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# OCCASIONAL POEMS,

WRITTEN IN

THE YEAR MDCCCXI.

*Sir Egerton Brydges*

---

"WAKEFUL HE SITS, AND LONELY, AND UNMOV'D,  
BEYOND THE ARROWS, VIEWS, OR SHOUTS OF MEN."

*Lambert's Tragedy of "Count Julian."*

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TO

**EDWARD QUILLINAN, Esq.**

THESE

*FUGITIVE POEMS*

ARE

**DEDICATED,**

AS

A SINCERE BUT UNWORTHY TRIBUTE TO HIS PURE GENIUS,

HIS BRILLIANT WIT, AND NOBLE DISPOSITION,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

115d  
1210





## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*THE Author having been interrupted in completing the announced Poem of "BERTRAM," on the eve of its close, by the sudden meeting of Parliament, has taken the opportunity to preserve the following "OCCASIONAL VERSES," from a Work of some Young Friends, principally dedicated to temporary subjects, to which they were contributed about four years ago.*

London, Dec. 15, 1814

## OCCASIONAL POEMS.

---

*Lines, Descriptive and Allegorical, on the Natural Progress of Genius,  
and the Legitimate Objects of Satire.*

January 20, 1811.



VENES of fair view, yet spread with many a snare,  
Where treacherous foes their death-like wiles prepare;  
Guarded by magic spells, I tread your ground,  
And touch with Truth's bright spear each spot unsound!

The smiling landscape, in its deep disguise,  
Love, Friendship, Gladness shews to common eyes:  
Pierc'd by my wand, what different spectres here  
In all their native ugliness appear!  
Beneath that solemn shade, where Peace assumes  
To imp her sister Contemplation's plumes;  
To me its yawning mouth a frightful cave,  
Where in foul cells the fiends of Envy rave,  
Opens; and dreadful yells my ears assail,  
And shrieks of discontentment shake the vale.  
You sportive bands of manly youth, that dance  
Vigorous for every joy, as they advance,

---

To my clear'd sight a shape how different take,  
Imps of mad Malice, that with fury shake!  
See, basking on that brow, beneath the ray  
Of vernal suns, 'mid laughing landscapes gay,  
Young Genius, in a transport of delight,  
Glancing from heaven to earth his rapid sight:  
"And these the realms," he cries, "that I command;  
They bow beneath my feet, and own my wand;  
Or up aloft o'er-canopy my head,  
With stars of light ineffable be-spread!

    "Flowers that on yonder bank of perfume bloom;  
Trees that around cast wide your grateful gloom;  
Ye streams that wind your murmuring course along;  
Ye birds that charm the woodland with your song!  
Odours for me ye breathe, for me diffuse  
Enamel'd flowrets of a thousand hues;  
For me extend your rich umbrageous boughs;  
For me the murmur of your currents flows;  
For me the groves your feather'd music fills  
With harmony, that Nature's bosom thrills;  
For me sweet Beauty, rising o'er the lawn,  
Beams like the softness of the orient dawn;

Shoots forth the languid lustre of her eye,  
And wakes the transport of the melting sigh:  
For me her train, in magic circles join'd,  
Cast forth their flowing ringlets to the wind,  
In airy movements while their twinkling feet  
The hallow'd grass with grace harmonious beat!"

Ah! fond enraptur'd boy! the change how sad,  
In which the spear, I hold, the scene has clad!  
Those dangerous Syrens, who thy steps surround,  
With flowers who dress'd thee, and with chaplets crown'd,  
My disenchanted sight too plain disceries,  
Imps from yon cover'd pit of Falsehood rise!  
In every wreath that o'er thy frame they fix,  
Some poisonous herb of deadly force they mix!  
Smile to mislead and flatter to betray,  
Then leave thee to Neglect and Scorn a prey!  
Raise thy young hopes to agony of joy,  
Then hell-like laugh, as their cold blights destroy!

