

**THE PROPHECY OF
FAMINE. A
SCOTS PASTORAL**

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The prophecy of famine. A Scots pastoral by C. Churchill

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C. CHURCHILL

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FAMINE. A
SCOTS PASTORAL**

T H E
PROPHECY of FAMINE.

A

SCOTS PASTORAL.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

LONDON, January 14, 1763.

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By C. CHURCHILL.

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T H E

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WHEN CUPID first instructs his darts to fly
From the fly corner of some cook-maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire;

B

Trembling

2 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a MUSE.

So, to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak LARDELLA lies—
Green moss, her couch; her canopy, the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the *roguish* gale
Steals *young* perfumes; and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his am'rous descant plays.
Herds lowe, Flocks bleat, Pies chatter, Ravens scream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass,
Present the fair LARDELLA with a glass,
And ZEPHYR, to compleat the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But,

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 3

But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed,
Form'd after some *great man*, whose name breeds awe,
Whose ev'ry sentence Fashion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears;
Then we discard the workings of the heart,
And nature's banish'd by *mechanic* art.
Then, deeply read, our reading must be shewn;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then OSTENTATION marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* PRIDE stalks forth in full parade,
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line.
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of Antients with a Modern air,
NONSENSE with *Classic* ornaments is grac'd,
And passes current with the stamp of TASTE.

Then the *rude* THEOCRITÈ is ranfack'd o'er,
And *courty* MARO call'd from MINCIO's shore,
Sicilian muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home;

NYMPHS,

4 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flourish'd fair in Greece and Rome,
More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn;
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;
Landscapes, unknown to *dowdy* Nature, rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards, like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if *plain* COMMON-SENSE her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some Ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like these a wreath shall MASON bring,
Lin'd with the softest down from FOLLY's wing;
In LOVE's PAGODA, shall they ever doze,
And GIBBAL kindly rock them to repose;
My lord,—to letters as to *faith* most true—
At once their patron and example too—

Shall