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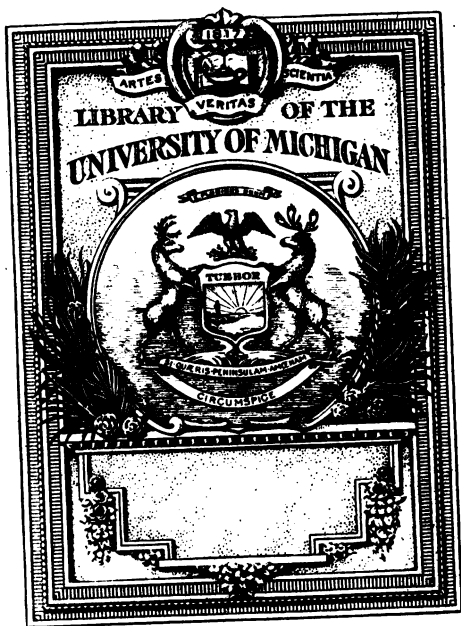
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279 LOVIBOND (Edward) Poems On Several Occasions. Printed for J. Dodsley,
1785. £2 2s

Sm. 8vo, CONTEMPORARY CALF, GILT. FIRST EDITION, A scarce collection. Contains Imitation of Ossian's Poems, To the Thames, etc. Included in Williams's *Principal Individual Collections of the Eighteenth Century*. His poem 'Tears of Old May Day' (included in this collection) "long maintained a place in English Anthologies, and was described at the time as 'flowing into a plaintive melody which has only been surpassed by the inimitable Churchyard Elegy.'" D.N.B.

9 " 5

C. DAVIS. M.
May

First Celebration

K2









P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY THE LATE

EDWARD LOVIBOND, Esq.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

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P R E F A C E
O F T H E
E D I T O R.

EVERY Reader, in taking up a book, feels his curiosity awakened to know something of the Author of it; and yet, in general, the lives of literary men are interspersed with few circumstances that merit extraordinary attention. Their natural bent of mind, and their pursuits, lead them more commonly to prefer the scenes of shade and silence; and their characters are left to be

judged of by posterity, rather from their works than from those trivial occurrences of life, which they share in common with the rest of mankind.

The Author of the following Poems was a Gentleman of Fortune, who passed the greater part of his years in the neighbourhood of HAMPTON, in MIDDLESEX, where he lived greatly beloved by those who best knew him.—He was an admirable scholar, of very amiable manners, and of universal benevolence, of which all his writings bear strong testimony.

The little pieces which compose this volume were chiefly written on such incidents

as occasionally arose in those societies of intimate acquaintance which he most frequented. After his death, which happened in 1775, his poems being dispersed in the hands of different friends, to whom they had been given by himself, many people expressed to his only brother, ANTHONY LOVIBOND COLLINS, Esq; a wish to have them collected together, and preserved. This gentleman, equally zealous for the reputation of a brother he affectionately loved, hath put into the Editor's hands those pieces he hath selected for that purpose.

To this brief account the Editor wishes to subjoin a few lines inscribed by a very accomplished Lady in that neighbourhood to

the memory of the Author.—The diffidence of this Lady, though possessing the ability of writing with much taste and elegance, hath ever precluded the Public from seeing her compositions; but as the Author has addressed three of the Pieces in this collection to her, under the title, To Miss G——; and as her's in reply, written several years ago, may serve better to elucidate his own, she hath, on this occasion, been pleased to permit them, with the same signature, to be inserted with the Poems of her deceased friend.

[ix]

ON THE

D E A T H

O F

EDWARD LOVIBOND, Esq;

By Miss G———.

AH! what avails—that once the Muses crown'd
Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
That in that polish'd mind bright genius shone,
That letter'd science mark'd it for her own!
Cold is that breast that breath'd celestial fire!
Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!
O could my Muse but emulate thy Lays,
Immortal numbers should record thy praise,

Redeem

Redeem thy virtues from Oblivion's sleep,
And o'er thy urn bid distant ages weep!—
Yet tho' no laureat flowers bestrew thy hearse,
Nor pompous sounds exalt the glowing verse,
Sublimer Truth inspires this humbler strain,
Bids Love lament, and Friendship here complain :
Bids o'er thy tomb the Muse her sorrows shed,
And weep her Genius, number'd with the dead!—

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E R R A T A.

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56, l. 9, for CELTRIC, read CELTIC

l. 10, for LUTITIA, read LUTETIA.

A D V E R-

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the first Poem in this Collection was thirty-one years ago introduced to the Public in a Paper of THE WORLD, and written on a very remarkable event in our history, viz. the reforming our style or calendar to the general usage of the rest of Europe; the paper explanatory of the subject being also written by Mr. LOVIBOND, it was judged proper to let it still precede it in this collection.

P O E M S.

T H E W O R L D.
N U M B E R LXXXII.

July 25th, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

IT is a received opinion amongst politicians, that the spirit of liberty can never be too active under a constitution like ours. But though

B

no

no lover of his country would desire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preserved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and opposition to the most innocent measures of the legislature. The clamour against the alteration of the style seemed to be one of these instances. The alarm was given, and the most fatal consequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered strength in its

5 course,

course, and received a tincture from the remains of superstition still prevailing in the counties most remote from town. I knew several worthy gentlemen in the west, who lived many months under the daily apprehension of some dreadful visitation from pestilence or famine. The vulgar were almost every where persuaded that Nature gave evident tokens of her disapproving these innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing stars were seen to appear upon this occasion ; or that armies were observed to be encoun-

tering in the skies : people probably concluding that the great men who pretended to controul the Sun in his course, would assume equal authority over the inferior constellations, and not suffer any aerial militia to assemble themselves in opposition to ministerial proceedings.

The objection to this regulation, as favouring a custom established amongst papists, was not heard indeed with the same regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legislature from passing a bill
of

of the same nature : yet many a president of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of transubstantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again in Smithfield before the conclusion of the year. This popular clamour has at last happily subsided, and shared the general fate of those opinions which derive their support from imagination, not reason.

In the present happy disposition of the nation, the author of the follow-

ing verses may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal personage, without seeming to strengthen the faction of real parties; without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen; or bringing a scandal on the political character of Mr. FITZ-ADAM, by making him the publisher of a libel against the state. This ideal personage is no other than the OLD MAY-DAY, the only apparent sufferer from the present regulation. Her situation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; since the train of her admirers is
with-

withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration transferred to a rival, younger than herself by at least eleven days.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

E. L.

THE
T E A R S

O F

O L D M A Y - D A Y.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours
 And vernal airs, uprose the gentle MAY ;
 Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
 That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heav'n's ambrosial dews were bright,
 And am'rous Zephyrs flutter'd on her breast :
 With ev'ry shifting gleam of morning light
 The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
 A golden key, and golden wand she bore ;
 This charms to peace each fullen eastern storm,
 And that unlocks the Summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
 The grateful honours of mankind to taste ;
 To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
 And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope ! No more in choral bands unite
 Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
 Sacred to MAY and LOVE's mysterious rite,
 Brush the light dew-drops * from the spangled lawn.

To her no more AUGUSTA's † wealthy pride
 Pours the full tribute from POROSI's mine ;
 Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
 A purer off'ring at her rustic shrine.

* Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.

† The plate garlands of London.

No more the **MAYPOLE**'s verdant height around
 To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance ;
 No merry bells and tabors' sprightlier sound
 Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
 Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—
 " O ! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled ?
 My maiden honours, whither gone," she cry'd ?

Ah ! once to fame and bright dominion born,
 The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
 With time coeval and the star of morn,
 The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at Heav'n's prolific mandate sprung
 The radiant beam of new-created day,
 Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
 Hail'd the glad dawn, and Angels call'd me **MAY**.

SPACE in her empty regions heard the sound,
 And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
 The Sun exulted in his glorious round,
 And shouting Planets in their courses sung.

For ever then I led the constant year;
 Saw YOUTH, and JOY, and LOVE's enchanting ^{[wiles;}
 Saw the mild GRACES in my train appear,
 And infant BEAUTY brighten in my smiles.

No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace ally'd,
 Three sister SEASONS danc'd th' eternal green;
 And SPRING's retiring softness gently vy'd
 With AUTUMN's blush, and SUMMER's lofty mien.

Too soon, when man prophan'd the blessings giv'n,
 And VENGEANCE arm'd to blot a guilty age,
 With bright ASTREA to my native Heav'n
 I fled, and flying saw the DELUGE rage:

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
 While founding billows from the mountains roll'd,
 With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
 My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
 Their forests floating on the watry plain :
 Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
 My ATALANTIS * sunk beneath the main.

No longer bloom'd primeval EDEN's bow'rs,
 Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' HESPERIAN sleep:
 With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
 Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
 Yet oft' descending to the languid earth,
 With quickning pow'rs the fainting mass sustain'd,
 And wak'd her slumb'ring atoms into birth.

* See PLATO.

And ev'ry echo caught my raptur'd name,
 And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
 And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
 Show'r'd by the MUSES, crown'd my lofty brows.

But chief in EUROPE, and in EUROPE'S pride,
 My ALBION'S favour'd realms, I rose ador'd ;
 And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd,
 From AMALTHEA'S horn with plenty stor'd.

Ah me ! for now a younger Rival claims
 My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
 My choral dances and victorious games,
 To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted bounties flow,
 What purer joys await her gentler reign ?
 Do lillies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow ?
 And warbles Philomel a softer strain ?

Do

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise ?

Does ev'ning fan her with fresher gales ?

Do clouds drop fatæals from the wealthier skies,

Or wantons plenty in her happier vales ?

Ah ! no : the blunted beams of dawning light

Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day ;

And CYNTHIA, riding on the car of night,

Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,

Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'rs :

Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings

When SILENCE listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that Nature's bashful face,

And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear :

Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,

The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year ?

With

With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,

With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace ;

With blushes, harb'ring in their thin disguise,

The blast that riots on the SPRING'S encrease,

Is this the fair invested with my spoil

By EUROPE'S laws, and SENATES' stern command ?

Ungen'rous EUROPE, let me fly thy foil,

And waft my treasures to a grateful land :

Again revive on ASIA'S drooping shore,

My DAPHNE'S groves, or LYCIA'S ancient plain ;

Again to AFRIC'S sultry sands restore

Embew'ring shades, and LYBIAN AMMON'S fane :

Or haste to northern ZEMBLA'S savage coast,

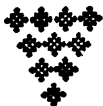
There hush to silence elemental strife ;

Brood o'er the region of eternal frost,

And swell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then

Then BRITAIN—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue suppress:
Veil'd in an amber cloud, she sought relief,
And tears, and silent anguish told the rest.



D E D I C A T I O N

T O T H E

Rev. Mr. WOODDESON,

Of KINGSTON UPON THAMES,

A N D T H E

LADIES of his NEIGHBOURHOOD.

O THOU who fit'st in academic schools,
Less teaching than inspiring ancient art,

Thy own example nobler than your rules,

Thy blameless life best lesson for the heart.

And ye, who dwell in peaceful groves around,

Whose voice, whose verse enchants, harmonious Maids!

Who mix the lyre with harps of CAMBRIAN sound;

A mournful Muse, ah! shelter in your shades!

C

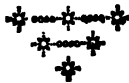
Nor

Nor you the rivals nor such magic strain

As rescu'd ELOISE from oblivion's sleep ;

Enough, if one, the meekest of your train,

Poor JULIA ! cries,—and turns aside to weep !—



JULIA'S

J U L I A ' s

P R I N T E D L E T T E R

T O

L O R D _____.

— **A**ND dar'ft thou then, insulting Lord, demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand?
Perish the thought! shall this unguarded pen
Still trust its frailties with the frauds of men.
To one, and one alone, again impart
The soft effusions of a melting heart!—
No more thy lips my tender page shall stain,
And print false kisses, dream't sincere in vain;

No more thy eyes with sweet surprize pursue,
 Love's secret mysteries there unveil'd to you,
 Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
 An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!—
 Hear it in public characters relate
 An ill starr'd passion, and capricious fate!
 Yes, public let it stand;—to warn the Maid
 From her that fell, less vanquish'd, than betray'd:
 Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,
 And expiate other's treasons, not her own:
 A race of shame in Honour's paths to run,
 Still Virtue's follower, yet by Vice undone;
 Such free complaint to injur'd love belongs,
 Yes, Tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs;
 Know thy own treacheries, bar'd to general view,
 Yes, Traitor, read, and reading tremble too!

What Vice would perpetrate and Fraud disguise,
 I come to blaze it to a Nation's eyes;

I come

I come—ah! wretch, thy swelling rage controul,

Was he not once the idol of thy soul?—

True,—by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,

Yet spare his blushes, for 'tis Love that pleads!—

Respecting him, respect thy infant flame,

Proclaim the treason, hide the traytor's name!—

Enough to honour, and revenge be given,

This truth reserve for conscience, and for Heaven!—

Talk'ft thou, Ingrate, of Friendship's holy powers?

What binds the tyger, and the lamb be ours!

This cold, this frozen bosom, can'ft thou dream

Senseless to love, will soften to esteem?

