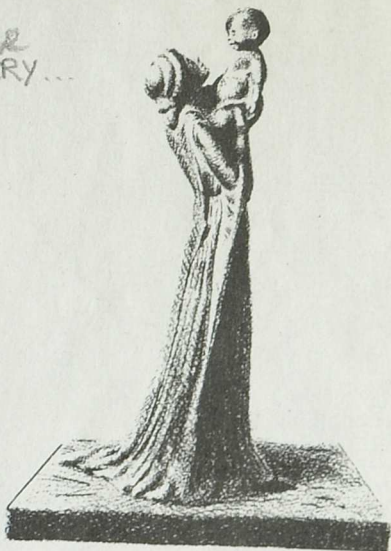




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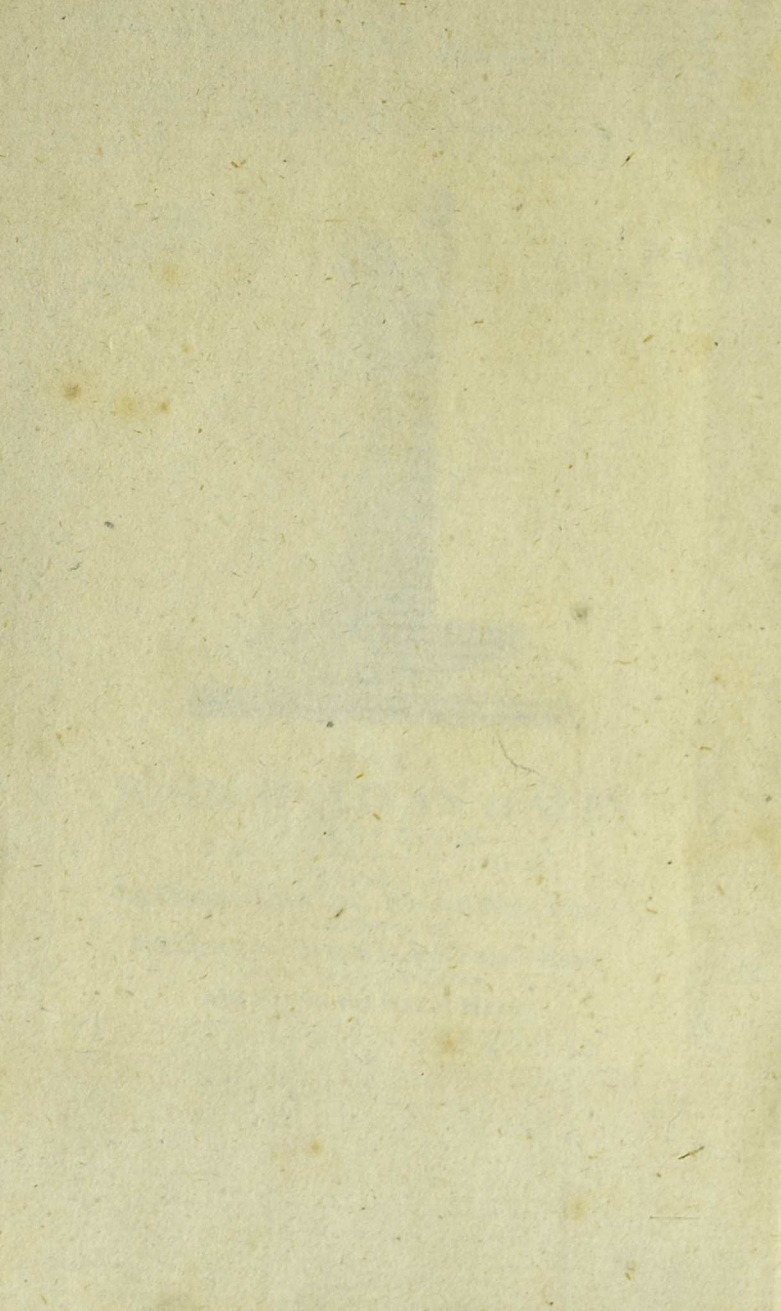
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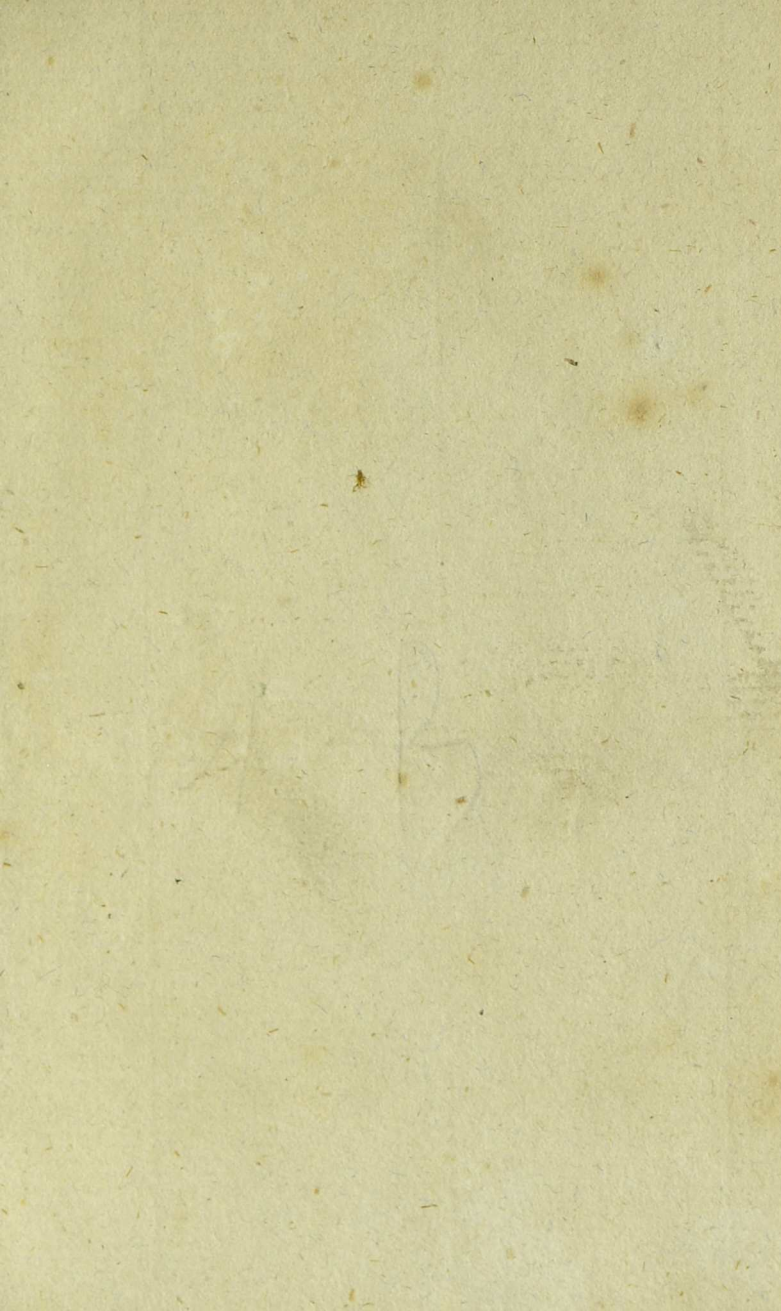
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J. Barrow THE *Walton*
June 11 1800
NURSERY GARLAND;

BEING

A SELECTION

OF

SHORT, CLASSICAL

POEMS,

ADAPTED TO VERY EARLY YOUTH; RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED TO THE MOTHERS OF FAMILIES.



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From Mrs. M. Allen

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WITH every due sense of the value of WATTS' and BARBAULD'S Hymns, for the use of very young Children, it may safely be affirmed, that no sufficiently diversified collection of chaste and classical poetry has yet appeared, which is in every respect adapted to that period of life which passes between infantine simplicity and the commencement of regular instruction.

The tender, careful mother has frequently been bewildered in her choice of subjects proper for exercising the memory, and forming the taste of her child. All are not possessed of ample libraries from which to select; and besides, large volumes are ill suited for the nursery, even were their contents more appropriate than they generally are.

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Should this public offering by a parent prove acceptable to other parents—should it assist to store the opening mind with agreeable images of nature, or to impress pure sentiments of moral and divine truth, at an age when they are not easily obliterated, the compiler will be abundantly gratified. It is delightful, indeed, to every feeling mind to give pleasure to innocence; but to profit it also, is a task on which a benevolent disposition will ever exercise itself with a fond partiality.

