
Was punifh'd with revolt of his from him.
Garden of God, how terrible the change
Thy groves and lawns then witnefTd ! Every heart,
Each animal of every name, conceived
A jealoufy and an infindlive fear,
And confcious of fome danger, either fled
Precipitate the loathed abode of man,
Or growl'd defiance in fuch angry fort,
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.
Thus harmony and family accord
Were driven from Paradife; and in that hour
The feeds of cruelty, that fince have fwell'd
To fuch gigantic and enormous growth,
Were fawn in human nature's fruitful foil.
Hence date the perfecution and the pain
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
Regardlefs of their plaints. To make him fport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his bafe gluttony, are cafes good
And juft in his account, why bird and beaft
Should fuffer torture, and the fteams be dyed
With blood of their inhabitants impaled.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war
Waged with defencelefs innocence, while he,
Not fatisfied to prey on all around,

Adds tenfold bitternefs to death by pangs
 Needles, and firft torments ere he devours.
 Now happieft they that occupy the fcenes
 The moft remote from his abhorr'd refort,
 Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,
 They fear'd, and as his perfect image loved.
 The wildernefs is theirs, with all its caves,
 Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains
 Unvifited by man. There they are free,
 And howl and roar as likes them, uncontrol'd;
 Nor afk his leave to flumber or to play.
 Woe to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
 Within the confines of their wild domain :
 The Lion tells him—I am monarch here !
 And, if he fpares him, fpares him on the terms
 Of royal mercy, and through generous fcorn
 To rend a viftim trembling at his foot.
 In meafure, as by force of inftinft drawn,
 Or by neceffity confin'd, they live
 Dependent upon man ; thofe in his fields,
 Thefe at his crib, and fome beneath his roof.
 They prove too often at how dear a rate
 He fells protection. Witnefs at his foot
 The fpaniel dying for fame venial fault,
 Under difleffion of the knotted fcourge;
 Witnefs the patient ox, with ftripes and yells
 Oriven to the flaughter, goaded, as he runs,
 To madnefs; while the favage at his heels
 Laughs at the frantic fuffbrer's fury, fpent
 Upon the guiltlefs pafenger o'erthrown.
 He too is witnefs, nobleft of the train
 That wait on man, the flight-performing horfe;

With unexpecting readiness he takes
 His murderer on his back, and puff'd all day,
 With bleeding sides and flanks that heave for life
 To the far-distant goal, arrives and dies.
 So little mercy flows who needs so much !
 Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
 Denounce no doom on the delinquent? None.
 He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts
 [As if barbarity were high desert]
 The inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
 Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
 The honours of his matchless horse his own.
 But many a crime deem'd innocent on earth
 Is register'd in heaven ; and these no doubt
 Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.
 Man may dismiss companion from his heart,
 But God will never. When he charged the Jew
 To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise ;
 And when the buffi-exploring boy, that seized
 The young, to let the parent bird go free ;
 Proved he not plainly that his meaner works
 Are yet his care, and have an interest all,
 All, in the universal Father's love?
 On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
 The charter was conferr'd, by which we hold
 The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
 O'er all we feed on power of life and death.
 But read the instrument, and mark it well:
 The oppression of a tyrannous control
 Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
 Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through fin,
 Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!

The Governor of all, himself to all
 So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
 The unfledged raven and the lion's whelp
 Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
 Of hunger unfluaged, has interposed,
 Not feldom, his avenging arm, to fmitte
 The injurious trampler upon Nature's law,
 That claims forbearance even for a brute.
 He hates the hardnefs of a Balaam's heart ;
 And, prophet as he was, he might not ftrike
 The blamelefs animal, without rebuke,
 On which he rode. Her opportune offence
 Saved him, or the unrelenting fear had died,
 He fees that human equity is flack
 To interfere, though in fo juft a caufe ;
 And makes the tafk his own. Infpiring dumb
 And helplefs victims with a fenfe fo keen
 Of injury, with fuch knowledge of their ftrength,
 And fuch fagacity to take revenge,
 That oft the beaft has feem'd to judge the man.
 An ancient, not a legendary tale,
 By one of found intelligence rehearfed
 [If fuch who plead for Providence may feem
 In modern eyes), I hall make the doctrine clear.

Where England, ftretch'd towards the fetting
 fun,
 Narrow and long, o'erlooks the weftern wave,
 Dwelt young Mifagathus ; a fcorner he
 Of God and goodnefs, atheift in oftent,
 Vicious in aft, in temper favage-fierce.
 He journey'd ; and his chance was as he went
 To join a traveller, of far different note,

Evander, famed for piety, for years
 Deferving honour, but for wifdom more.
 Fame had not left the venerable man
 A ftranger to the manners of the youth,
 Whofe face too was familiar to his view.
 Their way was on the margin of the land,
 D'er the green fummit of the rocks, whofe bafe
 Beats back the roaring furge, fcarce heard fo high.
 The charity that warm'd his heart was moved
 At fight of the man-monfter. With a fmile
 Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
 As fearful of offending whom he wifh'd
 Much to perfuade, he plied his ear with truths
 Not harflily thunder'd forth, or rudely preff'd,
 But, like his purpofe, gracious, kind, and fweet.
 " And doft thoudream," the impenetrable man
 Exclaim'd, " that me the lullabies of age,
 And fantasies of dotards fuch as than, ^{SMANI}
 Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me? ^{COU}
 Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
 Need no fuch aids as fuperftition lends,
 To ftsel their hearts againft the dread of death,"
 He fpoke, and to the precipice at hand
 Pufh'd with a madman's fury. Fancy fhinks,
 And the blood thrills and curdles at the thought
 Of fuch a gulf as he defign'd his grave.
 But though the felon on his back could dare
 The dreadful leap, more rational his fteed
 Declined the death, and wheeling fwiftly round,
 Or e'er his hoof had preff'd the crumbling verge,
 Baffled his rider, faved againft his will.
 The frenzy of the brain may be redreff'd

By medicine well applied, but without grace
 The heart's infanity admits no cure.
 Enraged the more by what might have reform'd
 His horrible intent, again he fought
 Deftruftion with a zeal to be deftroy'd,
 With founding whip, and rowels dyed in blood.
 But ftill in vain. The Providence that meant
 A longer date to the far nobler beaft,
 Spared yet again the ignobler for his fake.
 And now, his prowefs proved, and his fincere
 Incurable obduracy evinced,
 His rage grew cool; and phafed perhaps to have
 earn'd

So cheaply the renown of that attempt,
 With looks of fame complacence he refum'd
 His road, deriding much the blank amaze
 Of good Evander, ftill where he was left
 Fix'd motionlefs, and petrified with Oread.
 So on they fared. Difcourfe on other themes
 Enfuing feem'd to obliterate the paff;
 And tamer far for fo much fury fhown
 |As is the courfe of rafti and fiery men),
 The rude companion fmiled, as if transform'd.
 But 'twas a tranfient calm. A ftorm was near,
 An unfufpefted florin. His hour was come.
 The impious challenger of power divine
 Was now to learn that Heaven, though flow to
 wrath,

Is never with impunity defied.
 His horfe, as he had caught his matter's mood,
 Snorting, and ftarting into fudden rage,
 Unbidden, and not now to be control'd,

B. V I. WINTER WALK AT NOON. 169

Rulh'd to the cliff, and having reach'd it, flood.
At once the flock unfeated him: he flew
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and immerfed
Deep in the flood, found, when he fought it not,
The death he had deferved, and died alone.
So God wrought double juftice; made the fool
The viftim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught a brute the way to fafe revenge.

I would not enter on my lift of friends
[Though graced with polifh'd manners and fine
fence,

Yet wanting fenfibility) the man
Who needleffly fets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent ftep may cru fh the fnail
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread afide, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathfome to the fight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A vifitor unwelcome, into fcenes
Sacred ta neatnefs and repofe, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A neceffary act incurs no blame.
Not fo when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltlefs of offence, they range the air,
Or take their paftime in the fpacious field :
There they are privileged ; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Difturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when fhe form'd, defign'd them an abode.
The fum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or fafety interfere, his rights and claims

Are paramount, and muſt extinguiſh theirs.
 Elſe they are all—the meaneſt things that are,
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the firſt,
 Who in his fovereign wiſdom made them all.
 Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your ſons
 To love it too. The ſpring-time of our years
 Is ſoon diſhonour'd and defiled in moſt
 By budding illſ, that aſk a prudent hand
 To check them. But, alas! none ſooner ſhoots,
 If unrefrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
 Than cruelty, moſt devil'ſti of them all.
 Mercy to him that ſhows it is the rule
 And righteous limitation of its aſt,
 By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man ;
 And he that ſhows none, being ripe in years,
 And conſcious of the outrage he commits,
 Shall ſeek it, and not find it, in his turn.

Diſtinguiſh'd much by reaſon, and ſtill more
 By our capacity of grace divine,
 From creatures that exiſt but for our ſake,
 Which, having ſerved us, perſh, we are held
 Accountable ; and God, ſome future day,
 Will reckon with us roundly for the abuſe
 Of what he deems no mean or trivial truſt.
 Superior as we are, they yet depend
 Not more on human help than we on theirs.
 Their ſtrength, or ſpeed, or vigilance, were given
 In aid of our defects. In fame are found
 Such teachable and apprehenſive parts,
 That man's attainments in his own concerns,
 Match'd with the expertneſs of the brutes in theirs,

B. VI. *WINTER WALK AT NOON.* 171

Are oft-times vanquish'd and thrown far behind.
Some know that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
WE could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quarrel'd instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment never to be wean'd or changed
By any change of fortune; proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glistering even in the dying eye.

Man praises man, Defert in arts or arms
Wins public honour; and ten thousand fit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration-mad; content to hear
[O wonderful effect of music's power!]
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
[For was it less? What heathen would have dared
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honour of a man?]
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel? Who, that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,

Or can, the more than Homer of his age ?
 Yes—we remember him; and while we praise
 A talent so divine, remember too
 That His most holy book, from whom it came,
 Was never meant, was never used before,
 To buckram out the memory of a man.
 But hufti!—the muse perhaps is too severe ;
 And with a gravity beyond the size
 And measure of the offence, rebukes a deed
 Less impious than absurd, and owing more
 To want of judgement than to wrong design.
 So in the chapel of old Ely House,
 When wandering Charles, who meant to be the
 third,
 Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
 The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
 And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,
 Sung to the praise and glory of King George!
 —Man praises man ; and Garrick's memory next,
 When time hath somewhat mellow'd it, and made
 The idol of our worship while he lived
 The God of our idolatry once more,
 Shall have its altar; and the world shall go
 In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.
 The theatre, too small, shall suffocate
 Its squeezed contents, and more than it admits
 Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return
 Ungratified : for there some noble lord
 Shall stuff his shoulders with King Richard's bunch,
 Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak,
 And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp, and stare,
 To show the world how Garrick did not aft—

That is noL found and perfect, hath in theirs
 Wrought this difturbance. But the wane is near,
 And his own cattle muft fuffice him foon.
 Thus idly do we wafte the breath of praife,
 And dedicate a tribute, in its ufe
 And juft direction facred, to a thing
 Doom'd to the duft, or lodged already there.
 Encomium in old time was poets' work;
 But poets, having lavifhly long fince
 Exhausted all materials of the art,
 The talk now falls into the public hand :
 And I, contented with an humble theme,
 Have pour'd my fteam of panegyric down
 The vale of Nature, where it creeps and winds
 Among her lovely works with a fecure
 And unambitious courfe, refleeting clear,
 If not the virtues, yet the worth of brutes.
 And I am recompenfed, and deem the toils
 Of poetry not loft, if verfe of mine
 May ftand between an animal and woe,
 And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.

The groans of Nature in this nether world,
 Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
 Foretold by prophets, and by poets fung,
 Whofe fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
 The time of reft, the promifed fabbath, comes.
 Six thoufand years of forrow have well nigh
 Fulfill'd their tardy and difaftrous courfe
 Over a finful world ; and what remains
 Of this tempeftuous ftate of human things
 Is merely as the working of a fea
 Before a calm, that rocks itfelf to reft :

B. vi. *WINTER WALK AT NOON.* 175

Far He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The duft that waits upon his fultry march,
When fin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall vifit earth in mercy; fhall defcend
Propitious in his chariot paved with love;
And what his florins have blafted and defaced
For man's revolt, fhall with a fmile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too fweet
Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch :
Nor can the wonders it records be fung
To meaner mufic, and not fuffer lofs.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in fkill to rear them, lights at laft
On fame fair theme, fame theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulfe and the fpur he feels,
To give it praife proportion'd to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a tafk more arduous ftill.

O fcenes furpafling fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplifh'd blifs! which who can fee,
Though but in diftant profpect, and not feel
His foul refresh'd with foretafte of the joy ?
Rivers of gladnefs water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrennefs is paft. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own difgrace,
Exults to fee its thiftly curfe repeal'd.
The various feafons woven into one,
And that one feafon an eternal fpring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,

For there is none to covet, all are full.
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
 Graze with the fearlefs flocks; all bask at noon
 Together, or all gambol in the fhade
 Of the fame grove, and drink one common fream.
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man
 Lurks in the ferpent now : the mother fees,
 And fmiles to fee, her infant's playful hand
 Stretch'd forth to dally with the crefted worm,
 To ftroke his azure neck, or to receive
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
 All creatures worftip man, and all mankind
 One Lord, one Father. Error has no place;
 That creeping peftilence is Oriven away;
 The breath of Heaven has chafed it. In the heart
 No paffion touches a difcordant firing,
 But all is harmony and love. Difeafe
 Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
 Holds its due courfe, nor fears the froft of age.
 One fong employs all nations; and all cry,
 " Worthy the Lamb, for he was flain for us!"
 The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
 Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
 From diftant mountains catch the flying joy;
 Till, nation after nation taught the ftrain,
 Each rolls the rapturous Hofanna round.
 Behold the meafure of the promife fill'd;
 See Salem built, the labour of a God!
 Bright as a fun the facred city fhines;
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
 Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
 Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,

And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
 Nebaiath, and the flocks of Kedar there ;*
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
 And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
 Praise is in all her gates : upon her walls,
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
 Kneels with the native of the farthest West;
 And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
 And worships. Her report has travel'd forth
 Into all lands. From every clime they come
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
 O Sion! an assembly such as earth
 Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.

Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were
 once

Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
 So God has greatly purposed; who would else
 In his dishonour'd works himself endure
 Dishonour, and be wrong'd without redress.
 Hasten, then, and wheel away a shattered world,
 Ye flow-revolving seasons ! We would see
 [A fight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
 A world that does not Oread and hate his laws,
 And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
 The creature is that God pronounces good,
 How pleasant in itself what pleases him.
 Here every drop of honey hides a sting ;

* Nebaiath and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers ;
 And e'en the joy that haply fame poor heart
 Derives from Heaven, pure as the fountain is,
 Is fullied in the fream, taking a taint
 From touch of human lips, at heft impure.

O for a world in principle as chafte
 As this is grofs and selfifti! over which
 Cufiom and prejudice fhall bear no fway,
 That govern all things here, flioudering afide
 The meek and modeft Truth, and forcing her
 To feek a refuge from the tongue of Strife
 In nooks obfcure, far from the ways of men :
 Where Violence fhall never lift the fword,
 Nor Cunning juftify the proud man's wrong,
 Leaving the poor no remedy but tears:
 Where he, that fills an office, fhall efteem
 The occafion it prefents of doing good
 More than the perquifite : where Law fhall fpeak
 Seldom, and never but as Wifdom prompts
 And Equity; not jealous more to guard
 A worthlefs form, than to decide aright:—
 Where Fafhion fhall not fanctify abufe,
 Nor fmooth Good-breeding [fupplemental grace)
 With lean performance ape the work of Love!

Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
 Receive yet one, the crown of all the Earth,
 Thou who alone art worthy ! It was thine
 By ancient covenant ere Nature's birth;
 And thou haft made it thine by purchafe fince,
 And overpaid its value with thy blood.
 Thy faints proclaim thee King ; and in their hearts
 Thy title is engraven with a pen

B, vi. WINTER WALK AT NOON. 179

Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy faints proclaim thee King; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last advent, long desired,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world is tired
Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long,
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"
The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts that have recoil'd,
And aims them at the field of Truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith proposed,
Insulted and traduced, are cast aside,
As useless, to the moles and to the bats.
They now are deem'd the faithful, and are praised,
Who, constant only in rejecting thee,
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their error's sake.
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet even these
Worthy, compared with hypocrites, who kneel
Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man!
So fares thy church, But how thy church may
fare
The world takes little thought. Who will may
preach,
And what they will. All pastors are alike
To wandering sheep, resolved to follow none.
Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain:

180 *THE* *TASK.*

For thefe they live, they facrifice to thefe,
 And in their fervice wage perpetual war
 With Confidence and with thee. Luft in their
 hearts,

And mifchief in their hands, they roam the earth
 To prey upon each other : ftubborn, fierce,
 High-minded, foaming out their own difgrace.
 Thy prophets fpeak of fuch ; and noting down
 The features of the laft degenerate times,
 Exhibit every lineament of thefe.

Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
 Receive yet one, as radiant as the reft,
 Due to thy laft and moft effectual work,
 Thy word fulfilled, the conquelt of a world !

He is the happy man whofe life e'en now
 Shows fomewhat of that happier life to come ;
 Who doom'd to an obfcure but tranquil ftate,
 Is pleafed with it, and, were he free to choofe,
 Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the
 fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
 Prepare for happinefs; befpeak him one
 Content indeed to fojourn while he muft
 Below the ikies, but having there his home.
 The world o'erlooks him in her bufy fearch
 Of objetts, more illuftrious in her view ;
 And, occupied as earneftly as fhe,
 Though more fublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
 She fcorns his pleafures, for fhe knows them not;
 He fees not hers, for he has proved them vain.
 He cannot fkim the ground like fummer birds
 Purfuing gilded fhes; and fuch he deems

Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
 Therefore in contemplation is his blifs,
 Whofe power is fuch, that whom fhe lifts from
 earth

She makes familiar with a heaven unfeen,
 And flows him glories yet to be reveal'd.
 Not flothfulhe, though feeming unemploy'd,
 And cenfured oft as ufelefs. Stilleft fstreams
 Oft water faireft meadows, and the bird
 That flutters leaft is longeft on the wing.
 Afk him, indeed, what trophies he has raifed,
 Or what achievements of immortal fame
 He purpofes, and he fhall anfwer—None.
 His warfare is within. There unfatigued
 His fervent fpirit labours. There he fights,
 And there obtains frefh triumphs o'er himfelf,
 And never-withering wreaths, compared with
 which

The laurels that a Cafar reaps are weeds.
 Perhaps the felf-approving haughty world,
 [That as fhe fweps him with her whittling filks
 Scarce deigns to notice him, or if fhe fee,
 Deems him a cipher in the works of God,)
 Receives advantage from his noifelefs hours,
 Of which fhe little dreams. Perhaps fhe owes
 Her funfhine and her rain, her blooming fpring
 And plenteous harveft, to the prayer he makes,
 When, Ifaac like, the folitary faint
 Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
 And think on her, who thinks not for herfelf
 Forgive him, then, thou buftler in concerns
 Of little worth, an idler in the beft,

If, author of no mischief and **some** good,
 He seek his proper happiness by means
 That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
 Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
 Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
 Account him an encumbrance on the state,
 Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
 His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
 Shine with his fair example, and though small
 His influence, if that influence all be spent
 In fothing farrow and in quenching strife,
 In aiding helpless indigence, in works
 From which at least a grateful few derive
 Some taste of comfort in a world of woe;
 Then let the supercilious great confess
 He serves his country, recompenses well
 The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
 He sits secure, and in the scale of life
 Holds no ignoble, though a flighted place,
 The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
 Must drop indeed the hope of public praise ;
 But he may boast, what few that win it can,
 That, if his country stand not by his skill,
 At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
 Polite Refinement offers him in vain
 Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
 The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
 Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
 Because that world adopts it. If it bear
 The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
 And be not costly more than of true worth,

He puts it on, and, for decorum' fake,
 Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
 She judges of refinement by the eye,
 He by the test of confidence, and a heart
 Not soon deceived ; aware that what is base
 No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
 Though well perfumed and elegantly dress'd,
 Like an unburied carcass trick'd with flowers,
 Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
 For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
 So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
 More golden than that age of fabled gold
 Renown'd in ancient song; not vex'd with care
 Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approved
 Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
 So glide my life away! and so at last,
 My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
 May some disease, not tardy to perform
 Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
 Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
 Beneath the turf that I have often trod.
 It shall not grieve me, then, that once, when call'd
 To dress a Sofa with the flowers of verse,
 I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair,
 With that light task ; but soon, to please her more,
 Whom flowers alone I knew would little please,
 Let fall the unfinished wreath, and roved for fruit ;
 Roved far, and gather'd much : fume harsh, 'tis
 true,
 Pick'd from the thorns and briers of reproof,
 But wholesome, well digested; grateful for me
 To palates that can taste immortal truth;

Infipid elfe, and fure to be defpifed.
But all is in His hand, whofe praife I feek.
In vain the poet lings, and the world hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful meafures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minftrel's lyre,
To charm His ear, whofe eye is on the heart ;
Whofe frown can difappoint the proudeft ftrain,
Whofe approbation—profper even mine.



AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL,
ES2

DEAR Jofeph,— five and twenty years
ago—
Alas ! how time efcapes !— 'tis even fo;—
With frequent intercourfe, and always fweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour — and now we never meet!
As fome grave gentleman in Terence fays
I'Twas therefore much the fame in ancient days),
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things !
True, Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But diftance only cannot change the heart :
And were I call'd to prove the affertion true,
One proof fliould ferve—a reference to you,
Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurr'd to kindle ftrife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none?
Can gold grow worthlefs that has flood the touch ?
No ; gold they feem'd, but they were never fuch.
Horatio's fervant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlour door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overawed
Left he fhould trefpafs, begg'd to go abroad.

186 AN EPISTLE TO

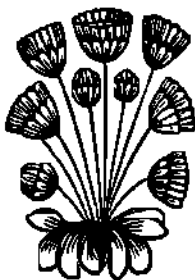
Go, fellow!—whither?—turning fhort about—
 Nay—ftay at home—you're always going out.
 'Tis but a ftep, fir, juft at the ftreet's end.—
 For what?—An pleafe you, fir, to fee a friend.
 A friend! Horatio cried, and feem'd to ftart—
 Yea marry ftialt thou, and with all my heart.
 And fetch my cloak; for, though the night be raw,
 Til fee him too—the firft I ever faw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
 And was his plaything often when a child;
 But fomewhat at that moment pinch'd him clofe,
 Elfe he was feldom bitter or morofe.
 Perhaps his confidence juft then betray'd,
 His grief might prompt him with the fpeech he
 made;

Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
 The harmlefs play of pleafantry and mirth.
 Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
 Befpoke at leaft a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and Orain
 To prove an evil of which all complain
 [I hate long arguments verbofely fpun);
 One ftory more, dear Hill, and I have done.
 Once on a time an Emperor, a wife man,
 No matter where, in China or Japan,
 Decreed that whofoever fhould offend
 Againft the well-known duties of a friend,
 Convifted once, fhould ever after wear
 But half a coat, and fhow his bofom bare.
 The punifhment importing this, no doubt,
 That all was naught within, and all found out.
 Oh happy Britain! we have not to fear

Such hard and arbitrary measure here;
Else, could a law like that which I relate
Once have the fandlion of our triple ftate,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run moft **dreadful** rilk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind fhould blow,
Might traverfe England fafely to and fro,
An honeft man, clofe-button'd to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.



TIROCINIUM;
OR, A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

Κεφάλαιον δι παιδείας ορθή τροφή.

Plato.

Ἄρχη πολιτείας ἀπάσης, νέων τροφή.

Diog, Laert.

To the
REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN,
ReElor of Stock, in Essex.

THE TUTOR OF HIS TWO SONS,

**The following Poem, recommending Private Tuition in preference to an Education at School, is inscribed,
by his affectionate Friend,*

WILLIAM COWPER.

Olney, Nov. 6, 1784.



TIROCINIUM.



T is not from his form, in which we trace
Strengthjoin'd with beauty, dignity with
grace,

That man, the mafter of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form, indeed, the affociate of a mind
Vaft in its powers, ethereal in its kind,
That form, the labour of Almighty fkill,
Framed for the fervice of a free-born will,
Afferts precedence, and befpcaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the foul.
Hers is the ftate, the fplendour, and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
For her the memory fills her ample page
With truths pour'd down from every diftant age ;
Far her amafles an unbounded ftore,
The wifdom of great nations, now no more ;
Though laden, not encumbered with her fpoil ;
Laborious, yet unconfcious of her toil ;
When copioufly fupplied, then moil enlarged ;
Still to be fed, and not to be furcharged.
For her the Fancy, roving unconfined,
The prefent Mufe of every penfive mind,

Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue
 To Nature's scenes than Nature ever knew.
 At her command winds rife and waters roar,
 Again she lays them flumbering on the shore;
 With flower and fruit the wildernefs supplies,
 Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp arise.

For her the Judgement, umpire in the strife
 That Grace and Nature have to wage through life,
 Quick-lighted arbiter of good and ill,
 Appointed sage preceptor to the Will,
 Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice
 Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

Why did the fiat of a God give birth
 To yon fair Sun and his attendant Earth ?
 And, when descending he resigns the skies,
 Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,
 Whom Ocean feels through all his countlefs waves,
 And owns her power on every shore he laves ?
 Why do the seasons still enrich the year,
 Fruitful and young as in their first career ?
 Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze;
 Summer in haste the thriving charge receives
 Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
 Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
 Dye them at last in all their glowing hues:—
 'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,
 Power misemploy'd, munificence misplaced,
 Had not its Author dignified the plan,
 And crown'd it with the majesty of man.
 Thus form'd, thus placed, intelligent, and taught,
 Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,

The wildest corner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a fober moment time to pause,
To press the important question on his heart,
" Why form'd at all, and wherefore as thou art ?"
If man be what he seems, this hour a Have,
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave ;
Endued with reason only to decry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye ;
With passions, just that he may prove with pain
The force he spends against their fury, vain ;
And if, soon after having burnt, by turns,
With every lust with which frail Nature burns,
His being end where death dissolves the bond,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond ;
Then he, of all that Nature has brought forth,
Stands self-impeach'd the creature of least worth,
And useless while he lives, and when he dies,
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.

Truths that the learn'd pursue with eager thought
Are not important always as dear-bought,
Proving at last, though told in pompous strains,
A childlike waste of philosophic pains ;
But truths on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.
'Tis true that, if to trifle life away
Down to the sunset of their latest day,
Then perish on futurity's wide shore
Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,
Were all that Heaven required of human kind,
And all the plan their destiny design'd,

What none could reverence all might juftly blame,
 And man would breathe but for his Maker's flame.
 But reafon heard, and nature well perufed,
 At once the Oreaming mind is difabufed.
 If all we find poffeffing earth, fea, air,
 Refleft his attributes who placed them there,
 Fulfil the purpofe, and appear defign'd
 Proofs of the wifdom of the all-feeing Mind.
 'Tis plain the creature whom he chofe to invert
 With kingfhip and dominion o'er the reft,
 Received his nobler nature, and was made
 Fit for the power in which he ftands array'd;
 That firft, or laft, hereafter, if not here,
 He too might make his Author's wifdom clear,
 Praife him on earth, or, obftinately dumb,
 Suffer his juftice in a world to come.
 This once believed, 'twere logic mifapplied
 To prove a confluence by none denied,
 That we are bound to caft the minds of youth
 Betimes into the mould of heavenly truth,
 That taught of God they may indeed be wife,
 Nor ignorantly wandering mifs the ikies.

In early days the confcience has in moft
 A quicknefs, which in later life is loft:
 Preferved from guilt by falutary fears,
 Or guilty foon relenting into tears.
 Too carelefs often, as our years proceed,
 What friends we fort with, or what books we read,
 Our parents yet exert a prudent care
 To feed our infant minds with proper fare ;
 And wifely ftore the nurfery by degrees
 With wholefome learning, yet acquired with eafe.

Neatly fecured from being foil'd or torn
 Beneath a pane of thin tranfluent horn,
 A book [to pleafe us at a tender age
 'Tis call'd a book, though but a fingle page)
 Prefents the prayer the Saviour deign'd to teach,
 Which children ufe, and parfons—when they
 preach.

Lifping our fyllables, we fcramble next
 Through moral narrative, or facred text;
 And learn with wonder how this world began,
 Who made, who marr'd, and who has ranfom'd
 man.

Points, which, unlefs the Scripture made them plain,
 The wifeft heads might agitate in vain.

Oh thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
 Back to the feafon of life's happy fpring,
 I pleafed remember, and, while memory yet
 Holds faft her office here, can ne'er forget;
 Ingenious dreamer, in whnfe well told tale
 Sweet fiction and fweet truth alike prevail;
 Whofe humorous vein, ftrong fenfe, and fimple
 flyle,,

May teach the gayeft, make the graveft fmile;
 Witty, and well employ'd, and, like thy Lord,
 Speaking in parables his flighted word;
 I name thee not, left fo defpifed a name
 Should move a fneer at thy deferved fame ;
 Yet e'en in tranfitory life's late day,
 That mingles all my brown with fober gray,
 Revere the man whofe *Pilgrim* marks the road,
 And guides the *Progreffs* of the foul to God.
 'Twere well with moft if books that could engage

Their childhood pleafed them at a riper age;
 The man, approving what had charm'd the boy,
 Would die at laft in comfort, peace, and joy,
 And not with curfes on his heart, who dole
 The gem of truth from his unguarded foul.
 The ftamp of artlefs piety impreff'd
 By kind tuition on his yielding breaft,
 The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,
 Regards with fcorn, though once received with awe;
 And warp'd into the labyrinth of lies,
 That babblers, call'd philofophers, devife,
 Blafphemes his creed, as founded on a plan
 Replete with Oreans, unworthy of a man.
 Touch but his nature in its ailing part,
 Affert the native evil of his heart,
 His pride refents the charge, although the proof*
 Rife in his forehead, and feem rank enough :
 Point to the cure, defcribe a Saviour's crofs
 As God's expedient to retrieve his lofs,
 The young apoftate fickens at the view,
 And hates it with the malice of a Jew.

How weak the barrier of mere Nature proves,
 Dppofed againft the pleafures Nature loves!
 While felf-be tray'd, and wilfully undone,
 She longs to yield, no faoner woo'd than won,
 Try now the merits of this bleft exchange
 Of modeft truth for wit's eccentric range.
 Time was he clofed as he began the day,
 With decent duty, not afhamed to pray;
 The practice was a bond upon his heart,

* Sec 2 Chron. xxvi. 19.

A pledge he gave for a confident part ;
 Nor could he dare presumptuously displease
 A Power, confess'd so lately on his knees.
 But now farewell all legendary tales,
 The shadows fly, philosophy prevails;
 Prayer to the winds, and caution to the waves;
 Religion makes the free by nature slaves.
 Priests have invented, and the world admired
 What knavish priests promulgate as inspired ;
 Till Reason, now no longer overawed,
 Resumes her powers, and spurns the clumsy fraud;
 And, common-sense diffusing real day,
 The meteor of the Gospel dies away.
 Such rhapsodies our forward discerning youth
 Learn from expert inquirers after truth;
 Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,
 Is not to find what they profess to seek.
 And thus, well tutor'd only while we share
 A mother's lectures and a nurse's care ;
 And taught at schools much mythologic fluff,*
 But found religion sparingly enough ;
 Our early notices of truth, disgraced,
 Soon lose their credit, and are all effaced.

Would you your son should be a fool or dunce,
 Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;
 That in good time the tripling's finish'd taste

* The author begs leave to explain ; sensible that, without such knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor historians can be tailed, or indeed understood, he does not mean to censure the pains that are taken to instruct a schoolboy in the religion of the heathen, but merely that neglect of christian culture which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.

For loofe expenfe and fafhionable wafte
 Should prove your ruin, and his own at laft;
 Train him in public with a mob of boys,
 Childifh in mifchief only and in noife,
 Elfe of a mannifti growth, and five in ten
 In infidelity and lewdnefs men.

There fhall he learn, ere fixteen winters old,
 That authors are moil ufeul pawn'd or fold ;
 That pedantry is all that fchools impart,
 But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart;
 There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays,
 Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praife,
 His counfellor and bofom-friend fhall prove,
 And fame ftreet-pacing harlot his firft love.
 Schools, unlefs difcipline were doubly ftrong,
 Detain their adolefcent charge too long;
 The management of tyros of eighteen
 Is difficult, their punifhment obfcene.
 The flout tall Captain, whofe fuperior fize
 The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
 Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix
 Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.
 His pride, that fcorns to obey or to fubmit,
 With them is courage; his effrontery wit.
 His wild excurfions, window-breaking feats,
 Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the ftreet,
 His hair-breadth Ycapes, and all his daring fchemes
 Tranfport them, and are made their favourite
 themes.

In little bofoms fuch achievements ftrike
 A kinOred fpark: they burn to do the like.
 Thus, half accomplifh'd ere he yet begin

To fhow the peeping down upon his chin ;
 And, as maturity of years comes on,
 Made juft the adept that you defign'd your fon;
 To enfore the perfeverance of his courfe,
 And give your monftrous projeft all its force,
 Send him to college. If he there be tamed,
 Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,
 Where no regard of ord'nances is fhown
 Or look'd for now, the fault muft be his own.
 Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
 Where neither ftrumpets' charms, nor drinking-
 bout,
 Nor gambling practices can find it out.
 Such youths of fpirit, and that fpirit too,
 Ye nurseries of our boys, we owe to you :
 Tho' from ourfelves the mischief more proceeds,
 For public fchools 'tis public folly feeds.
 The flaves of cuftom and eftablifh'd mode,
 With pack-horfe confancy we keep the road,
 Crooked or ftraight, through quags or thorny dells,
 True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
 To follow foolifh precedents, and wink
 With both our eyes, is eafier than to think :
 And fuch an age as ours balks no expenfe,
 Except of caution and of common-fenfe ;
 Elfe fure notorious faft, and proof fo plain,
 Would turn our fteps into a wifer train.
 I blame not thofe who, with what care they can,
 O'erwatch the numerous and unruly clan;
 Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
 Promife a work of which they muft defpair.
 Have ye, ye fage intendants of the whole,

A ubiquitous pretence and control,
 Elifha's eye, that when Gehazi stray'd
 Went with him, and saw all the game he play'd ?
 Yes, ye are conscious; and on all the shelves
 Your pupils strike upon have struck yourselves.
 Or if, by nature sober, ye had then,
 Boys as ye were, the gravity of men,
 Ye knew at heart, by constant proofs address'd
 To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.

But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,
 And evils not to be endured endure,
 Left power exerted, but without success,
 Should make the little ye retain still less.
YE once were justly famed for bringing forth
 Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth ;
 And in the firmament of fame still shines
 A glory, bright as that of all the signs,
 Of poets raised by you, and statesmen, and divines.
 Peace to them all! those brilliant times are fled,
 And no such lights are kindling in their stead.

Our triplets shine indeed, but with such rays
 As set the midnight riot in a blaze ;
 And seem, if judged by their expressive looks,
 Deeper in none than in their surgeons' books.

Say, Muse (for education made the song,
 No Muse can hesitate, or linger long),
 What causes move us, knowing, as we must,
 That these *Menageries* all fail their trust,
 To send our sons to scout and scamper there,
 While colts and puppies cost us so much care ?

Be it a weakness, it deserves fame praise,
 We love the play-place of our early days;

The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved substituting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
Tho' mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd;
The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at law;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.
Hark ! how the fire of chits, whose future share
Of clastic food begins to be his care,
With his own likenesses placed on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee ;
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box;
Then turning, he regales his listening wife
With all the adventures of his early life;
His skill in coachman's tip, or driving chaise,
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays;
What shifts he used, detested in a scrape,
How he was flogg'd, or had the luck to escape ;

What fums he loft at play, and how he fold
 Watch, frals, and all—till all his pranks are told.
 Retracing thus *his frolics* |'tis a name
 That palliates deeds of folly and of fhame),
 He gives the local bias all its fway;
 Refolves that where he play'd his fons fhall play,
 And deftines their bright genius to be fhown
 Juft in the fcene where he difplay'd his own.
 The meek and baftiful boy will foon be taught
 To be as bold and forward as he ought ;
 The rude will fcuffle through with eafe enough,
 Great fchools fuit beft the fturdy and the rough.
 Ah happy defignation, prudent choice,
 The event is fure ; expeft it, and rejoice !
 Soon fee your with fulfill'd in either child,
 The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.