What means thy proffer'd friendship?—but to prove

Thou wilt not hate her, whom thou can'ft not love—

Remember thee!—repeat that sound again!—

My heart applauding echoes to the strain;

Yes, till this heart forgets to beat, and grieve,

Live there thy image—but detested live!—

Still swell my rage.—unchecked by time, or fate,
Nor waken memory but to kindle hate!—

Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep,
Hear Conscience call, while flatt'ring passions sleep!—
Impartial search, and tell thy boasted claim
To Love's indulgence and to virtuous fame!
Where harbour Honour, Justice, Faith, and Truth,
Bright forms, whose dazzling semblance caught my youth.
How could I doubt what fairest seem'd and best
Should build its mansion in a noble breast?
How doubt such generous virtues lodg'd in thine
That felt them glowing, tender maid, in mine?
Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd,
Boast not, Deceiver, in this soul deceiv'd;
Easy the traitor saps an open heart,
Artless itself, and unsuspecting art:
Not by superior wiles, successful proves,
But fond credulity in her that loves.—

Blush

Blush, shameless grandeur, blush!—shall Britain's Peer,
 Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere?—
 His fraud in Virtue's fairest likeness paint,
 And hide his nobleness in base constraint.
 What charms were mine to tempt thy guilty fires!
 What wealth, what honours from illustrious fires!
 Can Virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race?
 Shall annals mark a Village-maid's disgrace?
 Ev'n the sad secret, to thyself confin'd,
 Sleeps, nor thou dar'st divulge it to mankind:
 When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
 When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing cheek,
 When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
 And spirits flutter on the verge of life,
 When to my heart the ebbing pulse is driv'n,
 And eyes throw faint accusing beams to Heav'n,
 Still from the world those swelling sighs suppress,
 Those sorrows streaming in one faithful breast;

Explain to her, from others hide my care,
 Thought Nature's weakness, and not Love's despair,
 The sprightly youth in gloomy languor pine,
 My portion Misery, yet not Triumph thine—
 Ah! whence derives thy sex its barbarous powers
 To spoil the sweetness of our virgin hours?
 Why leave me not, where first I met your eye,
 A simple flower to bloom in shades, and die?—
 Where sprightly Morn on downy pinions rose,
 And Evening lull'd me to a deep repose?
 Sharing pure joys, at least divine content,
 The choicest treasure for mere mortals meant.
 Ah! wherefore poisoning moments sweet as these,
 Essay on me thy fatal arts to please?
 Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
 To court proud wealth, and greatness to thy arms!
 How many a brighter, many a fairer dame,
 Fond of her prize had fann'd thy fickle flame?

With

With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind ?
 Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd—
 Chang'd but her object, Passion's willing slave,
 Nor felt a wound to fester to the grave—
 Oh ! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
 But half consenting, shar'd contagious fires,
 But half reluctant, heard thy vows explain'd,
 This vanquish'd heart had suffer'd, not complain'd—
 But ah, with tears and crouded sighs to sue
 False Passion's drefs in colours meant for true ;
 Artful assume Confusion's sweet disguise,
 Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes,
 Steal their sweet language that no words impart,
 And give me back an image of my heart,
 This, this was treachery, fated best to share
 Hate from my bosom, and from thine despair—
 Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
 Heedless of Pity's voice and Beauty's sighs,

“ That

“ That pious frauds the wisest, best, approve,
 “ And Heaven but smiles at perjuries in love.”—

No—’tis the Villain’s plea, his poor pretence,
 To seize a trembling prey, that wants defence.

No—’tis the base sensation Cowards feel,
 The wretch that trembles at the brave man’s steel ;
 Fierce and undaunted to a sex appears
 That breathes its vengeance but in sighs and tears,
 That helpless sex, by Nature’s voice address
 To lean its weakness on your firmer breast,
 Protection pleads in vain—th’ ungenerous slave
 Insults the virtue he was born to save.—

What ! shall the lightest promise lips can feign
 Bind man to man in Honour’s sacred chain ?
 And oaths to us not sanctify th’ accord,
 Not Heav’n attested, and Heav’n’s awful Lord ?
 Why various laws for beings form’d the same ?
 Equal from one indulgent hand we came,

For

For mutual bliss that each assign'd its place,
 With manly vigour temp'ring female grace,
 Depriv'd our gentler intercourse, explain
 Your solitary pleasures sullen reign ;
 What tender joys fit brooding o'er your store,
 How sweet Ambition's flumbers gorg'd with gore !
 'Tis our's th' unsocial passions to controul,
 Pour the glad balm that heals the wounded soul ;
 From Wealth, from Power's delusive, restless dreams
 To lure your fancy to diviner themes.—
 Confess at length your fancied rights you draw
 From force superior, and not Nature's law,
 Yet know, by us those boasted arms prevail,
 By native gentleness, not man we fail ;
 With brave revenge a Tyrant's blood to spill
 Possessing all the power—we want the will.

Still if you glory in the Lion's force,
 Come, nobly emulate that Lion's course !

From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
 Not lurks in fraudulent thickets from the day ;
 While Man, with snares to cheat, with wiles perplex,
 Weakens already weak too soft a sex ;
 In laws, in customs, fashion's fetters binds,
 Relaxes all the nerves that brace our minds,
 Then, lordly savage, rends the captive heart
 First gain'd by treachery, then tam'd by art.—

Are these reflections then that Love inspires ?
 Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires ?
 From whose example could I dream to find
 A claim to curse, perhaps to wrong mankind ?
 Ah ! long I strove to burst th' enchanting tie,
 And form'd resolves, that ev'n in forming die ;
 Too long I linger'd on the shipwreck'd coast,
 And ey'd the ocean where my wealth was lost !
 In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain,
 Still to my heart dissembled half my pain—

A scrib'd

Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you ;
 Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true ;
 Sooth'd by those wishes, by myselfdeceiv'd,
 I fondly hop'd, and what I hop'd believ'd.—
 Cruel ! to whom ? Ah ! whither should I flee,
 Friends, fortune, fame, deserted all for thee !
 On whom but you my fainting breast repose ?
 With whom but you deposit all its woes ?—
 To whom but you explain its stifled groan ?
 And live for whom ? but Love and you alone ?
 What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found ?
 What hand to heal ?—but his that gave the wound ?—
 O dreadful chaos of the ruin'd mind !
 Lost to itself, to virtue, human kind !
 From earth, from heaven, a meteor flaming wide,
 Link'd to no system, to no world allied ;
 A blank of Nature, vanish'd every thought
 That Nature, Reason, that Experience taught,

Past, present, future trace, alike destroy'd,
 Where Love alone can fill the mighty void :
 That Love on unreturning pinions flown
 We grasp a shade, the noble substance gone—
 From one ador'd and once adoring, dream
 Of Friendship's tendernefs—ev'n cold esteem
 (Humble our vows) rejected with disdain,
 Ask a last conference, but a parting strain,
 More suppliant still, the wretched suit advance,
 Plead for a look, a momentary glance,
 A latter token—on Destruction's brink
 We catch the feeble plank of Hope, and sink.—

In those dread moments, when the hov'ring flame
 Scarce languish'd into life, again you came,
 Pursued again a too successful theme,
 And dry'd my eyes, with your's again to stream ;
 When treach'rous tears your venial faults confess'd,
 And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,

To kindred griefs taught pity from my own,
 Sighs I return'd, and echo'd groan for groan ;
 Your self reproaches stifling mine, approv'd,
 And much I credited, for much I lov'd.

Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs,
 If prompt to pardon, not forget its wrongs,
 It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
 Scorns a base self, deserting to his side ;
 Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
 Its Heaven once lost, rejects an humbler care,
 To drink the dregs of languid joys disdains,
 And flies a passion but perceiv'd from pains ;
 Too just the rights another claims to steal,
 Too good its feelings to with Virtue feel,
 Perhaps too tender or too fierce, my soul
 Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.—

I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
 New loves invite thee, and the old efface,

That

That cold, infensible, thy soul appears
 To Virtue's smiles, to Virtue's very tears;
 But ah! an heart whose tenderness you knew,
 That offer'd Heaven, but second vows to you,
 In fond presumption that securely play'd,
 Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
 Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,
 The powers that haunt the perjur'd, heard you swear;
 Was this an heart you wantonly resign'd
 Victim to Scorn, to Ruin, and Mankind?
 Was this an heart?—O shame of Honour, Truth,
 Of blushing Candour, and ingenuous Youth!
 What means thy pity? what can it restore?
 The grave that yawns till general doom's no more,
 As soon shall quicken, as my torments cease,
 Rock'd on the lap of Innocence and Peace,
 As smiles and joy this pensive brow invade,
 And smooth the traces by Affliction made,

Flames

Flames once extinguish'd Virtue's lamp divine,
 And visits Honour, a deserted shrine !

No, Wretch; too long on Passion's ocean tost,
 Not Heaven itself restores the good you lost;
 The form exists not that thy fancy dream'd,
 A Fiend pursues thee that an Angel seem'd;
 Impassive to the touch of Reason's ray
 His fairy phantom melts in clouds away;
 Yet take my pardon in my last farewell,
 The wounds you gave, ah cruel! never feel!
 Fated like me to court and curse thy fate,
 To blend in dreadful union Love and Hate;
 Chiding the present moment's slumb'ring haste,
 To dread the future, and deplore the past;
 Like me condemn th' effect, the cause approve,
 Renounce the Lover, and retain the love.
 Yes, Love—ev'n now in this ill-fated hour,
 An exile from thy joys, I feel thy power.

The Sun to me his noontide blaze that shrouds
 In browner horrors than when veil'd in clouds,
 The Moon, faint light that melancholy throws,
 The streams that murmur, yet not court repose,
 The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
 And vallies laughing to all eyes but these,
 Proclaim thy absence, Love, whose beam alone
 Lighted my morn with glories not its own.
 O thou of generous passions purest, best !
 Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my breast,
 Each pulse expanding, trembled with delight,
 And aching vision drank thy lovely light,
 A new creation brightened to my view,
 Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew,
 New strung, the thrilling nerves harmonious rose,
 And beat sweet unison to others woes,
 Slumb'ring no more a Lethe's lazy flood
 In generous currents swell'd the sprightly blood,

No longer now to partial streams confin'd,
 Spread like an ocean, and embrac'd mankind,
 No more centering in itself the blaze
 The soul diffus'd Benevolence's rays,
 Kindled on earth, pursued the ethereal road,
 In hallow'd flames ascended to its God.—

Yes, Love, thy star of generous influence cheers
 Our gloomy dwelling in this vale of tears.
 What ? if a Tyrant's blasting hand destroys
 Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys,
 Converts to poison what for life was given,
 Thy manna dropping from its native Heaven,
 Still Love victorious triumphs, still confess
 The noblest transport that can warm the breast ;
 Yes Traitor, yes, my heart to Nature true,
 Adores the passion and detests but you.

O. N

REBUILDING COMBE-NEVILLE;

N E A R

K I N G S T O N, S U R R E Y,

Once the Seat of the famous King-making
E A R L of WARWICK,

And late in the

Possession of the Family of HARVEY.

I.

YE modern Domes that rise elate
O'er yonder prostrate walls,
In vain your hope to match the state
Of NEVILLE'S ancient halls.

II. Dread

II.

Dread Mansion ! on thy Gothic tower
 Were regal standards rais'd ;
 The Rose of YORK, white virgin flower,
 Or red LANCASTRIA's blaz'd.

III.

WARWICK, high chief, whose awful word
 Or shook, or fix'd the throne,
 Spread here his hospitable board,
 Or warr'd in tilts alone.

IV.

When COMBE her garter'd Knights beheld
 On barbed steeds advance,
 Where Ladies crown'd the tented field,
 And Love inspir'd the lance.

V.

Historic heralds here array'd
 Fair acts in gorgeous style,
 But Heroes toils were best repay'd
 By bashful Beauty's smile.—

VI.

So flourish'd COMBE, and flourish'd long
 With Lords of bounteous soul;
 Her walls still echoed to the song,
 And Mirth still drain'd her bowl.

VII.

And still her courts with footsteps meek
 The fainting traveller prest,
 Still Misery flush'd her faded cheek
 At HARVEY's genial feast.—

VIII.

Lov'd feat, how oft, in childish ease,
 Along thy woods I stray'd,
 Now ventrous climb'd embow'ring trees,
 Now sported in their shade,

IX.

Along thy hills the chace I led
 With echoing hounds and horns,
 And left for thee my downy bed,
 Unplanted yet with thorns.

X.

Now, languid with the noontide beams,
 Explor'd thy * precious springs

* Hampton-Court Palace is supplied with water from the springs on Combe Hills.

That proudly flow †, like *SUSA*'s streams,
To temper cups for Kings.

XI.

But soon, inspir'd with nobler powers,
I fought thy awful grove ;
There frequent sooth'd my evening hours,
That best deceiver Love.

XII.

Each smiling joy was there, that springs
In life's delicious prime ;
There young Ambition plum'd his wings,
And mock'd the flight of Time.—

† “ There *Susa* by *Choapes*' amber stream,
“ The drink of none but Kings.”

MILTON.

XIII. There

XIII.

There patriot passions fir'd my breast
 With Freedom's glowing themes,
 And Virtue's image rose conſeſt
 In bright Platonic dreams.—

XIV.

Ah me ! my dreams of harmleſs youth
 No more thy walks invade,
 The charm is broke by ſober Truth,
 Thy fairy viſions fade.—

XV.

No more unſtain'd with fear or guilt
 Such hours of rapture ſmile,
 Each airy fabric Fancy built
 Is vaniſh'd as thy pile !—

[42]

O N

L A D Y P O M F R E T ' s

P R E S E N T I N G T H E

U N I V E R S I T Y O F O X F O R D

W I T H H E R

C O L L E C T I O N O F S T A T U E S .

