

The Birth of Measurers.

Phabus seated on an easy Cloud
Aloft, had tip'd his auree Throne with Blood;
When Beardless Horace in the Latian Plains
First try'd his untaught Lute, in faulting Strains.
The Sun bow'd, & with the bold Essay
Well pleas'd, straight darted, celestial Ray,
And struck the Boy. Surpriz'd he felt the fire,
It warms his Breast, & kindles new Desire.
Now lofty Notes away his bolder Song,
And forests wonder while they pass along,
Of Number wond'ring, or like the Thracian Bard
Each Stream had stop'd, & Rocks & Trees that heard
Had danced. Now spoke the radiant God, around
Quick throng Attendant-Muses, to the Sound.
Ye Virgins teach him, guide his infant Hand;
And Waiting Numbers at his Elbow stand,
Invisible." He said — They all obey,
And thro' the Skies they cut their airy Way.
The Nine Pierian lead the sprightly Train,
While Servile Numbers follow to the Plain.
The Pyrrhic, two little Wings of Fire
But the slow Sponde two of Portent die
Displays.

Iambus =

Tambus hobbles, yet outstrips the Wind,
And laughs, & drags his tardy feet behind.
Tail foremost, strange! see Troche backward hops!
Like peevish Bully, 'mongst his brother Fops.
How smooth & easy three-wing'd Dactyl flies,
Glides with the Courser swift, or skims the Skies!
His Brother-twin yet Antipode by Birth,
Amphictus soars, or spurns ignoble Earth.
Short legs in Nature oft impede a Course,
In Verse Trisbrachius can out-run a Horse.
When Proseleusma goat-foot Page comes in,
E'en Juno laughs; for Vulcan pours the Wine.
Molossus barks at all that pass along
And three huge Waws affright the gaping Throng.
Of Troche, & Tambus, once agreed,
Young Coriambus was a spurious Breed.
(And truth, but few beside two fathers need)
Great Amphimacer can enclasp the Ball:
But Amphibrachys has no arms at all.
See Jolly Bacchus capers as he needs:
One short, two long he steps, then up his Heels.

Fourfold Septemb^r 5th 1759 -
By Rev^d William Tennent.