

KIMBOLTON PARK.

BY THE MR. H—

THY Park, Kimbolton! and surrounding shade,
For rural love and contemplation made,
Invite my song. Ye Sylvans! haunt your bowers!
Waft round your sweets! and open all your flowers!

And thou, who shut'st not to the suppliant's prayer,
Nor to the aid-imploing voice thine ear,
Do thou, O MANCHESTER! protect the song;
The Muse's care does to the learn'd belong:
Grateful alike Muse, Subject, Author, bow,
And hail the source whence all their pleasures flow.
These plains that annual pour their sweets for thee,
(Thanks to thy bounty) yield a part to me:
And Ease, fair Virtue's, and the Poet's friend,
Thro' your indulgence, on my steps attend.

Impervious to the sun's most potent ray
Yon lofty elms their arched heads display;
From far the traveller sees their summit rise,
Scarce half distinguish'd from the neighbouring skies;
But oft surveying as he onward goes,
Greener and fairer still the object grows;
Till underneath their shade, at ease reclin'd,
He leaves the labour of the day behind;

VOL. IV.

E

Soft

Soft breezes cool him from surrounding bowers,
And Nature bland her gay profusion pours.

So they who dauntless plow the dangerous main,
(What will not daring man attempt for gain?)
At early dawn, from top-mast-head espie
A rising vapour in the bordering sky;
Ere day's mid course, that vapour oft they find
A royal navy, hovering in the wind:
Yards, sails, and streamers crowd the whispering air,
And all the glories of the deep appear.

Nor less impervious that extended shade
By reverend oaks, the growth of ages, made;
Save where wide avenues that shade divide,
And shew the woodland in its utmost pride.
Here let the huntsman wind the echoing horn,
Cheer his swift steed, and wake the rosy morn;
Let dogs and men in noisy concert join,
And sportsmen call the harmony divine:
The Muse delights not, fond of pensive ease,
In dissipation, or pursuits like these.

And thou, sweet Thrush! prolong thy amorous tale,
Let thy love-burthen'd song delight the vale!
No leaden death I bring, no toils for thee,
Sing on, and soothe thy feather'd progeny.
Come! peaceful Precepts! of the Samian Sage,
Unbend the bow, and curb an iron age!
Whatever laws short-fighted man may make,
Who cannot give, can have no power to take:
He, and he only, who could life bestow,
May call his blessing from the realms below.

Let
Stain t
This d
What t
No
See S
Pardon
For aug
Who sh
Or brui
Your fo
At once
When
And wo
The syl
The ric
To Pe
Be there
Love, fl
The fall
Inspires
Breathes
When ev
What bo
Too feeb
And, wit
Here, her
Pant at th
When Mi
Love's wi

Let shaggy bears, that prowl Moscovia's shore,
Stain their fierce claws, or dip their tongue in gore;
This does not equal human beasts of prey,
What they for hunger, we for pleasure slay:

Nor is this thirst of blood to man confin'd;
See S—— a savage of the fairer kind!

Pardon me, You! whose nobler tears can flow
For aught that suffers misery below;

Who shrink to rob the insect of its hour,

Or bruise its offspring in the opening flower:

Your form, your fears were by great Heaven design'd
At once to charm and humanize mankind.

When Nature fair from her Creator sprung,
And wondering angels hallelujahs sung,

The sylvan scene, blest feat! to man was given,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.

To Peace then sacred be the shady grove!

Be there no murmurs heard—but those of love:

Love, fled from noise and cities, haunts the glade,
The falling fountains, and the silent shade,

Inspires each warbling songster in the bower,

Breathes in each gale, and blossoms in each flower.

When every object thus their charms combine,

What bosom can resist the power divine?

Too feeble that, which now the Muse inspires,

And, with her own, admits still warmer fires.

Here, here I felt the soft infection rise,

Pant at the breast, and languish in the eyes,

When Mira to my humble cot was led,

Love's willing victim, to an husband's bed;

And now still feel, in smoother channels, run
 Those streams, that rapid passion first begun:
 Esteem, affection, friendship ne'er decline:
 Nor are her virtues less for being mine.

