

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM MAXWELL, ESQ.



PHILADELPHIA:

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. L. L. D.

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

WILL Dwight descend from better things awhile,
And read these trifles with a gracious smile?
Yes! you are wont to cheer me when I write:
Perhaps you only show yourself polite,
Or partial fondness bribes you to commend;
You praise the bard because you love the friend.
Howe'er it is, still smile upon my lays,
And do not censure if you cannot praise.

Norfolk, Virginia.

A

P O E M S.



THE MUSE.

BY fair Elizabeth, my native stream,
Alone I wander'd in a pensive dream;
'Twas at the balmy hour of silent eve,
When poets see what others must believe:
A vision rose—but how can I portray
Celestial beauties in a human lay?—
The Heavenly Muse!—and thus the angel sung,
While more than music melted from her tongue:
' Romantic youth! why leave the busy throng
To woo my charms with solitary song?
Ah! mine no longer to adorn your name,
And bind your temples with the wreaths of Fame,
Now past forever all my dreams of pride,
My darling lyre insulted and decry'd.

Then haste, fond bard, and seek the world again,
 Nor longer meditate the thankless strain.
 See! Wealth descends in yonder golden show'r,
 And Pleasure waves thee to her rosy bow'r;
 Return, and court them with a wiser care,
 Return, and leave me to my own despair.'

Thus said the Muse, and as she said she sigh'd;
 When warm with zeal my glowing lips replied:
 'Alas! fair vision of the world above!
 And is it thus thou would'st reward my love?
 Ah! too forgetful of my early vow!
 Mine from my childhood, can I leave thee now?
 Nor ask I fame—content to be unknown—
 I only woo thee for thyself alone;
 And fondly trifle with the tuneful art,
 To please my fancy, and indulge my heart.
 Tho' other hopes may animate the strain,
 If high not proud, and innocent if vain;
 To win perhaps fair Beauty's listening ear,
 And but beguile her of a smile or tear;
 To sooth pale Sorrow with a tender lay,
 To cheer the pilgrim Virtue on her way,
 And greet Religion with a song of love,
 Lost to the world perhaps; but heard above.'

**'Are these thy hopes?' the Heavenly Maid replies,
Her conscious triumph sparkling in her eyes;
'Are these thy hopes? Then take the charming lyre,
And, true to me, still sing as I inspire.
Nor shalt thou want what I can yet bestow
To crown my happy favourites below;
The kiss unseen that tunes their lips to sing,
The whisper sweeter than the breath of Spring,
Those finer joys beyond the gift of Fame,
And all too exquisite to bear a name;
'Till, free from earth, thy joyful Spirit flies
To meet his tuneful kindred in the skies.'**

**She said: and smiling with serene delight,
The lovely vision melted from my sight.**



ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

ARGUMENT.

Ariadne was the daughter of Minos king of Crete. Theseus, a noble Athenian, arrives at her father's court, with a band of youths sent over by his countrymen for their annual sacrifice to the Minotaur. Here she falls passionately in love with him at first sight, and gives him a clue by which he winds his way through the labyrinth, slays the monster, and returns to her in triumph. She then listens to his vows of love, and follows his flight to the island of Naxos. But here, the Prince, having satisfied his passion, or, as they tell us, being warned by Bacchus in a dream, abandons her in her sleep, takes to his vessel, and flies from the island, leaving her to solitude and despair. In this situation she is supposed to write the following letter.

ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

AND must I write? And must I stoop so low?
 Address the man who bids these sorrows flow?
 The false deserter who has left me here?
 Ah! foolish heart! and is he still so dear?
 Yes! Yes! I love; my frailty I confess;
 Tho' torn from all my dreams of happiness:
 Yes! cruel, false, ungrateful as thou art,
 Ah! still too dear to this forgiving heart.

Yet whither, whither do my senses steal?
 Am I indeed as wretched as I feel?
 So far from home!—a princess!—once so dear!—
 And is it Theseus who has left me here!

Alas! what anguish mark'd that fatal day
 That tore my lover from these arms away!
 Hush'd to repose upon his faithless breast,
 The world forgot, and ev'ry care at rest,

While my heart melted in a tender dream,
 Sooth'd by the murmurs of the tuneful stream,
 Still, still alone, we seemed to rove along,
 With whispers sweeter than the turtle's song;
 He press'd my hand, and call'd on Heav'n above
 To witness and to bless our happy love.
 See! see! the glorious vision flies away,
 Vanish'd the Sun, dark mists obscure the day,
 Clouds gather round me—all one dismal night!
 And rising tempests snatch him from my sight.
 I hear a voice: 'and is your sleep so dear?
 Your lover gone, and you are dreaming here!
 Up, rise, away, and seek the sounding shore;
 There look your last, or never see him more.'
 I wake, I cast my anxious eyes around,
 Then call his name, and shudder at the sound.
 'Where is my Theseus?' was my frantic cry,
 'Where is thy Theseus?' all the groves reply:
 'The dream! the dream! Ah! wretch at last undone!'
 Wild with despair, o'er hills and rocks I run,
 Now faint and breathless on the sea beat strand,
 I see his vessel flying from the land;
 'Stay! stay barbarian! whither will you go?
 It is your bride, and will you leave me so?'

**Leave me to die upon this desert shore,
 Alone, and lost to all that I adore!
 But hush ye winds! and let my sighs and tears
 Reach the deserter: ah! good Heavens! he hears!
 Yes, see, the vessel turns, he hears at last—
 Ah! no! he flies me still—now all is past!
 O! Theseus! Theseus!—Vanquish'd by my grief,
 A happy frenzy came to my relief,
 And bath'd in tears, I sunk upon the shore;
 O! would to Heav'n, I ne'er had risen more!
 Why, cruel Fate! restore me to my life?
 Return the husband, or destroy the wife.—
 The wife! the wife! Alas! dear sacred name
 That Ariadne must not dare to claim!
 Farewell! forever pure and chaste delights,
 Ordain'd for those whom lawful love unites;
 The peaceful hour, the self-approving smile,
 The heart at ease beyond the fear of guile;
 The calm of innocence, the mutual vow—
 These sighs and tears are all my portion now.**

**Alas! and was it this you promis'd me,
 When first I follow'd you across the sea?
 'Nay, dearest Ariadne, why these tears?
 You wrong my honour by your cruel fears.**

Wait but awhile, and Hymen joins once more
 Two faithful hearts that Love had join'd before,
 And can your father or your mother chide,
 When you return my own, sweet, blushing bride?
 I see you fly with those persuasive charms,
 And melt dissolving in your mother's arms;
 She turns away at first (as mothers will,)

Then strains you to her heart, her daughter still!
 All is forgiven in the new delight,
 And you confess it was a happy flight.²

O! when these men would practise some deceit,
 How soft their actions, and their words too sweet!
 Our hearts betray us, they are soon believ'd;
 Woman was only made to be deceiv'd:
 For how suspect what we have never known?
 Alas! we judge their bosoms by our own!
 My grief was hush'd, I strove to hush my fears,
 And let you kiss away the falling tears;
 Recall'd to honour and my own esteem,
 I fear'd to wake from that enchanting dream;
 My heart assisted in the pleasing cheat,
 And fancied real what it felt so sweet.
 Oh! empty dreams soon vanish'd into air!
 The traitor gone!—I perish in despair!—

Yet still—perhaps—perhaps he loves me still;
 He may have gone—he may—against his will.
 Perhaps at least, soft Pity touch'd his heart,
 And Love rebell'd, when Fortune bade him part.
 Ah yes! he call'd my faithful love to mind,
 And cast a sad, repentant look behind;
 Call'd on my name with many a parting tear,
 And wept in anguish that I could not hear—
 No! No! he left me! left me in my sleep!
 And rather trusted to the faithless deep!
 Fled, with a felon's trembling haste, away,
 And chid the winds and oars for their delay!

O! that his bark had never reach'd our shore!
 Or rather reach'd it to depart no more!
 Can you forget?—I cannot—scenes long past?
 Those short sweet joys, too sweet indeed to last?
 When first a stranger to our court you came—
 O! fatal day of misery and shame!
 With these bright eyes too skilful to betray,
 And those soft words, you stole my heart away.
 In vain I strove the rising flame to hide,
 My love was stronger than my virgin pride:
 Fame, duty, honour, reason, Heav'n above,
 All were too weak against the pow'r of Love.