WELCOME again the reign of ancient Arts !
Welcome fair modern days from Gothic night,
Though late, emerging, Sun of Science hail !
Whose glorious rays enlightened Greece and Rome,
Illustrious nations ! Their's was empire's feat,
Their's Virtue, Freedom, each enchanting grace ;

SCULPTURE

SCULPTURE with them to bright perfection rose,
 Sculpture, whose bold Promethean hand inform'd
 The stubborn mass with life—in fretted gold
 Or yielding marble, to the raptur'd eye
 Display'd the shining conclave of the skies,
 And chiefs and sages gave the Passions form,
 And Virtue shape corporeal : taught by her
 The obedient brass dissolv'd ;
 In Love's soft fires thy winning charms she stole,
 Thou mild retreating Medicean Fair.
 She mark'd the flowing Dryads lighter step,
 The panting bosom, garments flowing loose,
 And wanton tresses waving to the wind.—
 Again by POMPHRET's generous care, these stores
 Of ancient Fame revisit Learning's seats,
 Their old abode. O reverence Learning's seats,
 Ye beauteous Arts ! for know, by Learning's smiles.
 Ye grew immortal—Know, however fair

SCULPTURE

SCULPTURE and PAINTING, fairer POETRY
 Your elder Sister, from the Aonian mount,
 Imagination's fruitful realm, supply'd
 The rich material of your lovely soil.
 Her fairy forms, poetic Fancy first
 Peopled the hills, and vales, and fabled groves
 With shapes celestial, and by fountain side
 Saw Fauns with wanton Satyrs lead the dance
 With meek-ey'd Naïds ; saw your Cyprian Queen
 Ascending from the Ocean's wave ;
 Poetic Fancy in Maonian song
 Pictur'd immortal Jove, ere PHIDIAS' hands
 Sublime with all his thunders form'd the God.
 Here then uniting with your kindred art,
 Majestic Grecian Sculpture deign to dwell,
 Here shades of Academe again invite,
 Athenian philosophic shades, and here
 Ye Roman forms, a nobler TYBER flows.

Come,

COME, POMFRET, come, of rich munificence
Partake the fame, though candid blushes rise,
And modest virtues shun the blaze of day.

POMFRET, not all thy honours, splendid train,
Not the bright coronet that binds thy brow,
Not all thy lovely offspring, radiant queens
On Beauty's throne, shall consecrate thy praise
Like Science, boasting in thy genial beam
Increasing stores : in these embowering shades
Stands the fair tablet of eternal Fame ;
There Memory's adamantine pen records
Her sons ; but each illustrious female's name
In golden characters engrav'd, defies
Envy and Time, superior to their rage.—

POMFRET shall live, the generous POMFRET join'd
With CAROLINE, and martial EDWARD's Queen,
And great ELIZA, regal names, like Thee
Smiling on Arts and Learning's sons they reign'd.—

And

And see where WESTMORLAND adorns the train
 Of Learning's princely patrons! Lo, I see
 A new PANTHEON rise as that of old
 Famous, nor founded by ignobler hands;
 Though thine, AGRIPPA, sway'd the helm of Rome:
 I see enshrin'd majestic awful forms,
 Chiefs, Legislators, Patriots, Beauties, Gods.
 Not him by superstitious fears ador'd
 With barbarous sacrifice and frantic zeal,
 Yet not uncelebrated nor unsung, for oft
 Thou, slumb'ring CUPID, with inverted torch
 Betokening mildest fires, shall hear the sighs
 Of virtuous love-sick youths. You too shall reign,
 Celestial VENUS, though with chaster rites,
 Address with vows from purer votaries heard.

O N

R U R A L S P O R T S.

THE Sun wakes jocund—all of life, who breathe
In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,
Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
Swell the full chorus of Delight and Love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
Whose levell'd thunder frightens Morn's repose,
Who drag the net, whose hook infidious wounds
A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes ?

I see

Behold ye come, and Havock loose the reins,

A general groan the general anguish speaks,

The stately Stag falls butcher'd on the plains,

The dew of Death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the Pheasant fluttering in the brake,

Green, azure, gold; but undistinguish'd gore!

Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!

—I call in vain—They gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round

With dogs of war—the spurning Bull their prize;

And now he bellows, humbled to the ground;

And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's power,

Whose clarion charms the midnight's fullen air;

Thou the Morn's Harbinger, must mourn the hour.

* Vigil to fasts, and penitence, and prayer.

* Shrove Tuesday.

Must

Must fatal wars of human avarice, wage

For milder conflicts, Love their palm design'd ?
 Now sheath'd in steel, must rival Reason's rage,
 Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind ?

Are these your sovereign joys, Creation's Lords ?

Is Death a banquet for a godlike soul ?
 Have rigid hearts no sympathizing chords

For concord, order, for th' harmonious whole ?

Nor plead Necessity, thou man of blood !

Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven reverse !
 Yet slay the Wolf for safety, Lamb for food ;
 But shorten Misery's pangs, and drop a tear !

Ah ! rather turn, and breath this evening gale,
 Uninjur'd, and uninjuring Nature's peace.

Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,

Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase !

See pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields
 Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil !
 Or see the panting spaniel try the fields
 While burfing coveys mock his wanton toil !

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force
 Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind controul ;
 Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
 And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal !

Now sweetly penfive, bending o'er the stream,
 Mark the gay, floating myriads, nor molest
 Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
 Of Evil fled and all Creation blest !

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy
 Sit and approve thy Infant's virtuous haste,
 Humanity's sweet tones while all employ
 To lure the wing'd domestics to repast !

There

There smiling see a fop in swelling state,

The turkey strut with valour's red pretence,
 And duck row on with waddling honest gait,
 And goose mistake solemnity for sense !

While one with front erect in simple pride

Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call,
 Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
 That each may taste the bounty meant for all !

Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye

Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
 While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly,
 A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him ; yet still the wafted grain,

Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense,
 And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful strain,
 Let Heaven's best joy be thine, Benevolence !

While flocks soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
 The neigh of steeds, responsive o'er the heath,
 Deep lowings sweeter melt upon thy ear
 Than screams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood :
 Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old !
 For not their fury, a consuming flood,
 Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law !
 Eager on man, a nobler chace, they start ;
 Now from a brother's side the dagger draw,
 Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See as they reach Ambition's purple fruits
 Their reeking hands in nation's carnage died !
 No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
 They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
 With scorpion conscience lash himself, the last !
 See festering in the bosom where they sprung
 The fury passions that laid Nature waste !

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
 And weary Heaven with many a fruitless groan !
 By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,
 Revenging Nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
 He calls down Heaven in thunders to pursue
 Heaven's fancied Foes—O God of peace and love,
 The voice of thunder is no voice from you !

Mistaken mortal ! 'tis that God's decree
 To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood :
 Heaven breathes Benevolence, to all, to thee ;
 Each Being's bliss consummates general Good.

O D E

T O

C A P T I V I T Y.

Written in the last W A R.

O Stern Captivity! from ALBION'S land
Far, far, avert the terrors of thy rod!
O wave not o'er her fields thy flaming brand!
O crush not Freedom, fairest child of God!—
Bring not from thy Gallic shore
The galling fetters, groaning oar!
Bring not hither Virtue's bane,
Thy sister Superstition's train!

O spare

O spare from sanguine rites the silver floods !
 Nor haunt with shapes obscene our unpolluted woods !—

Is yet too weak, rapacious Power, thy throne ?

While the chain'd Continent thy vassal waits,
 The RHINE, the DANUBE, and the sounding RHONE,
 Proclaim thy triumphs through an hundred states.

See VALENTIA's smiling vales

Courted for thee by Ocean's gales !

Through * yawning vaults on TAGUS' streams,

Thine Revenge's dagger gleams :

Thy fury bursts on ROME's devoted head,

In vain the SCIPIO's liv'd, the DECII, CATO bled !

* The late Conspiracy against the Portuguese Govern-
 ment was planned amid the ruins of that unfortunate
 Capital.

Be these thy bounds—whose laws with monarchs reign,

To this fair isle how impotent thy hate !

Where PITT, for righteous Heaven and GEORGE ordain,

In wisdom guides the thunder of the state.

That thunder shook on * AFRIC's shore,

The howling Wild where Lions roar ;

In † western worlds its awful powers

Sunk astonish'd BOURBON's towers ;

That thunder founding o'er the CELTRIC main,

Roll'd to LUTITIA's walls along the affrighted SEINE.

Daughters of ALBION ! strew his paths with flowers,

O wake for him the lute's harmonious chord !

His name be echoed in your festal bowers,

Who guards BRITANNIA from a foreign Lord !

Happy Fair, who seated far

From haughty conquerors, barbarous war,

* Senegal.

† Louisbourg.

Have

Have heard alone in tragic songs
 Of cities storm'd and virgins wrongs,
 There felt the daughters, parents, comforts groan,
 And wept historic woes, unpractis'd in your own !

Have you not heard how **SION**'s daughters mourn'd
 Their prostrate land ?—how **GREECE** her victims tore
 From flaming altars ?—captive queens they turn'd
 From **TROY** reluctant—on the sea-beat shore
 Their eyes to Heaven were roll'd in vain,
 Their eyes—for not the victor's chain
 Indulg'd thy privilege, Despair !
 Their hands to rend their flowing hair ;
 Behind them **TROY** a smoaking ruin lies,
 Before lie unknown seas, and black incumbent skies.

- “ Ye gales !” they cry'd, “ ye cruel eastern gales !
 “ Adverse to **TROY**, conspiring with the foe,
- An imitation of the first chorus in the *Hecuba* of Euripides.
 “ That

- “ That eager stretch the victor's swelling sails,
 “ To what unfriendly regions will ye blow ?
 “ Shall we serve on DORIC plains ?
 “ Or where in Pithia PYRRHUS reigns ?
 “ Shall Echo catch our captive tales ?
 “ Joyless in the sprightly vales
 “ APIDANUS thy beauteous current laves,
 “ Say, shall we sit and dream of SIMOIS' fairer waves ?
 “ Shall DELOS, sacred DELOS, hear our woes ?
 “ Where when LATONA's offspring sprung to birth,
 “ The palm spontaneous, and the laurel rose,
 “ O DIAN, DIAN, on thy hallow'd earth ;
 “ With DELIAN maids, a spotless band,
 “ At Virtue's altar shall we stand
 “ And hail thy name with choral joy
 “ Invok'd in vain for falling TROY ?
 “ Thy

- “ Thy shafts victorious shall our songs proclaim,
 “ When not an arrow fled to spare thy votaries shame.

 “ To ATHENS, Art’s fair empire, shall we rove ?
 “ There for some haughty mistress ply the loom,
 “ With daring fancy paint avenging JOVE,
 “ His forked lightnings flaming through the gloom,
 “ To blast the bold TITANIAN race :
 “ Or deaf to Nature, must we trace
 “ In mournful shades our hapless war ?
 “ What art, dread PALLAS, to thy car,
 “ Shall yoke th’ immortal steeds ? what colours tell
 “ By thine, by PYRRHUS’ lance, how lofty ILION fell ?

 “ Yes, cruel Gods, our bleeding country falls,
 “ Her chiefs are slain—see brothers, fires expire !
 “ Ah see, exulting o’er her prostrate walls,
 “ The victor’s fury, and devouring fire !

“ ASIA’S

“ ASIA’s haughty Genius broke,

“ Bows the neck to EUROPE’s yoke,

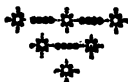
“ Chains are all our portion now,

“ No festal wreaths shall bind our brow,

“ Nor Hymen’s torches light the bridal day :

“ O Death, and black Despair, behold your destin’d

“ prey !”



I M I T A T I O N

F R O M

O S S I A N ' s P O E M S ,

L A T E L Y P U B L I S H E D

By the Title of F I N G A L , &c.

BROWN Autumn nods upon the mountain's head,
The dark mist gathers ; howling winds assail
The blighted defart ; on its mineral bed
Dark rolls the river through the fullen vale.
On the hill's dejected scene
The blasted ash alone is seen,
That marks the grave where CONNAL sleeps ;
Gather'd into mould'ring heaps

From

From the whirlwind's giddy round,
 Its leaves bestrew the hallow'd ground.
 Across the musing hunter's lonesome way
 Flit melancholy ghosts, that chill the dawn of day.

CONNAL, thou slumber'st there, the great, the good!

Thy long-fam'd Ancestors what tongue can trace?
 Firm, as the oak on rocky heights, they stood;
 Planted as firm on Glory's ample base.

Rooted in their native clime,
 Brav'd alike devouring time,
 Full of honours, full of age,
 That lofty oak the winter's rage
 Rent from the promontory's brow,
 And Death has laid the mighty low.

The mountains mourn their consecrated tree;
 His country CONNAL mourns;—what son shall rival thee?

Here was the din of arms, and here o'erthrown

The valiant!—mournful are thy wars, FINGAL;

The caverns echo'd to the dying groan,

The fatal fields beheld the victor fall;

Tall amidst the host, as hills

Above their vales and subject rills,

His arm, a tempest lowring high,

His sword, a beam of summer's sky,

His eyes, a fiery furnace, glare,

His voice that shook th' astonish'd war,

Was thunder's sound: He smote the trembling foes,

As sportive infant's staff the bearded thistle mows.

Onward to meet this Hero, like a storm,

A cloudy storm, the mighty DARGO came;

As mountain caves, where dusky meteors form

His hollow eye-balls flash'd a livid flame.

And

And now they join'd, and now they wield
 Their clashing steel—resounds the field,
 CRIMORA heard the loud alarms,
 RINVAL's daughter, bright in arms,
 Her hands the bow victorious bear,
 Luxuriant wav'd her auburn hair ;
 CONNAL, her life, her love, in beauty's pride,
 She follow'd to the war, and fought by CONNAL's side.