W. M.

AUGUST 1,
1801.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Obedience to Parents	<i>Watts</i> 1
Duty to God and our Neighbour	<i>Watts</i> 2
The Advantages of Early Religion	<i>Watts</i> <i>ibid.</i>
Love between Brothers and Sisters	<i>Watts</i> 4
True Beauty	<i>Gay</i> 5
Sonnet, to Charity	<i>Mavor</i> <i>ibid.</i>
The Violet	<i>Cunningham</i> 6
To a Little Girl	<i>Cotton</i> 7
Ode to the Cuckow	<i>Logan</i> <i>ibid.</i>
The Ant, or Emmet	<i>Watts</i> 9
Hymn on Solitude	<i>Thomson</i> 10
The Drum	<i>Scott</i> 12
Sonnet, Written at the Close of Spring	<i>Mrs.C.Smith</i> 18
The Rose	<i>Cowper</i> 14
Friendship. An Ode	<i>Johnson</i> 15
Ode to Morning	<i>Pennington</i> 16
The Atheist and the Acorn	<i>Anon.</i> 18
Ode to Childhood	<i>Scott</i> 20
Valentine's Day	<i>Iago</i> 21
The Invocation	<i>Mavor</i> 22
Ode on Solitude	<i>Pope</i> 23
The Morning Lark	<i>Thomson</i> 24
A Summer Evening	<i>Watts</i> 25
Ode to Pity	<i>Collins</i> 26

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Rose-Bud	<i>Broome</i> 28
The Narcissus	<i>Cunningham</i> 29
On a Shadow	<i>Pitt</i> 30
Ode to Peace	<i>Collins</i> 32
The Winter Nosegay	<i>Cowper</i> 33
The Hermit	<i>Beattie</i> 34
The Nightingale and the Glow-worm	<i>Moore</i> 36
Hymn to Prosperity	<i>Miss S. Carter</i> 38
Day: A Pastoral	<i>Cunningham</i> 39
A Female Character	<i>Lyttelton</i> 44
Life	<i>Spenser</i> 46
Ode to Good-Nature	<i>Smart</i> 47
Ode, on hearing Music	<i>Scott</i> 49
The Dying Christian to his Soul	<i>Pope</i> 51
Written in the Holy Bible	<i>Thomson</i> 52
Hymn to the Rising Sun	<i>Larghorne</i> <i>ibid.</i>
A Thought on Eternity	<i>Gay</i> 53
False Greatness	<i>Watts</i> 55
Reputation	<i>Cunningham</i> 56
Invitation to the Feathered Race	<i>Graves</i> 58
The Raven: A Fable	<i>Cowper</i> 60
To a Snow-Drop	<i>Sybilla</i> 62
The Debtor	<i>More</i> 64
The Mouse's Petition	<i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> 63
Friendship	<i>Penrose</i> 69
Ode to Truth	<i>Hunt</i> <i>ibid.</i>
The Happy Man	<i>Thomson</i> 71
Content: A Pastoral	<i>Cunningham</i> 73
The Distinction of Ages	<i>Hill</i> 74
The Creator's Works Manifest his Power	<i>Addison</i> 75
The Ignorance of Man	<i>Merrick</i> 76
Inscription for a Rill	<i>Billake</i> 78
Hymn for Morning	<i>Parnell</i> 79
Hymn for Noon	<i>Parnell</i> 81
Hymn for Evening	<i>Parnell</i> 83
To my Soul	<i>Harte</i> 85
Veni Creator Spiritus	<i>Dryden</i> 86

CONTENTS.

	Page
Against Idleness and Mischief	<i>Watts</i> 87
Written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm	<i>Miss Carter</i> 88
The Beggar's Petition	<i>Moss</i> 90
May Morning	<i>Milton</i> 92
Ode to Content	<i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> 93
The Garden Window	<i>Hill</i> 95
To-Morrow	<i>Cotton</i> 97
The Pursuit of Happiness	<i>Carter</i> 98
The Rose	<i>Watts</i> 101
Ode to Spring	<i>Miss Carter</i> 102
The Prison	<i>Darwin</i> 104
To the Evening Star	<i>Bidlake</i> 105
On Divine Poetry	<i>Hughes</i> 106
Human Frailty	<i>Cowper</i> 107
On Love of Praise	<i>Akenside</i> 108
Ode to Sleep	<i>Smollett</i> 109
Ode on Science	<i>Swift</i> 110
The Universal Prayer	<i>Pope</i> 112
The Way to Happiness	<i>Parnell</i> 115
Resignation	<i>Chatterton</i> 116
On the Deity	<i>Sheffield Duke of Buckingham</i> 118
The Garland	<i>Prior</i> 119
The Husbandman's Meditation in the Fields	<i>Anon.</i> 121
A Thought in a Garden	<i>Hughes</i> 123
The Man of Ross	<i>Pope</i> 125
On Time	<i>Milton</i> 127
Heavenly Wisdom	<i>Logan</i> 128
The Praise of the Creator	<i>Barbauld</i> 129
On Taking of Birdsnests	<i>Shenstone</i> 131
Hymn on Providence	<i>Addison</i> <i>ibid.</i>
To Wisdom	<i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> 132
The Frailty and Folly of Man	<i>Prior</i> 134
Against Cruelty to Animals	<i>Cowper</i> 135
A General Song of Praise to God	<i>Watts</i> 137
A Contemplation	<i>Langhorne</i> 138
Gratitude	<i>Addison</i> <i>ibid.</i>
The All-Seeing God	<i>Watts</i> 141

CONTENTS.

	Page
Hymn	Mrs. Rowe . 142
Address to the Deity	Young . 144
The Vanity of Wealth	Dr. Johnson . 195
A Paraphrase on Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew	Thomson . 146
Elegy to Pity	Anon . 147
To Contentment	Mavor . 149
Nothing Formed in Vain	Thomson . 151
Ode to Peace	Cowper . 152
The Twenty-fifth Chapter of Job Paraphrased	Pitt 153
A Birth-Day Thought	Anon . 155
On Eternity	Gibbons . 157
Charity	Prior . 159
The Prize of Virtue	Pope . 161
The Father and Jupiter	Gay . 163
Verses Written on the Sands at Cromer, in Nor- folk	Fratt . 165
The Snail and the Frog. A Fable.	Mavor . ibid.
Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn	Milton . 168
Verses on a Tear	Rogers . 170
A Wish	Rogers . 171

THE
NURSERY GARLAND.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How curst is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
 Their parents honours due,
 Here on this earth they long shall live,
 And live hereafter too.

WATTS.

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
 With all your heart and mind ;
 And love your neighbour as yourself ;
 Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
 Another deal with you ;
 What your're unwilling to receive,
 Be sure you never do.

WATTS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
 Receive instructions well ;
 Who hates the finner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand
To mind religion young
Grace will preserve our follow
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

WATTS.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND
SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful fight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight!

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
'Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wife will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
 Our little brawls remove :
 That as we grow to riper age,
 Our hearts may all be love.

WATTS.

 TRUE BEAUTY.

WHAT is the blooming tincture of the skin,
 To peace of mind, and harmony within?
 What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
 To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
 Can loveliness of form, or shape, or air,
 With loveliness of words or deeds compare?
 No! — those at first th' unwary heart may gain;
 But these — these only, can the heart retain.

GAY.

 SONNET,

TO CHARITY.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n sublime! thou ray of God,
 Pure essence! sprung from pure celestial love!
 Rich is the bosom grac'd with thy abode,
 And poor the wretch thy spirit fails to move.
 O fill my heart; each thought, each word controul,

And fix th' ETERNAL's stamp, His image on my
soul!

Teach me to look with candour's modest eye,
Prone to absolve, while still the last to blame:
Teach me to heave the sympathetic sigh,
And spare "the blushes of ingenuous shame."
To think no ill—to dare no cruel deed—
In one wide circle to embrace mankind,
Be this my study—this my glorious meed,
And HEAVEN must view, well pleas'd, its own re-
flected MIND.

MAYOR.

THE VIOLET.

SHELTER'D from the blight ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety's impress;
Suited to an humble station,
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest tho' the maids declare me,
May in her fantastick train,
When Pastora deigns to wear me,
Has no flow'ret half so vain. CUNNINGHAM.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
 Which in Milton's page we see;
 Flowers of Eve's embowered dwelling
 Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
 Emulate thy damask cheek;
 How the bud its sweets discloses—
 Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
 Emblems of a double kind;
 Emblems of thy fair complexion,
 Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
 Blossom, fade, and die away;
 Then pursue good sense and duty,
 Evergreens! which ne'er decay. COTTON.

ODE TO THE CUCKOW.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wand'ring thro' the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,

Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

LOGAN.

THE ANT, OR EMMET.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes?
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the
storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time:
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in
bloom,

Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall
come,

And pray that my sins be forgiven.

Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of
clay,

I may dwell in a palace in Heaven.

WATTS.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.

Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky :
A shepherd next, yon haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face ;
Then calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain ;

Plain innocence, in white array'd,
 Before thee lifts her fearless head ;
 Religion's beams around thee shine,
 And cheer thy glooms with light divine ;
 About thee sports sweet Liberty,
 And wrapt Urania sings to thee !

O! let me pierce thy secret call !
 And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
 Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
 When Meditation has her fill,
 I just may cast my careless eyes
 Where London's spiry turrets rise,
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
 Then shield me in the woods again.

THOMSON.

THE DRUM.

I HATE that Drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round :
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
 And lures from cities and from fields,
 To sell their liberty for charms
 Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms ;

And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans ;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To swell the catalogue of human woes.

SCOTT.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.

No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
'Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hand her wreaths again.

Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
 Are the fond visions of thy early day,
 'Till tyrant Passion, and corrosive Care,
 Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
 Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring;
 Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

MRS. C. SMITH.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
 The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flower,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely—too rudely, alas!
 I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,

Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
 And the tear that is wip'd, with a little address,
 May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.

