

K Y M B E R: A M O N O D Y.

B Y M R. P O T T E R.

YE T once more ye lov'd poplars, and once more
My silver Yare, your hallow'd haunts I tread,
The bough-inwoven bank, the damask't mead,
And seek the sweet shade of the woodbine bower,
If haply here the British Muse abide:

For not on Isis' academic side,

Nor where proud Thamis rolls his royal waves

Thro' forest brown or sunny meadow fair,

Her rapture-breathing voice enchants the ear:

Nor in those fields that honoured Camus laves;

He, reverend sire, the sacred groves beneath

Oft deckt with laureat wreath,

Thro' the still valleys winds his pensive way

Without the sweet note of one warbled song;

Save ever and anon some plaintive lay

Pours its soft airs, the rustic tombs among,

To the low winds that thro' his ofiers breathe,

And murmur to the rustling reeds beneath.

Does she o'er Cambria's rugged mountains stray,

Snowdon's rude cliffs, or huge Plinlimmon's height?

Or in rough Conway's foaming floods delight,

That down the steep rocks urge their headlong way? ^{There}

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There chaunts the raptur'd bard in solemn strain
Malgo's strong lance, Cadwallin's puissant reign,
High deeds recorded yet in druid songs :

Or swells his woe-wild notes, of power to spread
Chill horror round the ruthless tyrant's head, *all might*
For Urien's fate, for bleeding Modred's wrongs,
And smites the harp in dreadful harmony.

Or does she love to lie

In the mild shade of Hulla's softer groves,

And twine the vermeil wreath to grace the youth,
Whose rapt breast glows, as o'er the beach he roves,
Touch'd with the sacred flame of star-bright truth ;
Whilst to her lore his manly measure flows,

“ And wakes old Humber from his deep repose.”

Yet deign, if not to dwell, thy presence deign

Here, heavenly visitant ; and with thee bring

The loftiest note that swell'd the sounding string,

When stern Tyrtaeus rais'd the heroic strain ;

To arms the warrior poet smote his lyre,

And all Laconia caught the martial fire.

Thee too, harmonious Maid, the strings obey ;

Strike them, and bid the inspiring numbers flow,

Bid Britain's sons with Sparta's spirit glow,

And rouse old Albion with thy awful lay.

Thy lay shall well-born Wodehouse deign to hear,

As now with generous care

From

From Honour's fount th' enlivening streams he brings
To visit as they flow, that silver bower,

Where the fair plant of publick virtue springs,

And breathes pure fragrance from each glowing flower;

Like heaven's own amarant th' immortal tree

Shoots, blooms, and bears; the growth of KIMBERLEY,

Hast thou no verse then, heavenly Virgin say,

By Truth attun'd on Fancy's fairy plain;

No solemn air, no hymn of higher vein,

To hail the blessed morn's auspicious ray,

When, these tall towers rejoicing to behold,

Forth walk'd the orient sun, array'd in gold,

First on their glittering tops t' impress his beams;

Thence, glancing downwards, sparkled on the tide

That bends along yon hoar grove's moss-grown side,

And scattered crimson o'er its azure streams?

The Naiads, hasting from their coral caves

Beneath the chrystal waves,

(In pearled braids their amber tresses bound)

Thrice wav'd their hands, and hail'd the rising towers:

The wood-nymphs too, with florisht chaplets crown'd,

Forsook their groves, forsook their broidered bowers;

And thrice their hands they wav'd, and thrice they said,

“ Raise, ye fair structures, raise your towery head ! ”

Next

Next KYMBER came, slow winding o'er the sea,
His beard and sedge-crown'd locks all silver'd o'er
With reverend eld, as winter breathing froze

Hangs on the bare boughs of the spangled tree:

His urn was silver fretted round with gold,

With Runic rhimes imboss'd, and figures old,

The illustrious monuments of British fame:

Here stout Tenantius draws his righteous sword

To crush the curs'd rule of a foreign lord,

And spreads unconquered Freedom's sacred flame:

There war-worn Kymbeline, by victor's power

Forth driven from princely bower,

To the thick shelter of these shades retir'd,

Feeding high thoughts and flames of vengeful war,

(Like a chac'd lion with fell fury fir'd)

Writhes on the lurking traitor's close-couch'd spear,

And bids the conscions grove, and bids the plain,

And kindred stream, his honoured name retain.

