



E L E G Y . V .

To a F R I E N D Sick.

Written at Rome, 1756.

'T WAS in this ^b isle, O Wright indulge my lay,
 Whose naval form divides the Tuscan flood,
 In the bright dawn of her illustrious day
 Rome fix'd her Temple to the healing God.

Here stood his altars, here his arm he bared,
 And round his mystic staff the serpent twin'd,
 Through crowded portals hymns of praise were heard,
 And victims bled, and sacred seers divin'd.

On every breathing wall, on every round
 Of column, swelling with proportion'd grace,
 Its stated seat some votive tablet found,
 And storied wonders dignified the place.

^b *The Insula Tiberina, where there are still some small remains
 of the famous temple of Æsculapius.*

Oft

Oft from the balmy blessings of repose,
 And the cool stillness of the night's deep shade,
 To light and health th' exulting Votarist rose,
 Whilst fancy work'd with med'cine's powerful aid.

Oft in his dreams (no longer clogg'd with fears
 Of some broad torrent, or some headlong sleep,
 With each dire form Imagination wears
 When harrafs'd Nature sinks in turbid sleep)

Oft in his dreams he saw diffusive day
 Through bursting glooms its cheerful beams extend;
 On billowy clouds saw sportive Genii play,
 And bright Hygeia from her heaven descend.

What marvel then, that man's o'erflowing mind
 Should wreath-bound columns raise, and altars fair,
 And grateful offerings pay, to Powers so kind,
 Tho' fancy-form'd, and creatures of the Air.

Who that has writh'd beneath the scourge of pain,
 Or felt the burthen'd languor of disease,
 But would with joy the slightest respite gain,
 And idolize the hand which lent him ease?

To Thee, my friend, unwillingly to thee
 For truths like these the anxious Muse appeals.
 Can Memory answer from affliction free,
 Or speaks the sufferer what, I fear, he feels?

No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
 Hygeia revels with the blooming Spring,
 Ere this the vocal seats the Muses love
 With hymns of praise, like Pæon's temple, ring.

It was not written in the book of Fate
 That, wand'ring far from Albion's sea-girt plain,
 Thy distant Friend should mourn thy shorter date,
 And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
 If aught th' inspiring Muse aright presage,
 Of blameless intercourse from Soul to Soul,
 And friendship well matur'd from Youth to Age.



E L E G Y VI.

To another F R I E N D.

Written at Rome, 1756.

BEHOLD, my friend, to this small 'orb confin'd
 The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
 The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
 Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

ε *The medal of Marcus Aurelius.*

Not