Fool! fool! that did so readily believe!—
 Yet how could I suspect he would deceive?
 His words were sweet, I thought they were sincere,
 Nor dreamt of treachery from one so dear.
 Ah! when you fought that savage Minotaur,
 What vows I offer'd, unreveal'd before!
 Yes! faithless Prince! I pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,
 That my poor hapless brother might be slain;
 And, frantic as I was, I gave the clue
 That brought you back to slay the sister too!
 Yet more; companion of your guilty flight,
 With silent step, at the dead hour of night,
 Stole from my sister's innocent embrace,
 Fled my dear father's ever-smiling face,
 And left my mother in declining years,
 To mourn her darling with eternal tears:
 Ah! tell me, tell me, by that broken vow,
 For which of all these things you leave me now?

Ah! whither next shall Ariadne fly?
 Who now will listen to my parting sigh?
 Seek my proud father? Why these cruel fears?
 There is no Theseus to resist my tears.

My mother too—would she cast off her child
 That once so sweetly at her bosom smil'd?
 But ah! the Sea!—my hope lies buried there,
 And I am left to wither in despair.

Yet could you see me in this wretched state,
 And feel yourself the author of my fate;
 See on my cheek the fading roses die,
 And the dim lustre languish in my eye,
 Forever gazing on the desert sea,
 While your heart whisper'd, 'How she looks for me!'
 Ah! yes! with transport you would fly to save,
 And snatch the victim from her yawning grave.

But ah! too late!—my life draws near its close:
 I feel a longing for my last repose.
 O! welcome Death that sets the pris'ner free!
 O! welcome Death to those who weep like me!
 Soon shall the calm of thy forgetful rest,
 Give peace and ease to this tormented breast:
 Blot out at once my sorrow and my shame,
 And only leave my too unhappy name;
 While my free spirit in the realms above,
 Shall cease to grieve—but never cease to love.

**Farewell!—The shadows gather o'er the sea:
Night comes again; but brings no sleep to me.
The sea-fowl passes screaming to her nest;
But where shall Ariadne look for rest?
The Sun may rise upon this lonely shore;
But not to me. Adieu for evermore!**

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. BENJAMIN GRIGSBY.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. BENJAMIN GRIGSBY.

FLOW on my tears! my tears forever flow!
 And melt my heart in elegies of woe!
 Ye nymphs of Solyma! with strains divine,
 Sigh to my sighs, and mingle tears with mine;
 Due to the sainted dead, his just reward,
 To Grigsby dead, the servant of the Lord.

Alas! my friend! And must he die so soon!
 His sun extinguish'd at the blaze of noon!
 His hopes, his talents open'd all their bloom,
 Only to wither in the wintry tomb;
 But not his virtues—no, they could not die:
 You see them written in each moisten'd eye,
 You hear their record in the falt'ring breath,
 That trembling tells the story of his death;
 And surely never shall their praise be past,
 While life, and love, and memory shall last.

Can I forget what clouds obscur'd the day
 When the slow hearse convey'd my friend away?
 While Nature wept in soft bewailing show'rs,
 And felt a sorrow only less than ours?
 I see the sad procession move again,
 With sighs and tears that call him back in vain.
 His church, last object of his earthly care—
 Silent we went suppressing our despair.
 The works of love that hardly death could end,
 The faith, the counsel of our sainted friend;
 Those last dear words bequeath'd with dying sighs,
 In sad, sweet vision, pass'd before our eyes:
 We strove to speak; but tears our voice suppress'd,
 And the sweet sorrow would not leave the breast:
 We pray'd, and wept; submitted, and complain'd;
 And envied Heav'n the conquest it had gain'd.

If to the church now mourning we repair,
 His sainted spirit fondly hovers there;
 Still from the sacred desk persuasive calls,
 Or breathes, in dying sighs, along the walls.
 I start to see him rise again, and stand,
 God's awful word just open'd in his hand:

How pure those counsels free from human leaven

Pure as the manna once sent down from heaven!

Faith, Grace, and Love divine, angelic themes!

Away! this world's vain visionary dreams!

I scorn the joys I priz'd so much before,

Fall at the Cross, and tremble, and adore.

Ah! hush! and let me catch that sacred strain

That breathes of Heav'n—I raise mine ear in vain;

Lost is the voice, and fled the angel breath!

It murmurs low!—all dark! all still as death!

Now shall we seek the board of social cheer?

Our hearts will whisper, 'Grigsby is not here!'

His pleasing converse, innocently gay,

And guiltless of offence as childhood's play,

A running stream that flow'd unstrain'd by art,

Pure stream that show'd the bottom of his heart;

His wit, his wisdom—robb'd of charms like these,

Ev'n Mirth is sad, and Pleasure cannot please.

Or shall we join the tuneful band again?

Alas! how alter'd is its sacred strain!

What solemn dirges answer to our woe!

Fled is the swan that was its pride below.

No more on earth he joins our hymns of love;
But swells the anthems of the Blest above.

The destin'd bride, forgetful of her charms,
Delays to bless her faithful lover's arms;
The roses wither on their ready bands—
He is not here that should have join'd their hands.
Him too in vain the dying saint requires,
While life still ebbing from her breast retires.
Alas! to other worlds, untried, unknown,
Her trembling spirit must depart alone;
No pious friend her sinking heart to cheer,
To calm the doubt, to wipe away the tear,
To whisper hope, the failing hand to press,
And sooth poor Nature in her last distress.
And see yon fair enthusiast on her way,
Pursue the colours of departing day!
Why swell the tears unbidden in her eyes,
Now turn'd in fond devotion on the skies?
' Alas! and is my sacred teacher dead!
So soon remov'd, and all my visions fled!
He taught me Heav'nly truths, then sweet to hear,
And kind persuasion made them doubly dear;

My heart just open'd, like the morning flow'r,
 Eager to catch the soft and gracious show'r;
 From Heav'n it fell—alas! it falls no more!
 O! where is he who was my guide before!
 O! short sweet visions of my lost delight!
 Rainbow of Heav'n, now vanish'd from my sight!
 Faith, Grace, Religion,—are they what they seem?
 Or, like poor Love and Pleasure, all a dream?

Yet why lament in this funereal strain?
 Well did he say: "To me, to die is gain."
 Would I recall him from his native skies,
 Where free and blest his sainted spirit flies,
 And chain him to this Earth again?—Ah! no!
 I mourn for those whom he has left below,
 Friends, children, wife!—alas! and still more dear,
 His orphan church, now sinking in despair!
 Ah! ruin'd flock! Ah! whither will you stray?
 Who now will guide you on your dang'rous way?
 Who now will lead you to the living streams,
 And shade you from the Sun's injurious beams;
 Press the poor wand'rer to his tender breast,
 And lull the weanling's beating heart to rest?
 How will ye brook a stranger's voice to hear?
 Less mild perhaps, and surely not so dear.

Yet let me call to mind the blessed end,
 (If my poor heart will let me,) of my friend:
 And oft remember, with no earthly pride,
 True to his Saviour, as he liv'd, he died.
 O! how triumphant is the Christian's death!
 Theme for the rapture of a Seraph's breath!
 Unmark'd perhaps by thoughtless man, he dies;
 But dear to God, and precious in his eyes:
 Angels, unseen, attend his dying bed,
 And lay the pillow for his failing head;
 Grace, brightening to the last, reveals her beams,
 And sooths his slumbers with inspiring dreams;
 Faith wipes the human tear that fills his eye,
 For friends and kindred that stand weeping by;
 And Hope discovers through the parting gloom,
 A bright eternity beyond the tomb.

Such, Grigsby, was thy death!—ah! cease my tears!
 A sweet escape from human toils and fears.
 With what calm eye he saw the world recede!
 Press'd to his heart and triumph'd in his creed!
 How rose the saint as human succour fail'd!
 Tho' Nature yielded, Grace divine prevail'd.

I saw him, trembling on the verge of life,
 Strain a last breath to cheer his drooping wife;
 Ev'n half in death, the saint serenely smil'd,
 Still faintly chirping to his infant child.
 O! precious words yet sounding in our ears!
 Words dropt from Heav'n and mingled with our tears!
 ' Weep not, Eliza, that your friend must die;
 I go to better things beyond the sky;
 I know in whom I have believ'd too well—
 Then why will nature in my breast rebel?
 Yet when I look on thee, and these we love—
 Oh! God! look down, and bless them from above!
 Oh! wipe away my drooping widow's tear,
 And be a father to these orphans here!
 No more—one pang—a long farewell to pain:
 Yes! we shall meet in Heav'n, nor part again.'