The great indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
 Excufed the encumbrance of more folid worth,
 Are beft difpofed of where with moft fuccefs
 They may acquire that confident addrefs,
 Thofe habits of profufe and lewd expenfe,
 That fcorn of all delights but thofe of fenfe,
 Which, though in plain plebeians WE condemn.
 With fo much reafon all expett from them.
 But families of lefs illuftrious fame,
 Whofe chief diftinfction is their fpotlefs name,
 Whofe heirs, their honours none, their income
 fmall,

Muft ftine by true defert, or not at all,
 What dream they of, that, with fo little cared
 They rifk their hopes, their deareft treafure, there?
 They dream of little Charles or William graced

With wig prolix, down flowing to his waist;
 They see the attentive crowds his talents draw,
 They hear him speak—the oracle of law.
 The father, who designs his babe a priest,
 dreams him episcopally such at least;
 And, while the playful jockey scours the room
 briskly, astride upon the parlour broom,
 In fancy sees him more superbly ride
 In coach with purple lined, and mitres on its side.
 Events improbable and strange as these,
 Which only a parental eye foresees,
 A public school shall bring to pass with ease.
 But how? resides such virtue in that air,
 As must create an appetite for prayer?
 And will it breathe into him all the zeal
 That candidates for such a prize should feel,
 To take the lead and be the foremost still
 In all true worth and literary skill?
 " Ah blind to bright futurity, untaught
 The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought!
 Church-ladders are not always mounted best
 By learned clerks, and Latinists profess'd.
 The exalted prize demands an upward look,
 Not to be found by poring on a book.
 Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
 Is more than adequate to all I seek.
 Let erudition grace him, or not grace,
 I give the bauble but the fecund place;
 His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,
 Subside and centre in one point—a friend.
 A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,
 Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.

His intercourfe with peers and fons of peers—
 There dawns the fplendour of his future years:
 In that bright quarter his propitious ikies
 Shall blufti betimes, and there his glory rife.
Your Lordship, and Tour Grace! what fchool can
 teach

A rhetoric equal to thofe parts of fpeech?
 What need of Homer's verfe, or Tully's profe,
 Sweet interjections! if he learn but thofe ?
 Let reverend churls his ignorance rebuke,
 Who ftarve upon a dog's-ear'd Pentateuch,
 The parfon knows enough who knows a Duke,"
 Egrefious purpofe ! worthily begun
 In barbarous pruftitution of your fon ;
 PreflPd on *his* part by means that would difgracc
 A fcrivener's clerk, or footman out of place,
 And ending, if at laft its end be gain'd,
 In facrilege, in God's own houfe profaned.
 It may fucceed; and if his fins ftould call
 For more than common punifhment, it fhall;
 The wretch fhall rife, and be the thing on earth
 Leaft qualified in honour, learning, worth,
 To occupy a facred, awful poft,
 In which the beft and worthieft tremble moft.
 The *royal letters* are a thing of courfe,
 A king, that would, might recommend his horfe;
 And Deans, no doubt, and Chapters, with one voice,
 As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.
 Behold your Bilhop ! well he plays his part,
 Chriftian in name, and infidel in heart,
 Ghofthly in office, earthly in his plan,
 A flave at court, elfewhere a lady's man.

Dumb as a fenator, and as a prieft
A piece of mere church-furniture at heft;
To live efranged from God his total fcope,
And his end fure, without one glimpfe of hope.
But, fair although and feafible it feem,
Depend not much upon your golden dream;
For Providence, that feems concern'd to exempt
The hallow'd bench from abfolute contempt,
In fpite of all the wrigglers into place,
Still keeps a feat or two for worth and grace ;
And therefore 'tis, that, though the fight be rare,
We fometimes fee a Lowth or Bagot there.
Befides, fchool-friendfhips are not always found,
Though fair in promife, permanent and found ;
The moft difinterefted and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;
New fituations give a different caft
Of habit, inclination, temper, tafte ;
And he, that feem'd our counterpart at firft,
Saon fhows the ftrong (imilitude reverfed.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are
warm,
And make miftakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are, at beft, but pretty buds unblown,
Whofe fcent and hues are rather gueff'd than
known ;
Each dreams that each is juft what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When difpofition, like a fail unfurl'd,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.
If, therefore, eⁱen when honeft in defign,
A boyifh friendship may fa foon decline,

'Twere wifer fure to infpire a little heart
 With juft abhorrence of fa mean a part,
 Than fet your fon to work at a vile trade
 For wages fo unlikely to be paid.

Our public hives of puerile refort,
 That are of chief and moft approved report,
 To fuch bafe hopes, in many a fordid foul,
 Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.
 A principle, whose praud pretentions pafs
 Unqueftion'd, though the jewel be but glafs—
 That with a world, not often over-nice,
 Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice ;
 Or rather a grofs compound, juftly tried,
 Of envy, hatred, jealoufy, and pride—
 Contributes mod perhaps to enhance their fame;
 And Emulation is its fpecious name.
 Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal,
 Feel all the rage that female rivals feel;
 The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes
 Not brighter than in theirs the fcholar's prize.
 The fpirit of that competition burns
 With all varieties of ill by turns ;
 Each vainly magnifies his own fuccefs,
 Refents his fellow's, wifhes it were lefs,
 Exults in his mifcarriage if he fail,
 Deems his reward too great if he prevail,
 And labours to furpafs him day and night,
 Lefs for improvement than to tickle fpite.
 The fpur is powerful, and I grant its force ;
 It pricks the genius forward in its courfe,
 Allows fliort time for play, and none for floth;
 And, felt alike by each, advances both :

But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
 The end, though plausible, not worth the means.
 Weigh, for a moment, classical desert
 Against a heart depraved and temper hurt;
 Hurt too perhaps for life; for early wrong
 Done to the nobler part affords it long;
 And you are staunch indeed in learning's cause,
 If you can crown a discipline, that draws
 Such mischiefs after it, with much applause.

Connexion form'd for interest, and endear'd
 By selfish views, thus censured and castier'd;
 And emulation, as engendering hate,
 Doom'd to a no less ignominious fate :
 The props of such proud femineries fall,
 The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.
 Great schools rejected then, as those that swell
 Beyond a size that can be managed well,
 Shall royal institutions miss the bays,
 And small academies win all the praise ?
 Force not my drift beyond its just intent,
 I praise a school as Pope a government;
 So take my judgement in his language dress'd,
 " Whate'er is best administered is best."
 Few boys are born with talents that excel,
 But all are capable of living well;
 Then ask not, whether limited or large ?
 But, watch they frivoly, or neglect their charge ?
 If anxious only that their boys may learn,
 While *Morals* languish, a despised concern,
 The great and small deserve one common blame,
 Different in size, but in effect: the fame.
 Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,

Though motives of mere lucre fway the moil;
 Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
 For there the game they feek is eafieft found ;
 Though there, in fpite of all that care can do,
 Traps to catch youth are moft abundant too.
 If fhrewd, and of a well conftrufed brain,
 Keen in purfuit, and vigorous to retain,
 Your fon come forth a prodigy of lkill;
 As, wherefoever taught, fo form'd, he will;
 The pedagogue, with felt-complacent air,
 Claims more than half the praife as his due /hare.
 But if, with all his genius, he betray,
 Not more intelligent than loofe and gay,
 Such vicious habits as difgrace his name,
 Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame;
 Though want of due reftraint alone have bred
 The fymptoms that you fee with fo much dread;
 Unenvied there, he may fuftain alone
 The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.

Oh 'tis a fight to be with joy perufed,
 By all whom fentiment has not abufed;
 New-fangled fentiment, the beaded grace
 Of thofe who never feel in the right place;
 A fight furpaff'd by none that we can ftow,
 Though Veftris on one leg ftill fhine below;
 A father bleft with an ingenuous fon,
 Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
 How!—turn again to tales long fince forgot,
 Æfop, and Phædrus, and the reft ?—Why not ?
 He will not blufh that has a father's heart,
 To take in childifh plays a childifh part;
 But bends his fturdy back to any toy

That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy ;
Then why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your interest too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you?
Why hire a lodging in a house unknown
For one whose tenderest thoughts all hover round
your own ?

This feeble weaning, needless as it is,
How does it lacerate both your heart and his !
The indented flick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch till all are smoothed away,
Bears witness, long ere his dismissal come,
With what intense desire he wants his home.
But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof
Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,
Harmless, and safe, and natural as they are,
A disappointment waits him even there :
Arrived, he feels an unexpected change ;
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange,
No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease,
His favourite stand between his father's knees,
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat.
And least familiar where he should be most,
Feels all his happiest privileges lost.
Alas, poor boy!—the natural effect
Of love by absence chill'd into respect.
Say, what accomplishments, at school acquired,
Brings he to sweeten fruits so undefined?
Thou well deserveest an alienated son,
Unless thy conscious heart acknowledge—none ;

None that, in thy domeftic fnug recefs,
 He had not made his own with more addrefs,
 Tho' fame, perhaps, that flock thy feeling mind,
 And better never learn'd, or left behind.
 Add too, that thus eftranged, thou canft obtain
 By no kind arts his confidence again;
 That here begins with moft that long com,aint
 Of filial franknefs loft, and love grown faint,
 Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
 A parent pours into regardlefs ears.

Like caterpillars, dangling under trees
 By flender threads, and fwinging in the breeze,
 Which filthily bewray and fore difgrace
 The boughs in which are bred the unfeemly race ;
 While every worm induftrioufly weaves
 And winds his web about the rivel'd leaves;
 So numerous are the follies that annoy
 The mind and heart of every fprightly boy;
 Imaginations noxious and perverfe,
 Which admonition can alone difperfe.
 The encroaching nuifance afks a faithful hand,
 Patient, affectionate, of high command,
 To check the procreation of a breed
 Sure to exhauft the plant on which they feed.
 'Tis not enough that Greek or Roman page,
 At ftated hours, his freakifti thoughts engage;
 E'en in his paftimes he requires a friend
 To warn, and teach him fafely to unbend ;
 O'er all his pleafures gently to prelide,
 Watch his emotions, and control their tide,
 And levying thus, and with an eafy fway,
 A tax of profit from his very play,

To imprefs a value, not to be erafed,
On moments fquander'd elfe, and running all to
wafte.

And feems it nothing in a father's eye
That unimproved thofe many moments fly ?
And is he well content his fan ftould find
No nourishment to feed his growing mind,
Byt conjugated verbs and nouns declined?
For fuch is all the mental food purvey'd
By public hackneys in the fchooling trade ;
Who feed a pupil's intellect with ftore
Of fyntax, truly, but with little more ;
Difmifs their cares when they difmifs their flock,
Machines themfelves, and govern'd by a clock.
Perhaps a father, bleft with any brains,
Would deem it no abufe, or wafte of pains,
To improve this diet, at no great expenfe,
With favoury truth and wholefome common-fenfe ;
To lead his fon, for profpedts of delight,
To fome not fteep, though philofophic, height,
Thence to exhibit to his wondering eyes
Yon circling worlds, their diftance, and their fize,
The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
And the harmonious order of them all ;
To fliow him in an infect: or a flower
Such microfopic proofs of fkill and power,
As, hid from ages paft, God now difplays
To combat Atheifts with in modern days;
To fpread the earth before him, and commend,
With delignation of the finger's end,
Its various parts to his attentive note,
Thus bringing home to him the moft remote ;

To teach his heart to glow with generous flame,
 Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame;
 And, more than all, with commendation due,
 To fet fome living worthy in his view,
 Whofe fair example may at once infpire
 A wifh to copy what he muft admire.
 Such knowledge, gain'd betimes, and which ap-
 pears,

Though folidj not too weighty for his years,
 Sweet in itfelf, and not forbidding fport,
 When health demands it, of athletic fort,
 Would make him—what fame lovely boys have
 been,

And more than one perhaps that I have feen—
 An evidence and reprehention both
 Of the mere fchool-boy's lean and tardy growth,
 Art thou a man profeffionally tied,
 With all thy faculties elfewhere applied,
 Too bufy to intend a meaner care
 Than how to enrich thyfelf, and next thine heir;
 Or art thou [as, though rich, perhaps thou art)
 But poor in knowledge, having none to impart:—
 Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad;
 His fpriightly mingled with a fhade of fad;
 Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
 Heard to articulate like other men ;
 No jefter, and yet lively in difcourfe,
 His phrafe well chofen, clear, and full of force;
 And his addrefs, if not quite French in eafe,
 Not Englifh ftiff, but frank, and forni'd to pleafe ;
 Low in the world, becaufe he fcorns its arts;
 A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;

Unpatronized, and therefore little known;
 Wife for himself and his few friends alone—
 In him thy well appointed proxy fee,
 Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee ;
 Prepared by taste, by learning, and true worth,
 To form thy son, to strike his genius forth;
 Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
 The force of discipline when back'd by love ;
 To double all thy pleasure in thy child,
 His mind inform'd, his morals undefiled.
 Safe under such a wing, the boy shall know
 No spots contracted among grooms below,
 Nor taint his speech with meanesses, design'd
 By footman Tom for witty and refined.
 There, in his commerce with the liveried herd,
 Lurks the contagion chiefly to be fear'd ;
 For since [so fashion dictates) all, who claim
 A higher than a mere plebeian fame,
 Find it expedient, come what mischief may,
 To entertain a thief or two in pay,
 And they that can afford the expense of more,
 Some half a dozen, and some half a score,
 Great cause occurs to save him from a band
 So sure to spoil him, and so near at hand;
 A point secured, if once he be supplied
 With fame such Mentor always at his side.
 Are such men rare ? perhaps they would abound
 Were occupation easier to be found,
 Were education, else so sure to fail,
 Conducted on a manageable scale,
 And schools, that have outlived all just esteem,
 Exchanged for the secure domestic scheme.—

But, having found him, be thou duke or earl,
 Show thou haft fenfe enough to prize the pearl,
 And as thou wouldft the advancement of thine heir
 In all good faculties beneath his care,
 Refpeft, as is but rational and juft,
 A man deem'd worthy of fo dear a truft.
 Defpifed by thee, what more can he expeft
 From youthful folly than the fame neglect?
 A flat and fatal negative obtains
 That infant upon all his future pains ;
 His leffons tire, his mild rebukes offend,
 And all the inftruftions of thy fon's beft friend
 Are a fream choked, or trickling to no end.
 Doom him not then to folitary meals;
 But recollect that he has fenfe, and feels ;
 Arid that, poffeffor of a foul refined,
 An upright heart, and cultivated mind,
 His port not mean, his talents not unknown,
 He deems it hard to vegetate alone.
 And, if admitted at thy board he lit,
 Account him no juft mark for idle wit ;
 Offend not him, whom modefty refrains
 From repartee, with jokes that he difdains ;
 Much hfs tranfix his feelings with an oath;
 Nor frown, unlefs he vanifh with the doth;—
 And, truft me, his utility may reach
 To more than he is hired or bound to teach ;
 Much trafh unutter'd, and fome ill done,
 Through reverence of the cenfor of thy fon.

But if thy table be indeed unclean,
 Foul with excefs, and with difcourfe obfcene,
 And thou a wretch, whom, following her old plan,

The world accounts an honourable man,
Because forfooth thy courage has been tried
And flood the teft, perhaps on the wrong fide;
Though thou hadft never grace enough to prove
That any thing but vice could win thy love ;—
Or haft thou a polite, card-playing wife,
Chain'd to the routs that fhe frequents for life ;
Who, juft when induftry begins to fnore,
fhes, wing'd with joy, to fame coach-crowded
door;

And thrice in every winter throngs thine own
With half the chariots and fedans in town,
Thyself meanwhile e'en ihifting as thou mayft ;
Not very fober though, nor very chafte ;—
Or is thine houfe, though lefs fuperb thy rank,
If not a fcene of pleafure, a mere blank,
And thou at beft, and in thy fobereft mood,
A trifler vain, and empty of all good;
Though mercy for thyself thou canft have none,
Hear Nature plead, fhew mercy to thy fon,
Saved from his home, where every day brings forth
Some mifchief fatal to his future worth,
Find him a better in a diftant fpot,
Within fome pious paftor's humble cot,
Where vile example [yours I chiefly mean,
The moft feducing, and the oftneft feen)
May never more be ftamp'd upon his breaft,
Not yet perhaps incurably impreff'd.
Where early reft makes early rifing fure,
Difeafe or comes not, or finds eafy cure,
Prevented much by diet neat and plain;
Or, if it enter, foon ftarved out again :

Where all the attention of his faithful hoft,
 Difcreetly limited to two at moil,
 May raife fuch fruits as ftiall reward his care,
 And not at la ft evaporate in air:

Where, ftillnefs aiding ftudy, and his mind
 Serene, and to his duties much inclined,
 Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home,
 Of pleafures pad, or follies yet to come,
 His virtuous toil may terminate at laft
 In fettled habit and decided tafte.—

But whom do I advife ? the fafhion-led,
 The incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead !
 Whom care and caul deliberation fuit
 Not better much than fpectacles a brute ;
 Who, if their fons fame flight tuition ftiare,
 Deem it of no great moment whofe, or where;
 Too proud to adopt the thoughts of one unknown,
 And much too gay to have any of their own.
 But courage, man! methought the Mufe replied,
 Mankind are various, and the world is wide :
 The oftrich, fillieft of the feather'd kind,
 And form'd of God without a parent's mind,
 Commits her eggs, incautious, to the duft,
 Forgetful that the foot may cruflie the truff;
 And while on public nurseries they rely,
 Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,
 Irrational in what they thus prefer,
 No few, that would feem wife, refemble her.
 But all are not alike. Thy warning voice
 May here and there prevent erroneous choice ;
 And fame perhaps, who, bufy as they are,
 Yet make their progeny their deareft care,

Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may
reach

Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach,
Will need no trifles of argument to enforce
The expedience of a less adventurous course ;
The rest will flight thy counsel, or condemn;
But *they* have human feelings—turn to *them*.

To you, then, tenants of life's middle state,
Securely placed between the small and great,
Whose character, yet undebauch'd, retains
Two thirds of all the virtue that remains,
Who, wise yourselves, desire your sons should learn
Your wisdom and your ways—to you I turn.
Look round you on a world perversely blind ;
See what contempt is fallen on humankind ;
See wealth abused, and dignities misplaced,
Great titles, offices, and trusts disgraced,
Long lines of ancestry, renown'd of old,
Their noble qualities all quench'd and cold;
See Bedlam's closeted and handcuff'd charge
Surpass'd in frenzy by the mad at large;
See great commanders making war a trade,
Great lawyers, lawyers without study made;
Churchmen, in whose esteem their best employ
Is odious, and their wages all their joy,
Who, far enough from furnishing their shelves
With Gospel lore, turn infidels themselves;
See womanhood despised, and manhood flamed
With infamy too nauseous to be named,
Fops at all corners, ladylike in mien,
Civeted fellows, smelt ere they are seen,
Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue

On fire with curfes, and with nonfenfe hung,
 Now flufh'd with Orunkcnefs, now with whore-
 dom pale,

Their breath a fample of laft night's regale ;
 See volunteers in all the vileft arts,

Men well endow'd, of honourable parts,

Defign'd by Nature wife, but felf-made fools;

All thefe, and more like thefe, were bred at fchools.

And if it chance, as fometimes chance it will,

That though fchool-bred the boy be virtuous ftill;

Such rare exceptions, fhining in the dark,

Prove, rather than impeach, the juft remark :

As here and there a twinkling ftar defcried

Serves but to fhew how black is all befide.

Naw look on him, whofe very voice in tone

Juft echoes thine, whofe features are thine own,

And ftroke his polifh'd cheek of pureft red,

And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,

And fay, My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,

When thou, tranfplanted from thy genial home,

Muft find a colder foil and bleaker air,

And truft for fafcty to a ft ranger's care.

What character, what turn thou wilt affume

From conftant converfe with I know not whom ;

Who there will court thy friendship, with what
 views,

And, artlefs as thou art, whom thou wilt choofe ;

Though much depends on what thy choice fhall be,

Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.

Canft thou, the, tear juft trembling on thy lids,

And while the dreadful rifle forefeen forbids;

Free too, and under no canft training force,

Unless the fway of curtain warp thy courfe ;
 Lay fuch a ftake upon the lofing fide,
 Merely to gratify fo blind a guide ?
 Thou canft not! Nature, pulling at thine heart,
 Condemns the unfatherly, the imprudent part.
 Thou wouldft not, deaf to Nature's tendereft plea,
 Turn him adrift upon a rolling fea,
 Nor fay, *Go thither*, confcious that there lay
 A brood of afses, or quickfands, in his way;
 Then only govern'd by the felfsame rule
 Of natural pity, fend him not to fchool.
 No—Guard him better. Is he not thine own,
 Thyfelf in miniature, thy flefh, thy bone?
 And hopeft thou not ('tis every father's hope)
 That, fince thy ftrength muft with thy years elope,
 And thou wilt need fome comfort to affbage
 Health's laft farewell, a ftaff of thine old age,
 That then, in recompence of all thy cares,
 Thy child fhall fhew refpect to thy gray hairs,
 Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,
 And give thy life its only cordial left ?
 Aware then how much danger intervenes,
 To compafs that good end, forecaft the means.
 His heart, now paflive, yields to thy command;
 Secure it thine, its key is in thine hand.
 If thou defert thy charge, and throw it wide,
 Nor heed what guefts there enter and abide,
 Complain not if attachments lewd and bafe
 Supplant thee in it, and ufurp thy place.
 But, if thou guard its fecret chambers fure
 From vicious inmates and delights impure,
 Either his gratitude fhall hold him faft,

And keep him warm and filial to the laft;
 Or, if he prove unkind [as who can fay
 But, being man, and therefore frail, he may);
 One comfort yet fhall cheer thine aged heart,
 Howe'er he flight thee, thou haft done thy part.

Oh, barbarous! woulOft thouwith a Gothic hand
 Pull down the fchools—what!—all the fchools in
 the land;

Or throw them up to livery-nags and grooms,
 Or turn them into (hops and auftion rooms?
 —A captious queftion, Sir [and yours is one),
 Deferves an anfwer fimilar, or none.

WoulOft thou, poffeffor of a flock, employ
 (Apprifed that he is fuch) a carelefs boy,
 And feed him well, and give him hanifome pay,
 Merely to fleep, and let them run aftray?
 Survey our fchools and colleges, and fee
 A fight not much unlike my fimile.

From education, as the leading caufe,
 The public character its colour draws;
 Thence the prevailing manners take their cart,
 Extravagant or fober, loofe or chafte.

And though I would not advertife them yet,
 Nor write on each—*This Building to be let,*
 Unlefs the world were all prepared to embrace
 A plan well worthy to fupply their place;
 Yet backward as they are, and long have been,
 To cultivate and keep the Morals clean
 [Forgive the crime), I wifti them, I confefs,
 Or better managed, or encouraged lefs.



OLNET HYMNS.

I. WALKING WITH GOD. *Gen. v. 24.*



H ! for a clofer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to ftine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the bleffednefs I knew
When firft I faw the Lord ?
Where is the foul-refreflung view
Of Jefus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How fweet their memory ftill
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet meflenger of reft:
I hate the fins that made thee mourn,
Anddrovethee from my breaft.

The deareft idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worfhip only Thee.

So fliall my walk be clofe with God,
Calm and ferene my frame ;
So purer light ftiall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2, JEHOVAH-JIREH.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. *Gen. xxii. 14.*



HE faints fhould never be difmay'd,
Nor fink in hopelefs fear;
For when they leaft expeft his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

This Abraham found : he raifed the knife;
God faw, and faid, " Forbear!
Yon ram fhall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there."

Once David feem'd Saul's certain prey ;
But hark ! the foe's at hand ;*
Saul turns his arms another way,
To fave the invaded land.

When Jonah funk beneath the wave,
Hethoughttorifenomore; †

* I Sam. xxiii. 27,

†

Jonah i. 17.

But God prepared a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in his word !
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

Wait for his feasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd.
But cannot come too late.

3. JEHOVAH-ROPHI.

I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH **THEE** .

Exod. xv. 2.6.



HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch :
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;

" Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,*
 " Oh, help my unbelief!"

She ton, who touch'd thee in the prefs,
 And healing virtue ftole,
 Was anfwer'd, " Daughter, go in peace,-†-
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Conceal'd amid the gathering throng,
 She would have fhunn'd thy view ;
 And if her faith was firm and ftrong,
 Had ftrong mifgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee, if we may;
 Oh ! fend us not defpairing home,
 Send none unheal'd away.

4. JEHOVAH-NISSI.

THE LORD MY BANNER. *Exod.* xvii. 15.



Y whom was David taught
 To aim the deadly blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low?
 Nor fword nor fpear the ftripling took,
 But chofe a pebble from the brook.

* Mark ix. 24. † Mark v. 34,

'Twas Ifrael's God and king
Who fent him to the fight ;
Who gave him ftrength to fling,
And {kill to aim aright.
Ye feeble faints, your ftrength endures,
Becaufe young David's God is yours.

Who order'd Gideon forth,
To ftorm the invaders' camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp ?*
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the hoft was overthrown.

Oh ! I have feen the day,
When with a fingle word,
God helping me to fay,
" My truft is in the Lord,"
My foul hath quell'd a thoufand foes,
Fearlefs of all that could oppofe.

But unbelief, felf-will,
Self-righteoufnefs, and pride,
How often do they fteal
My weapon from my fide!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his fervant to the end.

* Judges vii. 9, and 20.

5. JEHOVAH-SHALDM.

THE LORD SEND PEACE. *Judges vi. 24.*



ESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd
 To satisfy the law's demand;
 By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
 Before the Father's face I stand.

To reconcile offending man,
 Make Justice drop her angry rod;
 What creature could have form'd the plan,
 Or who fulfil it but a God ?

Not drop remains of all the curse,
 For wretches who deserved the whole;
 No arrows dip't in wrath to pierce
 The guilty, but returning foul.

Peace by such means so dearly bought,
 What rebel could have hoped to see ?
 Peace, by his injured Sovereign wrought,
 His Sovereign fasten'd to a tree.

Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare!
 For strife with earth and hell begins ;
 Confirm and gird me for the war,
 They hate the foul that hates his fins.

Let them in horrid league agree!
 They may assault, they may distress ;
 But cannot quench thy love to me,
 Nor rob me of the Lord my peace.

6. WISDOM. *Prov. viii. 22-31.*

BEFORE God had built the mountains,
 Or raised the fruitful hills ;
 Before he fill'd the fountains
 That feed the running rills ;
 In me, from everlasting,
 The wonderful I AM
 Found pleasures never wafting,
 And WISDOM is my name.

When, like a tent to dwell in,
 He spread the skies abroad,
 And swathed about the swelling
 Of Ocean's mighty flood ;
 He wrought by weight and measure,
 And I was with him then :
 Myself the Father's pleasure,
 And mine, the sons of men.

Thus Wisdom's words discover
 Thy glory and thy grace,
 Thou everlasting lover
 Of our unworthy race !
 Thy gracious eye survey'd us
 Ere stars were seen above ;
 In wisdom thou hast made us,
 And died for us in love.

And couldst thou be delighted
 With creatures such as we,

Who, when we faw thee, flighted,
 And nail'd thee to a tree ?
 Unfathomable wonder,
 And myftery divine!
 The voice that fpeaks in thunder,
 Says, " Sinner, I am thine!"

7. VANITY OF THE WORLD.



OD gives his mercies to be fpent;
 Your hoard will do your foul no good ;
 Gold is a blefling only lent,
 Repaid by giving others food.

The world's efteem is but a bribe,
 To buy their peace you fell your own;
 The flave of a vainglorious tribe,
 Who hate you while they make you known.

The joy that vain amufements give,
 Oh ! fad conclufion that it brings !
 The honey of a crowded hive,
 Defended by a thoufand flings.

'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
 That live upon her treacherous fmiles:
 She leads them blindfold by her rules,
 And ruins all whom fhe beguiles.

God knows the thoufands who go down
 From pleafure into endlefs woe;
 And with a long delpairing groan
 Blafpheme their Maker as they go.

O fearful thought! be timely wife ;
 Delight but in a Saviour's charms,
 And Gad fhall take you to the fkies,
 Embraced in everlafting arms.

8. O LORD, I WILL PRAISE THEE.

Ifaiah xii. i.



WILL praife thee every day
 Now thine anger's turn'd away !
 Comfortable thoughts arife
 From the bleeding facrifice.

Here, in the fair gofpel-field,
 Wells of free falvation yield
 Streams of life, a plenteous ftore,
 And my foul fliall thirft no more.

Jefus is become at length
 My falvation and my ftrength ;
 And his praifes ftiall prolong,
 While I live, my pleafant fong.

Praife ye, then, his glorious name,
 Publifli his exalted fame!
 Still his worth your praife exceeds,
 Excellent are all his deeds.

Raife again the joyful found,
 Let the nations roll it round !
 Zion, fhout, for this is he,
 God the Saviour dwells in thee !

9. THE CONTRITE HEART. ,Isaiahi lvii. 15.



HE Lord will happinefs divine
 On contrite hearts beftow;
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart or no ?

I hear, but feem to hear in vain,
 Infenfible as feel ;
 If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.

I fometimes think myfelf inclined
 To love thee, if I could ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.

My beft defires are faint and few,
 I fain would ftrove for more ;
 But when I cry, " My ftrength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.

Thy faints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy houfe of prayer ;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache;
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it if it be.

10. THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF
THE CHURCH, *Isaiah ix.* 15-20.

HEAR what God the Lord hath fpaken,
" O my people, faint and few,
Comfortlefs, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You fhall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates fhall all be Praife.

"There, like fstreams that feed the garden,
Pleafures without end fhall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty fhall bellow ;
Still in undifturb'd poffeffion
Peace and righteoufnefs fhall reign ;
Never fhall you feel oppreffion,
Hear the voice of war again.

" Ye no more your funs defcending,
Waning moons no more fhall fee;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :
God fhall rife, and fhining o'er ye,
Change to-day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, fhall be your glory,
God your everlafting light."

11, JEHOVAH OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Jer. xxiii. 6.

Y God, how perfect are thy ways!
 But mine polluted are ;
 Sin twines itself about my praise,
 And flides into my prayer.

When I would speak what thou haft done
 To save me from my fin,
 I cannot make thy mercies known,
 But self-applause creeps in.

Divine defire, that holy flame
 Thy grace creates in me ;
 Alas ! impatience is its name,
 When it returns to thee.

This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
 How does it overflow !
 While self upon the surface floats,
 Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy drefs
 Of fancied merit shine,
 The Lord fhall be my righteoufnefs,
 The Lord for ever mine.

12. EPHRAIM REPENTING. *Jer.* xxxi. 18-20.



Y God, till I received thy froke,
 How like a beaft was I!
 So unaccuftom'd to the yoke,
 So backward to comply.

With grief my juft reproach I bear,
 Shame fills me at the thought;
 How frequent my rebellions were !
 What wickednefs I wrought!

Thy merciful reftraint I fcorn'd,
 And left the pleafant road ;
 Yet turn me, and I fhall be turn'd,
 Thou art the Lord my God.

" Is Ephraim banifli'd from my thoughts,
 Or vile in my efteem ?
 No," faith the Lord, " with all his faults,
 I ftill remember him.

" Is he a dear and pleafant child ?
 Yes, dear and phafant ftill ;
 Though fin his foolifh heart beguiled,
 And he withftood my will.

"My fharp rebuke has laid him low,
 He fecks my face again ;
 My pity kindles at his woe,
 He fhall not feek in vain."

13. THE COVENANT. *Ezek.* xxxvi. 15-28.

HE Lord proclaims his grace abroad!
 "Behold, I change your hearts of ftone;
 Each (hall renounce his idol-god,
 And ferve, henceforth, the Lord alone.

"My grace, a flowing ftreatn, proceeds
 To wafh your filthinefs away;
Ye fhall abhor your former deeds,
 And learn my ftatutes to obey.

" My truth the great defign enfures,
 I give myfelf away to you ;
 You fhall be mine, I will be yours,
 Your God unalterably true.

" Yet not unfought, or unimplored,
 The plenteous grace fhall I confer; *
 No—your whole hearts fhall feek the Lord,
 I'll put a praying fpirit there.

" From the firft breath of life divine,
 Down to the laft expiring hour,
 The gracious work (hall all be mine,
 Begun and ended in my power,"

14. JEHDVAH-SHAMMAH. *Ezek.* xlvi. 35,



As birds their infant brood proteft,*
 And fpread their wings to fhelter them,
 Thus faith the Lord to his cleft,
 "So will I guard Jerufalem."

And what then is Jerufalem,
 This darling objeft of his care ?
 Where is its worth in God's efteem ?
 Who built it ? who inhabits there ?

Jehovah founded it in blood,
 The blood of his incarnate Son ;
 There dwell the faints, once foes to God,
 The fmnrs whom he calls his own.

There, though befieged on every fide,
 Yet much beloved and guarded well,
 From age to age they have defied
 The utmoft force of earth and hell-

Let earth repent, and hell defpair,
 This city has a fure defence ;
 Her name is call'd, " The Lord is there,"
 And who has power to drive him thence ?

* Ifaiah xxxi. 5.

15, PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

Zee. xiii. i.

HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;

And finners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lofe all their guilty ftains.

The dying thief rejoiced to fee
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wafli'd all my fins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lofe its power,
 Till all the ranfom'd church of God
 Be faved to fin no more.

E'er fince, by faith, I faw the fteam
 Thy flowing wounds fupply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And fhall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, fweeter fong,
 I'll fing thy power to fave ;
 When this poor lifping itammcring tongue
 Lies filent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou haft prepared
 [Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me!

'Tis frung, and tuned, for endlefs years,
 And form'd by power divine,
 To found in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

16. THE SDWER. *Matt. xiii. 3.*



E fons of earth, prepare the plough,
 Break up your fallow ground;
 The fewer is gone forth to fow,
 And fcatter bleflings round.

The feed that finds a ftony foil,
 Shoots forth a hafty blade ;
 But ill repays the fower's toil,
 Soon wither'd, fcorch'd, and dead.

The thorny ground is fure to baulk
 All hopes of harveft there;
 We find a tall and fickly ftalk,
 But not the fruitful ear.

The beaten path and highway fide
 Receive the truft in vain ;
 The watchful birds the fpoil divide,
 And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and power
 Has blefs'd the happy field,
 How plenteous is the golden ftore
 The deep-wrought furrows yield !

238 *OLNEY HYMNS..*

Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace ;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place.

17. THE HOUSE OF PRAYER. *Mark xi. 17.*



HY mansion is the Christian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

Devoted as it is to thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place ;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

There, too, a sharp delighting trade
Sin, Satan, and the World maintain ;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade
To part with ease, and purchase pain.

I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd ;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I would.

Oh ! for the joy thy presence gives,
What peace shall reign when thou art there !
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of prayer.

And if them make thy temple fhine,
 Yet, felf-abafed, will I adore ;
 The gold and filver are not mine,
 I give thee what was thine before.

18. LDVEST THOU ME? *John xxi. 16.*

MARK, my foul! it is the Lord :
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
 Jefus fpeaks, and fpeaks to thee :
 " Say, poor finner, loveft thou me ?

" I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, fet thee right,
 Turn'd thy darknefs into light,

" Can a woman's tender care
 Ceafe towards the child fhe bare?
 Yes, fhe may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

" Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, ftrong as death.

" Thou fhalt fee my glory foon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne fhalt be :—
 Say, poor finner, loveft thou me ? "

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint:
 Yet I love thee and adore :
 Oh ! for grace to love thee more !

