

# **Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry**

Edmund Goldsmid



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Quaint Gleanings From Ancient Poetry:  
A COLLECTION OF CURIOUS POETICAL COMPOSITIONS  
OF THE XVith, XVIIith, AND XVIIIith CENTURIES.

EDITED From MSS. and Rare Printed Originals  
BY EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

## INTRODUCTION.

The following curious collection I have gathered together during several years' reading in out-of-the-way corners. Manuscripts, in public and private libraries; old books picked up on dusty bookstalls, or carried away as prizes from the battlefield of the auction-room; even pencillings on the inside of tattered bindings,—all have been laid under contribution. I trust this medley, or *pot-pourri*, of snatches of song, grave and gay, will prove as interesting to my readers as they have been to myself. They claim attention on various grounds: some are the works of well-known men, such as Anthony Munday and Warren Hastings; some are bitter political squibs—such, for instance, as the “Satyre against the Scots,” page 47; some, again, are exquisitely beautiful, as “The Dirge,” page 53. A few have appeared in different collections: but none of my readers, I will undertake to say, have seen more than a half-dozen or so.

With these few words I beg to introduce Volume One of the “Collectanea Adamantaea.”

EDMUND GOLDSMID.

Edinburgh, *March 6th*, 1884.

**BEAUTIES FORT.**

FROM AN ANONYMOUS MS., LATELY IN POSSESSION OF  
J. P. COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A.

When raging Love, with fierce assault,  
Strikes at fair Beauties gate,  
What army hath she to resist  
And keepe her court and state?

She calleth first on Chastitie  
To lende her help in time;  
And Prudence no lesse summons shee  
To meet her foe so trim.

And female Courage she alwaye  
Doth bring unto the walle,  
To blowe the trump in her dismaye,  
Fearing her fort may falle.

On force of wordes she much relies  
Her foe without to keepe,  
And parleyeth with her two bright eyes  
When they her dyke would leape.

Yet natheless the more she strives,  
The lesse she keepes him out,  
For she hath traitors in her camp  
That keepe her still in doubt.

The first and worst of these the Fleshe,  
Then womans Vanitie  
That still is caughte within the meshe  
Of guilefull Flatterie.

These traitors ope the gate at length;  
And in, with sword in hande,  
Came raging Love, and all her strength  
No longer can withstande.

Prudence and Chastitie both to  
Submit unto the foe;  
And female Courage nought can doe  
But down her walls must goe.

She needes must yield her castle strong,



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And Love triumphs once more;  
Its onely what the boy hath done  
A thousand times before.

None may resist his mightie power;  
And though a boy, and blinde,  
He knows to chase a happie hour  
When maidens must be kinde.

**MY BONNY LASS! THINE EYE.**

By THOMAS LODGE, M.D.

[Footnote: The original of this poem not being within my reach at present, I have inserted Professor Arber's modern version.]

My bonny lass! thine eye,  
    So sly,  
Hath made me sorrow so.  
Thy crimson cheeks, my dear!  
    So clear,  
Have so much wrought my woe.

Thy pleasing smiles and grace,  
    Thy face,  
Have ravished so my sprites,  
That life is grown to nought  
    Through thought  
Of love, which me affrights.

For fancy's flames of fire  
    Aspire  
Unto such furious power,  
As but the tears I shed  
    Make dead,  
The brands would me devour.

I should consume to nought  
    Through thought  
Of thy fair shining eye,  
Thy cheeks, thy pleasing smiles,  
    The wiles  
That forced my heart to die,

Thy grace, thy face, the part  
    Where art  
Stands gazing still to see  
The wondrous gifts and power,  
    Each hour,  
That hath bewitched me.

## ANTHONY MUNDAY'S POEM ON THE CAPTIVITY OF JOHN FOX.

Leaving at large all fables vainly us'd,  
all trifling toys that do no truth import,  
Lo, here how the end (at length), though long diffus'd,  
unfoldeth plaine a rare and true report,  
To glad those minds who seek their countries wealth  
by proffer'd pains t'enlarge its happy health.

At Rome I was when Fox did there arrive;  
therefore I may sufficiently express  
What gallant joy his deedes did there revive  
in the hearts of those which heard his valiantness.  
And how the Pope did recompense his pains,  
and letters gave to move his greater gains.

But yet I know that many doe misdoubt  
that those his pains are fables, and untrue;  
Not only I in this will bear him out,  
but divers more that did his Patents view,  
And unto those so boldly I dare say  
that nought but truth John Fox cloth here bewray.

Besides, there's one was slave with him in thrall  
lately return'd into our native land;  
This witness can this matter perfect all:  
what needeth more? for witness he may stand.  
And thus I end, unfolding what I know;  
the other man more larger proof can show.  
*“Honos alit Artes“*

The above lines by Anthony Munday are omitted by Hakluyt in his reprint of the captivity of John Fox in his “Principal English Voyages,” vol. ii. p. 136, ed. 1598–1600. John Fox, of Woodbridge, gunner of the *Three Half Moons*, was made prisoner by the Turks in 1563. Escaped with 266 other Christians in 1577.

## CARE FOR THY SOULE.

Care for thy soule, as thing of greatest pryce!  
Made to the ende to taste of power Divine,  
Devoid of guilt, abhorryng sin and vice,  
Apt by God's grace to vertue to incline;  
Care for it soe, as by thy retchless traine  
It bee not brought to taste eternall paine!

Care for thy corpse (body), but chiefly for soules sake,  
Not of excess; sustainyng food is best  
To vanquish pryde, but comely clothing take.  
Seeke after skille; deepe ignorance detest;  
Care so, I say, the flesh to feede and cloth,  
That thou harm not thy soule and bodie both.

Care for the world, to doe thy bodie right;  
Back not thy wytt to win by wicked wayes;  
Seeke not t'oppress the weak by wrongfull might;  
To pay thy due, doe banish all delayes;  
Care to dispend accordyng to thy store,  
And, in like sort, bee mindfull of the pore.

Care for thy soule, as for thy chieffest staye,  
Care for thy bodie, for the soules avail;  
Care for the world, for bodies helpe alwaye,  
Care yett but soe as vertue may prevail;  
Care in such sort, that thou be sure of this,  
Care keepe the not from heaven and heavenlie blisse.

**MEGLIORA SPERO.**

By Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

Faction, that ever dwells in Courte where witt excels,  
Hath sett defiance;  
Fortune and Love have sworne that they were never borne  
Of one alliance.

Cupid, which doth aspire to be god of Desire,  
Swears he "gives lawes;  
That where his arrows hit, somejoy, some sorrow it:  
Fortune no cause."

