

**THE ALDINE EDITION OF
THE BRITISH POETS. THE
POETICAL WORKS OF
THOMAS PARNELL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649675630

The Aldine Edition of the British Poets. The Poetical Works of Thomas Parnell by Thomas Parnell & John Mitford

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

THOMAS PARNELL & JOHN MITFORD

**THE ALDINE EDITION OF
THE BRITISH POETS. THE
POETICAL WORKS OF
THOMAS PARNELL**

THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS



THE POEMS OF THOMAS PARSELL

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
THOMAS PARNELL



LONDON
BELL AND DALDY YORK STREET
COVENT GARDEN

CONTENTS.

	Page
DEDICATORY EPISTLE to the Rev. Alexander Dyce ...	i
LIFE OF PARNELL, by the Rev. John Mitford	33
To the Right Hon. Robert, Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer	1
Hesiod; or, The Rise of Woman.....	3
Song, "When thy beauty appears"	15
Song, "Thyrsis, a young and amorous swain".....	15
Song, "My days have been so wondrous free"	17
Anacreontic, "When spring came on with fresh delight"	19
Anacreontic, "Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine" .	22
A Fairy Tale, in the ancient English style	25
The Vigil of Venus, written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus	33
Homer's <i>Batrachomyomachia</i> ; or, The Battle of the Frogs and Mice, Book I.....	45
II.....	53
III.....	59
To Mr. Pope	67
A Translation of part of the First Canto of the Rape of the Lock, into Leonine Verse, after the manner of the ancient Monks.....	71
Health; an Eclogue	74
The Flies; an Eclogue.....	77
An Elegy, to an Old Beauty	80
The Book-worm	83
An Allegory on Man	87

	Page
An Imitation of some French Verses	91
A Night-piece on Death	93
A Hymn to Contentment	97
The Hermit	100
Piety ; or, The Vision	110
Bacchus ; or, The Drunken Metamorphosis.....	115
Dr. Donne's Third Satire versified.....	119
On Bishop Burnet's being set on Fire in his Closet.....	125
On Mrs. Arabella Fermor leaving London.....	126
Chloris appearing in a Looking-glass.....	127
The Life of Zoilus, and his Remarks on the Battle of the Frogs and Mice.....	129

IGNOSCENDA ISTILEC AN COGNOSCENDA REARIS
ATTENTO DREPANI PERLEGE JUDICIO
EQUANINUS FIAM TE JUDICE SIVE LEGENDA
SIVE TEGENDA PUTES CARMINA QUÆ DEDINUS
POSSUM EGO CENSURAM LECTORIS FERRE SEVERI
ET POSSUM MODICA LAUDE PLACERE MIHI.
AUSONIUS C. L. DREPANO PAR. PROL.

EPISTLE

TO THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, A. B.

“COME, with that pensive brow, that forehead fair,
And that rich length of dark redundant hair ;
Come, with those winning graces that enthral’d,
And held my poor heart captive :”---so he call’d
To her who could not hear ; yet not the less,
In dream and nightly vision he would press
Her matron lip of love, and he would strain
Her faithful bosom to his breast again,
Till Hope itself was fled, and, day by day,
The soft illusion melted all away.

Friend of my heart ! to you I pour the strain
That wakes the Poet’s widow’d griefs again ;
Here in this breast his mirror’d sorrows see,
Each fond complaint again revives in me.
My heart reflects the melancholy line,
And more than half of Paruell’s grief is mine.
With twinkling light behold, at midnight hour
The lamp is burning in the Poet’s tower ;
Pale o’er the page his studious brow is bent,
His eye still scans the sage’s dark intent,

Dreaming with Plato,---was it but a dream? }
 Or him who, wandering by Cephisus' stream, }
 Gave to the listening vales the deep Socratic }
 theme. }

Say what sweet voice the wearied heart shall cheer,
 Win the glad smile, or wake affection's tear :
 What form shall glide within the half-clos'd door,
 What small light footstep press the silent floor :
 What ivory arm around his neck shall twine,
 And say, or seem to say,---this hour is mine !
 What voice shall cry,---away, my love, away ! }
 The nightingale is now on every spray, }
 Come, hear the enchanter's song, and welcome in }
 the May!

Ah! say why here do art and nature pour
 Their charms conjoin'd in many a varied store ;
 Why bloom, by Flora's hand adorn'd, my bowers,
 Why dance my fountains, and why laugh my flowers?
 Along each velvet lawn and opening glade
 Why spreads the cedar his immortal shade ?
 The brooks that warble, and the hills that shine,
 Charm every heart, and please each eye but mine.

Though gleams the page by jealous time unroll'd,
 Where the long shelves expand their rows of gold,
 Tho' their rich leaves the pictur'd missals spread }
 With knightly tale, and gothic legend fed ; }
 Woe to the wight who once those witching tales }
 has read!