

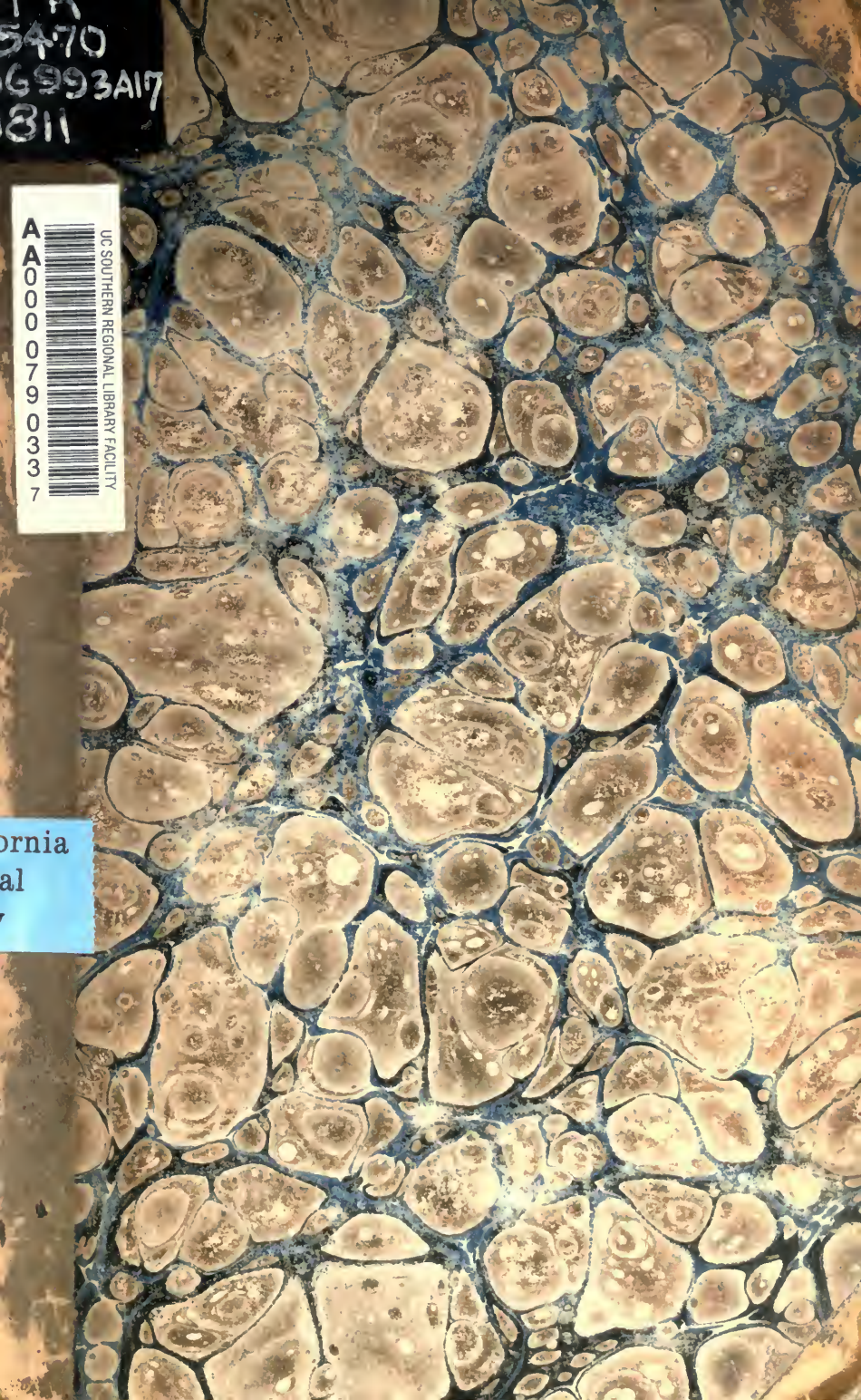
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FRONTISPIECE



*W. Lewis Pyphum
Newford St Mark Lane
Sept. 1811.*

P O E M S

BY

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

LONDON:

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1811.



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1811

DEDICATION

TO

SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

ON Beauty's smiles for *selfish gain*
The Bard is ever an encroacher,
Aware that happiest flows his vein
When most permitted to approach her.

When first the lark the morn adores
His strain is weak, his voice uneven,
But still improving as he soars,
He sweetest sings when nearest Heaven!

—◆—

ERE yet with manhood's vain desire
My vows for Fortune's gifts I breath'd,
Fancy bestow'd a plaything-lyre,
With roses and with cypress wreath'd!

Dearly I priz'd the tuneful toy,
Nor could my fond ear ascertain,
If most I lov'd its notes of joy,
Or sweeter thought its plaintive strain!

Whene'er my novice hand presum'd
To wake the chords of grief or glee,
The cypress gloom'd, the roses bloom'd,
And all was tears or smiles for me!

Neglected long, I lately tried
This charmer of my infant days;
Alas! each gay sound it denied,
And murmur'd only mournful lays!

Too soon I found the cause, my eyes
Upon its *lessen'd garland* casting—
E'en *Fancy's rose deciduous* dies,
Why is her *Cypress everlasting!*

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LEONORA.

LEPORE.

LEPORE fuhr um's Morgenroth
Empor aus schweren Träumen:
"Bist untreu, Wilhelm, oder todt?
Wie lange willst du säumen?"—
Er war mit König Friedrichs Macht
Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht,
Und hatte nicht geschrieben
Ob er gesund geblieben.

LEONORA.

FROM visions of disastrous love
Leonora starts at dawn of day;
“How long, my Wilhelm, wilt thou rove?
Does death or falsehood cause thy stay?”
Since he with godlike Frederick’s pow’rs
At Prague had foremost dar’d the foe,
No tidings cheer’d her lonely hours,
No rumour told his weal or woe.

Der König und die Kaiserinn,
 Des langen Haders müde,
 Erweichten ihren harten Sinn,
 Und machten endlich Friede ;
 Und jedes Heer, mit Sing und Sang,
 Mit Paukenschlag und Kling und Klang,
 Geschmückt mit grünen Reiskern,
 Zog heim zu seinen Häusern.

Und überall all überall,
 Auf Wegen und auf Stegen,
 Zog Alt und Jung dem Jubelschall
 Der Kommenden entgegen,
 Gottlob ! rief Kind und Gattinn laut,
 Willkommen ! manche frohe Braut.
 Ach ! aber für Lenoren
 War Gruss und Kuss verlohren.

Empress, and King, alike fatigued,
Now bade the storm of battle cease;
Their arms reviving friendship leagued,
And heal'd the bleeding world with Peace.
They shout, they sing, their cymbals ring,
Their green wreaths wave, they come, they come;
Ten thousand furlow'd Heroes bring
Or wounds, or wealth, or trophies home.

While from each bastion, tower, and shed,
Their country's general blessing showers;
-Love twines for every laurel'd head
His garland of domestic flowers.
How welcome husbands, sons, return'd!
What tears, what kisses greet the brave!
Alone poor Leonora mourn'd,
Nor tear, nor kiss, nor welcome gave.

Sie frug den Zug wohl auf und ab,
 Und frug nach allen Namen;
 Doch keiner war, der Kundschaft gab,
 Von allen, so da kamen.
 Als nun das Heer vorüber war,
 Zerraupte sie ihr Rabenhaar,
 Und warf sich hin zur Erde
 Mit wüthiger Geberde.

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr:
 "Ach, dass sich Gott erbarme!
 Du trautes Kind, was ist mit dir?"
 Und schloss sie in die Arme.
 "O Mutter, Mutter! Hin ist hin!
 Nun fahre Welt und alles hin!
 Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen;
 O weh, O weh mir Armen—!"

From rank to rank, from name to name,
 The fond inquirer trembling flew;
 But none by person or by fame,
 Aught of her gallant Wilhelm knew.
 When all the joyous bands were gone,
 Aghast she tore her raven hair;
 On the cold earth she cast her down,
 Convuls'd with frenzy and despair.

In haste th' affrighted mother flew,
 And round her clasp'd her aged arms:
 "Oh, God! her griefs with mercy view,
 "Oh! calm her constant heart's alarms!"
 "Oh, mother! past is past! 'tis o'er;
 "Nor joy, nor world, nor hope I see;
 "Thy God my anguish hears no more.
 "Alas, alas! Oh, woe is me!"

“ Hilf Gott, hilf! Sieh uns gnädig an!
Kind, bet' ein Vater unser!

Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan;
Gott, Gott erbarmt sich Unser!”

“ O Mutter, Mutter! Eitler Wahn!
Gott hat an mir nicht wohlgethan!
Was half, was half mein Beten?
Nun ist's nicht mehr vonnöthen.”

“ Hilf Gott, hilf! wer den Vater kennt,
Der weiss, er hilft den Kindern;
Das hochgelobte Sakrament
Wird deinen Jammer lindern.”

“ O Mutter, Mutter! was mich brennt,
Das lindert mir kein Sakrament!
Kein Sakrament mag Leben
Den Todten wiedergeben.”

“Oh, hear, great God! with pity hear!

“My child, thy prayer to Heav’n address;

“God does all well; ’tis ours to bear;

† “The hand which gave, can sooth distress.”

“All trust in Heaven is weak and frail;

“God ill, not well, by me has done;

“I pray’d, while prayers could yet avail;

“Now prayers are vain, for Wilhelm’s gone.”

L

“Oh, ever in affliction’s hour

“The Father hears his children’s cry;

“His blessed sacraments shall pour

“True comfort o’er thy misery.”

“Oh, mother, pangs like mine that burn,

“What sacrament can e’er allay?

“What sacrament can bid return

“Life’s spirit to the mouldering clay?”

" Hör, Kind! wie, wenn der falsche Mann,
 Im fernen Angerlande,
 Sich seines Glaubens abgethan,
 Zum neuen Ehebande?
 Lass fahren, Kind, sein Herz dahin!
 Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn!
 Wann Seel' und Leib sich trennen,
 Wird ihn sein Heineid brennen."

" O Mutter, Mutter! Hin ist hin!
 Verlohren ist verlohren!
 Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn!
 O wär' ich nie geboren!
 Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!
 Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!
 Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen:
 O weh, o weh mir Armen!"

"But if, my child, in distant lands,
 "Unmindful of his plighted vows,
 "Thy false one courts another's bands,
 "Fresh kisses, and a newer spouse,
 "Why let the perjur'd rover go;
 "No blessings shall his new love bring,
 "And when death lays his body low,
 "Thy wrongs his guilty soul shall sting."

"My pangs no cure nor comfort crave;
 "Joy, hope, and life, alike I scorn;
 "My hope is death, my joy the grave,
 "Curs'd be the day that saw me born!
 "Sink, sink, detested vital flame,
 "Sink in the starless night of death:
 "Not God's, but Wilhelm's, darling name
 "Shall falter from my parting breath!"

“ Hilf Gott, hilf! Geh nicht ins Gericht
Mit deinem armen Kinde!

Sie weiss nicht, was die Zunge spricht:
Behalt' ihr nicht die Sünde!

Ach, Kind, vergiss dein irdisch Leid,
Und denk an Gott und Seligkeit!

So wird doch deiner Seelen
Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen.”

“ O Mutter! Was ist Seligkeit?

O Mutter! Was ist Hölle?

Bey ihm, bey ihm ist Seligkeit,

Und ohne Wilhelm Hölle!

Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!

Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!

Ohn' ihn mag ich auf Erden,

Nag dort nicht selig werden.”

“Judge not, great God! this erring child,
“No guilt her bosom dwells within;
“Her thoughts are craz’d, her words are wild;
“Arm not for her the death of sin!
“Oh, child! forget thy mortal love,
“Think of God’s bliss and mercies sweet;
“So shall thy soul, in realms above,
“A bright eternal Bridegroom meet.”

“Oh, mother! what is God’s sweet bliss?
“Oh, mother, mother! what is hell?
“With Wilhelm there is only bliss,
“And without Wilhelm only Hell!
“O’er this torn heart, o’er these sad eyes,
“Let the still grave’s long midnight reign;
“Unless my love that bliss supplies,
“Nor earth, nor heaven can bliss contain.”

So wüthete Uerzweifelung
 Ihr in Gehirn und Adern;
 Sie fuhr mit Gottes Uorsehung
 Uermessen fort zu hadern;
 Zerschlug den Busen, und zerrang
 Die Hand, bis Sonnenuntergang,
 Bis auf am Himmelsbogen
 Die goldnen Sterne zogen.

Und aussen, horch! ging's trap trap trap,
 Als wie von Rosseshufen;
 Und klirrend stieg ein Reiter ab,
 An des Geländers Stufen;
 Und horch! und horch! den Pfortenring
 Ganz lose, leise, klinglingling!
 Dann kamen durchdie Pforte
 Uernehmlich diese Worte.

Thus did the demons of despair
Her wilder'd sense to madness strain,
Thus did her impious clamours dare
Eternal Wisdom to arraign.

She beat her breast, her hands she wrung,
Till westward sunk the car of light,
And countless stars in air were hung
To gem the matron weeds of night.

Hark! with high tread, and prancings proud,
A war horse shakes the rattling gate:
Clattering his clanking armour loud,
Alights a horseman at the grate:
And, hark! the door bell gently rings,
What sounds are those we faintly hear?
The night breeze in low murmur brings
These words to Legnora's ear.

“Holla, Holla! Thu auf mein Kind!
 Schläfst, Liebchen, oder wachst du?
 Wie bist noch gegen mich gesinnt?
 Und weinstest oder lachst du?”

“Ach, Wilhelm, du? . . . So spät bey Nacht?
 Geweinet hab’ ich und gewacht;
 Ach, grosses Leid erlitten!
 Wo kommst du hergeritten?”

“Wir satteln nur um Mitternacht,
 Weit ritt ich her von Böhmen;
 Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht,
 Und will dich mit mir nehmen.”

“Ach, Wilhelm, erst herein geschwind!
 Den Hagedorn durchsaust der Wind,
 Herein, in meinen Armen,
 Herzliebster, zu, erwärmen!”

“Holla, holla! my life, my love!

“Does Leonora watch or sleep?

“Still does her heart my vows approve?

“Does Leonora smile or weep?”

“O Wilhelm, thou! these eyes for thee

“Fever’d with tearful vigils burn:

“Aye fear, and woe, have dwelt with me,

“Oh! why so late thy wish’d return?”

“At dead of night alone we ride,

“From Prague’s far distant field I come;

“’Twas late ere I could ’gin bestride

“This coal black barb, to bear thee home.”

“Oh, rest thee first, my Wilhelm, here!

“Bleak roars the blast through vale and grove;

“Oh come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer

“On the soft couch of joy and love!”

