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P O E M S

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BY

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

---

Hæc sat erit, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse poetam,  
Dum fedet, et gracili fiscellam textit hibisco.

VIRGIL.

---

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN EPISTLE TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

---

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# C O R S I C A.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1769.

————— A manly race  
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave;  
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard  
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;  
Too much in vain!

THOMSON.

HAIL generous CORSICA! unconquer'd isle!

The fort of freedom; that amidst the waves  
Stands like a rock of adamant, and dares  
The wildest fury of the beating storm.

And are there yet, in this late sickly age,  
Unkindly to the tow'ring growths of virtue,  
Such bold exalted spirits? Men whose deeds,  
To the bright annals of old GREECE oppos'd,

Would throw in shades her yet unrival'd name,  
And dim the lustre of her fairest page !  
And glows the flame of LIBERTY so strong  
In this lone speck of earth ! this spot obscure,  
Shaggy with woods, and crusted o'er with rock,  
By slaves furrounded, and by slaves oppress'd !  
What then should BRITONS feel ? should they not catch  
The warm contagion of heroic ardour,  
And kindle at a fire so like their own ?

Such were the working thoughts which swell'd the breast  
Of generous BOSWEL ; when with nobler aim  
And views beyond the narrow beaten track  
By trivial fancy trod, he turn'd his course  
From polish'd Gallia's soft delicious vales,  
From the grey reliques of imperial Rome,  
From her long galleries of laurel'd stone,  
Her chisel'd heroes and her marble gods,

Whose dumb majestic pomp yet awes the world,  
To animated forms of patriot zeal ;  
Warm in the living majesty of virtue ;  
Elate with fearless spirit ; firm ; resolv'd ;  
By fortune nor subdu'd, nor aw'd by power.

How raptur'd fancy burns, while warm in thought  
I trace the pictur'd landscape ; while I kiss  
With pilgrim lips devout, the sacred soil  
Stain'd with the blood of heroes. CYRNUM, hail !  
Hail to thy rocky, deep indented shores,  
And pointed cliffs, which hear the chafing deep  
Incessant foaming round their shaggy sides.  
Hail to thy winding bays, thy shelt'ring ports  
And ample harbours, which inviting stretch  
Their hospitable arms to every sail :  
Thy numerous streams, that bursting from the cliffs  
Down the steep channel'd rock impetuous pour

With grateful murmur : on the fearful edge  
Of the rude precipice, thy hamlets brown  
And straw-roof'd cots, which from the level vale  
Scarce seen, amongst the craggy hanging cliffs  
Seem like an eagle's nest aerial built.

Thy swelling mountains, brown with solemn shade  
Of various trees, that wave their giant arms  
O'er the rough sons of freedom ; lofty pines,  
And hardy fir, and ilex ever green,  
And spreading chestnut, with each humbler plant,  
And shrub of fragrant leaf, that clothes their sides  
With living verdure ; whence the clust'ring bee  
Extracts her golden dews : the shining box,  
And sweet-leaved myrtle, aromatic thyme,  
The prickly juniper, and the green leaf  
Which feeds the spinning worm ; while glowing bright  
Beneath the various foliage, wildly spreads  
The arbutus, and rears his scarlet fruit

Luxuriant, mantling o'er the craggy steeps ;  
And thy own native laurel crowns the scene.  
Hail to thy savage forests, awful, deep :  
Thy tangled thickets, and thy crowded woods,  
The haunt of herds untam'd ; which fullen bound  
From rock to rock with fierce unfocial air,  
And wilder gaze, as conscious of the power  
That loves to reign amid the lonely scenes  
Of unquelled nature : precipices huge,  
And tumbling torrents ; trackless deserts, plains  
Fenc'd in with guardian rocks, whose quarries teem  
With shining steel, that to the cultur'd fields  
And sunny hills which wave with bearded grain  
Defends their homely produce. LIBERTY,  
The mountain Goddess, loves to range at large  
Amid such scenes, and on the iron soil  
Prints her majestic step. For these she scorns  
The green enamel'd vales, the velvet lap

Of smooth savannahs, where the pillow'd head  
Of luxury reposes ; balmy gales,  
And bowers that breathe of bliss. For these, when first  
This isle emerging like a beauteous gem  
From the dark bosom of the Tyrrhene main  
Rear'd its fair front, she mark'd it for her own,  
And with her spirit warm'd. Her genuine sons,  
A broken remnant, from the generous stock  
Of ancient Greece, from Sparta's sad remains,  
True to their high descent, preserv'd unquench'd  
The sacred fire thro' many a barbarous age :  
Whom, nor the iron rod of cruel Carthage,  
Nor the dread sceptre of imperial Rome,  
Nor bloody Goth, nor grisly Saracen,  
Nor the long galling yoke of proud Liguria,  
Could crush into subjection. Still unquell'd  
They rose superior, bursting from their chains,  
And claim'd man's dearest birthright, LIBERTY :

And long, thro' many a hard unequal strife  
Maintain'd the glorious conflict ; long withstood  
With single arm, the whole collected force  
Of haughty Genoa, and ambitious Gaul.  
And shall withstand it—Trust the faithful Muse !  
It is not in the force of mortal arm,  
Scarcely in fate, to bind the struggling soul  
That gall'd by wanton power, indignant swells  
Against oppression ; breathing great revenge,  
Careless of life, determin'd to be free.  
And fav'ring heaven approves : for see the Man,  
Born to exalt his own, and give mankind  
A glimpse of higher natures : just, as great ;  
The soul of council, and the nerve of war ;  
Of high unshaken spirit, tempered sweet  
With soft urbanity, and polish'd grace,  
And attic wit, and gay unstudied smiles :  
Whom heaven in some propitious hour endow'd

With every purer virtue : gave him all  
That lifts the hero, or adorns the man.  
Gave him the eye sublime ; the searching glance  
Keen, scanning deep, that smites the guilty soul  
As with a beam from heaven ; on his brow  
Serene, and spacious front, set the broad seal  
Of dignity and rule ; then smil'd benign  
On this fair pattern of a God below,  
High wrought, and breath'd into his swelling breast  
The large ambitious wish to save his country.  
Oh beautiful title to immortal fame !  
The man devoted to the public, stands  
In the bright records of superior worth  
A step below the skies : if he succeed,  
The first fair lot which earth affords, is his ;  
And if he falls, he falls above a throne.  
When such their leader, can the brave despair ?  
Freedom the cause, and PAOLI the chief !

Success to your fair hopes ! a British Muse,  
Tho' weak and powerless, lifts her fervent voice,  
And breathes a prayer for your success. Oh could  
She scatter blessings as the morn sheds dews,  
To drop upon your heads ! but patient hope  
Must wait th' appointed hour ; secure of this,  
That never with the indolent and weak  
Will freedom deign to dwell ; she must be seiz'd  
By that bold arm that wrestles for the blessing :  
'Tis heaven's best gift, and must be bought with blood.  
When the storm thickens, when the combat burns,  
And pain and death in every horrid shape  
That can appal the feeble, prowl around,  
Then virtue triumphs ; then her tow'ring form  
Dilates with kindling majesty ; her mien  
Breathes a diviner spirit, and enlarg'd  
Each spreading feature, with an ampler port  
And bolder tone, exulting, rides the storm,

And joys amidst the tempest. Then she reaps  
Her golden harvest ; fruits of nobler growth  
And higher relish than meridian suns  
Can ever ripen ; fair, heroic deeds,  
And godlike action. 'Tis not meats, and drinks,  
And balmy airs, and vernal suns, and showers  
That feed and ripen minds ; 'tis toil and danger ;  
And wrestling with the stubborn gripe of fate ;  
And war, and sharp distress, and paths obscure  
And dubious. The bold swimmer joys not so  
To feel the proud waves under him, and beat  
With strong repelling arm the billowy surge ;  
The generous courser does not so exult  
To toss his floating mane against the wind,  
And neigh amidst the thunder of the war,  
As virtue to oppose her swelling breast  
Like a firm shield against the darts of fate.  
And when her sons in that rough school have learn'd

To smile at danger, then the hand that rais'd  
Shall hush the storm, and lead the shining train  
Of peaceful years in bright procession on.  
Then shall the shepherd's pipe, the muse's lyre,  
On CYRNUMS' shores be heard : her grateful sons  
With loud acclaim and hymns of cordial praise  
Shall hail their high deliverers ; every name  
To virtue dear be from oblivion snatch'd  
And plac'd among the stars : but chiefly thine,  
Thine, PAOLI, with sweetest sound shall dwell  
On their applauding lips ; thy sacred name,  
Endear'd to long posterity, some Muse,  
More worthy of the theme, shall consecrate  
To after-ages, and applauding worlds  
Shall bless the godlike man who sav'd his country.

\* \* \* \* \*

So vainly wish'd, so fondly hop'd the Muse :  
Too fondly hop'd. The iron fates prevail,

And CYRNUM is no more. Her generous sons,  
Less vanquish'd than o'erwhelm'd, by numbers crush'd,  
Admir'd, unaided fell. So strives the moon  
In dubious battle with the gathering clouds,  
And strikes a splendour thro' them; till at length  
Storms roll'd on storms involve the face of heaven  
And quench her struggling fires. Forgive the zeal  
That, too presumptuous, whisper'd better things,  
And read the book of destiny amiss.  
Not with the purple colouring of success  
Is virtue best adorn'd: th' attempt is praise.  
There yet remains a freedom, nobler far  
Than kings or senates can destroy or give;  
Beyond the proud oppressor's cruel grasp  
Seated secure, uninjur'd; undestroy'd;  
Worthy of Gods: The freedom of the mind.

## THE INVITATION.

TO MISS B\*\*\*\*\*.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,  
 Hic nemus : hic ipso tecum confumerer ævo.

VIRGIL.

HEALTH to my friend, and long unbroken years,  
 By storms unruffled and unstain'd by tears :  
 Wing'd by new joys may each white minute fly ;  
 Spring on her cheek, and sunshine in her eye :  
 O'er that dear breast, where love and pity springs,  
 May peace eternal spread her downy wings :  
 Sweet beaming hope her path illumine still,  
 And fair ideas all her fancy fill.  
 From glittering scenes which strike the dazzled sight  
 With mimic grandeur and illusive light,

From idle hurry, and tumultuous noise,  
From hollow friendships, and from fickle joys,  
Will DELIA, at the Muse's call, retire  
To the pure pleasures rural scenes inspire?  
Will she from crowds and busy cities fly,  
Where wreaths of curling smoke involve the sky,  
To taste the grateful shade of spreading trees,  
And drink the spirit of the mountain breeze?

When winter's hand the rough'ning year deforms,  
And hollow winds foretel approaching storms,  
Then Pleasure, like a bird of passage, flies  
To brighter climes, and more indulgent skies:  
Cities and courts allure her sprightly train,  
From the bleak mountain and the naked plain;  
And gold and gems with artificial blaze,  
Supply the fickle sun's declining rays.