Let Rome her fetter'd monks to cells withdraw,
 And force her own against great Nature's law:
 Drag blooming virgins useles from mankind,
 And give to lust, what was for love design'd:
 'Tis mine to tread on Albion's blissful shore,
 Where sinful celibacy binds no more.

Now sultry Phœbus, far from Thetis' bed
 Darts his fierce rays resistless o'er my head.
 Slow thro' yon walk oft-winding let me rove,
 And wander deep within the silent grove!
 Or, if too potent there his beams invade,
 O! let me tread those limes more cooling shade!
 That shade which shall your kind protection gain,
 And Brown himself provoke the axe in vain.

In milder climes, and blest with cloudless skies,
 Let slender domes on hills unshelter'd rise,
 Where constant seasons glad the neighbouring plains,
 And Phœbus holds, not Phaëton, the reins.
 But where loud waves oft vex the sea-girt shore,
 And sudden tempests, unexpected, roar:
 Where rough December, envious of her power,
 From gentle May oft plucks the tender flower:
 Where clearest morn to cloudy noon gives way,
 And stormy eve excludes the hopeful day:
 Where o'er the vast Atlantic vapours roll,
 Or frozen fogs dark issue from the pole,

There the
 " From s
 In gard
 Clipt yew
 Half mu
 And clasp
 But yet th
 Brown no
 Use or co
 " And ri
 Nor can t
 Where ord
 By wall
 The cloist
 They foug
 And hear
 But damp
 And green
 Fond of e
 We drive
 Yield still
 Nor dare t
 But see
 And yon k
 Let me, y
 And on on
 That tribu
 As thou w
 Here spic
 And ancie

There the firm building asks the planter's aid,
 "From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade."

In gardening great th' improvement of the age,
 Clipt yews, cut out in Magogs, quit the stage;
 Half murder'd hollies meet with one wound more,
 And clasping ivy leaves the loaded door.

But yet the axe may drive the edge too far:
 Brown not with Nature, yet with climes may war:
 Use or convenience oft put in their claim,

"And rise to faults good judges dare not blame;"
 Nor can true taste and elegance reside
 Where order and gradation are deny'd.

By walls immur'd, or lost within a wood
 The cloister'd mansions of our fathers stood:
 They sought protection from the dog-star's heat,
 And heard, tho' felt not, the rude tempest beat:
 But damp pervaded oft the gloomy hall,
 And green-grown mould defac'd the 'scutcheon'd wall.

Fond of extremes (and wiser sure than they!)
 We drive walls, trees, damp, arms, and all away:
 Yield still too far to every thing that's new,
 Nor dare to keep the golden mean in view.

But see! the sun the steep of heaven descends,
 And yon kind cloud her golden curtain lends:
 Let me, ye Walks! your flowery maze pursue,
 And on one plain the world's whole tribute view.
 That tribute, Commerce, which we owe to thee,
 As thou we owe to godlike Liberty.

Here spicy shrubs, the growth of Afric, bloom,
 And ancient Asia breathes her sweet perfume:

Columbean wilds their later treasures yield,
And British roses crown the flowery field.

AUTHOR OF GOOD! how are thy blessings shed!
On man's, on thereby man's, much honour'd head!
From glowing India to the frozen pole,
Thy Providence supplies, protects the whole:
Nor are thy gifts at random thrown abroad,
Or undistinguish'd carelessly bestow'd;
For, whilst the whole in general blessings share,
Each part partakes thy more peculiar care:
Yon spreading fig, that first from India came,
Stretch'd broad her leaves to cool the sun-burnt dame:
Soft cypress rises on the Paphian plain,
To soothe the grief of some forsaken swain:
In cold Norwegia lofty pines arise,
A kind protection from the northern skies:
And various realms this one grand truth declare,
Who feels th' extremes of Nature, feels her care:
Ev'n winter stern, and angry tempests bring
Their secret treasures to the fruitful spring;
Pour fostering stores into the weary earth,
And call more gay reviving Nature forth.