19. CONTENTMENT. *Phil.iv.II.*



PIERCE paffions difcompofe the mind,
 As tempefts vex the fea :
 But calm content and peace we find.
 When, Lord, we turn to thee,

In vain by reafon and by rule
 We try to bend the will ;
 For none but in the Saviour's fchool
 Can learn the heavenly fkill,

Since at his feet my foul has fate,
 His gracious words to hear,
 Contented with my prefent ftate,
 I caft on him my care.

" Art thou a finner, foul ?" he faid,
 " Then how canft thou complain ?
 How light thy troubles here, if weighed
 With everlafting pain !

" If thou of murmuring wouldft be cured,
 Compare thy griefs with mine ;
 Think what my love for thee endured,
 And thou wilt not repine.

" 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
 And I do all things well ;
 Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
 And rise with me to dwell.

" In life my grace shall strength supply,
 Proportion'd to thy day;
 At death thou shalt find me nigh,
 To wipe thy tears away."

Thus I, who once my wretched days
 In vain repinings spent,
 Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
 Have learnt to be content.

20. OLD TESTAMENT GOSPEL. *Heb, iv. 2.*



ISRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the Gospel too ;
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.

The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood-befprinkled door,*
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once applied with power,
 Would teach the need of other blood,
 To reconcile an angry God.

* Exodus xii. 13.

242 *OLNEY HYMNS..*

The Lamb, the Dove, fet forth
His perfect innocence,*
Whofe blood of matchlefs worth
Should be the foul's defence;
For he who can for fin atone,
Muft have no failings of his own.

The fcape-goat on his head†
The people's trefpafs bore,
And to the defert led,
Was to be feen no more:
In him our Surety feem'd to fay,
" Behold, I bear your fins away."

Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type, well underftood,
Exprefsf'd the finner's plea;
Defcribed a guilty foul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death difcharged.

Jefus, I love to trace,
Throughout the facred page,
The footfteps of thy grace,
The fame in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchfafed to me !

* Lev. xii. 6. † Lev. xvi. zi. † Lev. xiv. 51-53.

21. SARDIS. *Rev. Hi. 1-6.*

WRITE to Sardis," faith the Lord,
 " And write what he declares,
 He whnfe Spirit, and whofe word,

Upholds the feven ftars :

All thy works and ways I fearch,

Find thy zeal and love decay'd;

Thou art call'd a living church,

But thou art cold and dead.

" Watch, remember, feek, and ftrive,

Exert thy former pains ;

Let thy timely care revive,

And ftrengthen what remains :

Cleanfe thine heart, thy works amend,

Former times to mind recall,

Left my fudden ftroke defcend,

And fmite thee once for all.

" Yet I number now in thee

A few that are upright;

Thefe my Father's face fhall fee,

And walk with me in white.

When in judgement I appear,

They far mine ftiall be confest ;

Let my faithful fervants hear,

And woe be to the reft,"

22. PRAYER FOR A BLESSING.



BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
 The gift of faving grace ;
 And let the feed of fared truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heavenly root ;
 But faireft in the youngeft fflows,
 And yields the fweteft fruit.

Ye carelefs ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of fovereign love !
 Your youth is ftain'd with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above-

True, you are young, but there's a ftane
 Within the youngeft breaft ;
 Or half the crimes which you have done
 Would rob you of your reft.

For you the public prayer is made,
 Oh ! join the public prayer !
 For you the fecret tear is fbed,
 O fhed yourfelves a tear !

We pray that you may early prove
 The Spirit's power to teach ;
 You cannot be too young to love
 That Jefus whom we preach.

23. PLEADING FOR AND WITH YOUTH.

IN has undone our wretched race,
 But Jefus has reftored,
 And brought the finner face to face
 With his forgiving Lord.

This WE repeat, from year to year,
 And prefs upon our youth;
 Lord, give them an attentive ear,
 Lord, fave them by thy truth.

Bleffings upon the rifing race!
 Make this a happy hour,
 According to thy richeft grace,
 And thine Almighty power.

We feel for your unhappy ftate,
 (May you regard it too)
 And would awhile ourfelves forget
 To pour out prayer for you.

We fee, though you perceive it not,
 The approaching awful doom;
 O tremble at the folemn thought,
 And flee the wrath to come !

Dear Saviour, let this new-born year
 Spread an alarm abroad;
 And cry in every carelefs ear,
 " Prepare to meet thy Cod!"

24. PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.



GRACIOUS Lord, our children see,
 By thy mercy we are free ;
 But fhall thefe, alas! remain
 Subjects ftill of Satan's reign?
 IfraeFs young ones, when of old
 Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold;*
 Then thy meffenger faid, " No ;
 Let the children alfo go."

When the angel of the Lord,
 Drawing forth his dreadful fword,
 Slew, with an avenging hand,
 All the firft-born of the land;-]-
 Then thy people's doors he paff'd,
 Where the bloody fign was placed ;
 Hear us, now, upon our knees,
 Plead the blood of Chrift for thefe !

Lord, we tremble, for we know
 How the fierce malicious foe,
 Wheeling round his watchful flight,
 Keeps them ever in his fight:
 Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
 Hide them fafe beneath thy wings;
 Left the ravenous bird of prey
 Stoop, and bear the brood away.

* Exod. x. g. † Exod, xii. 12,

25. JEHOVAH JESUS.



My fong fhall blefs the Lord of all,
My praife fhall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great fupreme, the mighty God,

Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of fenfe;
Eternal ages faw him ftiine,
He fhines eternal ages hence.

As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the iky,
As when the fix days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning ftars with joy.

Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his deareft claim;
That gracious found well pleafed he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well placed hopes with joy I fee ;
My bofom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worfhip him who died for me.

As man, he pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine ;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's fure, and muft be mine,

26. ON OPENING A PLACE FOR SOCIAL
PRAYER,

JESUS ! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy feat;
Where'er they seek thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabited the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Behold, at thy commanding word
We stretch the curtain and the cord;*
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

27. WELCOME TO THE TABLE.



HIS is the feaft of heavenly wine,
And God invites to fup ;
The juices of the living vine
Were preff'd to fill the Cup.

Oh! blefs the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed ;
Not heaven affords a coftlier treat,
For Jefus is the bread.

The vile, the loft, he calls to them,
Ye trembling fouls, appear !
The righteous in their own efteem
Have no acceptance here.

Approach, ye poor, nor dare refufe
The banquet fpread for you ;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

If guilt and fin afford a pha,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I fhall fee his face.

28, JESUS HASTING TO SUFFER.



HE Saviour, what a noble flame
 Was kindled in his breast,
 When hastening to Jerufahm,
 He march'd before the rest !

Good will to men, and zeal for God,
 His every thought engross ;
 He longs to be baptized with blood,*
 He pants to reach the cross !

With all his sufferings full in view,
 And woes to us unknown,
 Forth to the task his spirit flew;
 'Twas love that urged him on.

Lord, we return thee what we can :
 Our hearts shall find abroad,
 Salvation to the dying Man,
 And to the rising God!

And while thy bleeding glories here
 Engage our wondering eyes.
 We learn our lighter crosses to bear,
 And hasten to the cross.

* Luke xii. 50,

29. EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.



WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy feat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest faint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side;
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.*

Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.

* Exodus xvii. u.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
 To Heaven in {application sent,
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,
 " Hear what the Lord has done for me."

30. THE LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE WORD,



HE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
 And brings the truth to light;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age,
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat:
 His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory break upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

11. 31. ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER,

THIS matter taken from his head,
 Elifha faw him go ;
 And in defponding accents faid,
 "Ah, what muft I fraeldo?"

But he forgot the Lord who lifts
 The beggar to the throne;
 Nor knew, that all Elijah's gifts
 Would foon be made his own.

What! when a Paul has run his courfe,
 Or when Apollos dies,
 Is Ifrael left without refource ?
 And have we no fupplies ?

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
 We have a boundlefs ftore,
 And fhall be fed with what he gives,
 Who lives for evermore.

32. THE SHINING LIGHT.

MY former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins;
 I feel, alas! that I am dead
 In trefpafles and fins.

Ah, whither fhall I fly!
 I hear the thunder roar;
 The Law praclaims Deftruftion nigh,
 And Vengeance at the door.

When I review my ways,
 I Oread impending doom :
 But fure a friendly whifper fays,
 " Flee from the wrath to come."

I fee, or think I fee,
 A glimmering from afar;
 A beam of day, that fliines for me,
 To fave me from defpair.

Forerunner of the fun,*
 It marks the Pilgrim's way;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rifing day.

33.. THE WAITING SOUL.



BR EATHE from the gentle fouth, O Lord,
 And cheer me from the north ;
 Blow on the treafures of thy word,
 And call the fpices forth !

I wifh, Thou know'ft, to be refign'd,
 And wait with patient hope;
 But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
 And Orinks the fpirits up.

* Pfalm cxxx. 5.

Help me to reach the distant goal;
Confirm my feeble knee ;
Pity the fickleness of a soul
That faints for love of thee !

Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet, since I feel it so,
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.

I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And every door is shut but one,
And that is Mercy's door.

There, till the dear Deliverer come,
I'll wait with humble prayer;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find him there.

34. SEEKING THE BELOVED.



O those who know the Lord, I speak,
Is my beloved near?

The bridegroom of my soul I seek,
Oh! when will he appear?

Though once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now he fills a throne,
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heaven have known.

Grace fhes before, and love attends
 His fteps where'er he goes;
 Though none can fee him but his friends,
 And they were once his foes.

He fpeaks ;—obedient to his call
 Our warm affections move :
 Did he but fliine alike on all,
 Then all alike would love.

Then love in every heart would reign,
 And war would ceafe to roar;
 And cruel and blood-thirfty men
 Would thirft for blood no more.

Such Jefus is, and fuch his grace,
 Oh, may he ftine on you!
 And tell him, when you fee his face,
 I long to fee him too.*

35. LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.



OD moves in a myfterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the Tea,
 And rides upon the form.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing fkill,
 He treafures up his bright defigns,
 And works his fovereign will.


Ye fearful faints, frefti courage take,
 The clouds ye fo much dread
 Are big with mercy, and fhall break
 In bleflings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble fenfe,
 But truft him for his grace :
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a fmiling face.

His purpofes will ripen fall,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter tafte,
 But fweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is fure to err,*
 And fcán his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

jfi. WELCOME CROSS.

 HIS my happinefs below
 Not to live without the crofs,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sandlifying every lofs :
 Trials muft and will befall;
 But with humble faith to fee
 Love infcribed upon them all,
 This is happinefs to me.

* John xiii. 7.

258 *OLNEY HYMNS..*

God in lrael fows the feeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
Thefe fpring up and choke the weeds
Which would elfe o'erfpread the foil :
Trials make the promife fweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chaftifcment by the way :
Might I not, with reafon, fear
I fhould prove a caft-away.
Baftards may efcape the rod,*
Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Muft not, would not, if he might.

37- AFFLICTIONS SANCTIFIED BY THE WORD.



HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !
It guides me in the peaceful way ;
I think upon it all the day.

What are the mines of fhining wealth,
The ftrength of youth, the bloom of health!

* Hebrews xii. 8.

What are all joys compared with thofe
Thine everlafting Word beftows!

Long unafflifted, undifmay'd,
In pleafure's path fecure I ftray'd ;
Thou madeft me feel thy chaftening rod,*
And fraight I turn'd unto my God.

What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bleff'd thine hand that caufed the fmart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But faved me from eternal woe.

Oh ! hadft thou left me unchaftifed,
Thy precepts I had ftill defpifed ;
And ftill the fnare in fecret laid
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode ;
Where, in thy prefence fully bleft,
Thy chofen faints for ever reft.

38. TEMPTATION.



HE billows fwell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcaft my wintry fky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,—
My fears are great, my ftrength is fmall,

* Pfalm cxix. 71,

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guard and guide me through the storm,
 Defend me from each threatening ill,
 Control the waves,—say, " Peace, be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek;
 Let neither winds nor stormy main
 Force back my shatter'd bark again.

39. 39. LOOKING UPWARDS IN A STORM.



GOD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,*
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the feeble and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?

* Psalm Ixix. 15,

Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain!

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with thee;
They whom the world rarefies most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,*
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

40. THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW
OF DEATH.



Y foul is sad, and much dismay'd,
See, Lord, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Apollyon at their head,
My heavenly pilgrimage oppose!

* Pfalml. 17.

See, from the ever burning lake,
How like a fmoky cloud they rife !
 With horrid blafts my foul they flake,
 With fforms of blafphemies and lies.

Their fiery arrows reach the mark,*
 My throbbing heart with anguifli tear ;
 Each lights upon a kindred fpark,
 And finds abundant fuel there.

I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord;
 Oh ! I woulddriveit from my breaft,
 With thy own fharp two-edged fword,
 Far as the eaft is from the weft.

Come, then, and chafe the cruel hoft,
 Heal the deep wounds I have received !
 Nor let the powers of darknefs boaft,
 That I am foil'd, and Thou art grieved !

41. PEACE AFTER A STORM.



WHEN darknefs long has veil'd my mind,
 And fmiling day once more appears;
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
 And blufh that I fhould ever be

* Ephef. vi, 16,

Thus prone to aft fo bafe a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee !

Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am ftill fo flow to learn;
That God is Love, and changes not,
Nor knows the fliadow of a turn,

Sweet truth, and eafy to repeat!
But when my faith is fharply tried,
I find myfelf a learner yet,
Unfilful, weak, and apt to Hide.

But, O my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the difobedient will;
Drives doubt and difcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ftill.

Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou, therefore, all the praife receive ;
Be flame and felf-abhorrence mine.

42. MOURNING AND LONGING.



HE Saviour hides his face !
My fpirit thirs to prove
Renew'd fupplies of pardoning grace,
And never fading love.

The favour'd fowls who know
 What glories fhine in him,
 Pant for his prefence as the roc
 Pants for the living fream !

What trifles teafe me now!
 They fwarm like fummer fhies,
 They cleave to every thing I do,
 And fwim before my eyes.

How dull the Sabbath day,
 Without the Sabbath's Lord!
 How toilfonie then to fing and pray,
 And wait upon the Word!

Of all the truths I hear,
 How few delight my tafte !
 I glean a berry here and there,
 But mourn the vintage paft.

Yet let me (as I ought)
 Still hope to be fupplied;
 No pleafure elfe is worth a thought,
 Nor fhall I be denied.

Though I am but a worm,
 Unworthy of his care,
 The Lord will my defire perform,
 And grant me all my prayer.

43. SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

DEAR Lord ! accept a finful heart,
 Which of itself complains,
 And mourns, with much and frequent
 smart,
 The evil it contains.

There fiery feeds of anger lurk,
 Which often hurt my frame;
 And wait but for the tempter's work,
 To fan them to a flame,

Legality holds out a bribe
 To purchase life from thee ;
 And Difcontent would fain prefcribe
 How Thou ftialt deal with me.

While Unbelief withftands thy grace,
 And puts the mercy by;
 Prefumption, with a brow of brafs,
 Says, " Give me, or I die."

How eager are my thoughts to roam
 In queft of what they love !
 But ah! when duty calls them home,
 How heavily they move!

Oh, cleanfe me in a Saviour's blood,
 Transform me by thy power,
 And make me thy beloved abode,
 And let me roam no more.

44. PRAYER FOR PATIENCE.

LORD, who haft fuffer'd all for me,
 My peace and pardon to procure,
 The lighter crofs I bear for thee,
 Help me with patience to endure.

The ftorm of loud repining hufti,
 I would in humble filence mourn ;
 Why fhould the unburnt, though burning bufh
 Be angry as the crackling thorn ?

Man fhould not faint at thy rebuke,
 Like Jofhua falling on his face,*
 When the curfed thing that Achan took
 Brought Ifrael into juft difgrace.

Perhaps fame golden wedge fuppreff'd,
 Some fecret fin offends my God ;
 Perhaps that Babylonifh veft,
 Self-righteoufnefs, provokes the rod.

Ah! were I buffeted all day,
 Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and fpit upon ;
 I yet fhould have no right to fay,
 My great diftreffs is mine alone.

Let me not angrily declare
 No pain was ever fharp like mine,
 Nor murmur at the crofs I bear,
 But rather weep, remembering thine.

* Jafhua. vii, 10, ii.

45. SUBMISSION.



LORD, my best desire fulfill,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

No, rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to thee;
 Who never hath a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crucified before the moth !

But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy way;
 Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

46. THE HAPPY CHANGE.

HOW blest thy creature is, O God,
 When, with a fingle eye,
 He views the luftre of thy word,
 The dayfpring from on high !

Through all the fforms that veil the fkies,
 And frown on earthly things,
 The Sun of Righteoufnefs he eyes,
 With healing on his wings.

Struck by that light, the human heart,
 A barren foil no more,
 Sends the fweet fmell of grace abroad,
 Where ferpents lurk'd before.*

The foul, adreary province once
 Of Satan's dark domain,
 Feels a new empire form'd within,
 And owns a heavenly reign.

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
 The fruitful year control,
 Since firft, obedient to thy word,
 He ftarted from the goal,

Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
 His orient rays impart;
 But, Jefus, 'tis thy light alone
 Can fhine upon the heart.

* Ifaiah xxxv, 7.

47. RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow Thee.

There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise,

Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And [all harmonious names in one]
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

48. THE HIDDEN LIFE.



O tell the Saviour all my wants,
 How pleating is the task !
 Nor less to praise him when he grants
 Beyond what I can ask.

My labouring spirit vainly seeks
 To tell but half the joy ;
 With how much tenderness he speaks,
 And helps me to reply.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
 Such secrets to declare;
 Like precious wines their taste they lose,
 Exposed to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
 Nor care if thousands hear,
 Sweet is the ointment of his name,
 Not life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
 Who knew what once I was;
 And blame the song that thus commends
 The Man-who bore the cross ?

Trust me, I draw the likenesses true,
 And not as fancy paints;
 Such honour may he give to you,
 For such have all his saints.

49. JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.



SOMETIMES a light furprifes
 The Chriftian while he fings;
 It is the Lord who rifes
 With healing on his wings :
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the foul again
 A feafon of clear fhining,
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
 We fweetly then purfue
 The theme of God's falvation,
 And find it ever new;
 Set free from prefent furrow,
 We cheerfully can fay,
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow*
 Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too ;
 Beneath the ipreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And He who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

* Matthew vi. 34.

Though vine nor fig tree neither*
 Their wonted fruit fhall bear,
 Though all the fields ihould wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there:
 Yet God the fame abiding,
 His praife fhall tune my voice;
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

50. TRUE PLEASURES.

WORD, my foul with phafure fprings
 When Jefus' name I hear;
 And when God the Spirit brings
 The word of promife near :
 Beauties too, in holinefs,
 Still delighted I perceive;
 Nor have wards that can exprefs
 The joys thy precepts give.

Clothed in fanftity and grace,
 How fweet it is to fee
 Thofe who love thee as they pafs,
 Or when they wait on thee !
 Pleafant too, to fit and tell
 What we owe to love divine ;
 Till our bofoms grateful fwell,
 And eyes begin to fhine.

* Habakkuk iii, 17, 18

Thofe the comforts I poffefs,
 Which God fhall ftill increafe,
 All his ways are pleafantnefs,*
 And all his paths are peace.
 Nothing Jefus did or fpoke,
 Henceforth let me ever flight;
 For I love his eafy yoke, †
 And find his burden light.

51. THE CHRISTIAN.



ON OUR and happinefs unite
 To make the Chrifitian's name a praife ;
 How fair the fcene, how char the light,
 That fills the remnant of his days !

A kingly character he bears,
 No change his prieffly office knows ;
 Unfading is the crown he wears,
 His joys can never reach a clofe.

Adorn'd with glory from on high,
 Salvation fhines upon his face ;
 His robe is of the ethereal dye,
 His fteps are dignity and grace.

Inferior honours he difdains,
 Nor floops to take applaufe from earth ;
 The King of kings himfelf maintains
 The expenfes of his heavenly birth.

* Prov. iii. 17.

†

Matt. xi. 30.

The noblest creature seen below,
 Ordain'd to fill a throne above ;
 God gives him all he can bestow,
 His kingdom of eternal love !

My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
 Methinks from earth I see him rise !
 Angels congratulate his lot,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

52, LIVELY HOPE AND GRACIOUS FEAR.



WAS a groveling creature once,
 And basely cleaved to earth ;
 I wanted spirit to renounce
 The clod that gave me birth.

But God has breathed upon a worm,
 And sent me from above
 Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
 The wings of joy and love.

With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
 And there delighted stand,
 To view, beneath a shining sky,
 The spacious promised land.

The Lord of all the vast domain
 Has promised it to me ;
 The length and breadth of all the plain
 As far as faith can see,

How glorious is my privilege!
 To thee for help I call;
 I ftand upon a mountain's edge,
 Oh fave me, left I fall!

Though much exalted in the Lord,
 My ftrength is not my own;
 Then let me tremble at his word,
 And none fhall caft me down.

53. FOR THE POOR.



WHEN Hagar found the bottle fpent,
 And wept o'er Iflimael,
 A meflage from the Lord was fent
 To guide her to a well.*

Should not Elijah's cake and crufe-f-
 Convince us at this day,
 A gracious God will not refufe
 Provifions by the way ?

His faints and fervants fhall be fed,
 The promife is fecure;
 " Bread fhall be given them," as he faid,
 " Their water fhall be fure." †

Repafts far richer they fhall prove,
 Than all earth's dainties are;
 'Tis fwet to tafte a Saviour's love,
 Though in the meaneft fare.

* Gen. xxi. 19. † I Kings xvii. 14. ‡ Ifa, xxxiii. 15.

To Jefus then your trouble bring,
 Nor murmur at your lot ;
 While you are poor and He is king,
 You fhall not be forgot

54. MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD.



THIRST, but not as once I did
 The vain delights of earth to fhare ;
 Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
 That I ftiould feek my pleafures there.

It was the fight of thy dear crofs
 Firft wean'd my foul from earthly things ;
 And taught me to efteem as Orofs
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that fprings from thee,
 That quickens all things where it flows,
 And makes a wretched thorn like me
 Bloom as the myrtle or the rofe.

Dear fountain of delight unknown!
 No longer fink below the brim ;
 But overflow, and pour me down
 A living, and life-giving fream !

For fure, of all the plants thai: fhare
 The notice of thy Father's eye,
 None proves lefs grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

55. LOVE CONSTRAINING TO OBEDIENCE.



O strength of nature can suffice
 To serve the Lord aright:
 And what she has she misapplies,
 For want of clearer light.

How long beneath the law I lay
 In bondage and distress;
 I toil'd the precept to obey,
 But toil'd without success.

Then, to abstain from outward sin
 Was more than I could do;
 Now, if I feel its power within,
 I feel I hate it too.

Then all my fervile works were done
 A righteousness to raise;
 Now, freely chosen in the Son,
 I freely choose his ways.

"What shall I do," was then the word,
 "That I may worthier grow?"
 "What shall I render to the Lord?"
 Is my inquiry now.

To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
 And hear his pardoning voice,
 Changes a slave into a child,*
 And duty into choice.

* Romans iii, 31.

56. THE HEART HEALED AND CHANGED
BY MERCY.



IN enflaved me many years,
And led me bound and blind;
Till at length a thousand fears
Came fwarming o'er my mind.
" Where," said I, in deep diftrefs,
" Will thefe finful pleafures end ?
How fhall I fecure my peace,
And make the Lord my friend ?"

Friends and minifters said much
The gofpel to enforce;
But my blindnefs ftill was fuch,
I chofe a legal courfe :
Much I failed, watch'd, and ftrove,
Scarce would fhow my face abroad,
Fear'd almoft to fpeak or move,
A ftranger ftill to God.

Thus afraid to truft his grace,
Long time did I rebel;
Till defpairing of my cafe,
Down at his feet I fell :
Then my ftubborn heart he broke,
And fubdued me to his fway ;
By a fimple word he fpoke,
" Thy fins are done away."

57. HATRED OF SIN.



HOLY Lord God! I love thy truth,
 Nor dare thy leaft commandment
 flight;
 Yet pierced by fin, the ferpent's tooth,
 I mourn the anguifh of the bite.

But though the poifon lurks within,
 Hope bids me ftill with patience wait;
 Till death fhall fet me free from fin,
 Free from the only thing I hate.

Had I a throne above the reft,
 Where angels and archangels dwell,
 One fin, unflain, within my breaft,
 Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

The prifoner fent to breathe frefh air,
 And blefs'd with liberty again,
 Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
 One link of all his former chain.

But, oh! no foe invades the blifs,
 When glory crowns the Chriftian's head ;
 One view of Jefus as He is
 Will ftrike all fin for ever dead.

58. THE NEW CONVERT.



THE new-born child of gospel grace,
 Like some fair tree when summer's
 nigh,
 Beneath Emmanuel's smiling face
 Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

No fears he feels, he fees no foes,
 No conflict yet his faith employs,
 Nor has he learnt to whom he owes
 The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
 And comforts sinking day by day :
 What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
 Proves but a brook that glides away.

When Gideon arm'd his numerous host,
 The Lord soon made his numbers less;
 And said, " Left Israel vainly boast,*
 ' My arm procured me this success. "

Thus will he bring our spirits down,
 And draw our ebbing comforts low,
 That saved by grace, but not our own,
 We may not claim the praise we owe.

* Judges vii. 2.

53. TRUE AND FALSE COMFORTS.



GOD, whose favourable eye
 The fin-fick foul revives,
 Holy and heavenly is the joy
 Thy flinging preface gives.

Not such as hypocrites suppose,
 Who with a graceless heart
 Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,
 Prepared by Satan's art.

Intoxicating joys are theirs,
 Who, while they boast their light
 And seem to soar above the stars,
 Are plunging into night.

Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,
 They sin and yet rejoice ;
 Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
 Would they not hear his voice ?

Be mine the comforts that reclaim
 The foul from Satan's power;
 That make me blush for what I am,
 And hate my sin the more.

'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
 At thy dear feet to lie;
 Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
 And none can higher fly.

60. A LIVING AND A DEAD FAITH.



HE Lord receives his higheft praise
 From humble minds and hearts fincere;
 While all the loud profeflor fays
 Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

To walk as chilOren of the day,
 To mark the precepts' holy light,
 To wage the warfare, watch, and pray,
 Show who are pleafing in his fight.

Not words alone it coft the Lord,
 To purchafe pardon far his own ;
 Nor will a foul by grace reftored
 Return the Saviour words alone.

With golden bells, the prieftly veil,
 And rich pomegranates border'd round,*
 The need of holinefs exprelTd,
 And call'd for fruit as well as found.

Eafy indeed it were to reach
 A manlion in the courts above,
 If fwelling words and fluent fpeech
 Might ferve inftead of faith and love.

But none fhall gain the blifsful place,
 Or God's unclouded glory fee,
 Who talks of free and fovereign grace,
 Unlefs that grace has made him free !

* Exodus xxviii. 33.

661. ABUSE OF THE GOSPEL.



TOO many, Lord, abuse thy grace

In this licentious day ;

And while they boast they see thy face,

They turn their own away.

Thy book displays a gracious light

That can the blind restore ;

But these are dazzled by the light,

And blinded still the more.

The pardon such perfume upon,

They do not beg, but steal ;

And when they plead it at thy throne,

Oh ! where's the Spirit's seal ?

Was it for this, ye lawless tribe,

The dear Redeemer bled ?

Is this the grace the faints imbibe

From Christ the living head ?

Ah, Lord, we know thy chosen few

Are fed with heavenly fare ;

But these,—the wretched husks they chew

Proclaim them what they are.

The liberty our hearts implore

Is not to live in sin ;

But still to wait at Wisdom's door,

Till Mercy calls us in.

62. THE NARROW WAY.



WHAT thoufands never knew the road !
 What thoufands hate it when 'tis
 known!

None but the chofen tribes of God
 Will feek or choofe it for their own.

A thoufand ways in ruin end,
 One only leads to joys on high ;
 By that my willing fteps afcend,
 Pleafed with a journey to the fky.

No more I aik or hope to find
 Delight or happinefs below ;
 Sorrow may well poffefs the mind
 That feeds where thorns and thirties grow.

The joy that fades is not for me,
 I feek immortal joys above ;
 There glory without end fhall be
 The bright reward of faith and love.

Cleave to the world, ye fordid worms,
 Contented lick your native duft ;
 But God fhall fight, with all his fforms,
 Againft the idol of your truft.

63. DEPENDENCE.



O keep the lamp alive,
 With oil we fill the bowl;
 'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the fowl.

The Lord's unfparing hand
 Supplies the living fream ;
 It is not at our own command,
 But ffill derived from him.

Beware of Peter's word,*
 Nor confidently fay,
 " I never will deny thee, Lord,"—
 But,— " Grant I never may."

Man's wifdom is to feek
 His ftrength in God alone ;
 And e'en an angel would be weak,
 Who trusted in his own,

Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide;
 This more exalts the King of kings,†-
 Than all your works befide.

In Jefus is our ftore,
 Grace iflues from his throne ;
 Whoever fays, " I want no more,"
 Confefles he has none.

* Matthew **xxvi. 33.**

†

John vi. 29.

64. NOT OF WORKS.



GRACE, triumphant in the throne,
 Scorns a rival, reigns alone;
 Come and bow beneath her fway,
 Cast your idol works away.
 Works of man, when made his plea,
 Never shall accepted be ;
 Fruits of pride [vain-glorious worm!]
 Are the best he can perform.

Self, the God his soul adores,
 Influences all his powers ;
 Jesus is a flighted name,
 Self-advancement all his aim :
 But when God the Judge shall come.
 To pronounce the final doom,
 Then for rocks and hills to hide
 All his works and all his pride !

Still the boasting heart replies,
 What! the worthy and the wife,
 Friends to temperance and peace,
 Have not these a righteousness ?
 Banish every vain pretence
 Built on human excellence;
 Perish every thing in man,
 But the grace that never can.

65. PRAISE FOR FAITH.



F all the gifts thine hand beftows,
 Thou Giver of all good !
 Not heaven itfelf a richer knows
 Than my Redeemer's blood.

Faith too, the blood-receiving grace,
 From the fame hand we gain ;
 Elfe, fweetly as it fuits our cafe,
 That gift had been in vain.

Till thou thy teaching power apply,
 Our hearts refufe to fee,
 And weak, as a diftemper'd eye,
 Shut out the view of thee.

Blind to the merits of thy Son,
 What mifery we endure !
 Yet fly that hand from which alone
 We could expeft a cure.

We praife thee, and would praife thee more,
 To Thee our all we owe ;
 The precious Saviour, and the power
 That makes him precious too.

66. GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.



*A*LmightyKing! whofe wondrous hand
 Supports the weight of fea and land,
 Whofe grace is fuch a boundlefs flare,
 No heart fhall break that fights for more.

Thy providence supplies my food,
 And 'tis thy blessing makes it good ;
 My soul is nourish'd by thy word,
 Let soul and body praise the Lord.

My streams of outward comfort came
 From him who built this earthly frame ;
 Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
 By whom my soul for ever lives.

Either his hand preserves from pain,
 Or, if I feel it, heals again ;
 From Satan's malice shields my breast,
 Or overrules it for the best.

Forgive the song that falls so low
 Beneath the gratitude I owe!
 It means thy praise, however poor,
 An angel's song can do no more.

67. I WILL PRAISE THE LORD AT ALL
 TIMES.



WINTER has a joy for me,
 While the Saviour's charms I read,
 Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
 In the snowdrop's penfive head.

Spring returns, and brings along
 Life-invigorating funs :
 Hark! the turtle's plaintive song
 Seems to speak his dying groans!

Summer has a thousand charms,
 All expressive of his worth ;
 'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
 His the air that cools the earth.

What! has Autumn left to say
 Nothing of a Saviour's grace ?
 Yes, the beams of milder day
 Tell me of his smiling face.

Light appears with early dawn,
 While the sun makes haste to rise ;
 See his bleeding beauties drawn
 On the blushes of the skies.

Evening with a silent pace,
 Slowly moving in the west,
 Shows an emblem of his grace,
 Points to an eternal rest.

FRAGMENT OF A HYMN.



O Jesus, the Crown of my Hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone :
 O bear me, ye cherubims, up,
 And waft me away to his throne !

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom not having seen I adore ;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power.



TO THE REVEREND MR. NEWTON.

An Invitation into the Country.

THE swallows in their torpid state
Compose their useless wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early Spring.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,
The wildest wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
Secure of their repute.

But man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy scene surveys ;
With present ills his heart must ache,
And pant for brighter days.

Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn ;
But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
And whispers your return.

Then April, with her sister May,
Shall chase him from the bowers,
And weave fresh garlands every day,
To crown the smiling hours.

And if a tear, that fpeaks regret
Of happier times, appear,
A glimpfe of joy, that we have met,
Shall fhine, and dry the tear.

CATHARINA,

Addressed to Miss Stapleton, (now Mrs. Courtney.)



HE came—fhe is gone—we have met—
And meet perhaps never again ;
The fun of that moment is fet,
And feems to have rifen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a Oream—
So vanifhes pleafure, alas!)
But has left a regret and efteem
That will not fo fuddenly pafs.

The laft evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progrefs was often delay'd
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paufed under many a tree,
And much fhe was charm'd with a tone,
Lefs fweet to Maria and me,
Who fo lately had witnefs'd her own.

My numbers that day fhe had fung,
And gave them a grace fo divine,
As only her mufical tongue
Could infufe into numbers of mine.

The longer I heard, I esteem'd
 The work of my fancy the more,
 And e'en to myself never feern'd
 So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleafures of London exceed
 In number the days of the year,
 Catharina, did nothing impede,
 Would feel herself happier here ;
 For the clofe-woven arches of limes
 On the banks of our river, I know,
 Are fweeter to her many times
 Than aught that the city can fhow.

So it is when the mind is endued
 With a well judging tafte from above,
 Then, whether embellifti'd or rude,
 'Tis nature alone that we love.
 The achievements of art may amufe,
 May even our wonder excite,
 But groves, hills, and valleys diffufe
 A lafting, a facred delight.

Since then in the rural recefs
 Catharina alone can rejoice,
 May it ftill be her lot to poffefs
 The fcene of her fenfible choice !
 To inhabit a manfion remote
 From the clatter of ftreet-pacing fteeds,
 And by Philomel's annual note
 To meafure the life that fhe leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
 To wing all her moments at home ;
 And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
 As oft as it suits her to roam ;
 She will have just the life she prefers,
 With little to hope or to fear,
 And ours would be pleasant as hers,
 Might we view her enjoying it here.

THE MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A Tale.



HERMIT |or if'chance you hold
 That title now too trite and old),
 A man, once young, who lived retired
 As hermit could have well desired,
 His hours of study clofed at laft,
 And finifti'd his concise repaft,
 Stopp'd his cruife, replaced his book
 Within its cuftomary nook,
 And, ftaff in hand, fet forth to fhare
 The fober cordial of fweet air,
 Like Ifaac, with a mind applied
 To ferious thought at eveningtide.
 Autumnal rains had made it chill,
 And from the trees, that fringed his hill,
 Shades flanting at the clofe of day
 Chill'd more his elfe delightful way.
 Diftant a little mile he fpied
 A weftern bank's ftill funny fide,

And right toward the favour'd place
 Proceeding with his nimbleft pace,
 In hope to bafk a little yet,
 Juft reach'd it when the fun was fet.

Your hermit, young and jovial firs !
 Learns fomething from whatever occurs ;—
 And hence, he faid, my mind computes
 The real worth of man's purfuits.
 His object chofen, wealth or fame,
 Or other fublunary game,
 Imagination to his view
 Prefents it deck'd with every hue
 That can feduce him not to fpare
 His powers of beft exertion there,
 But youth, health, vigour to expend
 On fo definable an end.
 Ere long approach life's evening fhadows,
 The glow that fancy gave it fades ;
 And, earn'd too late, it wants the grace
 That firft engaged him in the chafe.