Thy labours, Grigsby, in this world are o'er:
 The storm may rage; but thou shalt hear no more:
 Safe from the cares that agitate this ball,
 Thy bliss secur'd beyond the fear to fall,
 How bright that crown, those robes of honour shine!
 And Heav'n's eternal Paradise is thine!

B

But I, poor pilgrim in this vale of tears,
Tread on, thro' darkness and distressing fears,
This dreary waste, that seems without an end;
More dreary still since I have lost a friend.

THE BARDS OF COLUMBIA.

AN EPISTLE TO

THE REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. L. L. D.

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

THE BARDS OF COLUMBIA.**AN EPISTLE TO****THE REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. L. L. D.****PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.**

How often will you ask me, dearest Dwight,
When I can live at ease why don't I write?
Let me reverse the question if you please,
Why should I write when I can live at ease?
Perhaps indeed, if I could fondly hope
To write like Dryden, or his brother Pope,
And make myself immortal by my quill;
Why yes, I might go on to scribble still.
But now to write in these prosaick times,
When few, if any, care a fig for rhymes,

And still to write what nobody will read,
 No doubt a fellow must be mad indeed,
 And Rush 'would cry, 'I long to see him bleed.'

'Tis sweet to write a little book one's self!
 But then to see it stuck upon the shelf,
 With twenty fellow sufferers in a row,
 As Clifton, Ladd, Shaw, Honeywod, and Co.
 Poor little thing! tho' dying to come down,
 And rove, like Scott and Byron, thro' the town—
 What poet's heart could ever stand the sight?
 So Prudence whispers, 'you should never write.'

'Yet sure,' you cry, 'such things can never be.'
 But look around, my friend, and you will see.
 You write perhaps some poem half divine,
 The Muses whisp'ring every flowing line;
 And thinking all are busy with your fame,
 Walk out to hear the echo of your name.
 You see that crowd, and slyly venture near,
 In hopes some praises will regale your ear;
 Alack! what is it they are driving at,
 With all those scraps of miscellaneous chat?

The talk is all of politics, and news,
And every thing on earth—except your Muse.

Go then, and call on Thomas in your way:

The store is full: you hear some lounge say,

‘Here’s a new book:’ you flutter at the view:

‘Yes,’ says another, ‘that has nothing new.’

‘Pray have you read it?’ ‘No indeed, not I:

I have no taste for mincing poetry.’

‘But, Sir, you have’—‘Excuse me from such stuff:

I read the title page, and that’s enough.’

All this, my rhyming friend, I rather fear,

Is not quite Pleyel’s music to your ear.

Perhaps, however, you will now recite,

Just to oblige your friends: well go and try ’t.

You see your man, and beg a list’ning ear,

Or seize his button, forcing him to hear.

In downright malice to your tuneful art,

He yawns upon you in the finest part,

And when you look to see him smile or weep,

You find th’ ill natur’d fellow fast asleep.

‘Yes! but the critics!’ True, you’re sure of them:
For they will read—if only to condemn.

But take a sample of them if you please,
 And then go on to scribble at your ease.
 Severus scorns a poem that is new;
 Old bards alone have merit in his view.
 'Pope had a pretty talent for a rhyme,
 And Milton quite a knack at the sublime.
 These I can read a little now and then;
 But modern minstrels!—all poor mortal men.
 Your Scott may serve to titillate the girls,
 And Byron do to put their hair in curls:
 Then as for Campbell, Southey, and the rest,
 They're good for worms or pastry-cooks at best.'
 Next Simper reads you with a civil leer;
 And to be sure he has a tuneful ear;
 Give him a rhyme to jingle in the close,
 No matter if the line be verse or prose;
 For which it is he neither cares nor knows.
 Yet courage, man, for Scriblerus commends,
 And has your merit at his fingers ends:
 "'Tis very pretty now—extremely fine—
 One, two, ten syllables in ev'ry line!
 Besides these rhymes come in so very pat!
 It is not ev'ry one can write like that.'

And then to make you hang yourself at once,
 He couples with you some notorious dounce;
 Nicely divides the laurel branch in two,
 A twig to Noddy, and a twig to you.

‘Then try the People; they are fond of rhymes;
 The true Mæcenases of modern times.’
 Why yes! they read—but foreign bards alone,
 And have no sort of patience with our own;
 Thinking that poems, like Madeira wine,
 Must cross the sea to mellow and refine.
 And sure a fellow must be worse than frantic,
 To write a song this side of the Atlantic,
 In this vile climate, “beneath our shifting skies,
 Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies.”

Our friends the People cannot do amiss;
 Yet right in all things, they are wrong in this.
 For, like true patriots, they should lend their aid,
 To help us native rhymers in our trade,
 And buy our verses merely as home-made.
 While Britain and Columbia could agree,
 Nor spoil'd their faces scolding o'er their tea,

We had, I grant, no poets of our own;
 But liv'd on Britain's charity alone:
 Her books were never under lock and key;
 She read 'em as she pleas'd, and so did we.
 But when our fathers, never born to yield,
 Went out to beat her armies in the field;
 Our poets, ever 'mong the first to dare,
 Broke from their shells, and sallied into air.
 Then Trumbull sung, with fascinating art,
 The great M'Fingal mounted in a cart:
 What shouts salute him as he rolls along!
 And all but tories love the merry song.
 Then Humphreys, resting from the War's alarms,
 Tun'd the bright lyre to sing Columbia's charms;
 (Tho' now indeed the slighted Muses weep,
 To see his passion for Merino sheep;)
 And Longa, gently stealing to the main,
 From Greenfield Hill enjoy'd a nobler strain.
 Such were our bards—not perfect I admit—
 You cannot get perfection at a hit.
 For, by your leave, they wrote in too much haste,
 And wanted patience to refine their taste.
 But still they show'd we had a rhyming vein,
 That might be open'd and improv'd again.

And certainly, if I may trust my heart,
 We've all the raw materials of the art.
 Just look around with that poetic eye;
 What charming scenes are spread beneath the sky!
 Rivers that murmur as they glide along,
 To flow unhonour'd with a votive song;
 Hills, fields, and lakes, all beautiful in vain,
 In pensive silence list'ning for a strain.
 See, wild Niag'ra pours his dazzling rage,
 And longs to dash his foam upon the page;
 Here lovely George, when evening breezes sigh,
 Reflects her rosy blushes to the sky;
 There sad, neglected, lost Ohio roves,
 And breathes his sorrows to his native groves;
 And proud Potomac, yet unknown to song,
 Pours his bright waves disdainfully along.
 Then, if you wish for more inspiring themes,
 To tune your voice and animate your dreams;
 Observe the Fair, select some tender name,
 And light from Love's the Poet's kindred flame.
 Or would you soar to eulogize the brave?
 See heroes rise on ev'ry rolling wave!
 Our Hulls, our Perrys, an immortal band,
 The pride and bulwark of their native Land.

And here, my friend, a question I would ask;
 (I think to answer it would be a task;)

Why do our bards abandon themes like these,
 And go three thousand miles across the seas,
 To look for better with abortive pains,
 And ape the English in their borrow'd strains?
 Yet tho' I scorn the imitating elf,
 I own I had the folly once myself:
 True, I was then a whining boy at school,
 And so half privileg'd to play the fool.
 A little girl had got into my heart,
 And turn'd my fancy to the jingling art;
 When prompt at call the willing numbers came,
 Such as they were, to sooth my boyish flame.
 But then all English was my mockbird strain:
 The Nightingale must help me to complain,
 And I must ramble by the banks of Thames,
 Forgetful of my own romantic James;
 And sing of Giants, Fairies, and so on,
 People, you know now, long since dead and gone.
 Columbia's Genius came and pull'd my ear,
 ('Twas in a dream I saw the form appear,)
 And whisper'd to me loud enough to hear:
 'Who ever saw such childish rhymes before?
 Why send potatoes to Hibernia's shore?'