Fortune swears "weakest heartes," the bookes of Cupide's artes.  
"Turn'd with her wheel,  
Senselesse themselves shal prove. Venture hath place in love.  
Aske them that feel!"

This discord it begot atheists, that honour not.  
Nature thought good  
Fortune shoud ever dwel in Court where wits excel;  
Love keepe the wood.

Soe to the wood went I, with Love to live and dye;  
Fortunes forlorne.  
Experience of my youth made mee thinke humble Truth  
In deserts borne.

My saint I keepe to mee, and Joan herself is free,  
Joan fair and true!  
Shee that doth onely move passions of love with Love.  
Fortune! adieu!

## A LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH TO THE KING.

Disgrac'd, undone, forlorn, made Fortune's Sport,  
Banish'd your Kingdom first, and then your Court;  
Out of my Places turn'd, and out of Doors,  
And made the meanest of your Sons of Whores;  
The scene of Laughter, and the common chats  
Of your salt Bitches, and your other Brats;  
Forc'd to a private Life, to Whore and Drink,  
On my past Grandeur and my Follies Think:  
Would I had been the Brat of some mean Drab,  
Whom Fear or Chance had caus'd to choak or stab,  
Rather than be the Issue of a King,  
And by him made so wretched, scorn'd a Thing.  
How little cause has mankind to be proud  
Of Noble Birth, the Idol of the Crowd!  
Have I abroad in Battels Honour won  
To be at home dishonourably undone?  
Mark'd with a Star and Garter, and made fine  
With all those gaudy Trifles once call'd mine,  
Your Hobby-Horses [1] and your Joys of State,  
And now become the Object of your Hate;  
But, d——'ee, Sir, I'll be Legitimate.  
I was your Darling, but against your Will,  
And know that I will be the Peoples still;  
And when you're dead, I and my Friends, the Rout,  
Will with my Popish Uncle try a Bout,  
And to my Troubles this one Comfort bring,  
Next after you, by ——, I will be King.

[Footnote 1: At the age of sixteen he was made Master of the Horse.]

**THE KING'S ANSWER.**

Ungrateful Boy! I will not call thee Son,  
Thou hast thyself unhappily undone;  
And thy Complaints serve but to show thee more,  
How much thou hast enrag'd thy Father's Whore.  
Resent it not, shake not thy addle Head,  
And be no more by Clubs and Rascals led.  
Have I made thee the Darling of my Joys,  
The prettiest and the lustiest of my Boys?  
Have I so oft sent thee with cost to France,  
To take new Dresses up, and learn to dance?  
Have I giv'n thee a Ribbon and a Star,  
And sent thee like a Meteor to the War?  
Have I done all that Royal Dad could do,  
And do you threaten now to be untrue?  
But say I did with thy fond Mother sport,  
To the same kindness others had resort;  
'Twas my good Nature, and I meant her Fame,  
To shelter thee under my Royal Name.  
Alas! I never got one Brat alone,  
My Mistresses all are by each Fop well known,  
And I still willing all their Brats to own.  
I made thee once, 'tis true, the Post of Grace,  
And stuck upon thee every mighty Place,  
Each glitt'ring Office, till thy heavy Brow  
Grew dull with Honour, and my Pow'r low.  
I spangled thee with Favours, hung thy Nose  
With Rings of Gold and Pearl, till all grew Foes  
By secret Envy at thy growing State:  
I lost my safety when I made thee Great.  
There's not the least Injustice to you shewn;  
You must be ruin'd to secure my Throne.  
Office is but a fickle Grace, the Badge  
Bestow'd by fits, and snatch'd away in Rage;  
And sure that Livery which I give my Slaves  
I may take from 'em when my Portsmouth raves.  
Thou art a Creature of my own Creation;  
Then swallow this without Capitulation.  
If you with feigned Wrongs still keep a Clutter,  
And make the People for your Sake to mutter,  
For my own Comfort, but your Trouble, know,  
G——fish, I'll send you to the Shades below.

**AN EPITAPH ON DUNDEE.**

ENGLISH'D BY MR. DRYDEN.

O Last and Bests of Scots! Who didst maintain  
Thy Country's Freedom from a Foreign Reign,  
New People fill the Land now thou art gone,  
New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.  
Scotland and thou did each in other live,  
Thou wouldst not her, nor could she thee, survive.  
Farewell! who living didst support the State,  
And couldst not fall but with thy Country's Fate.



## THE ROBBER ROBB'D.

I.

A certain Priest had hoarded up  
A mass of secret Gold.  
And where he might bestow it safe  
He knew not to be bold.

II.

At last it came into his Thought  
To lock it in a Chest  
Within the Chancel; and he wrote  
Thereon, "*Hic Deus est.*"

III.

A merry Grig, whose greedy Mind  
Did long for such a Prey,  
Respecting not the Sacred Words  
That on the Casket lay,

IV.

Took out the Gold, and blotting out  
The Priest's Inscript thereon,  
Wrote, "*Resurrexit, non est hic*":  
"Your God is rose and gone."

## AH! THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE!

Ah! the shepherd's mournful fate!  
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,  
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
Nor dare disclose his anguish.  
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,  
My secret soul discover,  
While rapture trembling thro' my eyes  
Reveals how much I love her.  
The tender glance; the redd'ning cheek,  
O'erspread with rising blushes,  
A thousand various ways they speak  
A thousand various wishes.  
For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush, and modest air,  
So artfully beguiling! [2]  
Thy every look and every grace  
So charms whene'er I view thee,  
Till death o'ertake me in the chase  
Still will my hopes pursue thee;  
Then when my tedious hours are past  
Be this last blessing given,  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of heaven.

