

P O E M S

U P O N

*Several Occasions.*

By Mr. S M I T H.



L O N D O N :

Printed for H. CLEMENTS, at the *Half-Moon*  
in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. MDCCXIII.



To Mr. P A C K E R :

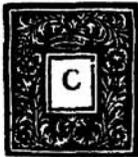
Upon his Improving a Room in Donnington-  
Castle, suppos'd to have been CHAUCER'S  
S T U D Y.

---

*Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere ; cadentq ;  
Quæ nunc sunt in Honore*

Hor. Art. Poet.

---



CHAUCER, as Fame in Deathless Annals  
[sings,

Successively was *Laureat* to Three  
[Kings :

*Apollo* did Himself his Priest ordain,  
And made Him *Flamen* of Their Triple Reign ;  
In Love and Arms He grac'd the *British* Throne,  
Increas'd Their Laurels much, but more His own ;

B

In

2      *Poems upon several Occasions.*

In Honour's Chase They lagg'd behind His Thought;  
The Bard wrote bolder than His Heroes fought.

Such were His Praifes;—Such His Honours now,  
Which, on Himself, Himself could best bestow.  
His Glorious Works muſt far extend His Name;  
Immortal Wit demands Immortal Fame:  
*His faithful Structures of facetious Rhime,*  
Secure, withſtand the fierceſt Shocks of Time;  
And cruel *Saturn* has that Mercy ſhown,  
To ſpare His Children, who devour'd his own.

But tho' the Muſes may elude the Rage  
And ineffectual Batteries of Age,  
The tuneful Choir can no Protection bring,  
Or guard the Neſt, where they firſt learn'd to Sing.  
What *Phæbus*, and the *Nine* in vain purſue,  
Is a peculiar Task reſerv'd for You:  
Wiſe Heaven's Deſign is by Your Care fulfill'd;  
You in few Days the Sacred Walls rebuild,  
And

*Poems upon several Occasions.* 3

And to its former Dignity restore,  
What many Ages scarce destroy'd before ;  
You , and the Mufe each other's Wrongs repair ;  
The Mufe is Your's, and You the Mufe's Care.

Our Ancient Father of the *British* Song,  
In *Dryden* late reviv'd, again grows young :  
His *Tales* are there in freshest Language told,  
Like Coins new-stamp'd on old Spur-royal Gold.  
You , and His Mufe Applauses justly claim,  
Both gen'rous Benefactors to His Fame ;  
The pleasing Task on either Part is great,  
*Dryden* improves His Rhimes, and You His Seat.

The Muses, and the Mufe-inspiring God,  
Shall now revisit Their belov'd Abode ;  
While *Cytherea*, and Her nightly Train  
Of smiling *Graces*, bless the flow'ry Plain.

4 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Fair *Venus* the Myfterious Dance fhall lead,  
Light-tripping *Elves* their airy Meafures tread,  
And leave Fantaftick Rounds in *ev'ry* Fairy Mead. }  
No Fire fhall wander with delufive Light,  
No grifly Ghofl, no Forms obfcene affright, }  
Or difcompofe the Revels of the Night :  
Pleasure with Mirth, and Laughter here fhall ftay,  
The Night to fhorten, and prolong the Day.  
Hark ! how the Birds from their *Poetick* Throats,  
Sing more divinely, and in fweeter Notes ;  
Rivals they ftrove each other to excel,  
And *ev'ry* Thrufh is here a *Phylomel* :  
Their great Inftuctor's Lays employ each Tongue,  
By *Chaucer* taught, of *Chaucer* is their Song.

Old *Greece*, and *Rome* religiously are laid  
To glean the *Reliques* of their mighty Dead ;

With

*Poems upon several Occasions.* 5

With learned Care their *Antiquaries* fought  
The smallest Fragments which their Poets wrote ;  
Pieces that with diviner Fires were warm'd,  
Oracular the Sense, and ev'ry Word was charm'd.  
Thus You preserve (so knowing Fate ordains)  
This venerable Mansion's great Remains :  
Monarchs may *Loures*, Princes *Blenberms* raise ;  
Their Fame is louder, but more just Your Praise :  
The more important Labours better please  
Of building Temples, than proud Palaces.

Threat'ning the Skies This lofty Fabrick stands,  
And all below the distant Plain commands :  
High, without Pride, Majestick, without State,  
Strong in Decay, amidst its Ruins, Great.