COWPER.

Friendship

FRIENDSHIP. AN ODE.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heav'n,
 The noble mind's delight and pride,
 To men and angels only given,
 To all the lower world denied.

While Love, unknown among the blest,
 Parent of thousand wild desires,
 The savage and the human breast
 Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
 Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
 Thy lambent glories only beam
 Around the favorites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
 On fools and villains ne'er descends ;
 In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
 And hugs a flatterer for a friend,
 Directress of the brave and just,
 O guide us thro' Life's darksome way !
 And let the tortures of mistrust
 On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine arduous cease to glow,
 When souls to peaceful climes remove,
 What rais'd our virtues here below,
 Shall aid our happiness above. JOHNSON.

ODE TO MORNING.

HAIL, roseate Morn ! returning light !
 To thee the sable Queen of Night
 Reluctant yields her sway ;
 And as she quits the dappled skies,
 On glories, greater glories rise,
 To greet the dawning day.
 O'er tufted meads gay Flora trips,
 Arabia's spices scent her lips ;
 Her head with rose-buds crown'd :

Mild Zephyr hastes to snatch a kiss ;
And, fluttering with the transient bliss,
 Wafts fragrance all around.

The dew-drops, daughters of the morn,
With spangles every bush adorn,
 And all the broider'd vales ;
Their voice to thee the linnets raise,
The lark, soft-trilling in thy praise,
 Aurora, rising, hails !

While Nature, now in lively vest
Of glossy green, has gaily dress'd
 Each tributary plain ;
While blooming flowers, and blossom'd trees,
Soft waving with the vernal breeze,
 Exult beneath thy reign ;

Shall I, with drowfy poppies crown'd,
By sleep in silken fetters bound,
 The downy god obey ?
Ah, no ! thro' yon embowering grove,
Or winding valley, let me rove,
 And own thy chearful sway !

For short-liv'd are thy pleasing powers :
Pass but a few uncertain hours,
 And we no more shall trace

Thy dimpled cheek and brow serene;
 Or clouds may gloom the smiling scene,
 And frowns deform thy face.

So in life's youthful bloomy prime
 We sport away the fleeting time,
 Regardless of our fate;
 But by some unexpected blow,
 Our giddy follies we shall know,
 And mourn them when too late.

PENNINGTON.

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

METHINKS the world seems oddly made,
 And every thing amiss,
 A dull complaining Atheist said,
 As stretched he lay beneath the shade,
 And instanced in this.

“ Behold,” quoth he, “ that mighty thing,
 “ A pumpkin large and round,
 “ Is held but by a little string,
 “ Which upwards cannot make it spring,
 “ Nor bear it from the ground.

- ‘ While on this Oak an acorn small,
 “ So disproportion’d grows,
 ‘ That whoso’er surveys this all—
 ‘ This universal, casual ball,
 “ Its ill contrivance knows,
 ‘ My better judgment would have hung
 “ The pumpkin on the tree;
 “ And left the acorn slightly strung,
 “ ’Mong things that on the surface sprung,
 ” And weak and feeble be.”

No more the caviller could say,
 No farther faults descry;
 For upwards gazing as he lay,
 An acorn loosened from its spray
 Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o’er,
 As punish’d for the sin:
 “ Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
 “ Thy whimsies would have work’d no more,
 “ Nor skull have kept them in.”

ANON.

ODE TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life!
 Free from care, and free from strife,
 Free from Memory's ruthless reign,
 Fraught with scenes of former pain;
 Free from fancy's cruel skill,
 Fabricating future ill;
 Time, when all that meets the view,
 All can charm for all is new;
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
 Never, never to return!

Then to tofs the circling ball,
 Caught rebounding from the wall;
 Then the mimic ship to guide
 Down the kennel's dusky tide;
 Then the hoop's revolving pace
 Thro' the dirty street to chase:
 O what joy!—it once was mine,
 Childhood, matchless boon of thine!
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
 Never, never to return!

VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE tuneful choir in amorous strains,
 Accord their, feather'd loves,
 While each fond mate with equal pains
 The tender suit approves.

With cheerful hop from spray to spray,
 The sport along the meads;
 In social bliss together stray,
 Where love or fancy leads.

Thro Spring's gay scenes each happy pair
 Their flutt'ring joys pursue;
 Its various charms and produce share,
 For ever kind and true.

Their sprightly notes from every shade
 Their mutual loves proclaim;
 Till Winter's chilling blast invade,
 And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund scene declines,
 Nor woods nor meads delight,
 The drooping tribe in secret pines,
 And mourns th' unwelcome sight.

Go, blisful warbler! timely wife,
 Th' instructive moral tell;
 Nor thou their meaning lays despise,
 My charming Annabelle!

IAGO.

 THE INVOCATION.

TO MIRA.

THE fairest flower that sips the dew,
 And sheds the rich perfume,
 Than lovely Mira is less sweet,
 And less its beauteous bloom,

The rose-bud bursting into day,
 By no rude touch defil'd,
 Is not more pure than Mira's heart,
 Nor vernal suns more mild.

If, Venus, with a favoring ear
 Thou ever heardst a prayer,
 This blooming flower protect and guide
 With all a parents care!

Let no rude storm, no chilling air,
 Prevent her opening charms;
 And should a danger hover near,
 O shield her in thy arms!

So when Time ripens every grace,
And calls forth every sweet,
In her, each heart will own thy sway,
And worship at thy feet.

MAVOR.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT
TWELVE YEARS OLD.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air
On his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields of bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in Summer yield him shade,
In Winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

POPE.

 THE MORNING LARK.

ANACREONTIC.

FEATHER'd lyric! warbling high,
 Sweetly gaining on the sky,
 Op'ning with thy matin lay
 (Nature's hymn!) the eye of day,
 Teach my soul, on early wing,
 Thus to soar, and thus to sing.
 While the bloom of orient light
 Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
 May the day-spring from on high,
 Seen by Faith's religious eye,
 Cheer me with his vital ray,
 Promise of eternal day!

THOMSON.

A SUMMER EVENING.

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the
sun,

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some dropping of rain!

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his
sins,

And melts into tears: when he breaks out and
shines,

And travels his heavenly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

WATTS.

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man affign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene—
His wild unfated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And echo 'midst my native plains
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed,
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown;

And while he sung the female heart,
With Youth's soft notes, unspoil'd by Art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thought, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design;
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail;
The buskin'd mute shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

COLLINS.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TO A LADY.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
 The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
 The Winter's past, the tempests fly,
 Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;
 The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
 Salutes the gay return of Spring:
 The silver dews, the vernal showers;
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers,
 The joyous fields, the shady woods,
 Are cloth'd with green, or swell'd with buds,
 Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
 Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
 Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
 Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
 Arise, ye flowery race, arise!
 And haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
 In this sweet offspring of a day;
 That miracle of face must fail:
 Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
 Swift as the short liv'd flower they fly,
 At morn they bloom, at evening die:
 Tho' sickness yet awhile forbears,
 Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
 Now Helen lives alone in fame,
 And Cleopatra's but a name.
 Time must indent that heavenly brow,
 And thou must be, what they are now.

This Moral to the fair disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose. BROOME.

THE NARCISSUS.

AS pendent o'er the limpid stream
 I bow'd my snowy pride,
 And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
 For what the Fates deny'd;
 The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
 With such an angel air,
 I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
 And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine,
 A self admiring sweet,
 Permit me, by your grace divine,
 To kiss the fair-one's feet,

That if by chance the gentle maid
 My fragrance should admire,
 I may, upon her bosom laid,
 In sister's sweets expire.

CUNNINGHAM.

 ON A SHADOW.

AN ODE.

HOW are deluded human kind

By empty shows betray'd?
 In all their hopes and schemes they find
 A nothing, or a shade.

The prospects of a truncheon cast

A soldier on the wars;
 Dismiss'd with shatter'd limbs at last,
 Brats, poverty, and scars.

The fond philosopher for gain

Will leave unturn'd no stone;

But tho' they toil with endless pain,
They never find their own.

By the same rock the chemists drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready spirit down,
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care ?

In hopes elate and swelling,
He builds his castles in the air,
Yet wants an house to dwell in.

At court, the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitless toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a smile.

How to philosophers will sound

So strange a truth display'd ?
There's not a substance to be found,
" But every where a shade."

PITT.

ODE TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And fought'st thy native skies;
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His fullen shrines to burn;
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbind!
O rise and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train;
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike honour led!

And while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed !

COLLINS.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

WHAT Nature, alas ! has denied
 To the delicate growth of our Isle,
 Art has in a measure supplied,
 And Winter is deck'd with a smile.

See, Mary, what beauties I bring
 From the shelter of that sunny shed,
 Where the flow'rs have the charms of the Spring,
 Tho' abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
 Where FLORA is still in her prime,
 A fortress to which she retreats
 From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
 The pinks are as fresh and as gay,
 As the fairest and sweetest that blow
 On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely surviv'd,
 The frowns of a sky so severe ;
 Such Mary's true love that has lived
 Thro' many a turbulent year.

The charms of the late blowing rose
 Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
 And the winter of sorrow but shews
 The truth of a friend such as you.