[Footnote 2: "*Ars celare artem.*"]

## SOME VERSES TO A FRIEND WHO TWICE VENTURED ON MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS BROWN.

The Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,  
He always in danger, she always in motion;  
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcase  
Twice ventures the Drowning, and, Faith, that's a hard case.  
Even at our Weapons the Females defeat us,  
And Death, only Death, can sign our *Quietus*.  
Not to tell you sad stories of Liberty lost,  
Our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Measures all crost;  
That Pagan Confinement, that damnable Station,  
Sutes no other States or Degrees in the Nation.  
The *Levite* it keeps from Parochial Duty,  
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?  
The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,  
And a poor Beast, you know, can scarce carry double.  
'Twas invented, they tell you, to keep us from falling;  
Oh the Virtues and Graces of shrill Caterwauling!  
How it palls in your Gain; but, pray, how do you know, Sir,  
How often your Neighbour breaks in your Enclosure?  
For this is the principal Comforts of Marriage,  
You must eat tho' a hundred have spit in your Porridg.  
If at night you're inactive, or fail in performing,  
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Blood-shed, next Morning;  
Lust's the Bone of your Shanks, O dear Mr. Horner:  
This comes of your sinning with Crape in a Corner.  
Then to make up the Breach all your Strength you must rally,  
And labour and sweat like a Slave in a Gaily;  
And still you must charge—O blessed Condition!—  
Tho' you know, to your cost, you've no more Ammunition:  
Till at last the poor fool of a mortified man  
Is unable to make a poor Flash in the Pan.  
Fire, Flood, and Female, begin with a letter,  
But for all the World's not a Farthing the better.  
Your Flood is soon gone, and your Fire you must humble,  
If into Flames store of Water you tumble;  
But to cure the damn'd Lust of your Wife's Titilation,  
You may use all the Engines and Pumps in the Nation,  
As well you may p——out the last Conflagration.  
And thus I have sent you my Thoughts of the matter;  
You may judge as you please; I scorn for to flatter:  
I could say much more, but here ends the Chapter.

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## A PANYGYRICK UPON OATES.

Of all the Grain our Nation yields  
In Orchard, Gardens, or in Fields,  
There is a grain which, tho' 'tis common,  
Its Worth till now was known to no Man.  
Not *Ceres* Sickle e're did crop  
A Grain with Ears of greater hope:  
And yet this Grain (as all must own)  
To Grooms and Hostlers well is known,  
And often has without disdain  
In musty Barn and Manger lain,  
As if it had been only good  
To be for Birds and Beasts the Food.  
But now by new-inspired Force,  
It keeps alive both Man and Horse.  
Then speak, my Muse, for now I guess  
E'en what it is thou wouldst express:  
It is not Barley, Rye, nor Wheat,  
That can pretend to do the Feat:  
'Tis *Oates*, bare *Oates*, that is become  
The Health of *England*, Bane of *Rome*,  
And Wonder of all Christendom.  
And therefore *Oates* has well deserv'd  
To be from musty Barn prefer'd,  
And now in Royal Court preserv'd,  
That like *Hesperian* Fruit, *Oates* may  
Be watch'd and guarded Night and Day,  
Which is but just retaliation  
For having guarded a whole Nation.  
Hence e'ery lofty Plant that stands  
'Twixt *Berwick* Walls and *Dover* Sands,  
The Oak itself (which well we stile  
The Pride and Glory of our Isle),  
Must strike and wave its lofty Head.  
And now salute an Oaten Reed,  
For surely *Oates* deserves to be  
Exalted far 'bove any Tree.  
The Agyptians once (tho' it seems odd)  
Did worship Onions for their God,  
And poor Peelgarlick was with them  
Esteem'd beyond the richest Gem.  
What would they then have done, think ye,  
Had they but had such *Oates* as we,  
*Oates* of such known Divinity?  
Since then such good by *Oates* we find,  
Let *Oates* at least be now enshrin'd;

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

Or in some sacred Press enclos'd,  
Be only kept to be expos'd;  
And all fond Relicks else shall be  
Deem'd Objects of Idolatry.  
Popelings may tell us how they saw  
Their *Garnet* pictur'd on a Straw.  
'Twas a great Miracle, we know,  
To see him drawn in little so:  
But on an *Oaten* stalk there is  
A greater Miracle than this;  
A Visage which, with comly Grace,  
Did twenty *Garnets* now outface:  
Nay, to the Wonder to add more,  
Declare unheard-of things before;  
And thousand Myst'ries does unfold,  
As plain as Oracles of old,  
By which we steer Affairs of State,  
And stave off *Britain's* sullen Fate.  
Let's then, in Honour of the Name  
Of *OATES*, enact some Solemn Game,  
Where Oaten Pipe shall us inspire  
Beyond the charms of *Orpheus* Lyre;  
Stone, Stocks, and e'ery senseless thing  
To *Oates* shall dance, to *Oates* shall sing,  
Whilst Woods amaz'd to t'Echoes ring.  
And that this Hero's Name may not,  
When they are rotten, be forgot,  
We'll hang Atchievements o'er their Dust,  
A Debt we owe to Merits just  
So if Deserts of *Oates* we prize,  
Let *Oates* still hang before our Eyes,  
Thereby to raise our contemplation,  
*Oates* being to this happy Nation  
A Mystick Emblem of Salvation.

## THE MIRACLE.

TO THE TUNE OF "O YOUTH, THOU HADST BETTER BEEN STARVED AT NURSE."

I.

You Catholick States—men and Church—men, rejoyce,  
And praise Heaven's Goodness with Heart and with Voice;  
None greater on Earth or in Heaven than She,  
Some say she's as good as the best of the Three.

Her miracles bold  
Were famous of old,  
But a Braver than this was never yet told;  
'Tis pity that every good Catholick living  
Had not heard on't before the last Day of Thanksgiving.

II.

In *Lombardy—Land* great *Modena's* Duchess [3]  
Was snatched from her Empire by Death's cruel clutches;  
When to Heaven she came (for thither she went)  
Each Angel received her with Joy and Content.

On her knees she fell down,  
Before the bright Throne,  
And begged that God's Mother would grant her one Boon:  
Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)  
To put little *Orange's* Nose out of Joynt.

III.

As soon as our Lady had heard her Petition,  
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, she strait gave Commission;  
She pluck'd off her Smock from her *Shoulders Divine*,  
And charg'd him to hasten to *England's* fair Queen.

"Go to the Royal Dame,  
To give her the same,  
And bid her for ever to praise my Great Name,  
For I, in her favour, will work such a Wonder,  
Shall keep the most Insolent Hereticks under.

IV.

"Tell *James* (my best son) his part of the matter  
Must be with this only to cover my daughter;  
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand,  
Then let him go travel to visit the Land;  
And the Spirit of Love

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

Shall come from above,  
Though not as before, in form of a Dove;  
Yet down He shall come in some likeness or other  
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*), and make her a Mother.”

V.

The Message with Hearts full of Faith was receiv'd,  
And the next news we heard was *Q. M.* conceiv'd;  
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Dissenters,  
Grave Judges, Lords, Bishops, and Commons Consenters,  
    You Commissioners all  
    Ecclesiastical,  
From *M...*[4] the Dutiful to *C...*[5] the Tall,  
Pray Heav'n to strengthen Her Majesties Placket,  
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

[Footnote 3: Maria Laura d'Este.]

[Footnote 4: John, Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Chamberlain of the Household.]

