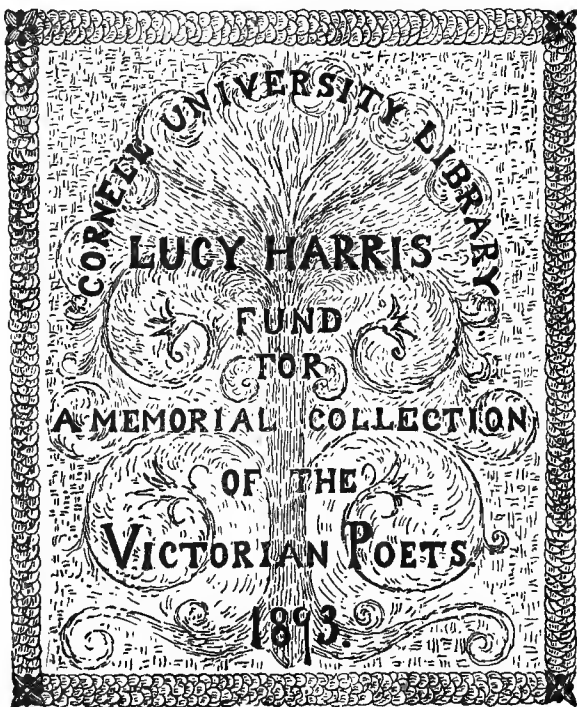




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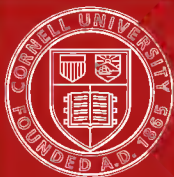
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# P O E M S

BY  
FREDERICK BRYANT.



*PRIVATELY PRINTED,*  
1880.

A. 155820  
:

DEDICATED

TO

SIR THOMAS KIRKPATRICK.





As the classics to me were never yet known,  
 I make use of a grammar that's nearly my own.

As in good society I hope to be seen,  
 I beg you'll keep my pages clean.

When Poetry I first began,  
 It was simply done in joke ;  
 I could not think to such a man  
 That the Muses ever spoke :  
 For school I left when much too young,  
 And follow'd fancies' courses,  
 I play'd the truant the whole week long  
 With Donkeys, Dogs, or Horses :  
 Which made me such a stupid dolt  
 I could scarcely learn my letters,  
 As wild as any prairie colt  
 Before he had worn his fetters.

*TO E. PAYNE, ESQ.*

I'm come to inform Mr. Edward Payne  
 His young mare (like Richard) is herself again ;  
 For tho' sickness sore around her hover'd,  
 I'm happy to inform him she's recover'd.

But to drive her home, why ! believe me, Sir,  
 The journey decidedly is too far :  
 From over-exertion she'd be off her feed,  
 Then oh !! how you'd waste your poor drab steed.

•  
 She's not altogether a horsedealer's hack,  
 So drive where you please, and then drive her back :  
 But if convenient, and you deem it meet,  
 I'll meet you on Tuesday in Maldon High Street :

Where, if you'll condescend to sit by my side,  
 I should be most happy to give you a ride :  
 When I hope you'll make it convenient to try it,  
 And judge for yourself whether she's quiet.

Then, should I train again, may you understand,  
 That I'd rather, much rather, train them first hand.  
 But now I'll conclude, for it is my desire,  
 To give satisfaction to E. Payne, Esquire.

*A SET-OFF BILL TO A MEDICAL  
GENTLEMAN, WITHOUT ANY DATE.*

Sir,

I humbly beg pardon for making you wait,  
'Twas occasioned, believe me, through losing the date.  
It was two drives with Rockingham, some time or other,  
And one with Miss Hutly, and that makes another :  
One week with Merry Legs, found straw, corn, and hay,  
And one ditto, the Doctor's mare, and that was a Grey.  
Then Hudson, from Maldon, to my pit did travel,  
And took back in return six carts of gravel :  
Now, choose your own time your signature to fix,  
I'll give you a call but not charge three and six.

---

*TO MRS. HART.*

For conveying of your furniture,  
Leaving your plate and wine secure,  
    Myself and man,  
    With horse and van,  
To Maldon twice did travel.  
    May it please your will  
    To settle this bill,  
'Twill include two loads of gravel.  
And as I am sure you'll pay my fee,  
I may as well state, paid F. B.

*“ I SAY BRYANT, BOY, SHEW ME THE  
DEVIL AS SOON AS YOU CAN.”*

Fred Bryant being requested by Mr. John Wood,  
To shew him the Devil as soon as he could,  
The demand seem'd to him both stunning and thrilling ;  
Altho', to oblige him, he felt somewhat willing ;  
For his creed held it forth as an excellent plan  
“ To do all for the best as near as one can.”  
But as devils on earth it's supposed we oft trace,  
And spirits we're told travel thro' chaos and space ;  
Then with pray'r and with fasting let us keep in mind,  
And pray as to devils we may always prove blind ;  
Yet as we're oft in error, pray that God may forgive,  
And ne'er shew us a devil when we cease to live.  
Now rise and attend to a colt breaking bard,  
And I'll warrant you'll see your devil in the yard.

[*Mr. Wood jocosely meant “ his colt.”*]

*DR. HILLIARD REQUESTED ME TO GET  
HIM SOME GRASS.*

Sir,

John Willsmer, of Southminster "Rose and Crown,"  
Will take your horses if you'll send them down,  
And find them feed of the very best,  
To cool their feet, and give them rest.  
He says it is an excellent quarter,  
In pasturage as well as water ;  
As our converse finish'd in a trice,  
I had no time to inquire for price :  
But the truth to you I am now stating,  
That he said he'd not be overrating.  
Now, send them down, (we've had such rains),  
To get them fresh and ease their pains.  
And now, for fear you'd deem me rude,  
I'll wipe my pen and so conclude.

---

*DR. HILLIARD'S REPLY TO FREDERICK  
BRYANT.*

For all the trouble and all the care  
That you have spent my nags to feed,  
Accept my thanks in verse as fair,  
Sincere and true, in word and deed.

But still I cannot take the offer  
 Contain'd in your poetic letter,  
 Altho' the grass is good you proffer,  
 I think I've met with something better.

A marsh of twenty acres wide  
 On Foulness Island, not the worst,  
 A pond of water too beside,  
 Both sweet and clean to slake their thirst.

So yesterday my drunken (careful) groom  
 Set off to find this gen'rous quarter,  
 And not returning till the gloom  
 Got drunk, no doubt, on gin and water.

But notwithstanding all this worry,  
 I thank you kindly for your letter :  
 And tho' in a confounded hurry,  
 Believe me, that I rest your debtor.

---

*MRS. CROSS CASHED A NINE POUNDS  
 CHEQUE AND LOST IT.*

To all that know poor old Will Cross,  
 Who hunted the "Union Hounds,"  
 Pray kindly assist him in his loss,  
 For he's minus just nine pounds.

For Mrs. Cross to market came,  
Just as housewives often do,  
When some vile wretch I cannot name,  
Stole 'kerchief and money too.

So I've resolved within my mind  
To try each covert and crank :  
Hoping that I soon may find  
And no more draw a blank.

And tho' I'm waiting here awhile  
Anidst hopes, and doubts, and fears,  
I wish to cause old Will to smile  
Through luckless Sukey's tears.

And when you've gather'd up the pelf,  
As well as you are able,  
Prithee, write down the sum yourself  
Before you leave the table.

So if you can adopt this plan,  
And with charity be found,  
Do what you can for the "huntsman,"  
Before he runs to ground.

*TO THE COURT OF BANKRUPT—C.*

I know nought—where e'er it B,  
 Sir, when first your letter met my eyes,  
 It filled my mind with much surprise ;  
 For A. B. Millington did once agree  
 To take chickens instead of cash from me.  
 He said they both were fond of pickin'  
 The flesh from off the bones of chicken ;  
 Consequently I did then and there  
 Send to them a most beautiful pair :  
 And from exorbitance I hope I'm free,  
 For I only charged them shillings three.  
 The bill you sent is fifteen and nine,  
 But to pay in full I must decline ;  
 Whether you laugh, or whether you scoff,  
 The charge of my chickens must come off.  
 And to keep your account right with mine,  
 I thus make the balance twelve and nine :  
 And I here, within this letter's border,  
 Have enclos'd you a Post-Office order ;  
 It's only for a little physic  
 To keep the colts from cold and phtysic ;  
 As I don't wish to cause a bubble,  
 I've explain'd it thus to spare the trouble.  
 Now to make the ends of law complete,  
 Pray send me back a correct receipt ;  
 And, as Law Courts are to me a bore,  
 I shall hope to hear from you no more.

[The Author, having received from the above Court an order to pay a bill, sent the above lines and received a highly complimentary receipt.]



*A HUNTING DISAPPOINTMENT.*

Sir,

These lines will prove that you possess  
 The proper number of my address,  
 And bring to mind with you no doubt  
 What all this jingling rhyme's about ;  
 At Hadleigh Castle, in all due course,  
 You engaged me to ride your horse ;  
 Day, place, and time were agreed wjthal,  
 To be the next meet at Barton Hall.  
 The time arrived and so did Fręd,  
 While snows were falling on his head ;  
 His arrival announc'd to Mr. Grant,  
 Return'd this answer—" Him I don't want."  
 For last week we both receiv'd a spill  
 From which we are now very ill ;  
 Driving me discourteously from his table,  
 And my horse inhumanely from the stable.  
 Forget such treatment I hardly can ;  
 It could not have come from a sportsman ;  
 Had you but written as you should  
 I might have ridden for Mr. Wood ;  
 Where with kindly treatment receiv'd my fee  
 And not have been thus galled by thee.  
 But, hold awhile, I will not enlarge  
 For ten shillings only is my charge.

That sum I'll call for when at Rayleigh,  
Hoping till then your cash won't fail ye.  
And when next you engage, I pray, Grant,  
You'll keep your promise and ne'er recant—  
But since then we've ridden side by side  
And with each other are satisfied.

---

*TO E. PAYNE, ESQ.*

Sir,  
As your horse is not so large  
As some I'll moderate my charge ;  
For it's my desire in trade to thrive,  
So I'll only charge you one pound five :  
And should he prove quiet at home again,  
I am sure he'll give much pleasure to Payne.

*REMARKS UPON A FOX CHASE WITH THE  
LATE LORD PETRE.*

Awake, my muse, and chant the lays  
 Of good old Smiler's sporting days,  
 When I was young and she was strong  
 And we could go the whole day long ;  
 Thorndon, her nobles from far did bring,  
 And her Foxhounds made the welkin ring.  
 When Smiler could skim the brooks and fields,  
 And the meet was fix'd for Langdon Hills ;  
 At Northlands reynard before us stood  
 And led us a chase to Rawreth Wood ;  
 But, as thro' the bushes he did glide,  
 Old Benedict caught him by the side,  
 And held him down upon the ground  
 Till half the pack did him surround.  
 They pain'd him sore : they stopp'd his breath,  
 For Mercy sent a friend,—'twas Death !  
 Then from his rump, his brush Joe took,  
 And gave the cheering death Whoo-Whoop.  
 Then trotting homeward—" I don't say all"—  
 Were joking with those who had the fall ;  
 For many that day were forced to bow,  
 As the cut down banks oft brought them low.

The sun was setting that lovely day,  
 Like earthly pleasures soon pass'd away :  
 Each face was smiling—none wore a frown—  
 My Lord was pleas'd—he gave me a crown.  
 Now Smiler was prais'd by man and woman ;  
 She leap'd gate and pit at Laindon Common ;  
 She did them well of her own accord,  
 And brought smile and praise from Thorndon's Lord,  
 For he said her like could not be found,  
 Altho' you search'd the country round :  
 And more than that, I tell you what,  
 Thirteen miles an hour she oft did trot,  
 And many a large one she defied  
 Tho' broken kneed and single-eyed.  
 She'd deep ribs, short legs, and full of fire,  
 And I never knew poor Smiler tire ;  
 She was so good in every pace,  
 Whether on the road or in the chase.  
 But hold, my muse ! cease rhyme and punning,  
 For Cross has stopp'd my Smiler's running ;  
 Yes, Death, that everlasting spoiler,  
 Has robb'd me of my good old Smiler ;  
 But, tho' thou'rt dead and out of sight,  
 Thy fame shall live, my favourite.  
 Long may thy deeds in mem'ry last,  
 Altho' thy sporting days are past.  
 And ere we tread around life's ball  
 Let's know that " Death " will stop us all.