High on her warlike car BONDUCA stands,

The plumed helmet glittering on her brow,

Whilst loose in streams of gold her tresses flow,

The bow and pointed javelin grace her hands;

Deliberate courage lightens in her eye,

And conscions worth, and inborn majesty;

Heroic emprefs! as thy virtues spread,

Rome's ravening eagle cowers his quivering wings,

Hope smiles, fair Liberty her blessings brings,

And heaven-born Glory rays thy sacred head.

Grac'd

Grac'd with these sculptur'd scenes of ancient fame
 With stately step he came ;
 Nor wanted in his way melodious sound
 From pipe or pastoral reed, or dulcet voice
 Of Nymph or Naiad him enringing round,
 Or quiring birds that in his shade rejoice,
 Or gently warbling wind, or water's fall
 Soft trickling from his urn in murmurs musical.

Then on the stately structure's towery height

With conscious pride he fix'd his raptur'd eyes ;

And as past scenes of ancient glory rise

Arrang'd on Fancy's field in order bright,

He paus'd ; then graceful bow'd his reverend head,

And thus in lofty strain due homage paid.

“ Ye strong-bas'd battlements, ye gorgeous walls,

“ Ye princely structures, that with splendor crown'd,

“ Shine o'er your wide dominion stretching round,

“ To you with friendly voice your KYMBER calls,

“ And bids you hail ! thereto he adds your name

“ Renown'd in ancient fame,

“ Hail Wodehouse-tower ! To tell you with what pride,

“ What triumph he your glittering state surveys,

“ That dignifies his lilly-silver'd side,

“ And wakes sweet memory of those glorious days,

“ When full-plum'd Victory wav'd her golden wing,

“ And deckt with trophies proud his honoured spring.

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 Normandy,

- Yes, KYMBER! now thou may'st with joy retrace
 The long succession of thy patriot line;
 With joy behold the unclouded lustre shine
 Which Virtue beams around her favour'd race.
 Canst thou forget the Lord of Wodehouse-tower,
 Whose strong built bastions scorn'd the Norman's power?
 From Deva's banks (whose mystic waters glide
 By holy Whitchurch, thro' those pastur'd plains
 Long since the warlike Talbot's rich domains,
 When from Blackmere he brought his lovely bride,
 The fair L'Estrange) thou saw'st the stout knight lead
 To Silfield's happier mead
 His Saxon train. There Beauclerk's royal ray
 Shin'd on his battailous bold offspring, try'd
 In many a hard and chevalrous assay,
 When ^b Neufria's fields with crimson gore he dy'd,
 Spread vengeful flames revolted Bayeux round,
 And dash'd the rampir'd pride of Caën to the ground.
 Oft as Britannia's royal ensign wav'd,
 And the stern clarion call'd in field to fight,
 The warlike WODEHOUSE march'd with prowest might,
 And the rough front of deathful danger brav'd.
 Let Bara tell, and let Bodotria tell,
 Fort, lough, and river, mountain, wood, and dell,

^b Sir George de Wodehouse attended Henry I. on his expedition into Normandy, A. D. 1104.

- “ All that from southern Eiden's flowery lea
“ Reaches to bleak Strathnavern's northern strand,
“ Was his sword sheath'd, when e Edward's iron hand
“ Spread desolation wide from sea to sea ?
“ Or when the fable warrior's lifted lance
“ Glar'd in the eyes of France,
“ Was WODEHOUSE wanting to the hero's fame ?
“ Let Crecy tell, and Poitiers purple plain,
“ And captive Valois' ^d hallowed oriflame,
“ His dreadless' hardiment let e Glequin's chain
“ Record, and brave e Dandrehen's froward fate,
“ And poor Castilia's tyrant-wielded state.
“ Who has not heard of Somme's affrighted flood,
“ How mournfully his cumber'd streams he roll'd
“ O'er shining hauberks, shields, and helms of gold,
“ His crystal current stain'd with prince's blood,
“ When daring Delabreth in wanton pride
“ The warlike Henry's way-worn troop defed ?

^c Edward I. whom Sir Bertram de Wodehouse accompanied in his wars in Scotland.

^d The Oriflame was a banner of gold and flame-colour'd silk, consecrated and kept in the abbey of St. Denys. From the high opinion the French had of its virtue, it was made the royal standard by Lewis VI. and continued such till Charles VII. brought in use the white coronet.