“Lass sausen durch den Hagedorn,
 Lass sausen, Kind, lass sausen!
 Der Rappe scharrt; es klirrt der Sporn;
 Ich darf allhier nicht hausen.
 Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinge dich
 Auf meinen Rappen hinter mich!
 Muss heut noch hundert Heilen
 Mit dir in's Brautbett' eilen.

“Ach! wolltest hundert Heilen noch
 Mich heut in's Brautbett' tragen?
 Und horch! es brummt die Glocke noch,
 Die elf schon angeschlagen.”

“Sieh hin, sieh her! der Mond scheint hell:
 Wir und die Todten reiten schnell:
 Ich bringe dich, zur Wette,
 Noch heut ins Hochzeitbette.”

“ Let the bleak blast, my child, roar on,

“ Let it roar on; we dare not stay:

“ My fierce steed maddens to be gone,

“ My spurs are set; away, away.

“ Mount by thy true love’s guardian side;

“ We should ere this full far have sped;

“ Five hundred destined miles we ride

“ This night, to reach our nuptial bed.”

“ Our nuptial bed, this night so dark,

“ So late, five hundred miles to roam?

“ Yet sounds the bell, which struck, to mark

“ That in one hour would midnight come.”

“ See there, see here, the moon shines clear,

“ We and the dead ride fast away;

“ I gage, though long our way, and drear.

“ We reach our nuptial bed to-day.”

“ Sag an, wo ist dein Kämmerlein ?

Wo ? Wie dein Hochzeitbettchen ? ”

“ Weit, weit von hier ! Still, kühl und klein !

Sechs Bretter und zwey Brettchen ! ”

“ Hat's Raum für mich ? ” “ Für dich und mich !

Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinge dich !

Die Hochzeitgäste hoffen ;

Die Kammer steht uns offen. ”

Schön Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang

Sich auf das Ross behende ;

Wohl um den trauten Reiter schlang

Sie ihre lilienhände ;

Und hurre hurre, hop hop hop !

Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,

Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,

Und Kies und Funken stoben.

“ Say where the bed, and bridal hall?

“ What guests our blissful union greet?”

“ Low lies the bed, still cold, and small;

“ Six dark boards, and one milk white sheet.”

“ Hast room for me?” “ Room, room enow:

“ Come mount; strange hands our feast prepare;

“ To grace the solemn rite, e'en now

“ No common bridesmen wait us there.”

Loose was her zone, her breast unveil'd,

All wild her shadowy tresses hung;

O'er fear confiding love prevail'd,

As lightly on the barb she sprung.

Like wind the bounding courser flies,

Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;

Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,

And horse and horseman heave for breath.

Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,
 Vorbey vor ihren Blicken,
 Wie flogen Anger, Haid' und Land!

Wie donnerten die Brücken!

“ Graut Liebchen auch? Der Pond scheint hell!

Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?”

“ Ach nein! Doch lass die Todten!

Was klang dort für Gesang und Klang?

Was flatterten die Raben?

Horch Glockenklang! horch Todtensang:

“ Lasst uns den Leib begraben!”

Und näher zog ein Leichenzug,

Der Sarg und Todtenbaare trug:

Das Lied war zu vergleichen

Dem Ankeruf in Teichen.

How swift, how swift from left and right,
The racing fields and hills recede;
Bourns, bridges, rocks, that cross their flight,
In thunders echo to their speed.

“Fear’st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;

“Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!

“The dead does Leonora fear?

“Ah, no; but talk not of the dead.”

What accents slow, of wail and woe,
Have made yon shrieking raven soar?
The death bell beats! the dirge repeats,
“This dust to parent dust restore.”
Blackening the night, a funeral train
A coffin’s mournful burthen brings;
Their slow pace measur’d to a strain
Sad as the saddest night-bird sings.

"Nach Pitternacht begrabst den Leib,
 Mit Klang und Sang und Klage!
 Jetzt führ' ich heim mein junges Weib:
 Mit, mit zum Brautgelage!
 Komm, Küster, hier! Komm mit dem Chor,
 Und gurgle mir das Brautlied vor!
 Komm, Pfaff', und sprich den Segen,
 Eh wir zu Bett' uns legen!"

Still Klang und Sang: Die Waare schwand:
 Gehorsam seinem Rufen,
 Kam's, hurre hurre! nachgerannt,
 Hart hinter's Rappen Hufen.
 Und immer weiter, hop hop hop!
 Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,
 Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,
 Und Kies und Funken stoben,

“ This dust to dust restore, what time
“ The midnight dews o’er graves are shed;
“ Meanwhile of brides the flower and prime
“ I carry to our nuptial bed.
“ Sexton, thy sable minstrels bring!
“ Come, priest, the eternal bonds to bless!
“ Come all the spousal hymn to sing,
“ Ere we the genial pillow press.”

The train, the coffin, disappeared,
The dirge in distant echoes died,
Quick sounds of viewless steps are heard
Hurrying the coal-black barb beside.
Like wind the bounding courser flies,
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;
Dust, stones, and sparks in whirlwind rise,
And horse and horseman heave for breath.

Wie flogen rechts, wie flogen links,
Gebirge, Bäum' und Hecken!

Wie flogen links, und rechts, und links
Die Dörfer, Städt' und Flecken!

“ Graut Liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell!

Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten? ”

“ Ach! Lass sie ruhn die Todten.”

Sieh da! sieh da! Am Hochgericht

Tanzt' um des Rades Spindel,

Halb sichtbarlich bey Mondenlicht,

Ein luftiges Gesindel.

“ Sasa! Gesindel, hier! Komm hier!

Gesindel, komm und folge mir!

Tanz' uns den Hochzeitreigen,

Wann wir zu Bette steigen! ”

Mountains and trees, on left and right,
 Swam backward from their aching view;
 With speed that mock'd the labouring sight
 Towns, villages, and castles flew.
 "Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;
 "Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!
 "The dead does Leonora fear?
 "Oh leave, oh leave in peace the dead!"

See, where fresh blood-gouts mat the green,
 Yon wheel its reeking points advance;
 There, by the moon's wan light half seen,
 Grim ghosts of tombless murderers dance.
 "Come, spectres of the guilty dead,
 "With us your goblin morris ply,
 "Come all in festive dance to tread,
 "Ere on the bridal couch we lie."

Und das Gesindel husch husch husch !

Kam hinten nachgeprasselt,

Wie Wirbelwind am Haselbusch

Durch dürre Blätter rasselt,

Und weiter, weiter, hop hop hop !

Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,

Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben

Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Wie flog, was rund der Pond beschien,

Wie flog es in die Ferne !

Wie flogen oben über hin

Der Himmel und die Sterne !

“ Graut Liebchen auch ! Der Pond scheint hell !

Hurrah ! die Todten reiten schnell !

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten ? ”

“ O weh ! Lass ruhn die Todten ! ”

Forward th' obedient phantoms push,
 Their trackless footsteps rustle near,
 In sound like autumn winds that rush
 Through withering oak or beech-wood sere.
 With lightning's force the courser flies,
 Earth shakes his thund'ring hoofs beneath,
 Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,
 And horse and horseman heave for breath.

Swift roll the moonlight scenes away,
 Hills chasing hills successive fly;
 E'en stars that pave th' eternal way,
 Seem shooting to a backward sky.

“Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;

“Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!

“The dead does Leonora fear?

“Oh God! oh leave, oh leave the dead!”

„ Rapp'! Rapp'! Mich dünkt der Hahn schon ruft:
 Bald wird die Sand verrinnen:
 Rapp'! Rapp'! Ich wittre Morgenluft:
 Rapp'! Tummle dich von hinnen!
 Vollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!
 Das Hochzeitbette thut sich auf!
 Die Todten reiten schnelle!
 Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle.“

Rasch auf ein eisern Gitterthor
 Ging's mit verhängtem Zügel;
 Mit schwanker Gert' ein Schlag davor
 Zersprengte Schloss und Riegel,
 Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf,
 Und über Gräber ging der Lauf:
 Es blinkten Leichensteine
 Rund um im Mondenscheine,

“ Barb! barb! methinks the cock’s shrill horn

“ Warns that our sand is nearly run:

“ Barb! barb! I scent the gales of morn,

“ Haste, that our course be timely done.

“ Our course is done! our sand is run!

“ The nuptial bed the bride attends;

“ This night the dead have swiftly sped;

“ Here, here, our midnight travel ends!”

Full at a portal’s massy grate

The plunging steed impetuous dash’d:

At the dread shock, wall, bars, and gate,

Hurl’d down with headlong ruin crash’d.

Thin, sheeted phantoms gibbering glide

O’er paths, with bones and fresh skulls strewn,

Charnels and tombs on every side

Gleam dimly to the blood red moon.

Ha sieh! ha sieh! im Augenblick,
 Huhu! ein grässlich Wunder!
 Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,
 Fiel ab, wie mürber Zunder,
 Zum Schädel, ohne Zopf und Schopf,
 Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf;
 Sein Körper zum Gerippe,
 Mit Stundenglas und Hippe.

Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob der Rapp',
 Und sprühte Feuerfunken;
 Und hui! war's unter ihr hinab
 Verschwunden und versunken.
 Geheul! Geheul aus hoher Luft,
 Gewinsel kam aus tiefer Gruft.
 Lenorens Herz, mit Wehen,
 Rang zwischen Tod und Leben.

Lo, while the night's dread glooms increase,
All chang'd the wond'rous horseman stood,
His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece,
Like ashes from consuming wood.
Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares,
High ridg'd his eyeless sockets stand,
All bone his length'ning form appears;
A dart gleams deadly from his hand.

The fiend horse snorts; blue fiery flakes
Collected roll his nostrils round;
High rear'd, his bristling mane he shakes,
And sinks beneath the rending ground.
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,
Ghosts yell the yawning tombs beneath;
Leonora's heart, its life-blood dried,
Heaves heavy in the grasp of death.

Nun tanzten wohl bey Mondenglanz,
Rund um herum im Kreise,
Die Geister einen Kettentanz,
Und heulten diese Weise:
“ Geduld ! Geduld ! Wenn's Herz auch bricht !
Mit Gott im Himmel hadre nicht !
Des Leibes bist du ledig ;
Gott sey der Seele gnädig ! ”

Throng'd in the moon's eclipsing shade,
Of fiends and shapes a spectre crowd
Dance featly round th' expiring maid,
And howl this awful lesson loud:

“ Learn patience, though thy heart should break,

“ Nor seek God's mandates to controul!

“ Now this cold earth thy dust shall take,

“ And Heav'n relenting take thy soul!”

THE
YEAR OF SORROW.

THE
YEAR OF SORROW.

TEAR from thy guilty brow that vernal wreath,
Chase from thy train those wanton airs which
breathe

Of Joy, and Love, and Life! let nought appear
To gratulate thy course, disastrous Year!

Away with all the seasons gawdy trim,
Cold be thy zephyrs, and thy suns be dim!

—Vain is the curse! the laughing Hours who draw
Thy car, have heard th' irrevocable law,
The world has felt thy renovating rays,
All nature jubilant resounds thy praise.

Creation lifts to thee her grateful voice,
 By Spring's brief charter licensed to rejoice,
 And as thy genial steps progressive move,
 The lifeless all revive, and all the living love!
 These are thy works of grace!—thy works of
 woe

Man, only man, is privileged to know;
 Man, only man, Creation's Lord confess'd,
 Amidst his happy realm remains unblest'd,
 On the bright earth, his flow'r-embroider'd throne,
 Th' imperial mourner reigns and weeps alone!
 Sad Year! whilst yet I hold one social joy,
 Suspend thy dire commission to destroy.
 My heart, so late of many joys possess'd,
 Laments for many lost, and trembles for the
 rest!

Sad years have been when Pestilence was rife,
 And all her fiends unmuzzled rush'd on Life:

Then from the gen'ral doom no plea could save,
 And Vice and Virtue crowded to the grave;
 But thou, disastrous Year, hast dealt around,
 With horrible selection, ev'ry wound;
 In ev'ry house where thy death-bolts have sped
 Thy partial warrant mark'd the dearest head,
 The prime alone of ev'ry happy land
 Where thou hast laid thy desolating hand,
 The prime alone, thy murd'rous sithe could suit,
 Youth's sweetest bloom, and Age's richest fruit!
 Whilst loud laments of public grief arise,
 And nations mourn the Learned and the Wise.
 How many kindred hearts are taught to know
 The keener anguish of domestic woe!
 And art thou gone, Parent^b and friend revered!
 Parent of her by ev'ry charm endear'd

^a Alluding to the deaths of La Harpe, Klopstock, &c. &c.

^b The Countess Dowager of Jenison Walworth, Mrs. Spencer's mother, died at Heidelberg in Germany.

To this love-beating heart, to whom I owe
 All that of bliss mankind can hope below!
 Yes, thou art gone! thy Susan, far away,
 Smiled no sweet sunshine on thy closing day,
 Not on her breast thy drooping forehead hung,
 Not to her lips thy summon'd Spirit clung,
 Ah! no—whilst others watch'd thy ebbing breath,
 And lighten'd by their love the load of Death,
 Haply thy Susan, in a distant land,
 E'en at that hour the scheme of pleasure plann'd
 To meet once more on Danube's happy plain,
 And clasp a Mother to her heart again!

Nor shall the mournful chronicle forget
 One who with honest truth my friendship met; ^c
 To him farewell!—thy morning clouds were past,
 And all thy days seem bright'ning to the last,

Youth was thy season of distress and tears,
 But Pleasure met thee in the vale of years,
 Scarce in the vale, ere all thy sand was run,
 And thy life ended when thy joys begun,
 To thee farewell—and oh! when Summer leads
 To Cambria's woodland rocks and streamy meads,
 Each scene of Nature's pageantry review'd,
 Each scheme of social happiness renew'd,
 Each rural day, each festive night shall be
 A dear, a long remembrancer of thee!

O think not fruitless are the griefs which rend
 The heart of Friendship o'er a buried friend;
 Are they not vouchers of distinguish'd days,
 Of active virtues, and decided praise?

The man, when summon'd to the realms of Death,
 Who unlamented yields his useless breath,
 Though no foul crimes done in his mortal state
 The fearful hour of retribution wait,

Yet long in cold obstruction dark he lies
 Unwept on earth, unwelcomed in the skies!

→ Whilst ev'ry tear o'er Friendship's ashes pour'd
 Blots out some frailty from the dread record,
 And ev'ry sigh breathed on the fun'ral sod,
 Wafts the loved Spirit nearer to his God!

Breathe soft, Italian gales! and ye that wing
 The tideless shore, where never-changing Spring
 Rules all the halcyon year, breathe soft, and shed
 Your kindest dews o'er pale Eliza's^d head!
 Propitious grant an anguish'd mother's prayer,
 And save a wedded lover from despair.
 Vain was the hope—in Beauty's earliest pride,
 → E'en in the porch of life, Eliza died;
 Ere yet the green leaf of her days was come
 The death-storm rose, and swept her to the tomb!