## ON VULGARITY.

Dame Nature once with sov'reign power  
 Had sown some seed and rais'd a flower,  
 And thought no doubt she'd done her duty,  
 Adorning it with grace and beauty.  
 And having grown to its full span  
 Appeared a perfect *gentleman* ;  
 But, be it said or be it sung,  
 That flow'r had got a vulgar tongue.  
 Now, should these lines confront that *flower*,  
 Perhaps they'll sink its spirit lower,  
 And prove to it that Nature's graces  
 Don't always dwell with handsome faces :  
 Though rude, may they give no offence,  
 But rather raise the scale of sense,  
 That when in speech or recitation  
 'Twill shun all vulgar conversation.  
 Now, let the rude and thoughtless man  
 Laugh at my subject if he can ;  
 May this well meant remark suffice  
 To banish this unseemly vice :  
 For harps of praise cannot *be sung*  
 To those who use a vulgar tongue.

*TO MR. ROBERT HART.*

Now to our neighbour Robert Hart,  
Who this day our hearts doth cheer,  
Who has so kindly for his part  
Brought us some harvest beer.

Yes, home-brew'd ale that's genuine  
In glass looks all perfection,  
That round our hearts seems to entwine  
Leaving the election.

Then let us toast him for his kindness,  
High let our voices rise ;  
Ingratitude is human blindness,  
Hurrah ! echo replies.

May he in the old English chase  
Join with us heart and hand,  
And at the festive board take place,  
The custom of our land,

When neighbours round the social bowl  
Converse (but not corrupt),  
With kindly feelings from the soul  
Each other then instruct.

But tho' the social bowl I quote,  
 It must not meet abuse,  
 We have it plain in Sacred note  
 It's sent us here for use.

Then let each one try one to save ;  
 In death we are all equal.  
 Should we meet beyond the grave  
 We shall find the sequel.

---

MALDON, *Oct. 1st, '55.*

Madam,

With much reluctance I feel compelled to send your little son home this morning, as I find it impossible at the present time to make him comfortable : nevertheless I should, if convenient to you and Mr. Bryant, be happy to receive him as a day pupil.

Yours very truly,

W. WYATT.

*THE REPLY.*

*Woodham Mortimer, Oct. 1st, 55.*

Sir,

Your letter we received,  
 And my wife and I were grieved,  
 To hear you were not able  
 To take our little son,  
 As we thought you would have done,  
 And found him bed and table.  
 But disappointments often roam  
 Like spray upon the angry foam  
 Which rises on the water.  
 Still this we hope will be his doom  
 To make improvement in your room  
 Until he ends the quarter.  
 May you forward him in ev'ry plan,  
 And he do the best that e'er he can  
 Ill passions to assuage ;  
 May he for pious wisdom search  
 And ne'er require that bit of birch  
 Tho' he's a tender age.  
 My wife at first thought this a trouble,  
 But that's turned out an empty bubble .  
 Doubting's often sinning ;  
 Now far remov'd is every dread,  
 For he has got both board and bed  
 With cousin William Binning.

To Mr. Wm. Wyatt, Maldon.



*TO MR. HERBERT LONG.*

For all the trouble and all the care  
That I have spent with your young mare ;  
For all the candle and all the fuel,  
To shew a light and warm the gruel ;  
To attend her with a steward's care,  
When I was away, old Joe was there :  
But this, I assure you, was not all,  
'Twas to take her blood, and give a ball :  
Of mishaps I hope she's had her fill ;  
First she was lame, then she was ill :  
But all this indeed I don't regard,  
Recovery to me is a reward.  
But no more of this, I'll now discuss  
A trainer sometimes must be a nurse :  
There's one thing now I'll tell you what,  
Part of her training she's quite forgot ;  
So its only left for me to say  
I'll train her gently till Saturday,  
And let her rest all day on Sunday,  
Then she'll come home quite fresh on Monday.

*TO MR. C. BARNARD.*

To-day I'm come home with your young mare,  
 Granddaughter of far-famed Tarrare ;  
 If she's as kind with you as with us  
 You need not despise Tiresias :  
 For she's quite obedient in the stable  
 And willing to work as well as able :  
 Journeys and training the second round  
 I think are honestly worth a pound :  
 You know that she had on four shoes,  
 That cash will be the blacksmith's dues,  
 The last week's keep I'll take in hay ;  
 Or, if you wish it, you can pay ;  
 For to oblige you I am willing,  
 I only want an honest shilling ;  
 But the sack of oats was booked at shillings ten,  
 If you agree to this, I'll respond " Amen."

---

*ON THE CRIMEAN WAR.*

When Russia's great empire is from bondage set free,  
 By England, and France, and Mahommedan Turkey,  
 The ships of all nations may sail from afar  
 Without interruption from that tyrant " the Czar."

But with Sardinian assistance, I hold an opinion  
 With the number of troops from the Austrian dominion,  
 That his schemes are frustrated and met with a bar,  
 That we've nothing to fear from that tyrant "the Czar."

Then Denmark and Norway, coupled with Sweden,  
 Will keep her as peaceful as the garden of Eden,  
 And by strength of our unity, his projects we'll mar,  
 And blast all the hopes of that tyrant "the Czar."

And if Belgium and Holland with us would unite,  
 We'll tell the great Bear, if he can hug, we can fight,  
 And give Poland her freedom, and shew them they are  
 Free'd from the yoke of that tyrant "the Czar."

When the forts of Sebastopol into fragments are hurl'd,  
 And the flag of old England on her ruins is unfurl'd,  
 The great Northern Bear will curse his unlucky star  
 To feel that we've conquer'd that tyrant "the Czar."

Then may navigation and trade round this mighty world  
 Sail into each port, with the flag of freedom unfurl'd,  
 Without a standing army or one fighting Tar,  
 And never again hear of that tyrant "the Czar."

Then let all join in pray'r, and send up to heaven,  
 To Him who has sav'd us and the battle has given,  
 And may all enjoy peace till Death comes with his car,  
 For that sorrowing, penitent, Christianis'd Czar.

*MARY SMEE'S DOG KILLED MY KITTEN:  
I REPROVED ; MARY WEPT.*

Oh ! tender-hearted Polly Smee,  
It grieves me to see your sorrow ;  
So if you can with me agree  
Come and ride with me to-morrow.

I know you bore my sharp reproof ;  
I own that I was too severe,  
Yet do no longer stand aloof,  
But come and wipe away that tear.

'Tis sad to see a murder smitten—  
A female's heart is not a log—  
My grief was for my poor kitten—  
My passion for your savage dog.

Now, come to me, no more I'll chide,  
But quote to you some softer strains ;  
I'll drive you o'er old Crouche's tide,  
And we will dine at Mr. Swain's.

*A FEW REMARKS ON BURNS' ODE.*

Why this ado o'er all the world, man's actions to rehearse,  
 By some he's into ruin hurl'd, by others the reverse.  
 'Tis said he was a woman's foe, yet woman now will brag,  
 And send his praises to and fro, from mountain and from  
     craig.  
 As his name is held in veneration, we'll check the tongue of  
     slander,  
 And ask charity and moderation from the Rev. Alexander,\*  
 Who from his pulpit once did preach "that he lov'd but to  
     betray,  
 When virtue came within his reach he often made his prey."  
 Why thus should we abuse the dead, our best deeds are few  
     and small ;  
 Conscience to us will bring its dread, for we are sinners all ;  
 If number'd are our brothers' days, we'll pronounce the fate  
     of no one,  
 But rather quote that Latin phrase, "De mortuis nihil nisi  
     bonum."  
 If we would make our love sincere, and form it all in truth,  
 We must love while we are here, as Boaz lov'd his Ruth.  
 If genius would shun each vice 'twould show itself the  
     wiser,  
 And bid defiance in a trice to contradict Miss Isa,†

\* Dr. Alexander of Edinburgh.

† Miss Isa Craig was the fortunate competitor for the pure poem.

Who did her best to raise his fame, tho' he's long laid in  
 earth,  
 Where all must go who have a name, whether high or low  
 in birth.  
 But let me now his muse rehearse, and print it on each page,  
 When prose or rhyme, or e'en blank verse, 'twill live from  
 age to age ;  
 His wit and genius knew no bound, 'twould enrapture,  
 worry, or banter ;  
 He caus'd such frights and hideous sounds by his far-fam'd  
 Tam o'Shanter ;  
 For some that saw the Halloween sprite, did really weep and  
 wail,  
 E'en poor old Mag felt much affright when he robb'd her  
 of her tail.  
 We are told he was a peasant born, and rear'd in a rude  
 clime,  
 Where clansmen blew the feudal horn, and at a barbarous  
 time ;  
 Where lairds and chieftains often stood their hands with  
 blood embrued,  
 And fiery Roderick shed his blood by Scotland's King  
 subdued :  
 But origin don't make man bad, whether native or a stranger,  
 The kindest Friend mankind e'er had was cradled in a  
 manger.  
 Yet most of us have talents offer'd, tho' often we refuse  
 them ;  
 Some accept them when they're proffer'd but don't how to  
 use them.

But now his follies are at an end, may he have found repose  
 And also found that real friend ere the world on him did  
 close.

But now his body is turn'd to dust beneath his native sod,  
 Where every vice and virtue must appear before his God.

---

*ON THE DEATH OF A WHITE FOWL.*

So, now your poor white fowl is dead,  
 Upon the wall you have hung his head ;  
 Though most of us still need a warning,  
 Yet you have kill'd the bird of morning,  
 Whose clapping wings have oft his bosom fann'd :  
 But now, alas ! no more your bird shall stand  
 On earth, to scratch and search for insect food,  
 To feed and nourish his first downy brood :  
 Or on some teeming dunghill with lordly pride  
 He was wont to strut around each feather'd bride.  
 But he must hang upon your kitchen wall  
 Till cook with ruthless hand his plumage maul :  
 With spit in hand she will then require  
 Him to hang before your kitchen fire :  
 When drest, as well as she is able,  
 To serve him forth upon the table,  
 I hope you'll have no cause to scowl,  
 Or deem him a poor tasteless (*bird*) fowl ;  
 But say he's relished to the last,  
 Then you'll ne'er be vexed his crowing's past ;

But, like your bird upon the wall,  
 Be sure that Death will have us all ;  
 So from immoral thoughts and converse shrink,  
 For evil be to them that evil think.  
 Yet some who saw him the day before  
 Thought that his days would have number'd more ;  
 None thought his race so soon was run,  
 Just like a youth of twenty-one,  
 Who thought long time on earth he'd tarry,  
 Was looking out for one to marry ;  
 Or like the rose, when about to bloom,  
 The worm in secret had seal'd its doom.  
 Now, youth, beware ! ere you're 'neath the sod,  
 While you live, prepare to meet your God.

---

*SOMETHING ABOUT A BONNET.*

As I was musing at a fête  
     I espied a real bonnet ;  
 And when at home, altho' 'twas late,  
     I wrote some lines upon it ;  
 For I'd been on that flow'ry soil  
     Where beauties walk'd upon it,  
 And many of them glanc'd a smile  
     On her who wore a bonnet.



It resembled a corn measure—  
     Shape and size not quite a peck—  
 To her it seem'd a real treasure,  
     Cut so true to fit her neck.  
 Now, she was modest in her mien,  
     And ancient in her dress,  
 But absent was all crinoline—  
     For she was a Quakeress.  
 And, as she stood and look'd around,  
     Seem'd wondering and amaz'd,  
 For all the fash'on on the ground  
     At her ancient bonnet gaz'd.  
 But she knew not what they admir'd—  
     Her thoughts ne'er touch'd upon it.  
 Through life she clung to early taste ;  
     Her thoughts were known to no man.  
 When fashions changed she knew no liaste  
     For she was a GENTLE WOMAN.  
 She never dream't she was attired  
     In the only real bonnet.  
 But she possess'd a quiet mind,  
     For peace seem'd resting on it ;  
 When on her deathbed may she find  
     That peace, without her bonnet.

“*TO MISS SARAH CARTER AND  
MR. FARR HART.*”

Hail happiness ! thou gracious Goddess,  
 Upon this youthful pair descend ;  
 Let them long thy power possess,  
 And be their constant friend.

And welcome thou, this happy morn,  
 And this thy bridal day ;  
 May every ill and grief be gone  
 And harmony with thee bear sway.

Altho' near union now with Farr ;  
 May you soon in wedlock's bands  
 Be each other's guiding star  
 With mutual hearts and hands.

And may you from the house of Carter  
 Soon perform a change of part,  
 With honour in God's temple barter,  
 A single for a double “ Hart.”

May no remorse e'er rack your mind  
 While childhood's faults confessing,  
 And may a modern Sarah find  
 An Ancient Sarah's blessing.

And may your fleeting future hours  
Bring delight at each eve and morn,  
And all your path be strew'd with flowers  
To bud and bloom without a thorn.

And to each young and tender plant  
On your farm be timely given,  
Both dews and rain, and all they want,  
By our Father which is in Heaven.

Then, when your barns with golden store,  
Your yards with stacks well fill'd :  
With judgment right think of the poor,  
For you both know that was will'd.