COWPER.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the
 grove ;

'Twas then. by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,
 A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began :
 Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd,
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

“ Ah ! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 “ Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ;

- “ For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow ;
“ And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
“ Yet, if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay !
“ Mourn, sweetest companion, man calls thee to
 mourn ;
“ O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass
 away !
“ Full quickly they pass—but they never return !
“ Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
“ The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays ;
“ But lately I mark’d, when majestic on high,
“ She shone, and the planets were lost in the
 blaze.
“ Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
“ The path that conducts thee to splendor again :
“ But man’s faded glory no change shall renew :
“ Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !
“ ’Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no
 more :
“ I mourn ; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not
 for you ;
“ For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
“ Perfum’d with fresh fragrance, and glitt’ring
 with dew.

- “ Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
 “ Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save :
 “ But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 “ O when shall it dawn on the night of the
 grave !”

BEATTIE.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW- WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
 The lily and the blushing rose,
 From public view her charms will screen,
 And rarely in the crowd be seen ;
 This simple truth shall keep her wise,
 The fairest fruits attract the flies !

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
 Cried, “ Sure there never was in nature
 So elegant, so fine a creature !
 All other insects that I see,
 The frugal and industrious bee,
 Or silk-worm, with contempt I view ;
 With all that low, mechanic crew,

Who fervilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only was I born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and shine:
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire."

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

"Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain;
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns."

MOORE.

HYMN TO PROSPERITY.

CELESTIAL maid, receive this pray'r!

If e'er thy beam divine
Should gild the brow of toiling Care,
And bless a hut like mine.

Let humble Worth, without a fear,
Approach my ready door;
Nor let me ever see a tear,
Regardless, from the poor!

O bless me with an honest mind,
Above all selfish ends;
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

With conscious truth and honour still
My actions let me guide;
And give no fear but that of ill,
No scorn but that of pride.

Thus form'd, thus happy, let me dare
On Heav'n's dread King to gaze;
Conclude my night in ardent pray'r,
And wake my morn with praise:

That hence my soul may hope to prove
 The utmost fairs can know;
 And share his gracious smile above,
 Whose laws she kept below.

MISS S. CARTER.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire,
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring;

Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale!
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daifies in the dewy vale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn,
Ere the harvest hopes are ripe,
Anxious hears the huntsmen's horn,
Boldly founding drown his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows,
Dropping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
 Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
 Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd, serene, and still!
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
 'Till the fresh descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill, the hedge is green,
 Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
 Blithsome is the verdant-scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
 Free—(the furrow'd task is done)
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill,
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)]
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking thro' a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs,

To the banks, a ruffled tide
 Verges in successive rings.

Tripping thro' the silken grass,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
 With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
 And the cuckoo bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting sun adieu.

CUNNINGHAM.

A FEMALE CHARACTER.

HER kindly melting heart,
 To every want and every woe;
 To guilt itself, when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 As she the common mother were of all.

Nor only good, and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind :
A spirit, that with noble pride,
 Could look superior down
 On fortune's smile, or frown ;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice,
Or Interest's or Ambition's highest prize ;
That, injur'd or offended, never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain
A Wit that temperately bright,
With inoffensive light,
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past
The decent bounds, that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty before it cast,
A prudence, undeceiving, undeceiv'd ;
That nor too little, nor too much believ'd :
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.

LYTTELTON.

LIFE.

O WHY do wretched men so much desire
 To draw their days unto the utmost date,
 And do not rather wish them soon expire,
 Knowing the misery of their estate,
 And thousand perils which them still await,
 Tossing themselves like boat amid the main,
 That every hour they knock at death's gate ?
 And he that happy seems, and least in pain,
 Is yet as nigh his end, as he that most doth 'plain.

The whiles some one did chaunt their lovely lay,
 Ah see, who so fair thing dost fain to see,
 In springing flower the image of thy day ;
 All see thy virgin rose how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems, the less you see her may ;
 Lo ! see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
 Lo ! see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
 Of mortal Life the leaf, the bud, the flower,

No more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was fought to deck both bed and
bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour ;
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be, without a
crime.

SPENSER.

ODE TO GOOD-NATURE.

HAIL, Cherub of the highest heav'n,
Of look divine, and temper even,
Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien,
Of every virtue, every praise the queen !

Soft gratefulness, and blooming youth,
Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
And great Humility looks down on Pride.

Oh! curse on Slander's vip'rous tongue,
That daily dares thy merit wrong ;
Idiots usurp thy title and thy fame,
Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
 Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
 Life idly inoffensive such a grace,
 That it should steal thy name, and take thy place?

No—thou art active, spirit all,
 Swifter than lightning, at the call
 Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
 And large with liberality thy heart.

Thy appetites in easy tides
 (As Reason's luminary guides)
 Soft, slow, no wind can work them to a storm,
 Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet, if a transport thou canst feel,
 'Tis only for a neighbour's weal;
 Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
 And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
 Averse to envy, slow to blame,
 Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free,
 From flattery's fawning tongue, and bending knee.

Extensive, as from west to east,
 Thy love descends from man to beast,

Nought is excluded little or infirm,
Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms,
(For oh! I love thee,) to my arms:

All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall existence then be life indeed.

SMART.

ODE, ON HEARING MUSIC.

YON organ! hark! how soft, how sweet,
The warbling notes in concert meet?

The sound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
Gild jas'mine groves, and chrystal streams,
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,

Where grapes depress the vines;
Where, on the bank with roses gay,
Love, Innocence, and Pleasure play,
And Beauty's form reclines.

Now different tones and measures flow,
And gravely deep, and sadly slow,
 Involve the mind in gloom ;
I seem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of Pain,
 Or leaning o'er the tomb :

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,
 I pitying seem to stray :
Methinks I watch his cradle near,
Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
 And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouse and elevate the soul
 O'er earth and all its care ;
I seem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs responsive strains,
 And in their raptures share.

SCOTT.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

AN ODE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!

Quit, O quit this mortal frame:

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,

Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,

Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite?

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath!

Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes; it disappears!

Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O Grave! where is thy victory?

O Death! where is thy sting?

POPE.

WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

YE sacred tomes, be my unerring guide,
 Dove-hearted fairs, and prophets eagle-ey'd!
 I scorn the moral fop, and ethic sage,
 But drink in truth from your illumin'd page:
 Like Moses' bush, each leaf divinely bright,
 Where God invests himself in milder light!
 Taught by your doctrines, we devoutly rise,
 Faith points the way, and hope unbars the skies:
 You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,
 And sink the body, but to raise the soul;—
 To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,
 Nor want an angel to direct the way!

THOMSON.

 HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

FROM the red wave, rising bright,
 Lift on high thy golden head;
 O'er the misty mountains spread
 Thy smiling rays of orient light!
 See the golden God appear!
 Flies the fiend of darkness drear;
 Flies, and in her gloomy train,
 Sable Grief, and Care, and Pain!

See the golden God advance!
 On Taurus' heights his courfers prance:
 With him haste the vernal hours,
 Breathing sweets, and dropping flowers,
 Laughing Summer at his side,
 Waves her locks in rosy pride;
 And Autumn bland, with aspect kind,
 Bears his golden sheaf behind.
 O haste, and spread the purple day
 O'er all the wide ethereal way!
 Nature mourns at thy delay:
 God of Glory, haste away!
 From the red wave rising bright,
 Lift on high thy golden head;
 O'er the misty mountains spread
 Thy smiling rays of orient light!

LANGHORNE.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,

From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies;
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!

Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee!
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound;
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its straiten'd channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into Eternity.

For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Tenthousand thousand rolling years are nought.

GAY.

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
Meet and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.

Let a broad stream with golden sands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.

He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,

And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.

So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Cræsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be,
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Cræsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

WATTS.

REPUTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

TO travel far as the wide world extends,
Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,

Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

As they went on in their intended round,
Talent spoke first, "My gentle comrades, say,
"Where each of you may probably be found,
"Should accident divide us on the way.

"If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,
"A friendly patronage I hope to find,
"Where the fine arts from cultivation rise,
"And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind."

Says Virtue, "Did Sincerity appear,
"Or meek-ey'd Charity among the great;
"Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
" 'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

"Could I find patriots for the public weal
"Assiduous, and without their selfish crews;
"Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
" 'Tis among these my residence I'd choose.

"In glitt'ring domes let luxury reside,
"I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
"Far from the paths of avarice or pride,
"Where home-bred Happiness delights to dwell."

- “ Ye may be trac’d, my gentle friends, ’tis true ;
 “ But who (says Reputation) can explore
 “ My slipp’ry steps ?—Keep, keep me in your view ;
 “ If once I’m lost, you’ll never find me more.”

CUNNINGHAM.

INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
 Fresh verdure decks the grove ;
 Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
 And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
 And shun the noon-tide heat ;
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
 My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
 Or weave the mossy nest ;
 Here rove and sing the live-long day,
 At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool, translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve:

O let me thus your friendship bribe I
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have pick'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made
Our mutual int'rest guard;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.

GRAVES.

THE RAVEN: A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted,
Her chickens prematurely counted,
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same,)
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day;
'Twas April, as the bunnicks say:
But suddenly a wind, as high
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,

And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
 Left the rude blast should snap the bough,
 And spread her golden hopes below.