^e Two gallant commanders in the army of Henry earl of Trestamare, whom the Black Brince (attended by the flower of the English troops, among whom was Sir William de Wodehouse) defeated and took prisoners on the frontiers of Castile, thereby restoring Peter, surnamed the Cruel.

“ But

- “ But all this gallant trim and rich array
 “ Lay soil'd in dust, when Bedford's burnisht spear
 “ Flam'd in their front, and thunder'd in their rear,
 “ And York's bright blade hew'd out his dreadful way.
 “ Rouze, royal England, rouze thy matchless might,
 “ And with a dragon's flight
 “ Sweep o'er th' ensanguin'd plains of Agincourt :
 “ And see thy WODEHOUSE, whose strong arm subdu'd
 “ The ruin'd bulwarks of yon aged fort,
 “ His golden chevron charg'd with f drops of blood,
 “ Rests on the woodmen wild that bear his shield,
 “ And hails thee victor of the well fought field !
 “ Can I forget how blythe my eddies roll'd
 “ And kiss'd their crisp'd banks, when to Tewksbury's plain
 “ My gallant son led his & heroic train,
 “ Stout earls, and princely dukes, and barons bold ?
 “ Yet, ah for pity ! these fierce hostings cease,
 “ That maiden blossom wears the badge of peace,

^f For this gallant action, Henry V. as a perpetual augmentation of honour, assigned him the crest of an hand, stretched from a cloud, holding a club, and this motto, *FRAPPE FORTE*: and the savage, or wild man, holding a club, which was the antient crest of the family, was now omitted, and two of them placed as supporters to the arms, which had a further augmentation of honour added in the shield, viz. on the Chevron Gutte de Sang, as they are born to this day.

^g Sir Edward Wodehouse, who was knighted at Tewksbury, attended Edward IV. into the North, with two hundred men at arms, furnished at his own charge; being attended in his own retinue with two dukes, seven earls, thirty-one barons, and fifty-nine knights.

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“ And will you dye her white leaves red in blood?
“ But if your flaming courage pricks you forth,
“ See where the prowling pilferers of the North
“ With inroad foul o’er Tine’s forbidden flood
“ Rush from their bleak hills, lur’d with scent of prey;
“ Brook they your firm array?
“ Far humbler thoughts on Eske’s embattail’d banks
“ They learn’d, as Somerset’s victorious spear
“ With foul disorder broke their bleeding ranks:
“ Whilst vengeful^h Wodehouse taught their proud hearts fear,
“ And bade his thunders tell them, as they fled,
“ The brother triumphs where the brother bled.

“ But not on camps and fighting fields alone

“ My glory rests; when turtle-pennon’d Peace

“ Hush’d War’s harsh roar, and bade his fury cease,

“ In these lov’d shades her softest lustre shone.

“ Here heaven-rapt Piety delights to dwell,

“ Train’d inⁱ monastic Fritcham’s holy cell;

“ Here plants her palm, whose hallowed branches spread

“ O’er towered^k Richmond’s consecrated shrine,

“ And form’d the only wreath e’er taught to twine

“ Round desolate Caernarvon’s hapless head.

^h Sir William de Wodehouse was vice-admiral of the English fleet, and knighted for his noble service in the battle of Muffelborough, where his elder brother Thomas was killed, A. D. 1547.

ⁱ Sir William de Wod. house founded the monastery at Fritcham, and made a cell to Walsingham, about the year 1260.

^k Roger de Wodehouse, a younger brother, was dean, or rather archdeacon, of Richmond, and chaplain to Edward II.

" E'en that strong arm, which stretching from a cloud
 " Crests the atchievement proud
 " Imprest with Agincourt's emblazon'd name,
 " Among his laurels wove this sacred bough,
 " Ennobling valour with Devotion's flame,
 " " And taught the warbled orison to flow,
 " As 'midst the taper'd choir the solemn priest
 " Chaunts to the victor saint high heaven's eternal rest.