Then will no troubles e'er meet you ;  
Nor will tears your eyelids lave,  
But both to God and man live true,  
Then you'll rest when in the grave.

---

*“AWAKE! THOU THAT SLEEPEST.”*

Why in bed should we lie sleeping?  
 When we are told to watch and pray,  
 With time in secret past us creeping,  
 As midnight rivers glide away;  
 Why too complain that life is short?  
 When we so often make it shorter,  
 Using it as a thing of nought—  
 Unheeded as the steam from water.  
 Why should men hold midnight revels?  
 Drinking poisons and sucking clay,  
 While their acts resemble Devils,  
 Choosing the night instead of day.  
 Why, then, shun the house of prayer,  
 Or dare to lose one Sabbath day?  
 When God has promised to be there  
 If in reality we pray.  
 Why take the sacred name in vain,  
 Or for the vulgar form a relish?  
 From such a course may all abstain;  
 It never can the mouth embellish.  
 Why forget the blood that flowed  
 Our poor sinful souls to lave?  
 When on the cross 'twas plainly shew'd  
 That He died all us to save.  
 Why lose the spring's bright early dawn,

And lowing of the distant herds ;  
 The healthy fragrant summer's morn,  
 And grateful quirents of the birds ?  
 Why should sober autumn's beauty  
 Pass, ere Creation's choicest plan,  
 Has resolv'd to do its duty,  
 In gratitude to God and man ?  
 For wint'ry frosts will sear each limb  
 While the mortal trunk's decaying.  
 Then let us build our hopes on Him  
 Who for us was often praying.

Let us now embrace the promise  
 Made to us by our Gracious Lord ;  
 The darkest stain he'll take from us,  
 If we by pray'r can keep His Word.  
 Then shall we all to life aspire,  
 And all our thoughts much higher rise,  
 For prayer will bring the soul's desire,  
 And waft us far above the skies.

---

But could I now such a law defeat  
Justice might sway her sceptre still ;  
Then I should not lose my golden wheat  
Thro' this destructive Small Birds' bill.

Now, our fruit is gone we all repine,  
For birds this year have dealt us ill,  
When Christmas comes we shall have no wine,  
*Only whine* at the Small Birds' Bill.

My raspberries, currants, gooseberries, too,  
With one fell swoop their throats they fill—  
They seem to claim them as their due ;  
They're bound to pass the Small Birds' Bill.

Oh I wish they'd leave my fruit alone,  
And elsewhere go their crops to fill,  
Then my trees wouldn't show the naked stone,  
Polished by the Small Birds' bill.

Can you suppose that I am merry,  
Or think my pen is lying still,  
While going now is my last cherry  
Thro' your uncall'd for Small Birds' Bill.

TO JOHNNY COMMONS.

*MODERN TRANSLATION OF LORD RAYLEIGH'S  
MOTTO on the Board of the Rayleigh Arms Inn, at  
Terling :*

“TENAX PROPOSITI.”

Who e're proposes coming here  
 To sup a draught of Terling beer,  
 Or shelter from the storm,  
 Should purpose when his ale is done  
 To work direct away to run,  
 Not linger on the form.  
 Yet some come purpos'd here no doubt  
 To take a dram and then turn out.  
 But thus let me reply ;  
 Like boys that loiter on to school,  
 They stop to drink—they ape the fool—  
 They give each one the lie—  
 They purpose much, hold nothing fast,  
 Quarrel and fight, get drunk at last,  
 But ne'er practice “Tenax Propositi.”

Tho' late to bed and up so early,  
 My restless mind seems dreamy still,  
 I think I see my precious barley  
 Taking flight in the Small Birds' bill.

Now, Johnny Commons, take this advice,  
 When next you drive your steel or quill,  
 Or you will protect the rats and mice :  
 We've enough of your Small Birds' Bill.

We can't do now as in days of old,  
 When Alder wine kept off the chill ;  
 We must go to bed with feet stone-cold  
 Thro' your poor simple Small Birds' Bill.

When man is call'd to a higher place  
 He must exert his mind and 'will ;  
 He should benefit the human race—  
 God provides for the Small Birds' bill.

We really feel your law a hard one,  
 For we sit and fret till we are ill ;  
 If you send fruit from your nice garden  
 We won't repine at your Small Birds' Bill.

But yet I love the feather'd throng—  
 Their varied music charms me still.  
 Oh ! may I live to enjoy the song  
 Proceeding from the Small Birds' bill.



*TO MISS M. MORRELL.*

Undaunted, intrepid Mary,  
You really are our betters,  
With night coming dark and dreary  
You're bound in woollen fetters.  
Had Ward have play'd a better part,  
And went straight home to his stall,  
And shied not at the hawker's cart,  
You would not have had that fall.  
Danger's torrents could not be stemm'd  
Yet how well you braved your fate :  
Your feet 'twixt horse and bank hemm'd  
So difficult to extricate.  
But oh ! how grieved I really felt  
To see your sad condition :  
While on his head I firmly knelt  
To keep him in one position ;  
For had he struggl'd all alone,  
Or plung'd with all his might,  
He might for you have broke a bone  
And have added pain to fright.  
When we gain'd release for Mary,  
And freed her from dire alarms,  
With the lightness of a fairy  
She flew into friendship's arms.  
But to the rescue I was bound,  
So my horse I left to stray,

And quickly he his stable found,  
 Leaving me to plod my way.  
 When he at home alone was found  
 My young ones were in a fright,  
 For sadness did each one surround  
 Till I holloa'd out " All right!"  
 Now, when you take your evening's ride  
 I hope no more you'll nab it,  
 Nor have occasion to divide  
 Your person from your habit.  
 But e'er should bonds encompass me,  
 May I ne'er wear thém longer,  
 But be just such as worn by thee  
 And not a tittle stronger.  
 But let me not claim all the praise,  
 But to Him who mercy sent  
 Let all of us our voices raise  
 For the benefits He's lent.  
 For He that made the sun stand still  
 Can both make his wonders tell,  
 And change His threat'nings at His will  
 As He did when your horse fell.  
 May you thro' life find protection  
 From a conscience free from stain,  
 A heavenward home for your direction,  
 Then you'll never fall again.

*TO F. BRYANT.*

I thank you, Mr. Bryant, for  
 Your home and goodly fare ;  
 For the courtesy and kindness with  
 Which you ask'd me there :

For your ale and for your rasher  
 That you so good had made ;  
 For the eggs, but they'd been better  
 If not so long been laid.

For the loaf and for the butter,  
 For the milk, the sugar, tea,  
 And most of all the welcome  
 You so freely gave to me.

The good spirit of the evening,  
 Which never you forsook,  
 After bringing of me in  
 Unto your chimney nook.

The bright and welcome smiles,  
 Like the fire upon your hearth ;—  
 Oh ! may no shadow darken them  
 Or fall upon your path.

But happiness for ever shine  
 About your pleasant home,  
 And all be blest about you  
 Till your after age shall come.

And then when hunting's over,  
 And no more unto hounds  
 You ride the skittish horses  
 In their mad and fiery bounds :

But you sit beneath your roof  
 With time dwindl'd to a span,  
 And the youth I saw beside you  
 Grown to a stalwart man.

And when they stand about your bed,  
 And your eyes are growing dim,  
 May the worthy father feel he's left  
 A worthy son in him.

May you ride the safest horse  
 To the glorious meet above,  
 Where all the field is glory  
 And all the meet is love.

Ride the golden fields of heaven—  
 You'll have left the earthly sod—  
 And I trust, my dearest Bryant,  
 You'll be safe and with your God.

R. NIGHTINGALE.

---

*LORD,*

Direct, control, suggest this day  
 All I design, or do, or say,  
 That all my powers with all their might  
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

*THE REPLY TO R. NIGHTINGALE.*

Kind Sir, those verses that you sent  
 Are highly prized by me ;  
 I hold them as a compliment  
 Or honour conferr'd by thee.

You kindly thank'd me for my home,  
 Likewise my goodly fare ;  
 Believe me that you're welcome,  
 Whenever you call there.

Again the rashers and the ales  
 May you always have full kegs—  
 Tho', until now, my wife bewails  
 Those terrible musty eggs.

Sugar and tea always in use,  
 And the loaf not yet too stale,  
 With butter, and milk in the cruse ;  
 Oh ! may neither of them fail.

May the spirit of the ev'ning,  
 With innocence reigning there,  
 Many years of happiness bring  
 Around your old arm chair.

And all around your pleasant village  
    May Peace ever deign to look ;  
Nor want or impiety pillage  
    One from that old chimney nook.

May happiness all you attend,  
    More than tongue can speak or tell,  
Peace and liberty for your friend  
    Like your namesake " Philomel."

And may your hearth like mine shine bright ;  
    May it never want a smile ;  
Have true religion for your light,  
    Then your tongue will speak no guile.

And may we know that great Artist,  
    Who formed us all alone,  
Commanded us to seek our rest  
    And be claimed for His own.

One boon, I hope, you'll not refuse ;  
    Grant it me, I think you can,  
Blundering errors pray excuse  
    An uneducated man.

*THOUGHTS ON HEARING THE BELLS RING  
FOR A WEDDING.*

Oh! thou misguiding, flattering bell,  
 That sends thy chiming thro' mine ear  
 In joy or sadness : who can tell  
 How soon thou'lt toll slow o'er the bier.  
 Raised to please bridegroom and bride,  
 On this their happy bridal day,  
 Should fate to-morrow them divide  
 Thou'd tell the town who'd pass'd away.  
 For, while I write, time seems to say  
 To fallen Adam's generation,  
 "This world's no home, how short the stay  
 Within this state of dark probation."  
 Yet let us hope that through long life  
 All fiery trials they'll withstand,  
 The bride a happy, faithful wife—  
 Bridegroom a loving, kind husband.  
 May his days be crown'd with honour ;  
 May virtue be her rod and staff,  
 Heavenly blessings show'ring o'er her,  
 And Sarah-like have cause to laugh.  
 Oh ! may their vows on earth ne'er falter—  
 Each word and action form'd on truth—  
 Prepar'd to fall on Abraham's altar  
 Their God will be the God of Ruth.

*“THE POOR SHALL INHERIT.”*

Oh ! tell me not that I am lost,  
 Tho' with the gay you see me ride,  
 And tho' amidst their pleasures toss'd  
 To me the promis'd land's denied.

Nor tell me yet that I am vile,  
 Tho' humble is my avocation ;  
 The rich in secret may defile  
 The mind, however high their station.

For He that guides the smallest wheel  
 In this poor mortal frail machine,  
 A just reward alike will deal  
 To each performer on the scene.

But those who honour'd sacred laws,  
 When actors on life's busy scene,  
 Will hear with joy that loud applause  
 From Him we call the “Great Unseen,”  
 “Well done, good and faithful thou'st been.’

Even Lazarus, diseas'd and poor,  
 Was not by his Lord forsaken,  
 But carried to the rich man's door  
 For crumbs from his table taken.



Angels convey'd poor Lazarus  
 To Abraham through air and space,  
 Thereby entreating all of us  
 To follow him through faith and grace.

Abraham, Isaac and Jacob too,  
 Were promis'd to be forgiven ;  
 Then let us look unto Him who  
 Invites both rich and poor to Heaven.

---

*A POEM FOR THE COLLECTION OF POSTAGE  
 STAMPS TO ASSIST AN IDIOT.*

Yes, we will give some postage stamps  
 For this poor idiot child ;  
 Tho' charity's cold, we'll throw no damps  
 That your efforts may be foil'd.

We'll give our mites most cheerfully  
 In aid of such a cause,  
 For asylums tell most fearfully  
 The pains of nature's laws.

May we for help not ask in vain,  
 However small it's given,  
 And thus have means to soothe her pain  
 Before she enters heaven.

Oh ! may this bud that now is drooping,  
 Exempt from reason's number,  
 Be cared for here while we are hoping  
 With her in Christ to slumber.

There may we meet this sainted child,  
 When soar'd above this earth,  
 Around her Saviour meek and mild  
 Enjoying second birth.

Then shall we hear our Saviour say,  
 Bless'd ye are and free ;  
 Pains and sorrows are fled away  
 Now come and dwell with me.

---

*ODE TO DANBURY.*

All hail to Danb'ry's rustic hills !  
 Thy palace, thy sun-lit mountain,  
 Thy cool refreshing murm'ring rills,  
 And thy constant flowing fountain.

Thy ancient church with lofty spire,  
 Whose sculptured stone in silence tells  
 The simple tale of dame and sire,  
 And those who slumber in thy cells.

Thy spacious park and woodlands fair,  
 Whose shade affords the feather'd throng  
 A calm retreat to fill the air  
 With music from their varied song.

Thy stately elms and giant oaks,  
 Whose leafless branches Time has shorn ;  
 Long have they braved fell lightning strokes,  
 For bark and trunk alike are torn.