^d The Hon. Mrs. Ellis, daughter of the late Lord Hervev, and wife of Charles Ellis, Esq. died at Nice.

O thou, whose final will is happiness,
 Author of good, Permitter of distress,
 If still to speechless pangs thine ear be giv'n,
 If dumb despair be eloquence in heav'n,
 O reascend thy mercy seat! to thee
 Religious sorrow bows her filial knee!
 Let Faith, thy cherub almoner, bestow
 One gleam to cheer, not chase, the night of woe ;
 Let Patience sooth, not cure, the sacred grief
 Which prays not for oblivion, but relief:
 Oblivion!—no—the dear, the deep regret
 L-† What heart that lov'd Eliza would forget!
 I lov'd her too; on Arno's classic lawn
 My dawning fancy hail'd her beauty's dawn,
 My youthful lyre first woke her infant taste,
 And by her earliest smiles my earliest song was
 graced;

Oblivion!—no—to life's extremest bourn

All who have loved and lost thee, still shall
mourn;

From their last hour, when earthlier passions flee,
Consenting Heav'n shall yield one thought to thee,
To thee the theme which soothes their latest sighs,
To thee, the dearest hope which lures them to the
skies!

Again the bell of death! again the grave
Calls for a youthful victim;^e nought can save,
Greville, thy fading charms, nor pray'rs, nor art,
Nor all the anguish of thy Henry's heart.
Though thou art gone, fond parent, blameless wife,
Gone in the summer of thy blooming life.
To claim the prize, alas! too early won,
The prize of heav'n for ev'ry duty done,

^e Mrs. Greville, sister of the late Sir Bellingham Graham, and wife to Henry Francis Greville, Esq

Yet shall thy mem'ry live adored on earth,
Where Emma's^f sorrows consecrate thy worth.

Nor yet the doleful record can I close,
O hapless house of Grammont! for your woes
I weep, nor ye the cordial tear refuse,
Shed by a friendly though a foreign Muse.

O hapless house of Grammont! honours, fame,
Pow'r, wealth, and worth, had raised your patriot
name

So near the regal throne, that the same blow
Which reach'd your Kings, laid all your glories
low!

Yet still Aglaia's^g angel presence lent
A grace to grief, a charm to banishment.
England, the port for many a noble wreck,
England her ocean lightnings flash'd to check

^f The Hon. Mrs. Cunliffe.

^g Aglaïe de Polignac, Duchesse de Grammont

The demon rage which uproar'd Europe's peace,
 England Aglaia's wand'rings bade to cease,
 And welcomed here; and here Georgiana^b press'd
 The lovely wand'rer to her sister breast;
 Here, when condemn'd from native joys to part,
 Friendship, not Pity, sooth'd her bleeding heart;
 Here, when condemn'd in stranger climes to roam,
 Exile assumed the cheering smiles of home.

Short was her gleam of brighter years, and ye
 O family of woe, were doom'd to see
 Content revive her blooms only to throw
 A farewell beauty o'er her dying brow,
 And Hope rekindle only to illumine
 The shades of Death, and light her to the tomb!

Daughters of Genius, dear to gen'rous hearts,
 Charmers of cultured life, ingenuous arts,

^b Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

Heard ye the knell for Hamilton?; oh rend
 Your laurell'd tresses, o'er his ashes bend
 Your seraph forms, and weep your noblest friend;
 Each round his relics take her duteous stand,
 Painting be there, whose magic-gifted hand
 Can bid the meteor-forms of mem'ry last,
 And raise unfleeting visions of the past;
 Sculpture, her heroine sister, guard the grave;
 She, in her marble panoply, can brave
 The batt'ring tempest, or insidious clime,
 And foil with brazen shield^k the sithe of time;

[†] Sir William Hamilton, Knight of the Bath, many years British Minister at the Court of Naples.

^k It may be objected that the few capital works in *bronze* which remain to us from antiquity were *cast*, and not *sculptured*; yet whoever has examined the master-pieces of this kind, in the collection of R. P. Knight, Esq. must believe that some fine instrument has been employed in perfecting what the mould may have begun :

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,

alone seems a sufficient authority for a poetical description

Yours be the task with social skill to raise
 The bloodless trophies of his letter'd praise;
 Tell how your virgin altars were disgraced
 By the rude homage of misguided taste,
 Till they received from his enlighten'd mind,
 Incense more pure, and worship more refin'd;
 Tell that to him was giv'n the gen'rous aim,
 The rights of antique beauty to proclaim,
 The Gothic fiend from all her realms to chase
 And throne the Grecian goddess in her place.
 Nor shall the statesman's patriot view misprize
 Talents which aid commercial pow'r to rise;
 Have ye not seen, ye plains of Stafford,¹ say,
 A new Etruria mould your native clay,

¹ It is generally known that Mr. Wedgewood's Etruria owes its name and the perfection of its *forms* to the exquisite *Etruscan* or *Grecian* models first introduced into this country by Sir William Hamilton; and a late traveller observes, that "the demand for this elegant manufacture is now so universal, that an Englishman in journeying from Calais to Ispahan, may have his dinner served every day upon *Wedgewood's ware*."

Rough British hands light Grecian forms prepare,

And every mart demand the classic ware?

And shall cold Cynic censurers condemn

Talents not vain, or only vain for them,

Defame pursuits which beautify the mind,

And libel arts which humanize mankind?

Fresh flowers which on the fountain brink ;

The breath of day-spring rears,

Whose dainty blossoms only drink

The rainbow's diamond tears;

Such flowers alone my hand shall wreath

For Harriet's genial bow'r,

Such flowers alone their sweets shall breathe

On Harriet's^m bridal hour.

^mThe Lady Harriet Hamilton, eldest daughter to John James Marquis of Abercorn, was shortly to have been married to Henry de la Poer, Marquis of Waterford, Earl of Tyrone.

Pure as Elysian mornings break,

Fond hopes her fair cheek flush,

Pure as the sinless thoughts which wake

The cherub's infant blush!

Oh! for a voice, if such there be,

Which sighs have never broke,

Oh! for a harp, whose melody

Of sorrow never spoke!

For thee, Tyrone, their strains should flow,

Since ev'ry bliss divine

Which saints believe, or seraphs know,

With Harriet's heart is thine.

Yes, thine are joys beyond the scope

Of fiction's brightest theme,

Brighter than all which youth can hope,

Or Love, or Fancy dream.

Smile on thy green hills, Erin smile,

Thy woes, thy wars shall cease,

An angel to thy troubled isle

Bears Concord, Joy, and Peace!

Ah check the song!

Too well, when first I tun'd the mournful strain,

My boding heart presaged severer pain.

'Tis past—and thou hast struck, disastrous Year!

Thy master-stroke of desolation here.—

'Tis past—young, fair, and faultless Harriet dies,

Lovely in youthful death the slumb'rer lies,

Still hope and peace her gentle features speak,

Life's farewell smile still lights her fading cheek!

Soft was the voice which call'd her spirit hence,

Death wore no shape to scare her parting sense;

A white rob'd messenger of light he seem'd,

His looks with smiles of heavenly promise beam'd

Skywards were spread his wings of feathery snow,
 And lilies wreath'd his alabaster brow.

Stanmore through all her joy-deserted seats

No lamentation hears, no sigh repeats;

Silent like thee, whose virgin bier they dress,

Silent like thee, whose pale-rose lips they press,

Thy mourners speak no grief, no dirge prepare,

Thy dirge is silence, and their grief despair!

Oh! mourn, illustrious mourners! with my strain

A nation's sympathy accords in vain.

He who the world's expected mis'ry bears

Claims the sweet solace of congenial tears,

When unforeseen calamities surprise,

Radiant with life and joy when Harriet dies,

Sorrow beyond communion or control

In dumb distraction settles on the soul.

When Evening's wintry veil th' horizon palls,

Frequent for aid the lated wand'rer calls,

When the tornado shakes his demon wings,
 And sudden midnight o'er the noon-day flings,
 Aghast he sinks beneath th' untimely gloom,
 And craz'd with speechless horror meets his doom!

These are thy works of woe, disastrous Year!
 Scarce in the midway of thy sad career;
 Still onward as thy ruthless course proceeds,
 Sepulchral tablets chronicle thy deeds.
 The grave's black ministers around thee frown,
 A hearse thy car, and fun'ral plumes thy crown;
 O'er thy dark pomp the shrieking night-bird caw'rs,
 And tolling death-bells strike thy heavy hours!
 Nor stops the rigour of thy tyrant reign
 At partial loss and individual pain:
 See where beneath the stern oppressor's blow
 The world's great family lies sunk in woe!
 The tears of nations to my tears reply,
 And Europe echoes each domestic sigh

E'en here, though Britain dread no present foes,
 Distracted commerce rues the false repose,ⁿ
 And private feuds,^o though public discords cease,
 Distain with gen'rous blood the lap of peace.
 And yet, disastrous Year! thou canst impart
 One reconciling boon to cheer my heart!
 Revive, revive my Susan's drooping head,
 O'er her pale cheek Hygeia's blossoms shed,
 Sooth ev'ry pang, and ev'ry fear remove,
 And charm her back to beauty, joy, and love!
 Then will I blush for each reproachful tear,
 And thank and bless thee still, disastrous Year!

ⁿ The numerous commercial failures which occurred towards the end of the last peace, must be too well remembered.

^o Alluding to the fatal issue of two private quarrels.

CHORUS FROM THE IPHIGENIA IN
AULIS OF EURIPIDES.

WRITTEN AT HARROW SCHOOL, IN THE
YEAR 1784.

STROPHE I.

WHEN azure Thetis left her native waves,
By Love compell'd to feel a mortal's flame,
From Ocean's billowy realms and coral caves
To Peleus' arms the beauteous Nereid came.
The nymphs who rule the soul by music's pow'rs,
Forsook their tuneful springs and laurel bow'rs,
To twine her nuptial wreath on Pthian plains,
And chant with sweetest Lore her hymeneal strains

ANTISTROPHE I.

To triumph, joy, and hope, they tun'd the lyre,
 (Songs were each echo, music ev'ry breeze);
 And as their light hands wanton'd o'er the wire,
 What theme to charm, what number fail'd to please!
 Still mem'ry paints th' immortal minstrels near,
 Still notes of other worlds entrance my ear;
 Aye dumb before, bleak Pelion learns the sound,
 Hark! how his desert caves, and trackless wilds
 resound!

STROPHE II.

Lured by jocund festive measures
 Lightly breathed from Lydian reeds,
 Bacchus, prince of smiles and pleasures.
 Flew to Pthia's flowery meads.

He, to Hymen's rites indulgent,
Bore the bowl of sparkling joys,
The bowl that laughs with wine refulgent,
Ne'er with moderation cloy.
Around their chief the Bacchanalians pour,
And with lov'd wassel hail the blissful hour;
In reeling dance they beat the echoing ground
To the shrill pipe, and clanging cymbal's sound.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Sportive came with floating tresses,
From each fount and chrystal stream,
Naiad nymphs in showery dresses,
Glistening to the solar beam.
High their beechen garlands waving,
Oread sisters join'd the throng.

'Mid the Bacchanalians raving,
 Sweet was heard the Dryad song.
 With thund'ring tread the Centaur brood advance,
 Each with his grassy wreath and maple lance;
 Their shadowy squadrons blacken all the way,
 And clouds of eddyng dust obscure the day.

STROPHE III.

“ I see, I see, empanoply'd in arms,
 (Rapt with prophetic fire, sage Chiron cried),
 “ O'er Phrygian plains wide hurling war's alarms,
 “ Thy son, O Thetis, rise, his country's pride.
 “ I see proud Troy bewail her slaughter'd peers,
 “ I mark the widow's shriek, the matron's tears,
 “ While glory leads him o'er the vanquish'd realm,
 “ Beams from his sword and blazes on his helm.”

ANTISTROPHE III.

For thee, unhappy maid, no muses weave
Thy nuptial chaplet with unfading flowers;
For thee, no Gods their starry mansions leave,
For thee no wood nymphs dress ambrosial bow'rs.
Yet shall the griefs which o'er my bosom stream,
(Thy beauteous suff'ring innocence the theme);
Teach ev'ry echo of Eubea's plains
To sigh thy fate in pity's softest strains.—

EPODE.

See where she comes, by kindred murd'ers led,
And kneels submissive to her country's good;
Oh sheathe the blade, oh spare her virgin head,
Or Heav'n, who can't accept, avenge her blood!

O'er that dear breast for Love and Pity made,
Black Calchas waves his sacrilegious blade,
O'er thy fair brows the victim's fillets wave,
Thy bridegroom, Death, thy bridal bed, the Grave.
Oh! to what God shall dying Virtue bend,
Where now shall helpless woman find a friend,
Since Heaven itself demands a virgin's doom,
And Iphigenia sinks unrescu'd to the tomb!

EPITAPH
 ON THE
 COUNTESS HARRIET JENISON,

MAID OF HONOUR TO LOUISA, LANDGRAVINE OF
 HESSE DARMSTADT.

STAY, wand'rer, stay, revere this hallow'd sod,
 'Tis dear to men, to angels, and to God;
 Though back to Heav'n he call'd th' immortal ray,
 Dear to her Maker still is Harriet's clay;
 Dear is the robe of dust that Harriet wore,
 Dear are the earthy chains sweet Harriet's spirit
 bore.

That o'er her form each heav'nly beauty glow'd,
 That from her heart each sacred feeling flow'd,

Speak, kindred, parents, friends, *Louisa*, speak.

Louisa weeps, all other praise is weak;

She too may weep such tears as angels give,

We weep for her who dies, she weeps for us who
live.

THE BLUSH.

AN ENIGMA.

WHEN first o'er Psyche's angel breast
Love's yet untruant pinions play'd,
Of either parent's charms possess'd,
My birth their mutual flame betray'd;

No limbs my airy charms obscure,
No bone my elfin form sustains,
Yet blood I boast, as warm, as pure,
As that which throbs in Hebe's veins.

I sleep with beauty, watch with fear,
 I rise in modest youth's defence,
 And swift appear, if danger's near
 The snow-drop paths of innocence.

Sometimes in Themis' hall I'm seen,
 But soon those sterner duties fly,
 On flowery bank, or village green,
 My parent's gentler cause to try.

Love's sunshine beam'd from brightest eyes.
 Less cheers his vot'ry's painful duty,
 Than my auspicious light, which flies
 Like meteors o'er the heaven of beauty.

THE VISIONARY.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead!

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh!
They once were friendship, truth, and love!
Oh, die to thought, to mem'ry die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

THE NURSING OF TRUE LOVE.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LAPT on Cythera's golden sands,
When first True Love was born on earth;
Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First, Hebe claim'd the sweet employ;
Her cup, her thornless flowers, she said,
Wou'd feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub head.

But, anxious Venus justly fear'd
The tricks and changeful mind of youth,
Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd,
Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth.