True, anfwer'd an angelic guide,
 Attendant at the fenior's fide—
 But whether all the time it coft,
 To urge the fruitlefs chafe be loft,
 Muft be decided by the worth
 Of that which call'd his ardour forth.
 Trifles purfued, whate'er the event,
 Muft caufe him fhame or difcontent ;
 A vicious objedt ftill is worfe,
 Succesful there he wins a curfe ;
 But he, whom e'en in life's laft ftage
 Endeavours laudable engage,

Is paid at leaft in peace of mind,
And fenfe of having well defign'd ;
And if, ere he attain his end,
His fun precipitate defcend,
A brighter prize than that he meant
Shall recompenfe his mere intent.
No virtuous wifh can bear a date
Either too early or too late.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.



HE greenhoufe is my fummer feat;
My fhrubs difplaced from that retreat
Enjoy'd the open air;
Two goldfinches, whofe fprightly fong
Had been their mutual folace long,
Lived happy prifoners there.

They fang as blithe as finches fing
That flutter loofe on golden wing,
And frolic where they lift;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never mifs'd.

But nature works in every breaft,
With force not eafily fuppreff'd ;
And Dick felt feme defires,
That, after many an effort vain,
Inftrufed him at length to gain
A pafs between his wires.

The open windows seem'd to invite
 The freeman to a farewell flight ;
 But Tom was still confined;
 And Dick, although his way was clear,
 Was much too generous and sincere
 To leave his friend behind.

So fettle on his cage, by play,
 And chirp, and kifs, he seem'd to fay,
 You muft not live alone ;—
 Nor would he quit that chofen ftand
 Till I, with flow and cautious hand,
 Return'd him to his own.

Oh ye, who never tafte the joys
 Of **Friendfhip**, fatisfied with noife,
 Fandango, ball, and rout!
 Blufh when I tell you how a bird
 A prifon with a friend preferr'd
 To liberty without,

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A Tale.



HERE is a field, through which I often
 pafs,
 Thick overpread with mofs and filky
 grafs,

Adjoining clofe to Kilwick's echoing wood,
 Where oft the bitch fox hides her haplefs brood,

Referved to folace many a neighbouring fquire,
That he may follow them through brake and brier,
Contufion hazarding of neck or fpine,
Which rural gentlemen call fport divine.
A narrow brook, by rufhy banks conceal'd,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
Oaks interfperfe it, that had once a head,
But now wear crefts of oven wood inftead;
And where the land fopes to its watery bourn
Wide yawns a gulf befide a ragged thorn;
Bricks line the fides, but fhiver'd long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below;
A hollow fcoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry gueft, is fed;
Nor Autumn yet had brufli'd from every fpray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away •
But corn was houfed, and beans were in the ftack,
Now therefore iffued forth the fpotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and
throats

With a whole gamut fill'd of heavenly notes,
For which, alas! my deftiny fevere,
Though ears fhe gave me two, gave me no ear.

The fun accomplifhing his early march,
His lamp now planted on heaven's topmoft arch,
When, exercife and air my only aim,
And heedlefs whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthlefs joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,
Or with the high raifed horn's melodious clang

298 *THE NEEDLESS ALARM.*

All Kilwick* and all Dingleberry* rang.

Sheep grazed the field; fome with foft bofom
 prefs'd

The herb as foft, while nibbling ftray'd the reft;
Nor noife was heard but of the hafty brook,
Struggling, detain'd in many a petty nook,
All fbem'd fo peaceful, that, from them convey'd,
To me their peace by kind contagion fpread.

But when the huntfman, with diftended check,
'Can make his inftrument of mufic fpeak,
And from within the wood that cralh was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burft appear'd,
The fheep recumbent and the fheep that grazed,
All huddling into phalanx, flood and gazed,
Admiring, terrified, the novel ftrain,
Then courfed the field around, and courfed it round
 again ;

But recollecting, with a fudden thought,
That flight in circles urged advanced them nought,
They gather'd clofe around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to folitude accuftom'd long,
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but fhrubs and trees
Have fpeech for him, and underftood with eafe;
After long Orought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;
Knows what the frelinefs of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largefs of the fkies ;
But, with precifion nicer ftill, the mind

* Two woods belonging to John Throckmurton, Efq.

He scans of every locomotive kind ;
Birds of all feather, hearts of every name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame ;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears ;
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premised was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mused ; surveying every face,
Thou hast oft supposed them of superior race ;
Their periwigs of wool and fears combined,
Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind,
That sage they seem'd, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out ;
Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths ;
When thus a mutton statelier than the rest,
A ram, the ewes and wethers had address'd.

Friends ! we have lived too long. I never heard
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd.
Could I believe, that winds for ages pent
In earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,
And from their prisonhouse below arise,
With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
I could be much composed, nor should appear,
For such a cause, to feel the flightest fear.
Yourselfes have seen what time the thunders roll'd
All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
I could expound the melancholy tone ;
Should deem it by our old companion made,

300 *THE NEEDLESS ALARM.*

The afs; for he, we know, has lately ftray'd,
And being loft, perhaps, and wandering wide,
Might be fuppos'd to clamour for a guide,
But ah! thofe dreadful yells what foul can hear,
That owns a carcafs, and not quake for fear?
Demons produce them doubtlefs, brazen-claw'i,
And fang'd with brafs the Demons are abroad;
I hold it therefore wifeft and moft fit
That, life to fave, we leap into the pit.

Him anfwer'd then his loving mate and true,
But more difcreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.

How? leap into the pit our life to fave?
To fave our life leap all into the grave?
For can we find it lefs? Contemplate firft
The depth how awful! falling there, we burft:
Or fhould the brambles, interpos'd, our fall
In part abate, that happinefs were fmall;
For with a race like theirs no chance I fee
Of peace or eafe to creatures clad as we.
Meantime, noife kills not. Be it Dapples bray,
Or be it not, or be it whofe it may,
And rufh thofe other founds, that feem by tongues
Of Demons utter'd, from whatever lungs,
Sounds are but founds, and, till the caufe appear,
We have at leaft commodious ftanding here.
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monfter, blaft
From earth or hell, we can but plunge at laft.

While thus fhe fpake, I fainter heard the peals,
Far Reynard, clofe attended at his heels
By panting dog, tired man, and fpatter'd horfe,
Thro¹ mere good fortune, took a different courfe.
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road

THE NEEDLESS ALARM. 301

Following, that led me to my own abode,
Much wonder'd that the filly fheep had found
Such caufe of terror in an empty found
So fweet to huntfman, gentleman, and hound.

Moral.

Beware of defperate fteps. The darkeft day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pafs'd away.

BOADICEA.

An Ode.

WHEN the Britifh warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counfel of her country's Gods,

Sage beneath the fpreading oak
Sat the **Druid**, hoary chief;
Every burning word he fpoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

Princefs ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchlefs wrongs,
'Tis becaufe repentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome fhall perfifh—write that word
In the blood that fhe has fpilt;
Perifli, hopelefs and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

BOADICEA.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a foldier's name ;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame,

Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command,

Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway ;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow :
 Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;
 Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

HEROISM.

HERE was a time when ,Etna's filent fire
 Slept unperceived, the mountain yet
 entire ;

When, confcious of no danger from below,
 She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of fnow.
 No thunders fhook with deep intefnine found
 The blooming groves that girdled her around.
 Her unftuous olives, and her purple vines
 [Unfelt the fury of thofe burfting mines),
 The peafant's hopes, and not in vain, aflured,
 In peace upon her Hoping fides matured.
 When on a day, like that of the laft doom,
 A conflagration labouring in her womb,
 She teem'd and heaved with an infernal birth,
 That fhook the circling feas and folid earth.
 Dark and voluminous the vapours rife,
 And hang their horrors in the neighbouring fkies,
 While through the Stygian veil, that blots the day,
 In dazzling ftreaks the vivid lightnings play.
 But oh ! what mufe, and in what powers of fong,
 Can trace the torrent as it burns along ?
 Havoc and devaftation in the van,
 It marches o'er the proftrate works of man—
 Vines, olives, herbage, forefts difappear,
 And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving feafons, fruitlefs as they pafs,
 See it an uninform'd and idle mafs ;
 Without a foil to invite the tiller's care,

Or blade that might redeem it from despair.
 Yet time at length [what will not time achieve ?]
 Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
 Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
 And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
 O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
 O charming Paradise of short-lived sweets!
 The selfsame gale that wafts the fragrance round
 Brings to the distant ear a fullen sound :
 Again the mountain feels the imprison'd foe,
 Again pours ruin on the vale below.
 Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
 That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
 Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
 Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
 Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires !

Fast by the stream that bounds your just domain,
 And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
 A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
 Studious of peace, their neighbours' and their own.
 Ill fated race! how deeply must they rue
 Their only crime, vicinity to you !
 The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destined road ;
 At every step beneath their feet they tread
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread !
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
 Before them, and behind a wilderness.
 Famine! and Pestilence, her first-born fan,

Attend to finish what the sword begun ;
 And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,
 And Folly pays, refund at your return.
 A calm succeeds; but Plenty, with her train
 Of heartfelt joys, succeeds not soon again :
 And years of pining indigence must show
 What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees
 [Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
 Plies all the finews of industrious toil,
 Gleans up the refuse of the general spoil,
 Rebuilds the towers that smoked upon the plain,
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art
 Renew the quarrel on the conqueror's part;
 And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
 That wealth within is ruin at the door.

What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,
 But Ætnas of the suffering world ye sway ?
 Sweet Nature, tripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
 Deplores the wafted regions of her globe ;
 And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,
 To prove you there destroyers as ye are.

O place me in some Heaven-protected isle,
 Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile ;
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
 No crested warrior dips his plume in blood;
 Where Power secures what Industry has won;
 Where to succeed is not to be undone ;
 A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign !

ON *THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S
PICTURE*

*Out of Norfolk, the Gift of my Cousin,
Ann Bodham.*



THAT those lips had language ! Life
has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee
last.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The fame that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
" Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
[Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elyfian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?

Hover'd thy fpirit o'er thy farrowing fan,
Wretch even then, life's journey juft begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kifs ;
Perhaps a tear, if foulds can weep in blifs—
Ah, that maternal fmile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day,
I faw the hearfe that bore thee flow away,
And, turning from my nurfery window, drew
A long, long figh, and wept a laft adieu!
But was it fuch ?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells arc a found unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful fhore,
The parting word fhall pafs my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved thetnfelves at my concern !
Oft gave me promife of thy quick return.
What ardently I wifh'd, I long believed,
And, difappointed ftill, was ftill deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a fad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my flock of infant farrows fpent,
I learn'd at laft fubmiffian to my lot,
But, though I lefs deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where oncewe dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurfery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to fchool along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrap'^d
In fcarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a hiftory little known,
That once we call'd the paftoral houfe our own.
Shortlived poffeffion ! But the record fair,

308 *ON THE RECEIPT OF*

That memory keeps of all thy kindnefs there,
 Still outlives many a ftorm, that has effaced
 A thoufand other themes lefs deeply traced.
 Thy nightly vifits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightft know me fafe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The bifcuit, or confectionary plum ;
 The fragrant waters an my cheeks beftow'd
 By thy own hand, till frefli they fhone andglow'd:
 All this, and more endearing ftill than all,
 Thy conftant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughen'd by thofe cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interpoſed too often makes;
 All this ftill legible in memory's page,
 And ftill to be fo to my lateft age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but fincere,
 Not fcorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reverſed, reftore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vefture's tiffued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jeffamine,
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin
 (And thou waft happier than myfelf the while,
 Wouldft foftly fpeak, and ftroke my head and
 fmile),

Could thofe few pleafant days again appear,
 Might one wifh bring them, would I wifh them
 here?

I would not truſt my heart;—the dear delight
 Seems fo to be defired, perhaps I might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is fuch,

So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
[The storms all weather'd and the ocean crosses'd]
Shoots into port at some well haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There fits quiescent on the floods, that how
Her beautiful form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
" Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"*
And thy loved comfort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not fought in vain,

* Garth.

310 *MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.*

I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine.
Without the fin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic flow of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS BULL,

*Which the Owner of him fold at the Author's
Instance.*



O!—thou art all unfit to share
The pleasures of this place
With such as its old tenants are,
Creatures of gentler race.

The squirrel here his hoard provides,
Aware of wintry forms,
And woodpeckers explore the sides
Of rugged oaks for worms.

The sheep here smooths the knotted thorn
With frictions of her fleece;
And here I wander eve and morn,
Like her, a friend to peace.

Ah!—I could pity thee exiled
From this secure retreat;—

I would not lofe it to be ftyled
The happieft of the great.

But thou canft tafte no calm delight;
Thy pleafure is to flow
Thy magnanimity in fight,
Thy prowefs—therefore, go !

I care not whether eaft or north,
So I no more may find thee;
The angry Mufe thus fings thee forth,
And claps the gate behind thee.

ANNUS MEMORABILIS, 1789.

*Written in Commemoration of his Majesty's happy
Recovery.*



RANSACK'D, for a theme of fong,
Much ancient chronicle, and long;
I read of bright embattled fields,
Of trophied helmets, fpears, and fhields,
Of chiefs, whose fingle arm could boaft
Prowefs to diffipate a hoft;
Through tomes affable and of dream
I fought an eligible theme,
But none I found, or found them ftiared
Already by fome happier bard.

To modern times, with truth to guide
My bufy fearch I next applied;

Here cities won and fleets dispersed
 Urged loud a claim to be rehearsed,
 Deeds of unperishing renown,
 Our fathers' triumphs and our own.

Thus as the bee, from bank to bower,
 Afliduous sips at every flower.
 But rests on none till that be found
 Where most nectareous sweets abound,
 So I, from theme to theme display'd
 In many a page historic tray'd,
 Siege after siege, fight after fight,
 Contemplating with small delight
 [For feats of sanguinary hue
 Not always glitter in my view),
 Till, settling on the current year,
 I found the far fought treasure near.
 A theme for poetry divine,
 A theme to ennoble even mine,
 In memorable Eighty-nine.

The spring of Eighty-nine shall be
 An era cherished long by me,
 Which joyful I will oft record,
 And thankful at my frugal board;
 For then the clouds of Eighty-eight,
 That threaten'd England's trembling fate
 With loss of what she least could spare,
 Her sovereign's tutelary care,
 One breath of Heaven, that cried—Restore!
 Chafed, never to assemble more :
 And far the richest crown on earth,
 If valued by its wearer's worth,
 The symbol of a righteous reign,

Sat fart on George's brows again.

Then peace and joy again poffefs'd
Our Queen's long-agitated breaft;
Such joy and peace as can be known
By fufferers like herfelf alone,
Who lofing, or fuppoſing loft,
The good on earth they valued moſt,
For that dear farrow's fake forego
All hope of happinefs below,
Then fuddenly regain the prize,
And flaih thankgivings to the fkies !

O Queen of Albion, queen of ifles!
Since all thy tears were changed to fmiles,
The eyes, that never faw thee, fhine
With joy not unallied to thine,
Tranſports not chargeable with art
Illume the land's remoteſt part,
And ftrangers to the air of courts,
Both in their toils and at their ſports,
The happinefs of anfwer'd prayers,
That gilds thy features, fhew in theirs.

If they who on thy ftate attend,
Awe-ftruck, before thy preference bend,
'Tis but the natural effect
Of grandeur that enfures reſpect;
But ſhe is ſomething more than Queen
Who is beloved where never feen.

*HYMN, FOR THE USE OF THE SUNDAY
SCHOOL AT OLNEY.*

July, 1790.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
In heaven thy dwelling-place,
From infants made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.

Thanks for thy Word, and for thy Day,
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear,—but O impart
To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the minds engage
Of elder far than we,
What hope, that, at our heedless age,
Our minds should e'er be free ?

Much hope, if thou our spirits take
Under thy gracious sway,
Who canst the wisest wifer make,
And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines,
And be thy mercies shower'd on those
Who placed us where it shines.

*STANZAS SUBJOINED TO THE YEARLY
BILL OF MORTALITY*

*Of the Parish of All-Saints, Northampton**

Anno Domini 1787.

Pallida Mors æquo pulfat pede pauperurn tabernas,
Regumque **turret.** *Horace.*

Pale Death with equal foot ftrikes wide the door
Of royal halls and hovels of the poor.



WHILE thirteen moons faw fsmoothly run
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All thefe, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the grave.

Was man [frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years ?
Did famine or did plague prevail,
That fo much death appears?

No; thefe were vigorous as their fires,
Nor plague nor famine came;
This annual tribute Death requires,
And never waives his claim.

Like crowded foreft-trees we ftand,
And fame are mark'd to fall;

* Composed for John Cox, parifh clerk of Northampton.

316 *SUBJOINED TO YEARLY*

The axe will fmite at God's command,
And foon fhall fmite us all.

Green as the bay tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtlefs, have I feen,
I pafs'd — and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth
With which I charge my page ;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No prefent health can health infure
For yet an hour to come ;
No medicine, though it oft can cure,
Can always balk the tomb.

And O ! that humble as my lot,
And fcorn'd as is my ftrain,
Thefe truths, though known, too much forgot,
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your Clerk with all his heart,
And, ere he quits the pen,
Begs you for once to take his part,
And anfwer all — Amen !

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the Tear 1788.

Quod adeft, memento
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur. *Horace.*

Improve the prefent hour, for all befide
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.



WOULD I, from Heaven infpired, as fure
prefage
To whom the rifing year fhall prove his
laft,

As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the viftims of the paft;

How each would trembling wait the mournful
fheet

On which the prefs might flamp him next to die ;
And, reading here his fentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye!

Time then would feem more precious than the joys
In which he fports away the treafure now ;
And prayer more feafonable than the noife
Of drunkards, or the mufic-drawing bow.

Then doubtlefs many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong fliore,

318 *SUBJOINED TO YEARLY*

Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his fetting fun muft rife no mare.

Ah felf-deceived ! Could I prophetic fay
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The reft might then feeni privileged to play;
But, naming none, the Voice now fpeaks to all.

Obferve the dappled forefters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the funny glade;
One falls—the reft, wide fcatter'd with affright,
Vanifli at once into the darkeft fhade.

Had we their wifdom, fhould we, often warn'd,
Still need repeated warnings, and at laft,
A thoufand awful admonitions fcorn'd,
Die felf-accufed of life run all to wafte ?

Sad wafte ! for which no after-thrift atones.
The grave admits no cure for guilt or fin;
DewOrops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all thofe fepulchres, inftrufors true,
That, foon or late, death alfo is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the Year 1789.

—Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit. *Virg.*

There calm at length he breathed his foul away.



MOST delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe!

" Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

"My home henceforth is in the flues,
Earth, seas, and fun, adieu !
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no fight for you."

So spoke Arafio, firm posiefs'd
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breathed his foul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtue's side ;
And all his strength from Scripture drew,
To hourly use applied.

320 *SUBJOINED TO YEARLY*

That rule he prized, by that he fear'd,
He hated, hoped, and loved ;
Nor ever frown'd, or fad appear'd,
But when his heart had roved.

For he was frail as thou or I,
And evil felt within :
But when he felt it, heaved a sigh,
And loathed the thought of fin.

Such lived Afpafio ; and at laft
CalPd up from earth to heaven.
The gulf of death triumphant pafs'd,
By gales of bleffing driven.

His joys be mine, each Reader cries,
When my laft hour arrives:
They fhall be yours, my verfe replies,
Such only be your lives.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the Tear 1790.

Ne commonem recta fperne. *Buchanan.*

Defpife not my good counfel.



E who fits from day to day
Where the prifon'd lark is hung,
Heedlefs of his loudeft lay,
Hardly knows that he has fung.

Where the watchman in his round
Nightly lifts his voice on high,
None, accuftom'd to the found,
Wakes the fooner for his cry.

So your verfe-man I, and Clerk,
Yearly in my fong proclaim
Death at hand—yourfelves his mark—
And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
Publishing to all aloud—
Soon the grave muft be your home,
And your only fuit a fhroud.

But the monitory ftrain,
Oft repeated in your ears,
Seems to found too much in vain,
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confefs'd
Of fuch magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft imprefs'd,
Trivial as a parrot's prate ?

Pleasure's call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may ;
New as ever feem our fins,
Though committed every day.

Death and Judgement, Heaven and Hell—
Thefe alone, fo often heard,
No more move us than the bell
When fome ftrange is interr'd.

O then, ere the turf or tomb
 Cover us from every eye,
 Spirit of infrutlion, come,
 Make us learn that we muft die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the Tear 1792.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cagnofcere caufas,
 Atque metus omncs et inexorable fatum
 Subjecit pedibus, ftrepitumque Acherontis avari ! *Virg.*

Happy the mortal who has traced effects
 To their firft caufe, caft fear beneath his feet,
 And Death and roaring Hell's voracious fires !



HANKLESS for favours from on high,
 Man thinks he fades too foon ;
 Though 'tis his privilege to die,
 Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wife enough to fcan
 His bleft concerns aright,
 Would gladly ftretch life's little fpan
 To ages, if he might-

To ages in a world of pain,
 To ages, where he goes
 Gaird by affliction's heavy chain,
 And hopelefs of repofe.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamour'd of its harm !
Strange world, that cofts it fo much fmart,
And ftill has power to charm.

Whence has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe ?
Recoil from weary life's beft hour.
And covet **longer** woe?

The caufe is Confcience :—Confcience oft
Her tale of guilt renews :
Her voice is terrible though foft,
And Oread of death enfues.

Then anxious to be longer fpared
Man mourns his fleeting breath :
All evils then feem light compared
With the approach of Death.

'Tis judgement fliakes him ; there's the fear
That prompts the wifh to ftay:
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And muft defpair to pay.

Pay !—follow Chrift, and all is paid ;
His death your peace enfures ;
Think on the grave where he was laid,
And calm defcend to yours.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the Year 1793-

DE facris autem hæc fit una fententia, ut conferventur.

Cic. de Leg.

But let us all concur in this one fentiment, that things facred
be inviolate.

THE lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead befide;
For other fource than God is none
Whence life can be fupplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as beft we may :
To make his precepts our delight,
His promifes our ftay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprifed,
Is falſely named, and *no* fuch thing,
But rather death difguifed.

Can life in them deferve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can difclaim
An endlefs life above?

Who much difeafed, yet nothing feel ;
Much menaced, nothing Oread ;
Have wounds which only God can heal,
Yet never afk his aid ?

Who deem his houfe a ufelefs place,
Faith, want of common fenfe ;
And ardour in the Chriftian race,
A hypocrite's pretence ?

Who trample order ; and the day
Which God afferts his own
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
And worfhip chance alone ?

If fcorn of God's commands, imprefs'd
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man unblefs'd
With life that cannot die ;

Such want it, and that want, uncure,
Till man refigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal, affured
Of everlafting death.

Sad period to a pleafant courfe !
Yet fo will God repay
Sabbaths profaned without remorse,
And mercy caft away,

*ON A GOLDFINCH, STARVED TO
DEATH IN HIS CAGE.*



TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy feed my fare,
My drink the morning dew ;
I perch'd at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My trains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, frightly train,
And form genteel were all in vain,
And of a transient date ;
For, caught and caged, and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual clove
And cure of every ill!
More cruelty could none express ;
And I, if you had shewn me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

THE PINE APPLE AND THE BEE.



THE Pine Apples, in triple row,
Were baking hot, and all in blow ;
A Bee of most discerning taste
Perceived the fragrance as he pass'd,

On eager wing the spoiler came,
And fearch'd for crannies in the frame,
Urged his attempt on every fide,
To every pane his trunk applied ;
But ftill in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light:
Thus having wafted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.

Methinks, I faid, in thee I find
The fin and madnefs of mankind ;
To joys forbidden man afpires,
Confumes his foul with vain defires ;
Folly the fpring of his purfuit,
And difappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthio ogles, as fhe paffes,
The nymph between two chariot glaffs,
She is the Pine Apple, and he
The filly unfuccefsful Bee.
The maid who views with penfive air
The ftow-glafs fraught with glittering ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But fighs at thought of empty pockets ;
Like thine, her appetite is keen,
But ah, the cruel glafs between !

Our dear delights are often fuch,
Expofed to view, but not to touch ;
The fight our foolifh heart inflames,
We long for pine apples in frames ;
With hopelefs wifti one looks and lingers ;
One breaks the glafs, and cuts his fingers ;
But they whom truth and wifdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed.

HORACE, BOOK II ODE X.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse fortune's power ;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timoroufly creep
 Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Imbittering all his fate.

The tallest pines feel most the power
 Of wintry blast ; the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground ;
 The bolts that spare the mountain's side
 His cloud-capt eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin round.

The well inform'd philosopher
 Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
 And hopes in spite of pain ;
 If Winter bellow from the north,
 Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
 And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last ;
 Expect a brighter sky.
The God that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
 And lays his arrows by,

If hinderances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen ;
But O ! if Fortune fill thy fail
With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvass in.

*A REFLECTION ON THE FOREGOING
ODE.*



AND is this all? Can Reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread
 the fiore ?

Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee :
He holds no parley with unmanly fears ;
Where Duty bids he confidently fleers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

THE nymph muſt loſe her female friend,
 If more admired than ſhe—
 But where will fierce contention end,
 If flowers can diſagree?

Within the garden's peaceful ſcene
 Appear'd two lovely foes,
 Aſpiring to the rank of queen,
 The Lily and the Roſe.

The Roſe ſoon redden'd into rage,
 And, ſwelling with diſdain,
 Appeal'd to many a poet's page
 To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height beſpoke command,
 A fair imperial flower;
 She ſeem'd deſign'd for Flora's hand,
 The ſceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
 The goddeſs chanced to hear,
 And flew to ſave, ere yet too late,
 The pride of the parterre;

Yours is, ſhe ſaid, the nobler hue,
 And yours the ſtatelier mien ;
 And, till a third ſurpaſſes you,
 Let each be deem'd a queen.

Thus Toothed and reconciled, each fecks
The faireft Britifh fair;
The feat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

NEC inimicitias quoties paritſmula forma,
Quam raro pulchræ, pulchra placere
poteſt !

Sed fines ultra folitos difcordia tendit,
Cum flores ipſos bills et ira movent.

Hortus ubi dulces prsbet tacitofque receflus,
Se rapit in partes gens animofa duas,
Hie fibi regales Amaryllis Candida cultus,
Illic purpureo vindicat ore Rofa.

Ira Rofam et meritis quſfita fuperbia tangunt,
Multaque ferventi vix cohibenda finu,
Dum fibi fautorum ciet undique nomina vatilm,
Jufque fuum multo carmins fulta, probat.

Altior Emicat ilia, Et cſlfo vertice nutat,
Ceu flores inter non habitura parem,
Fafliditque alias, et nata videtur in uius
Imperil, fceptum, Flora quod ipſa fagerat **gerat.**

NEC Dea non fenſit civilis murmura rixæ,
Cui curæ eſt pictas panders ruris opès.
Deliciaſque fuas nunquam non prompta tueri,
Dum licet Et locus eſt, ut tueatur, adefit.

Et tibi forma datur procerior omnibus, inquit,
 Et tibi, principibus qui folet efle, color,
 Et donee vincat qufdam formofiur ambas,
 Et tibi regins nomen, et efto tibi.

His ubi fedatus furor eft, petit utraque nytnpham
 Qualem inter Veneres Anglia fola parit ;
 Hanc penes imperium eft, nihil optant amplius,
 hujus
 Regnant in nitidis, et fine lite, genis.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

HE poplars are fell'd, farewell to the
 ihade,
 And the whifpering found of the cool
 colonnade;
 The winds play no longer and fing in the haves,
 Nor Oufe on his bofom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapfed fince I firft took a view
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they
 grew ;
 And now in the grafs behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my feat that once lent me a fhade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
 Where the hazels afford him a fcreen from the heat,
 And the fcene where his melody charm'd me before
 Refounds with his fweet flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years arc all hafting away,
 And I muft ere long lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf on my breaft, and a ftone at my head,
 Ere another fuch grove fhall arife in its ftead.

'Tis a fight to engage me, if any thing can,
 To mufe on the perilling pleafures of man ;
 Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I fee,
 Have a being lefs durable even than he.*

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

POPULEÆ OPULEÆ cecidit gratiffimacopiafilvæ,
 Conticuêre fufurri, omnifque evanuit
 umbra.

Nullæ jam levibus fe mifcent frondibus aurs,
 Et nulla in fluvio ramorum ludit imago.

Hei mihi ! bis fenus dum luctu torqueor annos,
 His cogor filvis fuetoque carere receflu,
 Cum fero rediens, ftratafque in gramine cernens,
 Infedi arboribus, fub quêis errare folebam.

Ah ubi nunc merulae cantus ? Felicior illum
 Silva tegit, durs nondum permifla bipenni;

* Cawper afterwards altered this laft ftanza in the following manner :—

The change bath my heart and my fancy employs,
 I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys ;
 Short-lived as we are, yet our pleafures, we fee,
 Have a ffill fhorter date, and die fooner than we.

Scilicet exuftos colles campofque patentes
Odit, et indignans et non rediturus abivit.

Sed qui fuccifas doleo fuccidar et ipfe,
Et prius huic parilis quam creverit altera filva
Flebor, et, exequiis parvis donatus, habebo
Defixum lapidem tumulique cubantis acervum.

Tarn fubita periiffe videos tarn digna manere,
Agnofco humanas fortes et triftia fata—
Sit licet ipfe brevis, volucrique fimillimus umbræ,
Eft homini brevior citiufque obitura voluptas.

VOTUM.



MATUTINI rores, aurzque falubres,
O nemora, et lætæ rivis felicibus herbæ,
Graminei colles, et amacœense in vallibus
umbræ!

Fata modó dederint quas olim in rure paterno
Delicias, procul arte, procul formidine novi,
Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea femper
avebat,

Antclarem proprium placidam expeftarefeneftam,
Turn demùm exactis non infeliciter annis,
Sortiri taciturn lapidem, aut fub cefpite condi.

TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT
BOURNE.

i. *THE GLOWWORM.*

BENEATH the hedge, or near the fream,
A worm is known ta ftray,
That fhows by night a lucid beam,
Which difappears by day.

Difputes have been, and ftil prevail,
From whence his rays proceed ;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is fure—the hand of might
That kindles up the ikies,
Dives *him* a modicum of light
Proportion'd to his fize.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
By fuch a lamp beftow'd,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod :

Nor crufti a worm, whofe ufeful light
Might ferve, however fmall,
To fhew a ftumbling ftone by night,
And fave him from a fall.

Whate'er fhe meant, this truth divine
 Is legible and plain,
 'Tis power Almighty bids him fhine,
 Nor bids him fhine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
 Teach humbler thoughts to you,
 Since fuch a reptile has its gem,
 And boafts its fplendour too.

2. *THE JACKDAW.*



HERE is a bird who, by his coat,
 And by the hoarfenefs of his note,
 Might be fuppofed a crow;
 A great frequenter of the church,
 Where, bifhoplike, he finds a perch,
 And dormitory too,

Above the fteeple fliines a plate,
 That turns and turns, to indicate
 From what point blows the weather;
 Look up—your brains begin to fwim,
 'Tis in the clouds;—that pleafes him,
 He choofes it the rather.

Fond of the fpeculative height,
 Thither he wings his airy flight,
 And thence fecurely fees
 The bufle and the raree-fhow,
 That occupy mankind below,
 Secure and at his eafe.

You think, no doubt, he fits and mufes
 On future broken bones and bruifes,
 If he fliould chance to fall;
 No not a fingle thought like that
 Employs his philofophic pate,
 Or troubles it at all.

He fees that this great roundabout
 The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, phyfic, law,
 Its cuftoms and its bufinefles,
 Are no concern at all of his,
 And fays—what fays he ? Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have feen
 Much of the vanities of men ;
 And, fick of having feen 'em,
 Would cheerfully thefe limbs refign
 For fuch a pair of wings as thine,
 And fuch a head between 'em.

3. THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
 Wherefoe'er be thine abode,
 Always harbinger of good,
 Pay me for thy warm retreat
 With a fong more foft and fweet;
 In return thou fhalt receive
 Such a ftrain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be express'd,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curipus snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisping thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Form'd as if akin to thee,
Thou surpass'st, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's fang,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpair'd, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play :
Sing, then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

4. *THE PARROT.*

IN painted plumes fuperbly drefs'd,
 A native of the gorgeous eaft,
 By many a billow tofs'd ;
 Poll gains at length the Britifh fhore,
 Part of the captain's precious ftore,
 A prefent to his toaft.

Belinda's maids are foon preferr'd,
 To teach him now and then a word,
 As Poll can mafter it;
 But 'tis her own important charge,
 To qualify him more at large,
 And make him quite a wit.

" Sweet Poll!" his doting miftrefs cries,
 " Sweet Poll!" the mimic bird replies,
 And calls aloud for fack.

She next inftrufts him in the kifs ;
 'Tis now a little one, like Mifs,
 And now a hearty fmack.

At firft he aims at what he hears;
 And, liftening clofe with both his ears,
 Juft catches at the found ;
 But foon articulates aloud,
 Much to the amufement of the crowd,
 And ftuns the neighbours ryund.

A querulous old woman's voice
 His humorous talent next employs,
 He folds, and gives the lie.
 And now he fings, and now is fick,
 Here, Sally, Sufan, come, come quick,
 Poor Poll is like to die!

Belinda and her bird ! 'tis rare
 To meet with fuch a well match'd pair,
 The language and the tone,
 Each charafter in every part
 Suftain'd with fo much grace and art,
 And both in unifon.

When children firft begin to fpell,
 And ftatnmer out a fyllable,
 We think them tedious creatures ;
 But difficulties foon abate,
 When birds are to be taught to prate,
 And women are the teachers.

*TRANSLATION OF PRIOR'S CHLOE
 AND EUPHELIA.*



MERCATOR, vigilis oculos ut fallere
 poffit,
 Nomine fub fifto trans mare mittit opes ;
 Lene fonat liquidumque meis Euphelia chordis,
 Sed folam exoptant te, mea vota, Chlöe.

Ad fpeculum ornabat nitidos Euphelia crines,
 Cum dixit mea lux, heus, cane, fume lyram.
 Namque lyram juxta pofitam cum carmine vidit,
 Suave quidem carmen dulcifonamque lyram,

Fila lyrs vocemque paro, fufpiria furgunt,
 Et mifcent numeris murmura mœfta meis,
 Dumque tuse memoro laudes, Euphelia, forms,
 Tota anima interea pendet ab ore Chlœs.

Subrabet ilia pudore, et contrahit altera frontem,
 Me torquet mea mens confcicia, pfallo, tremo;
 Atque Cupidinea dixit Dea cincta corona,
 Heu ! fallendi artem quam didicere parum-

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF
 MR. HAMILTON.



DAUSE AUSEhere, and think: a monitory
 rhyme
 Demands one moment of thy fleeting
 time.

Confult life's filent clock, thy bounding vein ;
 Seems it to fay—"Health here has long to reign ?"
 Haft thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
 That beams delight? a heart untaught to figh ?
 Yet fear. Youth, oft times healthful and at cafe,
 Anticipates a day it never fees;
 And many a tomb, like Hamilton's, aloud
 Exclaims "Prepare thee for an early fhroud."

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er purfue,
 Nor fwifter greyhound follow,
 Whofe foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
 Nor ear heard huntfman's halloo ;

Old Tiney, furlieft of his kind,
 Who, nurfed with tender care,
 And to domeftic bounds confined,
 Was ftill a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
 His pittance every night,
 He did it with a jealous look,
 And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
 And milk, and oats, and ftraw ;
 Thirties, or lettuces inthead,
 With ftind to fcour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
 On pippins' ruffbt peel,
 And, when his juicy falads fail'd,
 Sliced carrot pleafed him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
 Whereon he loved to bound,
 To fkip and gambol like a fawn,
 And fwing his rump around.

His frifking was at evening hours,
For then he loft his fear,
But moft before approaching flowers,
Or when a florindrew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus faw fteal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's fake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a fmile.

But now beneath his walnut fliade
He finds his long laft home,
And waits, in fnug concealment laid,
Till gentler Pufs fhall come.