Britain has bards a plenty and to spare,
 While I, you see, have hardly got my share.
 Then learn, my son, at least when you are grown,
 To leave these alien fopperies alone:
 Let Britain keep her songs; give me my own.
 I heard, and smit at once with filial shame,
 Threw all my tuneful nonsense to the flame.
 And now, (for still I court the Muse at times,)
 I spin my native, patriotic rhymes;
 First in Virginia, soaring thro' the air,
 I sing away to please the charming Fair,
 And think myself rewarded for my pains,
 If Beauty smiles upon my idle strains.

And sure the Fair should find it in her heart,
 To help the poet in his tuneful art,
 And do her best to make his praises known,
 If but from policy to help her own.
 Beauty may sit to Sally, I agree,
 And he may flatter her to get his fee;
 While quite in raptures with his graceful style,
 She owns her fairer image with a smile.
 Yet shall the charming colours fade away,
 And all her fond credulity betray,
 While poems live for ever and a day.

Show me a line of old Apelles' art;
 But Homer's lines are fresh in ev'ry heart,
 And Helen's beauty blooms in all its charms,
 A fair excuse to raise the world in arms.

We praise our warriors, and 'tis very well;
 Why not our bards, can any mortal tell?
 Let gallant Hull, whom all of us admire,
 Beat Dacres out, and set his ship on fire;
 Our merchants fly to spread the festive board,
 And Congress votes a medal and a sword;
 While better still to crown desert in arms,
 The blushing Harte resigns her virgin charms.
 But one may write, and polish, and refine,
 Till Pope or Dryden would confess the line;
 Will Congress deign to take the poet's part,
 Or Mayo set her cap to win his heart?

Yet sure the bard deserves his share of praise,
 An useful citizen in many ways.
 No Scott indeed, he may not like to fight,
 (His wings are too convenient for a flight,)
 Nor quite a match for Randolph in debate;
 But yet he does some service to the state.

He spurs the Hero to romantic deeds,
 And sooths his manly sorrow while he bleeds;
 On ready wings he flies to Virtue's aid,
 Knight-errant to the sweet forsaken maid.
 Mason may preach, and sure his style is strong,
 Yet some perhaps will think he talks too long;
 Up comes the poet with his charming lies,
 And steals your heart away before your eyes.
 'Tis he too wins the little schoolboy's ear,
 Or cheats the maiden of a gracious tear;
 Instructs the lawyer in his winning art,
 And helps the lover to his lady's heart.
 With oily words he calms the Passions' rage,
 Delights gay Youth, and sooths declining Age;
 With pious strains prepares the Saint to die,
 And wafts the Spirit to her native sky.

Then let Columbia be advis'd by me,
 (I give good counsel, and without a fee,)
 To cherish poets, and their tuneful lays:
 This only palm is wanting to her praise.
 Fair Freedom here has fix'd her darling seat,
 And fondly owns it as her last retreat;

The Arts already bless her gentle reign,
 And Virtue claims the land for her domain:
 O! let the Muses sweetly hover o'er,
 Still to adorn the consecrated shore,
 And gaily sporting in the smiles of Peace,
 Mistake the country for their darling Greece!

Greece lov'd the Muses, and their flow'ry lays;
 Her sons were only covetous of praise.
 And thus she nourish'd her poetic throng,
 To charm her groves with many a grateful song.
 Columbia's children, only bent on gain,
 Neglect to cultivate their rhyming vein.
 ' O! give us money, money, is their cry,
 ' We can grow wise and witty by and by.
 ' Give us but sailors' rights, and a free trade,
 ' No more embargoes, and our fortune's made.'
 Then off they dash to marry for their lives;
 They think they're men as soon as they get wives;
 (In truth the girls are charming, I agree,
 As charming as the Muses, it may be:
 Tho' why not woo them both at the same time?
 Or why should marriage spoil our taste for rhyme?)

And thus it is that ev'ry head-pieese teems,
 To hatch a thousand visionary schemes,
 And take out patents for its whims and dreams.
 Go now, sweet bard, and charm these sons of Wealth;
 Persuade them rhymes are sov'reign for their health;
 Alas! the adder cannot hear the strain,
 And the sweet charmer tries his song in vain.

Yet mark my words, I do not mean to lie,
 We poets have a right to prophesy;
 A time shall come, I will not name the year,
 When the sweet Muse shall raise her standard here,
 While youthful votaries shall flock around,
 And wisely give up all the world for sound.
 Then tuneful poets shall be seen to rove,
 And modulate their tongues in ev'ry grove;
 Our scenes no more in mute dishonour lie,
 But spread their conscious beauties to the eye;
 While rivers murmur as they flow along,
 And tune their waves to some immortal song.

Then I, dear Dwight, a ribbon round my lyre,
 May join once more the sweet Pierian choir.

Till then, 't were folly to renounce my ease,
To scribble rhymes in such prose times as these.
And so I leave the Muses to their fate,
Let Barlow take the whole Castalian state.

WOLCOTT.

AN ELEGY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Wolcott is a small village in Connecticut, situate on a mountain, about twenty miles from New-Haven. Here the author lived for some time, when a boy, under the care of the Rev. Israel B. Woodward, pastor of the place, pursuing his preparatory studies for admission into Yale College. The death of that gentleman, communicated in the letter of a friend, first suggested the idea of this poem.

WOLCOTT.

AN ELEGY.

IN these green shades where soft Eliza flows,
To sooth her own dear poet in his woes;
While ev'ning gales from yonder willows breathe
The balmy sighs that dying flow'rs bequeath;
Thus let me rove, forgotten and alone,
To muse on sorrows that are all my own.
Alas! the guardian of my early days,
The fond inspirer of my tuneful lays,
Long cherish'd object of my filial love,
My Woodward leaves me for the realms above!
And I am left, thro' long succeeding years,
To mourn my loss with unavailing tears!
Then come, sweet Muse, resume the lyre again,
And teach my heart a sad lamenting strain;
Some soothing air to whisper soft relief,
At once indulge, and tranquillize my grief.

And thou, sad Memory, to sorrow true,
 Restore the scenes my happy childhood knew;
 Those faded scenes thou only canst restore,
 Now past for ever and belov'd the more.

High on a mountain all unknown to Fame,
 Tho' grac'd with Wolcott's venerable name,
 The village bloom'd in her serene retreat,
 And smil'd to see the clouds beneath her feet.
 Such scenes of old the saintly hermit sought,
 Retreat for Penitence, and pious Thought;
 Where Faith might love to breathe a parting sigh,
 And hope a shorter passage to the sky.
 Mild were the virtues of the village train,
 The rural virgin, and the faithful swain;
 Hid from the world, unconscious of its arts,
 While Peace and Innocence possessed their hearts,
 Virtue beheld them with approving eye,
 And Vice confess'd her homage by her sigh.
 There Woodward reign'd the Genius of the place,
 The friend and guardian of the simple race;
 And well the pastor led his little flock,
 Thro' peaceful meadows to the gushing Rock,
 Himself before, lest they should go astray,
 His only care to help them on their way,

Eulfil his office, and approve his love
To the Great Shepherd of the fold above.

'Twas on a hill just rescued from the wood,
The Preacher's hospitable mansion stood;
Where oft the taper, with inviting ray,
Allur'd the stranger from his weary way;
And oft the cheerful table spread its best,
To win the smile of some unbidden guest.
Beside the fence bloom'd many a graceful vine,
The blushing rose, and sweeter eglantine.
Before the door, the green sward trim and gay,
Entic'd the lamb and little child to play.
Spring set her flow'rs too beautiful to last,
And Winter nipp'd them with unwilling blast.

Here, led by Heav'n, a happy child I grew,
Fresh as the wild-rose in the morning dew;
The bird that carol'd on the hawthorn by,
Less gay, and scarce more volatile than I.
Then oft the groves and solitudes around,
Bore witness to my lyre's unskilful sound;
So soon I felt the darling passion strong,
And lisp'd the feelings of my heart in song.