But just at eve, the blowing weather,
 And all her fears, were hush'd together;
 "And now (quoth poor unthinking Ralph)
 "'Tis over, and the brood is safe."

(For Ravens, tho' as birds of omen,
 They teach both conj'rors and old women
 To tell us what is to befall,
 Can't prophesy themselves at all.)
 The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
 Who long had mark'd his airy lodge,
 And destin'd all the treasure there
 A gift to his expecting fair,
 Clim'd, like a squirrel to his prey,
 And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures,
 In every change, both mine and your's,
 Safety consists not in escape
 From dangers of a frightful shape:
 An earthquake may be bid to spare
 The man that's strangl'd by a hair,

Fate steals along with silent tread,
 Found oft'nest in what least we dread;
 Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
 But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

COWPER.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

POETS still in graceful numbers

May the glowing roses chuse
 But the Snow-drop's simple beauty
 Better suits an humble muse.

Earliest bud that decks the garden,
 Fairest of the fragrant race,
 First-born child of vernal Flora,
 Seeking mild thy lowly place.

Tho' no warm, nor murm'ring zephyr,
 Fan thy leaves with balmy wing;
 Pleas'd, we hail thee, spotless blossom,
 Herald of the infant Spring.

Thro' the cold and cheerless season,
 Soft thy tender form expands,
 Safe in un aspiring graces,
 Foremost of the bloomy bands.

White-rob'd flower, in lonely beauty,
Rising from a wintry bed;
Chilling winds and blasts ungenial
Rudely threat'ning round thy head.

Silvery bud, thy pensile foliage
Seems the angry blast to fear;
Yet secure, thy tender texture
Ornaments the rising year.

No warm tints, or vivid colouring,
Paints thy bells with gaudy pride;
Mildly charm'd, we seek thy fragrance,
Where no thorns insidious hide.

'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty
To attract the roving sight;
Nature, from her varied wardrobe
Chose thy vest of purest white.

White, as falls the fleecy shower,
Thy soft form in sweetness grows;
Not more fair the valley's treasure,
Not more sweet her lily blows.

Drooping harbinger of Flora,
Simply are thy blossoms drest;

Artless as the gentle virtues,
Mansion'd in the blameless breast.

When to pure and timid virtue
Friendship twine's a votive wreath,
O'er the fair selected garland
Thou thy perfume soft shalt breathe.

SYBILLA.

THE DEBTOR.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless Despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear;
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear:

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born;
The hand of pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah! how quick the change! the morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human blifs below!
Fond Hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears;
Till, unforeseen, descends the blight of Woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted; (who from fault is ever free!)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid?
To whom the ruins of my state commend?
Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend!

E'en he, amid the rest, the favor'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred wreath that Hymen wove;

While pale-eye'd Avarice, from his fordid stand
 Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected Love.

Tho' deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride,
 She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art;
 And faintly strove, with sickly smiles to hide
 The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty, nor wish'd to hate
 Whom once she lov'd, but pitied, and forgave!
 Then, unrepining, yielded to her fate,
 And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r,
 O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
 Let not the hand of comfortless despair
 Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb.

MORE.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

FOUND IN A TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN
 CONFINED ALL NIGHT.

OH! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
 For liberty that sighs;
 And never let thine heart be shut
 Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

O! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;

Cast's round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still shifts thro' matter's various forms,
In every form the same:

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble, lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be all of life we share;
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heart-felt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share;
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

MRS. BARBAULD.

FRIENDSHIP.

DISTILL'D amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till noticed by approaching light,
It glitters in the simile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble power
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's fable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Tho' pity shows her dawn from Heaven,
When kind she points assistance near:
To Friendship's sun alone 'tis given,
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

PENROSE.

ODE TO TRUTH.

TRUTH, fairest virgin of the sky,
With robes of light, and beaming eye,
And temples crown'd with day;

O thou, of all the cherub choir,
 Best skill'd to wake the sweetest lyre,
 And chaunt the softest lay.

By him, * who, 'midst his country's tears,
 Undaunted heard warm Friendship's fears,
 And smil'd at racks and death;
 By Persia's† turban'd heroes bold,
 By all the Spartan chiefs of old,
 That bow'd thy shrine beneath;

By holy Virtue's vestal flame,
 By laurell'd honour's splendid name,
 And cheek bedimpled love;
 O lift from thy majestic head
 The veil that, o'er its tresses spread,
 Thy fairy fingers wove!

Thee, chaste Religion's virgin breast,
 And Hope with fair unruffled vest,
 Their lovely sister hail;
 Simplicity, with lili'd crown,
 And Innocence, untaught to frown,
 And Peace that loves the vale.

* Regulus.

† “To ride, to shoot with the arrow, and to speak truth,”
 were the three principal studies of the Persian youths.

The demon that usurps thy day,
And casts upon its blenish'd ray
The poison of his tongue;
O bid him from thy dazzling sight
Shrink back into eternal night,
His kindred fiends among!

And in the horrors of his strain,
Let Discord seek his yelling reign,
Nor haunt thy paths serene;
While Guilt on ev'ry fullen wind
Starts pale, and trembling from behind,
His wild and wizard mien.

Then o'er thy flow'r-enamell'd way,
In ev'ry guileless frolic gay,
Shall sport poetic youth;
While Britain, raptur'd at the sound,
Shouts to her echoing shores around,
Peace, Liberty, and Truth.

HUNT.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE's not the happy man, to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,

And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes :
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounties of the year ;
Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the Spring,
Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing,
For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines ;
From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores :
Whose Winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce fails ;
When yielding crowds attend and pleasure serves,
While youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves,
Ee'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
Can make the happy man, without the Mind ;
Where judgment sits, clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason, with unerring gaze ;
Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer scenes and bolder figures rise ;
Where social love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand ;
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.
Nor canst thou, Doddington, this truth decline,
Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

THOMPSON.

CONTENT. A PASTORAL.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and
bare,

As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,

And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on her floor:

Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,

And deck'd the sod-seats at her door.

We fate ourselves down to a cooling repast,

Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;

While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast!

I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)

"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,

"But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine."

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,

So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!

I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,

And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale
 And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

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

ADDISON.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BEHOLD, yon new-born infant, griev'd
 With hunger, thirst, and pain,
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
 It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in it's bosom rise,
And speak it's nature—Man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of Sin's transmissive pow'r!)
That infant, Lord! am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Tho' long in years mature,
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what it's cure.

Author of Good! to thee I turn:
Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And O! by Error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will,
 Preposterous, shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply :
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant ;
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

MERRICK.

INSCRIPTION FOR A RILL.

AH! not in vain we silver rills
 From mossy fountains flow :
 Who brawling down the vocal hills,
 Leave mortals as we go.

Pictur'd in us, may mortals see,
 In our incessant strife,
 The toils of drear obscurity—
 The toils of mortal life.

Fast, fast we run, ne'er to return,
Like time that ever flies ;
Thy fate with us, O man ! then mourn,
And mourning be thou wise.

Tho' fretting on, our course we gain,
Like poor contentious pride,
Yet all our toil is not in vain,
We swell the river's tide.

From us, lone travellers of the dale,
O be it understood,
How e'en the lowliest in life's vale
May aid the common good !

BIDLAKE.

HYMN FOR MORNING,

SEE the star that leads the day,
Rising shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below ;
And warn us early with the light,
To leave the beds of silent night ;

From an heart sincere and sound
From its very deepeſt ground :
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the ſky.
See the time for ſleep has run,
Riſe before, or with the ſun :
Liſt thy hands, and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day ;
That, as the light, ſerenely fair,
Illustrates all the traſts of air ;
The ſacred ſpirit ſo may reſt,
With quickening beams upon thy breaſt ;
And kindly clear it all within,
From darker blemiſhes of ſin ;
And ſhine with grace, until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.

See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care :
From the lap of Night it ſprings,
With heaps of buſineſs on its wings ;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows ſubmiſſively reſign'd ;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.

And whether, with a ſmall repaſt,
We break the ſober morning faſt ;

Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day ;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business with industrious feet :
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.

O, Giver of Eternal Bliss,
Grant, heavenly Father! grant me this ;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee ;
Who revere thy son above,
Who thy sacred spirit love.

PARNELL.

HYMN FOR NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky ;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father ! also with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,

And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade;
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passions rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky,
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that and leave it there;
And soar with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light.
Thus while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my soul I send my prayer,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, for whose propitious sway
The world was taught to see the day;
Who spake the word, and earth begun,
And shew'd its beauties in the sun;

With pleasure I thy creatures view,
And would with good affection too;
Good affection sweetly free,
Loose from them, and move to thee;
O! teach me due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live;
And then my days shall shine the more,
Or pass more blessed than before.

PARNELL.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

THE beam repelling mists arise,
And Evening spreads obscurer skies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the God of Glory now,
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes;
Which make the weary members blest,
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
Or whether spirits in the brain
Dispel their soft embrace again;

And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forsake me too;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again the new-born light;
His wond'rous bounty let me find,
With still a more enlighten'd mind;
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God and love from me;
Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
Love that steals it in desire:
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the moon and every star,
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me blest,
By kindly granting its request;
If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy
Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

PARNELL.