[Footnote 5: William, Earl of Craven.]



## THE PATRIOTS.

WRIT ABOUT THE YEAR 1700.

I.

Ye worthy Patriots, go on  
To heal the Nation's Sores,  
Find all Men's Faults out but your own,  
Begin good Laws, but finish none,  
And then shut up your Doors.

II.

Fail not our Freedom to secure,  
And all our Friends disband,  
And send those Men to t'other Shore  
Who were such Fools as to come o'er  
To help this grateful Land.

III.

And may the next that hears us pray,  
And in Distress relieve us,  
Go home like those without their Pay,  
And with Contempt be sent away  
For having once believ'd us.

IV.

And if the *French* should e'er attempt  
This Nation to invade,  
May they be damn'd that list again,  
But lead the fam'd Militia on,  
To be like us betray'd.

V.

As for the Crown you have bestow'd,  
With all its Limitations,  
The meanest Prince in *Christendom*  
Would never stir a Mile from home  
To govern three such Nations.

VI.

The King himself, whom once you call'd

THE PATRIOTS.

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

Your Saviour in Distress,  
You in his first Request deny'd,  
And then his Royal Patience try'd  
With a canting sham Address.

VII.

Ye are the Men that to be chose  
Wou'd be at no Expences,  
Who love no Friends, nor fear no Foes,  
Have ways and means that no Man knows  
To mortify your Senses.

VIII.

Ye are the Men that can condemn  
By Laws made *ex post facto*,  
Who can make Knaves of honest Men,  
And married Women turn again  
To be Virgo and Intacta.

IX.

Go on to purify the Court,  
And damn the Men of Places  
Till decently you send them home,  
And get your selves put in their room,  
And then you'll change your Faces.

X.

Go on for to establish Trade,  
And mend our Navigation,  
Let India invade,  
And borrow on Funds will ne'er be paid,  
And Bankrupt all the Nation.

XI.

'Tis you that calculate our Gold,  
And with a senseless Tone,  
Vote that you never understood,  
That we might take them if we wou'd  
Or let them all alone.

XII.

Your Missives you send round about  
With Mr. *Speaker's* Letter,  
To fetch Folks in, and find Folks out,  
Which Fools believe without dispute,

THE PATRIOTS.

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

Because they know no better.

XIII.

With borrow'd Ships, and hir'd Men,  
The *Irish* to reduce,  
Who will be paid the Lord knows when;  
'Tis hop'd whene'er you want again,  
You'll think of that Abuse.

XIV.

Ye laid sham Taxes on our Malt,  
On Salt, on Glass, on Leather,  
To wheedle Coxcombs in to lend;  
And like true Cheats, you dropt that Fund,  
And sunk them all altogether.

XV.

And now y'are piously enclin'd  
The Needy to employ;  
You'd better much your time bestow  
To pay neglected Debts you owe,  
Which makes them multiply.

XVI.

Against Prophaneness you declar'd,  
And then the Bill rejected;  
And when the Arguments appear'd,  
They were the worst that e'er were heard,  
And best that we expected.

XVII.

'Twas voted once that for the Sin  
Of Whoring Men should die all;  
But then it was wisely thought again.  
The House would quickly grow so thin,  
They durst not stand the Tryal.

XVIII.

King *Charles* the Second knew your aim,  
And Places gave, and Pensions;  
And had King *William's* Mony flown,  
His Majesty would soon have known  
Your Consciences Dimensions.

XIX.

THE PATRIOTS.

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

But he has wisely given you up  
To work your own desires,  
And laying Arguments aside,  
As things that have in vain been try'd,  
To Fasting calls, and Prayers.

### CHORUS—

Your Hours are choicely employ'd,  
Your Petitions lie all on the Table,  
With Funds Insufficient,  
And Taxes Deficient,  
And Deponents innumerable.  
For shame leave this wicked Employment,  
Reform both your Manners and Lives;  
You were never sent out  
To make such a Rout,  
Go home, and look after your W——s.

## JUSTICE IN MASQUERADE; OR, SCROGGS UPON SCROGGS.

A Butcher's Son's Judge Capital  
Poor Protestants for to enthral,  
    And England to enslave, Sirs;  
Lose both our Laws and Lives we must  
When to do Justice we entrust  
    So known an arrant Knave, Sirs.

Some hungry Priests he did once fell,  
With mighty Strokes sent them to Hell,  
    Sent presently away, Sirs;  
Would you know why? The Reason's plain  
They had no *English* nor *French* coin  
    To make a longer stay, Sirs.

The Pope to Purgatory sends  
Who neither Money have nor Friends,  
    In this he's not alone, Sirs;  
For our Judge to Mercy's no inclin'd,  
'Less Gold change Conscience and his Mind,  
    You are infallibly gone, Sirs.

His Father once exempted was  
Out of all Juries [6]; why? because  
    He was a Man of Blood, Sirs;  
And why the Butcherly Son (forsooth)  
Shou'd now be Jury and Judge both  
    Cannot be understood, Sirs.

The good Old Man with Knife and Knocks  
Made harmless Sheep and stubborn Ox  
    Stoop to him in his Fury;  
But the brib'd Son, like greasie Oaph,  
Kneels down and worships Golden Calf,  
    And so do's all the Jury.

Better thou'dst been at Father's Trade,  
An honest Livelihood to have made,  
    In lamp'ring Bulls with Collars,  
Than to thy Country prove unjust,  
First sell, and then betray, thy Trust,  
    For so many hard Rix-Dollars.

Priest and Physician thou didst save  
From Gallows, Fire, and from the Grave,  
    For which we can't endure thee;

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

The one can ne'er absolve thy Sins,  
And th'other (tho' he now begins)  
    Of Knav'ry ne'er can cure thee.

But lest we all shou'd end his Life,  
And with a keen-whet Chopping-Knife  
    In a Thousand pieces cleave him,  
Let the Parliament first him undertake,  
They'll make the Rascal stink at stake,  
    And so, like a Knave, let's leave him.

[Footnote 6: By an old law, butchers and surgeons were unable to serve on juries.]

## THE BRAWNY BISHOP'S COMPLAINT.

TO THE TUNE OF "PACKINGTON'S POUND."

I.

When B——t [7] perceiv'd the beautiful Dames,  
Who flock'd to the Chapel of Holy St. *James*,  
On their Lovers the kindest Looks did bestow,  
And smil'd not on him while he bellow'd below,  
    To the Princess he went  
    With Pious intent  
This dangerous Ill in the Church to prevent:  
"O Madam!" quoth he, "our Religion is lost  
If the Ladies thus ogle the Knights of the Toast.

