



O D E on the Death of MATZEL, a favourite Bull-finch, address'd to Mr. ST——PE, to whom the Author had given the Reversion of it when he left Dresden.

By the Same.

I.

TR Y not my St——pe, 'tis in vain
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage ;
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

II.

Matzel's no more, ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier ;
Let ev'ry sorrow be exprest,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died——
But vengeance shall have way ;
On pains and tortures I'll refine ;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,
His nine will ill repay.

IV.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
 Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
 In thy funereal verse :
 My painful task shall be to write
 Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
 And hang it on thy hearse.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
 My bird, who never to return
 Is fled to happier shades,
 Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
 The place most charming, and most fair
 Of all th' Elyfian glades.

VI.

There shall thy notes in cyprefs grove
 Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love ;
 There shall thy plaintive strain
 Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
 To Procris yield some short relief,
 And soften Dido's pain.

VII.

'Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
 Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
 And love thee with my love ;
 While each attendant's soul shall praise
 The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
 And all his songs approve.