Thy fruitful Walls with equal Pride produce  
The Warrior-Hero, and recording Muse.

6 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Lavish of Fame, we're by Thy Story taught  
How *Chancer* sung, and *Boys* His Valour fought,  
But (O!) —'twou'd grieve a Loyal Muse to sing  
Of Men, and Arms rebellious to their King;  
Of curs'd *Newburian* Fields,—whose guilty Plain  
Rose hilly with the Numbers of the Slain:  
By an unequal Fate, and Fortune's Crime,  
*Falkland* was snatch'd from hence before his Time;  
The *Hero* perish'd in the Bloom of Youth,  
In Letters old, in Loyalty, and Truth:  
Pity the Gods his Life refus'd to spare;  
But Heav'n impatient seem'd till He was there.  
Honour he lov'd; bright Honour that proceeds  
From Virtuous Actions, and Heroick Deeds:  
His dauntless Heart in Arms conceiv'd no Fear,  
Except to be far off, and not to hear  
When Honour call'd, and Glorious Danger near.

Know-

*Poems upon several Occasions.* 7

Knowledge He fought—but not in Courts to rise ;  
He was ambitious—only to be wife :  
Such great Accomplishments the Chief engross't,  
To save Him, Empires had been cheaply lost.  
Here fell *Carnarvan*, an Illustrious Name,  
In Blood superior, and his Match in Fame :  
He fell,—to vulgar Hands resign'd his Breath ;  
Ingloriously he fell,—but dy'd a Glorious Death.

From hence a tow'ring Palace may be seen,  
The promis'd Court of a *Bohemian* Queen ;  
The spacious Building, ample Walls, contain  
More Land than bounds a Petty Prince's Reign.  
The Sun that daily runs th' Ethereal Round,  
With weary'd Steps surveys the vast Extent of Ground.  
Had *Disa* been with such Dominions blest,  
She had not lost so soon her *Trojan* Guest ;

8 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

*The faithless Hero had not prov'd unkind,  
Nor rudely left the weeping Fair behind.  
In this stupendous Pile we find express'd  
The large Ideas of a Princely Breast :  
But gilded Roofs no Pattern can afford,  
Or form an Image of their present Lord ;  
Well-fashion'd Marbles Life to others give,  
But His superior Worth makes Marbles live ;  
Does the more gen'rous Monuments impart  
Of open Hands, and an unbounded Heart.*

*With secret Pleasure I am now convey'd ,  
To seek fair *Benham's* hospitable Shade,  
Whose Beauties, like a blushing Virgin, fly  
The common View, nor court the publick Eye :  
Noble, yet plain, with unaffected Grace,  
Resembling well the Masters of the Place.*

Here

*Poems upon several Occasions.* 9

Here They in Peace enjoy unenvy'd Wealth,  
Unbroken Slumbers, and unphyck'd Health.  
Their equal Souls by Sympathy are grown  
In Wills, Affections, and strict Friendship, one ;  
And like two Strings that warble the same Note,  
By Turns resound an Unifon of Thought.

When you shall consecrate the hallow'd Shrine }  
With Jolly Songs, and Goblets crown'd with Wine, }  
My Friends shall in the Dithyrambick Chorus joyn ; }  
Whilst *Chaucer's* Shade shall answer from below,  
Mix with the Pomp, and grace the solemn Show.  
And if the fam'd *Ambros* wond'rous Lyre,  
Would graciously assist the chearful Quire,  
His charming Lays might teach you to repair  
The nodding Ruins with a *Greecian* Air :  
Who by his chorded Shells enchanting Sound,  
Made Marble Quarries heave, and burst the Ground ;  
Then

10 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Then from a rude, and indigested Heap,  
Into a new, and beauteous Order leap.  
In num'rous Figures rang'd, they danc'd along,  
To City's form'd by his attractive Song,  
The willing Stones into the Wall were wrought,  
Harmoniously proportion'd to each Note ;  
And thus by Verse in Architecture skill'd,  
Without an Artist, taught themselves to build.

O could my Muse in *Epick* Numbers write,  
Some famous Tale, like that of *Chaucer's* Knight,  
You, Sir, the noble *Palamon* should be,  
Your beauteous Consort the fair *Emely*.

---