







ABS. 1. 81.31(1-2)



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RICHARD WEST.

..... simplex nec despice carmen,
Nec vatem : non illa leves primordia motus,
Quaquam parva, dabunt. GRAY, *de Princip. Cogit.*

Just Heav'n's ! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drag the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife ?
Did e'er this tongue the band'rer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name ?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know :—
But why repine ? does life deserve my sigh ?
Few will lament my loss where'er I die—
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise :
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend :
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet but the friend sincere. AD AMICOS.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

MISCELLANIES.

Advertisement.

THE life of Mr. West was so short, and the events of it so few, that it was judged better to insert the anecdotes which remain of this hopeful youth in the preceding account of his friend than to reserve them for a detached article. Mr. Walpole wished to see their Works united in one volume. The only objection of Mr. Gray to this wish no longer now remains. Had he complied with Mr. Walpole's desire, it is the opinion of Mr. Mason that he would have given only the poems which follow.

AD AMICOS.

[Imitated from Tibullus, book iii. elegy 5, and Mr. Pope's letter in sickness to Mr. Steele.]

YES, happy youths! on Camus' sedgey side
You feel each joy that friendship can divide,
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,
Studious alone to learn what'er may tend 5
To raise the genius or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walks you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft' and oft' alone ye chuse
To catch the zephyr and to court the Muse; 10

Vos tenet, Etruscis manat quæ fontibus unda,
Unda sub æstivum non adœuanda canem.
Nunc autem sacris Baiarum maxima lymphis,
Quum se purpureo vere remittit hienas.

Mean-time at me (while all devoid of art
 These lines give back the image of my heart)
 At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
 Or aims or seems to aim the dart of Fate.
 From you remote methinks alone I stand 15
 I like some sad exile in a desert land,
 Around no friends their lenient care to join
 In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days; 20
 To sickness still, and still to grief, a prey
 Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
 Did e'er this hand against a brother's life 25
 Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
 Did e'er this tongue the stand'rer's tale proclaim,
 Or madly violate my Maker's name?
 Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
 Or know a thought but all the world might know? 30

At mihi Persephone nigram deununtiat horam
 Inmerito juveni parce nocere, Dea.
 Non ego tentavi nulli temeranda virorum
 Audax laudandæ sacra docere Dere.
 Nec mea mortiferis infecit pocula succis
 Dexterâ, nec quiquam tætra venena dedit.
 Nec nos infana meditantés jurgia mente
 pœpia in adversos solvimus ora Deos.

As yet just started from the lists of time
 My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
 Useless as yet thro' life I've idly run,
 No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
 Ah! who ere autumn's mellowing suns appear 35
 Would pluck the promise of the vernal year,
 Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray
 Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
 Stern pow'r of Fate! whose ebon sceptre rules
 The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools, 40
 Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
 A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
 Ah! stay till age shall blast my with'ring face,
 Shake in my head and falter in my pace;
 Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow, 45
 And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

Et nondum cani nigros læsere capillos,
 Nec venit tardo curva Senecta pede.
 Natalem nostri primum videre parentes
 (Quum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.)
 Quid fraudare juvat vitem crescentibus uvis?
 Et modo nata mala vellere poma manu *?
 Parcite, pallentes undas quicumque tenetis,
 Duraque sortiti tertia regna Dei.

* "There is," says Mr. Mason, "a peculiar blemish in this line, arising from the synonymous *mala* and *poma*."—But who that can either construe or scan this line could have taken these words for *synonymous*?

How weak is man to Reason's judging eye!
 Born in this moment, in the next we die;
 Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
 Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire. 50
 In vain our plans of happiness we raise;
 Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise:
 Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
 Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
 Health is at best a vain precarious thing, 55
 And fair-fac'd youth * is ever on the wing:
 'Tis like the stream aside whose wat'ry bed
 Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
 Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
 Shade all the ground and flourish to the skies; 60
 The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
 And undermine the hollow bank below;
 Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
 Bare all the roots and on their fibres prey:

*Elyfios olim liceat cognoscere campos,
 Lethæamque ratem, Cimmeriosque lacus,
 Quam meæ rugosa pallebant ora senectâ,*

Atque utinam vano nequidquam terrear ætate!

* "Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life
 in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it is like the
 stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to
 flourish and blossom to the light, but at the same time is un-
 dermining it at the root in secret." Pope.

Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And ſinks untimely in the whelming tide. 65

But why repine ? does life deſerve my ſigh ?
Few will lament my loſs whene'er I die.
For thoſe the wretches * I deſpiſe or hate
I neither envy nor regard their fate. 70

For me whene'er all-conq'ring Death ſhall ſpread
His wings around my unrepining head
I care not † : tho' this face be ſeen no more
The world will paſs as cheerful as before,
Bright as before the day-ſtar will appear, 75
The fields as verdant and the ſkies as clear ;
Nor ſtorms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor ſigns on earth nor portents in the air ;
Unknown and ſilent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death. 80

Yet ſome there are (ere ſpent my vital days)
Within whoſe breſts my tomb I wiſh to raiſe :
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praiſe would crown me aſt their precepts mend :
To them may theſe fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet but the friend ſincere ‡. 86

* " I am not at all uneaſy at the thought that many men
" whom I never had any eſteem for are likely to enjoy this
" world after me." *Pope.*

† " The morning after my exit the ſun will riſe as bright as
" ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green ;
" people will laugh, &c." *Pope.*

‡ This Epitile was written from Chriſt-church Oxford, July
4th 1737, in the 21ſt year of his age.

ELEGIA.

Quod mihi tam gratæ misisti dona Camænæ,
 Qualia Mænalius Pan Deus ipse velit,
 Amplector te, Graie, et toto corde reposco,
 Oh desiderium jam nimis usque meum :
 Et mihi rura placent, et me quoq; sæpe volentem 5
 Duxerunt Dryades per sua prata Deæ ;
 Sicubi lymp̄ha fugit liquido pede, sive virentem,
 Magna decus nemoris, quercus opacat humum :
 Illuc mane novo vagor, illuc vespere sero,
 Et, noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano. 10
 Nec nostræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida sylvæ :
 Ah. si desit amor, nil mihi rura placent.
 Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,
 Regnat et in Cœlis, regnat et Oceano ;
 Ille gregem taurosq; domat, sæviq; leonem 15
 Seminis; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros :
 Quin et fervet amore nemus, ramoq; sub omni
 Contenta tremulo plurima gaudet avis.
 Duræ etiam in sylvis agitant connubia plantæ,
 Duræ etiam et fertur saxa animasse Venus. 20
 Durior et saxis, et robore durior ille est,
 Sincero siquis peñore amare vetat :
 Non illi in manibus sanctum deponere pignus,
 Non illi arcanum cor aperire velim ;
 Nescit amicitias, teneros qui nescit amores : 25
 Ah ! si nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.
 Me licet a patriâ longè in tellure juberent

Externâ positum ducere fata dies;
 Si vultus modo amatus adesset, non ego contra
 Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos. 30

At dulci in gremio curarum oblivia ducens
 Nil cuperem præter posse placere meæ;
 Nec bona fortunæ aspiciens, neq; munera regum,
 Illa intrâ optarem brachia cara mori. 34

Sept. 17th 1738.

ELEGIA.

[Addressed to Mr. Gray.]

ERGO desidiæ videor tibi crimine dignus;
 Et meritò: victas do tibi sponte manus.
 Arguor et veteres nimium contemnere Musas,
 Irata et nobis est Medicæ Venus.
 Mene igitur statuas et inania saxa vereri! 5
 Stultule! marmoreâ quid mihi cum Venere?
 Hic veræ, hic vivæ Veneres, et mille per urbem,
 Quarum nulla queat non placuisse Jovi.
 Cedite Romanæ formosæ et cedite Graiæ,
 Sintque oblita Helenæ nomen et Hermonia! 10
 Et, quascunque refert ætas vetus, Heroinæ:
 Unus honor nostris jam venit Angliæ fin.
 Oh quales vultus, Oh quantum numen ocellis!
 I nunc et Tuscas improbe confer opes.
 Ne tamen hæc obtusa nimis præcordia credas, 15
 Ne me adeo nullâ Pallade progenitum:
 Testor Pieridumque umbras et flumina Pindi
 Me quoque Calliopes semper amantæ choros;