But soon, returning on the western gale,  
She seeks the bosom of the grassy vale :  
There, wrapt in careless ease, attunes her lyre  
To the wild warblings of the woodland quire :  
The daised turf her humble throne supplies,  
And early primroses around her rise.  
We'll follow where the smiling goddess leads,  
Thro' tangled forests or enamel'd meads ;  
O'er pathless hills her airy form we'll chase,  
In silent glades her fairy footsteps trace :  
Small pains there needs her footsteps to pursue,  
She cannot fly from friendship, and from you.  
Now the glad earth her frozen zone unbinds,  
And o'er her bosom breathe the western winds.  
Already now the snow-drop dares appear,  
The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd year ;  
As FLORA's breath, by some transforming power,  
Had chang'd an icicle into a flower :

Its name, and hue, the scentless plant retains,  
And winter lingers in its icy veins.

To these succeed the violet's dusky blue,  
And each inferior flower of fainter hue ;  
Till riper months the perfect year disclose,  
And FLORA cries exulting, ' See my Rose !

The Muse invites, my DELIA haste away,  
And let us sweetly waste the careless day.  
Here gentle summits lift their airy brow ;  
Down the green slope here winds the labouring plow ;  
Here, bath'd by frequent show'rs cool vales are seen,  
Cloth'd with fresh verdure, and eternal green ;  
Here smooth canals, across th' extended plain,  
Stretch their long arms to join the distant main \* :

\* The Duke of Bridgewater's canal, which in many places crosses the road, and in one is carried by an aqueduct over the river Irwell. Its head is at Worsley, where it is conveyed by deep tunnels under the coal pits, for the purpose of loading the boats.

The fons of toil with many a weary ftroke  
Scoop the hard bofom of the folid rock ;  
Refiftlefs, thro' the ftiff oppofing clay,  
With fteady patience work their gradual way ;  
Compel the genius of th' unwilling flood  
Thro' the brown horrors of the aged wood ;  
'Crofs the lone wafte the filver urn they pour,  
And cheer the barren heath or fullen moor.  
The traveller with pleafing wonder fees  
The white fail gleaming thro' the dusky trees ;  
And views the alter'd landfcape with furprife,  
And doubts the magic fcenes which round him rife.  
Now, like a flock of fwans, above his head  
Their woven wings the flying veffels fpread ;  
Now meeting fstreams in artful mazes glide,  
While each unmingled pours a feparate tide ;  
Now through the hidden veins of earth they flow,  
And vifit fulphurous mines and caves below ;

The ductile streams obey the guiding hand,  
And social plenty circles round the land.

But nobler praise awaits our green retreats ;  
The Muses here have fix'd their sacred seats.  
Mark where its simple front yon mansion rears,  
The nursery of men for future years !  
Here callow chiefs and embryo statesmen lie,  
And unfledg'd poets short excursions try :  
While Mersey's gentle current, which too long  
By fame neglected, and unknown to song,  
Between his rushy banks, (no poet's theme)  
Had crept inglorious, like a vulgar stream,  
Reflects th' ascending seats with conscious pride,  
And dares to emulate a classic tide.  
Soft music breathes along each op'ning shade,  
And foorths the dashing of his rough cascade.

With myſtic lines his ſands are figur'd o'er,  
And circles trac'd upon the letter'd ſhore.  
Beneath his willows rove th' inquiring youth,  
And court the fair majestic form of truth.  
Here nature opens all her ſecret ſprings,  
And heav'n-born ſcience plumes her eagle-wings:  
Too long had bigot rage, with malice ſwell'd,  
Crush'd her ſtrong pinions, and her flight with-held;  
Too long to check her ardent progreſs ſtrove:  
So writhes the ſerpent round the bird of Jove;  
Hangs on her flight, reſtrains her tow'ring wing,  
Twifts its dark folds, and points its venom'd ſting.  
Yet ſtill (if aught aright the Muſe divine)  
Her riſing pride ſhall mock the vain deſign;  
On founding pinions yet aloft ſhall ſoar,  
And thro' the azure deep untravel'd paths explore.  
Where ſcience ſiniles, the Muſes join the train;  
And gentleſt arts and pureſt manners reign.

Ye generous youth who love this studious shade,  
How rich a field is to your hopes display'd!  
Knowledge to you unlocks the classic page;  
And virtue blossoms for a better age.  
Oh golden days! oh bright unvalued hours!  
What bliss (did ye but know that bliss) were yours?  
With richest stores your glowing bosoms fraught,  
Perception quick, and luxury of thought;  
The high designs that heave the labouring soul,  
Panting for fame, impatient of controul;  
And fond enthusiastic thought, that feeds  
On pictur'd tales of vast heroic deeds;  
And quick affections, kindling into flame  
At virtue's, or their country's honour'd name;  
And spirits light, to every joy in tune;  
And friendship, ardent as a summer's noon;  
And generous scorn of vice's venal tribe;  
And proud disdain of interest's sordid bribe;

And conscious honour's quick instinctive sense ;  
And smiles unforc'd ; and easy confidence ;  
And vivid fancy ; and clear simple truth ;  
And all the mental bloom of vernal youth.

How bright the scene to fancy's eye appears,  
Thro' the long perspective of distant years,  
When this, this little group their country calls  
From academic shades and learned halls,  
To fix her laws, her spirit to sustain,  
And light up glory thro' her wide domain !  
Their various tastes in different arts display'd,  
Like temper'd harmony of light and shade,  
With friendly union in one mass shall blend,  
And this adorn the state, and that defend.  
These the sequester'd shade shall cheaply please,  
With learned labour, and inglorious ease :

While those, impell'd by some resistless force,  
O'er seas and rocks shall urge their vent'rous course ;  
Rich fruits matur'd by glowing suns behold,  
And China's groves of vegetable gold ;  
From every land the various harvest spoil,  
And bear the tribute to their native soil :  
But tell each land (while every toil they share,  
Firm to sustain, and resolute to dare,)  
MAN is the nobler growth our realms supply,  
And SOULS are ripen'd in our northern sky.

Some, pensive creep along the shelly shore,  
Unfold the silky texture of a flower ;  
With sharpen'd eyes inspect an hornet's sting,  
And all the wonders of an insect's wing.  
Some, trace with curious search the hidden cause  
Of nature's changes, and her various laws ;

Untwist her beauteous web, disrobe her charms,  
And hunt her to her elemental forms :  
Or prove what hidden powers in herbs are found  
To quench disease and cool the burning wound ;  
With cordial drops the fainting head sustain,  
Callback the flitting soul, and still the throbs of pain.

The patriot passion this shall strongly feel ;  
Ardent, and glowing with undaunted zeal,  
With lips of fire shall plead his country's cause,  
And vindicate the majesty of laws.  
This, cloth'd with Britain's thunder, spread alarms  
Thro' the wide earth, and shake the pole with arms.  
That, to the sounding lyre his deeds rehearse,  
Enshrine his name in some immortal verse,  
To long posterity his praise consign,  
And pay a life of hardships by a line.

While others, consecrate to higher aims,  
Whose hallow'd bosoms glow with purer flames,  
Love in their heart, persuasion in their tongue,  
With words of peace shall charm the list'ning throng,  
Draw the dread veil that wraps th' eternal throne,  
And launch our souls into the bright unknown.

Here cease my song. Such arduous themes require  
A master's pencil and a poet's fire :  
Unequal far such bright designs to paint,  
Too weak her colours, and her lines too faint,  
My drooping Muse folds up her fluttering wing,  
And hides her head in the green lap of spring.

## THE GROANS OF THE TANKARD.

Dulci digne mero !

HORAT.

OF strange events I sing, and portents dire ;  
 The wondrous themes a reverent ear require :  
 Tho' strange the tale, the faithful Muse believe,  
 And what she says with pious awe receive.

'Twas at the solemn, silent, noon-tide hour,  
 When hunger rages with despotic power,  
 When the lean student quits his Hebrew roots  
 For the gross nourishment of English fruits,  
 And throws unfinish'd airy systems by  
 For solid pudding and substantial pye,  
 When hungry poets the glad summons own,  
 And leave spare Fast to dine with Gods alone ;  
 Our sober meal dispatch'd with silent haste,  
 The decent grace concludes the short repast :

Then, urg'd by thirst, we cast impatient eyes  
Where deep, capacious, vast, of ample size,  
The TANKARD stood, replenish'd to the brink  
With the cold beverage blue-ey'd Naiads drink.  
But lo! a sudden prodigy appears,  
And our chill'd hearts recoil with startling fears;  
Its yawning mouth disclos'd the deep profound,  
And in low murmurs breath'd a fullen sound;  
Cold drops of dew did on the sides appear;  
No finger touch'd it, and no hand was near;  
At length th' indignant vase its silence broke,  
First heav'd deep hollow groans, and then distinctly spoke.

“ How chang'd the scene! for what unpardon'd crimes

“ Have I surviv'd to these degenerate times?

“ I, who was wont the festal board to grace,

“ And 'midst the circle lift my honest face,

“ White o’er with froth, like Etna crown’d with snow,  
“ Which mantled o’er the brown abyfs below,  
“ Where Ceres mingled with her golden store  
“ The richer spoils of either India’s shore,  
“ The dulcet reed the Western iflands boast,  
“ And spicy fruit from Banda’s fragrant coast.  
“ At folemn feasts the neftar’d draught I pour’d,  
“ And often journey’d round the ample board :  
“ The portly Alderman, the ftately Mayor,  
“ And all the furry tribe my worth declare ;  
“ And the keen Sportsman oft, his labours done,  
“ To me retreating with the fetting fun,  
“ Deep draughts imbib’d, and conquer’d land and fea,  
“ And overthrew the pride of France—by me.

“ Let meaner clay contain the limpid wave,  
“ The clay for fuch an office nature gave ;

- “ Let China’s earth, enrich’d with coloured stains,  
“ Pencil’d with gold, and streak’d with azure veins,  
“ The grateful flavour of the Indian leaf,  
“ Or Mocho’s sunburnt berry glad receive ;  
“ The nobler metal claims more generous use,  
“ And mine should flow with more exalted juice.  
“ Did I for this my native bed resign,  
“ In the dark bowels of Potosi’s mine ?  
“ Was I for this with violence torn away,  
“ And dragg’d to regions of the upper day ?  
“ For this the rage of torturing furnace bore,  
“ From foreign dross to purge the bright’ning ore ?  
“ For this have I endur’d the fiery test,  
“ And was I stamp’d for this with Britain’s lofty crest ?  
  
“ Unblest the day, and luckless was the hour  
“ Which doom’d me to a Presbyterian’s power :

- “ Fated to serve the Puritanic race,  
“ Whose slender meal is shorter than their grace ;  
“ Whose moping sons no jovial orgies keep ;  
“ Where evening brings no summons—but to sleep ;  
“ No Carnival is even Christmas here,  
“ And one long Lent involves the meagre year.  
“ Bear me, ye pow’rs ! to some more genial scene,  
“ Where on soft cushions lolls the gouty Dean,  
“ Or rosy Prebend, with cherubic face,  
“ With double chin, and paunch of portly grace,  
“ Who lull’d in downy slumbers shall agree  
“ To own no inspiration but from me.  
“ Or to some spacious mansion, Gothic, old,  
“ Where Comus’ sprightly train their vigils hold ;  
“ There oft exhausted, and replenish’d oft,  
“ Oh ! let me still supply th’ eternal draught ;  
“ Till care within the deep abyss be drown’d,  
“ And thought grows giddy at the vast profound.”