I knew the merry mock-bird's fav'rite tree,
 And dear enough his wild wood-notes to me;
 I aim'd no death against the robin's breast,
 The sparrow twitter'd fearless on her nest;
 Young as I was, a visionary boy,
 I felt a sympathy with Nature's joy;
 And Woodward, happy as myself the while,
 Look'd on, and own'd my pleasure with a smile.
 Not his the brow of dark forbidding frown;
 With graceful ease his spirit would come down,
 To share my childhood's inoffensive play,
 With useful freedom, profitably gay;
 Pleas'd from his graver studies to unbend,
 And lose awhile the master in the friend;
 To win and guide me still his constant view,
 At once my teacher and my playmate too.
 Thus, all unknown the anxious cares of man,
 How fair the morning of my life began!
 My head unburden'd with Ambition's schemes,
 Light all my slumbers, innocent my dreams;
 Too sweet the scenes my playful fancy drew,
 And Hope half whisper'd, 'you may find them true.'
 Stay, rude Experience, hear my pleading sigh,
 Nor bid these visions of Remembrance fly;

Why wake the dreamer from his smiling sleep?

Why wake the dreamer to be wise and weep?

Each Season then, in her successive reign,
 Brought some peculiar blessing in her train.
 'Twas sweet when Spring renew'd the faded scene,
 And dress'd the landscape in her cheerful green;
 When little birds on ev'ry conscious tree,
 Renew'd their songs of simple melody;
 And many a tender, many a merry lay,
 All sweet, came mingled from the budding spray;
 All sweet, but sweeter sung the happy swain,
 While smiling Beauty listen'd to his strain.

Next Summer came with soft luxurious sweets,
 And lur'd our footsteps to her green retreats.
 Now sweet to ramble thro' those waving trees,
 And breathe the fragrance of the Ev'ning breeze!
 The Moon looks down with chaste and tender beam,
 And smiles to see her image in the stream.
 In silent joy we gaze upon the sky,
 Till the sweet pleasure melts into a sigh.
 Or let me pause upon the mountain's brow,
 (Where oft the Muses listen to my vow,)

And view with eyes that fondly overflow,
 The various beauties of the scene below;
 Lawns, mountains, villages, in fair display,
 All soften'd by the Sun's descending ray;
 Thy steeple, Southington, that high in air,
 Invites the rustic to the House of Pray'r;
 And spread around it, many a smiling plain,
 Waving with harvests of the golden grain;
 The farmer's mansion, fair in modest pride,
 With barns of Plenty rising at its side;
 Bright running streams that shine between the hills,
 While Fancy hears the music of their rills;
 And, far retreating into fading blue,
 Old Carmel mountain closing in the view.
 O! lovely scenes so dear to me before!
 O! lovely scenes that I shall see no more!
 Still may thy wilds bloom ever undecay'd,
 A grateful shelter to the mountain maid!
 Still may thy charms in all their beauty shine!—
 For other eyes—but never more for mine.

And now, with all his shining honours crown'd,
 Rich Autumn strews his treasures all around.

And sweet it is to snuff the smelling gale,
That steals its fragrance from yon bending vale,
Where lusty Labour makes his toil a play,
And smiling bears his yellow spoils away.
Or here I wander o'er the custom'd hill,
Where lovely Nature smiles to see me still,
Viewing the foliage of her lively trees,
That gaily rustle in the passing breeze;
Too vain to gratify admiring eyes,
With all the fancy of their various dyes—
Ah! soon to vanish, when the falling leaf
Suggests its moral to the heart of Grief!

Last, Winter comes with all his dear delights,
His cheerful days, and still more cheerful nights;
His songs and pastimes that can never tire,
And charming tales around the sparkling fire;
While storms without, tho' terrible their din,
Endear the silence of the calm within.
The Sun has set behind yon dusky trees.
Shut close the door upon the whistling breeze.
Now heap the fire, and trim the cheerful light,
To welcome in the pleasures of the night;

While Phebe carols to her humming wheel,
 Or little Mary turns the winding reel.
 Perhaps the merry doctor sings his song,
 Or tells a story to the list'ning throng;
 While Woodward still, with gay good-natur'd mirth,
 As playful as the kitten on the hearth,
 Improves the joy with charms that never fail,
 And draws a moral from each harmless tale.
 Shut close the door—winds, whistle as ye will—
 The storm may come; but we'll be happy still.

So pass'd the joys that charm'd my early youth,
 Dear fleeting joys of innocence and truth;
 As roses die upon the summer wind,
 And leave a sad sweet memory behind.

Fair was the scene, when Sunday's smiling ray,
 Call'd the good villagers to praise and pray;
 When up the hill in order they repair,
 To join their pastor in the House of Pray'r.
 The sober matron, in her russet best,
 Her little infant smiling at her breast;
 The blooming maid—her eyes are rais'd above—
 Her bosom sighs; but not with earthly love;

The swain, unconscious of his resting plough,
 And free to seek a nobler service now;
 Forgot alike their labours and their sports,
 They meet their Maker in his earthly courts.
 Away with earth!—I see the Preacher rise!
 And hark! he speaks! a message from the skies!
 No poor ambition, void of grace and sense,
 Betrays his tongue to gaudy eloquence.
 He scorns the tricks of vain theatrick art,
 That catch the eye, but cannot cheat the heart.
 Warm, but yet prudent, is his temper'd zeal:
 He feels himself, and makes his hearers feel.
 How sweet the accents of that silver tongue,
 That wins the old, and fascinates the young!
 The scoffer hears at last, and undeceiv'd,
 Wonders to find how much he had believ'd.
 Ev'n children listen to the simple style,
 And half divine the doctrine by his smile.

Where yonder Locust overhangs the stream,
 And Contemplation loves to sit and dream;
 Those parting trees the village school disclose,
 Where little children, rang'd in shining rows,

Whisper their tasks as busy as you please,
 And murmurs rise, like hum of hiving bees.
 All trim and shining in their best attire,
 They wait with awe the coming of the Squire.
 But Woodward most their beating hearts attend,
 Well known by all to be their dearest friend.
 This Quarter Day, they feel resolv'd to shew
 Quite all they know, and something over too.
 And see he comes! the whisper flies around:
 Now all is still, and silence rules the ground.
 On him alone their eyes intently gaze;
 And little bosoms tremble for his praise.
 For he shall mark where bashful merit lies,
 Tho' half conceal'd by modesty's disguise;
 And crown the petty candidate for fame,
 Who lisps an artless blessing on his name.
 And soon the tale thro' all the village flies,
 How little Reuben won the letter'd prize.
 The mother too, with fond and simple joy,
 Tells how the Pastor call'd her son 'good boy;'
 And how he said—she never can forget—
 'He'll be a man before his mother yet.'
 O! tender scenes of innocent delight!—
 But ah! no more!—they vanish from my sight—

Like colours melting in the ev'ning skies—
 What shades of darkness gather on my eyes!
 See! there they move, yon sad funereal train!
 Wind round the hill, and seek the lowly plain.
 They bear him off upon that gloomy bier:
 They bear him off and leave me weeping here.
 And now they hide him in his narrow grave!—
 My sorrows flow—alas! they could not save!

O! Wolcott! all thy pleasant days are fled!
 Thy friend, thy father rests among the dead!
 The hand of Death has wither'd all thy flowers,
 And Winter howls along thy leafless bowers.
 Thy hills that echo'd to the lowing kine,
 Thy plains where golden harvests us'd to shine,
 The tuneful groves—all, all have felt the wound;
 And all is still, and desolate around.

Now let me seek that silent scene once more,
 And trace the path so often trod before;
 Move o'er the vale, a silent shade of woe,
 While sorrow wakes, and bids my eyes o'erflow;
 Gaze at the spot, seen dimly thro' my tears,
 The peaceful nest of early happy years;

And drink once more the murmurs of the grove,
 Where oft together we were wont to rove;
 Then turn, and pause on that forsaken hill,
 Beneath the Moon's pale beam, when all is still;
 And O! yet dearer to my mourning breast,
 Steal to the grave where Woodward takes his rest;
 Bedew with faithful tears the grassy mound,
 And mix my sighs with those that breathe around.

I reach the hill; but tremble to ascend.
 I fear to meet my dear departed friend.
 These mossy tresses floating from the trees,
 Too sadly murmur on the passing breeze;
 Unearthly voices whisper in the air,
 And all is dark, and chang'd to my despair.
 There stands the House of God!—I know not how—
 It looks not as it did—how silent now!
 Is this the meadow so belov'd before?
 Alas! how faded!—it shall bloom no more!
 Yon drooping Elm, that dear familiar tree—
 It hangs its head—it is to weep with me!
 And the sweet green on which my childhood play'd—
 Ev'n the sweet green, is wither'd and decay'd!

