# **Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

# Digitalisierung von Drucken

# A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

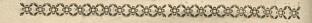
An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus. From Horace, Book III. Ode XXV.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1969

[ 30 ]

XVIII.

But, fwain forfworn, whoe'er thou art, This hallowed ground forbear! Remember Colin's dreadful fate, And fear to meet him there.



AN

## IMITATION

OFTHE

### PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

From Horace, Book III. Ode XXV.

Dicam infigne, recens, adbuc Indictum ore alio. Non fecus in jugis Exsomnis stupet Evias, Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam Thracen, ac pede barbaro Lustratam Rhodopen. Hor:

By the Same.

S Mar his round one morning took, (Whom fome call earl, and fome call duke) And his new brethren of the blade, Shiv'ring with fear and frost, furvey'd,

On

### [ 31 ]

On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy An aged wizard fix foot high, With bristled hair, and visage blighted, Wall-ey'd, bare haunch'd, and second-sighted.

The grizly fage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back fo round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of fnow,
And into these tremendous speeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches.

Into what ills betray'd by thee,
This ancient kingdom do I fee!
Her realms un-peopled and forlorn!
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottish pads shall amble home;
I fee them drest in bonnets blue,
('The spoils of thy rebellious crew)
I fee the target, cast away,
And chequer'd plad become their prey,
'The chequer'd plad to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.

In vain the hungry mountaineers

Come forth in all their warlike geers,

The shield, the pistol, durk, and dagger,

In which they daily wont to swagger,

And oft have fally'd out to pillage

The hen-roosts of seme peaceful village,

Or,



#### [ 32 ]

Or, while their neighbours were afleep, Have carry'd off a low-land sheep.

What boots thy high-born host of beggars, Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors, With popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians, And Forster's troops of ragamustins?

In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trufty,
With heart fo true, and voice fo rufty
(A loyal foul) thy troops affright,
While hoarfely he demands the fight?
Do'ft thou not gen'rous Ilay dread,
The braveft hand, the wifeft head?
Undaunted do'ft thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms?

Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery, and young, and uncontrol'd,
With knights and fquires, and barons bold,
(His noble houshold-band) advances,
And on his milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forsar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars:
And Monroe kindled into rage
Sow'rly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot——if thou hadst my.

But

But fee Argyle with watchful eyes, Lodg'd in his deep intrenchments lies! Couch'd like a lion in thy way, He waits to fpring upon his prey; While like a herd of tim'rous deer Thy army shakes and pants with fear, Led by their doughty gen'ral's skill, From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

Is this thy haughty promife pay'd
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didft oaths and duty barter
For dukedom, gen'ralfhip, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,
With highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth.
—Then down shall fall the king of Perth.
'Tis so decreed: for George shall reign,
And traitors be forsworn in vain.
Heav'n shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyle.
While thou, pursu'd by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,
And hinder'd passing Inverlocky,

Shalt burn thy clan, and curse poor Jocky.

VOL. I.

C

TO

ut