

De choreis, et festivitate. Ad nobilissimum Ducem L-densem ... / Adjecta versione Anglica.

Contributors

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APPENDIX AD OPUSCULA.

O D E.

D E

CHOREIS, ET FESTIVITATE.

A D

NOBILISSIMUM DUCEM L—DENSEM,
DIEM WALLIAE PRINCIPIS NATALEM,
ACIDVLIS TVNBRIGIENSIBVS,
CELEBRANTEM
SCRIPTA.

A THEOLOGO FESTIVO, D. GEORGIO LEWIS,
ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.
AB AMICO, D. GVLIELMO BROWNE.

*Festo quid potius die
L—denfis faciam?—*

*Vates choreis aptior et jocos
Ludoque dictus.—*

*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus.—* Hor.

What can I better, than—display,
The joys of L—ds's Festal Day?—
What better can a *Muse* advance,
Fit only for Play, Jest, and Dance?—
Now, joyful share *His Grace's Treat*:
Now, beat the Ground with Freest Feet.

L O N D I N I,

MDCCLXX.

III.

O D E.

CVR Puellarum cupis interessē
 Me Choris, heu ! Me male claudicantem ?
 At sequar Fontis Duce Te Puellas
Stans Pede in Vno.

Interim Nymphas, Iuvenesque HU—TUS
 Fac tuus, Gestu Gravis, ad Choreas
 Convocet : Quis non Grege tam Nitenti
 Pastor *Ovaret ?*

Adfit



O D E.

WHY does YOUR GRACE my presence clame,
In the Nymphs Dances, who am lame ?
 But YOUR GRACE leads, and I'll advance,
And hop with One Foot, tho' not dance.

Mean time make HEW—T, with Grave Face,
Proclame to Nymphs, and Swains the place :
What Shepherd wou'd not take the Care,
With Rapture, of a Flock so Fair ?

Be

Adfit, heu! Sponso viduata SW—TON,
 Ore puro, *Munditiisque Simplex* :
 Ne nimis raptos sibi *Turturella*
 Fleret Amores.

Adfit Incessu TOMACINA Divae,
 Induat Rifus : Oculis refulgens
 Dissipet Famae nebulas malignae
 Conscia Virtus.

Tuque —— montana Nive Cui Papillae
 Purius turgent ; cute molliori
 Aemulans *Talpas*, ideoque TALPAE
 Nomine digna.

Si

*Be charming Widow SW—TON there,
 With purest Look, and Artless Air :
 Lest Turturella, left alone,
 Her lost Mate shou'd too much bemoan.*

*Let T—KINS, with her Goddeſs-Pace,
 And pleasing Smiles, adorn the Place :
 While Conſcious Virtue, in her Eyes,
 Malice outſhines, and Fame deſies.*

*Thou too —— whose swelling Breasts outdo
 The Whiteness of the mountain Snow ;
 Whose Skin can greater Softness clame,
 Than that of MOLES, which gave Thy Name.*

Cou'd

Si mihi centum tribuantur Ora,
 Si pares Linguae, recitare nostra
 Singulas Dotes nequeat Venustae
 Musa Coronae.

Tu potens Plectri, Salis, et Leporum
 Fvsce mî, quem *non minuit Senectus*,
 Huc ades, Festum jubet, et salutat
 Nobilis OSBORNE !

Quisque Te laetus, Bone Dux, sequetur
 Quo vocas, Nymphae, Iuvenes, Senesque :
 Et lubens Summos *Nibil Arroganti*
 Solvet Honores.

F I N I S.

*Cou'd I a hundred Mouths obtain,
 A hundred Tongues wou'd try in vain,
 The several Beauties to explaine
 Of this most amiable Train.*

O BROWNE, my Friend, who art possess'd
 Of Verse, of Wit, of pleasing Jest,
 Whom Old-age hurts not, Let us join,
 'Tis Noble OSBORNE clames the Nine.

Most Gracious DUKE, glad at Your Call,
 Wait Nymphs, and Swains, Young, Old, and All :
 And Greatest Honors shall be shewn,
 Because YOUR GRACE lays Clame to None.

E N D.

ERRATUM. In Ode, AD LODOICVM.
 Pag. 3. lin. 1. PRO SHANDAEE, Lege SHANDEIE,