In wild despair, at CONNAL's foe she drew
 The fatal string, impatient flew the dart ;
 Ah hapless maid !—with erring course it flew ;
 The shaft stood trembling in her lover's heart.
 He fell—so falls by thunder's shock
 From ocean's cliffs the rifted rock.
 That falls and plows the groaning strand—
 He fell by Love's unwilling hand.

Hapless maid ! from eve to day,

CONNAL, my love ; the breathless clay

My love, she calls—now rolls her frantic eyes—

—Now bends them sad to earth—she sinks, she faints,
she dies.—

Together rest in Earth's parental womb,

Her fairest offspring ; mournful in the vale

I sit, while, issuing from the moss-grown tomb,

Your once-lov'd voices seem to swell the gale.—

Pensive Memory wakes her powers,

Oft recalls your smiling hours

Of fleeting life, that wont to move

On downy wings of youth and love ;

The smiling hours no more return ;

—All is hush'd—your silent urn

The mountain covers with its awful shade,

Far from the haunts of men in pathless desert laid.

O D E

T O

Y O U T H.

YOUTH, ah stay, prolong delight,
 Close thy pinions stretch'd for flight!
 YOUTH, disdain'g silver hairs,
 Autumn's frowns and Winter's cares,
 Dwell'st thou but in dimple sleek,
 In vernal smiles and Summer's cheek?
 On Spring's ambrosial lap thy hands unfold,
 They blossom fresh with hope, and all they touch his gold.

Graver years come sailing by :
 Hark! they call me as they fly ;
 Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,
 Statesman, quit thy boyish dreams !
 Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,
 Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice !

Deserting Virtue, yet assume her state ;

Thy smiles, that dwell with Love, ah ! wed them now to ^{[Hate.}

Or in Victory's purple plain
 Triumph thou on hills of slain !
 While the virgin rends her hair,
 Childless fires demand their heir,
 Timid orphans kneel and weep :
 Or, where the unshunn'd treasures sleep,

Sit brooding o'er thy cave in grim repose,

There mock at human joys, there mock at human woes

Years away! too dear I prize
 Fancy's haunts, her vales, her skies;
 Come, ye gales that swell the flowers,
 Wake my soul's expanding powers;
 Come, by streams embow'r'd in wood,
 Celestial forms, the FAIR, the GOOD!

With moral charms associate vernal joys!

Pure Nature's pleasures these—the rest are Fashion's toys.

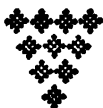
Come, while years reprove in vain,
 YOUTH, with me, and Rapture reign!
 Sculpture, Painting, meet my eyes,
 Glowing still with young surprize!
 Never to the Virgin's lute
 This ear be deaf, this voice be mute!

Come, Beauty, cause of anguish, heal its smart,

—New temperate measures beat, unalter'd else my heart.

Still my soul, for ever young,
 Speak thyself divinely sprung!
 Wing'd for Heaven, embracing Earth,
 Link'd to all of mortal birth,
 Brute or man, in social chain
 Still link'd to all, who suffer pain.

Pursue the eternal law!—one Power above
 Connects, pervades the whole—that Power divine is Love.



T O T H E

T H A M E S.

NEARER to my grove, O THAMES !

Lead along thy fultry streams,

Summer fires the stagnant air,

Come and cool thy bosom there !

Trees shall shelter, Zephyrs play,

Odours court thy smiling stay ;

There the lily lifts her head,

Fairest child of Nature's bed.

Oh ! THAMES, my promise all was vain :

Autumnal storms, autumnal rain

Have

Have spoil'd that fragrance, stript those shades,
Hapless flower! that lily fades.—

What? if chance, sweet evening ray,

Or western gale of vernal day,

Momentary bloom renews,

Heavy with unfertile dews

It bends again, and seems to cry,

“ Gale and sunshine, come not nigh!

“ Why reclaim from winter's power

“ This wither'd stalk, no more a flower!”

Such a flower, my youthful prime,

Chill'd by rigour, sapp'd by time,

Shrinks beneath the clouded storm:

What? if Beauty's beaming form,

And CAMBRIAN virgins' vocal air:

Expand to smiles my brow of care:

That beam withdrawn, that melting sound,

The dews of death hang heavier round,

No more to spring, to bloom, to be,

I bow to Fate and Heaven's decree.

Come then, CAMBRIAN Virgin, come,

With all thy music seek my tomb,

With all thy grace, thy modest state,

With all thy virtues, known too late !

Come, a little moment spare

From pious rites and filial care !

Give my tomb—no heart-felt sigh,

No tear convulsing Pity's eye !

Gifts of too endearing name

For you to grant, for me to claim ;

But bring the song—whose healing sounds

Were balm to all my festering wounds.

Bring the lyre—by Music's power

My soul entranc'd shall wait the hour,

The dread majestic hour of doom,

When thro' the grave, and thro' the gloom,

Heaven shall burst in floods of day :
Dazzled with so fierce a ray,
My aching eyes shall turn to view
Its milder beams reflect from you.



T O

Miss K—— P——.

GENTLE KIRRY, take the lyre
 Thy magic hands alone inspire !
 But wake not once such swelling chords
 As rouse Ambition's stormy lords,
 Nor airs that jocund tabors play
 To dancing youth in shades of May,
 Nor songs that shake old PICTON's towers,
 When feast and music blend their powers !
 But notes of mildest accent call,
 Of plaintive touch and dying fall ;
 Notes, to which thy hand, thy tongue,
 Thy every tender power is strung.—

CAMBRIAN

CAMBRIAN maid, repeat that strain—
 Sooth my widow'd bosom's pain !
 Its passions own thy melting tones ;
 Sighs succeed to bursting groans ;
 Soft and softer still they flow,
 Breathing more of love than woe ;
 Glistening in my eye appears
 A tenderer dew than bitter tears ;
 Springing hope despair beguiles,
 And sadness softens into smiles.

I quit thy lyre—but still the train
 Of sweet sensations warms my brain.
 What ? tho' social joy and love
 Forget to haunt my fallen grove :
 Tho' there my soul, a stagnant flood,
 Nor flows its own, or others good,
 Emblem of yon faded flower,
 That, chill'd by frost, expands no more :

The dreary scene yet sometimes closes
 When sleep inspires, on beds of roses,
 Such dear delusions, fairy charms
 As Fancy dreams in Virtue's arms.
 For see, a gracious form is near !
 She comes to dry my falling tear.
 One pious hand in pity spread
 Supports my else unshelter'd head ;
 The other waves to chace away
 The spectres haunting all my day :
 She calls—above, below, around
 Sweet fragrance breathes, sweet voices found—
 Such a balm to wounded minds,
 Gentle KITTŶ, slumber finds ;
 Such a change is misery's due—
 —Who wakes to grief should dream of you.

T O

Miss K——— P———.

AH ! bow to music, bow my lays
To beauty's noblest art !

To reach the bosom mine the praise,
But thine to melt the heart.

'Tis mine to close Affliction's wounds,
To brighten Pleasure's eye :
But thine, by sweet dissolving sounds,
To make it bliss to die.

My

My notes but kindle cold desire,

Ah ! what you feel for me !

Diviner passions thine inspire,

Ah ! what I feel for thee !

Associate then thy voice, thy touch,

O wed to mine thy powers !

Be such at least, nor blush at such

Connubial union our's !

T O

Miss K—— P——

WH Y, KIRRY, with that tender air,
 Those eyes to earth inclin'd,
 Those timid blushes, why despair
 Of empire o'er mankind ?

Ah ! know, that Beauty's surest arms
 Are candour, softness, ease,
 Your sweet distrust of pleasing charms
 Is half the charm to please.—

Respect

Respect your own harmonious art !
 For love securest wounds,
 Securest takes th'imprison'd heart
 Entranc'd by magic sounds !

If flowers of fiction's growth you call
 This wreath that truth bestows ;
 Survey around your Attick wall
 Each * pencill'd form that glows.

And ask the youths ! what heavenly fair
 Their tenderest vows inspires ?
 If JUNO's more than regal air,
 Or fierce MINERVA's fires ?

*Tis bashful VENUS they prefer
 Retiring from the view,
 And, what their lips address to her,
 Their bosoms feel for you.

* Drawings from antique statues.

T O

Miss K—— P——.

YOUR bosom's sweet treasures thus ever disclose !
 For believe my ingenuous confession,

The veil meant to hide them but only bestows
 A softness transcending expression.

Good Heaven ! cries KIRRY, what language I hear !

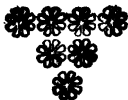
Have I trespass'd on Chastity's laws ?
 Is my tucker's clear muslin indecently clear ?
 Is it no fattin apron, but gauze ?

Ah no !—not the least swelling charm is descried
 Thro' the tucker, too bashfully decent ;
 And your apron hides all that short aprons can hide,
 From the fashion of EVE to the present.

G

The

The veil, too transparent to hinder the sight,
Is what modesty throws on your mind :
That veil only shades, with a tenderer light,
All the feminine graces behind.



T O

Miss K—— P——.

Si un arbre avoit du sentiment, il se plairoit à voir celui qui le cultive se reposer sous son ombrage, respirer le parfum de ses fleurs, goûter la douceur de ses fruits : Je suis cet arbre, cultivé par vous, & la Nature m' a donné une ame.

MARMONTEL.

A MID thy native mountains, CAMBRIAN fair,
 Were some lone plant supported by thy care,
 Sav'd from the blast, from winter's chlling powers,
 In vernal suns, in vernal shades and showers,
 By thee reviving : did the favoured tree
 Exist, and blossom and mature by thee :
 To that selected plant did Heaven dispense,
 With vegetable life, a nobler sense :

. G 2

Would

Would it not blefs thy virtues, gentle maid ?
 Would it not woo thy beauties to its shade ?
 Bid all its buds in rich luxuriance shoot,
 To crown thy summer with autumnal fruit,
 Spread all its leaves, a pillow to thy rest,
 Give all its flowers to languish on thy breast,
 Reject the tendrils of th' uxorious vine,
 And stretch its longing arms to circle thine ?

Yes; in Creation's intellectual reign,
 Where life, sense, reason, with progressive chain,
 Dividing, blending, form th' harmonious whole :
 —That plant am I, distinguish'd by a soul.

[85]

T O .

Miss K——— P———,

W I T H

A N S O N ' s V O Y A G E .

RAPTUR'D Traveller, cease the tales
Of TINIAN's lawns, FERNANDES' vales ;
Of isles, centering Nature's charms,
Lapt in peaceful Ocean's arms ;
Of that HESPERIAN world, which lies
Beneath the smile of southern skies,
Where Zephyr waves unflagging wings,
Where ALBION's summers, LATIAN springs

G 3

Join

Join thy autumns, smiling FRANCE,
And lead along th' eternal dance !

These enchanting scenes, and all
That wake to form at Fancy's call,
And all the sportive pencil traces,
Are feeble types of living graces.
Of moral charms, that mental throne
Unclouded Beauty calls her own.
Where all the Sun's meridian blaze
Is twilight gloom to Virtue's rays.
There with richer blended sweets
Wedded Spring her Autumn meets ;
There FERNANDES' brighter shore,
There a purer CHILI's ore,
Fruits and flowers are there combin'd
In fairer TINIAN—KITTY's mind.

THE
C O M P L A I N T
O F
C A M B R I A
T O

Miss K—— P——,

Setting to Music, and singing ENGLISH Verses.

Done into ENGLISH from the WELCH Original.

DEGENERATE maid, no longer ours!
Can SAXON ditties suit thy lyre?
Accents untun'd, that breathe no powers
To melt the soul, or kindle martial fire?

It ill becomes **TREE** to combine
 Such hostile airs with notes divine,
 In **CAMBRIAN** shades, the **DRUIDS** hallow'd bounds,
 Whose infant voice has lip'd the liquid **CELTIC** sounds.

Revere thy **CAMBRIA**'s flowing tongue !
 Tho' high-born **HOEL**'s lips are dumb,
CADWALLO's harp no more is strung,
 And Silence sits on soft **LLUELLYN**'s tomb :
 Yet songs of British bards remain
 That, wedded to thy vocal strain,
 Would swell melodious on the mountain breeze,
 And roll on **MILLFORD**'s wave to distant echoing seas.—

O sing thy fires in genuine strains !
 When **ROME**'s resistless arm prevail'd,
 When **EDWARD** delug'd all my plains * ,
 And all the music of my mountains fail'd;

* **EDWARD I.** put to death all the **WELCH** Bards.

When all her flames Rebellion spread,
Firmly they stood—O sing the dead !
The theme majestic to thy lyre belongs,
To PICTON's lofty walls, and CAMBRIAN virgins songs.



[90]

ON A
PRESENT to the AUTHOR
OF
TWO IMPRESSIONS

FROM A

Fine Antique Seal of the Head of ALEXANDER ;

The one by Lady P———, on Paper ;

The other by Miss J——— P———, in Wax.

FAIR sculpture of AMMON's young graces !
My lady with whim shall we tax ?

On paper who marks thy faint traces,

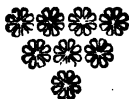
Which STELLA stamps lively in wax ?

Of their hearts they make mutual confession:

That, cold to emotions once felt,

The mother's scarce yields to impression—

—The daughter's can soften and melt.



O N T H E
S U B J E C T
O F T H E
M O N U M E N T I N A R C A D I A .

O You, that dwell where shepherds reign,
 ARCADIAN youths, ARCADIAN maids,
 To pastoral pipe who danc'd the plain,
 Why pensive now beneath the shades ?

Approach her virgin tomb, they cry,
 Behold the verse inscrib'd above,

Once too in ARCADY was I,—

Behold what dreams are life and love !