" Here the firm guardians of the publick weal,
 " Inspir'd with Freedom's heaven-descended flame,
 " Rose nobly faithful to their country's fame;
 " " In frequent senates pour'd their ardent zeal,
 " Dash'd the base bribe from curs'd Corruption's hand,
 " And sav'd from scepter'd Pride the sinking land.
 " Or, " prompt to answer bleeding Europe's call,
 " To distant realms bore Britain's high behest,
 " Bade the sword sleep, gave gasping nations rest,
 " And taught the doubtful balance where to fall.

k See note (e) relating to the crest and atchievement of the family :
 the impress on the shield is AGINCOURT.

l He obtained licence of Henry V. to found a chauntry priest to sing
 for the souls of that prince, and his queen, of his beloved esquire John
 Wodehouse, and his wife, their ancestors, and posterity, in the cathedral
 church of Norwich.

m This family has served with an inviolable integrity in twenty-seven
 Parliaments; in sixteen of which they have been returned for the county
 of Norfolk.

n Sir Thomas Wodehouse, knight of the Bath, was sent ambassador
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- “ But in the softer hour of social joy,
 “ When ceas'd the high employ,
 “ These woodland walks, these tufted dales among
 “ The silver-sounding Muses built their bower,
 “ Made vocal with the lute-attemper'd song;
 “ Whilst blooming Courtesy's gold-spangled flower,
 “ Cull'd by the Graces, spread its brightest glow
 “ To deck unswerving Honour's manly brow.
 “ And you, age-honoured oaks ! whose solemn shades
 “ Inviron this fair mansion, proudly stand
 “ The sacred ° nurslings of Eliza's hand,
 “ When she with sovereign glory grac'd your glades,
 “ And pleas'd beheld her P Boleyn's kindred line
 “ Ennobled with your trophied honours shine.
 “ Spring crestless cravens from such roots as these ?
 “ Ask the pale ¶ Groyne, ask Tayo's trembling tide,
 “ Ask Cadiz weeping o'er her ruin'd pride,
 “ And Austria scourg'd o'er all the subject seas.

into France by Henry VII. Another Sir Thomas was sent into France, Spain, and Italy, to qualify himself for the highest employments, by Henry, son to James I.

° The oaks upon the hill, where the house now stands, were planted in honour of queen Elizabeth, the day she was at Kymborley, A. D. 1578.
 ¶ Thomas Wodehouse, who was killed at Musselborough, married a Shelton, whose mother was a Boleyn.

¶ Sir Philip Wodehouse served queen Elizabeth both by sea and land, at home, in Portugal, and in Spain : he was knighted for his services at Cadiz by the earls of Essex and Nottingham, the queen's generals.

From

- “ From this deep root my blooming branches spread,
 “ And rais’d their florifht head,
 “ Chear’d with the princely r Henry’s orient ray ;
 “ Till, rifing on the morn, importune Night
 “ Spreads her black veil, and blots his golden day ;
 “ Darknefs enfues, dark deeds, and impious might ;
 “ Whilst Difcord, mounted on his iron car,
 “ Cries havock, and lets flip the dogs of war.

 “ What then could virtue, ‘ fall’n on evil days,
 “ On evil days thus fall’n, and evil tongues,
 “ With dangers compaft,’ and opprest with wrongs,
 “ Save to the wild woods breathe her plaintive lays,
 “ And charm the shades, and teach the streams to flow
 “ With all the melting melody of woe ?
 “ But what avail’d or voice, or tuneful hand,
 “ When hell-bred Faction, rear’d on baleful wings,
 “ Stain’d with the blood of nobles and of kings,
 “ Spread total defolation o’er the land ?
 “ Ah KYMBER ! where was then thy princely ftate ?
 “ Sunk in the general fate ;
 “ Thy rich roofs funk, o’er golden pendants spread ;
 “ Faftolff’s white croflet mouldered from the wall,
 “ And Hamo’s lion dropt his gold-crown’d head ;
 “ The facred chapel funk, the feftive hall ;
 “ E’en thy tall towers, majestic in decay,
 “ Like thy loft monarch, low in ruins lay.

r Sir Thomas Wodehouse, Bart. was in great favour with prince Henry,
 fen to James I. and of his bed-chamber ; at whofe deceafe he retired to
 Kymberley.

“ Thus Britain sunk, and thus sunk Wodehouse-tower;

“ So sinks the sun, as o'er the turbid skies

“ Sudden the storm-engendering clouds arise,

“ And vex with uproar wild Night's fearful hour;

“ That past, his bright beams resalute the day,

“ And heighten'd splendors crown his orient ray:

“ So Britain rose, so rose my princely state.

“ But not the swelling column massy proof,

“ The moulded pediment, the fretted roof,

“ Not this fair fabric proudly elevate,

“ Tho' fix'd by Prowse's just palladian hand

“ Its towred honours stand;

“ Not this clear lake, whose waving crystal spreads

“ Round yon hoar isle with awful shades imbrown'd:

“ Not these pure streams that vein the envermeil'd meads:

“ Nor those age-honoured oaks wide waving round;

“ Exterior glories these, of humbler fame,

“ Beam not that splendent ray which dignifies my name.

