

Be thou Marcellus, with a length of days!

But O remember, whatsoe'er thou art,  
The most exalted breath of human praise  
To please indeed must echo from the heart.

Tho' thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,  
By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd,  
'Tis from within alone true Fame can rise,  
The only happy, is the Self-approv'd,



# E L E G Y III.

To the Right Honourable

George Simon Harcourt, Visc. Newnham.

Written at ROME, 1756.

**Y** E S, noble Youth, 'tis true; the softer arts,  
The sweetly-sounding string, and pencil's pow'r,  
Have warm'd to rapture even heroic hearts,  
And taught the rude to wonder, and adore.

For Beauty charms us, whether she appears  
In blended colours; or to soothing sound  
Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears  
In yonder swelling dome's harmonious round.



All, all she charms ; but not alike to all  
 'Tis given to revel in her blisful bower ;  
 Coercive ties, and Reason's powerful call  
 Bid some but taste the sweets, which some devour.

When Nature govern'd, and when Man was young,  
 Perhaps at will th' untutor'd Savage rov'd,  
 Where waters murmur'd, and where clusters hung  
 He fed, and slept beneath the shade he lov'd.

But since the Sage's more sagacious mind,  
 By Heaven's permission, or by Heaven's command,  
 To polish'd states has social laws assign'd,  
 And general good on partial duties plann'd,

Not for ourselves our vagrant steps we bend  
 As heedless Chance, or wanton Choice ordain ;  
 On various stations various tasks attend,  
 And Men are *born* to trifle or to reign.

As chaunts the woodman whilst the Dryads weep,  
 And falling forests fear th' uplifted blow,  
 As chaunts the shepherd, while he tends his sheep,  
 Or weaves to pliant forms the osier bough,

To me 'tis given, whom Fortune loves to lead  
 Thro' humbler toils to life's sequester'd bowers,  
 To me 'tis given to wake th' amusive reed,  
 And sooth with song the solitary hours.

But



But Thee superior soberer toils demand,  
 Severer paths are thine of patriot fame ;  
 Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,  
 Have given thee honors, and have each their claim.

Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breast  
 Each wish to combat, and each pain to bear ;  
 Spurn with disdain th' inglorious love of rest,  
 Nor let the syren Ease approach thine ear.

Beneath yon cypress shade's eternal green  
 See prostrate Rome her wond'rous story tell,  
 Mark how she rose the world's imperial queen,  
 And tremble at the prospect how she fell !

Not that my rigid precepts would require  
 A painful struggling with each adverse gale,  
 Forbid thee listen to th' enchanting Lyre,  
 Or turn thy steps from Fancy's flowery vale.

Whate'er of Greece in sculptur'd brass survives,  
 Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arcs remains,  
 Whate'er of Genius on the canvass lives,  
 Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains,

Be these thy leisure ; to the chosen few,  
 Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford ;  
 Their arts, their magic powers with honors due  
 Exalt ; but *be* thyself what they record.