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own,
But Prudence disallow'd her right;
She deem'd her iris pinions shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To *Hope* awhile the charge was given,
And well with Hope the cherub throve,
Till *Innocence* came down from heaven,
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of love.

Pleasure, a fury in her spight,
 When all prefer'd to her she found,
 Vow'd cruel vengeance for the slight,
 And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The trait'ress watch'd a sultry hour,
 When, pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,
 Tired *Innocence* to Slumber's pow'r
 One moment bow'd her virgin head.

Then, *Pleasure* on the thoughtless child
 Her toys and sugar'd poisons prest ;
 Drunk with new joy, he sigh'd, he smil'd—
 And True Love died on *Pleasure's* breast.

ANSWER

TO A LADY'S VERSES ON "TO-MORROW."

As the gales, whilst your hand crops the flow'r-
bending spray,
Bring you sweets which from flow'rs at a distance
they borrow,
So ever for you, to the joys of to-day,
May hope add a taste of the joys of "To-morrow!"

But to *me*, lovely friend, *worse than doubtful appears*
Your "Improver of bliss, and dispeller of sorrow,"
Since, alas! it presents me no hopes and no fears—
My misfortune is sure—*for I leave you to-morrow!*

ORIGIN OF A PEN.

Love begg'd and pray'd old Time to stay,
Whilst he and Psyche toy'd together;
Love held his wings, Time tore away,
But, in the scuffle, dropp'd a feather!

Love seiz'd the prize, and with his dart,
Adroitly work'd to trim and shape it;—
“O Psyche! tho' 'tis pain to part,
“This charm shall make us half escape it!

“Time need not fear to fly too slow,

“When he this useful loss discovers ;

“A pen’s the only plume I know,

“That wings his pace for absent lovers!”

TO LADY

YES, you may press her yielding hand,
And parley with her answering eye,
Yet check, at reason's stern command,
Each wish too warm, each pulse too high.

Her more than seraph looks awhile
You may without delirium meet,
Feel all the summer of her smile,
Yet keep your heart at friendship heat.---

She sings!—adieu to reason's reign—

Too soon your alter'd soul will prove,

—That the same soothing mad'ning strain

Which hushes reason, wakens love!

EPITAPH

ON MISS SPENCER, WHO DIED NOVEMBER 15, 1799,
AGED NINE YEARS.

AN angel form, for earth too pure, too bright,
Glanc'd in sweet vision o'er parental sight:
It fled—this holiest hope to faith is given,
To find that dream.—reality in heav'n!—

BETH ^AGÊLERT,

OR

THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND. †

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

† The story of this ballad is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowden, where Llewelyn the great had a house. The Greyhound, named Gêlert, was given him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205, and the place to this day, is called Beth-Gêlert, or the grave of Gêlert.

And still he blew a louder blast,

And gave a lustier cheer ;

“ Come, Gêlert, come, wer't never last

“ Llewelyn's horn to hear. —

“ Oh where does faithful Gêlert roam,

“ The flower of all his race ;

“ So true, so brave, a lamb at home,

“ A lion in the chase? ”

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board

The faithful Gêlert fed ;

He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his Lord.

And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But, now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chace of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied,
When near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied
Bounding his Lord to greet.

But, when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprize;
Unus'd such looks to meet,
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn pass'd,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied--
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“ Hell hound! my child’s by thee devour’d,”

The frantic father cried;

And to the hilt his vengeful sword

He plung’d in Gêlert’s side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,

No pity could impart;

But still his Gêlert’s dying yell

Pass’d heavy o’er his heart.

Arous’d by Gêlert’s dying yell,

Some slumb’rer waken’d nigh:—

What words the parent’s joy could tell

To hear his infant’s cry!

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe :

“ Best of thy kind, adieu!

“ The frantic blow, which laid thee low,

“ This heart shall ever rue.”

And now a gallant tomb they raise,

With costly sculpture deck'd;

And marbles storied with his praise,

Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,

Or forester, unmov'd;

There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass

Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear, he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowden's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's grave."

Dolymelynlyn,
August 11, 1800

TO A LADY,

WITH THE BALLAD OF BETH-G^AELERT.

DIES the dark yew, and cypress fair,
Which long poor Gêlert's ashes shaded ;
And shall the bays I planted there,
Not sooner far than they be faded?

No—dews more soft than morning wears,
Have dropp'd their lowly bloom to cherish:
Hallow'd by beauty's virgin tears,
No bays, not even *mine*, can perish!

TO THE
MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS AND
CLYDESDALE.

O'ER Susan's brow (the fault was mine)
A frown one moment's empire held ;
The smile, which rules by *right divine*,
The dark usurper soon expell'd.

That well he play'd the monarch's part,
E'en in that lawless reign, I own ;
He justly pierc'd the rebel heart
Whose guilt had rais'd him to the throne!

Think not, by vain repentance driv'n,
Too late for mercy I appeal;
Each wound that *alien frown* has giv'n,
That *native smile* can more than heal!

Heav'n has so fix'd their mutual pow'rs,
That good ^{o'er} ~~or~~ ill should ever thrive;
Night cannot fade so many flow'rs
As day returning can revive!

PROLOGUE TO THE GRAVE.

A COMEDY.

IN elder times, some lively sparks, 'tis said,
 Have paid familiar visits to the dead;
 By Pluto well receiv'd, politely all
 Conjured him never to return their call;
 But he assur'd them, on some future day,
 He wou'd not, cou'd not, fail to pass their way.
 With various views they went: *one*^p *anxious heir*
 Went with strong hopes to find his father there;
One^q *sought another's wife*—this hist'ry shews;
One^r *sought his own*—that's poetry, God knows!
 But, now this friendly intercourse is o'er,
 None, uninvited, drive to Pluto's door;

^p Telemachus

^q Hercules

^r Orpheus

Though soon or late his grimness visits all,
None will his kind Civility forestall ;
For, e'en when bidden in the warmest way,
All, if they can, put off th' appointed day :
E'en some, self-ask'd, when near his gates, recede,
And recollected pre-engagements plead.
Judge, then, what wonder seized the spectre state
When, with a light hand tapping at the gate,
The comic muse, a least expected guest,
At the dark realms of death for entrance prest.
Smiling she prest that smile had still prevail'd—
If hero's sword, and poet's lyre, had fail'd.
Hearts more than death, inexorably hard,
E'en misers' hearts, by worse than demons barr'd,
Won by that angel smile, cou'd ne'er refuse
Entrance and welcome to the comic muse.

Why all unlicensed, thus th' intruder came,
To beat in cypress groves for sprightly game;
Why tripped her light sock o'er the church-way sod,
Long by her buskin'd sister only trod;
Now, to the grisly king she fearless sped,
And bound her mask upon his goblin head;
Now all those darts which mark his tyrant rule,
She turn'd to shafts of harmless ridicule:
This, all as yet in mystic silence seal'd,
Within yon abbey's vault shall be reveal'd.
Attend awhile, we need not patience crave,
Few are in haste to know the secrets of the Grave.

TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

ON LEAVING CHISWICK.

THOUGH the *white gloom* of Winter has sheeted the
ground,

Though dead seems each flow'ret and tree;
Yet still the rich relics of Summer are found
Inurn'd in the cells of the bee.

Though doom'd to abandon these happy retreats,
Where *my Summer never is o'er*,
My heart is the hive which shall treasure the sweets,
Of joys that will blossom no more!

ANSWER TO A LADY'S VERSES,

ENTITLED

"PROMISE OF A FAIR SEASON."

A YEAR so new each promise fair
 Might break in its maturity,
 Though *Flora* and *Favonius* there,
 Had given their *joint security*.

But who to doubt a single *clause*
 Of that delightful *bond* can venture?
 When *Hebe*, guileless *Hebe*, *draws*,
 And *Genius* *duly stamps th' indenture!*

Stamp Office.

TO A
BUTTERFLY,

AT THE END OF WINTER.

FOLD your enamell'd wings again,
Oh yet prolong your wintry sleep!—
How many wake from ease to pain,
And only ope their eyes—to weep!

Ah no! undim'd by tears, you see
Where nature lights your flow'ry way;
Poor human insect! low'r for *me*
Those clouds which sadden reason's day!

By reason's light, with joyless eyes,
On all creation's laws we look;
What read we there? Pains, penalties,
And our death-sentence ends the book.

Whilst blithe *you* range from rose to rose,
We, sighing, muse how short their bloom!
To you life's twilight prospect shews
No mines of science—and no tomb!

But yet, though reason damp our mirth,
One matchless hope its aid has giv'n;
Your twilight only shews you *Earth*,
Our day, though clouded, shews us *Heav'n!*

TO MRS. CHINNERY,

OF GILLWELL HOUSE.

AWARE that I must bear my part
Of thorns that gall the mind,
My natal angel round my *heart*
A wreath of rose-buds twin'd.

At various times, of various hue,
Each gem a flow'r supplied;
Each flow'r in sweet succession blew.
In sad succession died!

Sere, sere was ev'ry earlier rose,
The gloom of winter reign'd;
Where was the sunshine to uncloze
The buds that still remain'd!

When lo! the darkest clouds beneath,
That e'er life's summer shower'd,
The last, and loveliest of the wreath,
My *Gillwell Roses* flow'r'd!

PROLOGUE

TO

THE WYNSTAY MASQUERADE,

BY A TAILOR POET OF A STROLLING COMPANY.

GENTLES, Apollo Starveling is my name;
 'Midst all these heroes of dramatic fame,
 To none in use, or dignity, *I* stoop,
 Tailor and poet to the Cambrian troop:
 Howe'er unlike at first they seem to be,
 Trust me, these trades in various points agree;
 I can unite, without dispute or quarrel,
 The *shears*, the *lyre*, the *cabbage*, and the *laurel*.
 Fustian! than thine, no merit e'er was clearer,
 Dear to the tailor, to the poet dearer:
 My grateful muse with joy thy worth rehearses
 In jackets good, unparallel'd in verses!

I own my task is hard, when bus'ness presses,
 To make up at one time both piece and dresses:
 "Hey, Starveling! where's my ruff? for God's sake
 "bring it;
 "Hey, Starveling! change this song, or I can't
 "sing it;
 "Lengthen this doublet, shorten these two
 "speeches;
 "Zounds! write my prologue; d—n it, mend my
 "breeches!"

Of all the countries which I yet have seen,
This for my double trade the best has been;
 I find in every rock, and cave, and glen,
 Work for the tailor's thread, or poet's pen.
 The mountain crags, which lead to nobler views,
 Tear every coat, and waken every muse;

Each walk to fancy, or to trade, of use is,
 Each step a sonnet, or a job produces.
 But, still the drama is my proper sphere,
 And for the stage what charming scenes are here!
 Each laughing hour of these convivial days
 Affords me *stuff to work up* twenty plays;
 Such *patterns* of good sense which all approve,
 Such *habits* of benevolence and love;
 Scenes with such beauty, wit, and feeling blest,
 Each look a grace, and ev'ry word a jest:
 Such charms, such hearts, such folly founded on
 sense,
 Such mirth, such worth, such wisdom, and such
 nonsense!

And if from comic scenes our strain we raise,
 To sing the hero's and the patriot's praise,

Where in all hist'ry can the tragic muse
A nobler theme than *Ancient Britons chuse!*^s
To tell when loyalty and honour call'd,
When mad rebellion ev'ry heart appall'd,
How Ancient Britons fought, and oh, to tell,
Too tragic is the tale, how *Ancient Britons fell!*

^s Sir Watkins's regiment, of which three officers, and many privates were killed in Ireland.

SONG.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was
presented,

(The list of what fate for each mortal intends),

At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,

And slipp'd in three blessings, Wife, Children,

and Friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated.

For justice divine could not compass its ends;

The scheme of man's penance he swore was

defeated,

For earth becomes heav'n with Wife, Children

and Friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill-secur'd oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested
When drawn on the firm of Wife, Children, and
Friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's waning
embers,
The death-wounded tar who his colours defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How blest was his home with Wife, Children,
and Friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with Wife, Children, and
Friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan
hover,

Though round him Arabia's whole fragrance
ascends,

The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that
cover

The bower where he sate with Wife, Children,
and Friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by
sorrow,

Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;

But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow

No warmth from the smiles of Wife, Children,
and Friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
 The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends;
 O'er me wave the willow! and long may it flourish,
 Bedew'd with the tears of *Wife, Children, and*
Friends.

Let us drink—for my song, growing graver and
 graver,
 To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
 Let us drink—pledge me high—Love and Virtue
 shall flavour
 The glass which I fill to *Wife, Children, and*
Friends.

TO
SUSAN, COUNTESS OF DUNMORE,
WITH THE SONG OF
“WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.”

ALL that my simple song expresses,
And all that makes it sweet to live,
Wife, *Child*, and Friends, your lord possesses,
And each the best that heav'n could give!

Yet still I fain would make additions—
His wife all *adding* pow'r disarms,
For neither poets nor magicians
Could add one charm to *Susan's* charms!

When soon his "*Child*" to "*Children*" alters,
Grant him his wish's utmost scope;
A giri like thee! my prescience flatters—
Two Susans are too much to hope!

Of friends whose warm and firm affection
Outvalues titles, pow'r, and pelf,
Oh! let me to his proud selection
Newly, but truly, add myself!

TO MISS

MORAVIANS their minstrelsy bring
The death-bed with music to smooth;
So you, lovely comforter, sing
My pangs of departure to sooth!

You sing—but my *silent adieu*
A sorrow still keener will prove;
You lose but *one friend who loves you,*
How *many I lose whom I love!*

When we go from each pleasure refin'd,
Which the sense or the soul can receive,
With no hope in our wand'rings to find
One ray of the sunshine we leave,

An adieu should in utterance die,
Or if written, but faintly appear,
Only heard through the burst of a sigh,
Only read through the blot of a tear!

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF ALPHONSO.