Et dudum Aufonias urbes, et visere Graias
 Cura est, ingenio si licet ire meo : 20
 Sive est Phidiacum marmor, seu mentoris æra,
 Seu paries Coo nobilis e calamo ;
 Nec minus artificum magna argumenta recentum
 Romanique decus nominis et Veneti :
 Quà Furor et Mavors et sævo in Marmore vultus, 25
 Quaque et formoso mollior ære Venus.
 Quaque loquax spirat fucus, vivique labores,
 Et quicquid calamo dulciùs ausa manus :
 Hic nemora, et sola mærens Melibœus in umbrâ,
 Lymphaque muscoso profiliens lapide ; 30
 Illic majus opus, faciesque in pariete major
 Exurgens, Divum et numina Cœlicolùm ;
 O vos sælices, quibus hæc cognoscere fas est,
 Et totâ Italiâ, qua patet usque, frui !
 Nulla dies vobis eat injucunda, nec usquam
 Noritis quid sit tempora amara pati. 36

——— *It was the production of four o' clock in the morning,*
while I lay in my bed tossing and coughing, and all un-
able to sleep. ———

ANTE omnes morbos importunissima tussis,
 Quâ durare datur, trahitque sub illa vires :
 Dura etenim versans imo sub pectore regna,
 Perpetuo exercet teneras lætamine costas,
 Oraque dislorquet, vocemque immutat anhelam : 5
 Nec cessare locus : sed sævo concita motu
 Molle domat latus, et corpus labor omne fatigat :

Unde molles dies, noctemque infemnia turbant.
 Nec Tua, si mecum Comes hic jucundus adesces,
 Verba juvare queant, aut hunc lenire dolorem
 Sufficiant tua vox dulcis, nec vultus amatus. 11

ODE.

DEAR Gray! that always in my heart
 Possesses far the better part,
 What mean these sudden blasts that rise,
 And drive the zephyrs from the skies?
 O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
 And invoke the tardy May. 6

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,
 Bring all the Graces in thy train:
 With balmy breath and flow'ry tread
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
 Where in Elysian slumber bound
 Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round. 12

Awake, in all thy glories dress,
 Recall the zephyrs from the west;
 Restore the sun, revive the skies,
 At mine and Nature's call arise!
 Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
 And misses her accustom'd May. 18

See! all her works demand thy aid,
 The labours of Pomona fade;
 A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
 Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
 The birds forget to love and sing,
 With storms alone the forests ring.

24

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,
 Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
 Create where'er thou turn'st thy eye
 Peace, plenty, love, and harmony,
 Till ev'ry being share its part
 And heav'n and earth be glad at heart.

30

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

PERSPICUI puerum ludentem in margine rivi
 Immerfit vitreæ limpidus error aguar :
 At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit
 Credula, et amplexu funus inane fovet ;
 Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno
 Languidus, æternum lumina composuit.

6

Τὸν τρίτον παίζοντα περὶ φρίαρ Ἀστυάκλια,
 ἴδωλον μορφᾶς κερὸν ἰπισπάσατο.
 Ἴκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἄρπασε μάτηρ,
 σκεπλισμένα ζωᾶς ἢ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.
 Νύμφας δ' ἔκ ἐμήνιον ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γέναν
 μαίρῳ κοιμαθείς τὸν ἑαδὸν ὕπνον ἔχει.

TO MR. GRAY.

O Mæx jucunda comes quietis!
 Quæ fere ægrotum solita es levare
 Pectus, et sensim ah! nimis ingruentes
 Fallere curas: 4

Quid canes? quanto Lyra dic furore
 Gesties, quando hac reducem sodalem
 Glauciam * gaudere simul videbis
 Meque sub umbra? 8

* Mr. Gray.

CÆTERA DESIDERANTUR.

CONTENTS.

GRAY.

	Page
Life of the Author,	5
His last will and testament,	25
Ode to memory of Mr. Gray, by J. T.	29

ODES.

Ode I. on the Spring,	35
— II. on the death of a favourite cat,	37
— III. on a distant prospect of Eton College,	39
— IV. on adversity,	43
— V. the progress of poetry,	46
— VI. the Bard,	54
— VII. the Fatal Sisters,	65
— VIII. the descent of Odin,	68
— IX. the triumphs of Owen,	73
— X. the death of Hoel,	75
— XI. for musick,	76

MISCELLANIES.

A long story,	81
Elegy. Written in a country churchyard,	87
Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke,	93
Translation from Statius,	<i>ib.</i>
Gray of himself,	94

WEST.

	Page
Ad Amicos,	1
Elegia, "Quod mihi," &c.	6
Ditto, addressed to Mr. Gray, "Ergo desidia," &c.	7
Production of four o'clock in the morning, "Ante "omnes," &c.	8
Ode to May,	9
From the Greek of Posidippus, "Perspicui," &c.	10
To Mr. Gray, "O mea jucunda," &c.	11

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THE END.











