Yet ſtill thy laurels bloom:
One deathleſs glory ſtill remains,
Thy ſtream *has* roll'd thro' LATIAN plains,
Has waſh'd the walls of ROME.

ELEGIES.

By the Same.

ELEGY I.

Written at the CONVENT of HAUT VILLERS in CHAMPAGNE, 1754.

SILENT and clear, thro' yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's ſlow waters weave their mazy way,
See, to th' exulting ſun, and foſt'ring gale,
What boundleſs treaſures his rich banks diſplay!

Faſt by the ſtream, and at the mountain's baſe,
The lowing herds thro' living paſtures rove;
Wide-waving harveſts crown the riſing ſpace;
And ſtill ſuperior nods the viny grove.

High

High on the top, as guardian of the ſcene,
Imperial Sylvan ſpreads his umbrage wide;
Nor wants there many a cot, and ſpire between,
Or in the vale, or on the mountain's ſide,

To mark that Man, as tenant of the whole,
Claims the juſt tribute of his culturing care,
Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of ſoul,
The boon which Heaven accepts, of praiſe and prayer.

O dire effects of war! the time has been
When Deſolation vaunted here her reign;
One ravag'd deſart was yon beauteous ſcene,
And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.

Oft at his work the toilſome day to cheat
The ſwain ſtill talks of thoſe diſaſtrous times,
When Guiſe's pride, and Condé's ill-ſtar'd heat
Taught chriſtian zeal to authorize their crimes:

Oft to his children ſportive on the graſs
Does dreadful tales of worn Tradition tell,
Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated paſs
Where Force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron fell.

O dire effects of war!—may ever more
Thro' this ſweet vale the voice of diſcord ceaſe!
A Britiſh bard to Gallia's fertile ſhore
Can wiſh the bleſſings of eternal peace.

Yet

Yet ſay, ye monks, (beneath whoſe moſs-grown ſeat,
Within whoſe cloiſter'd cells th' indebted Muſe
Awhile ſojourns, for meditation meet,
And theſe looſe thoughts in penſive ſtrain purſues,)

Avails it aught, that War's rude tumult ſpare
Yon cluſter'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
If niggards to yourſelves, and fond of care,
You ſlight the joys their copious treaſures yield?

Avails it aught that Nature's liberal hand
With every bleſſing grateful man can know
Cloaths the rich boſom of yon ſmiling land,
The mountain's ſloping ſide, or pendant brow,

If meagre Famine paint your pallid cheek,
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of reſt,
If 'midſt heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
You ſhun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feaſt!

Look forth, and be convinc'd! 'tis Nature pleads,
Her ample volume opens on your view,
The ſimple-minded ſwain, who running reads,
Feels the glad truth, and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convinc'd. Yon proſpects wide
To Reaſon's ear how forcibly they ſpeak,
Compar'd with thoſe how dull is letter'd Pride,
And Auſtin's babbling Eloquence how weak!

Temp'rance,

Temp'rance, not Abſtinence, in every bliſs
Is Man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command.
The wretch who riots thanks his God amiſs :
Who ſtarves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,
How ſmooth his courſe, how Nature ſmiles around !
But ſhould impetuous torrents ſwell his tides,
The fairy landſkip ſinks in oceans drown'd.

Nor leſs diſaſtrous ſhould his thrifty urn
Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,
To dreary waſtes yon paradiſe would turn,
Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren ſand.

ELEGY II.

On * the MAUSOLEUM of AUGUSTUS.

To the Right Honourable
George Buſſy Villiers, Viſcount Villiers.
Written at ROME, 1756.

AMID theſe mould'ring walls, this marble round,
Where ſlept the Heroes of the Julian name,
Say, ſhall we linger ſtill in thought profound,
And meditate the mournful paths to fame ?

* *It is now a garden belonging to Marcheſe di Corré.*

What