O N T H E S A M E.

SWEET ARCADY, where shepherds reign,
 Your simple youths, your simple maids,
 With pastoral dance still cheer the plain,
 Their pastoral pipe still charms the shades :

This only song still meets our ear,
 It swells the breeze, it fills the grove ;
 What joys so sweet as Nature's here ?
 What joy of Nature sweet as Love ?

HITCHIN CONVENT.

A T A L E.

WHERE HITCHIN'S gentle current glides,
 An ancient convent stands,
 Sacred to prayer and holy rites
 Ordain'd by pious hands.

Here Monks of faintly BENEDICT
 Their nightly vigils kept,
 And lofty anthems shook the choir
 At hours when mortals slept.

But HARRY'S wide reforming hand
 That sacred order wounded ;
 He spoke—from forth their hallow'd walls
 The Friars fled confounded.

Then

Then wicked Laymen ent'ring in,
 Those cloisters fair prophan'd ;
 Now Riot loud usurps the seat
 Where bright Devotion reign'd.

Ev'n to the chapel's sacred roof,
 Its echoing vaults along,
 Resounds the flute, and sprightly dance,
 And hymeneal song.

Yet Fame reports, that Monkish shades
 At midnight never fail
 To haunt the mansions once their own,
 And tread its cloisters pale.

One night, more prying than the rest,
 It chanc'd a Friar came,
 And enter'd where on beds of down
 Repos'd each gentle dame.

Here,

Here, softening midnight's raven gloom,

Lay R———e, blushing maid ;

There, wrapt in folds of cypress lawn

Her virtuous aunt was laid.

He stop'd, he gaz'd, to wild conceits

His roving fancy run,

He took the aunt for Prioress,

And R———e for a Nun.

It hap'd that R———'s capuchin,

Across the couch display'd,

To deem her sister of the veil,

The holy fire betray'd.

Accosting then the youthful fair,

His raptur'd accents broke ;

Amazement chill'd the waking nymph ;

She trembled as he spoke.

Hail

Hail Halcyon days ! Hail holy Nun !

This wondrous change explain :

Again Religion lights her lamp,

Reviews these walls again.

For ever blest the power that checkt

Reformits wild diforders,

Restor'd again the church's lands,

Reviv'd our sacred orders.

To Monks indeed, from EDWARD's days,

Belong'd this chaste foundation ;

Yet sister Nuns may answer too .

The founder's good donation.

Ah ! well thy virgin vows are heard :

For man were never given

Those charms, reserv'd to nobler ends,

Thou spotless spouse of Heaven !

H

Yet

Yet speak what cause from morning Mass

Thy ling'ring steps delays :

Haste to the deep-mouth'd organ's peat

To join thy vocal praise.

Awake thy Abbess sisters all ;

At MARY'S holy shrine,

With bended knees and suppliant eyes

Approach, thou Nun divine !—

No Nun am I, recov'ring cried

The nymph ; no Nun, I say,

Nor Nun will be, unless this fright

Should turn my locks to grey.

'Tis true, at church I seldom fail

When aunt or uncle leads ;

Yet never rise by four o'clock

To tell my morning beads.

No mortal lover yet, I vow,
 My virgin heart has fixt,
 But yet I bear the creature's talk
 Without a grate betwixt.

To Heav'n my eyes are often cast
 (From Heav'n their light began)
 Yet deign sometimes to view on earth
 It's image stamp't on man.

Ah me! I fear in borrow'd shape
 Thou com'st, a base deceiver;
 Perhaps the Devil, to tempt the faith
 Of orthodox believer.

For once my hand, at Masquerade,
 A reverend Friar prest;
 His form as thine, but holier sounds
 The ravish'd faint address.

He told me vows no more were made

To senseless stone and wood,

But adoration paid alone

To faints of flesh and blood,

That rosy cheeks, and radiant eyes,

And tresses like the morn,

Were given to bless the present age,

And light the age unborn :

That maids, by whose obdurate pride

The hapless lover fell,

Were doom'd to never-dying toils

Of leading apes in hell.

Respect the first command, he cried,

It's sacred laws fulfil,

And well observe the precept given

· To Moses,—*Do not kill.*

Thus spoke, ah yet I hear him speak !

My soul's sublime physician ;

Then get thee hence, thy doctrines vile

Would sink me to perdition.

She ceas'd—the Monk in shades of night

Confus'dly fled away,

And Superstition's clouds dissolv'd

In sense, and beauty's ray.

T O A

Y O U N G L A D Y,

A

VERY GOOD ACTRESS.

POWERFUL is Beauty, when to mortal seats
From Heaven descends the heaven-created good,
When Fancy's glance the fairy phantom meets,
Nymph of the shade, or Naiad of the flood.

So blooms **CLENA**, daughter of the skies,
Queen of the joys romantic rapture dreams,
Her cheeks are summer's damask rose, her eyes
Steal their quick lustre from the morning's beams,

Her

Her airy neck the shining tresses shade ;
 In every wanton curl a Cupid dwells :
 To these, distrustful in the Graces' aid,
 She joins the mighty charms of magic spells.

Man, hapless man in vain destruction flies,
 With wily arts th' enchantress nymph pursues ;
 To varying forms, as varying lovers rise,
 Shifts the bright IRIS of a thousand hues.

Behold th' austere Divine, oppress'd by years,
 Colics, and bulk, and tithes ingend' red care ;
 The sound of woman grates his aching ears,
 Of other woman than a scripture Fair.

Sudden she comes a DEBORAH bright in arms,
 Or wears the pastoral RACHEL'S ancient mien ;
 And now, as glow gay-flushing eastern charms,
 He fights like DAVID'S son for SHEBA'S Queen.

To CHANGE the China trader speeds his pace,

Nor heeds the chilly North's unripening dames ;

'Tis her's with twinkling eyes, and lengthen'd face,

And pigmy foot, to wake forgotten flames.

She oft, in likenefs of th' EGYPTIAN Crone,

Too well inform'd, relates to wond'ring fwains

Their amorous plaints prefer'd to her alone :

Her own, relentless breast too well explains.

See, at the manor's hospitable board

Enters a Sire, by infant age rever'd ;

From shorten'd tube exhaling fumes afford

The incense bland that clouds his forky beard.

Conundrums quaint, and puns of jocund kind,

With rural ditties, warm th' elated 'Squire,

Yet oft sensations quicken in his mind,

Other than ale and jocund puns inspire.

The forms where bloated Dropsy holds her seat

He views, unconscious of magicians' guiles,

Nor deems a jaundic'd visage lov'd retreat

Of graces, young desires, and dimpled smiles.

Now o'er the portal of an antique hall

A Grecian form the raptur'd patriot awes,

The hoary buff and brow severe recall

LYCURGUS, founder of majestic laws.

Awhile entranc'd, he dreams of old Renown,

And Freedom's triumph in PLATEAN fields,

Then turns—relaxing sees the furrow'd frown,

To melting airs the soften'd marble yields.

I see the lips as breathing life, he cries,

On icy cheeks carnation blooms display'd,

The pensive orbs are pleasure-beaming eyes

And SPARTA'S lawgiver a blushing maid.

There,

There, at the curtains of the shudd'ring youth,
 Stiff, melancholy, pale, a spectre stands,
 Some love-lorn virgin's shade—O ! injur'd truth,
 Deserted phantom, and ye plighted hands,

He scarce had utter'd—from his frantic gaze
 The vision fades—succeeds a flood of light.

O friendly shadows, veil him, as the blaze
 Of Beauty's sun emerging from the night.

Here end thy triumphs, nymph of potent charms,
 The laurel'd Bard is Heaven's immortal care ;
 Him nor Illusion's spell nor philter harms,
 Nor music floating on the magic air.

The myrtle wand this arm imperial bears,
 Reluctant ghosts and stubborn elves obey :
 Its virtuous touch the midnight fairy fears,
 And shapes that wanton in AURORA'S ray.

I ceas'd ;

I ceas'd ; the virgin came in native grace,

With native smiles that strengthen Beauty's chain :

O vain the confidence of mortal race !

My laurel'd head and myrtle wand are vain.

Again wild raptures, kindling passions rise,

As once in ANDOVER's autumnal grove,

When looks that spoke, and eloquence of sighs,

Told the soft mandate of another's love.

T O A N
 ACCOMPLISHED LADY.

I N T H E
 MANNER OF WALLER.

O NYMPH! than blest PANDORA honour'd more,
 What Gods to grace thee lavish all their store!
 We see thy form in awful beauty move,
 At once repelling and inviting love;
 We see thy mind each bright perfection reach
 That Genius kindles, and the Graces teach:
 PALLAS to form that matchless mind, conspires
 With Wisdom's coolness, temp'ring Fancy's fires;
 Here, as in EDEN's blissful garden, shoot
 The tree of Knowledge and forbidden Fruit.

A D D R E S S

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

T H A M E S.

O THAMES! thy clear majestic stream
Shall ever flow my raptur'd theme ;
Not because AUGUSTA's pride
Builds her greatness on thy tide,
Court'd by worlds in other oceans found :
Not because proud CLIFDEN laves
His pendent beeches in thy waves ;
Not because thy limpid rills
Reflect on HAMPTON's towers, or RICHMOND's
hills ;

Or

Or COOPER's mountain, by the Muses crown'd,
 Or catch the blaze from WINDSOR's beaming
 star,

Sacred to patriot chiefs, the boast of peace and war :

Nor yet because thy current loves
 The haunt of Academic groves ;
 And still with ling'ring fond delay
 Through EGHAM's vales delights to stray,

Once scene of Freedom's claims, heroic cares :

But hail thee, THAMES ! while o'er thy meads
 ELIZA with LOUISA leads

Each winning grace of Love and Youth,
 Ingenuous forms, fair Candour and fair Truth :
 Oh ! fan their evening walk with mildest airs ;
 So GALLIC spoils shall crowd thy wealthy side,
 And Commerce swell her stores with each revolving
 tide.

T O

M R S. B——,

Reading JULIA with tears, during a hard frost.

WHAT, tho' descending as the dews of morn,
 On Misery's sighs your tear of virtue waits ;
 Forget the fallen JULIA ! you were born
 For heart-expanding joys and smiling fates.

To sooth with social pleasures human cares,
 To call the Muse to THAME's frozen glades,
 To wake the slumb'ring spring with vernal airs,
 And plant an EDEN in December's shades ;

To

To deck, like * EVE, with soft officious haste,
 Your banquet, worthiest of her angel guest;
 Amid the flowers that crown the fair repast
 A flower yourself, the fairest of the feast.

There the great Giver for his bounties given
 Your grateful comfort blessing, blesses too
 The sweet dispenser of the gifts-of Heaven,
 In wonder's silent prayer he blesses you :

Your infants there reflecting round the board,
 Maternal graces while his eye approves ;
 One tear to Rapture give ! — then sit ador'd
 The gentle mother of the Smiles and Loves.

* See MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, Book v. from line 303.

O N

M R. B R O W N ' S

Alterations at CLERMONT, restoring Hills, scooping
Valleys, &c.

AH murmur not, Art, at your BROWN's innovation,
You are still the fine lady, with less affectation ;
And Nature, ah ! pardon his hand while it dresses
So sweetly, so simply, your features and tresses ;
Your soft-swelling bosom not chafly concealing,
Nor faintly disclosing, nor fully revealing ;
Ah ! pardon his hand, if it haply should venture
In search of coy beauty quite down to the centre.

I

T O

T O

L A D Y F——,

On her MARRIAGE.

THOUGH to HYMEN's gay season belong
Light airs, and the raptures of youth ;
Yet listen to one sober song ;
O listen, fair STELLA, to truth.

Farewell to the triumphs of beauty,
To the soft serenade at your bower,
To the lover's idolatrous duty,
To his vigils in midnight's still hour.

To your frowns darting amorous anguishes,
 To your smiles chafing every care,
 To the power of your eyes lively languish,
 To each glance waking Hope or Despair.

Farewell to soft bards, that in Heaven
 Dipt the pencil to picture your praise,
 And blended the colours of even'
 With morning's gay opening rays :

They no longer on THAMES shall proclaim you
 A Naiad new sprung from the flood,
 Nor to BUSHY's soft echoes shall name you
 Bright DIAN, the queen of the wood.

Farewell to Love's various season,
 Smiling days hung with tempests and night ;
 But welcome the reign of fair Reason,
 O ! welcome securer delight.

O! welcome, in Nature's own dress,
Purest pleasures of gentler kind ;
O! welcome the power to bless,
To redeem Fortune's wrongs on mankind.

Be a goddess indeed, while you borrow
From Plenty's unlimited store,
To gild the wan aspect of Sorrow,
To cheer the meek eyes of the poor.

When your virtues shall mix with the skies,
When your beauty, bright phoenix, decays ;
In your image new graces shall rise,
And enlighten Posterity's days.

Future ages shall trace every air ;
Every virtue deriv'd to your blood,
Shall remember that STELLA was fair,
Shall remember that STELLA was good.

S O N G.

S O N G.

NO gaudy RUBENS ever dare
 With flaunting Genius, rosy Loves,
 To crowd the scene, in sunshine's glare,
 Exposing her the Muse approves.

Let, chaste POUSSIN, thy shaded stream
 Reflect her pensive, tender air ;
 Let evening veil, with sober beam,
 In bashful night the bashful Fair.

V E R S E S

Written after passing through FINDON, SUSSEX, 1768.

Addressed to the

Rev. Mr. WOODDESON,
Of KINGSTON UPON THAMES.