TO MY SOUL.

FROM CHAUCER.

FAR from mankind, my weary soul retire,
Still follow truth, contentment still desire.
Who climbs on high, at best his weakness shews,
Who rolls in riches, all to Fortune owes.
Read well thyself, and mark thy early ways,
Vain is the Muse, and Envy waits on Praise.

Wav'ring as winds the breath of fortune blows,
No power can turn it, and no pray'rs compose.
Deep in some hermit's solitary cell,
Repose, and ease, and contemplation dwell.
Let conscience guide thee in the days of need;
Judge well thy own, and then thy neighbour's deed.

What Heav'n bestows with thankful eyes receive;
First ask thy heart, and then thro' faith believe.
Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome way,
Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.
"Who wrestles in this world, receives a fall;
"Look up on high, and thank thy God for all!"

HARTE.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every pious mind,
 Come pour thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
 Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command;
 Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st the gift with eloquence.

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
 But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
 Submit the senses to the soul;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruits of love, bestow;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practice all that we believe:
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

DRYDEN.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

HOW doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,

And gather honey all the day.

From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!

How neat she spreads the wax!

And labours hard to store it well

With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,

I would be busy too;

For Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,

Let my first years be past,

That I may give for every day

Some good account at last.

WATTS.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A
THUNDER STORM.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,

To shelt'ring caverns fly,

And justly dread the vengeful fate

That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.

Through Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend;

And delegated angels round
 Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creation's vast expanse
 The last dread thunders roll,
 Untune the concord of the spheres,
 And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
 Of jarring worlds survey,
 That ushers in the glad serene
 Of everlasting day!

MISS CARTER.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 door;
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from the road;

For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humble shed.

O! take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb!
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine—
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage ;
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
 Moss.

MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
 Mirth and Youth, and warm Desire:
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 Welcome thee, and wish thee long. MILTON.

ODE TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye ;
O seldom found, yet ever nigh,
Receive my temp'rate vow :

Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come in simplest vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight ;
Thy mien compos'd; thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit-cell ;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity, in attic vest,
And innocence, with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye ;

And Hope, who points to distant years,
 Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears,
 A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
 The temp'rate joys in even tide,
 That rarely ebb or flow ;
 And Patience there, thy sister meek,
 Presents her mild unvarying cheek,
 To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage,
 A tyrant master's wanton rage
 With settled smiles to meet :
 Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
 He bow'd his meek submitted head,
 And kiss'd thy fainted feet.

But thou, O nymph, retir'd and coy !
 In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
 To tell thy tender tale ?
 The lowliest children of the ground,
 Moss-rose, and violet blossom round,
 And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway!
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day?

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid?
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice,
Low whisp'ring thro' the shade.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE GARDEN WINDOW.

HERE, Amanda, gently bending,
Sweetly pensive, loves to lean
O'er the groves, her sight extending
Thro' the walks that shoot between.

Plac'd, says she, within this window
Screen'd, I distant charms survey,

Taught by poor, deceiv'd Olindo,
Nothing's safe that looks too gay.

Here, I view, in soften'd shadings,
Am'rous flow'r to flow'r incline,
Too remote to mourn their fadings,
When with hanging heads they pine.

Here I smell the fragrant breezes,
Safe from evening's chilly blast ;
Here the noon-day sun-shine pleases,
Fearless when 'twill overcast.

Hence I hear the tempest rising,
See the grove's greatness shake,
Ev'ry distant ill despising,
While I every good partake.

So commanding Life's gay garden,
Let me thornless wear the rose ;
Choice like mine let Fashion pardon,
Tasting charms, but shunning woes.

HILL.

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say!
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow!
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and pro-
mises,
The currency of ideots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor! To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar,
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's Child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend, arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales;
And tho' their flight be silent, and their path track-
less
As the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly—

Because, tho' station'd on th' important watch,
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless centinel,
 Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
 And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
 For every fugitive: and when thou thus
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
 Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings:
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more pre-
 cious

Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!
 O! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
 The good old patriarch upon record,
 Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

COTTON.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
 O'er Nature's soft repose;
 No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
 Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to Reason's voice,
Attends each mental pow'r;
Come, dear Amelia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come, while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round,
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

Does it amid the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell;
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And, thro' the cloister's deep recess,
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain, thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;

It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds :
Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit
Of visionary minds !

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
Of power supremely wise,
Who fancy Happiness in ought
The Hand of Heaven denies !

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious Reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd ;
And, deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

THE ROSE.

HOW fair is the rose! what a beautiful flow'r!

The Glory of April and May!

But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field:

When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
lost,

Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,

Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose:

But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;

But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

WATTS.

ODE TO SPRING.

YOUTH of the year, delightful Spring!
Thy blest return on genial wing
Inspires my languid lays :
No more I sleep in sloth supine,
When all creation at thy shrine
Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd from Winter's freezing pow'r,
Each blossom greets thee, and each flow'r ;
And, foremost of the train,
By Nature, artless handmaid, drest,
The snow-drop comes in lily'd vest,
Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now strains her tuneful throat,
And ev'ry loud and sprightly note
Calls echo from his cell :
Be warn'd, ye maids, that listen round,
A beauteous nymph became a sound—
The nymph who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd sun, with warmth benign,
Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine,
Their infant buds display :

Again the streams refresh the plains,
Which Winter bound in icy chains,
And sparkling blefs his ray.

Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamell'd ground,
With Nature's varied hue;
Not so returns our youth decay'd,
Alas! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
The springs of life renew!

The sun's too quick revolving beam
Apace dissolves the human dream,
And brings th' appointed hour;
Too late we catch the parting ray,
And mourn the idly wasted day
No longer in our power.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd sight
Pursues, by virtue's constant light,
A hope beyond the skies;
Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
And suns eternal rise.

MISS CARTER.

THE PRISON.

O, WELCOME Debtor ! in these walls,
Thy cares, and joys, and loves forego ;
Approach ; a brother Debtor calls,
And join the family of Woe !

Did Fortune with her frowning brow
Thy late and early toils withstand ?
Or Slander strike the fatal blow,
Or griping Us'ry's iron hand ?

Say, does a wife, to want consign'd,
While weeping babes surround her bed,
Peep thro' and see the fetters bind
Those hands, that earn'd their daily bread ?

Does she in vain, on knees that bend,
The marble heart of Wealth implore ?
Breathless pursue some flying friend,
Or beat in vain the closing door ?

Look up, and share our scanty meal ;
For us some brighter hours may flow ;
Some angel break these bolts of steel,
For Howard marks and feels our woe.

DARWIN.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT eye of pensive Eve ! resplendent orb,
That o'er the misty mountains shinnest clear ;
Like a rich gem,
Upon an Æthiop's brow !

Thy lamp serene, my now benighted steps
Direct to that blest spot where dwells my fair,
Twin rivals who can boast
More bright, more pure than thee.

For not thy lovely light, that kindly cheers
The fullen frown of unpropitious Night,
Is half so sweet as truth,
That beams in beauty's eyes.

Not all the little waking elves, that rise
From out their rosy bowers of velvet buds,
Where they had slept the day,
To dance thy rays beneath,

Feel such delight as does this breast, when thou
With radiant lustre shew'st the happy hour,
That leads from scenes of care
To still domestic bliss.

ON DIVINE POETRY.

IN Nature's golden Age, when new-born Day,
 Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay;
 When God with pleasure all his works survey'd,
 And virgin Innocence before him play'd,
 In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
 The Muse, by Heaven inspir'd, began to sing:
 Descending angels in harmonious lays,
 Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
 Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
 The Muse's loss, since Eden was no more.
 When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
 Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astræa fled,
 And sought protection in her native sky;
 In vain the heathen Nine her absence would supply.
 Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone
 In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
 Hence learn'd the Bard, in lofty strains to tell
 How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell;
 And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
 Thro' parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise:
 She gave the rapt rous ode, whose ardent lay,
 Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sifera;
 She tun'd to pious notes the Psalmist's lyre,
 And filled Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's
 fire!

HUGHES.

HUMAN FRAILITY.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well-bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain !
But Passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part,
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise,
Thro' all his art we view ;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

OF all the springs within the mind,
 Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
 From none more pleasing aid we find,
 Than from the genuine love of praise.

Nor any partial, private end,
 Such rev'rence to the public bears;
 Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
 So like to Virtue's self appears.

For who in glory can delight,
 Without delight in glorious deeds?
 What man a charming voice can slight,
 Who courts the echo that succeeds?

But not the echo on the voice
 More, than on Virtue, praise depends;

To which, of course, its real price,
The judgment of the praiser lends.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which in character the same,
Tho' in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that foul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

AKENSIDE.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SOFT sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod!
Extend thy silent soothing sway,
And charm the canker Care away.

L

Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy ;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king :
The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train.
Or should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace ;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
Rich Industry with toil embrown'd,
Content, with brow serenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

SMOLLETT.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH! heavenly-born! in deepest cells
If fairest Science ever dwells
Beneath the mossy cave ;
Indulge the verdure of the woods ;
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave.

For melancholy ever reigns,
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
 With scientific light,
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
 Tho' wrapt from mortal fight.

