

ELEGY TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN<sup>b</sup>  
LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

MDCCLIII.

BY THE SAME.

**E**<sup>r</sup>ER yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire  
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,  
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,  
And met thee musing in her cloysters pale;  
O! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)  
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay;  
A lay like this thy early Virtues claim,  
And this let voluntary Friendship pay.  
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,  
When all those Virtues, opening now so fair,  
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,  
Must learn each passion's boisterous breath to bear.  
There, if Ambition pestilent and pale,  
Or Luxury should taint their vernal glow;  
If cold Self-interest, with her chilling gale,  
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms e'er they blow;

<sup>b</sup> Lord J—— C——.



If mimic hues, by Art, or Fashion spread,  
 Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,  
 O! with them may these laureate honours fade;  
 And with them (if it can) my friendship die.  
 Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,  
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string;  
 The muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,  
 And, vainly ventrous, soars on waxen wing.  
 Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,  
 The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,  
 Till sad Reflection blames the hasty choice,  
 And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.  
 Call we the shade of Pope, from that blest bower  
 Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful Sage;  
 Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour  
 When St. John's name <sup>c</sup> illumin'd Glory's page?  
 Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his memory stain,  
 Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,  
 Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain,  
 The deathless meed, he only could bestow.  
 The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise  
 Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;  
 Ev'n now, repentant of his erring lays,  
 He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest,

\* Alluding to this couplet of Mr. Pope's,

To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line,

© let my country's friends illumine mine.



If Pope thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,  
 Yet pity Dryden; hark, whene'er he sings,  
 How Adulation drops her courtly dew

On titled Rhymers, and inglorious Kings.  
 See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,

His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws;  
 Where Fear, or Interest bids, behold they shine;

Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.  
 Born with too generous, or too mean a heart,

Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent;

Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art;

Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.

The simplest Lyre, if Truth directs its lays,

Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:

Not to disgust with false, or venal praise,

Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast

Condemn me, if I check the plausible string;

Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;

Be, what the purest muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself; that open path of truth,

Which led thee here, let Manhood firm pursue;

Retain the sweet simplicity of Youth,

And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of Art;

On Vice's front let fearful Caution lour,

And teach the diffident, discreeter part

Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.



So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,  
 When Death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's lyre,  
 When the green turf lies lightly on his head,  
 Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire;  
 He, to the amplest bounds of time's domain,  
 On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;  
 For trust, with reverence trust this Sabine strain!  
 "The muse forbids the virtuous man to die."



# I S I S. A N E L E G Y.

MDCCLXVIII.

BY THE SAME.

**F**AR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright,  
 The pointed crysals shot their trembling light,  
 From dripping moss, where sparkling dew-drops fell,  
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,  
 Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade  
 Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid;  
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast  
 In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;  
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,  
 In all the awful negligence of woe;

Her