More had the goblet spoke, but lo! appears  
An ancient Sibyl furrow'd o'er with years.  
Her aspect sour, and stern ungracious look  
With sudden damp the conscious vessel struck :  
Chill'd at her touch its mouth it slowly clos'd,  
And in long silence all its griefs repos'd :  
Yet still low murmurs creep along the ground,  
And the air vibrates with the silver sound.

ON THE BACKWARDNESS OF THE  
 SPRING 1771.

*Estatem increpitans seram, zephyrosque morantes.*

VIRGIL.

IN vain the sprightly sun renews his course,  
 Climbs up th' ascending signs and leads the day,  
 While long embattled clouds repel his force,  
 And lazy vapours choak the golden ray.

In vain the spring proclaims the new-born year ;  
 No flowers beneath her lingering footsteps spring,  
 No rosy garland binds her flowing hair,  
 And in her train no feather'd warblers sing,

Her opening breast is stain'd with frequent showers,  
 Her streaming tresses bath'd in chilling dews,  
 And sad before her move the pensive hours,  
 Whose flagging wings no breathing sweets diffuse,

Like some lone pilgrim, clad in mournful weed,  
Whose wounded bosom drinks her falling tears,  
On whose pale cheek relentless furrows feed,  
Whose dreary way no sprightly carol cheers.

Not thus she breath'd on Arno's purple shore,  
And call'd the Tuscan Muses to her bowers ;  
Not this the robe in Enna's vale she wore,  
When Ceres' daughter fill'd her lap with flowers.

Clouds behind clouds in long succession rise,  
And heavy snows oppress the springing green ;  
The dazzling waste fatigues the aching eyes,  
And fancy droops beneath th' unvaried scene.

Indulgent nature, loose this frozen zone ;  
Thro' opening skies let genial sun-beams play ;  
Dissolving snows shall their glad impulse own,  
And melt upon the bosom of the May.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN AN ALCOVE.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna.

HORAT.

7

Now the moon-beam's trembling lustre

Silvers o'er the dewy green,

And in soft and shadowy colours

Sweetly paints the chequer'd scene.

Here between the opening branches

Streams a flood of soften'd light,

There the thick and twisted foliage

Spreads the browner gloom of night.

This is fure the haunt of fairies,  
In yon cool alcove they play ;  
Care can never cros the threshold,  
Care was only made for day.

Far from hence be noisy clamour,  
Sick disgust and anxious fear ;  
Pining grief and wasting anguish  
Never keep their vigils here.

Tell no tales of sheeted spectres  
Rising from the quiet tomb ;  
Fairer forms this cell shall visit,  
Brighter visions gild the gloom.

Choral songs and sprightly voices  
Echo from her cell shall call ;  
Sweeter, sweeter than the murmur  
Of the distant water-fall.

Every ruder gust of passion

Lull'd with music dies away,

Till within the charmed bosom

None but soft affections play :

Soft, as when the evening breezes

Gently stir the poplar grove ;

Brighter than the smile of summer,

Sweeter than the breath of love.

Thee, th' enchanted Muse shall follow,

Lissy ! to the rustic cell,

And each careless note repeating

Tune them to her charming shell.

Not the Muse who wreath'd with laurel

Solemn stalks with tragic gait,

And in clear and lofty vision

Sees the future births of fate ;

Not the maid who crown'd with cypress  
Sweeps along in scepter'd pall,  
And in sad and solemn accents  
Mourns the crested hero's fall ;

But that other smiling sister,  
With the blue and laughing eye,  
Singing, in a lighter measure,  
Strains of woodland harmony :

All unknown to fame and glory,  
Easy, blithe and debonair,  
Crown'd with flowers, her careless tresses  
Loosely floating on the air .

Then, when next the star of evening  
Softly sheds the silent dew,  
Let me in this rustic temple,  
LISSY ! meet the Muse and you.

## THE MOUSE'S PETITION\*.

*Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.*

VIRGIL.

OH ! hear a penfive prisoner's prayer,  
For liberty that fighs ;  
And never let thine heart be shut  
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and fad I fit,  
Within the wiry grate ;  
And tremble at th' approaching morn,  
Which brings impending fate.

\* Found in the trap where he had been confined all night by Dr. Priestley, for the sake of making experiments with different kinds of air.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,  
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,  
Let not thy strong oppressive force  
A free-born mouse detain.

Oh ! do not stain with guiltless blood  
Thy hospitable hearth ;  
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd  
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast  
My frugal meals supply ;  
But if thine unrelenting heart  
That slender boon deny,

The chearful light, the vital air,  
Are blessings widely given ;  
Let nature's commoners enjoy  
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind  
To all compassion gives;  
Casts round the world an equal eye,  
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient fages taught,  
A never dying flame,  
Still shifts thro' matter's varying forms,  
In every form the same,

Beware, lest in the worm you crush  
A brother's soul you find;  
And tremble lest thy luckless hand  
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day  
Be *all* of life we share,  
Let pity plead within thy breast  
That little *all* to spare.

So may thy hospitable board  
With health and peace be crown'd;  
And every charm of heartfelt ease  
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,  
Which men, like mice, may share,  
May some kind angel clear thy path,  
And break the hidden snare.

TO MRS. P-----,

WITH SOME DRAWINGS OF BIRDS AND INSECTS.

The kindred arts to please thee shall conspire,  
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.

POPE.

AMANDA bids; at her command again  
I seize the pencil, or resume the pen;  
No other call my willing hand requires,  
And friendship, better than a Muse inspires.

Painting and poetry are near allied;  
The kindred arts two sister Muses guide;

This charms the eye, that steals upon the ear;  
There sounds are tun'd; and colours blended here.  
This, with a silent touch enchants our eyes,  
And bids a gayer, brighter world arise:  
That, less allied to sense, with deeper art  
Can pierce the close recesses of the heart;  
By well set syllables, and potent sound,  
Can rouse, can chill the breast, can sooth, can wound;  
To life adds motion, and to beauty soul,  
And breathes a spirit through the finish'd whole:  
Each perfects each, in friendly union join'd;  
This gives Amanda's form, and that her mind.

But humbler themes my artless hand requires,  
Nor higher than the feather'd tribe aspires.  
Yet who the various nations can declare  
That plough with busy wing the peopled air?

These cleave the crumbling bark for insect food;  
Those dip their crooked beak in kindred blood;  
Some haunt the rusky moor, the lonely woods;  
Some bathe their silver plumage in the floods;  
Some fly to man, his household gods implore,  
And gather round his hospitable door;  
Wait the known call, and find protection there  
From all the lesser tyrants of the air.

The tawny EAGLE seats his callow brood  
High on the cliff, and feasts his young with blood:  
On Snowden's rocks, or Orkney's wide domain,  
Whose beetling cliffs o'erhang the western main,  
The royal bird his lonely kingdom forms  
Amidst the gathering clouds, and fullen storms:  
Thro' the wide waste of air he darts his flight,  
And holds his founding pinions pois'd for flight;

With cruel eye premeditates the war,  
And marks his destin'd victim from afar:  
Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,  
His pinions like the rush of waters sound;  
The fairest of the fold he bears away,  
And to his nest compels the struggling prey.  
He scorns the game by meaner hunters tore,  
And dips his talons in no vulgar gore.

With lovelier pomp along the grassy plain  
The *silver* PHEASANT draws his shining train.  
On Asia's myrtle shores, by Phafis' stream,  
He spreads his plumage to the sunny gleam;  
But where the wiry net his flight confines,  
He lowers his purple crest, and inly pines;  
The beauteous captive hangs his ruffled wing,  
Opprest by bondage, and our chilly spring.

To claim the verse, unnumber'd tribes appear  
That swell the music of the vernal year :  
Seiz'd with the spirit of the kindly May  
They fleek the glossy wing, and tune the lay ;  
With emulative strife the notes prolong,  
And pour out all their little souls in song.  
When winter bites upon the naked plain,  
Nor food nor shelter in the groves remain ;  
By instinct led, a firm united band,  
As marshal'd by some skilful general's hand,  
The congregated nations wing their way  
In dusky columns o'er the trackless sea ;  
In clouds unnumber'd annual hover o'er  
The craggy Bas, or Kilda's utmost shore :  
Thence spread their sails to meet the southern wind,  
And leave the gathering tempest far behind ;  
Pursue the circling sun's indulgent ray,  
Course the swift seasons, and o'ertake the day.

Not fo the infect race, ordain'd to keep  
The lazy fabbath of a half-year's fleep:  
Entomb'd, beneath the filmy web they lie,  
And wait the influence of a kinder fky.  
When vernal fun-beams pierce their dark retreat  
The heaving tomb diftends with vital heat;  
The full-form'd brood, impatient of their cell,  
Start from their trance, and burft their filken fhell;  
Trembling awhile they ftand, and fcarcely dare  
To launch at once upon the untried air:  
At length affur'd, they catch the favouring gale,  
And leave their fordid fpoils, and high in Ether fail.  
So when Rinaldo ftruck the confcious rind  
He found a nymph in every trunk confin'd;  
The foreft labours with convulfive throes,  
The burfting trees the lovely births difclofe,  
And a gay troop of damfels round him ftood,  
Where late was rugged bark and lifelefs wood.

Lo, the bright train their radiant wings unfold !  
With silver fring'd, and freckl'd o'er with gold :  
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower  
They, idly fluttering, live their little hour ;  
Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,  
All spring their age, and sunshine all their day.  
Not so the child of sorrow, wretched *man*,  
His course with toil concludes, with pain began ;  
That his high destiny he might discern,  
And in misfortune's school this lesson learn,  
Pleasure's the portion of th' inferior kind ;  
But glory, virtue, Heaven for Man design'd.

What atom-forms of insect life appear !  
And who can follow nature's pencil here ?  
Their wings with azure, green, and purple gloss'd,  
Studded with colour'd eyes, with gems emboss'd,

Inlaid with pearl, and mark'd with various stains  
Of lively crimson through their dusky veins.  
Some shoot like living stars athwart the night,  
And scatter from their wings a vivid light,  
To guide the Indian to his tawny loves,  
As thro' the woods with cautious step he moves.  
See the proud giant of the beetle race ;  
What shining arms his polish'd limbs enchase !  
Like some stern warrior formidably bright  
His steely fides reflect a gleaming light :  
On his large forehead spreading horns he wears,  
And high in air the branching antlers bears :  
O'er many an inch extends his wide domain,  
And his rich treasury swells with hoarded grain.