I seek the house, my dear abode so late:
 He comes not now to meet me at the gate.
 How still and mournful is the silent hearth,
 Once the dear scene of Nature's simple mirth!
 No more the doctor, or the cheerful Squire,
 Shall crack their nuts and jests around the fire;
 No more the maid her humming wheel suspend,
 To hear the tale of sorrows without end,
 Nor I, the least of all the harmless train,
 Shall taste those joys of innocence again.

But where is she, the partner of his heart?
 Perhaps in some recess she mourns apart.
 Ah! no! she would not linger here alone.
 Spoil'd is the nest, the wounded dove has flown.
 And whither, whither will the mourner fly?
 Who now will kiss the sorrow from her eye?
 Her father's hospitable home is near,
 And friends and kindred shall embrace her there;
 And she shall feel the solace of their love—
 But sigh for him whose spirit soars above.

I too must leave this sad deserted scene.
 It sooths no more to be where I have been.

Lost all the charms my bosom held so dear,
 Alas! I feel I have no business here.
 O! gentle stream, whose melancholy flow,
 Now bears a sympathy in all my woe;
 Ye trees, whose sorrow-soothing branches wave,
 In mournful murmurs, o'er my Woodward's grave;
 Ye groves, where Silence and Despondence dwell;
 Ye rocks, still vocal with his fun'ral knell;
 One parting look—my last and one final view—
 A look—and now—eternal. Adieu!

'Tis past! The vision leaves me like a dream!
 Again I rove beside my native stream.
 And see! the colours of departing day,
 Are fading slowly, silently, away;
 While yon bright star, the herald of the Night,
 Comes smiling forth, and sparkles with delight.
 So would I steal from Life's tumultuous throng,
 And leave a world where I have liv'd too long;
 So pass away, unseen by human eyes,
 And melt serenely in my native skies!
 Yet not extinct—the soul that God has given,
 Shall shine for ever, as a star, in Heav'n.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

HAIL! to thy Bridge, romantic Nature, hail!
 O! more than true what I esteem'd a tale.
 How light the wonder of that magic arch,
 From cloud to cloud for angel bands to march;
 So lightly pois'd upon the downy air,
 For Art to view with rapture and despair!
 But lost in wonder, I can only gaze,
 While Silence owns the impotence of Praise.

And was it then the Spirit of the Storm,
 Hiding in clouds his miscreated form,
 With meteor spear, that smote the rocks aside,
 And bade their frighten'd pediments divide,
 For yonder Naiad with her tuneful stream,
 To murmur thro'? O! this is Fancy's dream.
 'Twas Heav'nly Nature made the magic pile,
 And own'd the wonder with a mother's smile.

I see her now. An angel sketch'd the view,
 And bade her follow as his pencil drew.
 Then smiling, conscious of celestial pow'r,
 She took the rock, like some wild little flow'r,
 And threw it lightly o'er the craggy ridge,
 And gaily said, 'Thus Nature makes a Bridge.'

Let pensive Beauty rove beside the stream,
 To sooth her fancy with a tender dream;
 While the sweet Naiad, as she trips along,
 Beguiles her love with sympathetic song.
 Let Genius gaze from yonder dizzy steep;
 Whence Horror shrinks, yet madly longs to leap;
 Then spread his wings triumphantly to soar,
 And bless the world with one true poet more.
 Here let Religion fondly love to stray,
 A virgin pilgrim, at the close of day;
 And sweetly conscious of her sins forgiv'n,
 Exhale her soul in gratitude to Heav'n.
 For me, fair Nature, far from War's alarms,
 Stealing thro' shades to gaze upon thy charms,
 The while yon Moon slow rises o'er the hill,
 And Silence listening feels that all is still;

I gaze in wonder at the view sublime,
And own the charm that holds the breath of Time.
But hark! the voice of Rapture in my ears!
An angel sings! The music of the spheres!
A present God!—I feel myself no more,—
But lost in him—I tremble—I adore!

September 13th, 1813.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

A YOUNG LADY.

YES! she is dead! too lovely for the grave!—
 And all our tears were impotent to save!
 Ye rural minstrels, meek complaining Doves,
 Whose simple music soft-eyed Pity loves,
 Tell the sad Muse of fair Eliza's stream,
 That all her joy has vanish'd like a dream.
 The loveliest flow'r that bloom'd upon its side,
 The Graces' boast, and Beauty's darling pride—
 Alas! the modest Lily of the Vale,
 Has felt the malice of the mountain gale;
 Has droop'd—has died—and with its latest sighs,
 Exhal'd its balmy spirit to the skies!

Alas! lost virgin! will she come no more,
 To sooth the bosoms that she charm'd before?
 The groves have echo'd to her parting knell,
 And rural mourners sigh'd their last farewell;
 While far from us—alas! too far away—
 These useless tears are all we now can pay.
 By strangers follow'd to her sylvan tomb—
 They wept indeed for her untimely doom;
 For youthful beauty wither'd in its pride,
 And patient meekness too severely tried.
 We mourn for virtues that we knew too well,
 And all that Sorrow will not let us tell;
 A thousand fancies precious to the heart,
 And hopes, and dreams, that cannot yet depart.
 Alas! she comes not to our eyes again!
 But we must weep—eternally—in vain!

Ah! now, when faithful relatives retire,
 In musing grief around their ev'ning fire;
 How oft will pensive Memory recall
 The pride and solace of her father's hall;
 While Pity melts the sad domestic throng,
 And Silence listens for her wonted song!

But now no more that charming song shall flow,
 To sooth the mourners she has left below;
 While, torn for ever from our weeping love,
 Her Spirit joins those better songs above.

The maids still roving by Eliza's stream,
 Recall her image in their fancy's dream.
 They mourn her charms still brighter than their own,
 They mourn her charms now all their bloom has
 flown;
 And feel, while tears of gracious Sorrow flow,
 The less than nothingness of all below.
 But she, that friend the dearest to her breast,
 Who felt the wound still deeper than the rest—
 Now left alone and struggling with Despair,
 She breathes her sorrow in a glowing pray'r:
 'Like hers my life, and let her death be mine!
 Her life was lovely and her death divine!'

But for her parents!—what shall sooth their woe?—
 Bereft of all their happiness below!
 She was the star to whose consoling rays,
 They look'd to cheer the ev'ning of their days.

But late, it sparkled with serene delight.
 A sable cloud has snatch'd it from their sight.
 Yet lost to earth, one precious hope is giv'n,
 It shines for ever in the host of Heav'n.

Yes! let us fondly cherish, as we ought,
 The dear, afflicting, but consoling thought;
 And still remember, with no common tear,
 The death that bore her to a better sphere.
 Soon as she felt the vital flame decay,
 And knew too well that she must go away;
 The tear of Nature trembled in her eye.
 For was it then so light a thing to die!
 To break the ties that bound her to the earth,
 To leave the cherish'd authors of her birth,
 The honour'd father, that yet dearer name
 Affection whispers with a warmer flame,
 The tender friend, still faithful and sincere,
 And but too worthy of a parting tear,
 Youth's fondest hopes that now must be denied,
 And Fancy's wishes all ungratified,
 Life's truest joys—if joys on earth can be—
 Hesperian fruits untasted on the tree,

All the heart throbs for in connubial love,
 Those joys that angels cannot know above,
 To leave all these—and go she knew not where—
 A pilgrim stranger to some other sphere;
 While the pale soul flies naked and alone,
 And inly trembles at the drear unknown;
 Like the first Dove that left the lonely ark,
 And found no resting place where all was wild and
 dark?

O! well for her, that 'ere this awful hour,
 The Holy Spirit had display'd his pow'r;
 And sent her angel prescient of her doom,
 To warn his charge, and dress her for the tomb.
 He came, and found her with her youthful mates,
 Like her unconscious of their future fates.
 He came, and call'd her to himself aside,
 With gentle voice that could not be denied;
 Ev'n as the lover that persuades his bride.
 That message told, with soft prevailing art,
 The gracious Spirit stole into her heart,
 With balmy dews wash'd out the stains of Sin,
 And breath'd a living purity within:
 As the mild Zephyr, whisp'ring to the Rose,
 Persuades the bud its merits to disclose,

With finer beauties to regale our eyes,
 And waft a sweeter incense to the skies.
 And now prepar'd, she heard the call of Death;
 (Who told his message with a falt'ring breath,
 And often shook, and still withheld his dart,
 As loth to wound so delicate a heart;)

Then prob'd her breast with sad religious care,
 Wept o'er her sins, and sought her God in pray'r;
 Nor sought in vain: now silent and resign'd,
 She cast the sorrows of the world behind,
 And sweetly patient of the cross she bore,
 Thro' faith in Him who felt the same before,
 She rais'd her eyes to Heav'n—that smile!—she is no
 more!