WOODDESON! these eyes have seen thy natal earth;
Thy FINDON, sloping from the southern downs,
Have blest the roof ennobled by thy birth,
And tufted valley, where no ocean frowns.

Thou

* The author of these Poems had been educated under this Gentleman, for whom he ever retained the most affectionate regard. Mr. WOODDESON was, in truth, one of those amiable Beings whom none could know without loving.—To the abilities of an excellent scholar was united a mind so candid,

Thou wert not born to plow the neighbouring main,
 Or plant thy greatness near Ambition's throne,
 Or count unnumber'd fleeces on thy plain :

—The Muses lov'd and nurs'd thee for their own !

And twin'd thy temples here with wreaths of worth,
 And fear'd thy childhood from the blights of morn,
 And taught enchanting song, and sent thee forth
 To stretch the blessing to an age unborn :

Best blessing !—what is Pride's unwieldy state ?

What awkward wealth from Indian oceans given ?

What monarchs nodding under empires' weight,

If Science smile not with a ray from Heaven ?

did, so patient, so replete with universal benevolence, that it glowed in every action.—His life was an honour to himself, to religion, to human nature.—He preserved to his death such a simplicity of manners as is rarely to be met with.—He judged of the world by the standard of his own virtuous heart ; and few men who had seen such length of days ever left it so little acquainted with it.

Witness yon ruins, ARUNDEL's high tower,
 And BRAMBER, now the bird of night's resort!
 Your proud possessors reign'd in barbarous power;
 The war their business, and the chase their sport;
 'Till there a minstrel, to the feast preferr'd,
 With CAMBRIAN harp, in GOTHICK numbers charm'd,
 Enlighten'd chiefs grew virtuous as they heard—
 —The Sun of Science in its morning warm'd.—
 How glorious, when it blaz'd in MILTON's light,
 And SHAKESPEAR's flame, to full meridian day!
 Yet smile, fair beam! tho' sloping from that height,
 Gild our mild evening with a setting ray.

T O

A L A D Y.

THE simple swain, where ZEMBLA's snows
 Are bound in frozen chains,
 Where scarce a smile the sun bestows
 To warm the fullen plains ;

Not once conceives that sun to rise
 With kinder, brighter ray,
 Nor southern vales, Hesperian skies,
 To bask in smiling day.

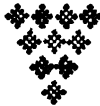
As

As weak my thoughts respecting thee :

Must thou, my better sun,

Because but smiling cold on me,

Be therefore warm to none ?



S T A N Z A S.

Where more is meant than meets the ear. MILTON.

THE bird of midnight swell'd her throat,
The virgins listen'd round

To Sorrow's deeply-warbled note,

To sweet but solemn found :

When soon the Lark ascending high,

In sun-beams idly play'd ;

As soon to greet him, see, they fly—

One pensive virgin stay'd.

She stay'd to hear the mourner sing ;

The rest, to Nature true,

The flutter of the gayer wing

The vacant song pursue.

T O

T O
A Y O U N G L A D Y,

Who objected to sup with a Party of both sexes, that
met at a COFFEE-HOUSE.

O Far from CAROLINE, so soft a maid,
Be cruel coyness, pride, and cold disdain!

Who now of man, the monster man, afraid,
Flies the gay circle of the social train.

Away vain fears! away suspicious dreams,
From Beauty, Virtue, Tendernefs, and Truth;
From eyes that dawn with Wisdom's mildest beams,
From harmless smiles that wait on gentle Youth.

Far other years and other nymphs besit
 The prudish form, and high forbidding brow ;
 With others dwell, or frowns or scornful wit,
 With nymphs less innocent, less fair than thou :

 With her, whose youth, of Virtue's mild controul
 Impatient, rush'd on wanton wild desires ;
 Now Prayer or Scandal cheers the gloomy soul
 That pines in secret with forbidden fires :

 Or her that triumph'd in her lover's sighs,
 As round their brows the willow garlands bend ;
 She now dejected, now deserted lies,
 Without a lover, and without a friend !

 Another fate is youthful Virtue's share :
 Come with the Graces, gentle maid, along ;
 Come, fairest thou among the young and fair,
 To lead the dance, or join the virgins' song,

Come listen to the tale that youths complain,
 To thousand vows, in amorous sighs address ;
 Propitious listen to the raptur'd strain,
 When chaste majestic passions swell the breast.

Too long exterior charms of radiant eyes,
 And blushing cheeks, the captive sense controul ;
 Thy forms, fair Harmony, too long we prize,
 Forget the fairer, more harmonious soul.

Too long the lovers for an empty Fair
 At heedless ease in glorious arts advance ;
 Enough for them to deck the flowing hair,
 Or flutter gaudy with the pride of FRANCE.

From Worth with Beauty nobler lessons taught,
 Each youth that languishes, his flame shall prove
 By generous action or heroic thought,
 And merit fame by arts that merit love.

Shall once again the GRECIAN lyre be strung,
 Restoring HYMEN'S mild Arcadian reign ?
 Shall patriot Eloquence instruct the tongue,
 And spoils be gather'd from the martial plain ?

O ! far unlike to such celestial flame
 The passion kindled from impure desires ;
 Fatal to Friends, to Fortune, and to Fame,
 The momentary flash in night expires.

Love's lambent fire that beams from Virtue's rays,
 Each fordid passion as it burns, refin'd,
 Still bright and brighter with benignant blaze
 Embraces friends, a country, ~~human~~ mankind.

A

D R E A M.

WITH bridal cake beneath her head,
As JENNY prest her pillow,
She dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,
Hung pendent from the willow.

Around her spectres shook their chains,
And goblins kept their station ;
They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she swore
To spare the male creation.

Before

Before her now the buck, the beau,

The squire, the captain trips ;

The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,

The forward seiz'd her lips.

For some she felt her bosom pant,

For some she felt it smart ;

To all she gave enchanting smiles,

To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt — (for magic charms prevail'd,

And Fancy play'd her farce on)

That, soft reclin'd in elbow-chair,

She kiss a sleeping parson.

She dreamt — but, O rash Muse ! forbear,

Nor virgins dreams pursue ;

Yet blest above the Gods is he

Who proves such visions true.

THE
MULBERRY - TREE.

A T A L E.

FOR LONDON'S rich city, two STAFFORDSHIRE
 swains,
Hight JOHNSON, hight GARRICK, forsaking their
 plains,
Reach'd SHAKESPEARE'S OWN STRATFORD, where flows
 by his tomb
An AVON, as proudly as TIBER by ROME.
Now GARRICK, (sweet imp too of Nature was he,)
Would climb and would eat from his MULBERRY-TREE;

Yet as JOHNSON, less frolic, was taller, was older,
 He reach'd the first boughs by the help of his shoulder ;
 Where, shelter'd from famine, from bailiffs, and wea-
 ther,

Bards, critics, and players sat crowded together ;
 Who devour'd in their reach, all the fruit they could
 meet,

The good, bad, indifferent, the bitter and sweet :
 But GARRICK climb'd high to a plentiful crop,
 Then, heavens ! what vagaries he play'd on the top !
 How, now on the loose twigs, and now on the tight,
 He stood on his head, and then bolted upright !

All features, all shapes, and all passions he tried ;
 He danc'd, and he strutted, he laugh'd and he cried,
 He presented his face, and he show'd his backside !

The noble, the vulgar, flock'd round him to see
 What feats he perform'd in the MULBERRY-TREE :

He repeated the pastime, then open'd to speak,
 But JOHNSON below mutter'd strophes of Greek,
 While GARRICK proclaim'd——such a plant never grew,
 So foster'd by sun-shine, by soil, and by dew.
 The palm-trees of DELOS, PHœNICIA's sweet grove,
 The oaks of DOBONA, tho' hallow'd by JOVS,
 With all that antiquity shows to surpass us,
 Compar'd to this tree, were mere shrubs of PARNAS-
 SUS.

Not the beeches of MANTUA, where TITYRUS was
 laid,
 Not all VALLOMBROSA produc'd such a shade,
 That the myrtles of FRANCE, like the birch of the
 schools,
 Were fit only for rods to whip Genius to rules ;
 That to STRATFORD's old MULBERRY, fairest and best,
 The Cedars of EDEN must bow their proud crest :
 Then the fruit——like the loaf in the TUB's pleasant Tale,
 That was fish, flesh, and custard, good claret, and ale—

It compriz'd every flavour, was all, and was each,
 Was grape, and was pine-apple, nectarine and peach ;
 Nay he swore, and his audience believ'd what he told,
 That under his touch it grew *apples of gold*.——

Now he paus'd !—then recounted its virtues again—

'Twas a wood for all use, bottom, top, bark, and
 grain :

It would saw into seats for an audience in full pits,

Into benches for judges, episcopal pulpits ;

Into chairs for philosophers, thrones too for kings,

Serve the highest of purposes, lowest of things ;

Make brooms to mount Witches, make May-poles for

May-days,

And boxes, and ink-stands, for wits and the ladies.—

His speech pleas'd the vulgar, it pleas'd their superi-
 ors,

By JOHNSON stopt short,—who his mighty posteriors

Applied to the trunk—like a **SAMPSON**, his haunches
 Shook the roots, shook the summit, shook stem, and
 shook branches !

All was tremor and shock!—now descended in showers
 Wither'd leaves, wither'd limbs, blighted fruits, bligh-
 ted flowers !

The fragments drew critics, bards, players along,
 Who held by weak branches, and let go the strong ;
 E'en **GARRICK** had dropt with a bough that was
 rotten,

But he leapt to a sound, and the slip was forgotten.

Now the plant's close recesses lay open to day,
 While **JOHNSON** exclaim'd, stalking stately away,
 Here's rubbish enough, till my homeward return,
 For children to gather, old women to burn ;
 Not practis'd to labour, my sides are too sore,
 Till another fit season, to shake you down more.

What

What future materials for pruning, and cropping,
And cleaning, and gleaning, and lopping and top-
ping!

Yet mistake me not, rabble! this tree's a good tree,
Does honour, dame NATURE, to BRITAIN and thee;
And the fruit on the top,—take its merits in brief,
Makes a noble desert, where the dinner's roast-
beef!

T O

A L A D Y.

Y E S ; Wedlock's sweet bands were too blest, in her
lover

If Virtue her likeness could find,

What PLATO * has fabled, could JULIA recover

Her lost other half, from mankind.

What joy to receive all the good you impart,

Thy cares on another recline,

Another's fond bosom, and feel that his heart

Beats all the same measures with thine !

* PLATO's fable is, that man and woman originally were one Being, divided afterwards by JUPITER for their punishment ; that each part, in perpetual search of the other, never recovers happiness till their reunion.

The

The features, the virtues of both, in your race,
 How sweet the confusion, enjoy !
 Yet more of thyself in the daughter still trace,
 And more of thy lord in the boy.

Such bliss rivals Heaven—yet what grief, what disgrace,
 Were Riot's low follower thy lot,
 Were he whose loud pleasures are wine and the chase,
 All Love's silent pleasures forgot !

What misery to hear, without daring reply,
 All folly, all insolence speaks ;
 Still calling the tear of reproach to thy eye,
 The flush of disdain to thy cheeks !

Would soft Macaronies have judgment to prize,
 Whom arts and whom virtues adorn,
 Who learnt every virtue and art to despise,
 Where CATOS and SCIPIOS were born ?

Would

Would Wealth's drowsy heir, without spark of Heaven's
fire,

Enshrin'd in his dullness completely,
Awake to the charmer, her voice, and her lyre,
Ah ! charm they tho' ever so sweetly ?

But what with the gamester, ah ! what were thy fate,
What Fortune's caprices thy share !
To sleep upon down under canopied state,
To wake on the straw of Despair !

The timid free-thinker, that only defies
Those bolts which his Maker can throw ;
Would he, when blaspheming the Lord of the skies,
Yet rev'rence his image below ?

Would slaves to a court, or to Faction's banditti,
Thy temperate spirit approve ;
So proud in their chains of the court and the city,
Disdaining no chains, but of Love ?

O ! mild

O! mild as the Zephyr, like Zephyr that throws
Its sweets on the sweet-breathing May;
But not on the lap of cold Winter bestows,
What Winter will never repay.

So turn thee from Folly's cold aspect, ah! turn
From Vice's hard bosom away;
The wife and the virtuous thy sweets will return,
As warm and as grateful as MAX.

O N

A very Fine L A D Y.

FINE B——— observes no other rules
Than those the COTERIE prize ;
She thinks, whilst Lords continue fools,
'Tis vulgar to be wise :

Thinks rudeness wit in noble dames,
Adultery, love polite ;
That ducal stars shoot brighter flames]
Than all the host of light.

Yet

Yet Sages own that greatness throws
A grace on SPENCER's charms ;
On HAGLEY's verse, on STANHOPE's prose,
And gilded MARLBOROUGH's arms.

For titles here their rev'rence ends,
In general Wisdom thinks
The higher Grandeur's scale ascends,
The lower Nature's sinks.

O N

An ASIATIC LADY.

O YOU who sail on INDIA's wealthy wave,
Of gems and gold who spoil the radiant East;
What oceans, say, what isles of fragrance gave
This fairer treasure to the joyful West?
What banks of GANGES, and what balmy skies
Saw the first infant dawn of those unclouded eyes?

By easy Arts while EUROPE's beauties reign,
Roll the blue languish of their humid eye;
Rule willing slaves, who court and kiss the chain,
Self-vanquish'd, helpless to resist or fly;

Less

Less yielding souls confess this Eastern Fair,
 And lightning melts the heart that milder fires would
 spare.