Thy friend thus strives to cheat the lonely hour,  
With song or paint, an insect or a flower :

Yet, if Amanda praise the flowing line,  
And bend delighted o'er the gay design,  
I envy not, nor emulate the fame  
Or of the painter's, or the poet's name.  
Could I to both with equal claim pretend,  
Yet far, far dearer were the name of FRIEND.

## C H A R A C T E R S.

----- semper amabilem.

HORAT.

O BORN to sooth distress, and lighten care,  
 Lively as soft, and innocent as fair!  
 Blest with that sweet simplicity of thought  
 So rarely found, and never to be taught;  
 Of winning speech, endearing, artless, kind,  
 The loveliest pattern of a female mind;  
 Like some fair spirit from the realms of rest  
 With all her native heaven within her breast;  
 So pure, so good, she scarce can guess at sin,  
 But thinks the world without like that within;  
 Such melting tenderness, so fond to bless,  
 Her charity almost becomes excess.

Wealth may be courted, wisdom be rever'd,  
 And beauty prais'd, and brutal strength be fear'd;  
 But goodness only can affection move;  
 And love must owe its origin to love.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,  
 Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.*

TIBUL.

OF gentle manners, and of taste refin'd,  
 With all the graces of a polish'd mind;  
 Clear sense and truth still shone in all she spoke,  
 And from her lips no idle sentence broke.  
 Each nicer elegance of art she knew;  
 Correctly fair, and regularly true.  
 Her ready fingers plied with equal skill  
 The pencil's task, the needle, or the quill;

So pois'd her feelings, so compos'd her soul,  
So subject all to reason's calm controul,  
One only passion, strong and unconfin'd,  
Disturb'd the balance of her even mind:  
One passion rul'd despotic in her breast,  
In every word, and look, and thought confess:  
But that was love, and love delights to bless  
The generous transports of a fond excess.

ON A LADY'S WRITING.

HER even lines her steady temper show,  
Neat as her dress, and polish'd as her brow ;  
Strong as her judgment, easy as her air ;  
Correct though free, and regular though fair :  
And the same graces o'er her pen preside  
That form her manners and her footsteps guide.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

----- natura beatis  
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.

CLAUDIAN.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!

O seldom found, yet ever nigh!

Receive my temperate vow:

Not all the storms that shake the pole

Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,

And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in simple vest array'd,

With all thy sober cheer display'd,

To bless my longing sight;

Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,  
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,  
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,  
O gently guide my pilgrim feet  
To find thy hermit cell ;  
Where in some pure and equal sky  
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye  
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,  
And Innocence with candid breast,  
And clear undaunted eye ;  
And Hope, who points to distant years,  
Fair opening thro' this vale of tears  
A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide

The temperate joys in even tide,

That rarely ebb or flow ;

And Patience there, thy sifter meek,

Presents her mild unvarying cheek

To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage

A tyrant master's wanton rage

With settled smiles to meet :

Inur'd to toil and bitter bread

He bow'd his meek submitted head,

And kiss'd thy fainted feet.

But thou, oh Nymph retir'd and coy !

In what brown hamlet dost thou joy

To tell thy tender tale ;

The lowliest children of the ground,  
Moss-rose, and violet blossom round,  
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour  
I best may choose to hail thy power,  
And court thy gentle sway?  
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,  
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,  
And shed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,  
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,  
And every storm is laid;  
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,  
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice  
Low whispering thro' the shade.

T O W I S D O M.

Dona præsentis rape lætus horæ, ac  
Linque severa.

HORAT.

O WISDOM! if thy soft controul  
Can sooth the sickness of the soul,  
Can bid the warring passions cease,  
And breathe the calm of tender peace;  
WISDOM! I bless thy gentle sway,  
And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'st with frown austere  
To nurse the brood of care and fear;  
To bid our sweetest passions die,  
And leave us in their room a sigh;

O if thine aspect stern have power  
To wither each poor transient flower  
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,  
And dry the springs whence hope should flow;  
WISDOM, thine empire I disclaim,  
Thou empty boast of pompous name!  
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,  
But never haunt my chearful cell.  
Hail to pleasure's frolic train!  
Hail to fancy's golden reign!  
Festive mirth, and laughter wild,  
Free and sportful as the child!  
Hope with eager sparkling eyes,  
And easy faith, and fond surprise!  
Let these, in fairy colours drest,  
For ever share my careless breast:  
Then, tho' wife I may not be,  
The wise themselves shall envy me.

THE  
O R I G I N  
O F  
S O N G - W R I T I N G \*.

Illic indocto primum se exercuit arcu ;  
Hei mihi quam doctas nunc habet ille manus !

TIBUL.

WHEN Cupid, wanton boy, was young,  
His wings unfledg'd, and rude his tongue,  
He loiter'd in Arcadian bowers,  
And hid his bow in wreaths of flowers ;

\* Addressed to the Author of *Essays on Song-Writing*.

Or pierc'd some fond unguarded heart,  
With now and then a random dart;  
But heroes scorn'd the idle boy,  
And love was but a shepherd's toy:  
When Venus, vex'd to see her child  
Amid the forests thus run wild,  
Would point him out some nobler game,  
Gods, and godlike men to tame.  
She seiz'd the boy's reluctant hand,  
And led him to the virgin band,  
Where the sister Muses round  
Swell the deep majestic sound;  
And in solemn strains unite,  
Breathing chaste, severe delight;  
Songs of chiefs, and heroes old,  
In unsubmitting virtue bold:  
Of even valour's temperate heat,  
And toils, to stubborn patience sweet;

Of nodding plumes, and burnish'd arms,  
And glory's bright terrific charms.

The potent founds like lightning dart  
Resistless thro' the glowing heart ;  
Of power to lift the fixed soul  
High o'er fortune's proud controul ;  
Kindling deep, prophetic musing ;  
Love of beauteous death infusing ;  
Scorn, and unconquerable hate  
Of tyrant pride's unhallow'd state.  
The boy abash'd, and half afraid,  
Beheld each chaste immortal maid :  
Pallas spread her Egis there ;  
Mars stood by with threat'ning air ;  
And stern Diana's icy look  
With sudden chill his bosom struck.

Daughters of Jove receive the child,  
The queen of beauty said, and smil'd;  
(Her rosy breath perfum'd the air,  
And scatter'd sweet contagion there;  
Relenting nature learn'd to languish,  
And sickn'd with delightful anguish :)  
Receive him, artless yet and young;  
Refine his air and smooth his tongue:  
Conduct him thro' your fav'rite bowers,  
Enrich'd with fair perennial flowers  
To solemn shades, and springs that lie  
Remote from each unhallow'd eye;  
Teach him to spell those mystic names  
That kindle bright immortal flames;  
And guide his young unpractis'd feet  
To reach coy learning's lofty seat.

Ah, luckless hour ! mistaken maids,  
When Cupid fought the Muse's shades !  
Of their sweetest notes beguil'd,  
By the fly insidious child,  
Now of power his darts are found  
Twice ten thousand times to wound.  
Now no more the slacken'd strings  
Breathe of high immortal things,  
But Cupid tunes the Muse's lyre  
To languid notes of soft desire.  
In every clime, in every tongue,  
'Tis love inspires the poet's song :  
Hence Sappho's soft infectious page ;  
Monimia's woe ; Othello's rage ;  
Abandon'd Dido's fruitless prayer ;  
And Eloisa's long despair ;

The garland blest with many a vow,  
For haughty Sachariffa's brow;  
And, wash'd with tears, the mournful verse  
That Petrarch laid on Laura's herse.

But more than all the sifter quire,  
Music confess'd the pleasing fire.  
Here sovereign Cupid reign'd alone;  
Music and song were all his own.  
Sweet, as in old Arcadian plains,  
The British pipe has caught the strains:  
And where the Tweed's pure current glides,  
Or Liffy rolls her limpid tides,  
Or Thames his oozy waters leads  
Thro' rural bowers or yellow meads,  
With many an old romantic tale  
Has cheer'd the lone sequester'd vale;

With many a sweet and tender lay  
Deceiv'd the tiresome summer-day.

'Tis yours to cull with happy art  
Each meaning verse that speaks the heart;  
And fair array'd, in order meet,  
To lay the wreath at beauty's feet.

S O N G S.

SONG I.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,  
That boasts to love as well as me;  
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,  
Come hither and thy flame approve;  
I'll teach thee what it is to love,  
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears;  
To live upon a smile for years;  
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet.

To kneel, to languish and implore;

And still tho' she disdain, adore:

It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes

With eager joy and fond surprize;

Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear

As wretches feel who wait their doom;

Nor must one ruder thought presume

Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost;

Tho' heaven and earth thy passion cost;

Tho' she were bright as fainted queens above,

And thou the least and meanest swain

That folds his flock upon the plain,

Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears ;  
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears :  
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,  
Tho' she were fonder and more true  
Than any nymph old poets drew,  
Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,  
Thou dost not seek to be alone,  
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe ;  
And muse, and fold thy languid arms,  
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,  
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share  
But those which love has planted there,  
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,

Thou never yet his power hast known ;  
Love fits on a despotic throne,  
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,  
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,  
And prove whose patience longest can endure .

We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost  
In dreams of fondest passion most ;  
For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh never hope a cure !

## SONG II.

If ever thou didst joy to bind  
Two hearts in equal passion join'd,

O son of VENUS! hear me now,  
And bid FLORELLA bless my vow.

If any bliss reserv'd for me  
Thou in the leaves of fate should'st see;  
If any white propitious hour,  
Pregnant with hoarded joys in store;

Now, now the mighty treasure give,  
In her for whom alone I live;  
In sterling love pay all the sum,  
And I'll absolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms  
Yield her, relenting, to my arms:  
Her bosom touch with soft desires,  
And let her feel what she inspires.

But, CUPID, if thine aid be vain  
The dear reluctant maid to gain;  
If still with cold averted eyes  
She dash my hopes, and scorn my sighs;

O! grant ('tis all I ask of thee)  
That I no more may change than she;  
But still with duteous zeal love on,  
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languish;  
Think not time can heal my anguish;  
Pity the woes which I endure;  
But never, never grant a cure.

## SONG III.

SYLVIA. LEAVE me, simple shepherd, leave me ;  
    Drag no more a hopeless chain :  
I cannot like, nor would deceive thee ;  
    Love the maid that loves again.

CORIN. Tho' more gentle nymphs surround me,  
    Kindly pitying what I feel,  
Only you have power to wound me ;  
    SYLVIA, only you can heal.

SYLVIA. CORIN, cease this idle teasing ;  
    Love that's forc'd is harsh and sour :  
If the lover be displeasing,  
    To persist disgusts the more.

CORIN. 'Tis in vain, in vain to fly me,

SYLVIA, I will still pursue ;

Twenty thousand times deny me,

I will kneel and weep anew.

SYLVIA. CUPID ne'er shall make me languish,

I was born averse to love ;

Lovers' sighs, and tears, and anguish,

Mirth and pastime to me prove.

