LATIN AND ENGLISH POEMS

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Latin and English Poems by Benjamin Loveling

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BENJAMIN LOYELING

LATIN AND ENGLISH POEMS



LATIN

AND

ENGLISH POEMS

By a Gentleman of Trinity College, Oxford.

Nec Lusisse pudet, sed non incidere Ludum. HOR.

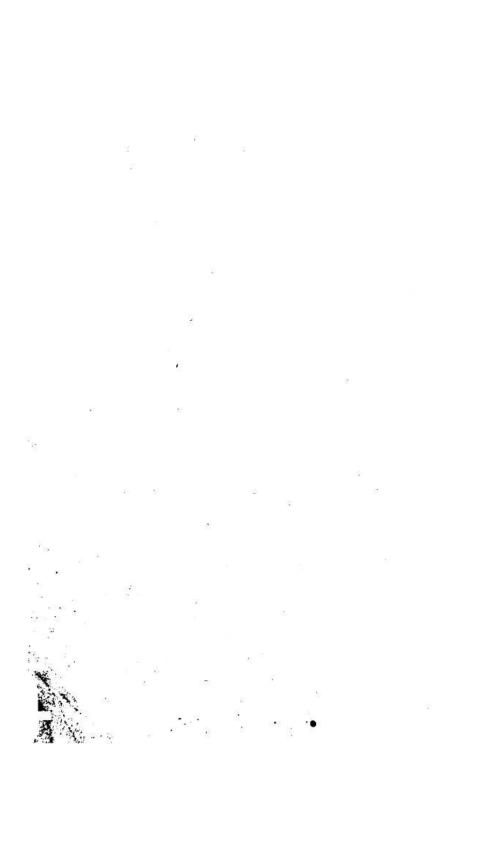




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TO THE

AUTHOR

Of the following

POEMS.

TO speak of Merit in Impartial Lays,
And without Flattery a Friend to praise,
For this the Muse shall strike the Vocal Lyre,
And sing in Numbers which Thy Works Inspire,
Who feels your Sorrow with a Sigh sincere,
And spite of Resolution drops a Tear.
Tho clouded like the Sun thy Genius shines
Thro Fortune's Mist in Bright Immortal Lines,

Like

, . . . **.**

[ü]

Like Martyrs from Affliction stronger grows,

Nor drooping sinks beneath a Weight of Woes:

Not so cou'd Ovid in His Exile write;

The Heart-felt Anguish check'd His Tow'ring Flight;

His Theme no longer was the Blooming Fair,

But sung in dying Notes His own Despair.

When modern sing-song panegyrick Bards,

Whom Cibber praises, and the Court rewards,

In dark Oblivion shall forgotten lie,

Except preserv'd by Chance beneath a Pye,

With Rapture shall Posterity rehearse

To their admiring Sons Thy lasting Verse.

Since Horace flourish'd in Augustus' Court,

(For Men of Wit and Taste the Gay Resort)

None but the British Bards with Ease cou'd sing,

Or touch with Equal Skill the Roman String,

From their rude Hands the Lyre dropp'd idely down,

Because they were not Lineal to the Throne.

[iii]

Tho' STEPHEN'S Muse in Humble Metre slows,
And warbles Numbers near ally'd to Prose,
Thy Genius gives a Lustre to His Rhimes,
And such a Bard may live to Future Times.
So modern B—sh—ps by Translation thrive,
And Drones receive the Labours of the Hive.

Had Fortune shone with an Auspicious Ray,
And gilded with Her Beams Thy Natal Day,
The World had lost the Labours of your Brain,
And Phoenus had Inspir'd Thy Breast in vain;
But now what Glory will reward your Toil,
If when the Goddess frown the Muses smile?
And sure that is the most distinguish d Fame
Which rises from your own, not Father's Name.

T. GILBERT, A. M. Fellow of Peter-house in Cambridge.

London, April 21, 1738.



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