I LONG have thought Apollo's old division
 Of tears and smiles, a most unfair decision:
 Justice requires that each dramatic muse
 One of these pow'ful arms alone should use;
 Or else, that each from each should sometimes
 borrow

The charm of Mirth, or dignity of Sorrow:
 But still, on ev'ry stage this law is found,
 Poor tragedy, confin'd to one dull round,
 Sees comedy invade her rights unhidden,
 Whilst all reprisals are to her forbidden;

For tears ofttimes become Thalia's eyes,
 But from a single smile her buskin'd sister dies!
 Sure then those critic rules too hardly use her,
 Which e'en the sportive epilogue refuse her;
 Who—when the dews from tragic cypress shook
 Chill ev'ry heart, and sadden ev'ry look—
 Who boasts so stern a taste as to deny
 One leaf of comic bay those dews to dry!
 If then the claims of epilogue succeed,
 Next *Amelrosa* her own cause must plead.
 Few fears I feel, when thus arraign'd I stand
 Before the fairest jury in the land;
 Forgive my vanity if I declare,
 I think, to be my *Peers*, you must be *fair*.—
 For crimes of love projected, or committed,
 For filial duties slighted, or omitted—
 Th' indictment runs.—Some judges here I see
 Whose sympathizing hearts must pardon *me*;

Some, who, if sworn to truth, wou'd free confess
 What charms clandestine marriages possess!
 Who saw *for them* the *great improver* Love,
 On Scottish moors could plant a myrtle grove;
 Who found dark *Northern* nights as clear as noon,
 Gilt with the radiance of the honey-moon;
 Who think the margent thistles of the *Tweed*,
 When prest by am'rous feet, all flow'rs exceed;
 And own, in all their lives they ne'er have seen
Verdure so bright as that of *Gretna-green!*
 But my last task I fear will hardest prove,
 To justify my lover, not my love—
Cesario had his faults, and many too,
 Nay, some were crimes, and crimes of blackest hue.
That crime's the worst, e'en partial Love must own,
 Which shakes a patriot king's paternal throne;

Yet o'er his faults his valour still prevail'd,
The hero, not the man, my heart assail'd.—
You too, have doubtless felt, my beauteous friends,
What charms to love heroic valour lends!
You too will own, if haply time discovers
Some imperfections in your valiant lovers;
You too will own, Love ne'er so blind is found
As when his eyes with laurel wreaths are bound!

SYBILLINE VERSES,

AT A MASQUERADE.

GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

ENCHANTRESS, come! my mystic throne ascend,
To pow'r like *thine* no sybil spells pretend—
Vain are my prophecies of weal or woe
To those who thy superior influence know!
If my keen sight approaching joy descries,
One *frown* from *thee*, and joy for ever flies;
If my dark page foretells the world's distress,
One *smile* from *thee*, and all is happiness!

THOMAS LAWRENCE, ESQ. R. A.

Painting had claim'd all Lawrence for her own,
 But Music still to wave her right was loth;
 When Genius cried—Lawrence was mine alone,
 But I, too generous, gave him to you both.

THE LADY DOUGLAS, OF BOTHWELL CASTLE.

So wise, so witty, so belov'd! your state
 Can ne'er by sybil magic be improv'd;
 Wou'd you a miracle require of fate,
 Be then more wise, more witty, more belov'd!

THE LADY CREWE.

What! has that angel face receiv'd
 No hurt? has Time forgot his duty?
 Poor Time! like mortals you're deceiv'd,
 It is not youth—'tis only beauty!

MISS BOUVERIE.

Those eyes which *now* all radiant shed
So pure, so blithe a day,
Have wept in anguish o'er the bed
Where suff'ring^s friendship lay:
To prove that still (for art or guile
That bosom ne'er came near)
Those eyes which beam the brightest smile,
Can shed the tend'rest tear.

^s Mrs. Spencer.

INVITATION

TO KENSINGTON GARDENS.

No storm to day, no lightning's glare,
No thunder shall astound you,
But western breezes hover there,
To winnow health around you.

Warm as the virgin's breath who sings
Her first love's first complaint,
Pure as the air from cherub wings
That fan a dying saint.

Fair as those days of Infancy,
So fair, when nearly ended,
With all her snow-drop purity,
Youth's primrose sweets are blended!

LOVE OUT OF PLACE.

I'm a boy of all work, a complete little servant,
Tho' now out of place, like a beggar I rove;
Though in waiting so handy, in duty so fervent,
The Heart (could you think it) has turn'd away
 Love!

He pretends to require, growing older and older,
A nurse more expert his chill fits to remove;
But sure ev'ry Heart will grow colder and colder
Whose fires are not lighted and fuel'd by Love!

He fancies that Friendship, my puritan brother,
 In journies and visits more useful will prove;
 But the Heart will soon find, when it calls on another,
 That no Heart is at home to a Heart without Love.

He thinks his new porter, grim-featur'd Suspicion,
 Will Falsehood and Pain from his mansion reprove;
 But Pleasure and Truth will ne'er ask for admission
 If the doors of the Heart be not open'd by Love!

Too late he will own, at his folly confounded,
 My skill at a feast was all praises above;
 For the Heart, though with sweets in profusion
 surrounded,
 Must starve at a banquet unseason'd by Love!

The Heart will soon find all his influence falter,
By me, by me only that influence throve;
With the change of his household his nature will
alter,
That Heart is no Heart which can live without
Love!

THE MUSE TO MISS CHINNERY.

CANST thou, for Music, *quite* forego
Sweet Poesy, so priz'd awhile!
Can heav'n one birth-day gift bestow
So precious as the Muse's smile?

Ungrateful girl! though now thy heart
To change its ruling pow'r endeavour,
Think not I e'er from thee can part,
Where once I reign, I reign for ever!

Go to my rival's inmost bow'r,
I *there* with thee have still been found ;
I still have shar'd th' inspiring hour,
And breath'd my *sense* on all her *sound*.

When no according verse we hear
Amid thy minstrel melody,
'Tis only music to the *ear*,
But to the *heart* 'tis poetry!

TO

OUR friend, ingenious Lockley, ^t says,
 “Throw to the dogs my useless physic;
 “Leave town, and all its wicked ways,
 “For diet, quiet, mirth, and—Chiswick!”^u”

Adieu then, potion, draught, and pill,
 On Lockley’s words I’ve all reliance,
 Who, though a leech most learned, still
 Has sense more sure than all his science!

^t George Frederick Lockley, Esq. apothecary to H. R. II. the Prince of Wales.

^u The Duke of Devonshire’s seat.

But, whilst in these sweet bow'rs I stray,
 By Pleasures, Graces, Muses haunted,
 The Diet, Quiet—where are they—
 For which this princely seat was vaunted?

Are feasts, whose magic fumes might raise
 Dalrymple's * portly spectre—*diet*?
 Are nights, the sun mistakes for days,
 And gilds with all his radiance—*quiet*?

But *Mirth* is ours, my “sov'reign'st” cure,
 When Townshend's † polish'd satire moves it;
 With Devonshire the wit is sure,
 If he or utters or approves it!

* The late General Dalrymple. † Lord John Townshend.