CORIN. Still I vow with patient duty

Thus to meet your proudest scorn ;

You for unrelenting beauty,

I for constant love was born.

But the fates had not consented,

Since they both did fickle prove ;

Of her scorn the maid repented,

And the shepherd—of his love.

## SONG IV.

WHEN gentle CELIA first I knew,  
A breast so good, so kind, so true,  
Reason and taste approv'd;  
Pleas'd to indulge so pure a flame,  
I call'd it by too soft a name,  
And fondly thought I lov'd.

Till CHLORIS came : with sad surprise  
I felt the light'ning of her eyes  
Thro' all my senses run ;  
All glowing with resistless charms,  
She fill'd my breast with new alarms,  
I saw, and was undone.

O CELIA! dear unhappy maid,

Forbear the weakness to upbraid

Which ought your scorn to move;

I know this beauty false and vain,

I know she triumphs in my pain,

Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,

Nor can thy softest friendship ease

The torments I endure;

Think what that wounded breast must feel

Which truth and kindness cannot heal,

Nor even thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain,

And wish again thy milder reign

With long and vain regret;

All that I can, to thee I give,  
And could I still to reason live  
I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild impetuous sea  
Hurries me far from peace and thee ;  
'Twere vain to struggle more  
Thus the poor sailor flumbering lies,  
While swelling tides around him rise,  
And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,  
His pitying friends with fond alarms  
In vain deplore his state ;  
Still far and farther from the coast,  
On the high surge his bark is tost,  
And foundering yields to fate.

## SONG V.

As near a weeping spring reclin'd  
The beauteous ARAMINTA pin'd,  
And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth:  
While dying echoes caught the sound,  
And spread the soft complaints around  
Of broken vows and alter'd truth;

An aged shepherd heard her moan,  
And thus in pity's kindest tone  
Address'd the lost despairing maid:  
Cease, cease unhappy fair to grieve,  
For sounds, tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve  
A breaking heart by love betray'd.

Why shouldst thou waste such precious showers,  
That fall like dew on wither'd flowers,  
But dying passion ne'er restor'd?  
In beauty's empire is no mean,  
And woman, either slave or queen,  
Is quickly scorn'd when not ador'd.

Those liquid pearls from either eye,  
Which might an eastern empire buy,  
Unvalued here and fruitless fall;  
No art the season can renew  
When love was young, and DAMON true;  
No tears a wandering heart recall.

Cease, cease to grieve, thy tears are vain,  
Should those fair orbs in drops of rain  
Vie with a weeping southern sky :

For hearts o'ercome with love and grief  
All nature yields but one relief;  
Die, hapless ARAMINTA, die.

## SONG VI.

WHEN first upon your tender cheek  
I saw the morn of beauty break  
    With mild and chearing beam,  
I bow'd before your infant shrine,  
The earliest sighs you had were mine,  
    And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn  
For beauty's boundless empire born,  
    And first confes'd your sway;

And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,  
Could learn the value of a heart,  
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,  
And gazed upon that angel face,  
While yet 'twas safe to gaze ;  
And fondly blest'd each rising charm,  
Nor thought such innocence could harm  
The peace of future days,

But now despotic o'er the plains  
The awful noon of beauty reigns,  
And kneeling crowds adore ;  
Its beams arise too fiercely bright,  
Danger and death attend the fight,  
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising God of day  
Their early vows the Persians pay,  
    And bless the spreading fire,  
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon  
Pours on their heads the burning noon;  
    They sicken and expire.

D E L I A.

A N E L E G Y.

--- tecum ut longæ fociarem gaudia vitæ,  
Inque tuo caderet noſtra ſeneſta ſinu.

TIBUL.

YEs, DELIA loves! My fondeſt vows are bleſt;  
Farewell the memory of her paſt diſdain;  
One kind relenting glance has heal'd my breaſt,  
And balanc'd in a moment years of pain.

O'er her ſoft cheek conſenting bluſhes move,  
And with kind ſtealth her ſecret ſoul betray;  
Bluſhes, which uſher in the morn of love,  
Sure as the red'ning eaſt foretels the day.

Her tender smiles shall pay me with delight  
For many a bitter pang of jealous fear;  
For many an anxious day, and sleepless night,  
For many a stifled sigh, and silent tear.

DELIA shall come, and bless my lone retreat;  
She does not scorn the shepherd's lowly life;  
She will not blush to leave the splendid seat,  
And own the title of a poor man's wife.

The simple knot shall bind her gather'd hair,  
The ruffet garment clasp her lovely breast:  
DELIA shall mix among the rural fair,  
By charms alone distinguish'd from the rest.

And meek Simplicity, neglected maid,  
Shall bid my fair in native graces shine:  
She, only she, shall lend her modest aid,  
Chaste, sober priestess, at sweet Beauty's shrine!

How sweet to muse by murmuring springs reclin'd;  
Or loitering carelefs in the shady grove,  
Indulge the gentleft feelings of the mind,  
And pity thofe who live to aught but love!

When DELIA's hand unlocks her fhining hair,  
And o'er her fhoulder fpreads the flowing gold,  
Bafe were the man who one bright trefs would fpare  
For all the ore of India's coarfer mold.

By her dear fide with what content I'd toil,  
Patient of any labour in her fight;  
Guide the flow plough, or turn the ftubborn foil,  
Till the laft ling'ring beam of doubtful light.

But fofter tasks divide my DELIA's hours;  
To watch the firftlings at their harmlefs play;  
With welcome fhade to fcreen the languid flowers,  
That ficken in the fummer's parching ray.

Oft will ſhe ſtoop amidſt her evening walk,  
With tender hand each bruifed plant to rear;  
To bind the drooping lily's broken ſtalk,  
And nurſe the bloſſoms of the infant year.

When beating rains forbid our feet to roam,  
We'll ſhelter'd fit, and turn the ſtoried page;  
There ſee what paſſions ſhake the lofty dome  
With mad ambition or ungovern'd rage:

What headlong ruin oft involves the great;  
What conſcious terrors guilty boſoms prove;  
What ſtrange and ſudden turns of adverſe fate  
Tear the ſad virgin from her plighted love.

DELIA ſhall read, and drop a gentle tear;  
Then caſt her eyes around the low-roof'd cot,  
And own the fates have dealt more kindly here,  
That bleſ'd with only love our little lot.

For love has sworn (I heard the awful vow)  
The wav'ring heart shall never be his care  
That stoops at any baser shrine to bow ;  
And what he cannot rule, he scorns to share.

My heart in DELIA is so fully blest,  
It has no room to lodge another joy ;  
My peace all leans upon that gentle breast,  
And only there misfortune can annoy.

Our silent hours shall steal unmark'd away  
In one long tender calm of rural peace ;  
And measure many a fair unblemish'd day  
Of chearful leisure and poetic ease.

The proud unfeeling world their lot shall scorn  
Who 'midst inglorious shades can poorly dwell :  
Yet if some youth, for gentler passions born,  
Shall chance to wander near our lowly cell,

His feeling breast with purer flames shall glow;  
And leaving pomp, and state, and cares behind,  
Shall own the world has little to bestow  
Where two fond hearts in equal love are join'd.

OVID TO HIS WIFE:

IMITATED FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF HIS TRISTIA.

Jam mea cygneas imitantur tempora plumas,  
Inficit & nigras alba senecta comas.

TRIST. Lib. iv. Eleg. 3.

MY aged head now stoops its honours low,  
Bow'd with the load of fifty winters' snow;  
And for the raven's glossy black assumes  
The downy whiteness of the cygnet's plumes.  
Loose scatter'd hairs around my temples stray,  
And spread the mournful shade of sickly grey:  
I bend beneath the weight of broken years,  
Averse to change, and chill'd with causeless fears.

The season now invites me to retire  
To the dear lares of my household fire ;  
To homely scenes of calm domestic peace,  
A poet's leisure, and an old man's ease ;  
To wear the remnant of uncertain life  
In the fond bosom of a faithful wife ;  
In safe repose my last few hours to spend,  
Nor fearful nor impatient of their end.  
Thus a safe port the wave-worn vessels gain,  
Nor tempt again the dangers of the main ;  
Thus the proud steed, when youthful glory fades,  
And creeping age his stiffening limbs invades,  
Lies stretch'd at ease on the luxuriant plain,  
And dreams his morning triumphs o'er again.  
The hardy veteran from the camp retires,  
His joints unstrung, and feeds his household fires ;  
Satiated with fame enjoys well-earn'd repose,  
And sees his stormy day serenely close.

Not such my lot! Severer fates decree  
My shatter'd bark must plough an unknown sea.  
Forc'd from my native seats and sacred home,  
Friendless, alone, thro' Scythian wilds to roam;  
With trembling knees o'er unknown hills I go,  
Stiff with blue ice and heap'd with drifted snow.  
Pale suns there strike their feeble rays in vain,  
Which faintly glance against the marble plain:  
Red Ister there, which madly lash'd the shore,  
His idle urn seal'd up, forgets to roar:  
Stern winter in eternal triumph reigns,  
Shuts up the bounteous year and starves the plains.  
My failing eyes the weary waste explore,  
The savage mountains and the dreary shore,  
And vainly look for scenes of old delight;  
No lov'd familiar objects meet my sight;  
No long remember'd streams nor conscious bowers,  
Wake the gay memory of youthful hours.

I fondly hop'd, content with learned ease,  
To walk amidst cotemporary trees;  
In every scene some fav'rite spot to trace,  
And meet in all some kind domestic face;  
To stretch my limbs upon my native soil,  
With long vacation from unquiet toil;  
Resign my breath where first that breath I drew,  
And sink into the spot from whence I grew.  
But if my feeble age is doom'd to try  
Unusual seasons and a foreign sky,  
To some more genial clime let me repair,  
And taste the healing balm of milder air;  
Near to the glowing sun's directer ray,  
And pitch my tent beneath the eye of day.  
Could not the winter in my veins suffice,  
Without the added rage of Scythian skies?  
The snow of time my vital heat exhaust,  
And hoary age without Sarmatian frost?

Yet storm and tempest are of ills the least  
Which this inhospitable land infest :  
Society than solitude is worse,  
And man to man is still the greatest curse.  
A savage race my fearful steps surround,  
Practis'd in blood and disciplin'd to wound ;  
Unknown alike to pity as to fear,  
Hard as their foil, and as their skies severe.  
Skill'd in each mystery of direct art,  
They arm with double death the poison'd dart ;  
Uncomb'd and horrid grows their spiky hair ;  
Uncouth their vesture, terrible their air :  
The lurking dagger at their side hung low,  
Leaps in quick vengeance on the hapless foe.  
No steadfast faith is here, no sure repose ;  
An armed truce is all this nation knows :  
The rage of battle works, when battles cease ;  
And wars are brooding in the lap of peace.

Since CÆSAR wills, and I a wretch must be,

Let me be safe at least in misery !

To my sad grave in calm oblivion steal,

Nor add the woes of fear to all I feel !