“ The spark of honour kindling glorious thought,

“ The soul by warm benevolence refin'd,

“ The æthereal glow that melts th' empassion'd mind,

“ And Virtue's work to fair perfection brought,

“ Be these my glories. And thou, Power benign!

“ Whose living splendors round the patriot shine,

“ Immortal Genius of this far-fam'd land,

“ This scepter'd isle thron'd midst the circling sea,

“ Seat of the brave, and fortrefs of the tree,

“ Oft hast thou deign'd to take thy hallow'd stand,

“ These

- " These shades among ; at Virtue's radiant shrine
 " Oft caught the flame divine,
 " When dark Corruption dim'd thy sovereign light ;
 " Thence beam'd thy solemn soul-ennobling ray,
 " To gild these groves with all thy lustre bright,
 " Where nobly thoughtful Mordaunt loves to stray,
 " And manly Prowse with every science crown'd,
 " In Freedom's rustic seat the polish'd Graces thron'd.
- " And thou, to whom thy KYMBER tunes this strain,
 " If strain like this may reach thy nicer ear,
 " O deign in mine thy country's voice to hear,
 " Which never to a WODEHOUSE call'd in vain !
 " By the proud honours of thy martial crest,
 " The trophied tombs where thy fam'd fathers rest,
 " By Lacy's, Clervaux', Hunfdon's, Armine's name,
 " By Manhood's, Glory's, Freedom's, Virtue's praise,
 " Wake the high thought, the lofty spirit raise,
 " And blazon thy hereditary fame.
- " That fame shall live, whilst Pride's unrighteous power,
 " The pageant of an hour,
 " Fades from the guilty scene, and sinks in night :
 " That fame shall live, and spread its constant rays,
 " Warm like the blessed sun with genial light ;
 " Whilst Vice and Folly spend their baleful blaze,
 " As meteors, glaring o'er a troubled sky,
 " Shoot their pernicious fires, amaze, and die."

He ceas'd his gratulation : the high strain

Pierc'd the thick gloom where Britain's Genius lay
 * Cover'd with charmed cloud from view of day :
 He heard, and bursting thro' the falsed train,

In all the majesty of empire rose,

And issued stern to quell his vaunting foes.

The Naiads saw, and swell'd their surging floods ;

• Old KYMBER saw, and smil'd ; the burnish'd glades

Rejoic'd ; the groves wav'd their exulting shades ;

And lofty Feorhou bow'd with all his woods !

The lordly lion ramping by his side,

He march'd in martial pride,

And pour'd his flaming spirit o'er the land ;

The kindling hamlets rous'd with war's alarms,

Snatch the bright faulchion from the hireling hand,

And bravely train their free-born youth to arms ;

Whilst Liberty her glittering ensign waves,

And bids each generous son disdain an host of slaves.

Then royally on the ocean wave enthron'd,

With all his terrors arm'd, he rode sublime,

And roll'd his thunders o'er each hostile clime :

Seine's silken vassals trembled at the sound ;

The cloud-wrapt promontory shook, and all

Its rock-bas'd rampires nodded to their fall.

* A line of Spenser's Faery Queen.

Reigth

Reign ever thus, unconquer'd Britain, reign;
 Whilst thy free sons in firm battalions stand,
 And guard with lion-ramp their native land:
 Thus fix thy throne, thus rule the subjekt main!
 So shall bright Victory o'er thy laurel'd head
 Her eagle-pennons spread;
 Whilst soft-ey'd Peace, quitting at thy command
 Her radiant orb in yon empyreal plain,
 Waves o'er the willing world her myrtle wand:
 So shall the Muse her Doric oar disdain,
 And touch'd with sphere-born Rapture's hallow'd fire,
 Swell her triumphal notes, and sweep the golden lyre.

O D E T O H E A L T H.

BY J. H. B. ESQ.

COME, rosy Health, celestial maid,
 On Zephyr's silken wing convey'd,
 In smiles thy heavenly features drest,
 Descend, thou sweet enchanting guest
 All charming, whether you appear
 In STAMER's lovely form and air,
 Or her's who yonder shines from far
 Fair as the morning's silver star,

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