And in Eliza's ^z smiles I find
 From all my pains the best distraction;
 They "*med'cine* to the wounded mind,"
 And health soon feels the bright reaction!

~~~~~

The genial glow, which warms the stream,  
 By *intermediate power's* effected;  
 The *surface* only feels the beam  
 Which from its *inmost bed's* reflected.

<sup>z</sup> Elizabeth. Duchess of Devonshire.

TO GEORGE R. CHINNERY, ESQ.<sup>2</sup>

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. C.

Too happy George! whose *Home* contains  
 The spur and guerdon of his pains!  
 Who still can call on *kindred love*  
 To guide, to censure, or approve;  
 Alas for me! whose youthful days  
 Ne'er heard *domestic* blame or praise!  
 No hopes of home my toils beguil'd,  
 No sister *there*, no mother smil'd—  
 And if in indolence I slept,  
 No sister *there*, no mother wept!

<sup>2</sup> Student of Christ Church, Oxford, who won the University prize for English Verse in 1810.



What wonder if thy young renown  
So early claims the laureate crown?  
How sweet *his* toil who knows the prize  
He seeks will charm a sister's eyes!  
When gain'd—his recompence how sweet,  
To place it at a mother's feet!

## TO MISS MARY BOUVERIE,

*Now Mrs. MAXWELL, of Carriden,*

CLAIMING PAYMENT OF, AND ARREARS UPON, VERSES DUE  
TO HER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY LAST PAST.

FROM A REVENUE OFFICER.

A VAGRANT in the realms of wit,  
Unown'd by goddess, grace, or muse,  
Can I that flatt'ring claim admit  
Which proudest genius might refuse?

You claim the *tributary* lay,  
To *sov'reign beauty justly due*;  
*Assess'd* beyond my pow'r to pay,  
I justly for *remission* sue.

I must th' *insolvent's grace* implore,  
 If you this *capitation* raise,  
 Not *rated* by my scanty store,  
 But by *your right* to boundless praise.

That pow'r on ~~sand~~-built pillars leans  
 Which, heedless of th' impoverish'd land,  
 Makes *royal wants*, not *public means*,  
 The measure of it's vast demand!

Some *barren bays* I once possess'd,  
 For *fiscal fruit-trees* now resign'd;  
 Must I, for follies past *assess'd*,  
 By *retro-active* laws be fin'd?

If, then, your generous nature hears  
This plea from poverty preferr'd,  
I well can justify *arrears*  
From reason, not neglect, incurr'd.

Why should the day which saw you born,  
O'er others claim distinguish'd place  
In you, since each succeeding morn  
Is birthday to some new-born grace?

For *fresh defeats*, while kings have plann'd  
Such levies as no wealth can pay,  
You for *fresh conquests* still demand,  
As vainly, what no words can say.

O may each hour (as saints confess  
Heav'n hears the *publican* in pray'r);  
New virtues on your heart *impress*,  
And *stamp progressive pleasures* there!

.

## THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

WHY mourn ye, why strew ye those flow'rets around  
To yon new-sodded grave, as ye slowly advance?  
In yon new sodded grave (ever dear be the ground)  
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,  
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?  
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow  
For the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,  
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart;  
No comfort, no hope, his own breast could elate,  
Though comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain  
Still foremost was he mirth and pleasure to raise;  
How sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his  
    strain,  
When he sang the glad song of more fortunate  
    days!

One pleasure he knew, in his straw-cover'd shed  
The way-wearied beggar recruited to see,  
One tear of delight he would drop o'er the bread  
Which he shar'd with the poor, the still poorer  
    than he.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast  
 Ev'ry gift, ev'ry solace, our hamlet could bring,  
 He blest us with sighs which we thought were  
                   his last,

But he still breath'd a pray'r for his Country and  
                   King.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep—  
 From the feast, from the wake, from the village-  
                   green dance,

How oft shall we wander at moonlight to weep  
 O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France.

To the church-bidden bride shall thy mem'ry impart  
 One pang as her eyes on thy cold relics glance,  
 One flow'r from her garland, one tear from her heart  
 Shall drop on the grave of the exile of France.



TO THE HON. MISS CREWE,

NOW MRS. CUNLIFFE,

*WITH THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.*

Soon the tear shall be dry, soon the flow'r shall be  
sere,

Which mourners on earth to these ashes have giv'n,  
But Heav'n from thy lips the sad story will hear,  
For music like thine is the language of Heav'n!

Oh! then shall this turf-bed with flow'rs ever  
crown'd,

And with tears ever dew'd, time's inclemency brave,  
For hands more than mortal will garden the ground.  
And angels will weep o'er the Emigrant's Grave.

## TO A YOUNG POET.

YES, noble youth, I will be proud  
That I cou'd clear thy fancy's ray;  
A wintry gale may chase the cloud  
Which chills the genial heat of May!

I will be proud that first I taught  
Thy wit with purer light to shine—  
That which the di'mond's lustre wrought  
Is dust, but from the di'mond mine!


 GOOD-BYE AND HOW-D'Y-DO.

ONE day, Good-bye met How-d'y-do,  
 Too close to shun saluting,  
 But soon the rival sisters flew,  
 From kissing, to disputing.

“ Away, says How-d'y-do, your mien  
 “ Appals my cheerful nature,  
 “ No name so sad as your's is seen  
 “ In sorrow's nomenclature.

“ Whene’er I give one sunshine hour,

“ Your cloud comes o’er to shade it;

“ Where’er I plant one bosom flow’r,

“ Your mildew drops to fade it.

“ Ere How-d’y-do has tun’d each tongue

“ To hope’s delightful measure,

“ Good-bye in friendship’s ear has rung

“ The knell of parting pleasure!

“ From sorrows past, my chymic skill

“ Draws smiles of consolation,

“ Whilst you from present joys distill

“ The tears of separation.”—

Good-bye replied, "Your statement's true,

"And well your cause you've pleaded;

"But pray, who'd think of How-d'y-do,

"Unless Good-bye preceded?

"Without my prior influence

"Cou'd yours have ever flourish'd;

"And can your hand one flow'r dispense

"But those my tears have nourish'd?

"How oft, if at the court of Love

"Concealment be the fashion,

"When How-d'y-do has fail'd to move,

"Good-bye reveals the passion!

“ How oft, when Cupid’s fires decline,

“ As ev’ry heart remembers,

“ One sigh of mine, and only mine,

“ Revives the dying embers!

“ Go, bid the timid lover chuse,

“ And I’ll resign my charter;

“ If he, for ten kind How-d’y-dos,

“ One kind Good-bye wou’d barter!

“ From Love and Friendship’s kindred source

“ We both derive existence,

“ And they wou’d both lose half their force

“ Without our joint assistance.

“ ’Tis well the world our merit knows,

“ Since time, there’s no denying,

“ One half in How-d’y-doing goes,

“ And t’other in Good-byeing!”

## TO MRS. SPENCER.

Ask me no more to tell my grief,  
Too dearly costs that sweet relief,  
Since ev'ry pang it soothes in me,  
Poisons some happiness in thee!  
I am no *Edward* to endure  
An *Eleonora's* gen'rous cure!  
Oh! ill return for joy receiv'd,  
And pains by thee alone reliev'd,  
When I to those dear eyes consign  
Each tear their smiles have chased from mine!



When from the marsh the god of day  
Exhales each noxious damp away,  
The marsh sends forth a thankless steam  
To cloud its benefactor's beam!

## TO MY GRAMMATICAL NIECE.

THE *Nom'native case* which I study's—" *A Niece,*"  
 Who is *Genitive* ever of kindness to me;  
 When I'm sad, she's so *Dative* of comfort and peace,  
 That I scarce against fate can *Accusative* be!  
 O Friendship (this *Vocative* most I prefer),  
 Make *my case* always *Ablative*—" *by and with her!*"

Your Mother's a *Verb* from *Anomaly* free,  
 Though *Indicative* always of learning and sense,  
 In *all of her moods* she's *Potential* o'er me,  
 And the *Perfect* is still her *invariable Tense!*  
 Though *Passive* in temper, most *Active* in spirit,  
 And we are *Deponents*—who *swear to her merit!*

For a *Syntax* like that which *unites her and you*,  
 Through folios of *Grammar* in vain we may seek;  
 As in *Gender*, in *Number*, your *Concord's most true*,  
 For as *Mother* and *Daughter*, you both are—*Unique!*  
 And in goodness to *all*, as in kindness to *me*,  
 You both, in *all cases*, are *sure to agree!*

From *Prosodia*, perhaps, I might learn (if I tried)  
 “To *scan* my own many defects,” (vide Gray);  
 But vain are all metrical rules when applied  
 To charms which both Mother and Daughter display!  
 For who could e'er learn, with all labour and leisure,  
 To *scan* what are quite without *number* and *measure!*

## TO A YOUNG POETESS.

YOUTH feels the true poetic gleam :  
Know we in manhood's noonday time  
A glow like that celestial beam  
Which gilds the soul's "sweet hour of prime?"

Fancy, matur'd by art and taste,  
Her bed with *full-blown flow'rs* may hang;  
But, where's the *new-born* bloom which grac'd  
The buds that round her cradle sprang?

How rich soe'er the classic treat  
 Which learning's deeper springs afford,  
 Castalian dews are ne'er so sweet  
 As when from *Hebe's chalice* pour'd!

If Fancy's smiles have pow'r to charm  
 When *youthful Poets'* thoughts they dress,  
 Far more they charm when first they warm  
 A youthful, lovely *Poetess!*—

Oh! Poetry is most divine  
 When virgin beauty she inspires,  
 As still those sun-beams brightest shine  
 Which light the diamond's prisms fires!

*Men* for the *Prose* of human kind,  
But *Women* for its *Verse* were born;  
How dull the book of life we find  
Unless *they* ev'ry *page* adorn!

Though ev'ry god that wont to bless  
This earth, our haunts have long forsook;  
From *Verse*, and *Women*, still we guess  
How angels talk, how angels look!—

TO THE

## VISCOUNTESS HINCHINBROOK.

(LATELY MARRIED.)

ONE smile on poor Friendship bestow!  
E'en Hymen that smile must approve,  
Since Friendship, though turn'd away now,  
Was a steward most faithful to Love!

If your heart without culture or toil,  
*Næv* fertile in happiness prove,  
'Twas Friendship first garden'd the soil  
For the Paradise-harvest of Love!

Shall the earth, 'mid the roses of June,  
May's virginal violets scorn?  
Shall the sky, 'mid the splendors of noon,  
Forget the sweet blushes of morn?

Oh! where were the roses of June  
Had not May put the winter to flight?  
And where were the splendours of noon  
If morn had not banish'd the night?

If Love, like the noon's summer sun,  
A glow more ecstatic impart;  
Yet Friendship, ere rapture begun,  
Was the May and the Morn of the heart!



Though Friendship her balm may refuse  
When with manhood's strong passions we rage;  
Yet she blest us in youth, and renews  
All her blessings to cheer us in age!

So day, with her bright banners furl'd,  
As she sinks in the westerly wave,  
Sees the dew which her cradle impearl'd  
Return to bespangle her grave!

DESCRIPTION  
 OF  
 THE VISCOUNTESS VILLIERS,  
 NOW COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

Two eyebrows of such coal-black dyes,  
 They look like fuel for her eyes,  
 But nature took such pains to tinge 'em,  
 Said eyes have not the heart to singe 'em.

Item—two eyes, from which you find  
 What angel *partners* share her mind ;  
 All reading them, the *firm* may know  
 Wit, Feeling, Fancy, Love, and Co.

Item—two cheeks, so soft and fair,  
 Who'd think such danger harbour'd there ?

But, on those blush-rose cushions, spread  
 With down from Cytherea's bed,  
 Two sentry Cupids ever stand,  
 The sharpest shooters of their band!  
 Item—two lips; some rhyming booby  
 Would liken them to rose or ruby;  
 But Nature thought no common stuff  
 Of flow'r or gem was rich enough;  
 She stole to make them (Heav'n protect her),  
 Love's *coral play-thing* dipp'd in nectar!  
 Item—those lips with pearls are lin'd,  
 Not such as Caspian divers find;  
 They from some weeping cherub's eye,  
 ('Tis said that cherubs sometimes cry)  
 Dropp'd, when he saw, at Sarah's birth,  
 A lovelier cherub born on earth!

But oh, beware! (the coral theft  
Is yet without reprisal left),  
Lest Venus, charm'd with gems so speckless,  
Steal the "*White wonders*" for her necklace!  
Item—but Truth says, "No invention,"  
"God knows *what two* you next would mention;  
"All hitherto you've fairly stated,  
"At least you've nothing overrated—  
"But, check your muse's saucy tongue.  
"And *unseen* beauties leave *unsung*."

## SONG

FROM

THE COMEDY OF URANIA.

TIME'S hand, which wrinkles ev'ry face,  
 No furrow on the heart can trace

While love sustains its pow'rs;  
 For those who shun domestic strife,  
 His scythe shall mow the weeds of life,

And only prune its flow'rs.

If our thoughts never roam  
 From the pleasures of home,

Ev'ry day shall increase our delight:

And Cupid shall stay  
 Till his pinions, grown grey,

No longer can serve him for flight! †

## SONG FROM THE SAME.

(IMITATION OF ANACREON.)

NATURE with swiftness arm'd the horse,  
 She gave the royal lion force

    His destin'd prey to seize on :

To guide the swiftness of the horse,  
 To tame the royal lion's force,

    She gifted man with reason !

Poor woman ! what

    Was then our lot ?

Submission, truth, and duty—

    Our gifts were small ;

    To balance all

Some God invented beauty !

For empire, Reason made a stand,  
But, long has Beauty's conquering hand

In due subjection kept her:

To rule the world let Reason boast,  
She only fills a viceroy's post,

'Tis Beauty holds the sceptre.

## SONG FROM THE SAME.

If guardian pow'rs preside above,

Who still extend to virtuous love

A tutelary care ;

The virgin bosom's earliest dole,

The first-born passion of the soul,

Must find protection there!

Never can noon's maturer ray

That charm of orient light display

Which morning suns impart :

So can no later passion prove

That glow which gilds the dawn of Love,

The day-spring of the heart.



## WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

YON lonely Rose that climbs the eaves,  
How bright its dew-dropp'd tint appears!  
As if Aurora on its leaves  
Had left her blushes with her tears.—

And see two drooping willows nigh,  
What heat their sickly foliage blanches!  
As if some lover's burning sigh  
Were all the gale that fann'd their branches.

Ah! wish ye not, pale plants of woe,  
Yon Rose's blooming state your own?  
Methinks I hear them murmur, "No,  
" Yon Rose is blooming, but alone!

" Knowst thou two hearts by love subdu'd,  
" Ask them which fate they covet, whether  
" Health, joy, and life, in solitude,  
" Or sickness, grief, and death, together!"

## EPITAPH

UPON THE YEAR 1806.

'Tis gone, with its thorns and its roses,  
With the dust of dead ages to mix!  
Time's charnel for ever encloses  
The year eighteen hundred and six!

Though many may question thy merit,  
I duly thy dirge will perform,  
Content, if thy heir but inherit  
Thy portion of sunshine and storm!

My blame and my blessing thou sharest,  
For black were thy moments in part,  
But oh! thy fair days were the fairest  
That ever have shone on my heart.