When o'er thy waste, thou silv'ry lake,  
 Thy rippling waves are tempest-driven,  
 Thy finny tribes may then partake  
 Of fresh supplies pour'd down from heaven.

'Twas here I heard that tolling bell,  
 For Death with Life was in a hurry ;  
 I found out by that solemn knell  
 He'd snatch'd away good Bishop Murray.

'Twas here that good man fed the poor ;  
 That Man of God who preached the word  
 Receiv'd them all with open door—  
 His bounty grac'd each cottage board.

Yes ; that flower's fled thy rural plain ;  
 That happy spirit's found repose  
 In joyful hope to bloom again  
 With fragrance sweet as Sharon's Rose.

And here in summer's sombre shade  
 Sweet Philomel, with heaving breast,  
 Pour'd warbling echoes thro' the glade,  
 To cheer his mate while on her nest.

Thy sylvan glade, thy limpid stream,  
 To mighty ocean onward flows ;  
 I sometimes fancy in my dream  
 Thy echo wakes my soft repose.

Thy blooming common's varied hues  
 Are stored with sweets for gath'ring bees ;  
 With lowing kine, and nibbling ewes,  
 Whose tinkling bell sounds on the breeze.

And in thy furze sly Reynard's found,  
 The wiliest in old England's chase ;  
 Here Nimrod's sons oft gather round  
 With eager steed and smiling face.

Thy mossy surface once was trod  
 By Roman hordes 'mid battles' roar,  
 And oft thy rural verdant sod  
 Was deeply stained with human gore.

For here the Saxon bent his bow ;  
 Here Denmark's fierce invading bands  
 With Norman chieftains were laid low,  
 And slumber'd long beneath thy sands.

Now bows and spears have fled thy plains—  
 In their stead we've pitch'd the wicket ;  
 Now peace and harmony oft reigns  
 O'er the friendly game of cricket.

Long may our Queen possess this isle—  
 Her mind at ease from doubts and fears—  
 While beauty gives a cheering smile  
 To stimulate her volunteers.

May He who form'd the hill and plain,  
 The bond and free since Adam's fall,  
 Prevent us having wars again  
 While travelling this terrestrial ball.

---

*DANBURY.*

Hill of the Dane thy loveliness unfold,  
 Thy varied beauties chant—thy charms rehearse  
 Fain would my muse ; as sang the bard of old  
 The hill of Grongar in melodious verse.

Monarch of Essex, crown'd with holy fane,  
 Thou sways't thy sceptre on thy sylvan seat  
 O'er half the country, from the eastern main  
 Westward where gentle Chelmer laves thy feet.

Around that fane each sad memorial tells  
 Our anguish for the loved ones from us torn ;  
 Yet for the tenants of those grassy cells  
 We sorrow not as hopeless and forlorn.

For on thy cloud-capp'd spire sits Hope aloft,  
 The guardian Angel of Death's mouldering bed,  
 And sounds her trumpet from those aisles where oft  
 They worshipp'd.—Not for ever sleep the dead.

Thy babbling rills sweet Danbury delight  
 My ear, oft listening as their music flows,  
 Their dreamy murmurs thro' the stilly night  
 My wearied senses lull in calm repose.

Thy sloping downs and ancient parks whose oaks  
 Like giant monarchs of the forest stand,  
 Resound with blithesome mirth and rustic jokes  
 When 'neath their boughs trip many a jocund band.

And near his brooding mate in summer shades  
 Warbles the bird of night his plaintive strain,  
 While the far windings of thy woodland glades  
 Prolong the echo of the sweet refrain.

Embosom'd in these shades that Pastor dwelt ;  
 That Man of God who lov'd to feed the poor,  
 Whose heart at every tale of woe would melt,  
 Who drove no suppliant from his bounteous door.

That holy Man now slumbers in the tomb,  
 His virtues in our memories repose,  
 And long their influences breathe perfume  
 Sweet as in Sharon's vale the evening's rose.

With nature's untrimm'd robes thy uplands deck'd,  
 Where waving brackens, and where gowans fine  
 Lit by the summer's sunbeams hues reflect  
 Bright as from chrysolite or emerald shine.

Hither, in days of yore with daring prow,  
 Across the seas the stormy Vikings came,  
 And lit their camp fires on the lofty brow,  
 The Saxon peasant spoil'd—and gave thee name.

But war no more pollutes thy peaceful sod ;  
 Upon thy sunny slopes no chargers prance :  
 Where, bent on slaughter once mail'd warriors trod,  
 A troop of gallant Nimrods now advance.

In haste slips Reynard from the furze and brakes,  
 The eager pack pursues with tuneful mouth,  
 Dear to the huntsman woodland music wakes,  
 The morn is cloudy, the wind blows south.

Ride Priory's noble master, ride ; all ride  
 Like sportsmen ; the trophied brush to claim,  
 O'er hedge and gate ; the yawning brook they stride  
 With coats of scarlet and their souls a-flame.

But in long summer days the lusty youth  
 Upon the green sward pitch the friendly wicket ;  
 Tho' tilting not for blood, yet strive, forsooth,  
 For mastery in tournament of cricket.

From Britain chivalry has never fled,  
 The old brave spirit wakes at shout of war,  
 Which conquer'd at proud Waterloo, and bled  
 With Nelson at victorious Trafalgar.

Secure sits Albion on her sea-girt isle  
 From Gallic musketeers or Danish spears,  
 While beauty welcomes with applauding smile  
 Her champion host of gallant volunteers.

But science now with piety advance ;  
 Henceforth let angry wars and discord cease,  
 The sword a ploughshare made, a hook the lance.  
 Be Peace on earth before the Prince of Peace.

---

*THE DIFFERENCE.*

I compos'd a simple poem, I could do no more,  
 A scholar admir'd, and adorn'd it with classic lore ;  
 Mine chaos-like, an unform'd world,  
 Or a humble cottage on a solid floor ;  
 His the silken banner of learning unfurl'd,  
 Or a golden temple that from earth to sky did soar.



*A COMPARISON.*

Native idea a foundation laid,  
 For domestic uses two rooms were made ;  
 Hope look'd forward and said she'd done her best  
 With Patience and form'd a room for rest ;  
 Piety advanc'd full of sovereign grace  
 And stood pre-eminent about the place ;  
 Sympathy and Pity with Grief look'd down,  
 And spoke in terms of Virtue's high renown ;  
 Admiration fond stated it was plann'd  
 By a feeling heart and a decent hand ;  
 Modesty also in a plaintive strain  
 Said the ground was good tho' the work was plain ;  
 But, finding out that she could do no more,  
 She left the fabric standing on one floor ;  
 But Education with Science came,  
 And feeling much warmth caught up the flame ;  
 Thus genius felt the poetic fire ;  
 And raised the fabric some stones higher.  
 Assistance with kindness now scann'd it o'er ;  
 Elegance adorn'd it with classic lore ;  
 Wisdom and Judgment, both sound and discreet,  
 Stated that the fabric was now complete.  
 Thus education frames a lying novel  
 While native idea frames a useful hovel ;

For learning's not wanted by some that want to pray,  
 So none need to hesitate at what they want to say.  
 Help me, Creator God, to chant thy fame ;  
 Long hast thou been mindful of one so weak,  
 For I can sing and praise Thy holy name  
 Without either Hebrew, Latin or Greek.

[The Difference and The Comparison were composed in consequence of My Ode to Danbury being altered and improved by a classic scholar with such flowery language, and sent to me anonymously ; yet the two in meaning and ideas very much resembled each other.]

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*DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF A HUNTING  
 DAY AT LANGDON HILLS.*

Nov. 5, '25.

All hail to Langdon ! whose ancient hills  
 The mind of a sportsman with ardour fills ;  
 Where clarions heard from neighbouring cocks  
 Are wont to tempt the prowling fox ;  
 Where peer and cit with the country squires  
 To the name of sportsman each aspires ;  
 Where the well-bred hunter and genuine hack  
 Oft come to meet that unrivall'd pack.

Yes ; Priory's Pack with joy we hail  
 Thy tuneful notes o'er hill and dale.  
 Now, the Lady Pack's here so smart and prim,  
 Reece and Joe Bayley will keep them in trim ;  
 As soon as in covert they'll snuff up the gale,  
 And little Miss Comfort will soon tell the tale—  
 For Comfort and Bentinck are most in their glory,  
 Tho' strange it may seem, when there's truth in their story,  
 They're a couple so rare—their deeds run so high—  
 This I've been inform'd that they ne'er told a lie.  
 But hark to the find ! Reece winds his horn,  
 Bold Reynard must pace the new-drill'd corn ;  
 He'll soon break covert—he cannot stay—  
 There's the glad sound—Away ! gone away !  
 See under the hedge how swiftly he goes—  
 Instinct teaches him to hide from his foes.  
 He's hard press'd behind—beset all around—  
 The earths are now stopp'd, he can't go to ground.  
 Ploughmen so heedless stops his forward track,  
 And thus poor Reynard is oft headed back ;  
 While chattering jays on fluttering wing  
 Glad tidings of his whereabouts bring.  
 With hounds on his line, all in full cry,  
 The open again poor Reynard must try.  
 Hasty and Crafty will prove it all whim,  
 They are too hasty and crafty for him.  
 Again then he breaks, and now goes away,  
 And see how he strides across the grass ley,

With the hounds at his brush pursuing amain,  
 While echoing woodlands prolong the refrain.  
 How anxious the field—how fiery each steed ;  
 There's our worthy Master, the Prittlewell Squire,  
 Who to keep all things right is his sole desire ;  
 With his cap all awry, his sportsman-like seat,  
 His breeches and boots inexpressibly neat ;  
 He's mounted right well—he has a good CHANCE—  
 If his hounds get a run his horse will advance.  
 There's A. Z. C. on his fam'd chestnut CHARLEY,  
 Who ne'er at a fence will stop to hold parley.  
 There's one from the City, who keeps a straight line,  
 Tho' riding a SHADOW or famous SUNSHINE ; (Mr. Caldicot.)  
 There's one good in *Grain* who always enjoys (Mr. Ridley.)  
 A fair hunting day as well as his boys.  
 T. K.'s a keen sportman, altho' he dispenses (Mr. Kemble.)  
 In a trifling degree with some of his fences ;  
 He sticks to the hardways, as tho' he forbodes  
 A view at old Sharpnose when crossing the roads.  
 When E. T. can get out he goes well on his Bay,  
 May he from the gout be ever distant a day.  
 There's another goes well on the flea-bitten grey,  
 Who always has Courage to go the right way,  
 And a FRIEND sometimes with him (not always of course)  
 But when he does come he can MARSHALL his horse.  
 But my pen from my hand haply might fall  
 If I should attempt at placing you all.  
 So, suffice it to say, there's others as good  
 As e'er crossed a fallow or rode through a wood.

Joe on young BRAXTED ; Reece on grey HITCHIN,  
 Whose fingers for Reynard so often are ITCHIN.  
 But, hark to the holloa, they're on him again,  
 Not long above ground now can he remain,  
 For his lugs and his brush are beginning to droop ;  
 Soon the welkin will ring with the huntsman's " Whoop  
 Whoop !"

Now he shortens his strides, to Death he'll soon yield.  
 See ! Daphne and Dian's pull'd him down in the field ;  
 They'll soon break him up, his bones they'll soon crush,  
 While some are awaiting his coveted brush.  
 So he dies without murmur, or sign sent to heaven ;  
 As his crimes are forgotten, may our sins be forgiven ;  
 Now the Death scene is over, their thoughts they'll soon  
 smother  
 While drawing fresh coverts in hopes of another.

Now, as down thy slopes with wide spread range,  
 We approach that valley known as Vange ;  
 With grief my Muse the tale must tell,  
 When CLARK and ROAN together fell ;  
 But CLARK jump'd up with sudden check,  
 Not so with ROAN—he'd broke his neck.  
 How he did grieve for this disaster, (Mr. Offer.)  
 And wish'd he'd kept up with his masler ;  
 But, being call'd, he felt in duty bound  
 To help a FOX that had gone to ground,  
 For both man and horse, I know not which,  
 Preferr'd the bottom of the ditch. (Mr. Fox.)