II.

"Your Highness observes how I labour and sweat  
Their Affections to raise, and new Flames to beget;  
And sure when I preach all the World, will agree  
That their Ears and their Eyes should be pointed on me:  
    But now I can't find  
    One Beauty so kind  
As my Parts to regard, or my Presence to mind;  
Nay, I scarce have a sight of any one Face  
But those of old *Oxford* and ugly *Arglas*.

III.

"These sorrowful Matrons, with Hearts full of Truth,  
Repent for the manifold Sins of their Youth:  
The rest with their Tattle my Harmony spoil;  
And Bur—ton, An—sey, K—gston, and B—le [8]  
    Their Minds entertain  
    With thoughts so profane  
'Tis a mercy to find that at Church they contain;  
Ev'n Hen—ham's [9] Shapes their weak Fancies intice,  
And rather than me they will ogle the Vice. [10]

IV.

"These Practices, Madam, my Preaching disgrace;  
Shall Laymen enjoy the just Rights of my Place?  
Then all may lament my Condition for hard,  
To thresh in the Pulpit without a Reward.  
    Then pray condescend

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

Such Disorders to end,  
And from their ripe Vineyards such Labourers send;  
Or build up the Seats, that the Beauties may see  
The Face of no brawny Pretender but me.”

V.

The Princess, by rude Importunities press'd,  
Tho' she laugh'd at his Reasons, allow'd his request;  
And now *Britain's* Nymphs in a Protestant Reign  
Are locked up at Pray'rs like the Virgins in Spain,  
    And all are undone  
    As sure as a Gun:  
Whenever a Woman is kept like a Nun;  
If any kind Man from Bondage will save her,  
The Lass in Gratitude grants him the Favour.

[Footnote 7: Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who in 1674 was preacher at the Rolls Chapel.]

[Footnote 8: Burlington, Anglesey, Kingston, and Boyle.]

[Footnote 9: Heningham.]

[Footnote 10: The Vice-Chamberlain.]



## THE POOR BLIND BOY.

BY COLLY GIBBER, 1749.

Oh, say! what is that thing call'd *light*,  
Which I can ne'er enjoy?  
What is the blessing of the sight?  
Oh, tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see;  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel his warmth, but how can he  
E'er make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,  
Whene'er I sleep or play;  
And could I always keep awake,  
It would be always day.

With heavy sighs, I often hear  
You mourn my hopeless woe;  
But sure with patience I may bear  
A loss I do not know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My peace of mind destroy;  
While thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

**THE INSKILLING REGIMENT.**

I.

I will sing in the Praise, if you'll lend but an Ear,  
Of the first Royal Regiment, but don't think I jeer  
If I vow and protest they are as brave Men and Willing,  
As ever old *Rome* bred, or new *Iniskilling*.

II.

Oh, had you but seen them March with that *Decorum*  
That no *Roman* Triumph could e're go before 'em,  
Some smoking, some whistling, all meaning no harm,  
Like *Yorkshire* Attornies coming up to a Term,

III.

On Bobtails, on *Longtails*, on Trotters, on Pacers,  
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers, on Racers,  
You'd ha' swore Knight and Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds, and Pandors.  
Appear'd all like so many great *Alexanders*,

IV.

Whose Warriors who thorow all Dangers durst go.  
Most bravely despising Blood, Battle, and Foe,  
Were mounted on Steeds the last Lord Mayor's Day,  
From *Turky*, *Spain*, *Barbary*, Coach, Cart, and Dray.

V.

'Twas that very day their high Prowess was shown,  
In guarding the King thro' the Fire-works o' th' Town;  
Tho' Sparks were unhors'd and their lac'd Coats were spoil'd,  
They dreaded no Squibs of Men, Women, or Child.

VI.

The Cornet whose nose, though it spoke him no *Roman*,  
Was mounted that day on a Horse that feared no man,  
No Wounds, for all o're his Trappings so sumptuous  
He had ty'd Squibs and Crackers; 'twas mighty presumptuous.

VII.

For note his Design; faith, 'tis worth your admiring:

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

'Twas to let the Queen see how his Horse could stand firing,  
Not wisely consid'ring her Majesty's marry'd,  
And he had been hang'd if the Queen had miscarry'd.

VIII.

All Hearts true as Steel, but of all brave Fellows  
Th'Attorney for my money who was so zealous,  
He went for the Lease of his own House from Home,  
To make a new covering for the Troop's Kettle drum.

IX.

The Lieutenant being thrown by his Jennet,  
His Son in Law fancying some Treachery in it,  
Gave the Oaths to the Horse, which the Beast took, they say,  
But swore by the Lord they went down like chopt hay.

X.

He the Nag of an *Irish* Papist did buy,  
So doubting his Courage and his Loyalty,  
He taught him to eat with his Oats Gunpowdero,  
And prance to the Tune of Lilly-bolero. [11]

XI.

The Tub-preaching Saint was so furious a Blade,  
In Jack-boots both Day and Night preacht, slept, and pray'd;  
To call them to prayers he need no Saint's Bell,  
For gingling his Spurs chim'd them all in as well.

XII.

A noble stout Scrivener that now shall be nameless,  
That in Day of Battle he might be found blameless,  
A War-horse of Wood from *Duck Carver* buys,  
To learn with more safety the Horse Exercise.

XIII.

With one eye on's Honour, the other on's Gain,  
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus* Main,  
That so by that means he his Prancer bestriding,  
Might practise at once both his Writing and Riding.

XIV.

But, oh, the sad news which their Joy now confounds,  
To *Ireland*, their own, like the last Trumpet sounds;  
Lord! Lord! how this sets them a Waiting Petitions,  
And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions.

THE INSKILLING REGIMENT.

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

XV.

Oh, who will March for me? speak any that dare,  
A Horse and an Hundred Pounds for him, that's fair;  
Dear Courtiers, excuse me from Teagland and Slaughter,  
And take which you please, *Sir*, my Wife or my Daughter.”

XVI.

Some feign'd themselves lame, some feign'd themselves clapt,  
At last finding all themselves by themselves trapt,  
The King most unanimously they addrest,  
And told him the Truth, 'twas all but a Jest.

XVII.

“A Jest,” quoth the King, and with that the King smil'd,  
“Come, it ne're shall be said such a Jest shall be spoil'd;  
Therefore I dismiss you. in Peace all depart,  
For it was more your Goodness than my Desert.”

XVIII.

Thus happily freed from the dreadful Vexation  
Of being Defenders of this, or that Nation,  
They kist Royal Fist, and were drunk all for Joy,  
And broke all their swords, and cry'd *Vive le Roy*.