He, flill more aged, feels the flocks,
From which no care can fave,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Muft foon partake his grave-

EPITAPHIUM ALTERUM.

ETC etiam jacet,
 Qui totum novennium vixit,
 Pufs,
 Sifte paulifper,
 Qui præteriturus es,
 Et tecurn fic reputa—
 Hunc neque cam's venaticns,
 NEC plumbum miflile,
 Nee laqueus,
 Nee imbres nimii,
 Confecère :
 Tamen mortuus eft—
 Et moriar Ego.



The following Account of the
TREATMENT OF HIS HARES

Was inferted by Cowper in the Gentleman's Magazine.



IN the year 1774, being much indifposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made fame diversion neceffary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything \ it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to teafe the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have flocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Pufs, Tiney, and Befs. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you, that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and warned, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Pufs grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in

my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him [for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he manifested significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unalighted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repair. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by Orumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression, as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Pufs might be said to be perfectly tamed, the fierceness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was however very entertaining in his way; even his furliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Befs, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and Orollery. Pufs was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Befs had a courage and confidence that

made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after fupper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frifk, and hound, and play a thoufand gambols, in which Befs, being remarkably ftrong and fearlefs, was always fuperior to the reft, and proved himfelf the Veftris of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardinefs to pat Befs upon the cheek, an indignity which he repented by Orumming upon her back with fuch violence that the cat was happy to efcape from under his paws, and hide herfelf.

I defcribe thefe animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in faft, and their countenances were fo expreffive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is faid that a fhepherd, however numerous his Rock, foun becomes fo familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, diftinguih each from all the reft ; and yet, to a common obferver, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the fame difcrimination in the caft of countenances would be difcoverable in hares, and am perfuaded that among a thoufand of them no two could be found exactly fimilar : a circumftance little fufpected by thofe who have not had opportunity to obferve it. Thefe creatures have a Angular fagacity in difcovering the minuteft alteration that is made in the place to which they are accuftomed, and infantly apply their nofe to the examination of a new object, A fmall hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the ftrifteft fcruity. Theyfeem too to be very much directed by the fmell in the choice of their favourites : to fome perfons, though they faw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even fcreatn when they attempted to touch them j but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once ; his powdered coat had charms that were irrefiftible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with thefepecimens of the kind has taught me to hold the fpurtfman's amufement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he perfecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their Ipirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impreffed as they feem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only becaufe man gives them peculiar caufe for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will juft give a fhort fummary of thofe articles of diet that fuit them beft.

I take it to be a general opinion, that they graze, but it is an erroneous one, at least grass is not their staple; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sowthistle, dandelion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose as a digestive. It happened, that I was cleaning a birdcage when the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat: straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw never want them; it serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk; they seem to prefer sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and, filling a pan with it, cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night; during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mass of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them, these however not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot overflow it into their beds. I must not omit, that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common brier, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness,

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puff is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he has grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never

feen a hare to a hare that had never feen a fpaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Pufs difcovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the leaft fymptom of hoftility. There is, therefore, it fhould feem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the purfuit of the one occafions the flight of the other, and the dog purfues becaufe he is trained to it; they eat bread at the fame time out of the fame hand, and are in all refpects fociable and friendly.

I ftumid not da complete juftice to my fubject:, did I not add, that they have no ill fcent belonging to them, that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themfelves clean, for which purpofc nature has furnifhed them with a brufh under each foot ; and that they are never infested by any vermin,

May 28, 1784.

Memorandum found among Mr. Cooper's Papers.

Tuefday, March 9, 1786.

This day died poor Pufs, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.





TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME
DE LA MOTHE GUION.

I. *THE NATIVITY.*

WIS IS folly all!—let me no more be told
Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold;
Delightful views of nature, drefs'd by
art,

Enchant no longer this indifferent heart;
The Lord of all things, in his humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth ;
The ftraw, the manger, and the mouldering wall,
Eclifpe its luftre; and I fcorn it all.

Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
Green flopes and plains, whofe plenty never fails;
Deep rooted groves, whofe heads fublimely rife,
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the fkies ;
The abundant foliage of whofe gloomy fhades,
Vainly the fun in all its power invades ;
Where warbled airs of fpriightly birds refound,
Whofe verdure lives while Winter fcowls around;

Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,
 And torrents raving down the rugged fteep ;
 Smooth downs, whofe fragrant herbs the fpirits
 cheer;
 Meads crown'd with flowers; fstreams mulical and
 char,
 Whofe filver waters, and whofe murmurs, join
 Their artlefs charms, to make the fcene divine;
 The fruitful vineyard, and the furrow'd plain,
 That feems a rolling fea of golden grain :
 All, all have loft the charms they once poffefs'd :
 An infant God reigns fovereign in my bread;
 From Bethlehem's bofom I no more will rove;
 There dwells the Saviour, and there refts my love.

Ye mightier rivers, that, with founding force,
 Urge down the valleys your impetuous courfe !
 Winds, clouds, and lightnings! and, ye waves,
 whofe heads,

Curl'd into monftrous forms, the feaman dreads!
 Horrid abyfs, where all experience fails,
 Spread with the wreck of planks and fhatler'd fails ;
 Onwhofe broad back grim Death triumphant rides,
 While havoc floats on all thy fwelling tides,
 Thy fhares a fcene of ruin, ftrew'd around
 With veffels bulged, and bodies of the drown'd!

Ye fifh, that fport beneath the boundlefs waves,
 And reft, fecure from man, in rocky caves ;
 Swift-darting fliarks, and whales of hideous fize,
 Whom all the aquatic world with terror eyes!
 Had I but faith immoveable and true,
 I might defy the fierceft fform, like you :
 The world, a more difturb'd and boifterous fea,

352 THE NATIVITY *NATIVITY.*

When Jefus fhows a fmile, affrights not me;
He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
Break harmlefs at my feet, and leave the fhore.

Thou azure vault, where thro' the gloom of night,
Thick fawn, we fee fuch countlefs worlds of light!
Thou Moon, whofe car encompafling the fkies,
Reftores loft nature to our wondering eyes;
Again retiring, when the brighter Sun
Begins the courfe he feems in hade to run!
Behold him where he Chines! His rapid rays,
Themfelves unmeafured, meafure all our days;
Nothing impedes the race he would purfue,
Nothing efcapes his penetrating view,
A thoufand lands confefs his quickening heat,
And all he cheers arc fruitful, fair, and fweet.

Far from enjoying what thefe fcenes difclofe,
I feel the thorn, alas! but mifs the rofe:
Too well I know this aching heart requires
More folid good to fill its vaft defines;
In vain they reprezent His matchlefs might,
Who calPd them out of deep primeval night;
Their form and beauty but augment my woe:
I feek the Giver of thnfe charms they fhew:
Nor, Him befide, throughout the world He made,
Lives there in whom I truft for cure or aid.

Infinite God, thou great unrival'd ONE!
Whofe glory makes a blot of yonder fun;
Compared with thine, how dim his beauty feems,
How quench'd the radiance of his golden beams!
Thou art my blifs, the light by which I move;
In Thee alone dwells all that I can love;
All darknefs fhes when Thou art pleas'd to appear,

A fudden fpring renews the fading year;
 Where'er I turn I fee thy power and grace,
 The watchful guardians of our heedlefs race ;
 Thy various creatures in one ftrain agree,
 All, in all times and places, fpeak of Thee;
 E'en I, with trembling heart and ftammering
 tongue,

Attempt thy praife, and join the general fong.

Almighty Former of this wondrous plan,
 Faintly reflected in thine image, Man—
 Holy and juft, the greatnefs of whofe name
 Fills and fupports this univerfal frame,
 Diffufed throughout the infinitude of fpace,
 Who art Thyfelf thine own vaft dwelling place;
 Soul of our foul, whom yet no fenfe of ours
 Difcerns, eluding our moft active powers;
 Encircling fhades attend thine awful throne,
 That veil thy face, and keep thee ftill unknown ;
 Unknown, though dwelling in our inmoft part,
 Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart.

Repeat the charming truth, that never tires,
 No God is like the God my foul defires;
 He at whofe voice heaven trembles, even He,
 Great as he is, knows how to ftoop to me.
 Lo ! there he lies—that fmiling infant laid,
 " Heaven, earth, and fea exift !"—and they obey'd,
 E'en He, whofe Being fwells beyond the flues,
 Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies;
 Eternal and Immortal, feems to caft
 That glory from his brows, and breathes his laft.
 Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,

How do they shrink and vanish at the thought!

Sweet solitude, and scene of my repose !

This rustic fight affuages all my woes:—

That crib contains the Lord, whom I adore;

And earth's a shade, that I pursue no more.

He is my firm support, my rock, my tower,

I dwell secure beneath his sheltering power,

And hold this mean retreat for ever dear,

For all I love, my soul's delight, is here.

I see the Almighty swathed in infant bands,

Tied helpless down the thunder-bearer's hands!

And, in this shed that mystery discern,

Which Faith and Love, and they alone, can learn.

Ye tempests, spare the flumbers of your Lord!

Ye zephyrs, all your whisper'd sweets afford!

Confess the God that guides the rolling year;

Heaven, do him homage ; and thou, Earth, revere !

Ye shepherds, monarchs, fages, hither bring

Your hearts an offering, and adore your King!

Pure be those hearts, and rich in faith and love ;

Join in his praise, the harmonious world above ;

To Bethlehem haste, rejoice in his repose,

And praise him there far all that He bestows !

Man, busy Man, alas, can ill afford

To obey the summons, and attend the Lord;

Perverted reason revels and runs wild,

By glittering flows of pomp and wealth beguiled ;

And, blind to genuine excellence and grace,

Finds not her author in so mean a place.

Ye unbelieving ! learn a wiser part,

Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart;

There soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame

Glow for that infant God, from whom it came ;
 Refift not, quench not, that divine defire,
 Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire!

Not fo will I requite thee, gentle Love!
 Yielding and foft this heart fhall ever prove ;
 And every heart beneath thy power fhould fall,
 Glad to fubmit, could mine contain them all.
 But I am poor, oblation I have none,
 None for a Saviour, but Himfelf alone :
 Whate'er I render Thee, from Thee it came:
 And, if I give my body to the flame,
 My patience, love, and energy divine
 Of heart, and foul, and fpirit, all are thine.
 Ah, vain attempt to expunge the mighty fcore!
 The more I pay, I owe thee ftill the more.

Upon my meannefs, poverty, and guilt,
 The trophy of thy glory fhall be built;
 My felf-difdain fhall be the unfhaken bafe,
 And my deformity its faireft grace ;
 For deftitute of good, and rich in ill,
 Muft be my ftate and my defcription ftill.

And do I grieve at fuch an humbling lot?
 Nay, but I cherifh and enjoy the thought.
 Vain pageantry and pomp of earth, adieu!
 I have no wifh, no memory for you ;
 The more I feel my mifery, I adore
 The facred Inmate of my foul the more ;
 Rich in his love, I feel my nobleft pride
 Spring from the fenfe of having nought belide.

In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might;
 My wanderings prove Thy wifdom infinite;
 All that I have I give Thee; and then fee

356 *THE NATIVITY NATIVITY.*

All contrarities unite in thee;
For Thou haft join'd them, taking up our woe,
And pouring out thy blifs on worms below,
By filling with thy grace and love divine
A gulf of evil in this heart of mine.
This is, indeed, to bid the valleys rife,
And the hills fink—'tis matching Earth and Skies ;
I feel my weaknefs, thank thee, and deplore
An aching heart, that throbs to thank thee more;
The more I love thee, I the more reprove
A foul fo lifelefs, and fo flow to love ;
Till, on a deluge of thy mercy tofs'd,
I plunge into that fea, and there am loft.

2. *GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED BY THE WORLD.*



YE Linnets, let us try, beneath this grove,
Which fhall be loudeft in our Maker's
praise!

In queft of fome forlorn retreat I rove,
For all the world is blind, and wanders from his
ways.

That God alone ftiould prop the finking foul,
Fills them with rage againft his empire now:
I traverfe earth in vain from pole to pole,
To feek one fimple heart, fet free from all below.

They fpeak of love, yet little feel its fway,
 While in their bofoms many an idol lurks ;
 Their bafe defires, well fatisfied, obey,
 Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon his works.

'Tis therefore I can dwell with man no more ;
 Your fellowftiip, ye warblers ! fuits me beft :
 Pure love has loft its price, though prized of yore,
 Profaned by modern tongues, and flighted as ajeft.

My God, who farm'd you for his praife alone,
 Beholds his purpofe well fulfill'd in you ;
 Come, let us join the choir before his throne,
 Partaking in his praife with fpirits juft and true !

Yes, I will always love; and, as I ought,
 Tune to the praife of Love my ceafehfs voice ;
 Preferring Love too vaft for human thought,
 In fpite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thoufand thoufand hearts,
 Lord of my foul! that they might all be thine ?
 If thou approve—the zeal thy fmile imparts,
 How fhould it ever fail! can fuch a fire decline ?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathlefs fire ;
 Its object heavenly, it muft ever blaze :
 Eternal love a God muft needs infpire,
 When once he wins the heart, and fits it for his
 praife,

Self-love difmifs'd—'tis then we live indeed—
 In her embrace, death, only death is found :

Come, then, one noble effort, and succeed,
 Cast off the chain of self with which thy soul is
 bound!

Oh! I could cry, that all the world might hear,
 Ye self-tormentors, love your God alone :
 Let his unequal'd excellence be dear, [own !
 Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your

They hear me not.—Alas! how fond to rove
 In endless chafe of folly's precious lure!
 'Tis here alone, beneath this shady grove,
 I taste the sweets of truth—here only am secure.

3, THE SWALLOW.



AM fond of the swallow—I learn from
 her flight,
 Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love:
 How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
 She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that fate takes her repose,
 Suspended and poised in the regions of air,
 'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
 It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
 And, Oreading the cold, still follows the sun;—
 So, true to our Love, we should covet his rays,
 And the place where he shines not, immediately
 shun.

Our light fhould be Love, and our nourifhment
 prayer ;

It is dangerous food that we find upon earth ;
 The fruit of this world is befet with a fnare,
 In itfelf it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, fhe fettles below,
 And only when building a neft for her young ;
 Were it not for her brood, fhe would never bellow
 A thought upon any thing filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourfelves ('tis a mortal abode),
 To bask every moment in infinite Love ;
 Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
 That leads to the dayfpring appearing above.

4. *THE TRIUMPH OF HEAVENLY
 LOVE DESIRED.*



H ! reign, wherever man is found,
 My Spoufe, beloved and divine !
 Then I am rich, and I abound,
 When every human heart is thine.

A thoufand farrows pierce my foul,
 To think that all are not thine own :
 Ah! be adored from pole to pole ;
 Where is thy zeal ? arife ; be known !

All hearts are cold, in every place,
 Yet earthly good with warmth purfue ;
 Diffolve them with a flafh of grace,
 Thaw thefc of ice, and give us new !

5. *A Figurative Description of**THE PROCEDURE OF DIVINE LOVE,*

*In bringing a Soul to the Point of Self-renunciation
and absolute Acquiescence.*

' WAS my purpose, on a day,
To embark, and fail away ;
As I climb'd the vessel's side,
Love was sporting in the tide;
" Come," he said, " ascend! make haste,
Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
Having each his separate care;
They that row'd us held their eyes
Fix'd upon the starry skies;
Others steer'd, or turn'd the sails
To receive the flustering gales.

Love, with power divine supplied,
Suddenly my courage tried;
In a moment it was night,
Ship and skies were out of sight;
On the briny wave I lay,
Floating rufhes all my stay.

Did I with repentment burn
At this unexpected turn?

Did I wifh myfelf on fhore,
 Never to forfake it more ?
 No :—" My foul," I cried, " be ftill;
 If I muft be loft, I will."

Next he haften'd to convey
 Both my frail fupparts away ;
 Seized my rufhes ; bade the waves
 Yawn into a rhoufand graves :
 Dawn I went, and funk as lead,
 Ocean elating o'er my head.

Still, however, life was fafe ;
 And I faw him turn and laugh :
 " Friend," he cried, " adieu ! lie low,
 While the wintry florins fhall blow ;
 When the fpring has calm'd the main,
 You fhall rife and float again."

Soon I faw him, with difmay,
 Spread his plumes, and foar away ;
 Now I mark his rapid flight;
 Now he leaves my aching fight;
 He is gone whom I adore,
 'Tis in vain to feek him more.

How I trembled then and fear'd,
 When my love had difappear'd !
^{C1} Wilt thou leave me thus," I cried,
 " Whelm'd beneath the rolling tide ?"
 Vain attempt to reach his ear !
 Love was gone, and would not hear.

Ah ! return, and love me ffill ;
See me fubject to thy will ;
Frown with wrath, or fmile with grace,
Only let me fee thy face!
Evil I have none to fear,
All is good, if Thou art near.

Yet he leaves me—cruel fate !
Leaves me in my loft eftate I
Have I finn'd ? Oh, fay wherein ;
Tell me, and forgive my fin ;
King, and Lord, whom I adore,
Shall I fee thy face no more ?

Be not angry ; I refign,
Henceforth, all my will to thine :
I confent that thou depart,
Though thine abfence breaks my heart ;
Go, then, and for ever too ;
All is right that thou wilt do.

This was juft what Love intended,
He was now no more offended ;
Soon as I became a child,
Love return'd to me and fmiled :
Never ftrife fhall more betide
'Twixt the Bridegroom and his Bride.

6. *A CHILD OF GOD LONGING TO
SEE HIM BELOVED.*

THERE'S not an echo round me,
 But I am glad should learn,
 How pure a fire has found me—,
 The love with which I burn.
 For none attends with pleasure
 To what I would reveal;
 They flight me out of measure,
 And laugh at all I feel.

The rocks receive less proudly
 The story of my flame;
 When I approach, they loudly
 Reverberate his name.
 I speak to them of sadness,
 And comforts at a stand ;
 They bid me look for gladness,
 And better days at hand.

Far from all habitation,
 I heard a happy sound ;
 Big with the consolation,
 That I have often found;
 I said, " My lot is farrow,
 My grief has no alloy;"
 The rocks replied—" To-morrow,
 To-morrow brings thee joy."

Thefe fweet and fecret tidings,
 What blifs it is to hear!
 For, fpite of all my chidings,
 My weaknefs, and my fear,
 No fanner I receive them,
 Than I forget my pain,
 And, happy to believe them,
 I love as much again.

I fly to fcenes romantic,
 Where never men refort ;
 For in an age fo frantic
 Impiety is fport.
 For riot and confufion
 They barter things above ;
 Condemning, as delufion,
 The joy of perfeft love.

In this fequefter'd corner,
 None hears what I exprefs ;
 Delivered from the fcorner,
 What peace do I poffefs !
 Beneath the boughs reclining
 Or roving o'er the wild,
 I live as undefigning
 And harmlefs as a child.

No troubles here furprife me,
 I innocently play,
 While Providence fupplies me,
 And guards me all the day :

My dear and kind defender
 Preferves me fafely here,
 From men of pomp and fplendour,
 Who fill a child with fear.

7. *ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL
 AFTER GOD.*

MY Spoufe! in whofe prefence I live,
 Sole object of all my defires,
 Who know'ft what a flame I conceive,
 And canft eafily double its fires ;

How pleafant is all that I meet!

From fear of adverfity free,
 I find even forrow made fweet;
 Befeaufe 'tis affign'd me by Thee,

Tranfported I fee thee difplay

Thy riches and glory divine ;
 I have only my life to repay,
 Take what I would gladly refign.
 Thy will is the treafure I feek,
 For thou art as faithful as ftrong;
 There let me, obedient and meek,
 Repofe myfelf all the day long.

My fpirit and faculties fail ;

Oh finifh what **love** has begun !
Defstroy what is finful and frail,
 And dwell in the foul thou haft won!

366 *ASPIRATIONS AFTER GOD.*

Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
I cry, who is worthy as Thou !
I can only be silent and gaze :
'Tis all that is left to me now.

Oh glory in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought;
On an ocean of Deity tossed,
I am swallowed, I sink into nought.
Yet, lost and absorbed as I seem,
I chant to the praise of my King ;
And, though overwhelmed by the theme,
Am happy whenever I sing.

8. *GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.*



ALL are indebted much to thee,
But I far more than all,
From many a deadly snare set free,
And raised from many a fall.
Overwhelm me, from above,
Daily, with thy boundless love.

What bonds of gratitude I feel
No language can declare ;
Beneath the oppressive weight I reel,
'Tis more than I can bear:
When shall I that blessing prove,
To return thee Love for Love ?

Spirit of Charity, difpenfe
Thy grace to every heart;
Expel all other fpirits thence,
Drive felf from every part;
Charity divine, draw nigh,
Break the chains in which we lie!

All felfifh fouls, whatever they feign,
Have ftill a flavifh lot;
They boaft of liberty in vain,
Of Love, and feel it not.
He whofe bofom glows with Thee,
He, and he alone, is free.

Oh bleffednefs, all blifs above,
When thy pure fires prevail!
Love only teaches what is Love ;
All other leffons fail :
We learn its name, but not its powers,
Experience only makes it ours,

*9. HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY
MEN.*



MY heart is eafy, and my burden light;
I fmile, though fad, when Thou art in
my fight:
The more my woes in fecret I deplore,
I tafte thy goodnefs, and I love the more.

There, while a folemn ftillnefs reigns around,
 Faith, Love, and Hope within my foul abound;
 And, while the world fuppofe me loft in care,
 The joys of angels, unperceived, I fhare.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O thou fovereign Good !
 Thou art not loved, becaufe not underftood;
 This grieves me moft, that vain purfuits beguile
 Ungrateful men, regardlefs of thy fmile.

Frail beauty and falfe honour are adored;
 While Thee they fcorn, and trifle with thy Word ;
 Pafs, unconcern'd, a Saviour's forrows by;
 And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.

10. *LIVING WATER.*



HE fountain in its fource
 No Orought of fummer fears;
 The farther it purfues its courfe,
 The nobler it appears.

But fhallow cifterns yield
 A fcanty fhort fupply ;
 The morning fees them amply fill'd,
 At evening they are Ory.

11, *TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE REJECTED
BY THE WORLD.*



LOVE, of pure and heavenly birth!
O simple Truth, scarce known on earth!
Whom men resist with stubborn will;
And, more perverse and daring still,
Smother and quench, with reasonings vain,
While Error and Deception reign.

Whence comes it, that, your power the fame
As His on high, from whence you came,
Ye rarely find a listening ear,
Or heart that makes you welcome here?—
Because ye bring reproach and pain,
Where'er ye visit, in your train.

The world is proud, and cannot bear
The scorn and calumny ye share;
The praise of men the mark they mean,
They fly the place where ye are seen; .
Pure Love, with scandal in the rear,
Suits not the vain; it coils too dear.

Then, let the price be what it may,
Though poor, I am prepared to pay;
Come home, come farrow; ipite of tears,
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears;
One foul, at least, shall not repine,
To give you room; come, reign in mine!

12. *DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.*

THOU haft no lightnings, O thou juft!
 Or I their force fhould know;
 And, if thou ftrike me into duft,
 My foul approves the blow.

The heart, that values lefs its eafe
 Than it adores thy ways,
 In thine avenging anger fees
 A fubject of its praife.

Pleas'd I could lie, conceal'd and loft,
 In fhades of central night;
 Not to avoid thy wrath, thou know'ft,
 ' But left I grieve thy fight.

Smite me, O Thou, whom I provoke!
 And I will love thee ftill:
 The well deferved and righteous ftroke
 Shall pleafe me, though it kill.

Am I not worthy to fuftain
 The worft thou canft devife :
 And dare I feek thy throne again,
 And meet thy facred eyes ?

Far from afflicting, Thou art kind;
 And, in my fadeft hours,
 An unflion of thy grace I find,
 Pervading all my powers.

Alas ! Thou fpareft me yet again ;
And, when thy wrath fhould move,
Too gentle to endure my pain,
Thou footh't me with thy love.

I have no punifhment to fear;
But, ah! that fmile from Thee
Imparts a pang far more fevere
Than woe itfelf would be.

*13. THE SOUL THAT LOPES GOD
FINDS HIM EVERT WHERE.*



H Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Love! how full of fweet content
I pafs my years of banifhment!

All fcenes alike engaging prove
To fouls imprefs'd with facred Love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or on the fea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any fhore, fince God is there.

While place we feek, or place we fhun,
The foul finds happinefs in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or flay.

Could I be caft where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone ;
Nor other can I claim or own ;
The point where all my wifhes meet;
My law, my love, life's only fweet!

I hold by nothing here below ;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierced by fcorn, opprefs'd by pride,
I feel thee good—feel nought befide.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To fouls on fire with heavenly Love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arife from them.

Ah then! to His embrace repair;
My foul, thou art no ftranger there;
There Love divine fhall be thy guard,
And peace and fafety thy reward.

14. *THE TESTIMONT OF DIVINE ADOPTION.*



OW happy are the new-born race;
Partakers of adopting grace;
How pure the blifs they fhare !
Hid from the world and all its eyes,

Within their heart the blessing lies,
 And conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis ours ;
 And if we love with all our powers
 The God from whom it came ;
 And if we serve with hearts sincere,
 'Tis still discernible and clear,
 An undisputed claim.

But, ah ! if foul and wilful sin
 Stain and dishonour us within,
 Farewell the joy we knew ;
 Again the slaves of Nature's way,
 In labyrinths of our own we stray,
 Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
 The gracious Spirit they receive,
 His work distinctly trace :
 And, strong in undimbling love,
 Boldly assert and clearly prove
 Their hearts his dwelling-place.

Oh messenger of dear delight,
 Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
 Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove !
 With thee at hand, to soothe our pains,
 No wish unsatisfied remains,
 No task but that of Love.

'Tis Love unites what Sin divides ;
 The centre, where all bliss resides ;
 To which the foul once brought,

Reclining on the firft great Caufe,
 From his abounding fweetnefs draws
 Peace paffing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
 And life affumes a tranquil air,
 Diverted of its woes;
 There favercign goodnefs foothes the breaft,
 Till then incapable of reft,
 In facred fure repofe.

15. *DIVINE LOVE ENDURES NO
 RIVAL.*



LOVE is the Lord whom I obey,
 Whofe will tranfported I perform ;
 The centre of my reft, my ftay,
 Love's all in all to me, myfelf a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,
 Opprefs'd by flavifti fear no more ;
 For One in whom I may difcern,
 E'en when he frowns, a fweetnefs I adore.

He little laves Him who complains,
 And finds him rigorous and fevere ;
 His heart is fordid, and he feigns,
 Though loud in boafting of a foul fmcere.

Love caufes grief, but 'tis to move
 And ftimulate the flumbering mind;
 And he has never tafted love
 Who fhuns a pang fo gracioufly defign'd.

Sweet is the crofs, above all fweets,
 To fouls enamour'd with thy fmiles ;
 The keeneft woe life ever meets,
 Love ftrips of all its terrors, and beguiles.

'Tis juft that God fhould not be dear
 Where felf engrofes all the thought,
 And groans and murmurs make it clear.
 Whatever elfe is loved, the Lord is not.

The love of Thee flows juft as much
 As that of ebbing felf fubfides ;
 Our hearts, their fcantinefs is fuch,
 Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one foul;
 Then let felf-love be difpoffefs'd ;
 The Love of God deferves the whole,
 And will not dwell with fo defpifed a gueft.

16. *SELF-DIFFIDENCE.*

SOURCE of love, and light of day,
 Tear me from myfelf away;
 Every view and thought of mine
 Caft into the mould of thine;
 Teach, O teach this faithlefs heart
 A confident conftant part ;
 Or, if it muft live to grow
 More rebellious, break it now !

Is it thus that I requite
 Grace and goodnefs infinite?

Every trace of every boon,
 Cancel'd and erased for soon!
 Can I grieve Thee, whom I love ;
 Thee, in whom I live and move ?
 If my farrow touch thee still,
 Save me from so great an ill!

Oh ! the oppressive, irksome weight
 Felt in an uncertain fate;
 Comfort, peace, and rest adieu,
 Should I prove at last untrue!
 Still I choose thee, follow still
 Every notice of thy will ;
 But, unstable, strangely weak,
 Still let slip the good I seek.

Self-confiding wretch, I thought
 I could serve thee as I ought,
 Win thee, and deserve to feel
 All the Love thou canst reveal;
 Trusting self, a bruised reed,
 Is to be deceived indeed :
 Save me from this harm and loss,
 Left my gold turn all to dross!

Self is earthly—Faith alone
 Makes an unseen world our own;
 Faith relinquish'd, how we roam,
 Feel our way, and leave our home!
 Spurious gems our hopes entice,
 While we scorn the pearl of price;
 And, preferring servants' pay,
 Cast the children's bread away.

17. *17. THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE
LOVE.*



LOVE ! if thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy
fires:

Plunged in thy depths of mercy, let me die
The death which every soul that lives desires !

I watch my hours, and see them fleet away ;
The time is long that I have languish'd here ;
Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease ;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain ;
In ease or health no real good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good alone,
To choose thy will, from selfish bias free ;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases thee.

That we should bear the cross is thy command,
Die to the world, and live to self no more ;
Suffer, unmoved, beneath the rudest hand,
As pleased when shipwreck'd as when safe on
shore.

18. *REPOSE IN GOD.*

BLEST ! who, far from all mankind,
 This world's shadows left behind,
 Hears from Heaven a gentle strain
 Whispering Love, and loves again.

Blest ! who, free from self-esteem,
 Dives into the great Supreme,
 All delire befide difcards,
 Joys inferior none regards.

Blest ! who in thy bofom feeks
 Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
 Dead to felf and worldly things,
 Loft in thee, thou King of kings!

Ye that know my fecret fire,
 Softly fpeak and foon retire ;
 Favour my divine repofe,
 Spare the flecp a God beftows.

19. *GLORY TO GOD ALONE.*

H loved! but not enough—tho' dearer far
 Than felf and its moft loved enjoyments
 are;

None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
 From fenfual objects, finds his all in Thee.

Glory of God ! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know;
Our Faith and Reason are both flock'd to find
Man in the port of honour—Thee behind.

Reason exclaims—"Let every creature fall,
Aflamed, abased, before the Lord of all;"
And Faith, o'erwhelm'd with such a dazzling blaze,
Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-lighted man, and rash as blind,
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the only wife.

Oh lost in vanity, till once self-known;
Nothing is great, or good, but God alone ;
When thou shalt stand before his awful face,
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know His place.

Glorious, Almighty, First, and without end !
When wilt thou melt the mountains and descend?
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conquering rays,
And teach these atoms, thou hast made, thy praise?

Thy Glory is the sweetest heaven I feel;
And, if I seek it with too fierce a zeal,
Thy Love, triumphant o'er a selfish will,
Taught me the passion, and inspires it still.

My reason, all my faculties, unite,
To make thy Glory their supreme delight;
Forbid it, fountain of my brightest days,
That I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise!

380 *GLORY TO GOD ALONE.*

My foul! reft happy in thy low eftate,
Nor hope, nor wifh, to be efteem'd or great ;
To take the impreffion of a will divine,
Be that thy glory, and thofe riches thine.

Confefs Him righteous in his juft decrees,
Love what he loves, and let his pleafure pleafe;
Die daily; from the touch of fin recede;
Then thou haft crown'd him, and he reigns indeed.

20. *SELF-LOVE AND TRUTH INCOM-
PATIBLE.*

FROM thorny wilds a monfter came,
That fill'd my foul with fear and ftiaime ;
The birds, forgetful of their mirth,
Oroop'd at the fight, and fell to earth;
When thus a fage addrefs'd mine ear,
Himfelf unconfcious of a fear.

" Whence all this terror and furprife,
Diftrafted looks, and ftreaming eyes?
Far from the world and its affairs,
The joy it boafts, the pain it fhares,
Surrender, without guile or art,
To God, an undivided heart;
The favage form, fo fear'd before,
Shall fcare your trembling foul no more ;
For luathfome as the fight may be,
'Tis but the *Love of self* you fee.
Fix all your love on God alone,
Choofe but His will, and hate your own :

No fear fhall in your path be found,
The dreary wafte fhall bloom around,
And you, through all your happy days,
Shall blefs his name, and fing his praife."

Oh lovely folitude, how fweet
The filence of this calm retreat!
Here Truth, the fair whom I purfue,
Gives all her beauty to my view ;
The fimple, unadorn'd difplay
Charms every pain and fear away.
O Truth, whom millions proudly flight;
O Truth, my treafure and delight;
Accept this tribute to thy name,
And this poor heart from which it came !

21. *THE LOVE OF GOD, THE END
OF LIFE.*



SINCE life in farrow muft be fpent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my laft remove,
Seeking only growth in love.

No blifs I feek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, thy lovely will ;
No fuccours in my woes I want,
Save what Thou art pleafed to grant.

Our days are number'd, let us fpare
Our anxious hearts a needlefs care :
'Tis thine to number out our days ;
Ours to give them to thy praife.

Love is our only bufinefs here,
 Love, fimple, conftant, and fincere;
 O blefled days, thy fervants fee !
 Spent, O Lord ! in pleafing Thee.

22. *LOVE FAITHFUL IN THE AB-
 SENCE OF THE BELOVED.*



GN vain ye WDD me to your harmlefs joys,
 Ye pleafant bowers, remote from ftrife
 and noife ;
 Your fhades, the witneffes of many a vow,
 Breathed forth in happier days, are irkfome now :
 Denied that fmile 'twas once my heaven to fee,
 Such fcenesj fuch pleafures, are all part with me.

In vain He leaves me, I fhall love him ftill;
 And though I mourn, not murmur at his will;
 I have no caufe—an object all divine
 Might well grow weary of a foul like mine;
 Yet pity me, great God ! forlorn, alone,
 Heartlefs and hopelefs, Life and Love all gone.

23. *LOVE PURE AND FERVENT.*



GOD, and with love o'erflowing,
 God demands a fervent heart;
 Grace and bounty ftill beftowing,
 Calls us to a grateful part.

Oh, then, with fupreme affection
His paternal Will regard !
If it coft us fame dejection,
Every figh has its reward.

Perfect Love has power to foften
Cares that might our peace defstroy,
Nay, does more—transforms them often,
Changing forrow into joy.

Sovereign Love appoints the meafure,
And the number of our pains;
And is pleafed when we find pleafure
In the trials he ordains.

24. *THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.*

PEACE has unveil'd her fmiling face,
And WDDS thy foul to her embrace,
Enjoy'd with cafe, if thou refrain
From earthly love, elfe fought in vain ;
She dwells with all who Truth prefer,
But feeks not them who feek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with fimple heart,
All that thou haft, and all thou art;
Renounce all ftrength but ftrength divine;
And peace fhall be for ever thine:
Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, till I go home to God.

25. *THE PERFECT SACRIFICE.*

PLACE an offering at thy flirine,
 From taint and blemifti clear,
 Simple and pure in its defign,
 Of all that I hold dear.

I yield thee hack thy gifts again,
 Thy gifts which moft I prize;
 Defirous only to retain
 The notice of thine eyes.

But if, by thine adored decree,
 That bleffing be denied;
 Refign'd, and unreluftant, fee
 My every wifh fubfide.

Thy will in all things I approve,
 Exalted or caft down!
 Thy will in every ftate I love,
 And even in thy frown.

26. *GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.*

O lay the fuul that loves him low,
 Becomes the Only-wife:
 To hide, beneath a veil of woe,
 The children of the ikies.

Man, though a worm, would yet be great;
Though feeble, would seem strong ;
Aflumes an independent state,
By sacrilege and wrong.

Strange the reverse, which, once abated,
The haughty creature proves!
He feels his soul a barren waste,
Nor dares affirm he loves.

Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain,
To God he presses near;
Superior to the world's disdain,
And happy in its sphere.

Oh welcome, in his heart he says,
Humility and shame !
Farewell the wish for human praise,
The music of a name !

But will not scandal mar the good
That I might else perform?
And can God work it, if he would,
By so despised a worm ?