He only did what all ought to do,  
 If not, he said, he had kept with you ;  
 But hounds I'll leave to do what I can  
 To ease the sufferings of this poor man ;  
 For, as his injuries begin to smart,  
 Samaritan-like I'll act a part,  
 And try to get him an easy cart.  
 I begged one of the village smith,  
 Who cried, Good man I'll soon be with ye ;  
 Then across the field we both sought him,  
 And to the Public Bells we brought him.  
 Soon one arrived who perform'd a part  
 Which prov'd him one of the healing art.  
 He replac'd the bone and bound him tight,  
 And painful it was to sound and sight.  
 Another was there with manly brow,  
 Adown whose cheeks the tears did flow,  
 For there is a voice, tho' whispering speaks,  
 That bids tears flow down varied cheeks.  
 The anguish'd mind, the groan suppress'd,  
 In silence tells this is not our rest ;  
 Yet the outward tear and inward moan  
 Were more for CLARK than they were for ROAN.  
 But soon we had a most painful part—  
 That was to get him into the cart ;  
 For right and left he was injur'd much,  
 He could scarcely bear the slightest touch,  
 And of this he seem'd to have dread,  
 So the Widow SUCH lent him her bed.

He thank'd us all for what we'd lent him,  
 And said One above such friends had sent him ;  
 And now he's travelling on the road—  
 He's lingering for his own abode.

And now I'm musing here alone,  
 I'll pen a line or two on ROAN,  
 For he's bereft of sight and sound,  
 A cold dead corse upon the ground ;  
 But, tho' he has left his sporting ranks,  
 J. O. has other ROANS in the BANKS.  
 May they his actions emulate  
 In all except his hapless fate.  
 Yet still I wish that he was able  
 To fill a stall within my stable ;  
 I would feed him well and clothe him warm,  
 And protect him from the wintry storm ;  
 But in part with me he still shall share—  
 His coat shall cover my old arm chair—  
 And when alone I will meditate  
 And ponder o'er his untimely fate ;  
 His praise I'll sound with plaintive tone,  
 And chant his dirge now he is gone.  
 Now if too sublime, or I dwell too long,  
 Remember there's Death and Truth in my song.  
 But should these lines be void of sense  
 I hope they'll give no one offence ;  
 Or, should you deem them all a farce,  
 I'll give poor ROAN my COUP DE GRACE.

*THE FOX HUNTER'S PARTING;*

*Or the parting of A. Z. Cox, Esq., and D. R. Scratton,  
Esq., of Prittlewell Priory.*

Awake each Muse and sound the lyres ;  
Chaste Diana will mourn and cry,  
To know her favourite son retires,  
And quits the field with a Good-bye.

'Tis thus I write of two kind friends—  
Keen sportsmen too, none will deny—  
Whose sporting days have found their ends  
In these two words—Good-bye—Good-bye.

When in the field (a little out)  
I've thought their jokes ran rather high,  
Yet never did they turn about,  
But clasp'd their hands and smil'd Good-bye.

From my cigar I forc'd the smoke,  
Affections tear fill'd either eye ;  
Within my throat I felt a choke  
As I gave the Squire my last Good-bye.



Now, when I hear those woodland chimes,  
 Whose varied notes seem wild and fiery,  
 They'll bring to mind those happy times  
 I've spent at that old Priory.

Tho' there again I'll meet thee not,  
 Through Life thy mem'ry will inspire me,  
 With love that cannot be forgot  
 Tho' thou'rt absent from the Priory.

Then, when thy sand is nigh run out,  
 Thy tottering limbs begin to tire ye,  
 Thy roaming mind may dream about  
 Past pleasures at that old Priory.

And when at last thy days are not  
 May the love of Christ inspire ye,  
 And waft you to some sacred spot—  
 Thy spirit hath left the Priory.  
 Dum vivimus vivamus.

---

*ON THE DEATH OF A FOX-HUNTER.*

No more shall he ride on his fav'rite grey horse  
 Away to the woodlands and dew-spangled gorse ;  
 No more shall he blow the loud blast from his horn,  
 Nor unkennel the hounds to hunt in the morn ;  
 No more shall he hear the shrill clarion of cocks,  
 Or the echo of Ringwood unkenn'ling the Fox.

He shall run him no more to earth in full view,  
 His last field is hunted—he is gone to earth too.  
 Yes ; the hunter is hunted, and claim'd is his breath,  
 By that hunter of all—that grim tyrant call'd Death ;  
 And his vices are with him—if vices he'd any—  
 And the veil of his virtues would hide them if many.  
 He was generous and feeling—the tenant and poor  
 Alike the kind landlord and master deplore.  
 Rever'd and respected till Death made his call ;  
 Endear'd by his kindness of heart to us all ;  
 Courteous in converse, riding home side by side,  
 Recounting the dodges poor Reynard had tried.  
 And oh ! how we miss him, we feel the sad loss,  
 From the front rank of MUNDIG, his noble grey horse.  
 And again, how we miss him on Nossey Wood Green,  
 Where, on SELIM nor DULCET, he'll no more be seen,  
 For he's gone and he's left us to follow the chase,  
 With a pang in our hearts, and a void in our space.  
 His meet is now fix'd for the throne of his God,  
 Where hunter and all must submit to his nod.  
 Then with prayer let us wrestle, 'twill stir up the leaven,  
 To live without prayer is to die without heaven ;  
 And as Death, who so freely 'mongst mortals will range,  
 Has struck, to our grief, the good Squire of the Grange ;  
 And the field which he guided will cling with accord  
 To the fond recollections of THOMAS LAY WARD.  
 Tho' gone from the sight, our minds hold him in view ;  
 Then farewell our companion, T. L. W.

---

*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

*THOUGHTS ON CHILDHOOD FROM 1804.*

When first I stray'd on Lexden Heath,  
 My childish frame I did bedeck ;  
 I pluck'd and wove a foxglove wreath  
 To form a garland round my neck.

Fond mem'ry still within me clings,  
 And tells my wand'rings were as far  
 As Lady Royston's winding springs,  
 And Phillips's primrose, Aldar Car.

Around that crystal liquid fount  
 I've cull'd the crocus and daffodil ;  
 I've climb'd around that lofty mount  
 To view the river and water mill.

E'en now I can remember well  
 The songsters of that sylvan dale ;  
 The cuckoo, thrush, and philomel,  
 And blackbird with his plaintive tale.

In Lexden Park I've join'd the chase,  
 When old John Eagle held the hounds ;  
 On Lexden Heath I've seen the race  
 When fierce excitement knew no bounds.

And on that now (uprooted plain)  
 The Sons of Mars were fain to quarter ;  
 There martial hordes in George's reign  
 Were taught the art of human slaughter.

There some did ride, and many did walk,  
 All heedless of the drought or damp ;  
 They came to see the Duke of York  
 Review the troops on Lexden Camp.

Now man has rais'd upon that soil,  
 Where thundering cannon then did roar,  
 A refuge for the sons of toil—  
 A resting place when work is o'er.

E'en now again my muse is fain  
 To keep at my elbow hitchin'—  
 That there's a dell beside Hull Lane  
 Better known as King Cole's kitchen.

Strange stories I've heard about that hole,  
 When so young they did alarm me,  
 That there they kill'd and cook'd for old King Cole,  
 As well as for his hungry army.

Which fill'd young minds with too much dread  
 To the bottom to venture down,  
 As a subterranean passage led  
 To a castle of high renown.

Now, readers, hear what legend said—  
 You're not to go down scoffin'  
 Lest old King Cole should seize your head  
 And thrust it into his coffin.

But, while I'm quoting such tales as these,  
 Human emotions upwards flow ;  
 The remembrance of such scenes may please  
 Tho' they were seventy years ago.

---

As on the road of Life Misfortune strays,  
 Affliction meets her in various ways,  
 While Pity weeps over the painful sight,  
 Charity with Mercy drop their mite.

*FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE IDIOTIC  
INSTITUTION.*

May all who have receiv'd a light  
From Him who shines above,  
Remember how the widow's mite  
Was receiv'd by Christ in love ;  
And so may He again receive  
Small gifts in such a cause ;  
For such as have a mind to grieve  
Through afflicted nature's laws,  
May those who prize sound intellect  
In this good cause embark ;  
May Charity their hands direct  
To those who 're in the dark.  
Leave them uncar'd for here  
To rude and thoughtless jest,  
But try their blighted minds to cheer  
Till Christ shall give them rest.  
Help to raise an Institution  
For each defenceless head.  
Pour on them thy contribution,  
Though blind they may be fed.

Oh, God ! may Thou their minds expand—  
 Their senses now unseal ;  
 To them may Thy directing hand  
 Thy gracious light reveal.  
 Grant them power, O Lord, to rove  
 That life may pleasures yield ;  
 To hail the flow'rets of the grove,  
 The fragrance of the field,  
 That they may know, and see, and hear,  
 The Gospel's joyful sound,  
 And live to God in love and fear—  
 His mercy knows no bounds.  
 Oh ! gracious God, assistance give,  
 A temple now to raise,  
 And send them knowledge while they live  
 To join in prayer and praise ;  
 Then soon may all this blighted band  
 At wisdom's fount arrive,  
 Singing their loud Hosannahs, and  
 Crowd round the Idiots' Hive.

[This Institution was to be called the Idiots' Hive.]

*ON THE MARRIAGE OF G. BLIGH AND A.  
BARNARD.*

Hail happiness, thou gracious Goddess !  
 This loving pair may'st thou entwine.  
 Oh ! may they long thy charms possess,  
 And thy effulgence round them shine,  
 And welcome thou this happy morn,  
 And this expected bridal day.  
 May every form of grief be gone,  
 And halcyon hours pass time away ;  
 May they when join'd in wedlock's bands  
 Have Faith and Honour for their guide.  
 With mutual love join hearts and hands—  
 No rankling thorn their peace divide,  
 And may'st thou, George, like thy namesake,  
 By conquering skill thy foe defeat ;  
 The chains of Satan may'st thou break,  
 And crush that dragon 'neath thy feet ;  
 And may thy manly frame inherit  
 A mind to wrestle and to hold  
 Till thou'st gained the holy Spirit



As Isaac's Jacob did of old,  
 Or Simeon, whose rejoicing heart  
 Waited Israel's consolation ;  
 Whose voice exclaim'd ere he'd depart,  
 Mine eyes have seen thy salvation.  
 And should'st thou, Ann, by thought or word,  
 Accusation feel distressing,  
 Like Hannah, who besought the Lord  
 By prayer, and gain'd his blessing ;  
 Or like aged Ann, or Anna,  
 A prophetess both meek and mild,  
 Who was fed with heavenly manna,  
 Co-witness of the holy Child ;  
 Or should discord or household war  
 Direct thy tongue from words of truth,  
 Shew kindness t'wards thy mother-in-law  
 Like Marlon's wife, kind-hearted Ruth.  
 May famine ne'er spread o'er thy lands,  
 Nor force thee from thy home to fly  
 To seek thy bread from heathen bands,  
 As Elimelech and Naomi.  
 Now love thy God, obey the Queen,  
 Kindness shew thy poorer neighbour ;  
 Contentment seek while on life's scene—  
 Such a life will lighten labour ;  
 Then, when in death thy eyelids close,  
 May Faith illumine through the gloom  
 To guide thee to thy last repose  
 Till Christ shall raise thee from the tomb.

*LINES AFTER A FALL FROM A COLT.*

I've thought, since I receiv'd that fall,  
 It really might have been much worse ;  
 For had that righteous Judge of all  
 Have seal'd my fate with endless curse,

I might have been at that far bourn  
 (Sleeping—waiting the trump's dread call)  
 From whence no mortal can return.  
 Frail man's fix'd doom since Adam's fall,

For a cloud of damp well nigh quench'd  
 The smoking flax that now feels light,  
 And storms of fate had nearly drench'd  
 The bruised reed from its upright ;

But God in mercy was well pleas'd  
 To respite me tho' steep'd in crime ;  
 His help and love hath me much eas'd,  
 And Him I'll thank in prose and rhyme.

But oh ! that fearful, that sad amount  
 Of calls rejected ; ere Death's bed  
 Has clos'd for ever, that dread amount  
 Of imperfections on my head.

But, tho' I've lain in bed in pain  
 And incapable of turning,  
 I've said and thought, and said again,  
 I'm a brand pluck'd from the burning.

But now I'm here, both night and day,  
 I'll muse and ponder o'er His word,  
 Who knows my thoughts and hears me say,  
 Thy will be done, not mine, O Lord.

Altho' confin'd three weeks or more,  
 I'll neither murmur nor regret,  
 Nor absence from the world deplore—  
 It's part, I hope, of nature's debt.

Now I know, and feel I'm better,  
 A better course may I pursue ;  
 Yet to God I'm still a debtor,  
 So loth to pay a debt so due.

But thus I've lain like one in fetters,  
 Yet I've receiv'd a precious cheque (£5),  
 And kindness hopes within my letters  
 I should not be a total wreck.

But here I'll keep an unchang'd theme,  
 No secular verse shall stain my rhyme.  
 Oh ! may a streak of light soon gleam  
 To shed a lustre more sublime.

But it's now time to thank my friends,  
 Who for me have long been yearning—  
 First, that great God who still defends  
 The brand He's kept from the burning.