'Mid scenes infested by such foes as these,  
Thy nicer talents were not form'd to please;

Too exquisite the rude rebuff to bear,  
Malignity's coarse stab, or Folly's stare!  
Arm then that flowing fancy; steel that soul,  
And all the meltings of that heart controul;  
Put on the shield of conquest; and go forth  
Prepar'd to trample Vice, and hold up Worth!  
And let the brightness of that polish'd shield  
A mirror to each passing folly yield;  
Let tittering Vanity behold her face;  
And, where she praises sought, incur disgrace!  
Bid Dullness look; and with reflection blunt  
Shew forward Ignorance his brazen front;  
Lift thy light hand, and as it waves in air,  
From Pomp its tinsel robes and feathers tear!  
Tell mean Hypocrisy her cover'd wiles,  
And shew the dark thought hid in treacherous smiles!

But, hark! a thousand clamours rend the sky;  
"Treason, rank treason!" echoes round and high:  
"A plot, a plot, against the realms we rule;  
Look sharp each squire, and tremble every fool!"



Dullness may cry, 'tis treason to her reign,  
When Wit disturbs the peace of her domain;  
And bloated Wealth, and puff'd up Dignity,  
A mine in every spark of sense may spy!  
But is it treason to the part divine,  
When *Intellect* o'er *Matter's* taught to shine?  
To exercise the talent God has given,  
And let the weapon to the mark be driven?  
Fenc'd round by forms, secur'd by worldly guards,  
Dullness triumphant sits o'er lonely hards:  
Break but a pale, but touch a single arm,  
And the whole kingdom's in extreme alarm!  
"Unmanly thus to stir against a state,  
Supported by its numbers, not its weight!"  
Ah! great by bulk, not strength: if Wit comes near,  
It bursts like bubbles into empty air.  
Let the loud laugh the hoisterous conquest speak,  
His heart let Genius scorn'd, neglected, break;  
Strangle the wicked Imp, distort his frame:  
Or blast, what yet is dearer, blast his fame;  
'Tis well, 'tis nobly done! but touch a hair  
Of Dullness' head, and quick for arms prepare;

Add troops to troops; squadrons to squadrons send,  
And bid one *single* arm to *thousands* bend!

Cowards, avaunt! will numbers then avail  
To crush that Imp your bulky hands assail!  
Strike your blunt swords; and strike them yet again,  
And think your foe an hundred times is slain!  
Aim at the form once more---the air you cleave!  
Poor fools! 'tis SPIRIT you'd of life bereave!

Son of the Soul, come forth! awake, arise,  
And shake thy bright locks through these blackening skies!  
Tell Dullness her assuming power is past;  
And all her Myrmidons in bonds are cast!  
And tell her thou wilt spurn her strongest chains,  
As lions cast the dew-drops from their manes!



HEROICAL EPISTLE,

*King John to Matilda, Daughter of the Lord Fitzwalter.*

-----  
Modernized from the Original, by Michael Drayton.  
-----



WHEN these my letters meet thy modest eye,  
O cast them not with indignation by!  
Love, restless Love, will leave no means untried,  
His flames nor Wisdom, nor can Danger hide.

In every age his influence he display'd;  
A thousand arts his fervent suit to aid.  
Yet, in the presence of the Maid we love,  
Art but a faint and useless power will prove.  
Then Nature speaks; and from the eye will dart  
The secret wishes of the melting heart.  
Oft hath mine eye told thine its wasting grief,  
And beg'd from one kind mutual glance relief:  
To thine eyes' motion mine for ever true  
Were wont for mercy ceaselessly to sue;  
<sup>a</sup> "You blush'd, I blush'd; your cheek pale, pale was mine;  
My red, thy red; my whiteness answer'd thine;

-----  
<sup>a</sup> The lines between inverted commas are taken from the original, without alteration.

You sigh'd, I sigh'd; we both one passion prove,  
But thy sigh is for hate, my sigh for love!"  
If my awed tongue its fearful silence broke,  
And my warm flame in faltering accents spoke.  
Still was my look my trembling tongue's ally,  
And tears burst forth th' expression to supply:  
And if those tears no eloquence impart,  
My bosom's sighs and throbs assail thy heart.  
Oft as upon thy beauteous face I gaze,  
By turns each feature fills me with amaze!  
Each, while I look, appears t' exceed the rest,  
And takes the whole possession of my breast:  
Yet changing still, new wonders wake to view,  
Some tints more bright eclipse the former hue:  
On thy blue rolling eye I fix my sight,  
And think I'm chain'd for ever with delight;  
Soon thy soft cheeks in which seductive play,  
The rose and lilly, lead my looks astray:  
Thine ivory forehead, and thy dimpled chin,  
My ravish'd fancy in succession win;  
Then come thy lips; mine eyes with liquid fire  
There fix; and scarce controul the fond desire.