Of Gods, enamour'd with a mortal dame,
 Let GRECIAN story tell—the gifts display
 That deck'd CASSANDRA, and each honour'd name
 Lov'd by the God, who guides the golden day :
 See ! ASIA triumphs in a brighter scene ;
 A nobler PHŒBUS woos her Summer's smiling Queen.

Sublimer Sense, and sprightlier Wit to please,
 That PHŒBUS gave ; he gave the voice and lyre,
 That warble sweeter than the spicy breeze,
 He gave what charms meridian suns inspire ;
 What precious rays from Light's pure fountain stream,
 What warm the diamond's blaze and ruby's flaming
 beam.

T O

T H E S A M E,

O N H E R D R E S S.

AH envious robe! to frustrate Heaven's intent,
 Concealing Beauty from the eye of day;
 Beauty to man by gracious Nature sent
 To cheat the wand'rer on his lonesome way.

One Pow'r who wak'd AURORA's smiling light
 Gave skies their azure, and gave vales their green,
 Form'd the quick sense for wonder and delight,
 Made eyes to see, and LAURA to be seen.

Cur'd

Curs'd be th' eclipse that plunges morn in night,
 • And jealous clouds that shade the landscape's scene ;
 On envious robes severer curses light,
 That veil the beauties of my summer's queen !

Ah LAURA ! cruel LAURA ! why constrain,
 In Art's fantastic drapery, Nature's ease ?
 Why, form'd to empire, empire's arts disdain ?
 Why, born for pleasure, still refuse to please ?

Nor yet these folds on folds, this load of dress,
 Shall bar approaches to poetic love ;
 No—where the Graces sport in sweet recess,
 'Tis Fancy, bold intruder's joy to rove,

Fancy, pursuing where my LAURA flies,
 With wanton gales forbidden charms reveals,
 Betrays her slumbers, and with eager eyes
 The panting breast devouring, dreams it feels.

L

Fancy,

Fancy, indulgent to her votary's prayer,
Shews where, sequester'd from the sultry beam,
The limpid wave but ill conceal'd the fair,
With virgins sporting in her GANGES' stream.



T O T H E S A M E.

A H LAURA! while graces and songs,
 While smiles, winning smiles you impart;
 Indulgence but nurses desire,
 I sigh for that treasure, your heart.

Yes, take, too presumptuous, she cries,
 All that Virtue can wish to receive;
 Yes, take all that Virtue can grant,
 A heart I had never to give.

The Maid of the North, like the lake,
 That sleeps by her peaceable cot,
 Too languishing lives but for one,
 Forgetting the world, and forgot.

But born where my GANGES expands,
 To no partial channels confin'd,
 Unfix'd to no object, I flow
 With innocent smiles on mankind.

Our ASIA's bright dames, like their sun,
 Cheer all with benevolent reign,
 Coy moons EUROPE's daughters but light
 A single disconsolate swain.

O N

Reading the foregoing VERSES.

By Miss G——.

AH! DORIMANT, victim to Love,
Too fatally caught in his wiles,
Can you in fair LAURA approve
Those diffusive, those general smiles ?

If inconstancy dwells with that fire
Which the sun-beams of ASIA impart,
Can a daughter of EUROPE desire
To change with your LAURA a heart ?

L 3

No !

No!—happier the temp'rate mind,
 Which, fix'd to one object alone,
 To one tender passion confin'd,
 Breathes no wishes, no sighs, but for one.—

Such bliss has the maid of the plain,
 Tho' secluded she lives in a cot;
 Yet, rich in the love of her swain,
 She's contented, and blesses her lot.—

Ah! say, if deserving thy heart,
 The too undistinguishing fair,
 Who to thousands can raptures impart,
 And the raptures of thousands can share?

Ah! say, does she merit those lays?
 Those lays which true passion define?—
 No—unworthy the Fair of thy praise,
 Who can listen to any but thine.

S O N G.

HANG my lyre upon the willow,
Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn ;

Or, along the foamy billow

Float the wrecking tempest's scorn.

Sprightly sounds no more it raises,

Such as LAURA's smiles approve ;

LAURA scorns her poet's praises,

Calls his artless friendship love :

Calls it love, that spurning duty,

Spurning Nature's chastest ties,

Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,

Sports with fallen Virtue's sighs.

Call it love, no more profaning
Truth with dark Suspicion's wound ;
Or, my fair, the term retaining,
Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love—that name is given,
Angels, to your purest flames :
Such a love as merits Heaven,
Heaven's divinest image claims.

LAURA'S ANSWER.

By Miss G——.

SOON be thy lyre to winds consign'd,
Or hurl'd beneath the raging deep,
For while such strains seduce my mind,
How shall my heart its purpose keep?

Thy artful lays, which artless seem,
With too much fondness I approve;
Ah! write no more on such a theme,
Or LAURA'S friendship—ends in love.

R E P L Y

R E P L Y .

T O

Miss G——.

S A P P H O, while your Muse of fire,
 Listening to the vocal spheres,

Sits and tempers to her lyre

Airs divine for mortal ears:

Viewing higher orbs that glow,

Ever constant, ever true,

Still she dreams to find below

Perfect forms, as Heaven and you.

Blame not ASIA's fair, who glances
 Random smiles in heedless ease,
 Shifts at will her wayward fancies,
 Pleasing all, whom all can please;

Blame her not—no envied treasure
 Is the tenderer, feeling heart,
 Bosoms quick to keener pleasure
 Beat, alas! as quick to smart.

Who with eyes that ever languish,
 Still to desarts sighs alone?
 Who consumes her youth in anguish?
 —She who keeps an heart for one.

Tender love repaid with treason,
 Fortune's frowns, parental power,
 Blast her in the vernal season,
 Bend her, unsupported flower.

Happier

Happier she, with pliant nature
 Fleeting, fickle as the wind ;
 She, who proving one a traitor,
 Turns to meet another kind.

Blame her not—with ASIAN rovers
 What can ASIA'S fair pursue ?
 What ? but lessons taught by lovers,
 Like the traitor, treacherous too.

Why should faith, obsequious duty,
 Sooth an eastern tyrant's scorn ?
 Who but rifles joyless beauty
 Steals the honey, leaves the thorn.

Sadness fits by GANGES' fountains ;
 How can echo cheer the vale ?
 What repeat from fragrant mountains ?
 What but grief and horror's tale ?

What

What but shrieks of wild despair ?

What but shouts that murder sleep ?

There the struggling, fainting fair ;

There—but see my SAPPHO weep !

Change the strain !—this mournful measure

Melts, oppresses virtuous hearts—

SAPPHO, wake thy lyre of pleasure !

Sing of EUROPE'S happier arts !

Sing of all the mingled blessing

Reason, tempering passion, knows ;

All the transport of possessing

Unluck'd beauty's willing rose !

Sing of that refin'd sensation

Mutual melting bosoms prove,

Souls exchang'd, sweet emanation,

Separate being lost in love !

Rapture's

Rapture's tears, voluptuous stream !

Languor stealing sorrow's sighs ;

Sing of love—thyself the theme !

Sing of love—thyself the prize !



T O

Miss G——.

AH leave, you cry, the harp unstrung,
For Fortune shifts her fickle wind:
Resume thy lyre, on willows hung,
To sing the fair, no longer kind.

No—nearer view my alter'd state,
For fear too high, for hope too low;
Beneath the victor's joyful fate,
Yet far above the captive's woe.

The charms of sense no more beguile ;
On Reason's lap I lay me down :
If claiming now no beauties' smile,
Appears it just to meet their frown ?

Light

Light infects they, of gaudy hues,
 Admire the glare of youthful day,
 Still bathe in morn's, not evening's dews,
 From shades of autumn fleet away.

Behold their train of captains, beaux !
 Disdain my breast, disdain to fight !
 To these the fair, the rivals those,
 The son of Jove's be my reply :

“ Ah why desert th' OLYMPIC games ?
 “ Aspire to victory ! ” PHILIP cries :
 “ I come,” young AMMON fierce exclaims,
 “ If kings my rivals, thrones the prize.”

Yes, letter'd maid ! my soul approve,
 The seat no more of vain desires :
 Extinguish'd there the flame of love,
 Extinguish'd there Ambition's fires !

To save from vice, from folly save,

What aid can beauty, power afford ?

Unworthy love to call thee slave,

Unworthy crowds to call thee lord !

Pure reason, yes ; pure truth—but why,

Ah why ! rebellious heart declare,

With flattering pulse and stifled sigh,

That other tenants harbour there ?

Go—tranquil Hope, by turns to dwell,

Expelling Reason Pleasures court,

Expelling Passion Wisdom's cell :

Go—Reason's, Passion's mutual sport.

Vain dreamer !—rather both revere,

But neither's sole dominion own :

When Heaven assign'd to each their sphere,

It never meant excluding one :

M

Excluding

Excluding which ?—objections wait

On vain pretensions either forms ;

Alike to life's salubrious state

Ye both are fatal—calms and storms.



[163]

T O.

L A U R A,

O N

Her receiving a Mysterious LETTER from
A METHODIST DIVINE.

THE Doctor wakes early—half drest in his cassock,
He steals from his consort to write ;
She sleeps—and sweet Heaven is invok'd from his hassock
To lengthen the trance of her night.

Now he writes to the fair, with what fervour he paints
Heaven's glory concern'd in her fame ;
How he raves upon grace, and the union of Saints,
Idolatry, raptures, and flame ?

M 2.

Equivocal

Equivocal priest, lay solemnity by,

Deceiver thyself, or deceiv'd !

When you kneel to the idol of beauty, and sigh,

Are your ardors for Heaven believ'd ?

Will the heart that is kindled from passions below

Ascend in pure spirit above ?

Ah ! analyse better, as blended they glow

The flames of Religion and Love.—

Quit the Teacher, my fair one, and listen to me,

A Doctor less grave and severe !

Who eternity's joys for the virtuous can see

Consistent with happiness here.

Still reverence, I preach, those endearing relations

Of daughter, of parent, of wife :

Yet I blame not your relish for slighter sensations

That sweeten the medicine of life.

Know,

Know, the virtue it cherishes Heaven will reward,

But attend to no blasphemous tales,

That the blaze of the Deity shines unimpair'd,

Though human infirmity fails.

Know your God as he is, wise, good, beyond measure,

No tyrant in horrors array'd,

But a Father, who smiles on the innocent pleasure

Of amiable creatures he made!—

Still please, and pursue his benevolent ends,

Still enrapture the heart and the ear!

I can swear for myself, and believe for my friends,

Our morals improve as we hear.

If the passions are waken'd by Harmony's charm,

Their breezes waft health to the mind;

What our reason but labours, vain toil! to disarm,

By virtue and song are refin'd.

Ah ! listen to me, in whose natural school

Religion leads Truth by the hand !—

Who regulates faith by a mystical rule,

But builds his foundation on sand !

By the winds of unreconcil'd principles driven,

Still fluctuates the METHODIST's plan ;

Now he wishes you chaste for the glory of Heaven,

—Now frail—for the pleasure of man.

TO THE SAME.

ON POLITICS.

FROM moments so precious to life,
All politics, LAURA, remove ;
Ruby lips must not animate strife,
But breathe the sweet language of love.

What is party ?—a zeal without science,
A bubble of popular fame,
In Nature and Virtue's defiance,
'Tis Reason enslav'd to a name.

'Tis the language of madness, or fashion,
 Where knaves only guess what they mean ;
 'Tis a cloak to conceal private passion,
 To indulge, with applause, private spleen.

Can I, plac'd by my LAURA, inquire,
 If poison or claret put out
 Our CHURCHILL's satyrical fire,
 If WILKES lives with ears or without ?

When you vary your charms with your patches,
 To me 'tis a weightier affair,
 Than who writes the northern dispatches,
 Or sits in the President's chair.

When, by Nature and Art form'd to please,
 You sing, and you talk, and you laugh,
 Can I forfeit such raptures as these,
 To dream of the CHAMBERLAIN's staff ?

Secure under BRUNSWICK and Heaven,
 I trust the state vessel shall ride ;
 To BUTE let the rudder be given,
 Or PITT be permitted to guide.

At ALMACK's, when the turtle's well drest,
 Must I know the cook's country, or starve ?
 And when GEORGE gives us Liberty's feast,
 Not taste 'till NEWCASTLE shall carve ?

Yet think not that wildly I range,
 With no sober system in view ;
 My notions are fix'd, though they change,
 Applied to GREAT BRITAIN and you.

There, I reverence our bright constitution,
 Not heeding what Calumny raves,
 Yet wish for a new Revolution,
 Should rulers treat subjects as slaves.

Here

Here, the doctrine of boundless dominion,
Of boundless obedience is mine ;
Ah ! my fair, to cure schism in opinion,
Confess non-resistance is thine.



T O

L A U R A .

F A R E W E L L T O T H E R O S E .

GO Rose—in gaudy gardens wilt thou bloom,
Far from the silent vale of peace and love ?
On fluttering insects lavish waste perfume,
Or deck the fickle wreath that folly wove ?

And yet the fragrance of thy evening hour,
Ambrosial odours, yet to me refuse ?
To me, who pay thy sweets, ungrateful flower !
With rich returns of incense from the Muse ?—

Who

Who but the Muse transplants thee, short-liv'd Rose!
From mortal regions to celestial seats?
By Memory's fountain, where thy buds disclose
Eternal beauties, with eternal sweets.



S O N G T O * * * *

WHAT! bid me seek another fair
 In untry'd paths of female wiles?

And posies wreath of other hair,

And bask secure in other smiles?

Thy friendly stars no longer prize,

And light my course by other eyes?

