

**EDWARD; OR, THE  
CURATE; A POEM  
IN THREE CANTOS**

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Edward; Or, The Curate; A Poem in Three Cantos by Samuel Hoole

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**SAMUEL HOOLE**

**EDWARD; OR, THE  
CURATE; A POEM  
IN THREE CANTOS**



E D W A R D;

OR,

T H E C U R A T E;

A

P O E M,

I N T H R E E C A N T O S.

By THE REV. SAMUEL HOOLE, A. M.

————— neque enim fortuna querenda  
Sola tua est, similes aliorum respice casus,  
Mitius ista ferēs. OVID.

27-

—————  
L O N D O N :  
PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

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E D W A R D;  
O R,  
T H E C U R A T E.

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C A N T O I.

I.

**A**LL is vexation! said the sapient king,  
Vexation all, and vanity and wo!  
And yet, does man, that busy, restless thing,  
Receive the lesson, and his toils forego?  
Ah! deaf to all the sage and prophet taught,  
Still in this darksome maze he gropes along,  
Still seeks the wealth or power his fathers fought,  
And opens his greedy ear to Pleasure's dangerous song.

B

II. Behold

## II.

Behold the stripling bounding up the hill,  
 Each scene attractive, every object new :  
 Impatient hopes his swelling bosom fill,  
 As the wide prospect opens to his view.  
 Soon on some flowery bank his eye he bends,  
 Or stately temple glittering from on high,  
 While, as he faints, desire new vigour lends,  
 And to the chosen spot the wanderer seems to fly.

## III.

But when the chosen spot at length he gains,  
 Its flowers are faded, and its beauty gone ;  
 A brighter object now his eye detains,  
 Which still, through fresh obstructions, draws him on.  
 Thus, hapless wretch ! as wavering fancy calls,  
 He seeks a charm that flies as he pursues ;  
 Till spiritless, exhausted, down he falls,  
 And soon his closing eyes the varied landscape lose.

## IV. O!

## IV.

O! when shall Wisdom's voice be heard indeed?  
When shall weak man his solid interest own?  
When, at the cry of want, shall Avarice bleed?  
And red Ambition cast his honours down?  
When shall the shriek of pain, the moan of wo,  
Be changed to notes of joy and heavenly lay?—  
—When yonder orbs of light shall cease to glow,  
This mighty globe dissolve, and all things pass away.

## V.

Till then, O Pilgrim sad! thy course pursue;  
Let Patience arm thee, and Religion lead;  
Though rough the path, and dreary be the view,  
Behold at length the never-failing meed!  
Nor think that thou alone exposed to pain,  
Art doomed to tread a solitary road;  
See multitudes superior ills sustain,  
With keener anguish groan, and bend with heavier load!



## VI.

And thou, whose verse a brother's wots would tell,  
With gratitude survey thy better state ;  
From thy faint heart those restless thoughts expel,  
Which oft have led thee to deplore thy fate :  
Thy nerves of fight, in early youth decayed,  
Beyond the power of medicine to restore,  
Lent to thy willing search a feeble aid,  
Just shewed fair Learning's book, and bade thee read no more.

## VII.

What though to narrow, narrow bounds confined,  
Thy knowledge scarce the school-boys lore outweighs,  
While, hating ignorance, thy captive mind  
Swells with the thirst of fame, the love of praise ;  
What though the lone, dull moments slowly move,  
When lost in helpless indolence you sit,  
Yet can you join the chosen friend you love,  
The sage discourse partake, or gay, colloquial wit.

## VIII. What

## VIII.

What though, too oft, for thee some friendly eye  
Must trace the page thou rarely canst peruse ;  
What though some friendly hand must oft supply  
The pen, obedient to th' inspiring muse ;  
Yet canst thou view the " human face divine,"  
The blushing flower, the sunny landscape bright ;  
Of Nature's copious volume all is thine,  
Earth and her boundless store, and heaven's creative light.

## IX.

Then mourn no more—be chearful and be wise—  
ALL-SEEING PROVIDENCE directs the whole ;  
Kind when he gives, and kind when he denies,  
Friend, Father, Lord of every living soul !  
By HIS decree the Asian despot reigns  
O'er millions waiting the decisive nod ;  
Nor less the prostrate slave HIS hand sustains—  
No single sparrow falls without the GUARDIAN GOD.

X. Once

## X.

ONCE on a fertile, but sequestered spot,  
 Where SNOWDEN'S top divides the labouring cloud,  
 A veteran raised his solitary cot,  
 A welcome refuge from th' obtruding crowd.  
 Pious he was, though bred to martial rage,  
 A scholar too, though war had been his trade ;  
 For well he scanned great HOMER'S genuine page,  
 And, *Render good for ill*, his rule of life he made.

## XI.

Vigorous and rugged was his outward form,  
 And Indian suns had dyed his visage red,  
 Yet was his heart with human kindness warm,  
 At fight of want or wo his bosom bled.  
 Soft was his language and his manners bland,  
 No slight offences waked his slumbering ire ;  
 But when Oppression raised its griping hand,  
 Pale grew his quivering lip, his eye emitted fire.

XII. When