Yet goddesses, yet the way explore,
With magic rites and heathen lore
 Obstructed and depress'd;
Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine
Untaught, not uninspir'd to shine,
 By Reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
 Of mad Opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws,
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause,
 That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
Or bid an hundred sons be born,
 To hecatomb the year;

Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
 In vain the Zodiac system rolls,
 In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
 Bring swift Philosophy along
 In metaphysic dreams ;
 While raptur'd bards no more behold
 A vernal age of purer gold,
 In Heliconian streams.

SWIFT.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By faint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great First Cause, least understood ;
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind :

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;

And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away,
For God is paid when man receives—
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done:

To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

POPE.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

HOW long, ye miserable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the Passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight?
No more in paths of error stray,
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Should men seek happiness, but there!
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itself below;
And he, that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul, that's sick, be clean,
To bring the lost to life again;
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,

So kind a love his mercies shew,
 So kind, and more extremely so.
 Thrice happy men! (or find a phrase
 That speaks your bliss with greater graife)
 Who most obedient to thy call,
 Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
 With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
 O sweetest Jesu! to be thine.
 Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
 And in thy service spend their days:
 Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
 But bring them closer still to thee.

PARNELL.

RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunders shake the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
 To thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in' thy justice praise.

Thy mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill—
 But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom ought but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain,
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still—
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' Inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,

Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals.

CHATTERTON.

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both strength and
skill,

Dext'rous at nothing but at doing ill!
In merit humble, in pretensions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind: tho' still I worthless thought
The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humble mind,
Within my soul such strong impulse I find
The heavenly tribute of due praise to pay:
Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey.

Yet such the subject, various, and so high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundless power!
And that as boundless goodness shining more!
All these so numberless my thoughts attend,
Oh, where shall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know the more,
Let me in silent reverence adore;
Wishing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling thee!

SHEFFIELD DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odour lost, their colours past;

She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her Garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense, distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek:

Dissembling what I knew too well,
"My love, my life," said I, "explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell;
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely Moralist said;
"See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made!

"Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one!
At morn both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

“ Such as he is, who died to day;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe’s sorrow.”

PRIOR.

THE HUSBANDMAN’S MEDITATION IN
THE FIELDS.

WITH toilſome ſteps when I purſue,
O’er breaking clods, the ploughſhare’s way,
Lord, teach my mental eye to view
My native diſſoluble clay.

And when with ſeed I ſrew the earth,
To thee all praiſes let me give,
Whoſe hands prepar’d me for the birth,
Whoſe breath inform’d, and bade me live.

Pleas’d I behold the ſtately ſtem,
Support his bearded honour’s load;
Thus, Lord, ſuſtain’d by thee I came
To manhood, thro’ youth’s dangerous road.

Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
Nor leave one baneful root behind.

When blight destroys the opening ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,
Warns me to shun, with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly latent foe.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's sickle yields;
And I beneath Death's scythe must drop,
And soon or late forfake these fields.

When future crops, in silent hoards,
Sleep for awhile, to service dead;
Thy emblem this, Oh Grave! affords
The path of life, which all must tread.

ANON.

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

DELIGHTFUL mansion! blest retreat,
Where all is silent, all is sweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muse more sweetly sings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers,
Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears.
Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves
Thro' airy walks, and museful groves;
Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and see!
In this Elysium while I stray,
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright;
Time steals away, and sooths his flight,
And Thought's bewilder'd in delight. }
Where are the crowds I saw of late?
What are those tales of Europe's fate?
Of marching armies, distant wars;
Of factions and domestic jars?
Sure these are last night's dreams, no more;
Or some romance, read lately o'er;

Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to destroy
Priam's proud House, the Dardan name,
With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
And to possess another's right,
Durst the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle sleep, my eye-lids close,
These dull impressions help me lose;
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to soothe my mind;
Or waking let me learn to live;
The prospect will instruction give.
For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
Such let my life's smooth current be,
Till from Time's narrow shore set free,
It mingle with th' eternal sea;
And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

HUGHES.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

—ALL our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the man of Ross;
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost.
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that Heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-House, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick; the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.

Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an useles race.

Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This Man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little stars? hide your diminish'd rays.

And what! no monument, inscription, stone,
His race, his form, his name almost unknown!
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

POPE.

ON TIME.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross ;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kifs ;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine,
About the supreme throne
Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O
Time.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds in view
A length of happy years,
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence,
In Pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

LOGAN.

THE PRAISE OF THE CREATOR.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews ;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ;

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours,
From her rich, o'erflowing stores :

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear,
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :

Yet, to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee——for thyself alone.

BARBAULD.

ON TAKING OF BIRDSNESTS.

I HAVE found out a gift for my Fair,
I have found where the Wood-Pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear !
She will fay 'tis a barbarous deed.

He ne'er can be true, she averr'd,
Who can rob a poor bird of its young ;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

SHENSTONE.

HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

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

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;

To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

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

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

ADDISON.

TO WISDOM.

O WISDOM! if thy soft controul
 Can soothe the sickness of the soul,
 Can bid the warring passions cease,
 And breathe the calm of tender peace;

Wisdom ! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'st with frown austere
To nurse the brood of care and fear ;
To bid our sweetest passions die,
And leave us in their room a sigh ;
Or if thine aspect stern have pow'r
To wither each poor transient flow'r
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the springs whence hope should
flow ;

Wisdom, thine empire I disclaim,
Thou empty boast of pompous name !
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,
But never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to pleasure's frolic train !
Hail to fancy's golden reign !
Festive mirth, and laughter wild,
Free and sportful as the child !
Hope with eager sparkling eyes,
And easy faith, and fond surprise !
Let these, in fairy colours dress'd,
For ever share my careless breast :
Then, tho' wise I may not be,
The wise themselves shall envy me.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE FRAILTY AND FOLLY OF MAN.

GREAT Heav'n ! how frail thy creature man is
made !

How by himself insensibly betray'd !
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r ;
And, by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flow'ry brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way :
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind :
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll ;
Till the strong gusts of raging passions rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies ;
And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn :
Round our devoted heads the billows beat ;
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands re-
treat.

AGAINST CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine
sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man

Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

An inadvertent step may crush the snail,

That crawls at evening in the public path ;

But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,

Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,

And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes

A visitor unwelcome into scenes

Sacred to neatness and repose—th' alcove,

The chamber, or refectory, may die.

A necessary act incurs no blame.

Not so, when held within their proper bounds,

And guiltless of offence, they range the air,

Or take their pastime in the spacious field :

There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts

Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong ;

Disturbs th' œconomy of Nature's realm,

Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.

The sum is this ;—if man's convenience, health,

Or safety, 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 sovereign Wisdom, made them all.

Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-tide of our years
Is soon dishonour'd, and defil'd, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxurious growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.

Mercy to him that shews it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves, in pard'ning guilty man:
And he that shews none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

COWPER.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?

How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will !
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy strain,
And my first off'rings bring ;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys ;
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

A CONTEMPLATION.

O NATURE! grateful for the gifts of mind,
 Duteous, I bend before thy holy shrine:
 To other hands be Fortune's goods assign'd,
 And thou, more bounteous, grant me only thine.

Bring gentlest Love, bring Fancy to my breast;
 And if wild Genius, in his devious way,
 Would sometimes deign to be my evening guest,
 Or near my lone shade not unkindly stray;

I ask no more! for happier gifts than these,
 The sufferer, man, was never born to prove,
 But may my soul eternal slumbers seize,
 If lost to Genius, Fancy, and to Love!

LANGHORNE.

 GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When, in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;

And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly blifs,
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least, a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Thro' all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! Eternity's too short,
To utter all thy Praise.

ADDISON.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

Here's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful Book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look:

Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt ;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And write down every fault.

WATTS.

HYMN.

THOU didst, O mighty God ! exist
Ere time began its race ;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space ;
Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd :

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd ;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd ;

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun ;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun ;

Ere through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung ;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Ecstatic anthems sung :

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name ;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of Life !
Thy glory, was the same.

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

When from her orb the moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
 And all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake;

For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From agitation free,
 Unchang'd in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

MRS. ROWE.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

© THOU great arbiter of life and death!
 Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!
 Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow;
 To drink the spirit of the golden day;
 And triumph in existence; and couldst know
 No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown.

I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;
Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs !
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee !

YOUNG.

THE VANITY OF WEALTH.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Av'rice painful vigils keep ;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more :
O ! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys !
To purchase Heav'n has gold the pow'r ?
Can gold remove the mortal hour ?
In life can Love be bought with gold ?
Are Friendship's pleasures to be sold ?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair Virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind ;
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

DR. JOHNSON.

A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE SIXTH
CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
 And o'er my cheeks descends the falling tear;
 While all my warring passions are at strife,
 Oh! let me listen to the words of life!
 Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
 And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
 "Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
 Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
 While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
 And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
 Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
 And the fair body its investing weed?
 Behold! and look away your low despair—
 See the light tenants of the barren air:
 To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong;
 Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song;
 Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
 On the least wing that flits along the sky.
 To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain;
 To him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign;
 Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain;

He hears the gay, and the distressful call;
And with unsparing bounty fills them all."

"Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;
Observe the various vegetable race:
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow;
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they
glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!"