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*TO A YOUNG PERSON IN A DECLINE, RESIDING WITH AN AFFECTIONATE SISTER.*

As on my couch in pain I roll'd,  
 Weary with sleepless eyes, I told  
 Each hour that pass'd away from mine,  
 Crying, Father, is this decline ?

Yes, my son, as time will roll  
 Affliction's medicine for the soul  
 To shew thee that thou canst be mine  
 If thou'lt believe this is decline.

Oh ! Saviour, teach me how to pray  
 That I may live another day ;  
 That I may sing those hymns of thine,  
 For I fear that I'm in a decline.

Teach me, O Lord, that I may know  
 Away from hence I soon must go,  
 And leave dear friends awhile to pine  
 For one that's pass'd in a decline.

With deep contrition I will fast  
 Till grace is won and sin is past,  
 For saving faith has made me thine,  
 In mercy, Lord, thou sent decline.

'Twas kindness, Lord, this length'ned breath  
 Might have been stopp'd by sudden death,  
 But granted me through love divine  
 Time to repent in a decline.

O Lord, to Thee I now confess  
 I want thy robe of righteousness,  
 For my flesh and garments hang supine,  
 And I feel so weak in this decline.

Oh ! sister kind, where's such another ?  
 And thou alike each tender brother,  
 For on my couch thou do recline  
 To share my grief in this decline.

Forgive, I pray, thou Three in One,  
 All those dread ills that I have done ;  
 Let darkness ne'er, O Lord, be mine  
 When I am freed from this decline.

Now earthly gains to me are dross  
 Compared to my dear Saviour's cross ;  
 His arms around me He'll entwine  
 When I am freed from this decline.

To Christ I'll pray both day and night  
To guide my winged spirit's flight ;  
A heavenly home will soon be mine  
For I know that I'm in a decline.

When I have pass'd thro' time and space  
I shall view my Saviour's face ;  
With oil of gladness I shall shine—  
He's heal'd me of this world's decline.

No more shall I then weary roll,  
Nor hear again the death bell toll ;  
But I shall be a saint divine  
Where Israel's King will ever shine.

*IN MEMORY OF WM. WRIGHT,  
32 Years a Faithful Servant to T. O. Parker, Esq.*

Reader, beneath this stone, both day and night,  
Lies one who long was known as Wm. Wright,  
Who resolved on a change to visit a friend,  
And kneel at that *Table*—for he much fear'd his end.  
He propos'd a fresh course, and nam'd a new theme,  
But ere he perform'd it pass'd off as a dream.  
His follies and virtues were known to us oft,  
But oh ! may his virtues alone go aloft,  
For no more on the grass, in the long summer day,  
He'll attend to his favourite watchword, call'd *Play* ;  
Nor again at the stumps with his bat run about,  
For his umpire's declared that he's fairly bowl'd out.  
Never more thro' the halls of the Place will he tread,  
By affliction arrested he took to his bed,  
And those he long serv'd, and serv'd in their turn,  
For him they in sympathy inwardly mourn.  
Constant in watchings, day and night by his side,  
No comfort was wanting, no effort untried ;  
Their medical man and their London physician  
Tried all their skill, but they met opposition.  
Christ's servant was with him who the death bed oft  
    cheers ;  
Altho' speechless the tongue he shed penitent tears.  
Oh ! mercy of mercies, when the heart strings are riven,  
To feel that a Saviour our sin has forgiven.

But his race is now over, he's past the life post,  
 And to the fell conqueror he gave up the ghost.  
 No more will he stand at that sacred porch door,  
 Recognis'd by the rich as well as the poor ;  
 No more will he join in that heavenward song,  
 Nor again shall we hear that voice once so strong ;  
 No more the responses in the Litany share,  
 Nor bend the knee when the Rector reads the Lord's  
     Prayer ;  
 No more will he come to the sound of that bell—  
 The last toll for him was his funeral knell.  
 Now he's laid in the grave, where he must remain,  
 Till the sound of the trump calls him up again,  
 To the abode of his God he'll surely ascend,  
 May the Wonderful Counsellor his cause defend.  
 Yes ; may Christ in his mercy with his Father plead  
 For the whole race of Adam will there stand in need.  
 Then oh ! may he hear when the verdict is given  
 Sit on the right hand of our Father in heaven.

If man to man did as he should  
 He'd speak nought of the dead but what is good.  
 De mortuis nil nisi bonum.



*ON THE DEATH OF WM. MAYHEW, SEXTON  
AND GARDENER.*

The sun had just set—from the church steeple there fell  
 A deep lesson in life—'twas the toll of a bell,  
 And it struck me at once that a neighbour had gone  
 Leaving children and wife in their cottage to mourn.  
 How sudden the transit from life into death !  
 His strength soon departed, and next stopp'd his breath ;  
 His last act was kindling the fire at the church—  
 No thought at the time Death for him was in search.  
 He receiv'd such a shock—could'nt stop for the text—  
 Was a corpse in the bed ere the sabbath came next.  
 How often I've seen him in his trade ramble trim  
 A bush from my hedgerow that may now bramble him.  
 And, again, with his pick and his shovel he'd go  
 To separate acquaintance and lay some one low.  
 His back would be bending, and drooping his head,  
 Toiling in silence in the midst of the dead ;  
 While anon he cast forth what had long been o'ergrown  
 And encrusted by time, by all living unknown.  
 He'd ceas'd from field labour, in gathering the corn,  
 Horticulture his aim and attending the lawn.

He'd toil'd the long day, his task was a hard'ne,  
Ne'er mix'd work with play, he thought of his garden ;  
And soon after daybreak, when envelop'd in dew,  
With the scythe and the roll you'd see Master Mayhew.  
Again in dry seasons, when absent the showers,  
You'd find him both weeding and watering the flowers.  
Like the season that's past,\* absent rain, absent dew,  
Now absent alas ! is our late neighbour Mayhew.  
Obliging and quiet he was true to his trust ;  
May the sound of the trump raise him up with the just,  
For he's laid in the grave, he is quit of his labours,  
May his soul rest in peace with his spiritlike neighbours,  
And now may I wonder who's the next to pursue  
The trade and the calling of departed Mayhew.  
But before me I see, 'midst fathers and brothers,  
One that's done for him what he's done for others.

\* 1870 was a very dry season.

*TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN  
VICTORIA.*

Why	Assist my muse	As
Sorrow	To tune the lyre ;	Without
Ye	My mind infuse	Hope
	With sacred fire.	

Spare, mighty sovereign, spare that tear,  
Thy lord's not lost though absent he ;  
Repine nor grieve, thy spirits cheer,  
Nor weep thyself as Niobe.

The King of Kings hath crown'd him  
Who sway'd our sceptre and diadem ;  
His cup with blessings to the brim  
O'erflows for what on earth he's done ;  
A christian race with faith he's run !  
He fought the fight, his battle's won,  
And now he dwells with God's own Son.

Oh ! how can'st thou then wish him here ;  
To leave that bright celestial sphere ;  
To dwell with mortals here below ;  
To suffer sorrow pain and woe.

Yet may we hope, in christian love,  
 That thou'lt meet him in realms above  
 In golden mansions bright and fair,  
 Immortal bliss with him to share.

Oh ! may thy Saviour Husband cheer  
 Thy widowhood while thou art here ;  
 Till thou hast left thy earthly crown,  
 And he hath sent thy summons down,  
 By fleetest winged cherubim,  
 To sing thy conquering christian hymn.  
 But thou art spared to bless us here,  
 May we, thy subjects, thee revere ;  
 No earthly power 'gainst thee can stand,  
 Thou'rt guarded by that unseen hand ;  
 Within the palace or in the field  
 Israel's King will be thy shield ;  
 Within the trench, or on the sea,  
 The victory He'll gain for thee.

Then let thy gracious rule bear sway,  
 And we thy subjects will obey ;  
 But say thy grief has run its scope,  
 Live no longer as without hope.  
 Oh ! why should't thou so long possess  
 Thy bitter grief, thy sable dress ;  
 Would'st that thou'd conceive a passion  
 For change of scene, change of fashion.  
 Royal lady, thou then would'st find

Strength of body and peace of mind ;  
 Subjects too would feel reaction  
 With one mind and without faction.  
 May thou receive from Him above  
 Health to enjoy thy people's love.

Oh ! may we see thee cease from sorrow,  
 And smiling meet the morn to-morrow ;  
 Then we, thy people, will thee nourish,  
 Both trade and commerce will then flourish,  
 Till thy pure spirit from us stray  
 To soar above the milky way.

Then stay, fair mourner, cease to grieve,  
 Still tread the path thy Albert trod,  
 A heavenly summon thou'lt receive  
 To wear thy crown with Albert's God.

---

*THOUGHTS ON SEEING THE SHADOWS*

*of the Trees on a sharp frosty afternoon in February.*

Another day's closing, the sun's slanting rays  
 Suit me for composing a prayer of praise ;  
 The sun is now setting this beautiful day,  
 I'll not be forgetting its fading away,  
 For the tree shadow's length, now lying prostrate,  
 Shows how short is man's strength in his fallen estate.

Yet One made a promise to me and to all  
 That He would take from us the pains of that fall,  
 If by works and by faith His footsteps we'd trace,  
 And we read that He saith, You're sav'd by my Grace.  
 No more then I'll doubt the Son is omniscient ;  
 How kind He spoke out, My Grace is sufficient.  
 Now, with praise and belief, my voice I'll employ,  
 Its removed all my grief and fill'd me with joy ;  
 Ere I quit this earth, or pass my probation,  
 I'll seek a new birth in Christ my salvation.

#### SECOND PART.

Now when my frame a shadow lies,  
 As those I saw prostrate,  
 Oh ! may my soul ascend the skies  
 T'enjoy its promised state.

Oh ! Lord, my wandering spirit steer  
 Direct to thy abode ;  
 May Faith and Hope that spirit cheer  
 When on that unknown road.

And as I pass through time and space,  
 Should darkness hinder me,  
 May the effulgence of Thy grace  
 Give light to set me free.

No more shall I then dwell alone,  
 Nor tread polluted land,  
 But I shall live before Thy throne  
 Amidst thy chosen band.

Be thou, O Lord, my guardian here—  
 Teach me to fear thy rod—  
 And be thou, when I quit this sphere,  
 My Father and my God.

[Can a shadow form a subject ?]

---

*MY BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.*

When poetry I first began,  
 It was simply done in joke ;  
 I could not think to such a man  
 The muses ever spoke.

For school I left when much too young,  
 And follow'd fancies' courses,  
 I play'd the truant the whole week long  
 With donkeys, dogs, or horses,

Which made me such a stupid dolt  
That I scarcely knew my letters ;  
As wild as any prairie colt  
Before he had worn his fetters.

And years roll'd on without a sign  
That I had an inward feeling,  
Yet grace was in this heart of mine  
With holy influence dealing.

But now I've made one more attempt,  
And practice knowldge diffuses,  
Therefore you'll see I'm not exempt  
From the praises of the Muses.

For learned ones to me have sent  
Several highly classic pieces ;  
They sent them as a compliment—  
Their regard for me increases.

And glad I am to think I took  
To my books, my pen and paper,  
My old arm chair and chimney nook  
And brilliant burning taper.

For there I crave no drink or smoke  
From foreign weeds or British clay ;  
No ribald jest, or pothouse joke,  
My favourite Muse alone bears sway.



By proxy next I tried the wave,  
 And troubles it brought me not a few ;  
 My vessel found a wat'ry grave,  
 But One above saved my poor crew.

Too far from land for eyes to scan,  
 No helping hands as at a fire,  
 No sympathy with fellow man,  
 That may come from some One higher.

Long time I've borne my loss with grief,  
 As yet I've found no favour'd quarter,  
 Aid would have come and brought relief,  
 If't had been by fire instead of water.

I often wish I could forget,  
 But a thought on't comes twice a year ;  
 Thus life with trials seems beset  
 As much as I sometimes can bear.

But still I've struggled on as yet ;  
 Still my cash is constant going  
 For interest—that endless debt  
 Paying still—yet still is owing.

But past or present cannot last long,  
 This day my years are sixty-nine ;  
 If refus'd a future for my song  
 I'll bow to Thee Thou All Divine.

*LINES ON THE DEATH OF OLD JOHN CROSS,  
Earth-stopper to the late Lord Petre.*

No more shall he watch for the dew-gilden dawn  
 The smile of his master, the sound of his horn ;  
 No more shall he feel the soft raptures that roll  
 In a stream of delight round the foxhunter's soul.  
 When Thorndon unkennels, and pours on the gale  
 Those gaily toned notes of the mount and the vale,  
 For age cross'd his path, and unpac'd all his store,  
 And he answer'd the hallo with fox-hunting lore.  
 The chase was well run—for the huntsman was Death ;  
 The hounds were diseases, the prize was his breath ;  
 So they sent him to covert, a calm one no doubt,  
 And they stopp'd him in earth tho' he stopp'd others out.  
 As this world he's left, may he rest with the dead  
 While Daniel his son now stops in his stead.  
 Peace to his Manes.

