



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
EARL of WARWICK, &c.

On the Death of Mr. ADDISON.

By the Same.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid;
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own,
What mourner ever felt poetick fires!
Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for-ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,

Oh

Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu ;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu !

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,
 (Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown)
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below :
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
 In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws are given ;
 And faints, who taught, and led the way to heav'n.
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind ?

A winged virtue, through th' etherial sky,
 From world to world unweary'd does he fly,
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze ?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battled, and the dragon fell ?
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below ?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
 Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
 To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
 When age misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 'Till blifs shall join, nor death can part us more.
 That awful form (which, so the heav'ns decree,
 Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me)
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or rous'd by fancy, meet my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight ;
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there ;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;

'Twas

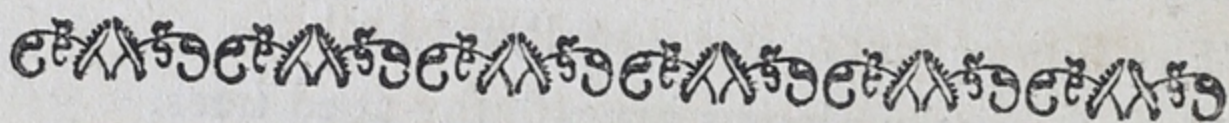
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor and a friend sincere;
 There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and the evening breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
 Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These

These words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
 Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.



C O L I N A N D L U C Y .

By the Same.

I.

OF Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect a fairer face;

II.

'Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

III. Ah!