Ah, vainly anxious !—leave the Lord
To rule thee, and dispose;
Sweet is the mandate of his word,
And gracious all He does.

He draws from human littleness
His grandeur and renown;
And generous hearts with joy confess
The triumph all his own.

386 *GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.*

Down then with self-exalting thoughts;
Thy faith and hope employ,
To welcome all that he allots,
And suffer shame with joy.

No longer, then, thou wilt encroach
On his eternal right;
And He shall smile at thy approach,
And make thee his delight.

27. *THE SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE
ARE TO BE KEPT.*



UN ! stay thy course, this moment stay—
Suspend the o'erflowing tide of day,
Divulge not such a love as mine,
Ah ! hide the mystery divine ;
Left man, who deems my glory shame,
Should learn the ferret of my flame.

O Night! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse ;
Conceal alike my joy and pain,
Nor draw thy curtain back again,
Though Morning, by the tears she flows,
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye Stars! whose faint and feeble fires
Express my languishing desires,
Whose slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,

Thofe emanations of a foul,
That darts her fires beyond the pole ;

Your rays, that fcarce affift the fight,
That pierce, but not difplace the night,
That fhine indeed, but nothing fliovv
Of all thofe various fcenes below.
Bring no difturbance, rather prove
Incentives to a facred love.

Thnu Moon ! whofe never failing courfe
Befpeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To him who calls the ftars by name ;
Whofe abfence kills, whofe pretence cheers ;
Who blots, or brightens, all my years.

While, in the blue abyfs of fpace,
Thine orb performs its rapid race;
Still whifper in his liftening ears
The language of my fighs and tears ;
Tell him, I feek him, far below,
Loft in a wilderneys of woe.

Ye thought-compofing, filent Hours,
Diffufing peace o'er all my powers;
Friends of the penfive! who conceal,
In darkeft fhades, the flames I feel;
To you I truft, and fafely may,
The love that waftes my ftrength away.

In fylvan fcenes, and caverns rude,
I tafte the fweets of folitude;

389 *SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE*

Retired indeed, but not alone,
I share them with a Spoufe unknown,
Who hides me here, from envious eyes,
From all intrusion and surprife.

Imbowering Shades, and Dens profound!
Where echo rolls the voice around;
Mountains ! whose elevated heads
A moid and mighty veil o'erfpreads;
Disclofe a folitary bride
To him I love—to none befide.

Ye Rills! that, murmuring all the way,
Among the polifli'd pebbles ftray ;
Creep filently along the ground,
Left, drawn by that harmonious found,
Some wanderer, whom I would not meet,
Should ftumble on my loved retreat.

Enamel'd Meads, and Hillocks green,
And Streams that water all the fcene !
Ye Torrents, loud in diftant ears!
Ye Fountains, that receive my tears !
Ah ! ftill conceal, with caution due,
A charge I truft with none but you.

If, when my pain and grief increafe,
I feem to enjoy the fweeteft peace,
It is becaufe I find fo fair
The charming object of my care,
That I can fport and pleafure make
Of torment fuffer'd for his fake.

Ye Meads and Groves, unconfcious things!
Ye know not whence my pleafure fprings ;
Ye know not, and ye cannot know,
The fource from which my farrows flow :
The dear fole Caufe of all I feel,—
He knows, and underftands them well.

Ye Deferts ! where the wild beads rove,
Scenes faced to my hours of love;
Ye Forefts! in whofe fhades I ftray,
Benighted under burning day !
Ah ! whifper not how bleft am I,
Nor while I live, nor when I die.

Ye Lambs! who fport beneath thefe {hades,
And bound along the mo fly glades ;
Be taught a falutary fear,
And ceafe to bleat when I am near :
The wolf may hear your harmlefs cry,
Whom ye fhould Oread as much as I.

How calm, amid thefe fcenes, my mind !
How perfect is the peace I find !
Oh hufh, be fillI, my every part,
My tongue, my pulfe, my beating heart!
That Love, afpiring to its caufe,
May fuffer not a moment's paufe.

Ye fwift-finn'd nations, that abide
In feas, as fathomlefs as wide;
And, unfufpicious of a fnare,
Purfue at large your pleafures there :
Poor fportive fools! how foon does man
Your heedlefs ignorance trepan !

Away! dive deep into the brine,
 Where never yet funk plummet-line ;
 Trull me, the vaft leviathan
 Is merciful, compared with man ;
 Avoid his arts, forfake the beach,
 And never play within his reach.

My foul her bondage ill endures;
 I pant for liberty like yours ;
 I long for that irnmenfe profound,
 That knows no bottom and no bound ;
 Loft in infinity, to prove
 The incomprehenfible of Love.

Ye Birds ! that leflen as ye fly,
 And vanifh in the diftant fky;
 To whom yon airy waft belongs,
 Refounding with your cheerful fongs ;
 Hafte to efcape from human fight ;
 Fear lefs the vulture and the kite.

How bleft and how fecure am I,
 When quitting earth, I foar on high ;
 When loft, like you I difappear,
 And float in a fublimer fphere !
 Whence falling, within human view,
 I am enfnares, and caught like you.

Omnificnt God, whofe notice deigns
 To try the heart and fearch the reins;
 Compaflionate the numerous woes,
 I dare not, e'en to thee, difclofe ;
 Oh, fave me from the cruel hands
 Of men, who fear not thy commands!

Love, all-subduing and divine,
 Care for a creature truly thine ;
 Reign in a heart, disposed to own
 No sovereign but thyself alone ;
 Cherish a bride who cannot rove,
 Nor quit Thee for a meaner love !

28. *THE VICISSITUDES EXPERIENCED
 IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.*



SUFFER fruitless anguish day by day,
 Each moment, as it passes, marks my
 pain ;
 Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
 And see no end of all that I sustain,

The more I strive the more I am withstood ;
 Anxiety increasing every hour,
 My spirit finds no rest, performs no good,
 And nought remains of all my former power.

My peace of heart is fled, I know not where ;
 My happy hours, like shadows, pass'd away ;
 Their sweet remembrance doubles all my care,
 Night darker seems, succeeding such a day.

Dear faded joys and impotent regret,
 What profit is there in incessant tears ?
 Oh Thou, whom once beheld, we ne'er forget,
 Reveal thy Love, and banish all my fears !

Alas! He fhes me—treats me as his foe,
Views not my furrows, hears not when I plead;
Woe fuch as mine, defpifed, neglected woe,
Unlefs it fhortens life, is vain indeed.

Pierced with a thoufand wounds, I yet furvive;
My pangs are keen, but no complaint tranfpires ;
And, while in terrors of thy wrath I live,
Hell feems to lofe its lefs tremendous fires.

Has Hell a pain I would not gladly bear,
So thy fevere difpleafure might fubfide ?
Hopelefs of cafe, I feem already there,
My life extinguifh'd, and yet death denied.

Is this the joy fo promifed ?—this the love,
The unchanging love, fo fworn in better days ?
Ah! dangerous glories! fhown me, but to prove
How lovely Thou, and I how rafh to gaze.

Why did I fee them? had I ftill remained
Untaught, ftill ignorant how fair thou art,
My humbler wi/hes I had foon obtain'd,
Nor known the torments of a doubting heart.

Deprived of all, yet feeling no defires,
Whence then, I cry, the pangs that I fuftain ?
Dubious and uninform'd, my foul inquires,
Ought fhe to cherifh, or fliake off her pain.

Suffering, I fuffer not; fincerely love,
Yet feel no touch of that enlivening flame ;
As chance inclines me, unconcern'd I move,
All times, and all events, to me the fame.

I fearch my heart, and not a wifh is there,
But burns with zeal that hated felf may fall ;
Such is the fad difquietude I fhare,
A fea of doubts, and felf the fource of all.

I afk not life, nor do I wifh to die;
And, if thine hand accomplifh not my cure,
I would not purchafe, with a lingle figh,
A free difcharge from all that I endure.

I groan in chains, yet want not a releafe ;
Am fick, and know not the diftemper'd part;
Am juft as void of purpofe as of peace;
Have neither plan, nor fear, nor hope, nor heart.

My claim to life, though fought with earneft care,
No light within me, or without me, fliews;
Once I had faith, but now in felf-defpair
Find my chief cordial and my beft repofe.

My foul is a forgotten thing; fhe finks,
Sinks and is loft, without a wifh to rife;
Feels an indifference fhe abhors, and thinks
Her name erafed for ever from the fkies.

Language affords not my diftreffs a name,—
Yet is it real, and no fickly dream;
'Tis Love inflicts it; though to feel that flame
Is all I know of happineffs fupreme.

When Love departs, a chaos wide and vaft,
And dark as Hell, is open'd in the foul;
When Love returns, the gloomy fcene is paft,
No tempefts fhake her, and no fears control.

Then tell me why these ages of delay?
 Oh Love, all excellent, once more appear;
 Disperse the shades, and snatch me into day,
 From this abyss of night, these floods of fear!

No—Love is angry, will not now endure
 A sigh of mine, or suffer a complaint;
 He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure;
 Exhausts my powers, and leaves me sick and faint.

He wounds, and hides the hand that gave the blow;
 He flies, he reappears, and wounds again;—
 Was ever heart that loved thee treated so?
 Yet I adore thee, though it seem in vain.

And wilt thou leave me, whom, when lost and blind,
 Thou didst distinguish, and vouchsafe to choose,
 Before thy laws were written in my mind,
 While yet the world had all my thoughts and views?

Now leave me? when, enamour'd of thy laws,
 I make thy glory my supreme delight;
 Now blot me from thy register, and cause
 A faithful soul to perish from thy sight?

What can have caused the change which I deplore?
 Is it to prove me, if my heart be true?
 Permit me then, while proftrate I adore,
 To draw, and place its picture in thy view.

'Tis thine without reserve, most simply thine;
 So given to thee, that it is not my own;
 A willing captive of thy grace divine;
 And loves, and seeks thee, for Thyself alone.

Pain cannot move it, danger cannot fcare ;
Pleasure and wealth, in its esteem, are duft;
It loves thee, e'en when leaft inclined to fpare
Its tendereft feelings, and avows thee juft.

'Tis all thine own ; my fpirit is fo too,
An undivided offering at thy fhine ;
It feels thy glory with no double view,
Thy glory with no fecret bent to mine.

Love, holy Love! and art thou not fevere,
To flight me, thus devoted, and thus fix'd ?
Mine is an everlafting ardour, clear
From all felf-bias, generous and unmix'd.

But I am filent, feeling what I fee—
And fear, with caufe, that I am felf-deceived ;
Not e'en my faith is from fufpicion free,
And, that I love, seems not to be believed.

Live Thou, and reign for ever, glorious Lord!
My laft, leaft offering, I prefent thee now ;—
Renounce me, leave me, and be ftill adored !
Slay me, my God, and I applaud the blow.

29, *WATCHING UNTO GOD IN THE
NIGHT SEASON.*



SLEEP at laft has fled thefe eyes,
Nor do I regret his flight,
More alert my fpirits rife,
And my heart is free and light.

Nature filent all around,
 Nat a fingle witnefs near;
 God as foon as fought is found;
 And the flame of love burns clear.

Interruption, all day long,
 Checks the current of my joys;
 Creatures prefs me with a throng,
 And perplex me with their noife.

Undifturb'd I mufe all night
 On the firft Eternal Fair;
 Nothing there obftrufts delight,
 Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual ftir,
 Proves a foe to Love and me ;
 Frefli entanglements occur—
 Comes the night and fets me free.

Never more, fweet fleep, fufpend
 My enjoyments, always new :
 Leave me to poffefs my friend;
 Other eyes and hearts fubdue.

Hufh the world, that I may wake
 To the tafte of pure delights;
 Oh the pleafures I partake—
 God, the partner of my nights!

David, for the felf-fame caufe,
 Night preferr'd to bufy day :
 Hearts whom heavenly beauty draws
 Wifli the glaring fun away.

Sleep, self-lovers, is for you;—
Sauls that love celestial know
Fairer scenes by night can view
Than the sun could ever show.

30. ON THE SAME.



REASON of my purest pleasure,
Sealer of observing eyes !
When, in larger, freer measure,
I can commune with the skies;
While, beneath thy shade extended,
Weary man forgets his woes ;
I, my daily trouble ended,
Find, in watching, my repose.

Silence all around prevailing,
Nature hush'd in slumber sweet,
No rude noise mine ears assailing,
Now my God and I can meet:
Universal nature slumbers,
And my soul partakes the calm,
Breathes her ardour out in numbers,
Plaintive song or lofty psalm.

Now my passion, pure and holy,
Shines and burns without restraint;
Which the day's fatigue and folly
Cause to languish, dim and faint:
Charming hours of relaxation !

How I dread the ascending fun !
 Surely, idle convention
 Is an evil, match'd by none.

Worldly prate and babble hurt me ;
 Unintelligible prove,-
 Neither teach me nor divert me ;
 I have ears for none but Love.
 Me they rude esteem, and foolish.
 Hearing my absurd replies ;
 I have neither art's fine polish,
 Nor the knowledge of the wife.

Simple souls, and unpolluted,
 By converting with the great,
 Have a mind and taste, ill suited
 To their dignity and fate ;
 All their talking, reading, writing,
 Are but talents misapplied ;
 Infants¹ prattle I delight in,
 Nothing human choose beside.

'Tis the secret fear of finning
 Checks my tongue, or I should say,
 When I see the night beginning,
 I am glad of parting day ;
 Love this gentle admonition
 Whispers soft within my breast ;
 "Choice befits not thy condition,
 Acquiescence suits thee best."

Henceforth, the repose and pleasure
 Night affords me I resign ;
 And thy will shall be the measure,

Wisdom infinite of mine:
Wifhing is but Inclination
Quarreling with thy decrees,-
Wayward nature finds the occasion—
'Tis her folly and difeafe.

Night, with its fublime enjoyments,
Now no longer will I choofe;
Nor the day with its employments,
Irkfome as they feem, refufe ;
Leffons of a God's infpiring
Neither time nor place impedes;
From our wifhing and defiring
Our unhappinefs proceeds.

31. *ON THE SAME.*



NIGHT! how I love thy filent fhades,
My fpirits they compofe ;
The blifs of heaven my foul pervades,
In fpite of all my woes.

While deep inftils her poppy dew
In every flumbering eye,
I watch, to meditate and mufe,
In bleft tranquillity.

And when I feel a God imrnense
Familiarly impart,
With every proof he can difpenfe,
His favour to my heart;

My native meannefs I lament,
 Though moft divinely fill'd
 With all the ineffable content
 That Deity can yield.

His purpofe and his courfe he keeps ;
 Treads all my reafonings down ;
 Commands me out of nature's deeps,
 And hides me in his own,

When in the duft, its proper place,
 Our pride of heart we lay ;
 'Tis then a deluge of his grace
 Bears all our fins away.

Thou whom I ferve, and whofe I am,
 Whofe influence from on high
 Refines, and ftill refines my flame,
 And makes my fetters fly.

How wretched is the creature's ftate
 Who thwarts thy gracious power;
 Cruft'd under fin's enormous weight,
 Increafing every hour!

The night, when pafs'd entire with thee,
 How luminous and clear!
 Then fleep has no delights for me,
 Left thou fhouldft difappear.

My Saviour! occupy me ftill
 In this fecure recefs;
 Let reafon flumber if fhe will,
 My joy fhall not be lefs :

Let Reason flumber out the night;
But if thou deign to make
My foul the abode of Truth and Light,
Ah, keep my heart awake !

32. *THE JOY OF THE CROSS.*

LONG plunged in farrow, I resign
My foul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear ;
That hand fhall wipe my streaming eyes ;
Or into smiles of glad surprife
Transform the falling tear.

My sole poffeffion is thy love ;
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other ftore ;
And though with fervent fuit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I afk thee nothing more.

My rapid hours purfue the courfe
Prefcribed them by Love's fweeteft force ;
And I thy fovereign will,
Without a wifh to cfcape my doom;
Though ftill a fufferer from the womb,
And doom'd to fuffer ftill.

By thy command, where'er I ftray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,

A never failing friend ;
 And if my fufferings may augment
 Thy praife, behold me well content—
 Let Sorrow ftill attend !

It cofts me no regret, that fhe,
 Who follow'd Chrif, fhould follow me ;
 And though, where'er fhe goes,
 Thorns fpring fpontaneous at her feet,
 I love her, and extract a fweet
 From all my bitter woes.

Adieu ! ye vain delights of earth ;
 Infipid fports and childifh mirth,
 I tafte no fweets in you ;
 Unknown delights are in the Crofs,
 All joy belide to me is drofs ;
 And Jefus thought fo too.

The Crofs! Oh ravifhment and blifs—
 How grateful e'en its anguifh is,
 Its bitternefs how fweet!
 There every fenfe, and all the mind,
 In all her faculties refined,
 Taftes happinefs complete.

Souls once enabled to difdain
 Bafe fublunary joys, maintain
 Their dignity fecure ;
 The fever of defire is pafs'd,
 And love has all its genuine tafte,
 Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in farrow fees,
Confults her own peculiar ease ;
 'Tis all the blifs ihe knows :
But nobler aims true Love employ
In felf-denial is her joy,
 In fuffering her repofe.

Sorrow and Love go fide by fide ;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
 Their heaven-appointed bands;
Thofe dear affbciates ftill are one,
Nor till the race of life is run
 Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jefus, avenger of our fall,
Thou faithful lover, above all
 The Crofs has ever borne!
Oh tell me,—life is in thy voice—
How much afflictions were thy choice,
 And floth and ease thy fcorn !

Thy choice and mine fhall be the fame,
Infpirer of that holy flame
 Which muft for ever blaze !
To take the Crofs and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, fhall be
 My portion and my praife.

33. *JOY IN MARTYRDOM.*

SWEET WEETtenantsofthisgrove!
 Who fing, without defign,
 A fong of artlefs love,
 In unifon with mine :
 Thefe echoing fhades return
 Full many a note of ours,
 That wife ones cannot learn,
 With all their boafed powers.

O Thou ! whofe facred charms
 Thefe hearts fo feldom love,
 Although thy beauty warms
 And blefles all above ;
 How flow are human things,
 To choofe their happieft lot ;
 All-glorious King of kings,
 Say why we love thee not ?

This heart, that cannot reft,
 Shall thine for ever prove ;
 Though bleeding and diftreff'd,
 Yet joyful in thy love :
 'Tis happy, though it breaks
 Beneath thy chaftening hand ;
 And fpeechlefs, yet it fpeaks
 What thou canft understand.

34. *SIMPLE TRUST.*

TILL, ftill, without ceafing,
 I feel it increafing,
 This fervour of holy defire ;
 And often exclaim,
 Let me die in the flame
 Of a love that can never expire !

Had I words to explain
 What flic muft fuftain
 Who dies to the world and its ways ;
 How joy and affright,
 Diftrefs and delight,
 Alternately chequer her days.

Thou, fweetly fevere f
 I would make thee appear,
 In all thou art pleafed to award,
 Not more in the fweet,
 Than the bitter I meet,
 My tender and merciful Lord.

This faith, in the dark
 Purfuing its mark,
 Through many fliarp trials of Love ;
 Is the forrowful wafte
 That is to be pafs'd
 In the way to the Canaan above.

35. *THE NECESSITY OF SELF-ABASE-
MENT.*



SOURCE of love, my brighter fun,
Thou alone my comfort art;
See, my race is almost run;
Haft thou left this trembling heart?

In my youth thy charming eyes
Drew me from the ways of men;
Then I drank unmingled joys;
Frown of thine faw never then.

Spoufe of Chrifft was then my name;
And devoted all to thee,
Strangely jealous, I became
Jealous of this Self in me.

Thee to love, and none befide,
Was my darling, fole employ;
While alternately I died,
Now of grief, and now of joy,

Through the dark and filent night
On thy radiant fmiles I dwelt;
And to fee the dawning light
Was the keeneft pain I felt.

Thou my gracious teacher wert;
And thine eye, fo clofe applied,
While it watch'd thy pupil's heart,
Seem'd to look at none befide.

Confcious of no evil Orift,
This, I cried, is Love indeed—
Tis the Giver, not the Gift,
Whence the joys I feel proceed.

But foon humbled, and laid low,
Stript of all thou haft conferr'd,
Nothing left but fin and woe,
I perceived how I had err'd.

Oh, the vain conceit of man,
dreaming of a good his own,
Arrogating all he can,
Though the Lord is good alone !

He the graces thou haft wrought
Makes fubfervient to his pride ;
Ignorant, that one fuch thought
Pafles all his fin befide.

Such his folly—proved, at laft,
By the lofs of that repofe
Self-complacence cannot tafte,
Only Love Divine beftows.

'Tis by this reproof fevere,
And by this reproof alone,
His defefts at laft appear,
Man is to himfelf made known.

Learn, all Earth ! that feeble man,
Sprung from this terreftrial clod,
Nothing is, and nothing can;
Life and power are all in God.

36. *LOVE INCREASED BY SUFFERING.*

“**L**OVE the Lord," is still the strain
 This heart delights to sing;
 But I reply—Your thoughts are vain,
 Perhaps 'tis no such thing.

Before the power of Love Divine
 Creation fades away;
 Till only God is seen to shine
 In all that we survey.

In gulfs of awful night we find
 The God of our desires;
 'Tis there he stamps the yielding mind,
 And doubles all its fires.

Flames of encircling love invest,
 And pierce it sweetly through;
 'Tis fill'd with sacred joy, yet press'd
 With sacred sorrow too.

Ah Love ! my heart is in the right—
 Amidst a thousand woes,
 To thee, its ever new delight,
 And all its peace it owes.

Fewer causes of distress occur
 Where'er I look or move;
 The comforts I to all prefer
 Are solitude and love.

Nor exile I nor prison fear;
 Love makes my courage great;
 I find a Saviour every where,
 His grace in every fate.

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
 Exclude his quickening beams;
 There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
 And dwell on heavenly themes.

There sorrow, for his sake, is found
 A joy beyond compare;
 There no presumptuous thoughts abound,
 No pride can enter there.

A Saviour doubles all my joys,
 And sweetens all my pains,
 His strength in my defence employs,
 Consoles me and sustains.

I fear no ill, repent no wrong,
 Nor feel a passion move,
 When malice whets her slanderous tongue;
 Such patience is in love.

37. SCENES FAVOURABLE TO MEDITATION.



WILDS horrid and dark with o'erflowing
 trees,
 Rocks that ivy and briars infold,
 Scenes nature with Oread and astonishment fees,
 But I with a pleasure untold.

410 *SCENES FAVOURABLE*

Though awfully filent, and fhaggy, and rude,
I am charm'd with the peace ye afford,
Your /hades are a temple where none will intrude,,
The abode of my Lover and Lord.

I am fkk of thy fplendour, O Fountain of day,
And here I am hid from its beams,
Here fafely contemplate a brighter difplay
Of the nobleft and holieft of themes.

Ye Forefls, that yield me my fweeteft repofe,
Where ftillnefs and folitude reign,
To you I fe curely and boldly difclofe
The dear angui/h of which I complain.

Here, fweetly forgetting and wholly forgot
By the world and its turbulent throng,
The birds and the ftreams lend me many a note
That aids meditation and fang.

Here wandering in fcenes that are faced to night,
Love wears me and waftes me away,
And often the fun has fpent much of his light
Ere yet I perceive it is day.

While a mantle of darknefs envelopes the fphere,
My furrows are fadly rehearfed,
To me the dark hours are all equally dear,
And the laft is as fweet as the firft,

Here I and the hearts of the deferts agree,
Mankind are the wolves that I fear,
They grudge me my natural right to be free,
But nobody queftions it here.

Though little is found in this dreary abode
That appetite wishes to find,
My spirit is foothed by the presence of God,
And appetite wholly resign'd.

Ye defolate scenes, to your solitude led,
My life I in praises employ,
And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,
Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

There's nothing I seem to have skill to discern,
I feel out my way in the dark,
Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,
Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead,
Such a riddle is not to be found,
I am nourish'd without knowing how I am fed,
I have nothing, and yet I abound.

Oh Love! who in darkness art pleas'd to abide,
Though dimly, yet surely I see
That these contrarities only reside
In the soul that is chosen of thee.

Ah send me not back to the race of mankind,
Perverfely by folly beguiled,
For where, in the crowds I have left, shall I find
The spirit and heart of a child.

Here let me, though fix'd in a desert, be free;
A little one whom they despise,
Though lost to the world, if in union with Thee,
Shall be holy and happy and wife.



TRANSLATIONS
OF THE LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS
OF MILTON.

Begun September 1731 : finished March 1732.,

ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DEODATI



At length, my friend, the far sent letters
come,
Charged with thy kindnefs, to their def-
tined home;
They come, at length, from Deva's Western fide,
Where prone flic feeks the fait Vergivian tide.
Trust me, my joy is great that thou fhouldft be,
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
And that my fprihtly friend, now free to roam,
Muft feek again fo foon his wonted home.
I well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime refide,
Nor zeal nor duty now my fteps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.
Nor aught of pleafure in thofe fields have I,
That to the mufing bard all fhade deny.
'Tis time that I a pedant's threats difdain,

And fly from wrongs my foul will ne'er fuftain.
 If peaceful days, in letter'd leifure fpent
 Beneath my father's roof, be baniflitnent,
 Then call me banifti'd, I will ne'er refufe
 A name expreflive of the lot I choofe.
 I would that, exiled to the Pontic ftiore,
 Rome's haplefs bard had fuffer'd nothing more.
 He then had equal'd even Homer's lays,
 And, Virgil! thou hadft won but fecond praife :
 For here I woo the Mufe, with no control,
 And here my books—my life—abforb me whole.
 Here too I vifit, or to fmile or weep,
 The winding theatre's majestic fweep;
 The grave or gay colloquial fcene recruits
 My fpirits, fpent in learning's long purfuits ;
 Whether fome fenior fhrewd, or fpendthrift heir,
 Suitor, or foldier, now unarm'd, be there,
 Or fame coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' caufe,
 Thunder the Norman gibberifh of the laws,
 The lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary fire,
 And, artful, fpeeds the enamour'd fan's defire.
 There, virgins oft, unconfcious what they prove,
 What love is know not, yet, unknowing, love.
 Or, if impaffion'd Tragedy wield high
 The bloody fceptre, give her locks to fly
 Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,
 I gaze, and grieve, ftill cherifhing my grief,
 At times, e'en bitter tears yield fweet relief:
 As, when from blifs untasted torn away,
 Some youth dies, haplefs, on his bridal day;
 Or when the ghofth, fent back from fhades below,
 Fills the aiTaflin's heart with vengeful woe;

416 *DEATH OF THE BEADLE.*

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes difplay'd
By Leda's paramour in ancient time ;
But thou waft worthy ne'er to have decay'd,
Or, Æfon-like, to know a fecond prime.
Worthy, for whom fome goddefs fliould have won
New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's fan.

Commiffion'd to convene with hafty call
The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldft thou
ftand!
So flood Cyllenius erft in Priam's hall,
Wing-footed meflenger of Jove's command!
And fo Eurybates, when he addrefs'd
To Peleus' fon, Atrides' proud beheft.

Oread queen of fepulchres! whofe rigorous laws
And watchful eyes runthroughtherealms below,
Oh, oft too adverfe to Minerva's caufe !
Too often to the Mufe not lefs a foe !
Choofe meaner marks, and with more equal aim
Pierce ufelefs Orones, earth's burthen, and its
ftiame!

Flow, therefore, tears for him from every eye;
All ye difciples of the Mufes, weep !
Aflembling all in robes of fable dye,
Around his bier lament his endlefs deep !
And let complaining Elegy rehearfe
In every fchool her fweteft, faddeft verfe,

ELEGY HI.

OAT THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP
OF WINCHESTER.

Composed by Milton in the 17th Year of his Age.



SILENT I sat, dejected, and alone,
 Making in thought the public woes my
 own,
 When first arose the image in my breast
 Of England's suffering by that scourge, the Pest !
 How Death, his funeral torch and scythe in hand*,
 Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
 Has laid the gem-illumined palace low,
 And level'd tribes of nobles at a blow.
 I next deplored the famed paternal pair,
 Too soon to ashes turn'd and empty air!
 The heroes next, whom snatch'd into the skies
 All Belgia saw, and follow'd with her sighs ;
 But thee far more I mourn'd, regretted most,
 Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast!
 Pour'd out in tears I thus complaining said!
 " Death, next in power to him who rules the dead!
 Is't not enough that all the woodlands yield
 To thy fell force, and every verdant field ;
 That lilies, at one noisome blast of thine,
 And e'en the Cyprian queen's own roses pine;
 That oaks themselves, although the running rill
 Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will ;

That all the winged nations, even those
 Whose heaven-directed flight the future flows,
 And all the hearts that in dark forests stray,
 And all the herds of Proteus are thy prey.
 Ah envious ! arm'd with powers so unconfined !
 Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind ?
 Why take delight, with darts that never roam,
 To chase a heaven-born spirit from her home ?"

While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening flood,
 Now newly risen above the western flood,
 And Phœbus from his morning goal again
 Had reach'd the gulfs of the Iberian main.
 I wist'd repose, and, on my couch reclined,
 Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd :
 When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld !
 I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,
 Where all the champaign glow'd with purple light,
 Like that of sun-rise on the mountain height ;
 Flowers over all the field, of every hue
 That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
 Nor Chloris, with whom amorous zephyrs play,
 E'er Orestes' Alcinous' garden half so gay.
 A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd
 O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold ;
 With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flowers,
 With airs awaken'd under rosy bowers.
 Such, poets feign, irradiate all o'er
 The sun's abode on India's utmost shore—

While I that splendour, and the mingled shade
 Of fruitful vines, with wonder fix'd survey'd,
 At once, with looks that beam'd celestial grace,
 The fear of Winton flood before my face.

His fnowy vefture's hem defcending low
 His golden fandals fwept, and pure as fnow
 New fallen fhone the mitre on his brow.
 Where'er he trod, a tremulous fweet found
 Of gladnefs fhook the flowery fcene around :
 Attendant angels clap their ftarry wings,
 The trumpet flukes the fky, all ether rings;
 Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breaft,
 And thus a fweeter voice than all the reft:

" Afcend, my fon! thy father's kingdom fhare!
 My fon! henceforth be freed from every care! "

So fpake the voice, and at its tender clofe
 With pfaltery's found the angelic band arofe;
 Then night retired, and, chafed by dawning day,
 The vifionary blifs pafs'd all away.
 I mourn'd my banifli'd fleep with fond concern ;
 Frequent to me may dreams like this return!

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR THOMAS YOUNG,

Chaplain to the English Factory at Hamburgh.

Written in the Author's Eighteenth Tear.



ENCE, my epiftle—fkim the deep—fly
 o'er

Yon fmooth expanfe to the Teutonic
 fhore!

Hafte—left a friend fliould grieve for thy delay,

420 *TOTHOMASYOUNG YOUNG.*

And the gods grant that nothing thwart thy way!
I will myself invoke the king who binds
In his Sicilian echoing vault the winds,
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather, to ensure thy happier fate,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou mayst;
Or that whence young Triptolemus of yore
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.
The sands that line the German coast descried,
To opulent Hamburga turn aside!
So call'd, if legendary fame be true,
From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian flew!
There lives, deep-learn'd and primitively just,
A faithful steward of his Christian trust,
My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,
That now is forced to want its better part!
What mountains now, and seas, alas how wide !
From me this other, dearer self divide,
Dear as the sage renown'd for moral truth
To the prime spirit of the Attic youth !
Dear as the Stagyrite to Amman's fan,
His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won !
Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine
In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.
First led by him through sweet Aonian shade,
Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd ;
And favour'd by the muse, whom I implored,
Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.
But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd
To Aries, has new-tinged his fleece with gold,
And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,

And twice has fummer parch'd their bloom away,
 Since laft delighted on his looks I hung,
 Or my eardrank the mufic of his tongue :
 Fly, therefore, and furpafs the tempeft's fpeed;
 Aware thyfelf that there is urgent need !
 Him, entering, thou fhalt haply feated fee
 Befide his fpoufe, his infants on his knee ;
 Or turning, page by page, with ftudious look,
 Some bulky father, or God's holy book;
 Or miniftering [which is his weightieft care)
 To Chrif't's affembled flock their heavenly fare.
 Give him, whatever his employment be,
 Such gratulation as he claims from me!
 And, with a downcaft eye, and carriage meek,
 Addreffing him, forget not thus to fpeak:

" If compafs'd round with arms thou canft attend
 To verfe, verfe greets thee from a diftant friend,
 Long due, and late, I left the Englifh fhore ;
 But make me welcome for that caufe the more!
 Such from Ulyffes, his chafte wife to cheer,
 The flow epiftle came, though late, fincere.
 But wherefore this? why palliate I the deed
 For which the culprit's felf could hardly plead?
 Self-charged, and felf-condemn'd, his proper part
 He feels neglected, with an aching heart;
 But thou forgive—delinquents, who confefs,
 And pray forgivenefs, merit anger lefs;
 From timid foes the lion turns away,
 Nor yawns upon or rends a crouching prey,
 Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to fpare,
 Won by foft influence of a fuppliant prayer ;
 And Heaven's Oread thunderbolt arrefted ftands

By a cheap victim and uplifted hands.
 Long had he wifli'd to write, but was withheld,
 And writes at laft, by love alone compell'd;
 For fame, too often true, when fhe alarms,
 Reports thy neighbouring fields a fcene of arms;
 Thy city againft fierce befiegers barr'd,
 And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepared.
 Enyo waftes thy country wide around,
 And faturates with blood the tainted ground;
 Mars refts contented in his Thrace no more,
 But goads his fteeds to fields of German gore,
 The ever verdant olive fades and dies,
 And Peace, the trumpet-hating goddefs, flies,
 fhes from that earth which juftice long had left,
 And leaves the world of its laft guard bereft,
 "Thus horror girds thee round. Meantime alone
 Thou dwell'ft, and helpless, in a foil unknown;
 Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
 The aid denied thee in thy native land.
 Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more
 Than thy own billow-beaten chalky fhore!
 Leaveft thou to foreign care the worthies given
 By Providence to guide thy fteps to heaven?
 His minifters, commiffion'd to proclaim
 Eternal bleflings in a Saviour's name!
 Ah then moft worthy, with a foul unfed,
 In Stygian night to lie for ever dead!
 So once the venerable Tiftibite ftray'd
 An exiled fugitive from fhade to fhade,
 When, flying Ahab and his fury wife,
 In lone Arabian wilds he fhelter'd life;
 So from Philippa wander'd forth forlorn

Cilician Paul, with founding fcourges torn ;
And Chrift himfelf, fo left, and trod no more
The thankfuls Gergefene's forbidden fhore.

" But thou take courage ! ftrive againft defpair !
Quake not with Oread, nor nourifh anxious care !
Grim war indeed on every fide appears,
And thou art menaced by a thoufand fpears;
Yet none fhall drink thy blood, or fhall offend
E'en the defencelefs bofom of my friend.
For thee the Ægis of thy God fhall hide,
Jehovah's felf fhall combat on thy fide.
The fame who vanquifli'd under Sion's towers
At filent midnight all Aflyria's powers,
The fame who overthrew in ages paf
Damafcus' fons that laid Samaria wafte !
Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears
By mimic founds of clarions in their ears,
Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar,
Of clafliing armour, and the din of war.

" Thou, therefore jas the moft afflicted may),
Still hope, and triumph o'er thy evil day!
Look forth, expefting happier times to come,
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home !"



ELEGY V.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Written in the Author's 20th Year.



TIME, never wandering from his annual
round,

Bids Zephyr breathe the spring, and
thaw the ground ;

Bleak winter fhes, new verdure clothes the plain,
And earth aflumes her tranfient youth again.

dream I, or alfo to the fpring belong

Increase of genius, and new powers of fong?

Spring gives them, and, how ftrange foe'er it feems,

Impels me now to fome harmonious themes.

Caftalia's fountain, and the forked hill

By day, by night, my raptured fancy fill ;

My bofom burns and heaves, I hear within

A facred found that prompts me to begin.