If thine was a gloom the completest  
That *death's darkest cypress* cou'd throw,  
Thine too was a garland the sweetest  
That life in full blossom cou'd shew!

One hand gave the balmy corrector  
Of ills which the other had brew'd,  
One draught of thy chalice of nectar  
All taste of thy bitters subdu'd.—

'Tis gone, with its thorns and its roses!  
With mine, tears more precious will mix,  
To hallow this midnight which closes  
The year eighteen hundred and six.

TO THE

## LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Too late I staid, forgive the crime,  
Unheeded flew the hours;  
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,  
That only treads on flow'rs!

What eye with clear account remarks  
The ebbing of his glass,  
When all its sands are di'mond sparks,  
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement  
Time's happy ~~swift~~ brings,  
When birds of Paradise have lent  
Their plumage for his wings?

## THANKS TO A LADY

FOR HER VERSES WITH A WATER LILY,  
ON THE AUTHOR'S BIRTHDAY.

My stream of life has never roll'd  
O'er beds of pearl, or sands of gold,  
But oft its devious waves have run  
Through chequer'd banks of shade and sun;  
And still, where'er it chanc'd to glide,  
Some honey'd blossom deck'd its side,  
And fancy, as it flow'd along,  
Sweeten'd its murmurs with her song!  
Too soon its *midway course* attain'd,  
The *Sun* was gone, the *Shade* remain'd, 丿



And fancy's strain was heard no more  
Upon its bleak and bloomless shore!—  
And deign'st thou, pitying nightingale,  
To raise amongst its willows pale  
A song of more than halcyon pow'r,  
To calm the storms that round it low'r?  
Oh! yes, *your* Fancy can supply  
Each note *my* Fancy would deny;  
And *that one Flow'r* you gave to day,  
Though all its margent sweets decay,  
That *Lily* floating down the stream  
Shall make its ebbing waters seem  
More precious far than if they roll'd  
O'er beds of pearl and sands of gold!

## TO A LADY

WHO DISAPPROVED OF ITALIAN STUDIES.

To lure me from the Tuscan Muse  
Your wish is kind, your reason's true;  
But English Clio still should chuse  
A better advocate than *you!*

In vain you plead for *England*, while  
On *Italy* to fix my choice,  
You've all her sunshine in your smile,  
And all her music in your voice!

## TO MISS .....

THE poppy and the bays to join,  
You say's a contradiction ;  
Yet, Clara, once a dream of mine,  
Seem'd all poetic fiction.

I dream'd I saw a nymph possess  
An abstract of perfection ;  
Grace, beauty, talents, liveliness,  
Truth, feeling, wit, reflection !

To *Poetry* I *now* must own

This dream had no pretension—

*Twice*, lovely girl, from you I've known

That sleep has no *invention!*

## TO A LADY.

To soothe thy languid hours, my humble strain  
*Inspir'd by thee*, in happier numbers ran;  
So scentless gales, when Summer burns the plain,  
Borrow a fragrance from the rose they fan!

## TO A LADY

WHO SAID THAT SHE ONLY LIKED TO SING  
TO HER INTIMATE FRIENDS.

HAD I foster'd a rose, the most fragrant and fair,  
By nature embellished, by culture improv'd,  
I could wish that its fragrance might sweeten the  
air,  
Tho' I rear'd it alone for the bosom I lov'd!

## TO LADY .....

YOUR "Oh! how we miss'd you" 's a pearl of a  
phrase,

That many, how many, 'have fish'd for!

In *hundreds*, tho' present, what envy may raise

The *one* who is *absent*—and *wish'd for*!

## ON A DYING BAY TREE.

HAVE I not seen each breath of spring  
With greener health supply thee?  
Have I not heard the whirlwind's wing  
Sweep impotently by thee?

Nor midday blaze nor midnight chill  
To fade thy bloom attempted;  
And Jove's commission'd lightning still  
Thy sacred stem exempted.



Yet now the bay-tree droops, around  
Its classic foliage strewing—  
And small, how small! the secret wound  
That wrought such speedy ruin!

Long, by no open force oppress'd,  
With time, with storms it wrestled;  
It died—when in its verdant breast  
One mining canker nestled!

So droops that pow'r, for whom its leaves  
The wreath of glory braided;  
Fancy, nor wound, nor shock receives,  
By outward ills invaded.

Though scorn, or envy's keenest dart,  
With vain attacks annoy her—  
One hidden pang that gnaws the heart,  
Is Fancy's sure destroyer!

## OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO

LE TEXIER'S PROVERBS.

*(Behind the Scenes.)*

WHAT, all the places full? pshaw! nonsense, stuff—

*(Enters.)*

I'll look myself—there's room, and room enough—

I'm sure, by all here present 'tis allow'd,

Nothing in London takes—without a crowd.—

On all our scheme 'twould be an endless slur

If any of our guests cou'd breathe or stir.

Those two old-fashion'd comforts, ease and space,

Would now quite ruin any public place,—

To feast, to mask, assembly, or review,  
 Where our fore-fathers, and fore-mothers too,  
 Went, poor dull souls! to please, and to be pleas'd,  
*We* more enlighten'd go, to squeeze, and to be  
 squeez'd!

“Were you at Lady Whirligig’s last night?”

“Yes,” says Miss Flirt, “’twas flat, ’twas empty  
 quite.

“Poor creature, how she fretted; ’twas a shame,

“Two thousand cards—twelve hundred only came!

“No gown was spoilt, not e’en a feather dirtied—

“I thought myself at church, ’twas so deserted!

“*You* had no loss—but *I* made up for all

“By stealing off to Mrs. Worry’s ball.

“There, ev’ry room was elegantly cramm’d:

“Crush’d in the passage, in the door-way jamm’d,

“How we did elbow, struggle, push, and press!

“*She* understands the thing we must confess.

“ And—what with envy made her rivals split—

“ Ten faintings, five hysterics—and a fit!”

Here all is crowd—but England owns, 'tis true,

A crowd of follies, and of virtues too:

If crowds of helpless poor in famine grieve,

What crowds of gen'rous souls their wants relieve!

If crowds of foes attack our state, our laws,

What crowds of heros fight in England's cause!

E'en in the drama, crowds are still the rage;

The poet's only aim's to *fill the stage*:

What crowds of characters are huddled there,

What crowds of spirits rise—from God knows  
where!

Where are *your* crowds, *your* spirits? says some  
scoffer.

*We* have no crowds, no spirits here to offer:

This smiling crowd our aim to please ensures,

We wish to raise no spirits here—but yours!

TO .....

DEAR Friend, if fate would oft bestow  
The aid of your alliance,  
To physical or moral foe  
Alike I'd bid defiance.

Had I more pains than faults (the list  
Of these, alas! is ample),  
What pains your kindness could resist,  
What faults, your bright example!

## ANSWER

TO A LADY'S VERSES IN PRAISE OF  
THE MORNING.

I CAN believe you when you say  
 What beauties deck the rising day;  
 But think you *Nature's dawn* can be  
 So sweet as that which waken'd me!  
 Or that the "charm of earliest bird"  
 Can rival with the song I heard!  
 Ah! no—a more ambrosial light  
 Than ever chas'd the gloom of night,  
*Your dawning Fancy's* playful beams  
 To-day dispell'd my sluggard dreams,  
 And strains, no morning groves can hear,  
 Your *Muse's strains* unclos'd my ear!

And when my tardy toilet's o'er,  
And I desert this idle floor,  
*Another Morn* my bosom warms,  
The Morn of all your rising charms!  
The *dawn you praise* is over soon,  
*Your matin birds* are dumb at noon;  
*My* Lark can always tune her lay,  
And *My Aurora* shines all day!



## TO MISS WALL.

YOUR Fancy, with your kindness join'd,  
Dear Friend, a miracle have done;  
No less than two such pow'rs combin'd,  
Could turn a *fog* into a *sun!*

But ah! no beam of real fire  
My misty nature ever knows;  
If when your partial smiles inspire,  
Some gleams of phosphor-light it shews

No wonder if I glimmer *then*:  
Does not from Summer's heat divine,  
The densest vapour of the fen  
With momentary meteors shine?

But when the Summer's o'er, and when  
Your influence ceases, who can see  
One transient radiance in the fen,  
Or find one mental spark in me!

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BE merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall,  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome merry Christmas.

And oh! remember, gentles gay,  
For you who bask in fortune's ray,  
The year is all a holiday,  
The poor have only Christmas.

When you, with velvets mantled o'er,  
Defy December's tempests frore,  
O spare one garment from your store  
To clothe the poor at Christmas.

From blazing loads of fuel, while  
Your homes with in-door summer smile,  
Oh! spare one faggot from your pile  
To warm the poor at Christmas.

When you the costly banquet deal  
To guests who never famine feel,  
Oh! spare one morsel from your meal  
To feed the poor at Christmas.

When gen'rous wine your care controls,  
And gives new joy to happiest souls,  
Oh! spare one goblet from your bowls  
To cheer the poor at Christmas.

So shall each note of mirth appear  
More sweet to heav'n than praise or pray'r,  
And angels in their carols there  
Shall bless the Rich at Christmas.

*Chorus.*

Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall,  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome merry Christmas.

ON THE SOUNDS PRODUCED BY THE WIND  
PASSING OVER THE STRINGS OF A  
PEDAL HARP IN A GARDEN.

WHEN an Eden zephyr hovers  
O'er a slumb'ring cherub's lyre,  
Or when sighs of seraph lovers  
Breathe upon th' unfinger'd wire,

Not more soft those strains aerial,  
Than these vision sounds appear,  
Sounds, too pure for sense material,  
Which the soul alone shou'd hear!

Now 'tis fancy's minstrel wildness,  
Thoughts of flame, those notes impart—  
Now misfortune's plaintive mildness  
Melts and dies upon the heart!

Heav'n must hear—a bloom more tender  
Seems to tint the wreath of May,  
Lovelier beams the noon-day splendour,  
Brighter dew-drops gem the spray!

Is the breath of angels moving  
O'er each flow'ret's heighten'd hue?  
Are their smiles the day improving,  
Have their tears enrich'd the dew?

Hark, they sing! in that sweet measure,  
More than harp, or zephyr spoke;  
O what tunes of mournful pleasure  
On my tranced senses broke!

How it saddens, how rejoices,  
Whilst I seem in Fancy's ear,  
'Mid that choir of spirit voices,  
All I've lov'd, and lost, to hear!



## PARTING SONG.

ERE yet we slumbers seek,  
Blest queen of song, descend;  
Thy shell can sweetest speak  
Good night to guest and friend.

Tis pain, 'tis pain to part  
For e'en one fleeting night,  
But music's matchless art  
Can turn it to delight.

How sweet the farewell glass,

When music gives it zest,

How sweet their dreams who pass

From harmony to rest!

Dark thoughts that scare repose,

At music's voice give place,

And Fancy lends her rose,

Sleep's poppy wreath to grace.

ON READING MILTON WITH A YOUNG  
LADY.

AH no, when we study our Poet divine,  
Believe me, dear girl, all the profit is mine;  
When he paints the first woman, the fairest of  
creatures,  
The bloom of creation still fresh on her features,  
Never *dreaming* as yet or of sorrow or sin,  
All faultless without, and all spotless within,  
Oh, how cou'd I think such perfection were true,  
Unvouch'd by a proof so convincing as *you!*

And when, with his Muse, we shall mount to the  
    skies,

Oh, think what advantage to *me* must arise,  
With *you* through the *birth-place of Angels* to roam,  
Where *I* am an alien, and *You* are at home!

To .....

FANCY exalts or joys or woes—  
Beware!—she smil'd when *thou* wert born—  
If with new bloom she paints the rose,  
With what new pangs she bars the thorn!

---

The child of fancy finds too soon  
No *twilight* calms his varying sky;  
All is extreme, each ray is *noon*,  
Each cloud is *midnight* to his eye!

## ON A LADY'S BIRTHDAY,

WHO REQUESTED IT NOT TO BE KEPT, BECAUSE  
IT COST HER MOTHER HER LIFE.

FEAR not, sweet girl, that with irreverent mirth  
I hail the solemn day which gave thee birth:  
Much as I lov'd thy playful smiles before,  
*This day* I love thy sacred sorrows more!  
No beam of joy unhallow'd shall invade  
The dim religion of that cypress shade,  
Where on this day thy filial soul retires,  
Not unattended—Saints and Angel choirs  
Their harpings jubilant to dirges turn,  
Whilst orphan beauty clasps a parent's urn!

Orphan I call thee—when I see thy youth  
 Plum'd high with hope, with innocence, and truth,  
 Tow'r into life, and in its flight rejoice—  
 Oh! where's thy guiding lure—a mother's voice!  
 And if, while soaring with unpractis'd force,  
 Disaster reach thee in thy vent'rous course,  
 Worn by thy storm, or wounded by the dart,  
 Oh, where's thy resting place—a Mother's heart!  
 Clos'd were *her* eyes in death's untimely night  
 Ere yet thy infant graces blest her sight;  
 Mute was *her* voice, and cold *her* heart for thee,  
 Ere yet thy guide or shelter they could be!  
 Spar'd were ye both from one severer woe,  
 Nor Child, nor Parent, all they lost, could know,  
 How hadst thou mourn'd, if fate had call'd her  
     hence,  
 When all her love had charm'd thy ripen'd sense!

How had she mourn'd in dying to resign  
 A mother's ecstasy at charms like thine!  
 But oh! what gleam of joy unhop'd appears,  
 Not to efface, but to reward thy tears!  
*Paternal love* dispels thy bosom gloom,  
*Paternal smiles* revive thy drooping bloom,  
 For thou hast droop'd, fair flow'ret! well I knew  
 Grief, more than sickness, pal'd thy vernal hue;  
 'Tis past—a Father joys each gift to see  
 Original in him, renew'd in thee;  
 From him thy varying fancy's meteor light,  
 Thy taste's quick glance of incorporeal sight,  
 Thy sense of all to letter'd judgment dear,  
 Wit's polish'd smile, and feeling's classic tear—  
 From him they came, from him thy sov'reign  
         voice,  
 That wills the soul to sadden or rejoice;



Clear as the sphere—notes charm the list'ning sky,  
Soft as the music of a seraph's sigh!—  
From him devolv'd each talent and each art;  
Long may they gladden his parental heart,  
Long may he prize, protect, improve their worth,  
Long bless this day, which gave his peerless  
    Laura birth!

ADDRESSED

TO

LADY SUSAN FINCASTLE,

NOW COUNTESS OF DUNMORE.

WHAT ails you, Fancy? you're become  
Colder than Truth, than Reason duller!  
Your wings are worn, your chirping's dumb,  
And ev'ry plume has lost its colour.

You droop like geese, whose cacklings cease  
When dire St. Michael they remember,  
Or like some *bird* who just has heard  
That Fin's preparing for September!

Can you refuse your sweetest spell  
 When I for Susan's praise invoke you?  
 What, sulkier still? you pout and swell  
 As if that lovely name would choke you.

“Go seek (I hear the imp reply)  
 “Those dull cold goddesses you mention,  
 “For such a theme you'll vainly try  
 “To borrow beauty from invention.

“No wonder that I droop, forsooth!  
 “For Fancy, *Sir*, is out of season,  
 “When all your praise can be but Truth,  
 “And all your adoration—Reason!”

FROM

SISTER DOLLY IN CASCADIA, TO SISTER  
TANNY IN SNOWDONIA.

(TWO COUNTRY SEATS IN NORTH WALES, BELONGING  
TO W. A. MADOCKS, ESQ.)

ODS rocks and cascades! (God forgive me for  
swearing),

I vow, sister Tanny, your conduct's past bearing;  
You know very well that this curs'd expedition  
Would ne'er have been thought of without my  
permission:

You prest, and you plagued, till I gave you my  
leave,

