

7128
ANONYMOUS
1797

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

Translated from the Greek.

First to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the stars preferr'd,
To light and endless life their virtue's sure reward. }
Due rites perform and honours to the dead,
To ev'ry wise, to ev'ry pious shade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred show:
For what concerns the rest of human kind, }
Chuse out the man to virtue best inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.
Possess'd of such a friend, preserve him still;
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him, from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
For strong necessity alone explores,
The secret vigour of our latent pow'rs,
Rouzes and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itself unknown before, t' exert.
By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage:
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.
Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts controul,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,

Preceptive, Moral, &c. Rowe.

And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide;
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
Each word, each deed be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid. }
For wealth, the perishing, uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding place,
But wand'ring loves from hand to hand to pass;
Revolve the getter's joy and looser's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know, what man calls Fortune is from God.
In what thou may'st from wisdom seek relief,
And let her healing hand assuage thy grief;
Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
Let not those pains as ills be understood,
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reas'ning art to various ends applied,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
When fools and liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first thyself concern;
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds express,
Chuse for thyself, and always chuse the best.
Let wary thought each enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,

THE NATURAL SON.

7

While the court breeds the sycophant, train'd to en-
snare;
While the prisons re-echo the groans of despair;
While the state deals out taxes, the army dismay;
While the rich are upheld, and the poor doom'd to pay,
Humanity saddens with pity, to see
The scale of injustice; and trembles—like me!
While patriots are slander'd, and venal slaves rise;
While Pow'r grows a giant, and Liberty dies;
While a phantom of virtue o'er energy reigns,
And the broad wing of Freedom is loaded with chains;
While war spreads its thunder o'er land and o'er sea,
Ah! who can but listen, and murmur—like me?
While the bosom which loves, and confesses its flame,
By the high-titled female is branded with shame;
While a coronet hides what the humble despise,
And the lowly must fall, that the haughty may rise;
O! who can the triumphs of Infamy see,
Nor shrink from the reptiles, and shudder—like me?
Ah, World, thou vile World, how I sicken to trace
The anguish that hourly augments for thy race!
How I turn from the worst, while I honour the best;
The enlighten'd adore, and the venal detest!
And, O, with what joy to the grave would I flee—
Since the World, the base World, HAS NO PLEASURE
FOR ME.

Mrs. Robinson.

THE NATURAL SON,

by the Rev. J. Bidlake.

Children of Plenty! who the cheering rays
Of liberal Fortune's golden sunshine share,
While love parental crowns your cloudless days,
Meets every wish, prevents each rising care;
Ah! do not spurn misfortune's outcast child,
Who knows no shelter, finds no friendly door;

IN PRECEPTIVE, MORAL, AND SENTIMENTAL PIECES.