Ye tuneful maids ! who once in happier days,

Beneath the myrtle grove inspir'd my lays,

How shall I now your wonted aid implore ;

Where seek your footsteps on this savage shore,

Whose ruder echoes ne'er were taught to bear

The poet's numbers or the lover's care ?

Yet here, for ever here, your bard must dwell,

Who sung of sports and tender loves so well.

Here must he live : but when he yields his breath

O let him not be exil'd even in death !

Left mix'd with Scythian shades, a Roman ghost

Wander on this inhospitable coast.

CÆSAR no more shall urge a wretch's doom ;  
The bolt of Jove pursues not in the tomb.  
To thee, dear wife, some friend with pious care  
All that of OVID then remains shall bear ;  
Then will thou weep to see me so return,  
And with fond passion clasp my silent urn.  
O check thy grief, that tender bosom spare,  
Hurt not thy cheeks, nor foil thy flowing hair.  
Press the pale marble with thy lips, and give  
One precious tear, and bid my memory live.  
The silent dust shall glow at thy command,  
And the warm ashes feel thy pious hand.

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME PAINTED FLOWERS.

----- tibi lilia plenis  
Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis.

VIRGIL.

FLOWERS to the fair: To you these flowers I bring,  
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.  
Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you;  
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.  
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,  
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.  
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,  
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.

To loftier forms are rougher tasks assign'd;  
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,  
The tougher yew repels invading foes,  
And the tall pine for future navies grows;  
But this soft family, to cares unknown,  
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.  
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,  
They spring to cheer the sense, and glad the heart.  
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;  
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

ODE TO SPRING.

Hope waits upon the flowery prime.

WALLER.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy fire,

Hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful Spring!

Whose unshorn locks with leaves

And swelling buds are crown'd;

From the green islands of eternal youth,

(Crown'd with fresh blooms, and ever springing shade)

Turn, hither turn thy step,

O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,  
Or Lydian flute, can sooth the madding winds,  
And thro' the stormy deep  
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await  
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove  
Thy blooming wilds among,  
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untir'd feet; and cull thy earliest sweets  
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow  
Of him, the favour'd youth  
That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers  
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,  
And silent dews that swell  
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;

And call those winds which thro' the whispering boughs

With warm and pleafant breath

Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me fit beneath the whitening thorn,

And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;

And watch with patient eye

Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph approach! while yet the temperate fun

With bashful forehead, thro' the cool moist air

Throws his young maiden beams,

And with chaste kiffes woos

The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil

Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade

Protects thy modest blooms

From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short : The red dog-star  
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe  
Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,  
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell ;  
For O, not all that Autumn's lap contains,  
Nor summer's ruddiest fruits,  
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring ! whose simplest promise more delights  
Than all their largest wealth, and thro' the heart  
Each joy and new-born hope  
With softest influence breathes.

VERSES ON MRS. ROWE.

How from the summit of the grove she fell,  
And left it unharmonious -----

YOUNG.

SUCH were the notes our chaster SAPPHO sung,  
And every Muse drop'd honey on her tongue.  
Blest shade! how pure a breath of praise was thine,  
Whose spotless life was faultless as thy line:  
In whom each worth and every grace conspire,  
The christian's meekness and the poet's fire.  
Learn'd without pride, a woman without art;  
The sweetest manners and the gentlest heart.  
Smooth like her verse her passions learn'd to move,  
And her whole soul was harmony and love,

Virtue that breast without a conflict gain'd,  
And easy, like a native monarch reign'd.  
On earth still favour'd as by Heaven approv'd,  
The world applauded, and ALEXIS lov'd.  
With love, with health, with fame, and friendship blest,  
And of a chearful heart the constant feast,  
What more of bliss sincere could earth bestow?  
What purer heaven could angels taste below?  
But bliss from earth's vain scenes too quickly flies;  
The golden cord is broke—ALEXIS dies.  
Now in the leafy shade, and widow'd grove,  
Sad PHILOMELA mourns her absent love.  
Now deep retir'd in FROME's enchanting vale,  
She pours her tuneful sorrows on the gale;  
Without one fond reserve the world disclaims,  
And gives up all her soul to heavenly flames.  
Yet in no uselefs gloom she wore her days;  
She lov'd the work, and only shun'd the praise.

Her pious hand the poor, the mourner blest;

Her image liv'd in every kindred breast.

THYNN, CARTERET, BLACKMORE, ORRERY approv'd,

And PRIOR prais'd, and noble HERTFORD lov'd;

Seraphic KENN, and tuneful WATTS were thine,

And virtue's noblest champions fill'd the line.

Blest in thy friendships! in thy death too blest!

Receiv'd without a pang to endless rest.

Heaven call'd the faint matur'd by length of days,

And her pure spirit was exhal'd in praise.

Bright pattern of thy sex, be thou my Muse;

Thy gentle sweetness thro' my soul diffuse:

Let me thy palm, tho' not thy laurel share,

And copy thee in charity and prayer.

Tho' for the bard my lines are far too faint,

Yet in my life let me transcribe the faint.

TO MISS R-----,

ON HER ATTENDANCE UPON HER MOTHER AT  
BUXTON.

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath.

POPE.

WHEN blooming beauty in the noon of power,  
While offer'd joys demand each sprightly hour,  
With all that pomp of charms and winning mien  
Which sure to conquer needs but to be seen ;  
When she, whose name the softest love inspires,  
To the hush'd chamber of disease retires,  
To watch and weep beside a parent's bed,  
Catch the faint voice, and raise the languid head,

What mixt delight each feeling heart must warm!  
An angel's office suits an angel's form.  
Thus the tall column graceful rears its head  
To prop some mould'ring tower with moss o'erspread,  
Whose stately piles and arches yet display  
The venerable graces of decay:  
Thus round the wither'd trunk fresh shoots are seen  
To shade their parent with a chearful green.  
More health, dear maid! thy soothing presence brings  
Than purest fountains, or salutary springs.  
That voice, those looks such healing virtues bear,  
Thy sweet reviving smiles might cheer despair;  
On the pale lips detain the parting breath,  
And bid hope blossom in the shades of death.  
Beauty, like thine, could never reach a charm  
So powerful to subdue, so sure to warm.  
On her lov'd child behold the mother gaze,  
In weakness pleas'd, and smiling thro' decays,

And leaning on that breast her cares assuage ;  
How soft a pillow for declining age !

For this, when that fair frame must feel decay,  
(Ye fates protract it to a distant day)  
When thy approach no tumults shall impart,  
Nor that commanding glance strike thro' the heart,  
When meaner beauties shall have leave to shine,  
And crowds divide the homage lately thine,  
Not with the transient praise those charms can boast  
Shall thy fair fame and gentle deeds be lost :  
Some pious hand shall thy weak limbs sustain,  
And pay thee back these generous cares again ;  
Thy name shall flourish by the good approv'd,  
Thy memory honour'd, and thy dust lov'd,

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JENNINGS\*.

Est tamen quieté, & puré, & eleganter actæ ætatis,  
placida ac lenis senectus.

CICERO DE SENECT.

'Tis past: dear venerable shade, farewell!  
Thy blameless life thy peaceful death shall tell.  
Clear to the last thy setting orb has run;  
Pure, bright, and healthy like a frosty sun:  
And late old age with hand indulgent shed  
Its mildest winter on thy favour'd head.

\* The Author's Grandmother.

For Heaven prolong'd her life to spread its praise,  
And blest'd her with a patriarch's length of days.  
The truest praise was hers, a chearful heart,  
Prone to enjoy, and ready to impart.  
An Israelite indeed, and free from guile,  
She show'd that piety and age could smile.  
Religion had her heart, her cares, her voice;  
'Twas her last refuge, as her earliest choice.  
To holy Anna's spirit not more dear  
The church of Israel, and the house of prayer.  
Her spreading offspring of the fourth degree  
Fill'd her fond arms, and clasp'd her trembling knee.  
Matur'd at length for some more perfect scene,  
Her hopes all bright, her prospects all serene,  
Each part of life sustain'd with equal worth,  
And not a wish left unfulfill'd on earth,  
Like a tir'd traveller with sleep oppress'd,  
Within her children's arms she dropt to rest.

Farewell! thy cherish'd image, ever dear,

Shall many a heart with pious love revere:

Long, long shall mine her honour'd memory bless,

Who gave the dearest blessing I possess.

H Y M N S.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis  
Laudibus? qui res hominum, ac Deorum,  
Qui mare, ac terras, variisque mundum  
Temperat horis?

HORAT.

H Y M N I.

JEHOVAH reigns: let every nation hear,  
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;  
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,  
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim;  
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resounding,  
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs founding,  
  
He rules with wide and absolute command  
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land:

JEHOVAH reigns, unbounded, and alone,  
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:  
He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature  
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light  
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of ancient night ;  
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,  
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life :  
Seasons and months began the long procession,  
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,  
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay ;  
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light  
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night ;  
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,  
Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers he drest,  
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;  
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours  
The circling water round her winding shores,  
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,  
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finish'd pride,  
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride;  
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as the flood  
Her Maker bless'd his work, and call'd it good;  
The morning-stars with joyful acclamation  
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,  
Tho' built by GOD's right hand, must pass away;  
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,  
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:

Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,  
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with weary clouds oppress'd,  
Shall in his silent dark pavilion rest;  
His golden urn shall broke and useles lie,  
Amidst the common ruins of the sky;  
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,  
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O GOD! for ever stands thy throne;  
JEHOVAH reigns, a universe alone;  
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,  
Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same.  
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,  
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,  
And silence is our least injurious praise:  
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight controul,  
Revere him in the stillness of the soul;  
With silent duty meekly bend before him,  
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

## HYMN II.

PRAISE to GOD, immortal praise\*,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

\* ALTHOUGH the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the GOD of my salvation.

HABAKKUK, iii. 17, 18.

For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use:

Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;  
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

All that Spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land:  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe;  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear ;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store ;  
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall ;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain ;  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy :

Yet to thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee—for thy self alone.

## HYMN III.

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

AGAIN the LORD of life and light

Awakes the kindling ray;

Unseals the eyelids of the morn,

And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that, which wrapt

The heathen world in gloom!

O what a fun which broke this day,

Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,

And loud hosannas sung;

Let gladness dwell in every heart,

And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join

To hail this welcome morn,

Which scatters blessings from its wings,

To nations yet unborn.

JESUS, the friend of human kind,

With strong compassion mov'd,

Descended like a pitying God,

To save the souls he lov'd.

The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain

To bind his soul in death;

He shook their kingdom when he fell,

With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep

The hope of JUDAH's line;

Corruption never could take hold

On aught so much divine.

And now his conquering chariot wheels

Ascend the lofty skies;

While broke, beneath his powerful cross,

Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at GOD's right hand,

The LORD of all below,

Thro' him is pardoning love dispens'd,

And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,

A brother's pity flows;

And still his bleeding heart is touch'd

With memory of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour, and my King,

Glad homage let me give;

And stand prepar'd like thee to die,

With thee that I may live.