---

*ON BURNS LAMENTING HIS POVERTY.*

Despise not the bard of humble birth,  
 Nor cast on him a frown,  
 For the rich and poor sprang from one earth,  
 And each may gain a crown.

But who can guide a wide spread world,  
 Or keep the numbers level,  
 While thousands are into ruin hurl'd  
 Enjoying midnight revel.

If all were equalised to-day  
 They would not be to-morrow ;  
 Golden feathers soon fly away  
 From hunger and from sorrow.

Burns said that man was made to mourn,  
 Yet he is not always sad,  
 Tho' trying loads the rich have borne  
 And yet they are often glad.

For since Man fell and went astray  
 Our years have been restricted ;  
 A pious man was heard to say  
 It's well to be afflicted.

Why at our lot should we repine ?  
 Better say for good 'tis sent ;  
 If troubles come thro' hands Divine  
 May we learn to be content.

May priests and poets friendship join  
 On this life's varied soil,  
 With heart and voice and hands combine  
 To assist the sons of toil.

For a spark may smother in the smoke  
 When too weak to raise a flame,  
 And so may a word when kindly spoke  
 Assist a being to fame.

If I'd the gift that Burns once had,  
 In that sad gloomy reign,  
 I'd make the hearts of thousands glad  
 To read some lofty strain.

For now he's dead his works we praise,  
 His banner's now unfurl'd,  
 And men's and maiden's voices raise  
 Loud plaudits round the world.

The Muses too rais'd voice and quill  
 To do the bard much honour,  
 But Miss Isa Craig's poetic skill  
 Brought down the prize upon her.

Now when we take our pen in hand  
 To form some jingling rhyme,  
 May we that pen always command  
 To write a part sublime.

For as we live we write by turns,  
 The praise comes when we are dead ;  
 Two upper lines are Bobby Burns  
 The rest belongs to Fred.

If all were equalis'd this day  
 Thy would not be the next,  
 For grasping av'rice with tyrant sway  
 Would leave some one perplex'd.

[Miss Isa Craig won the prize for the best poem on Burns. The above poem begins with Burns's Motto.]

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*IMPROMPTU BY S. H. SHARMAN,*

*Author of "The Relief of Lucknow," on reading Mr. Bryant's  
 Lines on Burns.*

Good Laureate ! 'tis really much too bad,  
 Thy senseless rhyming almost drives me mad,  
 To think the noble art of poesy  
 Should be degraded by such ribaldry.  
 Dost thou imagine thy dull lines will pass,  
 And think each reader like thyself an ass ?  
 Sure 'twas thy luck, and not thy brainless pate  
 That made a dolt a poet laureate.  
 Had modest Bryant, of colt-breaking fame,  
 But half the chances, he had won a name,  
 Deathless—immortal—awhile by all forgot,  
 Thine is as things that have been and are not.  
 Talent like his, undimm'd by thy conceit,  
 With long applause will future ages greet ;  
 Take my advice then, and next time you scrawl  
 Oh ! write like Bryant or not write at all.

*IMPROMPTU.*

Reader, avast ! 'tis well the world should know it,  
 At Woodham Mortimer there doth live a poet  
 Whose name with Shakespeare's will live through all time,  
 If England's children can appreciate a rhyme.  
 His lines are moral—and I'm sure 'tis fun  
 To see the MODESTY with which 'tis done.  
 Here's solace left, if Death hath taken Will  
 Let God be prais'd we have our Bryant still.  
 May he when travelling on his poetic line  
 Accept this impromptu with a bottle of wine.

H. SPRAGUE, Maldon.

*MY SELF.*

As I'm often engag'd to write for another  
 I've no doubt that some deem me an impudent elf ;  
 But, to please all the world is somewhat a bother,  
 So now I'll just write a few lines for myself,  
 For I know that my harp will soon cease from playing ;  
 Like a mole, above ground I can't remain long ;  
 The mandate of Nature I'll soon be obeying,  
 For earth's pleasures are fled from the child of song.

It's now forty-six seasons I've ridden to hounds,  
And several kind friends ne'er again shall I see ;  
But if four seasons more I ride o'er my rounds  
It will answer the time of what's call'd Jubilee.  
Yet thro' my long life I've been toiling and striving,  
The paths of misfortune and danger I've trod ;  
Now time tells me plain that I ne'er shall be thriving  
As long as I travel above the green sod.  
By affliction and age combining together  
I oft come to a check when I should be going,  
So I'll seek a haven, with moderate weather,  
Where winds of adversity never are blowing.  
I own it a mercy at the dangers I've pass'd,  
Tho' the hours I've spent well seem to me but a few,  
Yet a mercy much greater, if I should but last  
A little time longer, to make seventy-two ;  
Yet at three score and ten man may hobble about,  
A few trifling duties perhaps he can fulfil,  
But he must remember, tho' his lease is run out,  
He can ask to hold on, as a tenant at will ;  
But should I repine at earth's crossings enduring,  
Sweet to the Christian is the chastening rod,  
My affections are set on yon bright stars alluring,  
For above it I hope for a home and a God.

*WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF Mr. SLACK  
being injured by his Horse falling while Hunting with  
Mr. Offin's Hounds ; and, as I rendered assistance at the  
time, I was presented with a valuable Whip by  
Mrs. Slack.*

TO MR. AND MRS. SLACK.

Your kindness now I'll thus rehearse,  
And shew it forth in rhyme and verse ;  
I'll ask my muse for comic fire,  
While Orpheus strikes his tuneful lyre.

I thought my mind had taken a trip,  
Or that you at me were making fun,  
To fancy that I deserv'd a whip  
For the trifling act that I had done.

When Fanny fell and broke her bridle  
Sympathy caus'd me your grief to share ;  
I could no longer sit there idle,  
But gallop'd away and caught your mare.



That act was but the duty of man,  
 In trying to raise you from the dirt,  
 To perform the good Samaritan,  
 For I was griev'd to see you hurt.

As I rais'd you up from off the ground  
 I saw the pinky stream was running fast ;  
 With two handkerchiefs your head I bound,  
 And your countenance was with gloom o'ercast.

I took you to the nearest dwelling,  
 I thought you wanted a ready friend  
 That knew your wants with little telling,  
 For I feared that you were near your end.

I thought it a mercy you were sav'd,  
 A tender bone you know was broken ?  
 While at Purleigh Burns while you were lav'd  
 Not a word from you was there spoken.

But as we were jogging on the road  
 Your motley head gear caus'd folks to grin,  
 Altho' longing for our abode  
 We made a halt at the road-side inn.

Poor Fanny's neck you fondly patted  
 As we started from the Bell sign-post,  
 And as homewards we so friendly chatted  
 About *two pence* you left with the Host,

Saying whatsoever is wanted more  
 I'll pay you when I come next time :  
 Then you'll wipe the chalks from off the door,  
 Or I'll write you in sarcastic rhyme.

But when we reach'd your destination,  
 It put Mrs. Slack into a fright ;  
 Servants bawled out—Oh ! botheration,  
 There's no rest for us "agin" to-night.

And right they were, tho' 'twas wrong for you,  
 For troubles broke out with ache and smart ;  
 So man and horse without more ado  
 Were sent to Baddow for Doctor Hart.

Examination at once took place,  
 For there was no time for flattery,  
 For two doctors now stood face to face  
 Taking up a bleeding artery.

And truly this was a painful case,  
 Though happily but seldom heard of,  
 And it cast a gloom all round the place—  
 Your life was almost despair'd of.

With yards of bandage they bound your head,  
 For doctors don't stop at expenses,  
 Then they gently laid you down in bed,  
 For you had almost lost your senses.

With nursing and watching to the letter,  
 All thanks to *One* you're fast progressing,  
 And as you feel that you're much better  
 May your affliction prove a blessing.

And now like Richard you're yourself again  
 Try Hazeleigh Hall for a gentle spin ;  
 There you can follow mighty Nimrod's train  
 With breeches clasping the old pigskin.

Now a word or two on poor Fanny,  
 With her master may she fall no more,  
 For on his head she form'd a cranny,  
 And sent him to bed both sick and sore.

Now forward my muse pursue thy track,  
 May grateful expressions tune thy lip,  
 I feel that Mr. and Mrs. Slack  
 Have deem'd me worthy to wield this whip.

But still I feel that I'm your debtor ;  
 Never from my breast shall this thought slip,  
 My thanks accept for your kind letter  
 Accompanied by this first-class whip.

*LINES ADDRESS'D TO F. BRYANT ON HEARING HIM READ HIS POETRY.*

Hail rustic bard, all hail to Thee,  
 Who oft hast tun'd the lyre,  
 And warbled forth thy minstrelsy  
 With sweet poetic fire.

Who oft hast sung th'exciting chase,  
 Hast told each daring deed  
 Of horseman foremost in the race  
 On eager foaming steed.

And oft upon each sylvan scene  
 Thine eye observant dwells,  
 And notes some rustic flow'ret green  
 Enthron'd 'mid fragrant dells.

Nor hath the the man who well deserv'd  
 A castigation sore.  
 Escap'd thy satire well preserv'd  
 For him and many more.

Oh ! may the willing muse assist,  
 Long may thy genius shine ;  
 I feel enraptur'd when I list  
 To poetry like thine.

Then take the wreath I've rudely twin'd,  
 And cast before thee now ;  
 I would compare thy lofty mind  
 To Burns who drove the plough.

Hail tuneful Bard, all hail to thee,  
 Who oft hast wak'ed the lyre,  
 And cadenc'd forth thy minstrelsy  
 With sweet poetic fire.

G. R. NASH.

*AN IDYLL ANENT BRYANT.*

Est Vates dormitoque Bryant animosus equorum.

*Αδυγγ τοι Μοδος σου βρναντοο ιπποδαμοιο.*

Sweet is the song of the horse-taming Bryant.

As when the lark, while sombre night pervades,  
 Hamlet and field obscure in musky shades,  
 On lowly fallow tents her treasured nest,  
 And soothes their slumber 'neath her downy breast ;  
 But from the east as morn advancing shines,  
 Or in the western sphere as day declines  
 Seeks for her callow young the luscious worm ;  
 Feeds with fond care, and shelters from the storm ;  
 At length parental duty truly done  
 In cloudless azure rides the vernal sun ;  
 Higher and higher, pois'd on soaring wing,  
 At heavens high gate melodious carols sing.

Thus inborn genius, tho' she ne'er disdains  
 Allotted duties, higher thoughts attains,  
 While taming coursers with aspiring force  
 Ascends from earth upon a nobler horse,  
 And bounding free on Pegasus careers  
 Thro' fancy's regions and Pierian spheres.  
 Here like Gerenian Nestor who of old  
 Was sage in counsel and a horseman bold :  
 Like noble Hector, who did most enjoy  
 To train fierce chargers on the plains of Troy,  
 Our poet-horseman bids the colt submit  
 To galling saddle or restraining bit ;  
 To lend his willing back to bear the load ;  
 To draw the chariot, or to pace the road ;  
 And, in accordance with creation's plan,  
 To bow obedient to the will of man,  
 Who for kind use, and not for cruel thrall,  
 Was made the master and the lord of all.  
 Here for the faithful creature let me plead ;  
 Try not his willing powers beyond their speed ;  
 Spare the vindictive lash, the steel-arm'd heel ;  
 His tongue reveals not what his senses feel ;  
 To give you pleasure, or to win you bread,  
 Who strains each nerve, let him be amply fed ;  
 And in long travel, as you pass the pool,  
 Grudge not his fever'd tongue the liquid cool.  
 Like thoughtful Bryant teach him love, not fear ;  
 Kind but determined, firm but not severe ;  
 Who skilful trains the gallant beast to yield  
 His generous service in the hunting field.

This the Anuan horseman's prime delight,  
 The boldest rider in the swiftest flight,  
 Who, as the cheery music of the hound,  
 Or telling whimper that the quarry's found,  
 Bursts on his ear, exalts with tightened rein  
 And throbbing pulse, o'er hill and stream and plain  
 The conscious steed his master's ardour feels,  
 And with new vigour wings his flying heels.  
 No oaken palisade, no gate five-barr'd,  
 No yawning ditch their fearless course retard.  
 Soon as Death whoo-whoops heard the foremost rush  
 To win the envied trophy of the brush.  
 In vain our keen old sportsman forward hies,  
 And 'midst the panting pack uplifts the prize ;  
 But when the chase is o'er and fading sun  
 Beholds each daily task of duty done ;  
 He round his knees, while loving children cling,  
 Prefers pure water from Castalian spring  
 To deep potations where the taven sot  
 Imbibes distemper from the needless pot.  
 Content amidst his household gods he woos  
 The homely pleasures of his rustic muse,  
 Who ne'er permits his spotless page to stain  
 Pernicious ribaldry or jest profane.  
 Yea, as we oft have seen on outward fold  
 Of some rich mantle a deep fringe of gold,  
 So to his pleasant songs we read annex'd  
 Some moral doctrine or some holy text.