Here cease our tears—for why should we complain?
 And who will dare to wish her back again?
 No! let her vanish from our mortal eyes,
 To bloom for ever in her native skies;
 While far remov'd from Vanity and Sin,
 That haunt this world of Sorrow we are in,
 Her Spirit mingles with her peers above,
 And all is happiness, for all is love.

THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

IN yonder wood, where slowly bends
Ohio's gentle wave,
The Moon reveals, as she ascends,
The Missionary's grave.

And there the Indian virgin stands,
In unaffected woe:
I see her raise her praying hands,
I hear her sorrows flow.

' Beneath this turf my Father sleeps,
O! more than one to me;
And here his orphan Mary weeps,
With faithful memory.

He came not to this desert place,
 Intent on cruel deeds,
 To cheat our unsuspecting race,
 And buy our land for beads.

Ah! no! with melting words of peace,
 A message from above,
 He came to bid our sorrows cease,
 And all his talk was love.

How oft beneath this spreading oak,
 Where Grief bedews the sod,
 How oft, how tenderly, he spoke
 The counsels of his God!

But now no more—alas! no more—
 He comes to meet us here!
 No more that voice—so sweet before—
 Shall charm the mourner's ear!

Dear native scenes, so sweetly wild,
 Where first my breath I drew,
 Where oft I play'd, a little child,
 How alter'd to my view!

No more your lovely shades impart
One joy to Mary's breast:
They cannot cheer my drooping heart,
They cannot give me rest.

And thou, blest saint, a long farewell!
How deep thy silent sleep!
O! long shall Sorrow's bosom swell,
And sad Remembrance weep.

The Hunter now, his chase forgot,
Shall leave the flying deer,
To pause on this remember'd spot,
And shed a grateful tear.

The Fisher, in his light canoe,
Shall rest upon the wave;
While Echo hears his sad halloo,
To see his Father's grave.

The little boy, with simple love,
Shall dress the grave with flowers;
And Spirits, weeping from above,
Bedew its sod with showers.

For me—forgive these tears that start—
I know that thou art blest;
Yet O! this foolish, beating heart—
It will not, cannot rest.

Here, as I sit alone at night,
By sad Ohio's stream,
And gaze on yonder conscious light,
In melancholy dream;

Thy Spirit comes: he bids me rise,
And weep no longer here;
When shall I soar to yonder skies,
And see my Father there?"

SONNET.

SWEET is thy stream, Lake George, transparent
stream,

Thy waves that hush'd in modest silence lie,
Like some sweet infant smiling in a dream,
Reflecting from their breast the rosy sky;
Those charming islands scatter'd here and there,
Thrown out by Nature with a playful hand;
These lofty hills that on their summits bear
The purple clouds—'tis all a Fairy land!
Enchantment all where'er I gaze around!

What strain is this that steals upon my ear?
Is it some Spirit from Fort Henry's mound?

Or angel bending from her starry sphere?
So calm, so sweet is this delightful Even,
I could half dream myself to be in Heaven.

Lee by the mob of
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TO

MR. E. AMES.**DIRECTIONS FOR A PORTRAIT.**

NOW Ames, your best! Select the fairest light,
And paint the portrait of my dearest Dwight.
This is the moment to secure your fame,
And live for ever by the Poet's name;
A nobler subject never claim'd your hand,
Tho' here I see the foremost of the land.
Paint that high forehead rising on the sight,
Beaming with radiance of ethereal light;
That eye that looks defiance upon Sin,
And speaks the pure intelligence within.
Now steal the freshest colours of the rose,
And paint the lips whence sacred music flows;
Not Plato's lips were half so sweet as these,
They drop a richer honey than his Bees.

D

Now shed o'er all the fair proportion'd face,
A look of soul, a mild but awful grace.
And O! could some diviner gust of art,
Teach thee to paint the virtues of his heart—
Yet no—the portrait were no longer thine;
But Heav'n would claim the workmanship divine.

Albany, September 28th, 1811.

SONNET.

AND must we part, dear Dwight? A sad farewell!
 Till we shall meet, till we shall meet again!
 How oft must this poor orphan bosom swell,
 And sigh to see thy face; but sigh in vain!
 How I shall miss thy converse, pure and sweet,
 As vernal dews that fresh from Heav'n descend,
 Or living springs that weary pilgrims meet!
 Those tender words to cheer a drooping friend!
 That lofty eloquence, sublime and pure,
 Glowing as Passion, yet serene as Truth,
 Mingling with happy charm, unfelt before,
 The wisdom of Old-Age and fire of Youth—
 Who but must listen in devout applause,
 First of Columbia's sons in Zion's sacred cause?

New York, October 7th, 1811.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

JAMES LAWRENCE, ESQ.

LATE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Written after the public funeral at New York.

THEN welcome! welcome to your native shore!

Dear, sacred relics of the fallen brave!

Safe from the fury of the ocean's roar,

Here find at last your consecrated grave!

Yes! Lawrence!—why should Grief suppress the
• name?—

Tho' fall'n not vanquish'd,—welcome as thou art!—

While doubly dear by Sorrow's sacred claim,

Columbia strains thee to her bleeding heart.

Alas! and was it thus she look'd to hail

Her gallant son returning from the deep,

When watching from the shore his parting sail,

She hop'd—still hop'd—and little thought to weep?

**But why will cruel Memory recall
 The dark disaster of that fatal day;
 When Fancy fears to lift the bloody pall,
 And Sorrow turns her streaming eyes away?**

**Yet must Columbia think, at ev'ry knell
 That tolls the hero to his silent bed,
 How true in death her gallant warrior fell,
 The soul victorious while the body bled.**

**Yes! she must think, how faithful to the last,
 His parting spirit trembling on his lip,
 He nail'd her sacred honour to the mast,
 And dying cried, "O! give not up the ship!"**

**Then sunk beneath Misfortune's cruel blow,
 He felt for thee, he felt for thee alone;
 He saw thy tears of disappointment flow,
 And in his country's grief forgot his own.**

**The darling passions of his manly heart,
 The little child that prattled on his knee,
 The faithful wife that wept to see him part,
 All were forgotten in his love to thee.**

And thus the captive careless of his foes,
 Firm on himself in awful gloom retir'd;
 Fed on his deep, unutterable woes;
 Then thought of thee—and silently expir'd.

Now Fancy wafts us to yon gloomy shore,
 Where mourning barges throng the silent wave;
 And starts to hear the slow and muffled oar,
 That bears our Lawrence to a foreign grave.

And hark! what voices melt upon the gale,
 So sadly sweet to Sorrow's list'ning ear?
 Columbia! 'tis the voice of Britain's wail,
 That half repents a victory so dear.

Yet, must he lie upon that hostile strand,
 And thus defraud us of our grateful woe?
 No! man the bark! yon patriotic band
 Shall sue, and win his body from the foe.

And now returning from the stormy main—
 Far other once—he comes, the darling chief;
 Wise, valiant, faithful—all alas in vain—
 A nation's glory, and a nation's grief.

Then bear his relics to their silent bed,
 While mourning patriots fondly weep around.
And hark! those guns!—they cannot wake the
 dead!—
 It bleeds afresh, the heart's eternal wound.

Yet, gallant friend, why mourn thine early doom?
 Still, still victorious in thy bloody grave,
Thy name shall beam triumphant thro' the gloom,
 A star to light our heroes o'er the wave.

And soon, perhaps, some kindred soul who now
 Wipes off the tear of sorrow from his eye,
And breathes thy name with low and muffled row,
 Shall gloriously revenge thy latest sigh.

Thy dying words still hov'ring in the air,
 Shall light his way to laurell'd victory—
See! there they close! the Briton feels despair!
 Thine own Columbia triumphs still by thee!*

* This last verse alludes to Perry's victory on Lake Erie. It will be remembered that the gallant captain, when he went into action, hoisted his flag with the last words of Lawrence upon it for his motto.

THE RESOLUTION.