[Footnote 11: The refrain of a celebrated political song.]

**A BALLAD ON THE FLEET.**

I.

A mighty great Fleet—the like was ne'er seen  
Since the Reign of K. *William* and *Mary* the Q.—  
Design'd the Destruction of *France*, to have been,  
*Which nobody can deny, etc.*

II.

The Fleet was composed of *English* and *Dutch*;  
For Men and for Guns there was never seen such,  
Nor so little done when expected so much,  
*Which, etc.*

III.

One hundred Ships which we Capital call,  
With Frigots and Tenders, and Yatchts that were small,  
Went out, and did little or nothing at all,  
*Which, etc.*

IV.

260,500 and six Lusty Men,  
Had they chanc'd to have met with the *French* Fleet, oh, then,  
As they beat 'em last year, so they'd beat 'em again,  
*Which, etc.*

V.

Six thousand great Guns and seventy-eight more,  
As good and as great as ever did roar;  
It had been the same thing had they all been ashore,  
*Which, etc.*

VI.

But T——[12] now must command them no more;  
We try'd of what Mettle he was made of before;  
It's safer for him on the Land for to whore,  
*Which, etc.*

VII.

For a Bullet perhaps from the loud Cannons Breech,

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

Which makes no distinction betwixt poor and rich,  
Instead of his Dog might have taken his Bitch,  
*Which, etc.*

### VIII.

But R—the C—C—R—is chose  
His fine self and his Fleet to the Sea to expose,  
But he'll have a care how he meets with his Foes,  
*Which, etc.*

### IX.

He had Sea-Colonels of the Nature of Otter,  
Which either might serve by Land or by Water,  
But of what they have done we have heard no great matter,  
*Which, etc.*

### X.

In the month of *May* last they sail'd on the Main,  
And now in *September* they come back again  
With the loss of some ships, but in Battle none slain,  
*Which, etc.*

[Footnote 12: Probably George, Viscount Torrington, First Lord of the Admiralty in 1727.]

## ON SEEING MR. FOX AND MR. HASTINGS AT CHELTENHAM.

“En redit Hastingus, pocatis regibus Indi,  
Anglorum et posito nomine, et imperio,  
Ecce silet vulpes, annosaque fabula Burki,  
Faucibus haret, eheu, Dic, age, dic Sheridan.”

From Eastern climes, lo, Hastings! late return'd,  
His struggles ended, and his fame well earn'd,  
Illustrious Statesman! [13] to a distant age  
Thy name shall live and grace th'historic page;  
There licens'd falsehoods [14] shall no more prevail,  
Nor Dodsley publish [15] Edmund's annual tale.  
When France, exulting, deem'd our ruin near,  
And Hyder's progress struck each Chief with fear;  
When hostile nations press'd in league combin'd,  
Collected, firm, and dauntless was thy mind;  
Inspir'd by Hastings, Coote [16]: the seasons brav'd,  
Embark'd his succours, and a kingdom sav'd.  
Goddard [17] at his command our standard bore  
Through lands to England's sons unknown before;  
While Popham's victories rais'd our country's fame  
And fix'd in realms remote the British name.  
The sued—for peace [18] to Gualior's fall is due.  
And Gualior's capture long was Hastings' view.  
History shall tell how clos'd the scene of blood,  
When to a world oppos'd Britannia stood;  
No conquest Gallia claims on India's coast,  
No splendid triumphs can the Belgian boast,  
For millions wasted, [19] and a navy lost.  
The keen Maratta and the fierce Mysore  
Their league dissolve, and give the contest o'er;  
And peace restor'd, e'en party owns, tho' late, [20]  
That Hastings' firmness has preserv'd the State.  
Succeeding ages this great truth shall know,  
A truth recorded by a generous foe, [21]  
That England's genius, in a luckless hour  
For Gallic schemes, gave Hastings Sov'reign pow'r.

[Footnote 13: Pitt, who moved the address upon the peace in Lord Shelburne's administration, declared, in the course of his speech, that he had no fears for India while so illustrious a statesman as Mr. Hastings directed our councils, and so great a general as Sir Eyre Coote commanded our armies. This declaration was the more honourable for Mr. Hastings because at that time the absurd prejudices of the Rockingham party had misled half the Nation.]

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

[Footnote 14: It can be remembered with what diligence copies of the reports of the Select Committee were circulated under the sanction of the Ministry, and how many false and abusive libels were given away through the kingdom, tending to depreciate the character of Mr. Hastings, previous to Mr. Fox's bringing in his India Bill.]

[Footnote 15: Mr. Burke published a speech almost every year after he came into notice.]

[Footnote 16: The preservation of the British empire in India depended upon Sir Eyre Coote's safe arrival at Madras with money and troops at the most dangerous season of the year, when merchant ships seldom venture upon the coast.]

[Footnote 17: General Goddard marched from Corah to Surat, across the continent of Indostan, and after the conclusion of the peace the same army returned to Bengal under the command of Colonel Charles Morgan, through countries which we had formerly little knowledge of. Colonel Pearce marched at the head of five regiments of Bengal Sepoys from Calcutta to reinforce Sir Eyre Coote's army at Madras. This brave detachment was distinguished in every action; on the attack of the French lines at Cuddalore, one of the regiments was opposed to a French European regiment, and much of the success of that day is attributed to the spirited exertions of the Bengal detachment. Colonel Pearce, on the conclusion of the peace with Tippoo, marched this detachment back to Calcutta, where it was disbanded in the month of January.]

[Footnote 18: The separate peace with Madagee Scindia was entirely owing to the capture of Gwalior and to the subsequent operations of a detachment formed by Hastings for the express purpose of drawing Scindia from Guzzerat to the defence of his own dominions, and as a certain means of effecting a general peace.]

[Footnote 19: The war in India cost France at least seven millions sterling, and at the close of it we were in possession of all the French and Dutch settlements on the continent of India, and were besieging their forces in Cuddalore when intelligence of the peace in Europe was received at Madras.]

[Footnote 20: The Directors were divided at one period in their opinion of Hastings; and Fox and Burke invariably laid great stress upon the circumstance that thirteen directors were of opinion he ought to be recalled in 1783, though ten of the same body, and 428 proprietors, most strenuously supported him. Many of the thirteen who voted his recall in 1783 were in the Direction when he received a unanimous vote of thanks for his long, faithful, and important services.]