"If, ceaseless, thus, the fowls of heav'n he feeds;
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?"

THOMSON.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely Pow'er! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress:
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare:

Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play ;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies ;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with
me,
To spring the partridge from the guileless foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And Nature droops beneath the conquering
gleam,
Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart ;
Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,

To Misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping Age.

So when the general spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

ANON.

TO CONTENTMENT.

SEQUESTER'D far from public life;
From giddy mirth, and noisy strife;
From headstrong passions, vain desires;
From envy, pride, and guilty fires;
From cares and fears for ever free,
O, sweet CONTENTMENT, let me live with thee!

Thine are the joys that never fail;
Thine is the placid, constant gale,
That bids us smile at frequent shocks
Of dang'rous fyrts, and talent rocks;
And since I crave thy smiles alone,
Come, in my breast erect thy lucid throne!

GOLCONDA's gems, and flaming mines,
 Where, deep from day, the diamond shines ;
 PERUVIAN mountains' richest ore,
 And treasures of the golden shore,
 Afford no blifs devoid of thee,
 At best more fair, more splendid misery.

The palace deck'd with regal state,
 The gay parade of all the great,
 The laurel wreath, the sounding name,
 Ambition's wish, and deathless fame,
 Without thee as a constant guest,
 Leave their possessors, joyless and unblest.

What's thy delight, CONTENTMENT, say !
 With what condition wilt thou stay ?
 If grandeur often woos in vain,
 Wilt thou adorn the rural plain ?
 Wilt thou vouchsafe to gild the cot
 Where poverty obtains its still unenvied lot ?

'Tis here I see thy splendours beam ;
 'Tis here thou roll'st thy clearest stream ;
 'Tis here thou sheddest, in disguise,
 The purest joys beneath the skies ;
 And from thy liberal hands here flow
 Such sweets as sceptred monarchs never know.

Come, then, instruct me how to steer,
Through smiling fortune and severe !
With thee, the turf-built cot would please—
The flow'ry banks, and shady trees ;
And for thy smiles, thou nymph divine !
I'd high pursuits, without a sigh, resign.

MAVOR.

NOTHING FORMED IN VAIN.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
As if, upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded schemes of
things ;

For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heav'n that thou alone canst make;
And wilt thou quit the stream,
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove, and the sequester'd shade,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
“Farewel! we meet no more?”

COWPER

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF JOB
PARAPHRASED.

THEN will vain man complain and murmur still,
And stand on terms with his Creator's will?

Shall this high privilege to clay be given ?
Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven ?
With reason's line the boundless distance scan ?
Oppose Heaven's awful majesty to man ?
To what a length his vast dimensions run !
How far beyond the journeys of the sun !
He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky :
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
Fix'd and sustain'd the elemental peace.
Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above ;
High o'er th' ethereal plains the myriads rise,
And pour their flaming ranks along the skies :
From their bright arms incessant splendours stream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.
To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulphs of undulating air ;
For man he taught the glorious sun to roll
From his bright barrier to his western goal.
How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
Plead with his judge, and combat with his God ?
How from his mortal mother can he come
Unstain'd from sin, untingur'd from the womb ?
The Lord, from his sublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe regards the silver moon.

Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
 Are but the humblest sweepings of his train.
 Dim are the brightest splendours of the sky;
 And the sun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
 But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
 And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
 Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
 This short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
 His frail original confounds his boast,
 Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the
 dust.

PITT.

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

CAN I, all gracious Providence!
 Can I deserve thy care?
 Ah! no! I've not the least pretence
 To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
 From dangers and from death;
 Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill,
 E'er since thou gav'st me breath?

I live once more, to see the day
That brought me first to light;
O! teach my willing heart the way
To take thy mercies right.

Tho' dazzling splendor, pomp, and shew,
My fortune has denied;
Yet more than grandeur can bestow
Content hath well supplied.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
No mis'ries have I known;
And, that I'm blest'd with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train, or dress;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
Beyond what I possess.

I ask and wish, not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay;
Lord, make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day,

ANON.

ON ETERNITY.

WHAT is Eternity? can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?
Tell ev'ry beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he fits;
Tell ev'ry light-wing'd mote that strays
Within its ample round of rays;
Tell all the leaves and all the buds,
That crown the garden, fields, and woods;
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce, when Spring propitious leads
The new-born year; tell all the drops
That night, upon their bended tops,
Sheds in soft silence, to display
Their beauties with the rising day;
Tell all the sand the ocean laves,
Tell all its changes, all its waves;
Or tell with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains;
Be this astonishing account
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread,

Thro' all time's long protracted tour,
 From Adam to the present hour;
 Still short the sum, nor can it vie
 With the more num'rous years that lie
 Embosom'd in Eternity. }

Was there a belt that could contain
 In its vast orb the earth and main;
 With figures was it cluster'd o'er,
 Without one cypher in the score;
 And would your lab'ring thought assign
 The total of the crowded line;
 How scant th' amount! th' attempt how
 vain!

To reach Duration's endless chain!
 For when as many years are run,
 Unbounded age is but begun.
 Attend, O man, with awe divine,
 For this Eternity is thine!

GIBBONS.

CHARITY.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith, like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;—
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind.
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile Shame and arbitrary Pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.

Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives ;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on Man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows ;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease ;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen, than art can show ;
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope ;
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawning of beams, and promises of day.

Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled fight ;
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
 But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd ;
 The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
 Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
 Shalt still survive——
 Shalt stand before the Host of Heaven confess,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

PRIOR.

THE PRIZE OF VIRTUE.

WHAT nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize a better would you fix ?
 Then give Humility a coach-and-six ?
 Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife!
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires for a godlike mind;
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a Saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good or just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

POPE.

THE FATHER AND JUPITER

THE man to Jove his suit preferr'd :
He begg'd a wife ; his pray'r was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold address'g ;
For how precarious is the blessing !
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view ;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r and beauty.
Once more he cries, Accept my pray'r ;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care ;
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire :
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend !
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a father's blest.
Jove smiles and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at his heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes or sleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete!)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew:
The thriving arts of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.
Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette his suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him heaven and fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God: By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' Eternal Will?
Seek Virtue: and, of that possess,
To Providence resign the rest.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE SANDS AT
CROMER, IN NORFOLK.

THOU emblem of the youthful breast!
Thoughts, fair or foul, may be impress'd
On thy smooth face; but not like thee,
Can youth's once tainted mind be free,
Nor foul be fair with the next tide,
The mind's pollution must abide:
Alas! if that pure shrine you stain,
Seas cannot wash it white again:
Guardians of youth, then, O take care!
Th' impressions that ye give be fair.

PRATT.

THE SNAIL AND THE FROG.

A FABLE.

THE constant drop will wear the stone:—
The slow but sure in time get on.
One morning when the vernal flowers
Open'd their cups to drink the showers,
Ere sluggard man had left his bed,
Or 'danger'd reptiles by his tread,
A brisk young frog, intent to stray,
Along a garden took his way,

And as he bounded, full of glee,
A creeping snail he chanc'd to see:
"You lazy animal," he cried,
"Emblem of bloated stately pride,
That scarce can crawl or move along,
For fear of jostling in the throng,
When do you fancy, at this pace,
You'll reach the object of your chase?
No doubt yon lettuce tempts your view,
Or yon ripe plum of glossy blue;
But ere you come within their sphere,
The keen-ey'd gard'ner will be here;
While I upon yon flowery bank,
With early dew so fresh and dank,
Shall soon be ledg'd, and find my prey
Sufficient for the longest day:"—
"Softly but slowly," said the snail,
"Not speed but diligence prevail."
The frog leap'd on—bade snail good morrow,
And deem'd its life a scene of sorrow.
Diverted from th' intended route,
Now here, now there, he hopp'd in doubt.
"That bed will copious stores supply,
This bank I find too hard, too dry;
Again I'll shift; for, free to change,
O'er all the garden soon I'll range;

And when I quite can suit my taste,
 Then is the time to feed and rest."
 Thus hast'ning with unsteady aim,
 From bad to worse, in quest of game,
 Again he cross'd the steady snail,
 Just as it gain'd the propping rail
 On which the downy plum repos'd,
 The object which its journey clos'd.
 "Ah, friend!" in turn the snail exclaim'd,
 "What's this I see! the bank you nam'd
 Is still unreach'd—though slow my pace,
 I've beat you hollow in the race.
 You hopping, vain, unsettled thing,
 Lo, what avails your length of spring?—
 Had you like me pursu'd the line,
 Unchanging from your first design,
 Ere now you might have gain'd a cover,
 And fed as I now do in clover.

MORAL.

The desultory miss the mark,
 The steady find it in the dark.
 To perseverance all submit,
 And dulness wins the prize from wit.

MAVOR.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerfal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above the heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternian run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise,
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

VERSES ON A TEAR.

OH! that the Chemist's magic art
 Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
 Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant ere it fell,
 Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye!
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
 The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
 In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Whoever fly'ft to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of Love, or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The Sage's and the Poet's theme,
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age:
Thou charm'ft in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law * which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

ROGERS.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hills ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;

* The Law of Gravitation.

Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper-spire to heav'n.

ROGERS.

FINIS.

