

**LOVE ELEGIES.
WRITTEN IN
THE YEAR 1732**

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Love elegies. Written in the year 1732 by Mr. Hammond

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MR. HAMMOND

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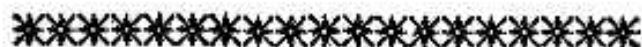
L O V E
E L E G I E S.

Written in the Year 1732.

By Mr. HAMMOND.



Virginibus Puerisque, Canto.



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THE
P R E F A C E.

THE following Elegies were wrote by a young Gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his Intentions concerning their Publication, a Friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the Persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the Publick, nor injurious to the Memory of their Author. The Reader must decide, whether this Determination was the result of just Judgment, or partial Friendship, for the Editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all Pretensions to the former.

The Author compos'd them ten Years ago, before he was two and twenty Years old; an Age when Fancy and Imagination commonly riot, at the Expence of Judgment and Correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But sincere in his Love as in his Friendship, he wrote to his Mistresses, as he spoke to his Friends, nothing but the true genuine Sentiments of his Heart; he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; 'twas Nature, and Sentiment only that dictated to a real Mistress, not youthful and poetic Fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore speaks here her own, proper, native Language, the unaffected, plaintive Language of

the tender Passions ; the true Elegiac Dignity and Simplicity are preserved, and united, the one without Pride, the other without Meanness. Tibullus seems to have been the Model our Author judiciously preferred to Ovid ; the former writing directly from the Heart, to the Heart ; the latter too often yielding, and addressing himself to the Imagination.

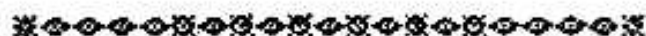
The undissipated Youth of the Author, allowed him Time to apply himself to the best Masters, the Ancients ; and his Parts enabled him to make the best Use of them ; for upon those great Models of solid Sense and Virtue, he formed not only his Genius, but his Heart, both well prepared by Nature to adopt, and adorn the Resemblance. He admired that Justness, that noble Simplicity of Thought and Expression, which have distinguished, and preserved their Writings to this Day ; but he revered that Love of their Country, that Contempt of Riches, that Sacredness of Friendship, and all those heroic and social Virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the Veneration, though not the Imitation of succeeding Ages ; and he looked back with a kind of religious Awe and Delight, upon those glorious and happy Times of Greece and Rome, when Wisdom, Virtue and Liberty formed the only Triumvirates, ere Luxury invited Corruption to taint, or Corruption introduced Slavery to destroy, all public and private Virtues. In these Sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these Times ; in these Sentiments he died, but in these Times too—Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videntur.

L O V E



LOVE - ELEGIES.

Written in the Year 1732.



On his falling in Love with NEERA.

E L E G Y I.

✂ * ✂ AREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
* F * In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in
✂ * ✂ vain :

I saw NEERA, and her instant slave,
Tho' born a Briton, hug'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh that to feel these killing pangs no more,
 On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
 Was fix'd a rock amidst the watry roar,
 And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye muses, or my passion aid,
 Why shou'd I loiter by your idle spring?
 My humble voice wou'd move but only maid,
 And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty Epic strain;
 Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere;
 I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
 Adieu, ye muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
 Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
 I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine;
 But chiefly thine, O VÁNUS, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee; I lov'd a beauteous maid,
 Who bends on sordid gold her low desires:
 Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
 But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost;
 With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy Sheep;
 Unwiser still who seas and mountains cross,
 To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep:

These costly toys our silly fair surprize,
 The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
 Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise,
 'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the Gods conceal the little mind
 And earthly thought beneath a heav'nly face?
 Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
 Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that love and VENUS bear,
 Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,
 Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,
 The froward lover,—Hence this angry song.



*Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of NEERA,
 he intends to make a campaign, and try, if
 possible, to forget her.*

E L E G Y II.

A DIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
 No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound,
 My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
 My rousing spirits feel the trumpets found.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
 On spoil and war is bent this iron age;
 Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
 Unsated vengeance and remorseless Rage:

To purchase spoil ev'n love itself is sold,
 Her lover's heart is least NEERA's care,
 And I through war must seek detected gold,
 Not for my self, but for my venal fair :

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
 The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien ;
 And art mistaken make her beauty less,
 While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
 Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand,
 Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
 Hers the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
 For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed.
 But where alas wou'd idle fancy tend ?
 And sooth with dreams a youthful poet's head ?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
 In forc'd embraces aft the tyrant's part,
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
 And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind :
 In vain,—tho' reason fly the hated door,
 Yet love, the coward love, still lags behind.