

**THE OLD ENGLISH 'SQUIRE
"A JOVIAL CAY HUNTER,
BOLD, FRANK, AND FREE":
A POEM IN TEN CANTOS**

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The Old English 'Squire "A Jovial Cay Hunter, Bold, Frank, and Free": A Poem in Ten Cantos by John Careless

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JOHN CARELESS

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THE OLD ENGLISH 'SQUIRE

THE OLD SQUIRE.



*And in the Butlers pantry found him
With Brandy Bottles gather'd round him.*

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THE
OLD ENGLISH 'SQUIRE

INVOCATION

HELICON!—thy rocky head
Whose steep ascent might fill with dread
The boldest bard that would aspire
To wake one note on Phœbus' lyre.—
Helicon!—thy steepy height
Is the Muses' dwelling bright :
In bow'rs of bays, and laurel'd shades,
There the blest Aōnian maids,
In strains harmonious, rehearse
The mighty pow'r of magic verse. 10
There the rays of rosy morn,
Commixing with the dews, are born
A race of flow'rets, wild, unknown,
They bloom an hour, and then are gone :
More yet peep forth, and greet the sky
•A moment, then contented die;

2 THE OLD ENGLISH 'SQUIRE

Let me but weave one poesy there,
Content their short-liv'd fate to share.
For I nor know to tune the lyre
Of Thebes with fierce poetic fire, 20
Nor Mantuan numbers grace my song,
Nor does to me Mæonides thy harp belong.

I dare not woo the gentle muse,
That did in Surrey's song infuse
Her magic strain, in graceful guise,
Skill'd to make the bosom rise
With higher swell, when as he sung
The loves and graces round him hung!
When courtly dames, a gorgeous bard,
To Surrey's harp would listening stand, 30
And warm eyed maids would eager throng }
To drop a tear on Surrey's song, }
And the sweet cadence in soft sighs prolong. }

Yet, oh! sweet bard, might I but take
One leaf, for lovely poesy's sake,
From out the wreath e'en rivals wove
To deck the bard they would not love;
Which ev'ry age that Time hath roll'd,
Hath woven o'er an hundred fold;

INVOCATION 3

Well might thou spare a leaf for me, 40
For love of lovely poesy.
If not, O ! gentlest of the Nine !
Come grant my all untutor'd line,
At least to touch one kinder tone,
To kindred bosoms not unknown :
Or haply, in some higher verse,
Higher deeds of worth rehearse ;
Or tell a tale of times gone by,
That jocund live in memory :
Then, gentlest Muse ! accept my vows, 50
In such light guise as my poor harp bestows.

CANTO THE FIRST

IN a fine central country, well studded with
hills,
Richly scatter'd with wood, and well water'd
by rills,
There lies a domain, which 'tis said has re-
main'd
In the fam'ly that first at the Conquest it
gain'd.
'Tis not very remarkable for situation,
Nor yet is it noted for high cultivation,
As 'tis useless at all times to keep things in
order,
That thrive just as well in a little disorder.
The owner ne'er thought of such trouble-
some stuff, 60
And ev'ry thing here—did just well enough.
The fences too frequently suffering repairs
Might scare away partridge, or keep out the
hares,