[Footnote 21: Monsieur Law, governor of Pondicherry, in a memoir



## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

addressed to the French Minister, says, “In an evil hour for France the English East India Company appointed Mr. Hastings governor of Bengal.” And Monsieur Suffrien, in a letter to Hastings, relative to his treatment of English prisoners, says that he wishes to explain the motives of his conduct to one “of whom all the world speaks well,”—and surely a compliment of this kind was never paid with more justice to any individual than to Warren Hastings. Throughout India and Europe, the character of no man was more generally known or more universally respected.]

**AN IMITATION OF HORACE**

BOOK II., ODE 16.

WRITTEN BY WARREN HASTINGS  
ON HIS PASSAGE FROM BENGAL TO ENGLAND IN 1785.  
ADDRESSED TO JOHN SHORE, ESQ.

For ease the harass'd seaman prays,  
When Equinoctial tempests raise  
The Cape's surrounding wave;  
When hanging o'er the reef, he hears  
The cracking mast, and sees or fears,  
Beneath, his wat'ry grave.

For ease the slow *Maratta* spoils,  
And hardier *Sic* erratic toils,  
While both their ease forego;  
For ease, which neither gold can buy,  
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie,  
The cover'd heart bestow;

For neither gold nor gems combin'd  
Can heal the soul, or suffering mind;  
Lo! where their owner lies,  
Perch'd on his couch Distemper breathes,  
And Care like smoke, in turbid wreathes,  
Round the gay cieling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,  
The lands his father held before,  
Is of true bliss possess'd:  
Let but his mind unfetter'd tread  
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,  
And wise as well as blest.

No fears his peace of mind annoy  
Lest printed lies his fame destroy,  
Which labour'd years have won,  
Nor pack'd committees break his rest,  
Nor avarice sends him forth in quest  
Of climes beneath the sun.

Short is our span; then why engage  
In schemes, for which man's transient age  
Was ne'er by Fate designed?  
Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand?

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

What wanderer from his native land  
E'er left himself behind?

The restless thought, and wayward will,  
And discontent attend him still,  
Nor quit him while he lives;  
At sea care follows in the wind,  
At land it mounts the pad behind,  
Or with the postboy drives.

He would happy live to-day  
Must laugh the present ills away,  
Nor think of woes to come,  
For come they will or soon or late,  
Since mix'd at best is man's estate,  
By Heaven's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive liv'd renown'd,  
With lacks enrich'd, with honours crown'd,  
His valour's well-earn'd meed;  
Too long, alas! he lived to hate  
His envied lot, and died [22] too late,  
From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliott's [23] doom;  
I saw his opening virtues bloom,  
And manly sense unfold,  
Too soon to fade! I bade the stone  
Record his name 'midst Hordes unknown,  
Unknowing what it told.

To thee, perhaps, the fates may give—  
I wish they may—in health to live,  
Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields,  
Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine;  
With these, the muse already thine  
Her present bounties yields.

For me, O Shore! I only claim  
To merit, not to seek for fame,  
The good and just to please,  
A state above the fear of want,  
Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant,  
Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

[Footnote 22: Lord Clive committed suicide 1774.]

[Footnote 23: Mr. Elliott died in October, 1778, on his way to  
Nangpore, the capital of Moodagees Boofla's dominions, being deputed  
on an embassy to that prince by the Governor-General and Council; a  
monument was erected to his memory on the spot where he was buried,

Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

and the Marattas have since built a town there, called Elliott  
Gunge, or Elliott's Town.]

**EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.**

Here lies poor Johnson. Reader, have a care,  
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear:  
Religious, moral, generous, and humane  
He was, but self-sufficient, rude, and vain;  
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute,  
A scholar and a Christian—yet a brute.  
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,  
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy?  
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,  
Will tell you how he wrote, and talked, and cough'd, and spit.

**VERSES UPON THE ROAD.**

FACIT INDIGNATIO.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY DAVID GARRICK,  
TO LORD JOHN CAVENDISH.

Whilst all with sighs their way pursue  
From Chatsworth's blest abode,  
My mind still fires, my Lord, at you,  
And thus bursts out in ode.

Forgive my phrenzy, good Lord John,  
For passion's my Apollo:  
Sweet Hebe says, when sense is gone,  
That nonsense needs must follow.

Like Indian knife, or Highland sword,  
Your words have hewn and hack'd me;  
Whilst Quin, a rebel to his lord,  
Like his own Falstaff back'd me.

In vain I bounce, and fume, and fret,  
Swear Shakespeare is divine;  
Fitzherbert [24] can a while forget  
His pains to laugh at mine.

Lord Frederick, George, and eke his Grace,  
My honest zeal deride;  
Nay, Hubert's melancholy face  
Smirks on your Lordship's side.

With passion, zeal, and punch misled,  
Why goad me on to strife?  
Why send me to a restless bed  
And disappointed wife?

This my reward! and this from you!  
Is't thus you Bowman [25] treat,  
Who eats more toads than *you know who*  
Each night did strawberries eat?

Did I not mount the dun-drawn chaise,  
And sweat for many a mile?  
And gave his Grace's skill much praise,  
*Grinning a ghastly smile!*

Did I not elsewhere risk my bones,

VERSES UPON THE ROAD.

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

My Lord–Duke's freaks took pride in?  
Did I not trot down hills of Stones,  
And call it pleasant riding?

Did I not all your feats proclaim,  
Nor once from duty shrink?  
In flattery I sunk my fame,  
A Bowman e'en in drink.

Did I not oft my conscience force,  
Against its dictates swear?  
Have I not prais'd Lord Georg's horse?  
Nay, e'en your Lordship's mare?

Did I not oft, in rain and wind,  
O'er hills, thro' vallies roam,  
When wiser folk would lag behind,  
And Spaniels staid at home?

Have I not with your natives fed,  
The worst of all my labours;  
And ventur'd both my ears and head  
Amongst your scalping neighbours?

Not Quin's more blest with Calipee,  
Fitzherbert in his puns,  
Lord John in contradicting me,  
Lord Frederick with his nuns,

Than I am blest in Shakespear's muse!  
Each drop within my standish,  
Each drop of blood for him I'll lose,  
As firm as any Ca'ndish.

As Whig you gain the world's applause,  
For once a Tory shine,  
A Tory once in Shakespeare's cause,  
And feel his right divine!

Attack my wife, my patent tear,  
Do deeds without a name!  
Burn, kill, or ravish, Lord! but spare,  
Oh, spare my Shakespeare's fame!

Did not Dean Barker [26] wisely preach,  
Opinion may be sin?  
Did not his sermon wisely teach  
To cleanse ourselves within?

From infidelity awake!  
Oh, melt your heart of stone;

VERSES UPON THE ROAD.