Lo ! Phffibus comes, with his bright hair he blends

The radiant laurel wreath; Phœbus defcends!

I mount, and undeprefs'd by cumbrous clay,

Through cloudy regions win my eafy way;

Rapt through poetic fhadowy haunts I fly :

The fbrines all open to my dauntlefs eye,

My fpirit fearches all the realms of light,

And no Tartarean gulfs elude my fight.

But this ecftatic trance—this glorious fform

Of infpiration—what will it perform ?

Spring claims the verfe that with his influence
glows,

And shall be paid with what himself bestows.

Thou, veil'd with opening foliage, lead'ft the
throng

Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel! in song;

Let us, in concert, to the season sing,

Civic and Sylvan heralds of the Spring !

With notes triumphant Spring's approach declare!

To Spring, ye Muses, annual tribute bear!

The Orient left, and Ethiopia's plains,

The Sun now northward turns his golden reins;

Night creeps not now; yet rules with gentle sway,

And Orives her dusky horrors swift away;

Now hfs fatigued, on this ethereal plain)

Bootes follows his celestial wain ;

And now the radiant sentinels above,

Less numerous, watch around the courts of Jove,

For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,

And no gigantic guilt alarms the sky.

Now, haply fays fame shepherd, while he views,

Recumbent on a rock, the reddening dews,

This night, this, surely, Phrebus mis'd the fair,

Who tops his chariot by her amorous care.

Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,

Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow;

Requies her beams, and, glad to disappear,

Blesses his aid, who flirts her career.

Came—Phffibus cries—Aurora, come—too late

Thou lingerest, flumbering, with thy wither'd mate;

Leave him, and to Hymettus' top repair!

Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.

The goddess with a blush her love betrays,

But mounts, and, driving rapidly, obeys.

Earth now defires thee, Phœbus! and, to engage
 Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
 Defires thee, and desires; for who so sweet
 When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
 Her breath imparts to every breeze that blows
 Arabia's harvest and the Paphian rose.
 Her lofty front flie diadems around
 With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd;
 Her dewy locks, with various flowers new-blown,
 She interweaves, various, and all her own;
 For Proserpine, in such a wreath attired,
 Tsnarian Dis himself with love inspired.
 Fear not, left, cold and coy, the nymph refuse!
 Herself, with all her fighting Zephyrs, uses;
 Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
 And all her groves with warbled witties ring.
 Nor, unendow'd and indigent, aspires
 The amorous Earth to engage thy warm desires,
 But, rich in balmy drugs, aslifts thy claim,
 Divine Physician! to that glorious name.
 If splendid recompense, if gifts can move
 Desire in thee [gifts often purchase love),
 She offers all the wealth her mountains hide,
 And all that lies beneath the boundless tide.
 How oft, when headlong from the heavenly steep
 She sees thee playing in the western deep,
 How oft she cries—" Ah Phœbus, why repair
 Thy wafted force, why seek refreshment there?
 Can Tethys win thee? wherefore shouldst thou lave
 A face so fair in her unpleasant wave?
 Come, seek my green retreats, and rather choose
 To Cool! thy trefles in my crystal dews,

The grafly turf fhall yield thee fweeter reft;
 Come, lay thy evening glories an my breaft,
 And breathing frefh, through many a humid rofe,
 Soft whifpering airs fhall lull thee to repofe !
 No fears I feel like Sernele to die,
 Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
 For thou canft govern them; here therefore reft,
 And lay thy evening glories on my breaft!"

Thus breathes the wanton Earth her amorous
 flame,

And all her countlefs offspring feel the fame;
 For Cupid now through every region ftrays,
 Brightening his faded fires with folar rays;
 His new-ftung bow fend forth a deadlier found,
 And his new-pointed fliafts more deeply wound ;
 Nor Dian's felf efcapes him now untried,
 Nor even Vefta at her altar-fide;
 His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
 And feems fprung newly from the deep again.
 Exulting youths the Hymeneal fing,
 With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and valleys ring;
 He, new-attired, and by the feafon dreft,
 Proceeds, all fragrant, in his faffron veft.
 Now many a golden-cinctured virgin roves
 To tafte the pleafures of the fields and groves,
 All wifli, and each alike, fome favourite youth
 Hers, in the bonds of Hymeneal truth.
 Now pipes the fhepherd through his reeds again,
 Nor Phillis wants a fong that fuits the ftrain;
 With fongs the feaimn hails the ftarry fphere,
 And dolphins rife from the abyfs to hear:
 Jove feels himfelf the feafon, fports again

428 *APPROACH OF SPRING.*

With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
Now too the Satyrs, in the dulk of eve,
Their mazy dance thro' flowery meadows weave,
And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
Silvanus, wreathed with cypress, skips behind.
The Dryads leave their hollow Sylvan cells
To roam the banks and folitary dells ;
Pan riots now; and from his amorous chafe
Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,
And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
In chafe of fame enticing Oread fhes;
She bounds before, but fears too fwift a bound,
And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
Our shades entice the Immortals from above,
And some kind power prelides o'er every grove;
And long, ye powers, o'er every grove preside,
For all is safe, and blest, where ye abide !
Return, O Jove! the age of gold restore—
Why choose to dwell where storms and thunder
 roar?
At least thou, Phirbus! moderate thy speed!
Let not the vernal hours too fwift proceed,
Command rough Winter back, nor yield the pole
Too soon to Night's encroaching, long control!



ELEGY VI.

TO CHARLES DEODATI,

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical Epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them as he wished.



WITH no rich viands overcharged, I send
Health, which perchance you want, my
pamper'd friend.

But wherefore should thy muse tempt mine away
From what she loves, from darkness into day ?
Art thou desirous to be told how well
I love thee, and in verse ? verse cannot tell,
For verse has bounds, and must in measure move ;
But neither bounds nor measure knows my love,
How pleasant, in thy lines described, appear
December's harmless sports, and rural cheer !
French spirits kindling with cerulean fires,
And all such gambols as the time inspires !

Think not that wine against good verse offends,
The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends ;
Nor Phoebus blushes sometimes to be found
With ivy, rather than with laurel, crown'd.
The Nine themselves oft-times have join'd the song
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng ;
Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
Sing sweetly—why ? no vine would flourish there.

430 *TO CHARLES DEODATI*

What in brief numbers fung Anacreon's mufe ?
Wine, and the rofe that fparkling wine bedews,
Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line
Breathes the rich fragrance of infpiring wine,
While, with loud crafti o'erturn'd, the chariot lies,
And brown with duft the fiery courfer fhies.
The Roman lyrift fteep'd in wine his lays
So fweet in Glycera's and Chloe's praife.
Now too the plenteous feaft and mantling bowl
Nourifli the vigour of thy fprihtly foul;
The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
And cafsks not wine alone, but verfe beftow.
Thus Phœbus favours, and the arts attend,
Whom Bacchus and whom Ceres both befriend.
What wonder, then, thy verfes are fo fweet,
In which thefe triple powers fo kindly meet!
The lute now alfo founds, with gold inwrought,
And touch'd with flying fingers nicely taught,
In tapeftried halls, high roof'd, the fprihtly lyre
Direfts the dancers of the virgin choir.
If dull repletion fright the Mufe away,
Sights gay as thefe may more invite her ftay ;
And, truft me, while the ivory keys refound,
Fair damfels iport, and perfumes fleam around,
Apollo's influence, like ethereal flame,
Shall animate, at once, thy glowing frame,
And all the Mufe fhall rull into thy breaft,
By love and mufic's blended powers pofleft.
For numerous powers light Elegy befriend,
Hear her fweet voice, and at her call attend ;
Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
And, with his blufhing mother, gentle Love.

Hence to fuch bards we grant the copious ufe
 Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.
 But they who demigods and heroes praife,
 And feats perform'd in Jove's more youthful days,
 Who now the counfels of high heaven explore,
 Now fhades that echo the Cerberean roar,
 Simply let thefe, like him of Samos, live,
 Let herbs to them a bloudlefs banquet give;
 In beechen goblets let their beverage fhine,
 Coal from the cryftal fpring, their fober wine !
 Their youth fhould pafs in innocence fecure
 From ftain licentious, and in manners pure,
 Pure as the prieft, when robed in white he ftands,
 The frefti luftration ready in his hands.
 Thus Linus lived, and thus, as poets write,
 Tirefias, wifer for his lofs of fight;
 Thus exiled Chalcas, thus the Bard of Thrace,
 Melodious tamer of the favage race ;
 Thus train'd by temperance, Homer led, of yore,
 His chief of Ithaca from fhore to fhore,
 Through magic Circe's monfter-peopled reign,
 And fhools infidious with the firen train ;
 And thro' the realms where grizly fpeftres dwell,
 Whofe tribes he fetter'd in a gory fpell ;
 For thefe are facred bards, and from above
Drink large infufions from the mind of Jove.

Wouldft thou (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine
 ear)

Wouldft thou be told my occupation here?
 The promifed King of peace employs my pen,
 The eternal covenant made for guilty men,
 The new-born Deity with infant cries

Filling the fordid hovel where he lies;
 The hymning Angels, and the herald ftar,
 That led the Wife, who fought him from afar,
 And idols on their own unhallow'd fhore
 Dafh'd, at his birth, to be revered no more.

This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearfe :
 The dawn of that bleft day infpired the verfe ;
 Verfe that, referved in feeret, fhall attend
 Thy candid voice, my critic, and my friend!

ELEGY VII.

Composed in the Author's Nineteenth Year.



AS yet a ftranger to the gentle fires
 That Amathufia's fmiling queen infpires,
 Not feldom I derided Cupid's darts,
 And fcorn'd his claim to rule all human hearts.

" Go, child/" I faid, " tranfix the timorous dove !
 An ealy conquelt fuits an infant love;
 Enflave the fparrow, for fuch prize fhall be
 Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee !
 Why aim thy idle arms at human kind ?
 Thy shafts prevail not 'gainft the noble mind."

The Cyprian heard, and kindling into ire,
 fNone kindles fooner) burn'd with double fire.

It was the fpring, and newly rifen day
 Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the firft of May;
 My eyes, too tender for the blaze of light,
 Still fought the fhelter of retiring night,

When Love approached, in painted plumes array'd,
 The infidicms god his rattling darts betray'd,
 Nor lefs his infant features, and the fly,
 Sweet intimations of his threatening eye.

Such the Sigeian boy is feen above,
 Filling the goblet for imperial Jove ;
 Such he on whom the nymphs beftow'd their
 charms,

Hylas, who perifli'd in a Naiad's arms.

Angry he feem'd, yet graceful in-his ire,
 And added threats not deftitute of fire.

" My power," he faid, " by others' pain alone,
 'Twere bed to learn ; now learn it by thy own !
 With thofe who feel my power, that power atteft !
 And in thy anguifh be my fway confeft !

I vanquifli'd Phrebus, though returning vain
 From his new triumph o'er the Python flain,
 And when he thinks on Daphne, even he
 Will yield the prize of archery to me.

A dart lefs true the Parthian horfeman fped,
 Behind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled :
 Lefs true the expert Cydonian, and lefs true
 The youth whofe haft his latent Procris flew.

Vanquifli'd by me fee huge Orion bend,
 By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.

At me ftiould Jove himfelf a bait defign,
 His bofom firft fhould bleed transfix'd by mine.
 But all thy doubts this haft will beft explain,
 Nor fhall it reach thee with a trivial pain.

Thy Mufe, vain youth ! fhall not thy peace enfore,
 Nor Phcebus' ferpent yield thy wound a cure."

He fpoke, and, waving a bright haft in air,

Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.

That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
 Provoked my laughter more than moved my fear.
 I should not, therefore, public haunts, but stray'd
 Careless in city or suburban shade,
 And, passing and repassing nymphs that moved
 With grace divine, beheld where'er I roved.
 Bright shone the vernal day with double blaze
 As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays.
 By no grave scruples check'd, I freely eyed
 The dangerous show, rash youth my only guide,
 And many a look of many a fair unknown
 Met full, unable to control my own.
 But one I mark'd [then peace forsook my breast),
 One— Oh how far superior to the rest !
 What lovely features ! such the Cyprian queen
 Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.
 The very nymph was she, whom, when I dared
 His arrows, Love had even then prepared !
 Nor was himself remote, nor unprovided
 With torch well trimm'd and quiver at his side;
 Now to her lips he clung, her eyelids now,
 Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow;
 And with a thousand wounds from every part
 Pierced and transpierced my undefended heart.
 A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
 Now seized my soul, and I was all on fire ;
 But she, the while, whom only I adore,
 Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.
 In silent sadness I pursue my way;
 I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
 And, while I follow her in thought, bemoan
 With tears my soul's delight so quickly flown.

When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,
So Vulcan farrow'd for Olympus loft,
And so Declides, sinking into night,
From the deep gulf look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?

Oh could I once, once more behold the fair,
Speak to her, tell her of the pangs I bear;
Perhaps she is not adamant; would show,
Perhaps, some pity at my tale of woe.

Oh inauspicious flame!—'tis mine to prove
A matchless instance of disastrous love.

Ah, spare me, gentle power!—If such thou be,
Let not thy deeds and nature disagree.

Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
With vow and sacrifice save only thine.

Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts:
Now own thee sovereign of all human hearts.

Remove! no—grant me still this raging woe!
Sweet is the wretchedness that lovers know:

But pierce hereafter should I chance to see
One destined mine) at once both her and me.

Such were the trophies that, in earlier days,
By vanity seduced, I toil'd to raise;
Studious, yet indolent, and urged by youth,
That worst of teachers! from the ways of truth;
Till Learning taught me in his shady bower
To quit Love's fervile yoke, and spurn his power.
Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame supprest,
A frost continual fettered on my breast,
Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,
And Venus dreads a Diomedé in me.

EPIGRAMS.

ON *THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.*

[RAISE in old times the fage Prometheus
won,
Who ftole ethereal radiance from the fun;
But greater he, whofe bold invention ftrove
To emulate the fiery baits of Jove.

[The Poems on the fubject of the Gunpowder Treafon I have not tranflated, both becaufe the matter of them is unpleafant, and becaufe they are written with an aſperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unfeafmable now.]

*TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME**

ANOTHER Leonora once infpired
Taffo, with fatal love to frenzy fired ;
But how much happier, lived he now,
were he,
Pierced with whatever pangs for love of thee !
Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,

* I have tranflated only two of the three poetical compliments addrefled to Leonora, as they appear to me far fuperior to what I have omitted.

With Adriana's lute of found divine,
Fiercer than Pentheus' though his eye might roll,
Or idiot apathy benumb his foul,
You still, with medicinal founds might cheer
His senses wandering in a blind career;
And, sweetly breathing through his wounded breast,
Charm, with soul-enthraling song, his thoughts to
rest.

TO THE SAME,



APPLES, too credulous, ah! boast no more
The sweet-voiced Siren buried on thy
shore,

That, when Parthenope deceased, she gave
Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave,
For still she lives, but has exchanged the hoarse
Paufilipo for Tiber's placid course,
Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains
Of magic song both gods and men detains.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A Fable.



PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,
Presenting pippins of so rich a sort
That he, displeas'd to have a part alone,
Removed the tree, that all might be his own.
The tree, too old to travel, though before

438 *COTTAGER AND LANDLORD.*

So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.
The fquire, perceiving all his labour void,
Curfed his own pains, fo foolifhly employ'd.
And "Oh" he cried, " that I had lived content
With tribute, fmall indeed, but kindly meant!
My avarice has expenfive proved to me,
Has coft me both my pippins and my tree."

*TO CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,
WITH CROMWELL'S PICTURE.*



CHRISTINA, maiden of heroic mien!
Star of the North ! of northern ftars the
queen!

Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how
The iron cafque ftill chafes my veteran brow,
While following Fate's dark footfteps, I fulfil
The dictates of a hardy people's will-
But foften'd in thy fight my looks appear,
Not to all Queens or Kings alike fevere.

*ON THE DEATH OF THE VICE-CHAN-
CELLOR, A PHYSICIAN.*



EARN, ye nations of the earth,
The condition of your birth,
Now be taught your feeble ftate !
Know, that all muft yield to fate !

If the mournful rover, Death,
Say but once—" Refign your breath ! "
Vainly of efcape you dream,
You muft pafs the Stygian dream.

Could the ftouteft overcome
Death's aflault, and baffle doom,
Hercules had both withftood,
Undifeafed by Neffus' blood.

Ne'er had Hector prefs'd the plain
By a trick of Pallas flain,
Nor the chief to Jove allied
By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
Circe, faved by magic fong,
Still had lived, and equal fkill
Had preferved Medea ftill.

Dwelt in herbs anddrugs a power
To avert man's deftined hour,
Learn'd Machaon fhould have known
Doubtlefs to avert his own.

Chiron had furvived the fmart
Of the hydra-tainted dart,
And Jove's bolt had been, with eafe,
Foil'd by Afclepiades.

Thou too, fage ! of whom forlorn
Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
Still hadft fill'd thy princely place,
Regent of the gowned race :

440 *DEATH OF VICE-CHANCELLOR.*

Hadst advanced to higher fame
Still thy much ennobled name,
Nor in Charon's fkick explored
The Tartarean gulf abhorr'd.

But repentful Proferpine,
Jealous of thy fkill divine,
Snapping fliort thy vital thread,
Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wife and good ! untroubled be
The green turf that covers thee !
Thence, in gay profufian, grow
All the fweecest flowers that blow!

Pluto's confort bid thee rest!
.Æacus pronounce thee blest!
To her home thy fhade confign !
Make Elyfium ever thine!

*ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP
OF ELY*

Written in the Author's Seventeenth Tear.



MY lids with grief were tumid yet,
And ftill my fullied cheek was wet
With briny tears, profufely died
For venerable Winton dead ;
When Fame, whose tales of faddeft found,
Alas ! are ever trueft found,

The news through all our cities spread
Of yet another mitred head
By ruthless fate to death confign'd,
Ely, the honour of his kind !

At once a storm of passion heaved
My boiling bosom, much I grieved;
But more I raged, at every breath
Devoting Death himself to death.
With less revenge did Nature teem
When hated Ibis was his theme ;
With less Archilochus denied
The lovely Greek his promised bride.

But lo ! while thus I execrate
Incensed the minister of fate,
Wondrous accents, soft, yet clear,
Wafted on the gale I hear.

" Ah, much deluded ! lay aside
Thy threats, and anger misapplied !
Art not afraid with fouds like these
To offend where thou canst not appease ?
Death is not wherefore dream'ft thou thus ?)
The son of Night and Erebus :
Nor was of fell Erynnis born
On gulfs where Chaos rules forlorn.
But sent from God, his presence leaves,
To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,
To call encumber'd souls away
From fleshly bonds to boundless day,
|As when the winged hours excite,
And summon forth the morning light)
And each to convoy to her place
Before the Eternal Father's face.

But not the wicked;—them, fevere
 Yet juft, from all their pleafures here
 He hurries to the realms below,
 Terrific realms of penal woe!
 Myfelf no fooner heard his call,
 Than, fcaping through my prifon wall,
 I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
 And foar'd, with angels, to the ftars,
 Like him of old, to whom 'twas given
 To mount on fiery wheels to heaven.
 Bootes' waggon, flow with cold,
 Appall'd me not; nor to behold
 The fword that vaft Orion Oraws,
 Or e'en the Scorpion's horrid claws.
 Beyond the Sun's bright orb I fly,
 And far beneath my feet defery
 Night's dread goddefs, feen with awe,
 Whom her winged dragons draw.
 Thus, ever wondering at my fpeed,
 Augmented ftill as I proceed,
 I pafs the planetary fphere,
 The Milky Way—and now appear
 Heaven's cryftal battlements, her door
 Of mafly pearl, and emerald floor.

" But here I ceafe. For never can
 The tongue of once a mortal man
 In fuitable defcription trace
 The pleafures of that happy place ;
 Suffice it, that thofe joys divine
 Arc all, and all for ever, mine !"

NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.



H, how the human mind wearies herself
 With her own wanderings, and, involved
 in gloom
 Impenetrable, speculates amidst!
 Measuring in her folly things divine
 By human; laws inscribed on adamant
 By laws of man's device, and counsels fix'd
 For ever, by the hours that pass and die.

How?—shall the face of nature then be plough'd
 Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
 On the great Parent fix a sterile curse?
 Shall even she confess old age, and halt,
 And, palsy-fitten, shake her starry brows?
 Shall foul Antiquity with rust, and drought,
 And Famine, vex the radiant worlds above?
 Shall Time's unfated maw crave and engulf
 The very heavens that regulate his flight?
 And was the Sire of all able to fence
 His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
 But, through improvident and heedless haste
 Let slip the occasion?—so then—all is lost—
 And in some future evil hour, yon arch
 Shall crumble and come thundering down, the poles
 Jar in collision, the Olympian king
 Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth
 The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,
 Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurl'd

444 *NATURE UNIMPAIRED*

Down into Lemnos, through the gate of heaven.
 Thou also, with precipitated wheels,
 Phœbus! thy own fons fall fhalt imitate,
 With hideous ruin fhalt imprefs the deep
 Suddenly, and the flood fhall reek and hiss,
 At the extinction of the lamp of day.
 Then too fhall Hsmus, cloven to his bafe,
 Be fhattered'd, and the huge Ceraunian hills,
 Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immerfed
In Erebus, fhall fill himfelf with fear.

No. The Almighty Father furer laid
 His deep foundations, and, providing well
 For the event of all, the fcales of Fate
 Sufpended in juft equipoife, and bade
 His univerfal works, from age to age,
 One tenour hold, perpetual, undifturb'd.

Hence the prime mover wheels itfelf about
 Continual, day by day, and with it bears
 In fhial meafure fwift, the heavens around.
 Not tardier now is Saturn than of old,
 Nor radiant lefts the burning cafque of Mars.
 Phœbus, his vigour unimpair'd, ftill fhows
 The effulgence of his youth, nor needs the gad
 A downward courfe, that he may warm the vales ;
 But, ever rich in influence, runs his road,
 Sign after fign, through all the heavenly zone.
 Beautiful, as at firft, afcends the ftar
 From odoriferous Ind, whofe office is
 To gather home betimes the ethereal flock,
 To pour them o'er the flues again at eve,
 And to difcriminate the night and day.
 Still Cynthia's changeful horn waxes and wanes

Alternate, and with arms extended ftill
She welcomes to her breaft her brother's beams.
Nor have the elements deferted yet
Their functions; thunder with as loud a ftroke
As erft fmites through the rocks and fcatters them.
The eaft ftill howls; ftill the relentless north
Invades the fhuddering Scythian, ftill he breathes
The winter, and ftill rolls the florins along.
The king of ocean, with his wonted force,
Beats on Pelorus; o'er the deep is heard
The hoarfe alarm of Triton's founding fhell;
Nor fwim the monfters of the Ægean fea
In fhallows, or beneath diminifh'd waves,
Thou too, thy ancient vegetative power
Enjoy' ft, O Earth! Narciflus ftill is fweet ;
And Phrebus! ftill thy favourite, and ftill
Thy favourite Cytherea! both retain
Their beauty; nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd
For punifhment of man, with purer gold
Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the deep.

Thus in unbroken feries all proceeds;
And ftiall, till wide involving either pole,
And the immenfty of yonder heaven,
The final flames of deftiny abforb
The world, confumed in one enormous pyre !



*ON THE PLATONIC IDEA AS IT WAS
UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.*



E fifter powers, who o'er the facred
groves

Prefide, and thou, fair mother of them
all,

Mnemofyne! and thou who, in thy grot
Immenfe, reclined at leifure, haft in charge
The archives and the ordinances of Jove,
And doft record the feftivals of heaven,
Eternity!—inform us who is He,
That great original by nature chofen
To be the archetype of human kind,
Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
Themfelves coeval, one, yet every where,
An image of the God who gave him being?
Twin-brother of the goddefs born from Jove,
He dwells not in his father's mind, but, though
Of common nature with ourfelves, exifts
Apart, and occupies a local home.
Whether, companion of the ftars, he fpend
Eternal ages, roaming at his will
From fphere to fpherec the tenfold heavens, or dwell
On the moon's fide that ncareft neighbours earth,
Or torpid on the banks of Lethe lit
Among the multitude of fouls ordain'd
To flefh and blood! or whether fas may chance)
That vaft and giant model of our kind

In some far distant region of this globe
 Sequester'd talk, with lifted head on high
 O'ertowering Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
 The stars, terrific even to the gods.
 Never the Theban seer, whose blindness proved
 His best illumination, him beheld
 In secret vision; never him the son
 Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night
 Descending, to the prophet-choir reveal'd;
 Him never knew the Assyrian priest, who yet
 The ancestry of Ninus' chronicles,
 And Belus, and Ofiris, far renown'd;
 Nor even thrice great Hermes, although ikill'd
 So deep in mystery, to the worshippers
 Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.

And thou, who hast immortalized the shades
 Of Academus, if the schools received
 This monster of the fancy first from thee,
 Either recall at once the banish'd bards
 To thy republic, or thyself, evinc'd
 A wilder fabulist, go also forth.

TO HIS FATHER.



H that Pieria's spring would through my
 breast
 Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
 No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood!
 That, for my venerable Father's sake

448 **TO HIS FATHER.**

All meaner themes renounced, my muse, on wings
 Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.
 For thee, my Father! howsoever it please,
 She frames this slender work; nor know I aught
 That may thy gifts more suitably requite ;
 Though to requite them suitably would ask
 Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
 The meagre stores of verbal gratitude :
 But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
 This page presents thee in their full amount
 With thy fan's treasures, and the sum is nought;
 Nought, save the riches that from airy dream
 In secret grottos and in laurel bowers,
 I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquired.

Verse is a work divine; despise not thou
 Verse therefore, which evinces nothing more)
 Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
 Some scintillations of Promethean fire,
 Bespeaks him animated from above.

The Gods love verse; the infernal Powers them-
 selves

Confess the influence of verse, which fires
 The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
 Of adamant both Pluto and the Shades.
 In verse the Delphic priests and the pale
 Tremulous Sibyl make the future known;
 And he who sacrifices, on the flaring
 Hangs verse, both when he smites the threatening
 bull

And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
 To scrutinize the Fates enveloped there.
 We too, ourselves, what time we seek again

Our native flues, and one eternal now
Shall be the only meafure of our being,
Crown'd all with gold, and chanting to the lyre
Harmonious verfe, fhall range the courts above,
And make the ftarry firmament refound.
And, even now, the fiery fpirit pure
That wheels yon circling orbs, direfts himfelf
Their mazy dance with melody of verfe
Unutterable, immortal, hearing which
Huge Ophiucus holds his hifs fuppreff'd;
Orion, fatten'd, drops his ardent blade,
And Atlas ftands unconfcious of his load.
Verfe graced of old the feafts of kings, ere yet
Luxurious dainties, deftined to the gulf
Immense of gluttony, were known, and ere
Lysus deluged yet the temperate board.
Then fat the bard a cuftomary gueft
To {hare the banquet, and his length of locks
With beechen honours bound, propofed in verfe
The characters of heroes and their deeds,
To imitation, fang of Chaos old,
Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in fearch
Of acorns fallen, and of the thunderbolt
Not yet produced from Ætna's fiery cave.
And what avails, at laft, tune without voice,
Devoid of matter ? Such may fuit perhaps
The rural dance, but fuch was ne'er the fong
Of Orpheus, whom the fstreams flood ftill to hear,
And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone
Well touch'd, but by refiftlefs accents more
To fympathetic tears the ghofts themfelves
He moved; thefe praifes to his verfe he owes,

Nor thou perfit, I pray thee, ftill to flight
 The facred Nine, and to imagine vain
 And ufelefs Powers, by whom infpired, thyfelf
 Art flulful to aflbciate verfe with airs
 Harmonious, and to give the human voice
 A thoufand modulations, heir by right
 Indifputable of Arion's fame.

Now fay, what wonder is it, if a fon
 Of thine delight in verfe, if, fo conjoin'd
 In clofe affinity, we fymphatize
 In focial arts and kindred ftudies fweet?
 Such diftribution of himfelf to us
 Was Phffibus' choice ; thou haft thy gift, and I
 Mine alfo, and between us we receive,
 Father and fon, the whole infpiring God.

No! howfoe'er the femblance thou affume
 Of hate, thou hateft not the gentle Mufe,
 My Father! for thou never badeft me tread
 The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
 To opulence, nor ~~didft~~ condemn thy fon
 To the infipid clamours of the bar,
 To laws voluminous, and ill obferved ;
 But, wifhing to enrich me more, to fill
 My mind with treafure, ~~ledft~~ me far away
 From city din to deep retreats, to banks
 And fstreams Aonian, and, with free confent,
~~Didft~~ place me happy at Apollo's fide.
 I fpeak not now, on more important themes
 Intent, of common benefits, and fuch
 As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts,
 My Father! who, when I had open'd once
 The ftiores of Roman rhetoric, and learn'd

The full toned language of the eloquent Greeks,
Whose lofty music graced the lips of Jove.
Thyself did I counsel me to add the flowers
That Gallia boasts, those too, with which the smooth
Italian his degenerate speech adorns,
That witness his mixture with the Goth;
And Palestine's prophetic fangs divine.
To sum the whole, whatever the heaven contains,
The earth beneath it, and the air between,
The rivers and the restless deep, may all
Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish
Concurring with thy will; science herself,
All cloud removed, inclines her beautiful head,
And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now, and gather drops, ye fordid minds,
That covet it; what could my Father more?
What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
His own abode, the heaven in which he reigns?
More eligible gifts than these were not
Apollo's to his son, had they been safe
As they were insecure, who made the boy
The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule
The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
To his young brows his own all-dazzling wreath.
I therefore, although left and least, my place
Among the learned in the laurel grove
Will hold, and where the conqueror's ivy twines,
Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng
Profane, nor even to be seen by such.
Away then, fleeless Care, Complaint, away,
And, Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"

Nor let the monster Calumny flit forth
Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes !
Ye all are impotent against my peace,
For I am privileged, and bear my breath
Safe, and too high, for your viperian wound.

But thou! my Father, since to render thanks
Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
And bear them treasured in a grateful mind !
Ye, too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
My voluntary numbers, if ye dare
To hope longevity, and to survive
Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd
In the oblivious Lethean gulf,
Shall to futurity perhaps convey
This theme, and by these praises of my fire
Improve the Fathers of a distant age!



*TO SALSILLUS, A ROMAN POET,
MUCH INDISPOSED.*

The original is written in a measure called *Scazvn*, which signifies *limping*, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambic, it terminates with a Spondee, and has, consequently, a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse cannot be imitated in English.

MY halting Muse, that dragg'ft by choice
 along
 Thy flow, flow step, in melancholy song,
 And likeft that pace, exprefive of thy cares,
 Not lefs than Deiopeia's fprightlier airs,
 When in the dance fhe beats with measured tread
 Heaven's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed;
 Salute Saliillus, who to verse divine
 Prefers, with partial love, fuch lays as mine.
 Thus writes that Milton, then, who, wafted o'er
 From his own neft on Albion's ftormy fhore,
 Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
 Sweeps with ungovern'd rage the blafted land,
 Of late to more ferene Aufonia came
 To view her cities of illuftrious name,
 To prove, himfelf a witnefs of the truth,
 How wife her elders, and how Icar'd her youth.
 Much good, Salfillus ! and a body free
 From all difeafe, that Milton afks for thee,

Who now endureft the languor and the pains
 That bile inflifts, diffufed through all thy veins ;
 Relentlefs malady, not moved to fpare
 By thy fweet Roman voice and Lefbian air!

Health, Hebe's fifter, fent us from the fkies,
 And thou, Apollo, whom all ficknefs fhes,
 Pythius, or Pæan, or what name divine
 Soe'er thou choofe, hafte, heal a prieft of thine !
 Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills that melt
 With vinous dew, where meek Evander dwelt!
 If aught falubrious in your confines grow,
 Strive which fhall fooneft heal your poet's woe,
 That, render'd to the Mufe he loves, again
 He may enchant the meadows with his ftrain.
 Numa, reclined in everlafting eafe
 Amid the fhade of dark embowering trees,
 Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
 His loved Ægeria, fhall that ftrain admire :
 So foothed, the tumid Tiber fhall revere
 The tombs of kings, nor defolate the year,
 Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
 And guide them harmlefs, till they meet the main.



TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO,
MARQUIS OF VILLA.

Milton's Account of Manfo.

Giovanni Battista Manfo, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Taffo addressed his Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the friend of Taffo, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled, *Cierufallemme Conquistata*, book **xx**.

*Fra cavalieri magnanimi, e cortesi,
Risplende il Manfo.*

During the Author's stay at Naples he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.



THESE verses also to thy praise, the Nine,
Oh Manfo ! happy in that theme, design,
For, Gallus and Mscenas gone, they see
None such besides, or whom they love as thee ;
And if my verse may give the meed of fame,
Thine too shall prove an everlasting name.
Already such, it shines in Tafl'o's page
[For thou wast Taffo's friend) from age to age,
And, next, the Muse consign'd |not unaware
How high the charge) Marino to thy care,
Who, singing to the nymphs Adonis' praise,
Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.

To thee alone the poet would entrust
 His lateſt vows, to thee alone hiſ duſt;
 And thou with punſtual piety haſt paid,
 In labour'd braſs, thy tribute to his ſtiade.
 Nor this contented thee—but left the grave
 Should aught abſorb of theirs which thou coul’ſt
 All future ages thou haſt deign’d to teach [ſave,
 The life, lot, genius, character of each,
 Eloquent as the Carian ſage, who, true
 To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, though a ſtranger youth, who come
 Chill’d by rude blaſts that freeze my northern home,
 Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,
 And thine, for Phoebus’ ſake, a deathleſs name.
 Nor thou, ſo kind, wilt view with ſcornful eye
 A Muſe ſcarce rear’d beneath our fullen ſky,
 Who fears not, indifcreet as ſhe is young,
 To ſeek in Latium hearers of her ſong.
 We too, where Thames with his unſullied waves
 The treſſes of the blue-hair’d Ocean laves,
 Hear oft by night, or, {lumbering, ſeem to hear,
 O’er his wide ſtream, the ſwan’s voice warbling clear;
 And we could boaſt a Tityrus of yore
 Who trod, a welcome gueſt, your happy ſtiore,
 Yes, dreary as we own our northern clime,
 E’en we to Phœbus raiſe the poliſh’d rhyme,
 We too ſerve Phœbus; Phœbus has received
 If legends old may claim to be believed)
 No fordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
 The burniſh’d apple, ruddieſt of the year,
 The fragrant crocus, and, to grace his fane,
 Fair damſels choſen from the Oruid train;

Oruids, nur native bards in ancient time,
 Who gods and heroes praifed in hallow'd rhyme !
 Hence, often as the maids of Greece furround
 Apollo's fhrine with hymns of feftive found,
 They name the virgins who arrived of yore
 With Britifh offerings on the Delian fhore;
 Loxo, from giant Corineus fprung,
 Upis, on whafe bleft lips the future hung,
 And Hecaerge, with the golden hair, [bare.
 All deck'd with Piftifh hues, and all with bofoms

Thou, therefore, happy fage, whatever clime
 Shall ring with Taffo's praife in after time,
 Or with Marino's, fhalt be known their friend,
 And with an equal flight to fame afcend.
 The world fhall hear how Phœbus and the Nine
 Were inmates once, and willing guefts of thine.
 Yet Phoebus, when of old conftrain'd to roam
 The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,
 Entered, no willing gueft, Admetus' door,
 Though Hercules had ventured there before.
 But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a fcene
 Of rural peace, clothed with perpetual green,
 And thither, oft as refpite he required
 From ruftic clamours loud, the God retired.
 There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclined
 At fame oak's root, with ivy thick entwined,
 Won by his hofpitable friend's defire,
 He foothed his pains of exile with the lyre.
 Then fliook the hills, then trembled Peneus' fhore,
 Nor Oeta felt his load of forefts more ;
 The upland elms defcended to the plain,
 And foften'd lynxes wonder'd at that ftrain.