## HYMN IV.

BEHOLD, where breathing love divine,

Our dying Master stands!

His weeping followers gathering round

Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips

What tender accents fell!

The gentle precept which he gave

Became its author well.

“ Blest is the man, whose softening heart

“ Feels all another's pain;

“ To whom the supplicating eye

“ Was never rais'd in vain.

“ Whose breast expands with generous warmth

“ A stranger’s woes to feel;

“ And bleeds in pity o’er the wound

“ He wants the power to heal.

“ He spreads his kind supporting arms

“ To every child of grief;

“ His secret bounty largely flows,

“ And brings unask’d relief.

“ To gentle offices of love

“ His feet are never flow;

“ He views thro’ mercy’s melting eye

“ A brother in a foe.

“ Peace from the bosom of his GOD,

“ My peace to him I give;

“ And when he kneels before the throne,

“ His trembling soul shall live.

“ To him protection shall be shewn,

“ And mercy from above

“ Descend on those who thus fulfil

“ The perfect law of love.”

## H Y M N V.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes,

See where thy foes against thee rise,

In long array, a numerous host;

Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands

Mustering his pale terrific bands;

There pleasure's filken banners spread,

And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,

And fierce desires and lusts engage;

The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,  
Perils and snares beset thee round;  
Beware of all, guard every part,  
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

‘ Come then, my soul, now learn to wield  
‘ The weight of thine immortal shield ;’  
Put on the armour from above  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;  
The Man of Calvary triumph'd here ;  
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

## HYMN VI.

## PIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

How blest the sacred tie that binds  
In union sweet according minds !  
How swift the heavenly course they run  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !

To each, the soul of each how dear,  
What jealous love, what holy fear !  
How doth the generous flame within  
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !

Their streaming tears together flow  
For human guilt and mortal woe ;  
Their ardent prayers together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place  
Where GOD reveals his awful face ;  
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
When nature droops her sickening fire ;  
Then shall they meet in realms above  
A heaven of joy—because of love.

## HYMN VII.

Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give  
you rest.

COME, said JESUS' sacred voice,  
Come and make my paths your choice :  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain,  
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,  
Here repose your heavy care,  
A wounded spirit who can bear!

Sinner, come! for here is found  
Balm that flows from every wound;  
Peace, that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

## HYMN VIII.

The world is not their friend, nor the world's law.

Lo where a crowd of Pilgrims toil

Yon craggy steep among!

Strange their attire, and strange their mien,

As wild they press along.

Their eyes with bitter streaming tears

Now bend towards the ground,

Now rapt, to heaven their looks they raise,

And bursts of song resound.

And hark! a voice from 'midst the throng

Cries, ' Stranger, wouldst thou know

' Our name, our race, our destined home,

' Our cause of joy or woe,

- ‘ Our country is Emanuel’s land,  
‘ We seek that promised soil ;
- ‘ The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
‘ While strangers here we toil .
- ‘ Oft do our eyes with joy o’erflow,  
‘ And oft are bathed in tears,
- ‘ Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,  
‘ And nought but sin our fears.
- ‘ The flowers that spring along the road  
‘ We scarcely stoop to pluck,
- ‘ We walk o’er beds of shining ore,  
‘ Nor waste one wishful look :
- ‘ We tread the path our Master trod,  
‘ We bear the cross he bore ;
- ‘ And every thorn that wounds our feet  
‘ His temples pierced before :

- ‘ Our powers are oft dissolved away  
‘ In ecstasies of love,  
‘ And while our bodies wander here,  
‘ Our souls are fixed above :  
‘ We purge our mortal dross away,  
‘ Refining as we run ;  
‘ But while we die to earth and sense,  
‘ Our heaven is begun.’

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

*Deus est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.*

LUCAN.

GOD of my life! and author of my days!  
Permit my feeble voice to lift thy praise;  
And trembling, take upon a mortal tongue  
That hallowed name to harps of Seraphs sung.  
Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more  
Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.  
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere  
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.  
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,  
Which nature's works thro' all her parts proclaim.

I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,  
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;  
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;  
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:  
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,  
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,  
Till every worldly thought within me dies,  
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;  
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,  
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;  
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;  
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,  
And mingles with the dross of earth again.  
But he, our gracious Master, kind, as just,  
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.

His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,  
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;  
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,  
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

His ears are open to the softest cry,  
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;  
He reads the language of a silent tear,  
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.  
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;  
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live:  
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;  
Still every wish that centers not in thee;  
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,  
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads  
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,

When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,  
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,  
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,  
And whisper to my sliding heart—beware!  
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,  
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,  
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,  
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,  
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;  
With equal eye my various lot receive,  
Resigned to die, or resolute to live;  
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,  
While GOD is seen in all, and all in GOD.

I read his awful name, emblazoned high  
With golden letters on the illumined sky;

Nor less the mystic characters I see  
Wrought in each flower, inscribed in every tree ;  
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze  
I hear the voice of GOD among the trees ;  
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,  
With thee in busy crowded cities talk,  
In every creature own thy forming power,  
In each event thy providence adore.  
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,  
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fears controul :  
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,  
Secure within the temple of thine arms ;  
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,  
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,  
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;

When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate  
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;  
Teach me to quit this transitory scene  
With decent triumph and a look serene;  
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,  
And having lived to thee, in thee to die.

A.

## SUMMER EVENING'S MEDITATION,

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.

YOUNG.

'Tis past ! The sultry tyrant of the south  
Has spent his short-liv'd rage ; more grateful hours  
Move silent on ; the skies no more repel  
The dazzled sight, but with mild maiden beams  
Of tempered lustre, court the cherish'd eye  
To wander o'er their sphere ; where hung aloft  
DIAN's bright crescent, like a silver bow  
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns

Impatient for the night, and seems to push  
Her brother down the sky. Fair VENUS shines  
Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam  
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood  
Of softened radiance from her dewy locks.  
The shadows spread apace; while meekened Eve,  
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires  
Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,  
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour  
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,  
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth  
Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade  
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,  
And fed on thoughts unripened by the sun,  
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points  
To yon blue concave swelled by breath divine,  
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven  
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether

One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,  
And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,  
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd  
O'er all this field of glories; spacious field,  
And worthy of the Master: he, whose hand  
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile  
Inscribed the mystic tablet; hung on high  
To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man!  
The finger of thy GOD. From what pure wells  
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,  
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps,  
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep  
To point our path, and light us to our home.  
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!  
And silent as the foot of time, fulfil  
Their destined courses: Nature's self is hushed,  
And, but a scattered leaf, which rustles thro'

The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard  
To break the midnight air; tho' the raised ear,  
Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.

How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!

But are they silent all? or is there not

A tongue in every star that talks with man,

And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain:

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,

And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

At this still hour the self-collected soul

Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there

Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;

An embryo GOD; a spark of fire divine,

Which must burn on for ages, when the fun

(Fair transitory creature of a day!)

Has closed his golden eye, and wrapt in shades

Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods!

Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul  
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,  
With recollected tendernefs, on all  
The various busy scenes she left below,  
Its deep laid projects and its strange events,  
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd  
Her infant hours—O be it lawful now  
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,  
And with mute wonder and delighted awe  
Approach your burning confines. Seiz'd in thought,  
On fancy's wild and roving wing I fail,  
From the green borders of the peopled earth,  
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;  
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb  
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk  
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;  
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,

Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his wat'ry moons  
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,  
Sits like an exiled monarch : fearless thence  
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,  
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,  
Of elder beam, which ask no leave to shine  
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light  
From the proud regent of our scanty day ;  
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,  
And only less than HIM who marks their track,  
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,  
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen  
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs  
Of habitable nature, far remote,  
'To the dread confines of eternal night,  
'To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,  
'The deserts of creation, wide and wild ;  
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns

Sleep in the womb of chaos? fancy droops,  
And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.  
But oh thou mighty mind! whose powerful word  
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,  
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblamed  
Invoke thy dread perfection?  
Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee?  
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion  
Support thy throne? O look with pity down  
On erring, guilty man; not in thy names  
Of terror clad; not with those thunders armed  
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appalled  
The scatter'd tribes; thou hast a gentler voice,  
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,  
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers  
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,

And seeks again the known accustomed spot,  
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams,  
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,  
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,  
Content and grateful wait the appointed time,  
And ripen for the skies : the hour will come  
When all these splendors bursting on my sight  
Shall stand unveiled, and to my ravish'd sense  
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

E P I S T L E

TO

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, Esq.

ON THE REJECTION OF THE BILL FOR ABOLISHING  
THE SLAVE TRADE.

CEASE, Wilberforce, to urge thy generous aim !  
Thy Country knows the sin, and stands the shame !  
The Preacher, Poet, Senator, in vain  
Has rattled in her fight the Negro's chain ;  
With his deep groans affail'd her startled ear,  
And rent the veil that hid his constant tear ;  
Forc'd her averted eyes his stripes to scan,  
Beneath the bloody scourge laid bare the man,

Claim'd Pity's tear, urged Conscience' strong controul

And flash'd conviction on her shrinking soul.

The Muse, too soon awaked, with ready tongue

At Mercy's shrine applausive peans rung ;

And Freedom's eager sons, in vain foretold

A new Astrean reign, an age of gold :

She knows and she persists—Still Afric bleeds,

Unchecked, the human traffic still proceeds ;

She stamps her infamy to future time,

And on her hardened forehead seals the crime,

In vain, to thy white standard gathering round,

Wit, Worth, and Parts and Eloquence are found :

In vain, to push to birth thy great design,

Contending chiefs, and hostile virtues join ;

All, from conflicting ranks, of power possess

To rouse, to melt, or to inform the breast.

Where seasoned tools of Avarice prevail,  
A Nation's eloquence, combined, must fail:  
Each flimsy sophistry by turns they try;  
The plausible argument, the daring lye,  
The artful gloss, that moral sense confounds,  
Th' acknowledged thirst of gain that honour wounds:  
Bane of ingenuous minds! th' unfeeling sneer,  
Which, sudden, turns to stone the falling tear:  
They search assiduous, with inverted skill,  
For forms of wrong, and precedents of ill;  
With impious mockery wrest the sacred page,  
And glean up crimes from each remoter age:  
Wrung Nature's tortures, shuddering, while you tell,  
From scoffing fiends bursts forth the laugh of hell;  
In Britain's senate, Misery's pangs give birth  
To jests unseemly, and to horrid mirth——  
Forbear!—thy virtues but provoke our doom,  
And swell th' account of vengeance yet to come;

For, not unmarked in Heaven's impartial plan,  
Shall man, proud worm, contemn his fellow-man?  
And injured Afric, by herself redrest,  
Darts her own serpents at her Tyrant's breast.  
Each vice, to minds depraved by bondage known,  
With fure contagion fastens on his own;  
In sickly languors melts his nerveless frame,  
And blows to rage impetuous Passion's flame:  
Fermenting swift, the fiery venom gains  
The milky innocence of infant veins;  
There swells the stubborn will, damps learning's fire,  
The whirlwind wakes of uncontrouled desire,  
Sears the young heart to images of wo,  
And blasts the buds of Virtue as they blow.