Ah no!—my dying lips shall close,

Unalter'd love, as faith, professing;

Nor praising him who life bestows,

Forget who makes that gift a blessing.

My last address to Heav'n is due;

The last but one is all—to you.

On Men being deprived, from Custom and
Delicacy, of enjoying social Friendship
with the Fair Sex.

HAD soft ASPASIA's sex been man,
What Friendship's holy chains
Had link'd our beings, Fortune's plan,
Our pleasures and our pains ?

Alike our ruder, milder sports,
Our studies too the same,
Companions both in shades and courts,
In paths of love or fame.

By bright collision, patriot beams
Had flush'd from soul to soul,
And War had seen, in Union's streams,
Our tide of glory roll.

There Fate, that strikes the noblest breast,
 Had surely reverenc'd thine ;
 The thirsty lance I then had blest
 For only wounding mine.

But ah ! my sweeter downy hours,
 Had I been chang'd, not you ;
 What tranquil joys, if kinder powers
 Had made me woman too !

Made each the other's softer care,
 One table then had fed,
 One chamber lodg'd the faithful pair,
 Ah do not blush !—one bed.

Both fitting at one busy loom
 In Nature's vernal bow'r,
 Had rivall'd Nature's vernal bloom,
 Creating both one flow'r.

Both

Both screen'd from summer's sultry view,
 In shades by haunted stream,
 Had own'd the moral vision true
 That youthful poets dream.

Sweet wisdom, couch'd in mystic rhyme,
 Yet bending o'er the brook,
 Had gather'd morals more sublime
 From great Creation's book ;

And felt our mixing souls refine
 In purer Wisdom's ray,
 The BEING Virtue's friend and thine
 Had clear'd our mists away.

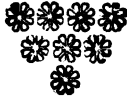
My morning incense, ev'ning pray'r,
 With thine, had soar'd above,
 With thine ascending sweeter there
 On wings of song and love.

Vain dreams ! for custom's laws, combin'd

With Virtue's stern decree,

Divide the Beings Nature join'd,

Divide my fair from me.



T O

A Y O U N G L A D Y,

Fainting at the News of her Friend's Misfortunes.

AH! maid too gentle, while thy tears deplore
 The virtuous exile on a foreign shore,
 Thy pulse forgets to beat, thy cheek to glow,
 Dim the bright eye, fix'd monument of woe,
 Lost every function, vanish'd every sense:
 Is this thy lot, divine benevolence?
 Approach no more, such bitter anguish, near
 So soft a bosom; flow alone the tear,
 That dew of Heaven, O maid! to Heaven allied,
 Thy great Redeemer shed for man, and died.

Good

Good Angels mourn Creation's glories lost,
 And mourning please, resemble him the most ;
 Flow then thy tear, ordain'd by Heaven's decree,
 For blifs to others, sweeter blifs to thee !
 With Pity's pangs her dear sensations feel ;
 The shaft that wounds thee, drops a balm to heal.
 Thy soul expanding, like a vernal flower,
 Shall glow the brighter in Affliction's shower.
 For every tear to suff'ring Virtue given,
 Itself approving, and approv'd by Heaven.
 Weep then, but weep another's fate alone ;
 Let smiles be still attendant on thy own !

O N T H E
D E A T H
O F A N
I N F A N T.

HOW blest is he whom Nature's gentle hand
Has snatch'd from human life and human woes,
Ev'n in his childish days, ere yet he knew
Or sin, or pain, or youthful passion's force !
In Earth's soft lap, beneath the flowery turf,
His peaceful ashes sleep ; to Heaven ascends
Th' unspotted soul, declar'd by voice divine

A guest

A guest well pleasing—Then no longer mourn,
Thou drooping parent, nor bewail him lost—
In life's first bloom, when infant reason dawn'd,
And the young mind, unfolding every power,
Gave promise fair of manhood, transport fill'd
The mother's bosom, pondering every word
And action there. She now lamenting loud
Deplores him, from her vain embraces torn
By unrelenting fate, and fierce disease ;
Like eastern storms that blast the opening year.

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T O

Miss N——M,

WRITTEN AT

B R I G H T H E L M S T O N E.

L O V E L Y N——m! rise, and see
Modest morn resemble thee!

Ocean smiles with your repose,

Come to seas, where VENUS rose!

Bathing, Dr. POOL observes,

Braces all the optic nerves.

“Heavens,” she cries, “what idle whim!

“Youthful eyes are seldom dim;

“Mine can mark the distant sail,

“Or lowing herds in SUSSEX vale;

Scarce

" Scarce a spire or cottage smoke,
 " Or cloud embracing mountain oak ;
 " An object scarce of land or sea
 " Rises unperceiv'd by me."

True—but eyes that distant roam,

Frequent fail for scenes at home.

Let example make me clearer,

Place yourself at **SHERGOLD'S** mirror !

Every mild reflected grace,

That angel form, that angel face,

A world of wonders all can view,

Envy only blind and—you.

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T O T H E

Mrs.'s R————s.

W R I T T E N A T

B R I G H T H E L M S T O N E.

NO, gentle Ladies!—he on BRIGHTON'S flood,
Who deck'd with N——s' name a feeble page;
For you, the guardians of the fair and good,
Has arm'd no bitter stings of Satan's rage.

On impious necks the Muse of Vengeance treads,
For shameless Folly dips her shafts in gall;
While, dropping odours on your virtuous heads,
The dews of praise, a precious ointment, fall.

Your

Your N———m's mind in every virtue grew,
 In every grace, beneath your sweet controul;
 In genuine lustre were preserv'd by you
 Her polish'd form, reflecting all the soul.

Her candid smiles, unconscious of their worth,
 Her blush of nature without other dye!
 You taught her modest eyes to love the earth,
 Or soar in flaming rapture to the sky.

Her, the best gift of Heaven, its gracious love
 Permitted to your guidance—come and share
 The joy of virtuous souls, whose toils improve
 The * talents trusted to their fruitful care,

Come, faithful servants—hear a voice proclaim
 Your hymn of triumph—'tis no song of mine;
 'Tis Heaven that calls you to partake your fame
 With God the giver, and this gift divine.

* Matthew xxv.

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V E R S E S

WRITTEN AT

B R I G H T H E L M S T O N E .

HERE CHARLES lay shelter'd, from this desert shore
He launch'd the bark, and brav'd the tempest's
roar ;

He trusted here the faith of simple swains,
And ocean, friendlier than the WORCESTER * plains.
No beauteous forms, as now, adorn'd it then,
The downs were pathless, without haunt of men.

* CHARLES the II^d. after the battle of WORCESTER, escaped to FRANCE in a fishing-boat, from BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

One

One shepherd wander'd on the lonely hill,
 One village-maid explor'd the distant rill.
 But mark the glittering scenes succeeding these;
 See peopled all the shores, and healing seas;
 Yet, friend to BRITAIN, flows alike the wave
 With INDIA'S treasures, and defrauds the grave.
 Had Fate now plac'd him on this fairy land,
 The thoughtless CHARLES had linger'd on the strand,
 Nor danger chill'd, nor high ambition fir'd
 That wanton bosom, by the loves inspir'd:
 His languid sails the monarch HERE had furl'd,
 Had gain'd a N——n's smile, and lost the world.

T O

Miss G——,

From BRIGHTELMSTONE.

COME, STELLA, let us climb the heights

Where purer spirits flow,

And upward point our mental flights,

And mock the scenes below.

And turn no more the giddy rounds

Of Pleasure's wanton chace,

But range beyond material bounds,

Eternity, and space!—

Come,

Come, read in ocean's ample page,
Explain the cause that guides,
That bridles now, and now to rage
Precipitates the tides.

In glory see the planets roll,
Their laws, their measure, scan,
Nor there confin'd, explore the soul,
And liberty, and man!

On soaring pinions let us shoot,
Like him, the bird of Jove!

—“ What waste,” she cries, “ in such pursuit,
“ An age of life and love!

“ With eagle flight and eagle view
“ Let NEWTON fail the sky!

“ But what am I? or what are you,
“ Philosopher?—a fly:

“ Vain

- “ Vain insect ! now aloft he springs
“ To drink the liquid light,
“ And quenches now his flagging wings.
“ In angry seas and night.
- “ Ah fool ! to quit his reptile state
“ Amid fresh dews and flowers !
“ Be his the justly purchas'd fate,
“ The sober lesson ours.
- “ From clouds descending, let us try
“ What humbler regions give !
“ Let others soar to fall and die !
“ 'Tis ours to creep, and live.”

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A N S W E R

T O T H E

FOREGOING VERSES.

By Miss G——.

NO more let science tempt thy searching eyes
Beyond the bounds prescrib'd to mortal fight,
No more advent'rous mount the lofty skies,
And daring, penetrate the realms of light.

With humble mind go trace thy Maker's hand

In every smiling valley, fertile plain ;
Adore his bounty in the cultur'd land,
Revere his wisdom in the stormy main !

Nor thoughtless view the vast tremendous sea,
 Whose course impetuous power divine restrains ;
 Whose rushing tide, controul'd by Heaven's decree,
 Forbears to violate the flow'ry plains.

Nor yet confine to these thy wand'ring fight,
 While splendid gems the face of Heav'n adorn ;
 Nor heedless view the radiant lamps of night,
 Nor heedless view the sun that gilds the morn :

But turn with praise to HIM who reigns above,
 Supreme o'er works that speak almighty power ;
 O ! turn a grateful bosom breathing love,
 And learn the noblest lesson—to adore.

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ON THE
DEATH
OF A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

GO, mournful spirit, wing thy dreary way,
Leave a lov'd mansion, leave the chearful day;
A naked wanderer on the winter's wind,
Ah leave, reluctant, youth and strength behind!
Not long a wanderer, to that happier shore
Be Heaven thy guide, where mourning is no more!
In purer mansions, in a form divine,
Immortal youth, immortal joy, be thine!

O INSCRIP.

I N S C R I P T I O N

F O R A

F O U N T A I N .

O YOU, who mark what flowrets gay,
What gales, what odours breathing near,
What sheltering shades from summer's ray
Allure my spring to linger here :

Yet see me quit this margin green,
Yet see me deaf to Pleasure's call,
Explore the thirsty haunts of men,
Yet see my bounty flow for all.

O learn

O learn of me—no partial rill,
No slumbering selfish pool be you ;
But social laws alike fulfil ;
O flow for all creation too !



On the converting the late Mr. WOOD-
 DESON'S HOUSE, at KINGSTON,
 into a POOR-HOUSE, and cutting down
 the great Walk of high Trees before it.

WHERE the broad path-way fronts yon ancient seat,
 Approach not, stranger, with unhallow'd feet,
 Nor mock the spot, unshelter'd now, and bare !
 The grove's old honours rose majestic there :
 It's giant arms extending to defend
 Thy reverend temples, man's and virtue's friend !
 Secure thy walk that unpierc'd gloom along,
 No storm approach'd to silence HOMER's song ;

No

No beam to wound thy Heav'n-directed eye:
 The world's near tumult swept unheeded by.
 Now, low as thine, these towering heads are laid,
 Nor more embower the mansion in their shade,
 Time-honour'd pile ! that, owning thee its lord,
 Saw ancient manners, ancient faith, restor'd ;
 In renovated youth beheld again
Saturnian days, the good ELIZA's reign.
 With thee too sheltering many an angel guest,
 For what, but Heaven, serener than thy breast ?—
 Blest mansion then, Simplicity's abode,
 Where smiling Innocence look'd up to God,
 Where Nature's genuine graces charm'd the heart,
 Or Nature, polish'd but by classic art.
 There Fancy, warm'd with brightest, chafest beams,
 The faint's high rapture, and the poet's dreams,
 While Virtue left, delighting there to dwell,
 The pensive mountain, and the hermit's cell.—

There

There the good teacher held by turns to youth
 The blaze of fiction and pure light of truth,
 Who, less by præcept than example fir'd,
 Glow'd as he taught, inspiring and inspir'd.

Nor think, gay revellers, this awful roof
 Echoed no sounds but Wisdom's harsh reproof;
 The social board, attendant Mirth, was there,
 The Smile unconscious of to-morrow's care,
 With every tranquil joy of wedded life,
 The gracious children, and the faithful wife.
 In dance, in song, in harmless sports approv'd,
 There youth has frolick'd, there soft maïds have lov'd.
 There one, distinguish'd one—not sweeter blows
 In simpler ornament attir'd, the rose,
 The rose she cull'd to deck the nuptial bower,
 Herself as fair—a transitory flower.—

Thus a short hour—and woods and turrets fall;
 The good, the great, the beauteous, perish all.

Another

Another age a gayer race supplies,
 Less awful groves, and gaudier villas rise.
 See Wisdom's place usurp'd by Folly's sons,
 And scorners sit on Virtue's vacant thrones.
 See neighbouring COMBE's old genius quit its bowers,
 Not * WARWICK's name preserv'd his Gothic towers;
 Nor distant † see new royal domes deride
 What half remains of WOLSEY's ancient pride!
 While yet this humbler pile survives to prove
 A mansion worthy of its master's love:
 Like him, still welcomes to its liberal door'
 Whom most he honour'd, honouring most the poor;
 Like him, the lisping infant's blessing shares,
 And age's gratitude in silent prayers.—

* Combe-Neville, near Kingston, built by the king-making Earl of Warwick.

† The new apartments at Hampton Court, rais'd on the ruins of part of Wolsey's palace.

While such partake the couch, the frugal feast,
No regal chambers boast an equal guest ;
For, gracious Maker, by thy own decree,
Receiving mercy is receiving **THEE** !—

F I N I S .





