

**SOCRATES, A
DRAMATIC POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649522293

Socrates, a Dramatic Poem by Amyas Bushe

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

AMYAS BUSHE

**SOCRATES, A
DRAMATIC POEM**

S O C R A T E S,

A

D R A M A T I C

P O E M,

BY

AMYAS BUSHE, ESQ. A.M.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

G L A S G O W:

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY;

M.DCC.LXII.

D

2799. f. 9.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON,
BARON OF FRANKLY.

MY LORD,

SOCRATES through many ages has been kindly received by all persons of virtue, learning, and taste; your Lordship has already paid him particular marks of your regard in his present character and dress; your approbation of this dramatic poem, is my strongest encouragement to offer it to the public; mere amusement, and to fill up an interval of leisure and solitude, were, I confess, my first inducements to attempt this performance; I could not then think of making it public, tho' some few friends of learning and judgment gave me their favourable opinion of it; but altho' this somewhat gratified my vanity, yet it was not a sufficient motive to induce me to a publication, without applying to, and soliciting your Lordship to peruse it, being well assured, that if you thought it tolerable, I had not much to dread from any reader of candour and ingenuity: I was ambitious of so high a sanction, and I am happy in the enjoyment of it---But your Lordship's further indulgence to Socrates, in pointing at, and proscribing several inaccuracies, redundancies, and other infirmities of the work, and above all, in taking him under your protection, at a time when learning and virtue meet with such cold hospitality from the world, has in a great degree grafted this poem on the rich stock of your own high reputa-

DEDICATION,

tion; as a scyon that may draw from the fostering influence of your fame, no small nourishment and support; your laurels will, (contrary to the qualities of most others) not only insure immortality and vigour to themselves, but preserve life and verdure to any tender sprigs which they vouchsafe to shelter. Give me leave, my Lord, to return you my sincere thanks for the favour you do me, in permitting this dedication of Socrates to you; it will be the greatest literary honour to my name, to be seen in company with your's by latest posterity: your's, my Lord, can die but with the English language, and some of its truest honours and ornaments exemplified in all your poetic works, and with the Christian religion, so nobly supported by you in your argument on the conversion of St. Paul: as to my own, I have as yet no insurance against its mortality, except your kind opinion and protection of this little work, calculated you know for the closet, and not for the stage. Whatever its merit or demerit may be, it will have a fairer and more dispassionate trial, than most pieces exhibited can expect to meet with. I shall trespass upon your patience, by once more recommending this tender, and first-published offspring of my fancy, to your friendly adoption and patronage, and to assure you, that I am, my Lord, with the greatest esteem and respect,

Your Lordship's most obliged

and most obedient humble Servant,

AMYAS BUSHE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE system and sentiments employed in the following poem, whether moral or metaphysical, are no farther embraced by the author, nor recommended to the reader, than as they agree with sound morality and Christian principles: they are considered as the nearest approaches made by uninspired reason, to that perfect dispensation, which the gospel affords to mankind. The name of Socrates will in some measure sanctify the doctrine he delivers; his catastrophe will be a signal and illustrious instance, both of the depravity and excellence of human nature. It is with the view to introduce the knowledge of this wonderful man, and his system, to those, whose want of leisure, and different pursuits, have prevented them from studying the dead languages, that he comes abroad in this dress, to entertain (we hope) and instruct the reader, to whose candour and favour we venture to submit him.

TO
AMYAS BUSHE, ESQ.

ON HIS

DRAMATIC POEM ON THE DEATH
OF SOCRATES.

BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

THE half-evangeliz'd, inspired store
Of sacred Socrates---his heaven-taught lore
Informs with dignity divine your lays ;
There Pagan truths with Christian fervor blaze,
The gospel's harbinger, who shone so bright,
With more than ethic rays, than nature's light
His lamp was rais'd---with more than mortal flame
His soul was fir'd, from heaven its lustre came ;
From thence his meekness sprung, his stedfast mind,
Which throws all vain philosophy behind ;
All technic arrogance, all stoic pride,
And false presumption, ever wand'ring wide
From virtue's genuine path, whose wisdom trod
The path of purity, the way to God.
There Socrates a human saviour went,
And taught mankind to tremble and repent ;
There shone the hallow'd sage---in your strong lines
Intrinsic energy, and greatness shines :

TO AMYAS BUSHE, ESQ.

Here strength of soul, the man divine appears,
By rigid power oppress'd, oppress'd by years,
By deadly rancour smote, by fraud pursu'd,
See rancour, fraud, by Socrates subdu'd;
His virtue conquers all, all rage defies,
His virtue triumphs, triumphs as he dies;
O glorious task! mere mortal man to try,
Could unassisted nature climb so high!
Your hand each sentiment sublime could trace
With native strength, simplicity and grace;
Your well-directed thought the pile could plan,
And raise once more to view the godlike man,
Erect, admir'd, as when all Athens wept,
And widow'd Virtue mournful vigils kept;
Your hand can fill, and strike the soul with awe,
And Socrates with equal virtue draw.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SOCRATES.

HERMOGENES.

CHORUS.

ARISTODEMUS.

CHORUS of ETHERIAL SPIRITS.

PRESIDENT.

JUDGES.

MELITUS.

OFFICER of Court.

CRITO.

PHAEDO.

CEBES.

GOALER.

S C E N E, Athens.