Billy's friends, and himself, for *two days* to receive:

Now, time after time, new excuses you seek,  
 And keep the whole party away *for a week!*  
 In truth, sister Tan, you'll allow me to state  
 That you're grown rather proud and conceited of  
     late;

Come, do yourself justice, indeed you must see  
 'Tis nonsense to vie in attraction with me;  
 I talk not of friendship and sisterly love,  
 No sorrows of mine can your sympathy move;  
 I know that my griefs not a pang can impart  
 To a *nature so cold, and so stony a heart;*  
 To your reason I plead, for (I hope no offence)  
 Such frights as yourself should *have very good sense.*  
 Believe me, your airs will derision provoke,  
 To respect you's a *duty*, to love you's a *joke*;  
 In vain you give out with an insolent swagger,  
 That you are an heiress, and I am a beggar

What little I have is from *bankruptcy*<sup>a</sup> free,  
 Your wealth, like a merchant's, depends on the sea;  
 My lands, as I've heard from surveyors of taste,  
 Are improv'd by the storm by which your's are  
     laid waste.

In vain, against *me*, winds and winter combine,  
 What ruins *your* prospects, embellishes *mine!*  
 As to persons, you know that the difference is clear,  
 For, to tell you the truth, you're a monster, my  
     dear;

And still you would tempt the lov'd youth from  
     my arms,

With your *barebone attractions* and *skeleton charms!*  
 For me, I'm not vain, but the world has declar'd  
 That no beauty on earth can with mine be com-  
     par'd.

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the great embankment at Tanny-ralt-issa, now called Tre-Madock.

*You* scarce can look bearable, dizen'd and deck'd;  
*I* please in disorder, and charm in neglect;  
 Whilst from art you receive the few gifts you  
     possess,

*My* toilette is nature's enchanting undress;  
 And when, sister Tan, in your train shall we meet  
 All the gods and the elves that attend in my suite?  
 Can such fair vision shapes on your *bog-turf* be  
     seen,

As glide in my forests and sport on my green?  
 Your genius is *humpy*, decrepid, and hagged,  
 Your *Naiads* are *muddy*, your *Oreads* are *ragged*;  
 Mature are the wood-nymphs who people my lawn.  
 And high wave their arms to the breeze of the  
     dawn;

Whilst you to a *nursery* drag us, to see  
 Some poor baby Dryads as high as my knee!

In the place of *Dianas*, and *Fairies*, and *Peris*,  
 You shew us (Oh fie!) that 'old workwoman,  
       Ceres!

Whilst, proud to my rock-fretted realms to belong,  
 The torrent-king thunders my vallies along;  
 Your godling aquatic just makes a deposit  
 Sufficient to water a mill or a *closet*.

But who is this man with a visage so deathly?  
 'Tis— I must end, to hear news from Dollgethly;  
 So I hope you're not vex'd with my candour, dear  
       Tan,

But send back my William as fast as you can;  
 And prithee give up this extravagant folly,  
 For Tanny can ne'er be the rival of Dolly!



## PROLOGUE

TO THE

“COMEDY OF FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.”

HARD is the chace poor authors now pursue  
 In this old world to hunt out something new!  
 Where can the modern poet turn to find  
 One undiscover'd treasure of the mind,  
 One drop untasted yet in Learning's spring,  
 Or one unwearied plume in Fancy's wing?  
 Our grandsire Bards, with prodigal expense,  
 Squander'd the funds of Genius, Wit, and Sense—  
 Annuitants of Fame, they took no care  
 How ill their beggar'd successors might fare.

Each thought exhausted, all invention drain'd,  
 A selfish immortality they gain'd,  
 And left no spot in all Apollo's garden,  
 No farm in all Parnassus worth a farthing!  
 Some keen observers on dame Nature's face  
 The crow-foot marks of time and sickness trace;  
 No wonder, then, if our poetic sires  
 Felt for her youthful bloom more genuine fires;  
 Nature to them her virgin smiles display'd,  
*They* woo'd a spotless, *we* a ruin'd maid!  
 For she was won, if chronicles speak truth,  
 By many a Grecian, many a Roman youth;  
 But still the lovely libertine retain'd  
 Charms yet unview'd, and favours yet ungain'd.  
 For one immortal boy! to HIM alone,  
 Her beauties and her failings *all* were shewn.

Heedless of time, or place, or mode, or fashion,  
 Disorderly she own'd her glorious passion,  
 What time all rules of critic prudery brav'd,  
 In Avon's hallow'd stream her angel form she lav'd!

Her fading graces now less transport move,  
 We feel for Nature artificial love;  
 Though for her age, the dame looks passing well,  
 Six thousand years hard living, still must tell!  
 E'en for the Satirist few themes remain,  
 Folly herself has long been on the wane;  
 Folly, though here immortal still she dwells,  
 In *Strulbrug* palsy shakes her rusted bells!  
 Is Folly then so old? Why let me see  
 About what time of life may Folly be;  
 Oh! she was born, by nicest calculation,  
 One moment after Woman's first creation!

This night our unknown author will produce  
Old subjects moderniz'd for present use;  
If you're displeas'd, be cautious how you show it,  
Perhaps your nearest neighbour is the poet;  
But if your'e pleas'd, and anxious to befriend us,  
Like FASHIONABLE FRIENDS in crowds attend us.

## TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

DECEMBER 1808.

OH leave, dear Moore, oh leave awhile  
The green hills of your native isle!  
But come not with your seraph lyre,  
Your Muse of joy, your soul of fire;  
Not e'en your strains could charm away  
The fiends which on my senses prey;  
Fiends, not with burning sulphur nurs'd,  
But from Hell's chillest winter burst;  
Fiends, who their icy jav'lins dart,  
At once to pierce and freeze the heart!  
The storms which shook my summer days  
Slept to the music of your lays;

The snow-blast of this wintry sky  
 Hears not the Halcyon's lullaby.  
 Come, then, with mightier succours fraught.  
 Your shield of philosophic thought,  
 Best panoply when care invades,  
 To lighten my unchequer'd shades  
 Bring me each day-diffusing gem,  
 Which beams in Reason's diadem,  
 For sov'reign Reason lends to you  
 Her armour and regalia too.  
 The triflers think your varied powers  
 Made only for life's gala bowers,  
 To smooth Reflection's mentor-frown,  
 Or pillow joy on softer down.—  
 Fools!—yon blest orb not only glows  
 To chase the cloud, or paint the rose;

*These* are the pastimes of his might,  
Earth's torpid bosom drinks his light;  
Find there his wondrous pow'r's true measure,  
Death turn'd to life, and dross to treasure!

## LAI DE L' ABSENCE.

(IMITATION DU VIEUX FRANCOIS.)

AH sy! moins funeste est l'effet  
De cette moult cuisante absence,  
Quand la douceur de ton regrét  
Vient enmieller son amarance!  
Moindre distance entre nos cœurs  
Me semble un abysme sans rives,  
Mais doux envoys, tendres missives,  
Bien savent le combler de fleurs!



Rien n'espère qui ne craint pas ;  
Playzirs tant froids amour déprise ;  
Car son heur suprême icy bas,  
C'est quand l'Espoir se réalise.  
Si l'absence, cruel fléau,  
A plus que le trépas nous livre,  
Se revoir, c'est plus que revivre,  
C'est le *ciel*, après le *tombeau* !

## A MADEMOISELLE .....

AVEC UN PARASOL.

UN *parasol* à Caroline!

C'est un cadeau qui me ruine,

Comme *rimeur*; puisque *Phébus*

Surement ne sourira plus

Au malin qui lui cache un si charmant visage!

Maitre Phébus me dit à l'oreille " Courage,

" Avant ton vil présent, voiles et capuchons,

" L'ont soustraite à tous mes rayons,

" Hélas! Depuis son plus tendre age.—

" Le moyen, cependant,

" De ne pas m' *occuper* de cette aimable enfant!—

“ C’est pourquoi, malgré cet outrage

“ Qui me fait *palir* de dépit,

“ Ne pouvant *chauffér son visage*,

“ J’ai tant *éclairé son esprit!*”

“ QU’EST CE QUE C’EST QUE LE GENIE ? ”

BRILLANT est cet esprit privé de sentiment;  
 Mais ce n’est qu’un soleil trop vif et trop constant,  
 Tendre est ce sentiment qu’aucun esprit n’anime,  
 Mais ce n’est qu’un jour doux, que trop de pluie  
     abime!

Quand un brillant esprit de ses rares couleurs,  
 Orne du sentiment les aimables douleurs,  
 Un *Phénomène* en naît, le plus beau de la vie!  
 C’est alors que les ris en se mêlant aux pleurs,  
 Font *cet Iris de l’ame*, appelé le Genie!

## RÉPONSE A UNE DAME,

QUI EN ÉCRIVANT A L'AUTEUR, LUI AVOIT DIT, QU'ELLE  
LUI ENVOYOIT UN SOURIRE DE SA FILLE.

JE croyais, en l'ouvrant qu'un tour philosophique  
Avoit mis dans la lettre un effet *phosphorique* ;  
Je vis s'en échapper une vive lueur  
Qui m'éblouit les yeux, en m'échauffant le cœur ;  
"Voilà, me suis-je dit, voilà que mon amie,  
"Aux beaux arts de Hartwood veut joindre la  
*chimie!*"

Pardonnez, Seraphine, à ma stupide erreur !  
Faut bien que mon esprit fut frappé de délire,  
Pour croire un seul moment qu'une *telle splendeur*  
Peut émaner d'ailleurs que de *votre Sourire!*

## A MADEMOISELLE DE ST. JULES,

APRESENT MADAME G. LAMB,

QUI AVOIT COPIÉ LA ROMANCE DU "TROUBADOUR."

*(IMITATION DU VIEUX FRANCOIS.)*

Doux vers peus copier

O gente Caroline;

Mais ta voix argentine

Tu ne peux la noter.

Ce corps inanimé,

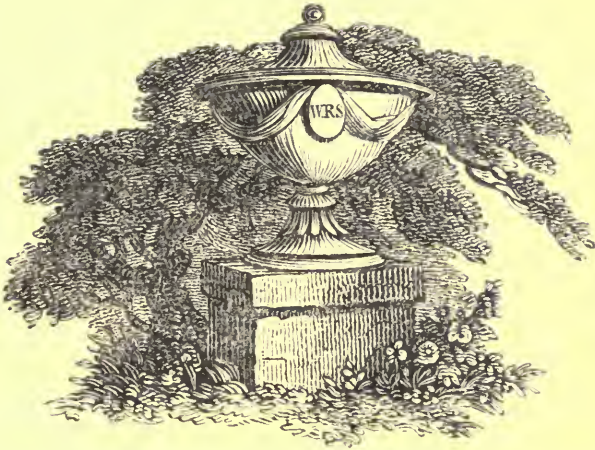
Quand tu seras lointaine,

Sol par ta douce haleine,

Sera résuscité.—

Du plus beau diamant  
Onc ne saurois que faire  
Sevré de la lumière  
Qui le rendoit brillant!

Fleurette a beau fleurir,  
Si Phœbus ne l'éveille,  
Ni suc donne à l'abeille,  
Ni parfum au zéphir!



C'y gist un povre menestrel,  
 Occis par maint ennuict cruel—  
 Ne plains pas trop sa destinée—  
 N'est icy que son corps mortel;  
 Son ame est toujours à Gillwell.  
 Et n'est ce pas là l'Elysée?



A .....

Nous voici, cher Pegase, au bout de mon Latin—

Halte là—tu seras éssoufflé du chemin.—

“ De mes poûmons, dit-il, ne te mets pas en peine;

“ La course, mon ami, n'est pas de longue haleine!”

## AUTREMENT.

PEGASE ici me dit, “voici pourtant la fin,  
“Nous sommes bien au bout”—de quoi? “de ton  
Latin!”

“Comment? la Rosse? après une si courte ronde?”  
Piqué de l'épîtête, il dit, d'un ton mutin.—  
“N'en déplaie à ta verve, en sobriquets féconde,  
“Le bout de ton Latin, n'est pas le bout du  
monde!”

---

COMMENT? faut il *deux* chants d'une Muse aussi  
bégue?

“J'en vois deux!” dit l'amant au lutin ébahi

Qui se seroit passé de son grêle collègue;

“J'en vois deux,” vous direz, plus malheureux que  
lui,

Puisqu'il mourut de peur; et vous mourrez d'ennui!



“J'EN VOIS DEUX.”—*Conte a veillér couché!*

LE malheureux Lindor, qui perdit sa maitresse,

S'en croyoit lutiné; pour guérir sa foiblesse,

Un ami, mis en spectre, a son chevét parut—

“Ah ”—s'ecria Lindor—“j'en vois deux!” et  
mourut!



MON Pégase ombrageux dans ce moment s'envole,  
Croyant entendre dire au lecteur *malévole*,  
“ Le bout de *son Latin* n'est pas loin, je le sais,  
“ Mais ciel! quand serat-il au bout de son *Français!*”

ENVOI DES BABIOLES PRÉCEDENTES  
A MES AMIS D'ASTON HOUSE.<sup>a</sup>

MA Muse en rougissant de ces vers mal limés,  
Joint un *bout de raison*, a tous ces *bouts rimés* ;  
Quand je serais au bout du monde ou de ma vie,  
Ou même un *peu plus loin*, au bout de ma folie ;  
Je n'en serois pas plus, soyez en assurés  
An bout des sentiments que je vous ai jurés !

<sup>a</sup> M. le General et Madame Caillaud.

## A DEUX AMIES.

RELACHEZ vos doux soins, *aimables jardinières*,  
Ne mêlez plus de fleurs aux ronces de mon sort!  
Quand ma vie abondoit en chardons et bruyères,  
J'aurois pu sans regret la changer pour la mort.—  
Mais comment la quitter sans larmes trop amères,  
Quand vous me la rendez le plus beau des par-  
terres!

## REMERCIEMENT A J. B. VIOTTI,

D'UN BOUQUET DE LAURIER FLEURI.

COMMENT du laurier! et si beau!

Grâces, mon cher, d'un si flatteur cadeau—

Le peu que j'en recus d'un public trop facile

N'a jamais, Dieu le sait, porté du *fruit* utile!

Eut il porté des pommes d'or,

Je lui préférerais encor

La *fleur* de ce laurier que l'amitié me donne!

A moi de tels *bouquets*; à d'autres la *couronne*!

La couronne est *au front*, un grand, et bel honneur,

Mais le *bouquet* mon cher, se met plus près *du cœur*.

## AU CHATEAU DE .....

Ici le vol du tems est celui du Zéphire

Qu'on ne sent qu'au parfum que son aile respire.—



A J. B. VIOTTI,

SOUFFRANT D'UN ACCES DE GOUTE.

EH! mon ami! quel bulletin!  
Est il donc l'ordre du destin  
Qu'un *même mal pedestre* vienne  
A toute la race Orphéene?—  
Ce fut sa femme auparavant  
(Mordue au piéd par un serpent)  
Qui s'en alla clopin clopant,  
Aux tristes champs de l'Elisée;  
Quand *voulant la ravoir*, Orphée  
De tous les morts fut la risée!  
Et maintenant *son fils ainé*  
Par un autre Diable blessé,

(*Diable* ou *Serpent*, selon *la bible*  
Ce synonyme est admissible),  
Traîne sa jambe de travers,  
Mais pas si loin que les enférs—  
Cependant fut il même au nombre  
Des habitans du manoir sombre,  
Il n'y serait pas pour long tems;—  
*Certaine Muse* aux doux accens  
Accordant sa voix argentine  
Pour fléchir l'âpre Proserpine,  
Le retablirait a Gillwell—  
Les morts maudissant son rappel,  
*Pleurerai*ent tous au lieu de rire,  
De voir la belle reconduire  
Le plus illustre ménestrel  
De leur *concert spirituel!*

## LA BELLE VOLEUSE.

IMITÉ DE L'ANGLAIS DU CONTE D'EGREMONT.

ENFANT dans ton berceau, tu reposois encore  
 Qu'a la neige déjà tu *volas* la blancheur;  
 Bientôt pour l'aviver, tu *pillas* la fraîcheur,  
 Et le souris vermeil de la naissante Aurore—  
 Ta bouche de parfum *dépouilla* le zéphir,  
 Et *recela* bientôt les perles de l'Ophir—  
 Ton esprit d'Apollon *deroba* la tournure,  
 Tes regards la splendeur, ton front la chevelure;  
 Enfin pour consommer son art dépredateur  
 La charmante Voleuse *escamota* mon cœur!

A tes pieds, dieu d'Amour, je reclame justice;  
Cite la criminelle, ordonne son supplice,  
Et puisse, pour punir cet aimable *felon*,  
*Hymen* fournir la *chaine*, et mon *sein* la *prison*.

## CANZONETTA.

DA lungi par divino  
L' Aspetto del Amor,  
Mirato da vicino  
Sparisce il dolce error!  
Fanciul, che tanto ammiri  
Quel arco di splendor,  
Se poi t'accosti all' Iri,  
La troverai vapor!

Non vé Malinconia  
Che non consoli Amor,  
Ma desta un Allegria  
Ben più funesta ancor!

Sedotti dal candore  
Poniam cicuta in sen,  
Si gode del colore  
Si muore dal velèn!

Se il cor smarrito cede  
A' colpi del dolor,  
Oh! guai, se mai richiede  
Aiuto dal Amor!  
Balena a fior dell' onda  
Par lido al marinar,  
Ma con l'infida sponda  
Al fondo ei v`à calar!

## CANZONETTA.

Ti poso, fior amabile,  
Sù l'urna del mio bèn,  
Ma què sarai mutabile  
Come nel suo bel sèn!

Là, tanti ardori teneri  
Ti fèro impallidîr  
Ahimè! sù queste ceneri  
Dal freddo vai morîr.

A .....

NON m'acciecò, nè un delirante ardore,  
 Ne pur del sangue il menzogner effetto;  
 Grazie, talenti, genio, fè, candore,  
 Furo caggion del immortal affetto!

Grazie, talenti, genio, fè, candore,  
 Vanno crescendo, O cara, ognor in tè;—  
 Giusto non é, che il di lor nato amore  
 Vada crescendo, o cara, ognor in mè?—

THE END.

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 ERRATA.

Page 89, line 6, for *or*, read *o'er*.

192,        3, for *tunes*, read *tones*.

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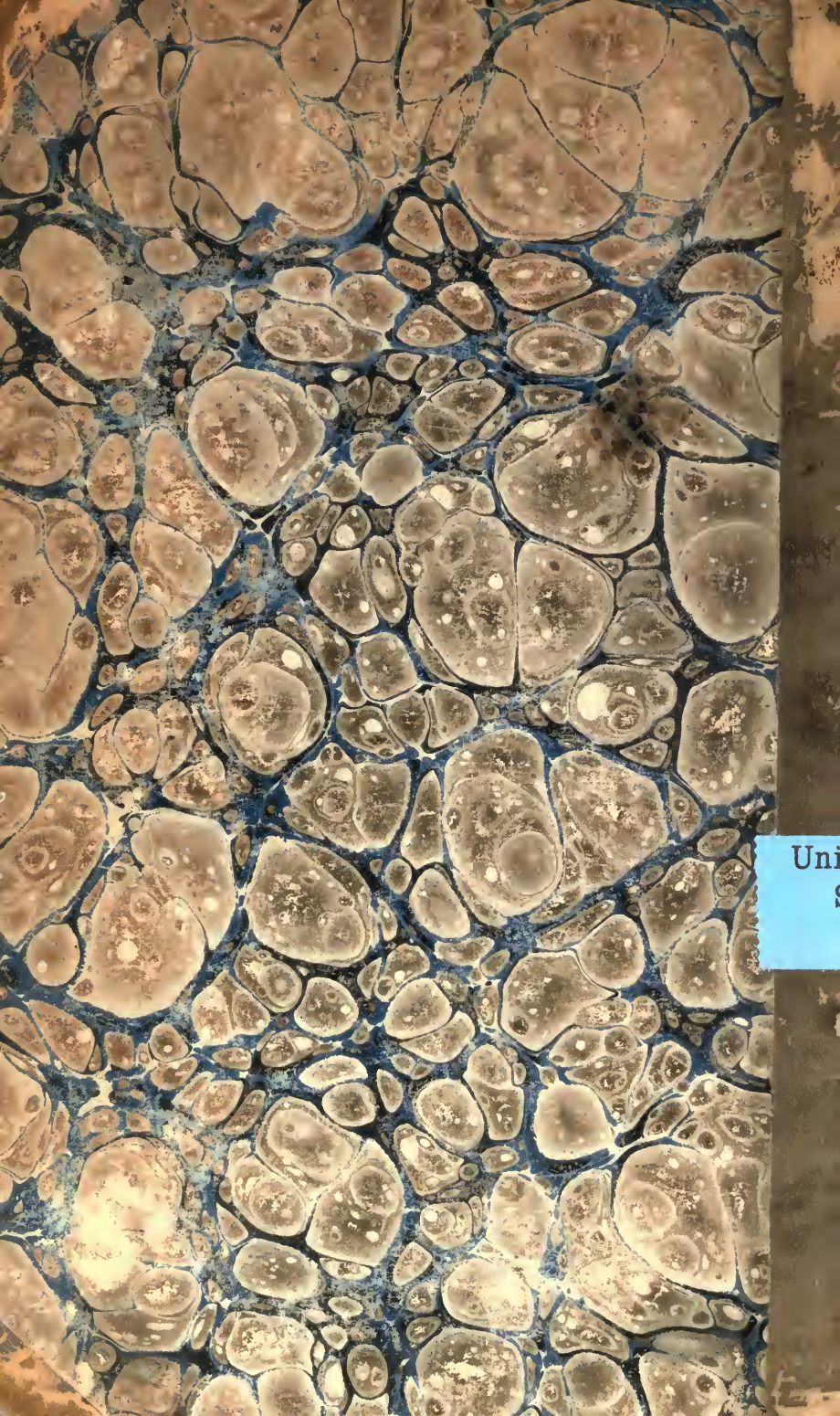


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