



Death, jealous of his rights, stands scowling over this strange, burgherous entry.

ENGLISH DANCE OF

Death and the Anti

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Death and the Antiquaries.

THE Antiquaries, whose reliance
 Is, on those curious parts of Science,
 Which have been known but long forgot,
 And would in dark oblivion rot,
 Did not their ever anxious eyes
 Pierce into all obscurities,
 And thus unveil them once again
 For modern Learning to explain.
 These Sages are oft known to grope
 Upon a rugged Mountain's top,
 And dig among the caverns deep,
 Where wrecks of former ages sleep;
 While from the Castle's crumbling towers,
 Or Gothic Abby's ivied bowers,
 They cull, for the historic page,
 The truths of many a doubtful Age.

Thus are their useful Labours shewn,
 New Lights on darkling times are thrown,
 And Knowledge added to our own. }
 —But sometimes I have heard it said,
 They love to poke among the dead ;
 And that these Antiquaries crave
 A Permit to invade the Grave.

Once on a time, the story goes,
 (My verse repeats what's writ in prose),
 A curious wish their fancies tickled
 To know how Royal Folk were pickled ;
 Or what was the preserving crust
 That check'd their mould'ring into dust,
 What Cearment kept them firm and pure
 By its enfolding Coverture.
 With these important ends in view,
 Near to the sacred Tomb they drew,
 Whose dark and narrow house contain'd
 The lifeless form of one who reign'd
 Within these realms, in days of yore,
 And its proud Crown with lustre wore.

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After the rest of many an age,
Yielding to antiquarian rage,
His Tomb's resisting walls give way,
And offer to the light of day
The corse which former ages wept,
And look'd as if it only slept.
While these grave men, the form survey'd,
And with their learn'd conjectures play'd,
DEATH, on th' enquiring groupe look'd down,
With horrid grin and angry frown :
But nor his shape nor griesly mien
Was by the busy Sages seen,
Nor could they hear the threat'ning word
He thus, as to himself, preferr'd.
“ While you preserve the homage due,
“ You may the solemn object view :
“ Look while you list,—talk what you may,
“ But hands off, Gentlemen, I pray.
“ I'll strike that curious fellow dumb,
“ If he purloins a Royal thumb :

" This fatal dart his breast shall sting,
 " If he slips off a royal ring.
 " No tricks shall exercise their power
 " Over this sacrilegious hour."
 But false was all the Sprite's alarm
 For any meditated harm :
 No, not a ring or rag was stole,
 But all untouch'd, and safe and whole,
 The Royal figure was return'd
 To his dark house and re-inurn'd ;
 There in DEATH'S mansion to remain,
 Nor e'er to be disturb'd again,
 Till the great globe itself shall shake ;
 Till the trump sounds and bids him wake.

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