Hail! youthful season! health-restoring Power!
That cheer'st the waste, and cloath'st the roseat bowel,
That bid'st gay Nature all her sweets display,
And on benighted nations pour the day:
For thee the roses bloom, the violets spread,
And yellow cowslips rear their bended head:
Brisk thro' the thicket trips the spotted fawn,
And sportive lambs bound wanton on the lawn:

Thou

Those oak
Stretch w
Bloom
War's rag
Here sta
Nor unpr
Remain f
Their for
But soon
Enrich'd
Shall bas
By mean
Then, th
And bid
When
And that
Here, fi
From sho
Oppressi
And all
For no
Nor tun
Nor all
Can to t

a Cat
retired to
the cruel

Those oaks, the future sovereigns of the sea,
Stretch wide their boughs, and clothe their heads for thee.

Bloom fresh, ye sacred Guardians of our isle!
War's rage is o'er, and Peace now deigns to smile:
Here stand the graceful monarchs of the wood,
Nor unprovok'd attempt the swelling flood:
Remain secure as erst when Druids made
Their songs divine beneath your reverend shade:
But soon as jarring nations, faithless grown,
Enrich'd with trade and commerce not their own,
Shall basely strive those honours to obtain
By meanest arts, which courage fought in vain,
Then, then indignant quit the fertile shore,
And bid the deep assist your thunder's roar.

When hapless England felt a tyrant's sway,
And that fierce tyrant fell to lust a prey,
Here, fill'd with grief, an injur'd princefs^a fled
From short-liv'd grandeur, and divided bed:
Oppression spread her horrors o'er the plain,
And all thy sweets, Kimbolton! bloom'd in vain.

For not the fragrant breath of rosy morn,
Nor tuneful lark on rising pinions borne,
Nor all the verdure of the blooming spring,
Can to the broken heart lost pleasure bring.

^a Catherine of Spain, during the latter part of the time of the divorce, retired to Kimbolton Castle, where she died (it is supposed) of grief for the cruel treatment she received from Henry VIII.

In England then the sons of Freedom slept,
 And drooping Virtue o'er their ashes wept:
 In vain for right the royal stranger cry'd,
 That right his slaves enjoy'd her lord deny'd;
 Yon inmost grove oft heard her mournful tale,
 Her sorrows spread along this silent vale;
 Till Fate in pity call'd her to the shore,
 Where lust and tyranny opprest no more.

Thrice happy change! where royal virtue griev'd,
 The aged and the orphan are reliev'd;
 And thankful widows crowd the open'd door,
 Where weeping majesty complain'd before.

O Britons! (if to pagan powers ye bow)
 Be smiling Liberty ador'd by you!
 Where mad Oppression waves her iron wand,
 There Truth and Justice quit the wasted land:
 But where the people feel a father's sway,
 (As Rome felt once, and Britain feels to-day)
 There Justice equal with the Sovereign reigns,
 And peace and plenty glads the smiling plains.
 When they, who govern with the govern'd join,
 And, without faction, all their force combine;
 Not the loud cannon, nor the ocean's roar,
 That beats with angry waves the founding shore,
 Can crush contending hosts, or awe them more.

Those laurels, Granby! that adorn thy brow,
 Far from the muddy fount of faction grew;
 Fair Union gently rear'd the parent tree,
 That stretch'd so wide her boughs for Hawke and thee.

T W E A W T A O T A O T T S T

And thus united, subject of my lays!
 Thy sons, Kimbolton! claim'd the patriot's praise,
 Who left their fields to guard the the threat'ned shore,
 Ere Eliot fought and Thurot was no more.
 And tho' no annals to their race shall tell,
 What numbers vanquish'd by their valour fell;
 The soul resolv'd that waited firm the foe,
 And in his bosom brav'd th' impending blow,
 Or conquer'd for his native fields, or bled,
 Tho' no green laurels shade his honour'd head.

But lo! my Muse! the humid drops descend,
 And parting shepherds to the hamlets tend,
 O! quit the task those beauties to display,
 That fairer spring with each returning day!
 So Reynolds thus, presuming on his art,
 To trace those charms, my Lord! that win your heart,
 Sees softer smiles whene'er he lifts his eye,
 That bid him throw his baffled pencil by.



RETIRE-

t,
 d;
 e,
 griev'd,
 s.
 in,
 e;
 ore,
 e.
 w,

and thee. And