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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

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BLENHEIM.

Written at the University of OXFORD in the Year 1727.

By the Same.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
 The tow'ring pile to rise, and form'd the plan
 With fair proportion; architect divine,
 Minerva, thee to my advent'rous lyre
 Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
 BLENHEMIA, monument of British fame,
 Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty tow'rs
 Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
 In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
 Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
 Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
 Along the shady paths and verdant bow'rs
 Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
 Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
 Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
 Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
 And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving pow'r
 Of MARLE'ROUGH's hand; Britain who sent him forth



Chief of confed'rate hoſts, to fight the cauſe
 Of Liberty and Juſtice, grateful rais'd
 This palace, ſacred to her Leader's fame ;
 A trophy of ſucceſs ; with ſpoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
 Of that auſpicious field, where CHURCHILL's ſword
 Vanquiſh'd the might of Gallia, and chaſtis'd
 Rebel Bavar. ——— Majestick in its ſtrength
 Stands the proud dome, and ſpeaks its great deſign.

Hail happy chief, whoſe valour could deſerve
 Reward ſo glorious ! grateful nation hail,
 Who paid't his ſervice with ſo rich a meed !
 Which moſt ſhall I admire, which wortheiſt praiſe,
 The Hero or the People ? Honour doubts,
 And weighs their virtues in an equal ſcale.
 Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt
 Of gratitude to us. ——— Bluſh, Cæſar, bluſh,
 When thou behold'ſt theſe tow'rs, ingrate to thee
 A monument of ſhame. Canſt thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an Engliſh arm
 Did for thy throne that day ? But we diſdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Steel thy obdurate heart againſt the ſenſe
 Of obligation infinite, and know,
 Britain like heav'n protects a thankleſs world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her taſk the Muſe
 Purſues untir'd, and through the palace roves

With

With ever-new delight. The tap'stry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
 Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
 His purple wave; and there the Granic flood
 With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd
 MARLB'ROUGH and ALEXANDER vie for fame
 With glorious competition; equal both
 In valour and in fortune, but their praise
 Be diff'rent, for with diff'rent views they fought;
 This to *subdue*, and That to *free* mankind.

Now through the stately portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to softer glories turns and seeks
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempé fam'd in song, or Ida's grove
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
 Of this romantick wilderness once stood
 The bow'r of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
 Sacred to grief and love: the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
 Of SPENCER, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flow'ry brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.
 But see where flowing with a nobler stream,
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls



Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
 Through which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn! Silent awhile and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
 In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
 Glitters relucen't in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
 Of CHURCHILL, from the toils of war and state,
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
 Of contemplation felt, while BLENHEIM'S dome
 Triumphal, ever in his mind renew'd
 The mem'ry of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
 So by the rage of faction, home recall'd,
 Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
 Against the pride of Asia, and the pow'r
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
 No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
 Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
 And in magnificent retirement past
 The ev'ning of his life.—But not alone,
 In the calm shades of honourable ease,
 Great MARLB'ROUGH peaceful dwelt: Indulgent heav'n
 Gave a companion to his softer hours,
 With whom conversing, he forgot all change
 Of fortune, or of taste, and in her mind
 Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd

Himself

Himself in her. — Thus each by each admir'd,
 In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd :
 Like two fair stars with intermingled light,
 In friendly union they together shone,
 Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
 Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
 Thee CHURCHILL first, the ruthless hand of death
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
 To the sublimer seats of joy and love ;
 Where Fate again shall join her soul to thine,
 Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
 The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
 With pious honours to thy sacred name
 Immortal. Lo ! where tow'ring on the height
 Of you ærial pillar proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
 And awes the subject plain : beneath his feet,
 The German eagles spread their wings, his hand
 Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestick, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
 A refuge from thy sword. — There, where the field
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
 A meaner trophy, by th' Imperial hand ;
 Extorted gratitude ; which now the rage
 Of Malice impotent, befeeming ill
 A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground :



Mean insult ! this with better auspices
 Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
 How MARLB'ROUGH fought, for whom, and how repay'd
 His services. Nor shall the constant love
 Of Her who rais'd this Monument be lost
 In dark oblivion : That shall be the theme
 Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
 Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
 First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
 Of BLENHEIM, house superb ; to which the throng
 Of travellers approaching, shall not pass
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With rev'rence due. Such honour does the Muse
 Obtain her favourites. — But the noble pile
 (My theme) demands my voice. — O shade ador'd,
 MARLB'ROUGH ! who now above the starry sphere
 Dwell'st in the palaces of heav'n, enthron'd
 Amongst the demi-gods, deign to defend
 This thy abode, while present here below,
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
 With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
 From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
 Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
 Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
 When Honour calls them to the field of war,
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd ;
 The proud reward of thy successful toils

For