John Hoy, Junior, â??Deliaâ??s Farewel, An Elegyâ?•

Description

JOHN HOY, JUNIOR

â??DELIAâ??s FAREWEL, An Elegyâ?•

Once more, O Muses! ere you leave this grove,
Awake the strain, but sing in accents new:
DELIA no more attends the tale of love,
Such love as ï¬?ows from DAMON or from you.

But tune to nobler themes the heavâ??nly lyre,
And, unreprovâ??d, the darling strain prolong;
Swell the big note with Friendshipâ??s sacred fire,
Or sound in DELIAâ??s ear the moral song.

Alas! alas! Loveâ??s subtle lurking ï¬?ame,
Which feeble Reason never can control,
Kindles anew at DELIAâ??s long lovâ??d name,
And ï¬•lls again, and warms my rapturâ??d soul.

In evâ??ry tender tie to Friendship known,
In all the kind endearments Love affords,
How many years together we have grown,
Ye Muses know, and still your song records.

My song was DELIAâ??s praise when ï¬•rst I lovâ??d,
And DELIA listenâ??d to the tender strain;
Yes, DELIA listenâ??d! and my song approvâ??d,
Nor scornâ??d the passion of a simple swain.

â??Twas DELIAâ??s love inspirâ??d the early song,
And kindled rapture in my infant breast:â??
Alas! why could I not the strain prolong?
Ah! why has Heavâ??n forbid me to be blest?

Fond wish! I hopâ??d to call young DELIA mine;
But, ah! can wishes thwart eternal fate?
Would mortals regulate the deep design
Of Heavâ??n, presiding wisely oâ??er our state?

Now DELIAâ??s gone! and each dejected muse,
In sullen sounds, the absent nymph deplores:

The sad remembrance of my loss renews,
Where evâ??ry scene her memory restores.

Methinks I see her still in virgin charms â??
Such as no more these faded eyes shall view;
Such as no more shall raise the soft alarms,
And Loveâ??s sweet passion in my breast renew.

Can I forget those soft enchanting smiles?
Those cordial looks beamâ??d from the inmost soul?
Those gentle oï¬?ces, and friendly toils,
With which she strove my sorrows to control?

How oft, O DELIA! has thy tender care
Givâ??n to my sense of pain a kind relief?
How oft thy sympathy repressâ??d despair,
And wipâ??d the drops from my pale cheek of grief?

(Thy pity still I claim, for still â??tis dear,
And Pity, sure, is due to misery!
Ah! shall one sigh, or shall one tender tear,
Be deemâ??d too much to DAMONâ??s memory?)

Oft as I watchâ??d the lonely midnight hour,
Each black idea ï¬?ed when thou wast nigh :
No more I languishâ??d for the balmy powâ??r;
And Nightâ??s dull wheels rollâ??d swifter oâ??er the sky.

But now, alas! the melancholy scene
(How changâ??d!) presents me with a dreary waste,
Save where my absent friend, by fancy seen,
Augments the horrors of my torturâ??d breast.

I blame not DELIA:â?? DELIAâ??s soul was kind: â??
â??Twas envious Fortune tore my love away: â??
But still thouâ??rt here, and from my saddenâ??d mind
My DELIAâ??s image never shall decay.

I saw what anguish swellâ??d her gentle breast,
What horrors shook her when she slow withdrew;
What load of grief her fainting voice supprest,
When Fate obligâ??d her to pronounce,â??Adieu !

Thrice oâ??er her face the waving crimson spread,
And thrice her visage changâ??d to deadly pale;
Her speech forsook her when she wouâ??d have said,
â??Farewel, ye groves! and, DAMON, O farewel!â?•

Ah! then, what anguish tore my bursting heart!
Scarce could my breast its tide of grief control,
When, beamâ??d tremendous, like a mortal dart,
Her parting look transï¬•xâ??d me to the soul.

Less cruel pangs had piercâ??d my wounded breast,
Had Fateâ??s dread mandate stopt thy vital breath;
Less had I grievâ??d to see my DELIA drest
In all the sad and awful pomp of death.

I then a pleasing melancholy joy
Had felt, to wander near my DELIAâ??s tomb;
To press the turf where her dear dust should lie,
And tell my woes to Nightâ??s surrounding gloom.

Quick Fancy, firâ??d, should mount thâ?? etherial height,
And view the lovely maid, my DELIA there,
Arrayâ??d in robes for mortal eyes too bright,
Alive, immortal, more divinely fair!

But now I see the idol of my soul
For ever ravishâ??d from my longing arms,
Anotherâ??s joy to share, his griefs control; â??
â??Anotherâ??s raptures kindle at her charms!

My deep distresses all relief refuse:
Evâ??n gentle STREPHONâ??s friendship is in vain,
Thoâ?? to his aid he call thâ?? inspiring muse,
And cheer his DAMON with the rural strain.

In vain, to soothe the troubles of my breast,
Fair Science opens all her copious store ;
Soft magic song no more can give me rest,
And wit and genius charm my soul no more.

No more bold MILTON, on the car of morn,
Whirls my rapt soul above thâ?? etherial sphere,
Where ï¬•ery seraphs ï¬•erce for combat burn,
While front to front the shadowy hosts draw near.

In vain great SHAKESPEARE, taught of Heavâ??n alone,
Unfolds the scene of Nature to my view: â??
Fly! magic pictures! and, with DELIA gone,
Farewel the ecstasy which once I knew!

Perhaps the lenient hand of Time may ease
The lively sense of grief which now I feel,
That peace restore which makes evâ??n sorrow please,
And wipes the gall from keen afflictionâ??s steel.

If not, â?? should evâ??ry other refuge fail,
O Death! thou still remainâ??st to give relief: â??
In vain thy all-composing powâ??rs assail
The frowns of Fortune, and the stings of grief.

To thee, O melancholy powâ??r! I call;
To thee, with hasty steps, impatient ï¬?y: â??
O grant a shelter in thy dusky hall,
To me the child of pain and misery!

NOTES:

1 *Muses* â??In greek mythology each of the nine goddesses regarded as presiding over and inspiring learning and the arts, esp. poetry and musicâ?• (*OED*).

20 *swain* â??A country gallant or loverâ?• (*OED*).

51 *balmy* â??Deliciously soft and soothingâ?• (*OED*).

65 *crimson* â??Of or relating to blood; sanguinaryâ?• (*OED*).

76 *pomp* â??Splendid display or celebration; magnificent show or ceremonyâ?• (*OED*).

94 *Science* â??Knowledge or understanding acquired by study; acquaintance with or mastery of any branch of learningâ?• (*OED*).

97 *No* â??Moâ?• emended to â??Noâ?• (printerâ??s error); *MILTON* John Milton (1608â??1674), poet and polemicist; the following lines in this stanza appear to reference *Paradise Lost* (1667).

99 *seraphs* Angels.

101 *SHAKESPEARE, taught of Heavâ??n alone* Shakespeare was considered a â??natural geniusâ?• in this period, a notion popularized by Joseph Addison in *Spectator* no. 160 (1711).

SOURCE: ***Poems on Various Subjects*** **(Edinburgh, 1781), pp. 52-57. [Google Books]**

Edited by Yesenia Rodriguez