While thy brown locks upon thy shoulders flow,  
No other colour Beauty can bestow:  
Then thy blue eyes with languid lustre shine,  
And azure only seems the hue divine:  
Thus hast thou, lovely thief, with wond'rous sway  
Rent my sad heart, and stol'n it hence away;  
And now with cruel triumph dost thou fly,  
And hide the beauteous form, for which I die!

Fie, peevish girl! Did Nature thus adorn  
Thy shape, with beauty brighter than the morn;  
That ne'er, while hid in lonely cloisters drear,  
Her glory, and thy triumph should appear?

Sure Heaven, sweet girl, made Beauty for the light,  
Not to be lock'd in barren cells from sight:  
"A rosy-tinctured feature is Heaven's gold,  
Which all men joy to touch; all to behold."  
Sure Heaven ordain'd, e'er since the world begun,  
That rarer Beauty should not live a Nun.  
"But if this vow thou needs wilt undertake,  
O were mine arms a cloister for thy sake!"  
And may the fool new modes of torture pain,  
Who could this idle superstition feign!

Ill may he thrive, whose rules severe and sad  
The joys of sweet society forbad!  
O golden day, when men with fairer maids,  
Pure, unsuspected, rov'd in fields and shades!  
But since the edict's past, the rule must be;  
"I'll be a Monk, so I may live with thee!  
Who would not rise to ring the morning's knell,  
When thy sweet lips might be the sacring bell?  
Or what is he, not willingly would fast,  
'That on those lips might feast his lips at last?  
Who to thy matins early would not rise,  
'That might read by the light of thy fair eyes?  
On worldly pleasures who would ever look,  
That had thy curls his beads, thy brows his book?  
Wert thou the cross, to thee who would not weep,  
And with the cross still in his arms to keep?"

Sweet girl, this holy habit I will wear,  
And at thy shrine devote myself to prayer.  
Matilda, thou shalt be a Saint to me,  
And my bed shall beside thy altar be!  
The table to my offerings be thy breast;  
Thy mouth the psalter where my lips shall rest;

Kisses shall be the beads which we will count,  
Repeating, if one miss, the whole amount.

But see how I affright myself in vain,  
Mistaking the grave purpose thou hast ta'en!  
'Twas but to equal my desires that thou  
Didst, like a constant lover, take the vow!  
"And that we two should comfort one another,  
A holy sister, and a holy brother!  
Thou as a vot'ress to my love alone:  
She is most chaste that's but enjoy'd of one."  
Yes, now beyond the sceptic's doubt sincere,  
And pure, thy true devotion will appear.  
Else why should'st thou within a nunnery live?  
There else thou would'st but ill example give.  
There dazzling charms like thine would hold a lure  
To wanton thoughts, religion could not cure:  
And when thou com'st thy holy mass to say,  
Surrounding priests would all forget to pray.  
And can we think their hearts they will amend,  
When plainly thus we see their eyes offend?  
For when did first our prudent grandsires found  
Cells such as these, which holy limits bound?

---

As hospitals, whom wounds and sickness sieze,  
So for the crook'd and lame by Nature, these:  
For such were these design'd, for fear their seed  
Posterity with ugliness should feed.

“ Would Heaven her beauty should be hid from sight,  
Ne'er would she thus adorn herself with light:  
With sparkling lamps, nor would she paint her throne,  
But she delighteth to be gaz'd upon;  
And when the golden glorious Sun goes down,  
Would she put on her star-bestudded crown?  
And in her masking suit the spangled sky  
Come forth to bride it in her revelry;”

Unless to set the fashion from the sky,  
This gift should ever seek the gazer's eye?  
All Nature's glories, form'd to give delight,  
Obtrude themselves upon the gazer's sight:  
In sinks and vaults, toads that are ugly dwell,  
And devils, since most ugly, hide in hell!

Earth never shews the glory of her breast,  
Till the sun clothes her in her brilliant vest:  
Nor smiles adorn the sweetness of her face,  
Till he encircles her in his embrace.



Ah! hypocrite, will not thy heart betray  
Th' example's right, whate'er thy tongue may say?

But Nature's self will best my suit persuade:  
For every living thing a mate she made.  
"The Arabian bird that never is but one,  
Is only chaste because she is alone."