Well may we think, O dear to all above!
 Thy birth diftinguifli'd by the fmile of JOVE,
 And that Apollo ftied his kindlieft power,
 And Maia's fan, on that propitious hour,
 Since only minds fo born can comprehend
 A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.
 Hence on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
 The lingering freelinefs of thy greener years,
 Hence in thy front and features we admire
 Nature unwither'd and a mind entire.
 O might fo true a friend to me belong,
 So fkill'd to grace the votaries of fong,
 Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
 The kings and heroes of my native clime,
 Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
 In fubterraneous being, future wars,
 With all his martial knights, to be reftored
 Each to his feat around the federal board;
 And oh, if fpirit fail me not, difperfe
 Our Saxon plunderers in triumphant verfe !
 Then, after all, when, with the paff content,
 A life I finifli, not in filence fpent;
 Should he, kind mourner, o'er my deathbed bend,
 I fhall but need to fay—" Be yet my friend !"

He, too, perhaps, fhall bid the marble breathe
 To honour me, and with the graceful wreath
 Or of Parnaffus or the Paphian ifle
 Shall bind my brows—but I fhall reft the while.
 Then alfo, if the fruits of Faith endure,
 And Virtue's promifed recompence be fure,
 Born to thofe feats to which the bleft afpire
 By purity of foul and virtuous fire,

These rites, as Fate permits, I shall survey
 With eyes illumined by celestial day,
 And, every cloud from my pure spirit driven,
 Joy in the bright beatitude of Heaven !

ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.

The Argument.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Deodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman ; a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.



E Nymphs of Himera, [for ye have tied
 Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas
 dead,

And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
 The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear)
 Now through the villas laved by Thames rehearse
 The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse, [found
 What sighs he heaved, and how with groans pro-
 He made the woods and hollow rocks resound,
 Young Damon dead; nor even ceased to pour
 His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,

460 *ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.*

And golden harveft twice enrich'd the year,
 Since Damon's lips had gafp'd for vital air
 The laflr, laft time, nor Thyrfis yet was there ;
 For he, enamour'd of the Mufe, remain' d
 In Tufcan Fiorenza long detain'd,
 But, ftored at length with all he wifti'd to learn,
 For his flock's fake now hafted to return;
 And when the fhepherd had refum'd his feat
 At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
 Then 'twas his lot, then, all his lofs to know,
 And from his burthen'd heart he vented thus his
 woe : [are due

" Go, feek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
 To other cares than thofe of feeding you.
 Alas! what deities fhall I fuppoze
 In heaven, or earth, concern'd for human woes,
 Since, oh my Damon! their fevere decree
 So foon condemns me to regret of thee !
 Depart'ft thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
 With fame and honour, like a vulgar fhade!
 Let him forbid it whofe bright rod controls,
 And feparates fordid from illuftrious fouls;
 Orive far the rabble, and to thee affign
 A happier lot with fpirits worthy thine!

" Go, feek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
 To other cares than thofe of feeding you. [are due
 Whate'er befall, unlefs by cruel chance
 The wolf firft give me a forbidding glance,
 Thou fhalt not moulder undeplord, but long
 Thy praife fhall dwell on every fhepherd's tongue.
 To Daphnis firft they fhall delight to pay,
 And, after him, to thee the votive lay,

While Pales fhall the flocks and pafures love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field or grove ;
At leaft, if ancient piety and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May ferve thee aught, or to have left behind
A forrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.

" Go, feek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
To other cares than thofe of feeding you. [are due
Yes, Damon! fuch thy fure reward fhall be ;
But ah, what doom awaits unhappy me?
Who, now, my pains and perils fhall divide,
As thou waft wont, for ever at my fide,
Both when the rugged froft annoy'd our feet,
And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat ;
Whether the grim wolfs ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went?
Whofe converfe now fhall calm my ftormy day,
With charming fong, who now beguile my way?

"Go, feek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
To other cares than thofe of feeding you. [are due
In whom fhall I confide ? Whofe counfel find
A balmy medicine for my troubled mind ?
Or whofe difcourfe with innocent delight
Shall fill me now, and cheat the wintry night,
While hifles on my hearth the pulpy pear,
And blackening cheftnuts ftart and crackle there,
While florins abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders thro'the neighbouring elm.

" Go, feek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due
To other cares than thofe of feeding you.
Or who, when fummer funs their furnmit reach,

462 *ON THE DEATH OF DEMON DAMON.*

And Pan fleeps hidden by the flickering beech,
When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the fedge,
And the stretch'd rustic fnores beneath the hedge,
Who then shall render me thy pleafant vein
Of Attic wit, thy jefts, thy fmiles again ?

" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
To other cares than those of feeding you. [are due
Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
Till night descend, while blustering wind and
flower

Beat on my temples through the flatter'd bower-

" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
To other cares than those of feeding you. [are due
Alas! what rampant weeds now flame my fields,
And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields;
My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
Bear flirivell'd grapes; my myrtles fail to please ;
Nor please me more my flocks: they, flighted, turn
Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
To other cares than those of feeding you. [are due
/Egon invites me to the hazel grove,
Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,
And young Alphefibœus to a feat
Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat.
'Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rife;
Here zephyr whippers, and the stream replies.'
Thus each persuades, but, deaf to every call,
I gain the thickets, and escape them **all**.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due

To other cares than those of feeding you.

Then Mopfus said, [the same who reads so well
The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,
For he by chance had noticed my return)

" What means thy fullen mood, this deep concern ?

Ah, Thyrfis ! thou art either crazed with love,
Or some finifter influence from above;

Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue;

His leaden shaft oblique has pierced thee through,'

" Go, go, my lambs, unaptured as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.

The nymphs amazed, my melancholy see,

And, ' Thyrfis !' cry ' what will become of thee ?

What wouldst thou, Thyrfis? such should not appear

The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe ;

Brisk youth should laugh and love—ah, shun the fate

Of those, twice wretched mopes! who love too late!

" Go, go, my lambs, unaptured as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.

Ægle with Hyas came, to soothe my pain,

And Baucis' daughter, **Dryope** the vain,

Fair **Dryope**, for voice and finger neat

Known far and near, and for her self-conceit ;

Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands

That skirt the Idumanian current stands ;

But all in vain they came, and but to see

Kind words, and comfortable, loft on me.

" Go, go, my lambs, unaptured as ye are;

My thoughts are all now due to other care.

Ah blest indifference of the playful herd,

None by his fellow chosen, or prefer'd !

No bonds of amity the flocks enthrall,

464 *ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.*

But each affociates, and is pleafed with all ;
 So graze the dappled deer in numerous droves,
 And all his kind alike the zebra loves;
 The fame law governs, where the billows roar,
 And Proteus¹ Ihoals o'erfpread the defert fliore;
 The fparrow, meaneft of the feather'd race,
 His fit companion finds in every place,
 With whom he picks the grain that fuits him beft,
 Flirts here and there, and late returns to reft,
 And whom, if chance the falcon make his prey,
 Or hedger with his well aim'd arrow flay,
 For no fuch lofs the gay furvivor grieves,
 New love he feeks, and new delight receives.

We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
 Scorning all others, in a fingle choice.
 We fcarce in thoufands meet one kindred mind,
 And if the long-fought good at laft we find,
 When leaft we fear it, Death our treafure fteals,
 And gives our heart a wound that nothing heals.

" Co, go, my lambs, unpaftured as ye are ;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Ah, what delufion lured me from my flocks,
 To traverfe Alpine fnows and rugged rocks!
 What need fo great had I to vifit Rome,
 Now funk in ruins, and herfelf a tomb ?
 Or, had fhe flourifti'd ftill, as when, of old,
 For her fake Tityrus forfook his fold,
 What need fo great had I to incur a pause
 Of thy fweet intercourfe for fuch a caufe,
 For fuch a caufe to place the roaring fea, [me ?
 Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and
 Elfe, had I grafp'd thy feeble hand, compofed

Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eyelids clofed,
 And, at the laft, had faid—' Farewell—afcend—
 Nor even in the fkies forget thy friend I¹

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare ;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Although well pleafed, ye tuneful Tufcan fwains !
 My mind the memory of your worth retains,
 Yet not your worth can teach me lefs to mourn
 My Damon loft : he too was Tufcan born,
 Born in your Lucca, city of renown !
 And wit poflefs'd, and genius, like your own.
 Oh how elate was I, when ftretch'd be fide
 The murmuring courfe of Arno's breezy tide,
 Beneath the poplar grove I pafs'd my hours,
 Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flowers,
 And hearing, as I lay at cafe along,
 Your fwains contending for the prize of fang !
 I alfo dared attempt fand, as it feems,
 Not much difpleafed attempting) various themes,
 For even I can prefents boaft from you,
 The fhepherd's pipe, and ofier-basket too,
 And Dati, and Francini, both have made
 My name familiar to the beechen fliade,
 And they are learn'd, and each in every place
 Renown'd for fong, and both of Lydian race.

" Do, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare ;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Whilebrightthe dewy grafs with moonbeams fhone,
 And I flood hurdling in my kids alone,
 How often have I faid fbut thou hadft found
 Ere then thy dark cold lodgment underground)
 Now Daqion fings, or fpringes fets for hares,

Or wicker-work for various use prepares!
 How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd
 New scenes of pleasure that I hoped at hand,
 Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried,
 ' What, ho! my friend—come, lay thy task aside ;
 Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
 The heat beneath yon whispering shades awhile,
 Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
 Or where Cafiibelan's gray turrets flood !
 There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
 Thy friend the name and healing powers of each,
 From the tall bluebell to the dwarflike weed,
 What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,
 For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
 And the whole art of Galen is thy own.'
 Ah, peris'ti Galen's art, and wither'd be
 The useless herbs that gave not health to thee!
 Twelve evenings since, as in poetic dream
 I meditating sat some fatal theme,
 The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,
 And unflay'd before, than wide they flew,
 Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
 The deep-toned music of the solemn strain;
 And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
 How proud a theme I choose—ye groves, farewell!
 " Co, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare ;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
 How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,
 First from Rutupia's towering headland seen,
 And of his conquering reign, fair Imogen;
 Of Brennus, and Belinus, brothers bold,

And of Arviragus, and how of old
 Our hardy fires the Armorican controll'd ;
 And of the wife of Gorlois, who, surpris'd
 By Uther, in her husband's form disguis'd,
 [Such was the force of Merlin's art) became
 Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.

These themes I now revolve—and oh—if Fate
 Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
 Adieu my shepherd's reed—yon pine-tree bough
 Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou
 Forgotten and diffus'd, unless ere long
 Thou change thy Latian for a British song:
 A British?—even so—the powers of man
 Are bounded ; little is the most he can ;
 And it shall well suffice me, and I shall be
 Fame and proud recompense enough for me.
 If Ufa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
 If Alain bending o'er his crystal urn,
 Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream,
 Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
 Tamar's ore-tinctured flood, and, after these,
 The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare !
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind
 Enfolded safe, and for thy view design'd,
 This, and a gift from Manfo's hand beside,
 (Manfo, not least his native city's pride)
 Two cups that radiant as their giver shone,
 Adorn'd by sculpture with a double zone.
 The spring was graven there ; here flowly wind
 The Red Sea shores with groves of spices lined ;

468 *ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.*

Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
 The facred, folitary Phrenix fnows,
 And, watchful of the dawn, reverts her head
 To fee Aurora leave her watery bed.

—In other part, the expanfive vault above,
 And there too, even there, the god of love;
 With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch difplays
 A vivid light, his gem-tipt arrows blaze,
 Around his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
 Nor aims at vulgar minds or little fouls,
 Nor deigns one look below, but, aiming high,
 Sends every arrow to the lofty fky ;
 Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
 The power of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

" Thou alfo, Daman, [neither need I fear
 That hope delufive) thou art alfo there;
 For whither fhould fimplicity like thine
 Retire, where elfe fuch fpotlefs virtue fliine?
 Thoudwelrflnot [thoughtprofane) in fhades below,
 Nor tears fuit thee; ceafe then, my tears, to flow.
 Away with grief, on Damon ill beftow'd!
 Who, pure himfelf, has found a pure abode,
 Has pafs'd the fhowery arch, henceforth refides
 With faints and heroes, and from flowing tides
 Quaffs copious immortality and joy
 With hallow'd lips!—Oh ! bleft without alloy,
 And now enrich'd with all that faith can claim,
 Look down, entreated by whatever name,
 If Damon pleafe thee moft fthat rural found
 Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
 Or if Deodatus, by which alone
 In thofe ethereal manfions thou art known.

Thy bluh was maiden, and thy youth the tafte
Of wedded blifs knew never, pure and chafte,
The honours, therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth, are given to thee :
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials fhalt rejoice,
And join with feraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the ecftatic lyre
Guides the bleft orgies of the blazing quire."

AN ODE,
ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN ROUSE,
Librarian of the Univerjtty of Oxford,

*On a loft Volume of my Poems, which he defired me to
replace, that he might add them to my other
Works depofited in the Library.*

This ode is rendered without rhyme, that it might more adequately repreſent the original, which, as Milton himſelf informs us, is of no certain meaſure. It may poſſibly for this reaſon diſappoint the reader, though it coſt the writer more labour than the tranſlation of any other piece in the whole collection.

Strophe.



MY twofold book! ſingle in fhew,
But double in contents,
Neat, but not curiouſly adorn'd,
Which, in his early youth,
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,

Although an earned wooer of the Muse—
 Say while in cool Aufonian fliades
 Or Britifh wilds he roam'd,
 Striking by turns his native lyre,
 By turns the Daunian lute,
 And ftepp'd almoft in air—

Antistrophe.

Say, little book, what furtive hand
 Thee from thy fellow-books convey'd,
 What time, at the repeated fuit
 Of my mod learned friend,
 I fent thee forth, an honoured traveller,
 From our great city to the fource of Thames,
 Cærulean fire !
 Where rife the fountains, and the raptures ring,
 Of the Aonian choir,
 Durable as yonder fpheres,
 And through the endless lapfe of years
 Secure to be admired?

Strophe 2.

Now what god, or demigod,
 For Britain's ancient genius moved,
 [If our afflicted land
 Have expiated at length the guilty floth
 Of her degenerate fans)
 Shall terminate our impious feuds.
 And difcipline with hallow'd voice recall?
 Recall the Mufes too,
Driven from their ancient feats
 In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's fhore,

And with keen Phoebean ftiafts
 Piercing the unfeemly birds,
 Whofe talons menace us,
 Shall drive the harpy race from Helicon afar?

Antiftrophe.

But thou, my book, though thou haft ftray'd,
 Whether by treachery loft,
 Or indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,
 From all thy kindred books,
 To fame dark cell or cave forlorn,
 Where thou endureft, perhaps,
 The chafing of fome hard untutor'd hand,
 Be comforted—
 For Lo! again the fplendid hope appears
 That thou mayft yet efcape
 The gulfs of Lethe, and on oary wings
 Mount to the everlafting courts of Jove!

Strophe 3.

Since Rouse defires thee, and complains
 That, though by promife his,
 Thou yet appear'ft not in thy place
 Among the literary noble ftiores
 Given to his care,
 But, abfent, leaveft his numbers incomplete,
 He, therefore, guardian vigilant
 Of that unperifhing wealth,
 Calls thee to the interior Ihrine, his charge,
 Where he intends a richer treafure far
 Than Ion kept [Ion, Eretheus' fon
 Illuftrious, of the fair Creüfa born)

In the replendent temple of his god,
 Tripods of gold, and Delphic gifts divine.

Antiftrophe.

Hafte, then, to the pleafant groves,
 The Mufes' favourite haunt;
 Refume thy ftation in Apollo's dome,
 Dearer to him
 Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnaflian hill!
 Exulting go,
 Since now a iplendid lot is alfo thine,
 And thou art fought by my propitious friend;
 For there thou fhalt be read
 With authors of exalted note,
 The ancient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

Epode,

Ye, then, my works, no longer vain,
 And worthlefs deem'd by me!
 Whate'er this fterile genius has produced,
 Expeft, at laft, the rage of envy fpent,
 An unmolefted happy home,
 Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,
 Where never flippant tongue profane
 Shall entrance find,
 And whence the coarfe unletter'd multitude
 Shall babble far remote.
 Perhaps fome future diftant age,
 Lefs tinged with prejudice, and better taught,
 Shall furnifh minds of power
 To judge more equally,

Then, malice filenced in the tomb,
 Cooler heads and founder hearts,
 Thanks to Roufe, if aught of praife
 I merit, fhall with candour weigh the claim,

TRANSLATIONS OF MILTON'S ITA-
 LIAN POEMS.

SONNET.



FAIR Lady! whose harmonious name the
 Rhine,
 Through all his grafly vale, delights to
 hear,
 Bafe were indeed the wretch who could forbear
 To love a fpirit elegant as thine,
 That manifests a fweetnefs all divine,
 Nar knows a thoufand winning adls to ipare,
 And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
 Tempering thy virtues to a fofter fhine.
 When gracefully thou fpeak'ft, ar fingeft gay,
 Such ftrains as might the fenfelefs foreft move,
 Ah then—turn each his eyes and ears away,
 Who feels himfelf unworthy of thy love!
 Grace can alone preferve him ere the dart
 Of fond defire yet reach his inmoft heart.

SONNET.



SON on a hill-top rude, when doling day
 Imbrowns the scene, fame pastoral mai-
 den fair

Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
 Borne from its native genial airs away,
 That scarcely can its tender bud display,
 So, on my tongue these accents, new and rare,
 Are flowers exotic, which Love waters there.
 While thus, O sweetly scornful! I eflay
 Thy praise in verse to British ears unknown,
 And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain ;
 So Love has will'd, and oft-times Love has frown
 That what he wills, he never wills in vain.
 Oh that this hard and sterile breast might be
 To Him, who plants from heaven, a soil as free !

CANZONE.



HEY HEY mock my toil—then nymphs and
 amorous swains—
 And whence this fond attempt to write,
 they cry,
 Love-fangs in language that thou little know'ft ?
 How darest thou risk to sing these foreign strains ?
 Say truly,—find'ft not oft thy purpose cross'd,
 And that thy fairest flowers here fade and die ?
 Then with pretence of admiration high—

Thee other ftiores expeft, and other tides,
 Rivers, on whofe grafly fides
 Her deathlefs laurel leaf, with which to bind
 Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
 Why then this burthen, better far declined ?

Speak, Mufe! for me—the fair one faid, who
 guides

My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
 " This is the language in which Love delights."

SONNET, TO CHARLES DEODATI



CHARLES—and I fay it wondering—thou
 muft know

That I, who once aflumed a fcornfui air
 And fcoff'd at Love, am fallen in his fnare.

[Full many an upright man has fallen fo :)

Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
 Of golden locks, or damafk cheek; more rare
 The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair;
 A mien majeftic, with dark brows that fhow
 The tranquil luftre of a lofty mind ;

Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
 And fong, whofe fafcinating power might bind,
 And from her fphere draw down the labouring
 Moon ;

With fuch fire-darting eyes that, fhould I fill
 My ears with wax, fhe would enchant me Hill.

SONNET.



LADY! it cannot be but that thine eyes
Must be my fun, such radiance they display,

And strike me e'en as Phcebus him whose way
Through horrid Libya's fandy desert lies.

Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise

Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,

New as to me they are, I cannot say,

But deem them, in the lover's language—fighs.

Some, though with pain, my bofom clofe conceals,

Which, if in part efcaping thence, they tend

To soften thine, thy colOnes foon congeals.

While others to my tearful eyes ascend,

Whence my sad nights inftowers are ever drown'd,

Till my Aurora come, her brow with roses bound.

SONNET.



LAMOUR'D, artless, young, on foreign
ground,

Uncertain whither from myself to fly;

To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh

Let me devote my heart, which I have found

By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, found,

Good, and addisled to conceptions high:

When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,

It refts in adamant felf-wrapt around,
 As fafe from envy, and from outrage rude,
 From hopes and fears that vulgar minds abufe,
 As fond of genius, and fix'd fortitude,
 Of the refounding lyre, and every Mufe.
 Weak you will find it in one only part,
 Now pierced by Love's immedicable dart.

*TRANSLATION OF A SIMILE IN
 PARADISE LOST.*

June, 1780.


" So when, from mountain tops, rhe dufky clouds
 Afcending," &c.



Q UALES aerii mantis de vertice nubes
 Cum furgunt, et jam Bores tumida ora
 quierunt,
 Cælum hilares abdit, fpiffa caligine, vultus :
 Turn fi jucundo tandem fol prodeat ore,
 Et croceo montes et pafcua lumine tingat,
 Gaudent omnia, aves mulcent concentibus agros,
 Balatuque ovium colles vallefque refultant.

TRANSLATION OF DRYDEN'S EPI-
GRAM ON MILTON.

" Three Poet: in three distant ages born," &c.

 RES tria, sed longe distantia, fecula vates
Ostentant tribus e gentibus eximios.
Gracia sublimem, cum maiestate difertum
Roma tulit, felix Anglia utriusque parem,
Partibus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,
Tertius ut fieret, confuciare duos.

July, 1780.





TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT
BOURNE.

THE THRACIAN.

THRACIAN parents, at his birth,
Mourn their babe with many a tear,
But with undiflembed mirth
Place him breathless *on* his bier,

Greece and Rome with equal scorn,
" O the favages!" exclaim,
" Whether they rejoice or mourn,
Well entitled to the name!"

But the cause of this concern,
And this pleasure, would they trace,
Even they might somewhat learn
From the favages of Thrace.

*RECIPROCAL KINDNESS, THE PRI-
MART LAW OF NATURE.*

AINOCLES, from his injured lord, in
Oread
Of infant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tired with his toilfome flight, and parch'd with heat.
He spied at length a cavern's Cool retreat;

But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
 When, huge of his kind, a lion came :
 He roar'd approaching : but the savage din
 To plaintive murmurs changed—arrived within,
 And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
 Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
 The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
 Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand ;
 But bolder grown, at length inherent found
 A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
 The cure was wrought; he wiped the furious blood,
 And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
 Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
 Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
 Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
 Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
 But thus to live—still lost—sequenter'd still—
 Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
 Home ! native home ! O might he but repair !
 He must—he will, though death attends him there.
 He goes, and doom'd to perish on the sands
 Of the full theatre unpitied stands :
 When lo ! the fellsame lion from his cage
 Comes to devour him, famish'd into rage.
 He comes, but viewing in his purpos'd prey
 The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
 And, soften'd by remembrance into sweet
 And kind composure, crouches at his feet.

Mute with astonishment, the assembly gaze :
 But why, ye Romans ? Whence your mute amaze ?
 All this is natural: Nature bade him rend
 An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.

*A MANUAL, MORE ANCIENT THAN
THE ART OF PRINTING,
AND NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANT CATALOGUE.*



HERE is a book, which we may call
fIts excellence is fuch)
Alone a library, though fmall ;
The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things numerous it contains :
And things with words compared,
Who needs be told, that has his brains,
Which merits moft regard?

Ofttimes its leaves of fcarlet hue
A golden edging boaft;
And open'd, it difplays to view
Twelve pages at **the moft**.

Nor name nor title, ftamp'd behind,
Adorns its outer part ;
But all within 'tis richly lined,
A magazine of art.

The whiteft hands that fecret hoard
Oft vifit: and the fair
Preferve it in their bofoms ftored,
As with a mifer's care.

Thence implements of every fize,
 And form'd for various ufe,
 (They need but to confult their eyes)
 They readily produce.

The largeft and the longeft kind
 Poflefs the foremoft page,
 A fort moft needed by the blind,
 Or nearly fuch from age.

The full-charged leaf, which next enfues,
 Prefents in bright array
 The fmaller fort, which matrons ufe,
 Not quite fo blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth fupply
 What their occafions afk,
 Who with a more difcerning eye
 Perform a nicer tafk.

But ftill with regular decreafe
 From fize to fize they fall,
 In every leaf grow lefs and lefs;
 Thelaftare leaft of all.

O ! what a fund of genius, pent
 In narrow fpace is here!
 This volume's method and intent
 HOW luminous and clear.

It leaves no reader at a lofs
 Or pofed, whoever reads :
 No commentator's tedious glois,
 Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thoufands o'er!
 No book is treafured there,
 Nor yet in Granta's numerous ftore,
 That may with this compare.

No !—rival none in either hoft
 Of this was ever feen,
 Or, that contents could juftly boaft,
 So brilliant and fo keen.

AN ENIGMA.



NEEDLE, fmall as fmall can be,
 In bulk and ufe furpaffes me,
 Nor is my purchafe dear;
 For little, and almufth far nought,
 As many of my kind are bought
 As days are in the year.

Yet though but little ufe we boaft,
 And are procured at little coft,
 The labour is not light;
 Nor few artificers it afks,
 All fldful in their feveral tafks,
 To fafhion us aright.

One fufes metal o'er the fire,
 A fecond draws it into wire,
 The fhears another plies,
 Who clips in lengths the brazen thread
 For him who, chafing every fhred,
 Gives all an equal fize.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
 The knob with which it must be crown'd;
 His follower makes it fast :
 And with his mallet and his file
 To shape the point, employs awhile
 The seventh and the last.

Now therefore, *CEdipus* ! declare
 What creature, wonderful, and rare,
 A process that obtains
 Its purpose with so much ado
 At last produces !—tell me true,
 And take me for your pains!

*SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED IN
 TRINITY TRINITYCOLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.*



ONE ever flared the social feast,
 Or as an inmate or a guest,
 Beneath the celebrated dome
 Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
 Who saw not jand with some delight
 Perhaps he view'd the novel fight)
 How numerous, at the tables there,
 The sparrows beg their daily fare.
 For there, in every nook and cell
 Where such a family may dwell,
 Sure as the vernal season comes
 Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,

Which kindly given, may ferve with food
Convenient their unfeather'd brood;
And oft as with its fummons clear
The warning bell falutes their ear,
Sagacious lifteners to the found,
They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hofpitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.
Arrived, the penfionary band,
Hopping and chirping, clofe at hand,
Solicit what they foon receive,
The fprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge :
A fingle doit would overpay
The expenditure of every day,
And who can grudge fo fmall a grace
To fuppliants, natives of the place?

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.



S in her ancient miftrefs' lap
The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
Alike difpofed to play.

But ftrife enfues. Pufs waxes warm,
And with protruded claws
Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
Mere wantonnefs the caufe.

At once, repentful of the deed,
 She flakes her to the ground
 With many a threat that she shall bleed
 With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest:
 It was a venial stroke :
 For she that will with kittens jest
 Should bear a kitten's joke.

INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.



WEET bird, whom the winter con-
 ftrains—

And feldom another it can—
 To seek a retreat while he reigns
 In the well shelter'd dwellings of man,
 Who never can seem to intrude,
 Though in all places equally free,
 Come, oft as the season is rude,
 Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray
 That pierces the clouds of the east,
 To inveigle thee every day
 My windows shall show thee a feast.
 For, taught by experience, I know
 Thee mindful of benefit long;
 And that, thankful for all I bestow,
 Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
 Belpeaks the renewal of spring,
 Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
 Or where it shall please thee to sing:
 And shouldst thou, compelled by a frost,
 Come again to my window or door,
 Doubt not an affectionate host,
 Only pay as thou paid'st me before.

Thus music must needs be confessed
 To flow from a fountain above;
 Else how should it work in the breast
 Unchangeable friendship and love?
 And who on the globe can be found,
 Save your generation and ours,
 That can be delighted by sound,
 Or boasts any musical powers?

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.



HE shepherd touch'd his reed; sweet
 Philomel
 Effay'd, and oft essay'd to catch the
 strain,

And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
 The numbers, echo'd note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
 A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
 And soon for various was his tuneful store)
 In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,
 With all the force that passion gives inspired,
 Return'd the fouds awhile, but in the clofe
 Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Thus strength, not skill prevail'd. O fatal strife,
 By thee, poor songsters, playfully begun;
 And, O sad victory, which cost thy life,
 And he may wish that he had never won !

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

*Who lived One Hundred Years, and died
 On her Birthday, 1728.*



ANCIENT dame, how wide and vail
 To a race like ours appears,
 Rounded to an orb at last,
 All thy multitude of years!

We, the herd of human kind,
 Frailer and of feebler powers;
 We, to narrow bounds confined,
 Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we
 Perish even from the womb,
 Swifter than a shadow flee,
 Nourish'd but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of mercilefs difeafe
Lurk in all that we enjoy;
Some that wafte us by degrees,
Some that fuddenly defstroy.

And, if life o'erleap the bourn
Common to the fans of men,
What remains, but that we mourn,
dream, and dote, and drive then ?

Faft as moons can wax and wane
Sorrow comes; and while we groan,
Pant with anguifti, and complain,
Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few |to few 'tis given),
Lingering on this earthly ftage,
Creep and halt with fteps uneven
To the period of an age,

Wherefore live they, but to fee
Cunning, arrogance, and force,
Sights lamented much by thee,
Holding their accuftom'd courfe ?

Oft was feen, in ages part,
All that we with wonder view ;
Often fhall be to the laft;
Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate, content
Should propitious Heaven defign
Life for us as calmly fpent,
Though but half the length of thine.

THE CAUSE WON.



TWO neighbours furiously difpute ;
 A field—the fubject of the fuit.
 Trivial the Ipot, yet fuch the rage
 With which the combatants engage,
 'Twere hard to tell who covets moft
 The prize——at whatfoever coft.
 The pleadings fwell. Words ftill fuffice :
 No fingle word but has its price :
 No term but yields fome fair pretence
 For novel and increafed expenfe.

Defendant thus becomes a name,
 Which he that bore it may difclaim,
 Since both, in one defcription blended,
 Are plaintiffs—when the fuit is ended.

THE SILKWORM.



THE beams of April, ere it goes,
 A worm, fcarce vifible, difclofe ;
 All winter long content to dwell
 The tenant of his native ihell.
 The fame prolific feafon gives
 The fuftenance by which he lives,
 The mulberry leaf, a fimple ftore,
 That ferves him—till he needs no more !

For, his dimenſions once complete,
Thenceforth none ever fees him eat;
Though till his growing time be part
Scarce ever is he feen to faſt.
That hour arrived, his work begins ;
He fpins and weaves, and weaves and fpins;
Till circle upon circle wound
Careleſs around him and around,
Conceals him with a veil, though flight,
Impervious to the keeneſt fight.
Thus ſelf-incloſed as in a calk,
At length he finiſhes his taſk ;
And, though a worm when he was loſt,
Or caterpillar at the moſt,
When next we fee him, wings he wears,
And in papilio-pomp appears;
Becomes oviparous; fupplies
With future worms and future ſhes
The next enfuing year—and dies !
Well were it for the world, if all
Who creep about this earthly ball,
Though ſhorter lived than molt he be,
Were uſeful in their kind as he.

THE INNOCENT THIEF.

NOT a flower can be found in the fields,
Or the ſpot that we till for our pleaſure,
From the largeſt to leaſt, but it yields
The bee, never wearied, a treaſure.

492 *THE INNOCENT THIEF.*

Scarce any flic quits unexplored
 With a diligence truly exact;
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
 Leaves evidence none of the fact,

Her lucrative task she pursues,
 And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
 Nor charm by their beauty she loses.

Not thus inoffensively preys
 The canker-worm, in-dwelling foe !
His voracity not thus allays
 The sparrow, the finch, or the crew.

The worm, more expensively fed,
 The pride of the garden devours;
And birds peck the feed from the bed,
 Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with such delicate fluff
 Her pillage so fits for her use,
That the chemist in vain with his still
 Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
 Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
 Neither honey nor wax would be left.

DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

IN this mimic form of a matron in years,
 How plainly the pencil of Denner ap-
 pears!

The matron herself, in whose old age we see
 Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is thee!
 No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
 No wrinkle, or deep-furrow'd frown on the brow!
 Her forehead indeed is here circled around
 With locks like the riband with which they are
 bound;

While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
 Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin;
 But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,
 Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.
 Yet all is express'd with fidelity due,
 Nor a pimple or freckle conceal'd from the view.

Many fond of new fashions, or who cherish a taste
 For the labours of art, to the spectacle haste.
 The youths all agree, that could old age inspire
 The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,
 And the matrons with pleasure confess that they see
 Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.
 The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,
 O wonderful woman! as placid as thine.

Strange magic of art! which the youth can en-
 gage
 To peruse, half enamour'd, the features of age;

494 *DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.*

And force from the virgin a figh of defpair,
That flic when as old fhall be equally fair!
How great is the glory that Denner has gain'd,
Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd.

THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.




APELLES, hearing that his boy
Had juft expired—his only joy!
Altho' the fight with anguifh tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He feized his brufh, his colours fpread ;
And—" Oh! my child, accept,"—he faid,
" ('Tis all that I can now beftow,)
This tribute of a father's woe!"
Then, faithful to the twofold part,
Both of his feelings and his art,
He clofed his eyes with tender care,
And form'd at once a fellow pair.
His brow with amber locks befet,
And lips hedrewnot livid yet;
And fhaded all that he had done
To a juft image of his fan.

Thus far is well, But view again
The caufe of thy paternal pain !
Thy melancholy tafk fulfil!
It needs the laft, laft touches ftill.
Again his pencil's powers he tries,
For on his lips a fmile he fpies:
And ftill his cheek unfaded fhows


The deepeft damask of the rofe.
Then, heedful to the finifli'd whole,
With fondeft eagernefs he ftole,
Till fcarce himfelf diftinctly knew
The cherub copied from the true.

Now, painter, ceafe ! Thy tafk is done.
Long lives this image of thy fan ;
Nor fhort lived fhall the glory prove
Or of thy labour or thy love.

THE MAZE.

 FROM right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To folve the myftery, but in vain ;
Stand ftill, and breathe, and take from me
A clue, that foon fhall fet you free !
Not Ariadne, if you meet her,
Herfelf could ferve you with a better.
You enter'd eafily—find where—
And make with eafe your exit there !

*NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE
SUFFERER.*

 HE lover, in melodious verfes,
His fingular diftreffs rehearfes.
Still doling with a rueful cry,
“ Was ever fuch a wretch as I ? ”

Yes! thoufands have endured before
 All thy diftreffs; fome, haply, more.
 Unnumber'd Corydons complain,
 And Strephons, of the like difdain;
 And if thy Chloe be of fteel,
 Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
 Not her alone that cenfure fits,
 Nor thou alone haft loft thy wits-

THE SNAIL.



O grafs, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
 The Snail flicks clofe, nor fears to fall,
 As if he grew there, houfe and all
 Together.

Within that houfe fecure he hides,
 When danger imminent betides
 Of florin, or other harm beides
 Of weather.

Give but his horns the flighteft touch,
 His felf-collefting power is fuch,
 He fhrinks into his houfe with much
 Difpleafure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
 Except himfelf has chattels none,
 Well fatisfied to be his own
 Whole treafure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
 Nor partner of his banquet needs,
 And if he meets one, only feeds
 The faster.

Who fecks him muft be worfe than blind,
 [He and his houfe are fo combined)
 If, finding it, he fails to find
 Its mafter.

THE CANTAB.



WITH two fpurs or one, and no great mat-
 ter which,
 Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip
 or a fwitch,
 Five fhillings or lefs for the hire of his beaft,
 Paid part into hand ;—you muft wait for the reft.
 Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horfe,
 And out they both fally for better or worfe;
 His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather;
 And in violent hafte to go not knowing whither:
 Through the fields and the towns ; [fee !) he fcamp-
 pers along,
 And is look'd at and laugh'd at by old and by young.
 Till at length overfpent, and his fides fhiear'd with
 blood,
 Down tumbles his horfe, man and all, in the mud.
 In a waggon or chaife, fhall he finifh his route ?
 Oh! Scandalous fate, he muft do it on foot.

Young gentlemen, hear!—I am ulder than you!
 The advice that I give I have proved.to be true,
 Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
 The fafter you ride, you're the longer about it.

ON THE PICTURE OF A SLEEPING
 CHILD.

From the Latin of Vincent Bourn.



WEET babe! whofe image here ex-
 prefs'd

Does thy peaceful flumbers fhow ;
 Guilt or fear, to break thy reft,
 Never did thy fpirit know.

Soothing flumbers! foft repofe !
 Such as mock the painter's fkill,
 Such as innocence beftows,
 Harmlefs infant! lull thee ftill!

THE END.