Lo! where reclined, pale Beauty courts the breeze,  
Diffused on sofas of voluptuous ease;

With anxious awe, her menial train around,  
Catch her faint whispers of half-utter'd sound;  
See her, in monstrous fellowship, unite  
At once the Scythian, and the Sybarite;  
Blending repugnant vices, miscally'd,  
Which *frugal* nature purpos'd to divide;  
See her, with indolence to fierceness join'd,  
Of body delicate, infirm of mind,  
With languid tones imperious mandates urge;  
With arm recumbent wield the household scourge;  
And with unruffled mien, and placid sounds,  
Contriving torture, and inflicting wounds.

Nor, in their palmy walks and spicy groves,  
The form benign of rural Pleasure roves;  
No milk-maids' song, or hum of village talk,  
Sooths the lone poet in his evening walk:

No willing arm the flail unwearyed plies,  
 Where the mixed sounds of chearful labour rise ;  
 No blooming maids, and frolic swains are seen  
 To pay gay homage to their harvest queen :  
 No heart-expanding scenes their eyes must prove  
 Of thriving industry, and faithful love :  
 But shrieks and yells disturb the balmy air,  
 Dumb sullen looks of wo announce despair,  
 And angry eyes thro' dusky features glare. }  
 Far from the sounding lash the Muses fly,  
 And sensual riot drowns each finer joy.

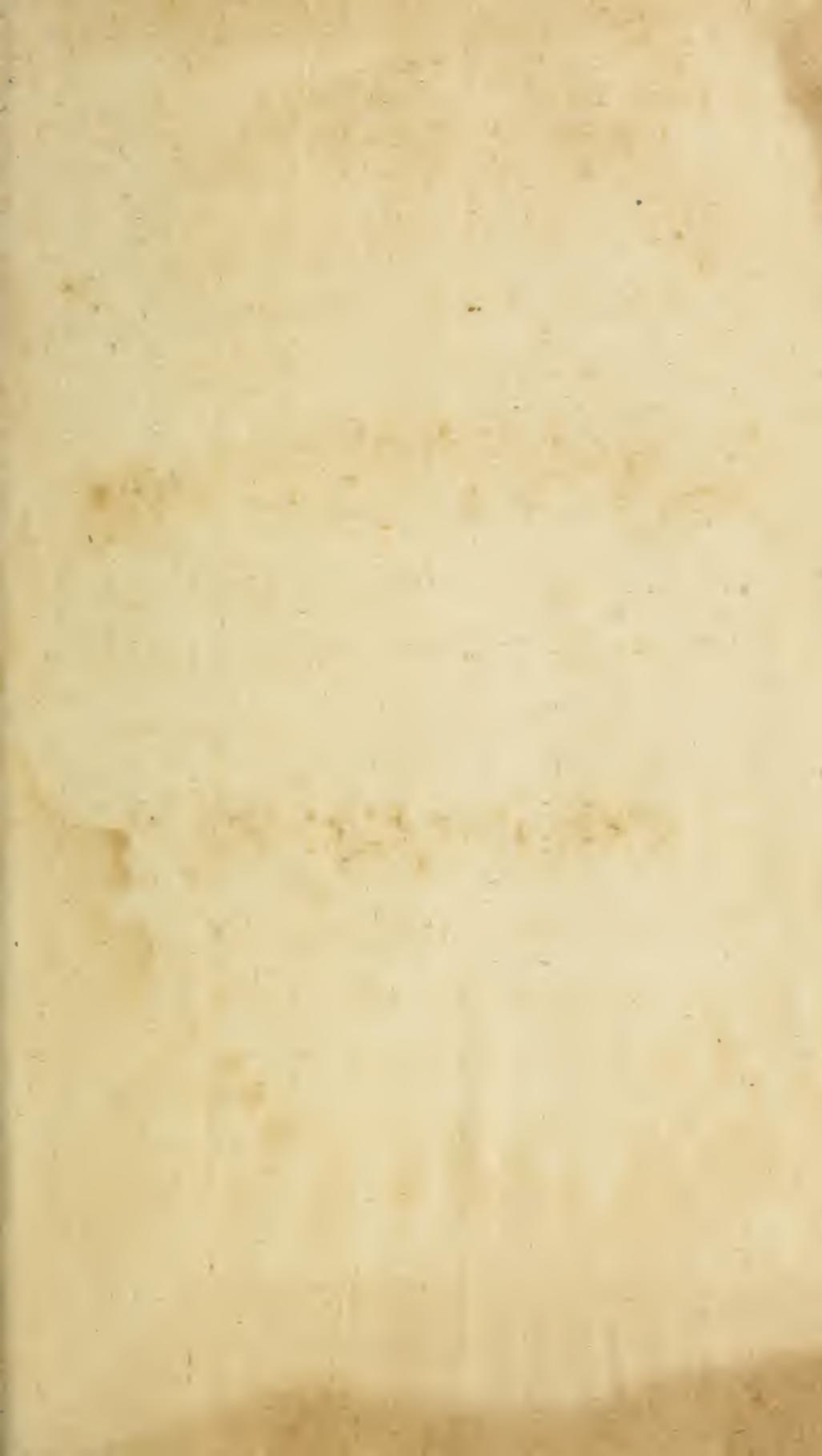
Nor less from the gay East, on essenced wings,  
 Breathing unnamed perfumes, Contagion springs ;  
 The soft luxurious plague alike pervades  
 The marble palaces, and rural shades ;  
 Hence throng'd Augusta builds her rosy bowers,  
 And decks in summer wreaths her smoky towers ;

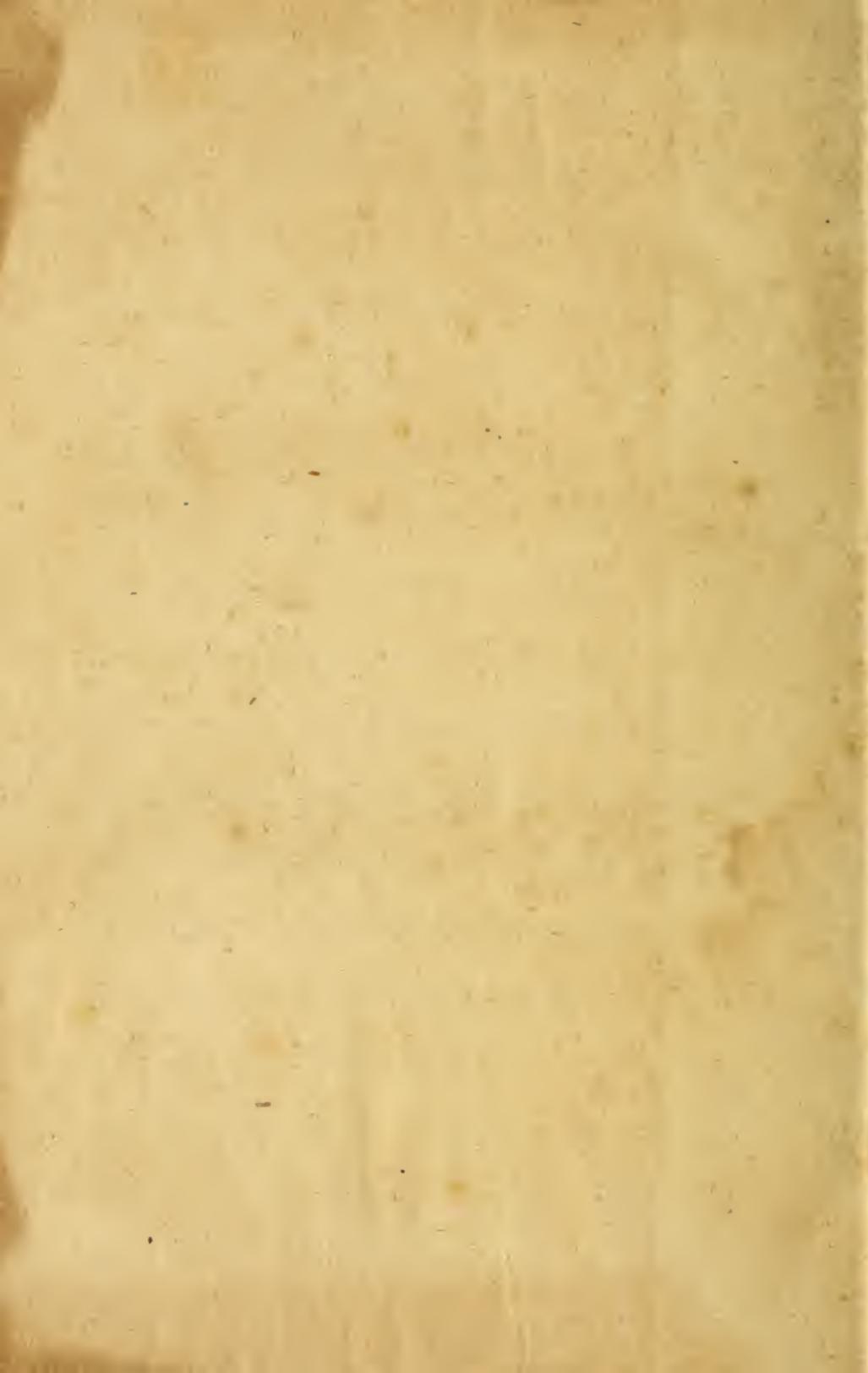
And hence, in summer bow'rs, Art's costly hand  
 Pours courtly splendours o'er the dazzled land :  
 The manners melt—One undistinguish'd blaze  
 O'erwhelms the sober pomp of elder days ;  
 Corruption follows with gigantic stride,  
 And scarce vouchsafes his shameless front to hide :  
 The spreading leprosy taints ev'ry part,  
 Infects each limb, and sickens at the heart.  
 Simplicity ! most dear of rural maids,  
 Weeping resigns her violated shades :  
 Stern Independence from his glebe retires,  
 And anxious Freedom eyes her drooping fires ;  
 By foreign wealth are British morals chang'd,  
 And Afric's sons, and India's, smile avenged.

For you, whose temper'd ardour long has borne  
 Untired the labour, and unmoved the scorn ;

In Virtue's fasti be inscribed your fame,  
And uttered yours with Howard's honour'd name,  
Friends of the friendless—Hail, ye generous band!  
Whose efforts yet arrest Heaven's lifted hand,  
Around whose steady brows, in union bright,  
The civic wreath, and Christian's palm unite:  
Your merit stands, no greater and no less,  
Without, or with the varnish of success;  
But seek no more to break a Nation's fall,  
For ye have sav'd yourselves—and that is all.  
Succeeding times your struggles, and their fate,  
With mingled shame and triumph shall relate,  
While faithful History, in her various page,  
Marking the features of this motley age,  
To shed a glory, and to fix a stain,  
Tells how you strove, and that you strove in vain.

THE END.





Robert M. ...

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