Find me but one like thee, so fair, so young,  
Sought by all eyes, and prais'd by every tongue:  
But, above all, woo'd by a Monarch's suit,  
Whose power submits, whose knee is at thy foot;  
For her alone a sacred dome I'll found,  
In which her holier wishes shall be crown'd.

O hadst thou felt to what a dazzling height  
The luxury of Courts can raise delight;  
In that gay sphere alone the Fair can know  
The point to which their power of bliss can go!  
There the full rule they covet is confest;  
Their looks hold empire over every breast;  
Their beauty, to the eyes; and to the soul,  
Their wit, the melting tides of rapture roll:  
By trains attended, by the pomp they love,  
They antedate the bliss of Gods above;

---

While swelling, as "saluted with the cry  
Of Highness, Grace, and Sovereign Majesty,"  
Their eyes with triumph swim; and every vein  
Drives on the stream of pleasure to the brain.  
But what is that to thee, if smk in cells  
Thy unenjoying, unseen, person dwells!  
Clos'd in a dungeon from creative light,  
"There is no difference 'twixt the day and night."  
Thy graceful mien, thy face so wond'rous fair,  
Are powerless as the ugly Beldam's there.  
But, ah! I pity thy mistaken views;  
Pity thee for the joys thou dost refuse;  
Cheerless to pass thy days, thy nights to weep,  
While no expected bliss illumines thy sleep;  
O let at least thy sturdy heart relent,  
When to thy Father's dreary banishment  
Thy filial thoughts are turn'd! To thee he owes  
That exile, which my love, not hate, bestows.  
O call back to their homes thy dearest friends,  
To whom the fury of my grief extends!  
"O leave Dunmow, leave that accursed cell,  
Where sable Night and Melancholy dwell."

Come to the Court, where Love and rapt Delight  
Shall every sense of Sorrow past requite;  
And music, pomp, and fond Idolatry  
An earlier Heaven shall e'en on Earth supply!<sup>b</sup>

---

<sup>b</sup> "ANNOTATIONS TO THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

"This Epistle of King John to Matilda is much more Poetical, than Historical, making no mention at all of the occurrences of the Time or State, touching only his love to her, and the extremity of his passion, forced by his desires, rightly following the humour of this King, as hath been truly noted by the most authentical writers, whose nature and disposition is truest discerned in the course of his love: first, jesting at the ceremonies of the services of these times; then going about by all strong and probable arguments to seduce her to pleasure and delights: next with promises of honour, which he thinketh to be the last and greatest means; and to have greatest power on her sex, with a promise of calling home her friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his desires." *Drayton.*



THE POET'S JOYS AND SORROWS.



WITH senses all touch'd for delight, we regret

Those turmoils of the world which their feelings  
repel:

When the cheek with the tear of pure pleasure is wet,  
We curse the coarse cares that our ecstasies quell.

The swell of wild rapture recedes to Disgust,  
And Kindness and Gratitude change into Hate;  
Suspicion takes place of the warm-hearted Trust,  
And the flow of good Humour submits to Debate.

Disengag'd from Life's business, and free to pursue  
The fields where the choice of my fancy would lead,  
Methinks that sweet flowers every path-way would strew,  
And Love and Content my Soul's wishes would feed!

The mists of the Morning first pierc'd by the rays  
Of the uprising Sun, and the shadows of Eve  
That slowly withdraw Nature's face from our gaze,  
Our senses with interchange lovely relieve.

In the wild woods we wander, and through their choak'd lanes  
Inhale finest fragrance the matted leaves pressing,  
While the wind that so low through the branches complains,  
Sweetly seems the rapt mood of the Poet addressing.

O Autumn, thou nursest the spells of the Bard;  
He loves thy faint tints, and thy murmuring tones;  
He seek in the visions thou bring'st his reward;  
And he lists to Love's tales, and to Pity's soft moans.

In thy shades he reposes; and on thy wan rays  
Airy Beings descend to his wonder-struck sight,  
While invisible tongues utter exquisite lays,  
And magic bewilders his soul with delight.

But the world, the base world calls him back to its cares,  
And the joy of the past each nice sense has refin'd  
To the pang, that with torment more sensible tears,  
And outweighs all the bliss of the high-gifted mind!

FINIS.











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