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

Conceal your errors for my sake,  
Or mend them for your own.

[Footnote 24: William Fitzherbert, Esq., of Tissington, M.P. for Derby.]

[Footnote 25: The name of a character in "Lethe."]

[Footnote 26: The Rev. William Barker, M.A., Dean of Raphoi He died about 1777.]



## SATYR ON THE SCOTS.

BY MR. CLEVELAND.

Come, keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers' Feet,  
And Badger-like bite till your Teeth do meet;  
Help ye, Tart Satyrists, to imp my Rage,  
With all the Scorpions that should whip this Age.  
But that there's Charm in Verse, I would not quote  
The Name of Scot without an Antidote,  
Unless my Head were red, that I might brew  
Invention there that might be Poison too.  
Were I a drowzy Judge, whose dismal Note  
Disgorges Halters, as a Juggler's Throat  
Does Ribbons; could I in Sir *Empyrick's* Tone  
Speak Pills in Phrase, and quack Destruction;  
Or roar like *Marshal*, that *Geneva* Bull,  
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:  
Yet to express a *Scot*, to play that Prize,  
Not all those Mouth-Granadoes can suffice.  
Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,  
I must, like Hocus, swallow Daggers first.  
*Scots* are like Witches; do but whet your Pen,  
Scratch till the Blood comes, they'll not hurt you then.

Now as the Martyrs were compell'd to take  
The Shapes of Beasts, like Hypocrites at Stake,  
I'll bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your Eyes;  
A *Scot* within a Beast is no Disguise.  
No more let Ireland brag her harmless Nation  
Fosters no Venom since that *Scots' Plantation*;  
*Nor can our Feign'd Antiquity obtain,*  
*Since they came in England has Wolves again.*  
*Nature her self does Scotch-men Beasts confess,*  
*Making their Country such a Wilderness;*  
*A Land that brings in Question and Suspence*  
*God's Omnipresence but that Charles came thence,*  
*But that Montrose and Crawford's Royal Band*  
*Aton'd their Sin, and Christened half the Land.*  
*Nor is it all the Nation has these Spots,*  
*There is a Church as well as Kirk of Scots,*  
*As in a Picture where the Squinting Paint*  
*Shews Fiend on this Side and on that Side Saint;*  
*He that Saw Hell in's Melancholy Dream,*  
*And in the Twilight of his Fancy's Theme,*  
*Scar'd from his Sins, repented in a Fright,*  
*Had he view'd Scotland had turn'd Proselyte.*

SATYR ON THE SCOTS.

## Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

*A Land where one may pray with curst Intent;  
Oh, may they never suffer Banishment!  
Had Cain been Scot, God would have chant'd his Doom,  
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.  
Like Jews they spread, and as Infection fly,  
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.  
Hence 'tis they live as Rovers, and defie  
This or that Place, Rags of Geography.  
They're Citizens o' th' World, they're all in all;  
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.  
And yet they ramble not to learn the Mode,  
How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad;  
To return knowing in the Spanish Shrug,  
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug  
Resembles most in Belly or in Beard;  
The Card by which the Mariners are Steer'd.  
No! The Scots—Errant fight, and fight to eat;  
Their Ostrich Stomachs make their Swords their Meat.  
Nature with Scots as Tooth—drawers has dealt,  
Who use to string their Teeth upon their Belt.  
Not Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel must tame  
The Stubborn Scot: A Prince that would reclaim  
Rebels by yielding does like him. or worse,  
Who saddled his own Back to shame his Horse.  
Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,  
Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's Spoil?  
Lord! what a Goodly Thing is want of Shirts!  
How a Scotch Stomach and no Meat converts!  
They wanted Food and Raiment, so they took  
Religion for their Seamstress and their Cook.  
Unmask them well; their Honours and Estate,  
As well as Conscience, are Sophisticate.  
Shrive but their Titles, and their Money poise;  
A Laird and Twenty Pence,[27] pronounc'd with Noise,  
When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,  
And a good sober Two—pence, and well so.  
Hence then, 'you Proud Imposters, get you gone,  
You Picts in Gentry and Devotion,  
You Scandal to the Stock of Verse, a Race  
Able to bring the Gibbet in Disgrace.  
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce  
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of Use.  
The Indian that Heaven did forswear  
Because he heard some Spaniards were there.  
Had he but known what Scots in Hell had been,  
He would, Erasmus—like, have hung between.  
My Muse has done. A voider for the Nonce;  
I wrong the Devil should I pick the Bones.  
That Dish is his, for when the Scots decease,  
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.  
A Scot, when from the Gallows—Tree got loose,*

Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

*Drops into Stix, and turns a Soland Goose. [28]*

*[Footnote 27: Ten pence Scots was a penny English.]*

*[Footnote 28: Compare with this the first of the two political squibs published in the Aungervyle Reprints Series, 2.]*

## THE MARSEILLAISE.

*[Footnote: Written and composed by Roger de Lisle. This translation has been attributed to Lord Auckland.]*

*Ye sons of France, awake to glory;  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?  
To arms, to arms, ye brave,  
Th'avenging sword unsheath;  
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd  
On victory or death.*

*Now, now, the dang'rous storm is rolling  
Which treach'rous kings, confederate, raise;  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze;  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?  
To arms, ye brave, etc.*

*With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,  
To mete and vend the light and air.  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
To arms, ye brave, etc.*

*O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.  
To arms, ye brave, etc.*

Quaint Gleanings from Ancient Poetry

**A DIRGE.**

*Bow the head, thou lily fair,  
Bow the head in mournful guise;  
Sickly turn thy shining white,  
Bend thy stalk, and never rise.*

*Shed thy leaves, thou lovely rose,  
Shed thy leaves, so sweet and gay;  
Spread them wide on the cold earth,  
Quickly let them fade away.*

*Fragrant woodbine, all untwine,  
All untwine from yonder bower;  
Drag thy branches on the ground,  
Stain with dust each tender flower,*

*For, woe is me! the gentle knot  
That did in willing durance bind  
My happy soul to hers for life  
By cruel death is now untwined.*

*Her head, with dim, half-closed eyes,  
Is bowed upon her breast of snow;  
And cold and faded are those cheeks  
That wont with cheerful red to glow.*

*Mute, mute, is that harmonious voice  
That wont to breathe the sounds of love,  
And lifeless are those beauteous limbs  
That with such ease and grace did move.*

*And I, of all my bliss bereft.  
Lonely and sad must ever moan,  
Dead to each joy the world can give,  
Alive to memory alone.*

*FINIS.*