God grant thee, poet-horseman, long to ride,  
 Of Essex chivalry the foremost pride,  
 And when 'advancing years' remorseless force  
 Bids thee dismount and quit thy much-lov'd horse :  
 By virtue solac'd, and adorn'd with bays,  
 May peaceful honours crown thy waning days.

With the Author's good wishes.—ANONYMOUS.

*LINES AFTER HAVING HEARD SEVERAL OF  
 THE FOREGOING POEMS.*

Lord Byron wrote, and so did Scotland's Burns,  
 In jubilant and doleful strains by turns ;  
 But for a goosequill that is always pliant  
 Give me the magic pen of Frederick Bryant.

Essex, thou favoured county, mark my strain,  
 Say, shall we look upon his like again ?  
 I ask what age, in language all defiant,  
 Can e'er produce another Frederick Bryant ?

Pathos or humour are alike to him,  
 And thoughts of his, sublimest verse will dim.  
 He grasps an idea with the hand of giant ;  
 Hail, favour'd county, then thy Frederick Bryant.



If we have need of it, whose mind can force  
 A line to paint our feelings, his of course ;  
 We turn to him as Poetry's favour'd client,  
 And hopefully leave all to Frederick Bryant.

Would I could write like he, and make my theme  
 As clear as his. But, oh ! how wild the dream ;  
 So humbly grand—so calmly self-reliant—  
 Vain were the wish to equal Frederick Bryant.

HENRY PAVIT.

---

*REPLY TO MR. HENRY PAVIT.*

Dear Sir, your kind verses caus'd my heart to burn,  
 And now I'll attempt to touch yours in return ;  
 You've extoll'd me so high, I don't care to have it,  
 For the praise is all due to you, Henry Pavit.

As the Lyre of old Memnon, the story does run,  
 Sounds in gladness or sadness from the rays of the Sun ;  
 Then break forth into song, with gladness we'll have it,  
 Thy lyre and thy voice are in tune, Henry Pavit.

May Orpheus and Flora together combine,  
 And weave a fair garland thy fair brow to entwine ;  
 May Mars stand in arms to see none dare deprave it,  
 Or steal such a trophy from you, Henry Pavit.

Success to old England has long been my toast ;  
 May her minstrel and bards, thro' time be her boast ;  
 Thy voice is so charming that numbers still crave it,  
 While applause fills the air for you, Henry Pavit.

Play on, thou sweet minstrel, thy rich warbling note ;  
 Enchanting each echo as in mid air they float ;  
 Each hamlet and village admire and still crave it,  
 While thundering encores assail Henry Pavit.

Now soon I shall reach the end of my story,  
 To Pavit be praise, on high be all glory ;  
 May plenty surround you—be thankful you have it—  
 And a peace-reigning home when you're old, Mr. Pavit.

---

*ON THE REV. T. F. CORNWALL'S COLLEY  
 DOG.*

Farewell Essex, I'll try for Cornwall  
 To seek thy aid, my comic muse,  
 For no coarse lingo my pen shall scrawl,  
 Fair poetry I'll now diffuse.

Spare, gentle reader—spare, do not scold—  
 For by my verses I mean no harm :  
 As no flocks are bleating in your fold,  
 Nor herds are lowing upon your farm,

I sometimes think it is a folly  
 To keep a dog that you cannot use,  
 Unless you teach your faithful colley  
 To gather your flock into their pews.

For colley's now just in her prime,  
 Altho, she wanders for a snap ;  
 But, like the ape in Æsop's time,  
 She's not exactly up to trap.

For I have heard she's wont to roam,  
 Regardless of her bed of straw,  
 And in the morn when she came home  
 She showed a trap mark round her paw.

Which made poor Collie hop about—  
 All day at home she felt the pain,  
 And if she rambles, I have no doubt,  
 That she may find a trap again.

But if she goes in search of game,  
 Unconscious of the human laws,  
 And there gets injured, who's to blame,  
 For hunger is sometimes the cause.

A lesson now we learn from Colley,  
As thro' life's maze our footsteps wind,  
To turn away from vice and folly  
Whose ectacies allure the mind,

And draw us to that precipice  
Whose dread abyss is form'd below,  
While thousands fall a sacrifice  
To suffer sorrow, pain and woe.

May faith and prayer gain us power  
From Him who paid that cruel fine ;  
Who mourned and pass'd Gethsemane's bower,  
Now reigns on high supreme Divine.

Now, Rev. Sir, I've fought the battle—  
My only weapon being my pen—  
May you no other weapon rattle,  
If ever you go to war with men.

---

*IN MEMORIAM.*

Poor Collie now no more will fret,  
 Nor wander for a cast-off scrap,  
 For she has paid Dame Nature's debt,  
 And death now holds her in his trap.

Tho' keen her pain, she could only die ;  
 She'll ne'er be call'd upon again  
 To undergo any scrutiny,  
 For death has finish'd all her pain.

'Tis thus she quits this mortal life ;  
 No more to break gamekeeper's laws,  
 Nor yet engage in feudal strife,  
 To hobble home with wounded paws.

Her friends at home lament poor Busy,  
 For in life this was her real name ;  
 No more she'll train her daughter Lizzey  
 To hunt and kill forbidden game.

Now a last farewell to our lost Busy,  
 For Lingwood rabbits no more she'll crave.  
 Oh ! may King Canine bestow a tizzezy  
 To bramble over her lonely grave.

*EPITAPH.*

Beneath this green turf lie the remains  
 Of one of useful specie,  
 And as she's releas'd from all her pains  
 No one need ask where is she.

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*AN EPITHALAMIUM*

*On the Marriage of R. Wrag, Esq., to Miss M. Self.*

What won't a woman do for pelf?  
 Is the enquiry of a wag.  
 Why ; give away her own dear *Self*,  
 E'en for a single *wRag*.

What won't a woman do for pelf?  
 Why, she would raise her *Self* to fame ;  
 Man ought to love her as his *Self*—  
 She's worthy of his name.

What won't a woman do for pelf?  
 Is enquired by the same old wag—  
 She'd treat her husband as her *Self*  
 As long as she's a *wRag*.

Without a woman what is man,  
 With all his youthful boast and brag ?  
 While life is dwindling to a span  
 He feels the heavy drag.

Then tell me not that woman's frail,  
 For I pronounce thee false, Shakespeare ;  
 Woman's friendship won't always fail—  
 Man's often too severe.

In health or sickness she is there—  
 In both you'll find her just the same—  
 In all our troubles she will share—  
 She well deserves her name.

But tho' thou'st changed away thy *Self*,  
 May that change ne'er make thee weary ;  
 The Lord deems thee no common delf—  
 China to him is Mary.

May both be happy in their change ;  
 May Hymen's yoke on neither sag,  
 Nor may they feel a wish to range  
 To find a little *wRag*.

May peace and plenty crown their cot,  
 As o'er life's rugged path they wag ;  
 Her lord rejoice to feel he's got  
 So valu'ble a *wRag*.

I've known her listen to my tale,  
 As I sat before her munchin,  
 With fine old home-brew'd nut brown ale  
 And ham for my luncheon.

And when from hunting tired and faint,  
 To her I nam'd a cup of tea ;  
 Direct that I did her acquaint ;  
 At once 'twas made for me.

No more then tell me woman's frail—  
 Shakespeare a lying-tongue wag—  
 Woman thou shalt not thus assail ;  
 Why make her life a drag.

But why am I the only one ?  
 I'm told that Nature's gifts are free—  
 Why didn't a scholar make this pun—  
 Not saddle it on me.

But now my muse thy punning is o'er,  
 I hope they'll never want for pelf,  
 But be as happy as before  
 That day she lost her *Self*.

For she was generous and kind—  
 Courteous and affable to me—  
 In after life oh ! may she find  
 Rest in eternity.



*HARVEST HOME.*

On Tuesday, Sept. 18th, the farm labourers in the employ of J. O. Parker, Esq., of Woodham Mortimer Race, to the round number of 80, were generously and bountifully supplied with a substantial meal, two splendid sheep being killed for the occasion. The table being spread—

Hot joints were teeming on the board,  
And men stood round with one accord.

A blessing being asked by the worthy Squire—

When puddings plumb and puddings plain,  
They cut, and ate, then came again ;  
Then mutton roasted, mutton boil'd,  
Cook'd to a charm and nothing spoil'd.  
Ample justice was done—'twas a pleasing sight—  
For all that come there brought their own appetite.

The cloth being removed, thanks were offered, and the health of the host proposed, and said, sung or chanted by old Bobby Stebbings, the ex-lord of the reapers—

Who to cut in the field has long been unable ;  
Yet the Squire still allows him to cut at his table.

They drank and they sung—they merrily laugh'd—  
 The Gotch was replenish'd, tobacco was quaff'd ;  
 They were merry and thoughtful—they knew when to halt,  
 For they'd nothing to do with the tax on the malt ;  
 There was the old and the young of various size,  
 And they'd made up their minds to be merry and wise.

During the evening their pleasure and hilarity were much increased by the presence and humourous tales (flavoured with the Dutch accent) of T. Gevers, Esq., cousin to Mr. Parker, interspersed with ancient and modern lays of the true rustic order ; as the evening was drawing to a close it was time to go out and holloa—

Largess as they could roar :  
 Being free from care and strife,  
 The young 'uns danc'd upon the floor  
 To merry Charley's fife.

And as the largess they all hallao'd,  
 With so much might and main,  
 The woods and meads with largess follow'd  
 In melodious refrain.

We were so merry—the night so clear—  
 With the full moon shining o'er us,  
 We almost fancied we could hear  
 The orb of night join chorus.

When all returned to the table over their parting jug—

Thus may the lords of the harvest cause their workmen to  
 smile,  
 And provide such a table for the brave sons of toil,  
 And may they in their turn by their actions reveal  
 To their masters in future how grateful they feel ;  
 May health, strength and harmony their dwellings enshrine  
 Till they feel they've a spirit within them divine.  
 May Faith, Hope and Charity within form a union  
 Till the Lord of the Sabbath grants them Holy Communion.

Thus closed another pleasant evening, when old and  
 young separated, singing and wishing that—

Happiness and blessings may ever attend  
 Such a master and neighbour and such a friend ;  
 While the clear silvery moon brightly shone in the west  
 To guide the benighted safely home to their rest.

But, as Mr. Parker was relating some pleasing accounts of  
 the evening and his guests, Mrs. Parker caught up the theme,  
 and said something might be done for the women, as they  
 toiled in the same vineyard, they must have a treat also.  
 Next morning the Squire's lovely daughters were—

Going round the parish between each shower  
 Inviting widow and wife to come to the Bower.

And on Wednesday—

Forty-six of Eve's fair daughters  
 Muster'd at the above nam'd quarters,

Where banners and flags flutter'd over the plain ;  
 Though not nail'd to the mast, they were tied to the vane.  
 There was cambric and cotton of various hue,  
 With purple and pink, with red, white and blue,  
 And wickets were pitch'd in that beautiful park,  
 For the old and the young as blithe as the lark.  
 All tried hard to gain that swift ball no doubt,  
 For some there were caught, and some were bowl'd out,  
 And such comicalties never were seen  
 As wickets defended by huge crinoline.

Yet—

With harmless jokes they were intent—  
 So there was no cause to grieve—  
 And should a crinoline get rent  
 They can set them straight next eve,  
 And bonnets too, they said they wore,  
 But you know I could'nt find 'em,  
 Altho' I look'd an hour or more,  
 I see ribbons hung behind 'em.

As the bell was ringing all gather'd round the table with  
 a goodly spread of—

Beer and meat, with home-baked bread,  
 The young 'uns with tea and cake were fed :  
 While nature all her children viewing  
 Look'd pleased to see what they were doing.

After enjoying themselves at the table, as long as they choose, they walked the pleasure grounds with the young ladies, who seemed to vie with each other in imparting the greatest share of information to their humble guests, till—

Phœbus was glittering out his evening's last ray,  
 And the cottagers homewards were wending their way,  
 Delighted no doubt with their jollification,  
 Till all arriv'd safe at their own habitation,

Singing in praise of their benefactress and wishing that—

Blessings for her may lay in store ;  
 Long may she lead her useful life  
 To be the patroness of the poor  
 And remain the Squire's wife.

Not forgetting the chief butler,  
 Whose well known zeal and zest  
 For the pleasure of his master  
 And the comfort of his guest.