I SAY to my heart, it is time
 To leave off thy follies at last;
 For past is thy flourishing prime,
 Thy flourishing prime—it is past!
 And chang'd are the fanciful skies,
 Once rosy with Love and Desire;
 Yon star, and these shadows that rise—
 They say, 'it is time to retire.'

Love charm'd me awhile to her bower,
 As blooming as bower could be,
 Where beauty, with magical power,
 Sat smiling—too lovely for me.
 I gaz'd on her languishing eye,
 And felt the wild throb of her breast;
 But she left me, she left me to sigh,
 And what had become of my rest?

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Next Pleasure seduc'd with her song,
Her song was too sweet for my ear;
Unheeding I mix'd with her throng,
Too merry to think or to fear.
She gave, and I drank of her bowl,
Nor knew what was lurking within;
'Twas madness, 'twas death to my soul:
The chalice was poison'd with sin.

Then Fame blew her trumpet aloud,
And my heart beat to arms at the sound;
And I rush'd with the daring and proud,
Till my brows with her laurel were crown'd.
But sad was the wreath that I won,
For it fever'd my temples with pain;
I felt that my heart was undone,
And I sigh'd for sweet slumbers again.

But Religion now found me astray,
All languid and fainting with care;
She rais'd me at once as I lay,
And sav'd me from cruel Despair.

'Oh! quit this dark valley of Woe!'

She said with a whisper of love;

'If you would be happy below,

Set your heart upon Heav'n above.'

Farewell! now ye passions of earth!

Too little, too base for my heart!

Ye have led me astray from my birth;

It is time for you now to depart.

I have wasted the fairest and best

Of the hours that my Maker had giv'n;

Then oh! let me husband the rest!—

Henceforth I live only to Heav'n.

ODE.

Upon the supposed murder of General Lee by the mob of Baltimore, in their attack upon the Prison, on the night of the 28th of July, 1812.

AND art thou thus untimely slain?
Brave Lee!—alas! but brave in vain!
Columbia's glory—now her stain!
That Eagle Spirit fled?
Pale Beauty pours her melting cries,
Stern Valour hides his weeping eyes,
And Freedom hangs her head and sighs,
Around thy bloody bed.

Who now shall lead us to the fight?
 Thy star withdraws its cheering light;
 Virginia sees the darker night,
 With anxious doubts and fears.
 She needs the sword whose meteor ray
 Flash'd sudden light o'er Powles' Bay,
 Where Britain's legions dreaming lay,
 And woke in chains and tears.

Oh! gallant Hero! had'st thou died,
 With fighting warriors at thy side,
 On Victory's field, in laurell'd pride,
 It were a sweet relief;
 But perish by a brutal band,
 The scourge and scandal of our land,
 A prey to some low ruffian's hand!—
 Oh! what can sooth our grief!

Lives there one native patriot here,
 Can see, brave Lee, thy passing bier,
 Can see, nor shed one grateful tear,

To thy remember'd fame?

With him may ev'ry comfort die,
 The world turn yellow to his eye,
 No wife to sooth his midnight sigh,
 No child to lisp his name!

Yes! from this martyr's blood shall rise,
 A cry to reach the avenging skies,
 Till some due mournful sacrifice,

Appease Heav'n's wrath divine.

Columbia then, too slowly just,
 Shall gather up thy sacred dust,
 And place thine urn, an awful trust,
 On Freedom's holy shrine.

August 3d, 1812.

NAVAL SONG.

YE seamen of Columbia!
 Now claim your native sea;
 Break off Britannia's galling chain,
 And set the billows free.
 The spirit of your country calls,
 And points where Ocean rolls:
 Ye shall reign o'er the main,
 While its angry surges roar;
 Till the Sun sets never to rise again,
 And the Moon looks out no more.

'Twas o'er the waves of Ocean,
 Our gallant fathers came;
 Their Spirits brav'd the raging blasts,
 And made the billows tame.
 Sail boldly in their shining wake,
 Beneath Heav'n's guiding star.
 Ye shall reign, &c.

Our valiant tars fear nothing:
Cradled in wars and storms,
They smile at images of death
In all their ghastly forms;
Now playing with the spouting whale,
Now managing the foe.
Ye shall reign, &c.

Columbia's daring Eagle,
Still soaring to the sky,
Shall lanch her thunders o'er the sea,
And bid her lightnings fly.
Her foes shall shrink in wild dismay,
And hide beneath the waves.
Ye shall reign, &c.

November 1st, 1814.

ODE.

TO ISAAC HULL, ESQ.

OF THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

On the capture of the *Guerriere* by the *Constitution* under his
command, on the 19th of August, 1812.

WHAT shouts of rapture burst around!

And shrinks the timid Muse alone?

Awake the lyre, and bid it sound

To make Columbia's triumph known!

And sweeter than the mermaid's strain,

Thy song shall stream across the main,

Till Britain's shore returns again

The deathless name of Hull, with deep and in-
ward moan.

High on that stern of naval pride,
 Behold the modest Hero now!
 How gallantly she breasts the tide,
 The stately Ship, with fearless prow!
 But lo! a hostile flag in sight!
 Ye valiant tars behold the light!
 Ere yonder Sun shall set in night,
 Fresh wreaths of Victory shall crown each war-
 rior's brow.

Yet on she comes—the proud Guerriere!—
 I feel her warm sulphureous breath—
 And Hull—“Not yet; but lay me near”—
 Now smiles, and gives the sign to Death.
 Like two dread clouds of awful form,
 With horror dark, with ruin warm,
 They meet, they mingle in the storm:
 Old Ocean shrinks, and groans thro' all his caves
 beneath.

What shades anticipating Night,

Have snatch'd the conflict from mine eye;
Save where yon gleams of livid light,

Disclose how warriors bleed and die?

And hark! whose shrieks of woe are these,

That wail upon the passing breeze?

And, louder than the rolling seas,

Whose shouts of horrid joy now break against
the sky?

All still! The awful cloud retires,

The struggling vessels reappear;

Columbia's banner thro' the fires—

And Dacres' warlike band is there.

On! gallant Hull, inspire thy men;

Drive back the Lion to his den;

Drive back, and he is conquer'd then;

Long shall that banner wave the Briton's only
fear.

'Tis done! Britannia's ensign falls,
 Proud flag so long, but proud no more.
 "Now spare the foe!" the Victor calls:
 The awful thunders cease to roar.
 Pleas'd witness of the glorious fray,
 See! smiling sinks the Orb of Day,
 And Night, exulting o'er the prey,
 Spreads out her eagle wings wide hov'ring to
 the shore.

Now safe beneath the sparkling stars,
 The Constitution seeks the bay;
 While cheerful bands of hardy tars,
 Exulting sing the merry lay.
 How fair upon the Ocean stream,
 The Victor Ship, a moving dream!
 While far her victim's death-fires beam;
 Till lost in those pale waves, they fade, they
 melt away.

But see the Sun! Bostonia rise!

Mount all thy swelling hills around!

Let cannon thunder to the skies!

And mountains echo back the sound!

She comes, serenely o'er the tide,

Her snowy wings expanded wide,

The conscious Ship, in all her pride;

While cheering shouts of joy triumphantly re-
sound.

Yes! welcome Hull with all thy band!

Thy country's boast and darling thou!

Columbia reaches forth her hand:

' My son, my son for ever now!'

He springs the sweet embrace to meet,

He lays his laurels at her feet,

She smiles the smile when Angels meet;

Then twines the living wreath around her war-
rior's brow.

Fly! spread the board, the feast prepare,
 To make the Hero's welcome known.
 Our gallant sons, and blooming fair,
 Shall feel his honours as their own.
 Yet ah! 'mid all this splendid cheer,
 Why falls the strange forbidden tear?
 Alas! for those who are not here
 To share these festal rites but half enjoy'd alone.

Peace to the dead! Our grateful tears
 Shall consecrate each silent grave—
 But Hull—how sweet that wreath he wears!
 Such living wreaths become the brave.
 And see where melting in his arms,
 Lovelier in innocent alarms,
 Yon blushing maid in all her charms,
 Weaves Hymen's rosy chain for Love's delight-
 ed slave.

**Brave Hero! Long before the gale,
Serenely may thy fortunes glide!
Yet O! beware! contract thy sail,
And shun the fatal rock of Pride.
Remember, gallant Hull, thy tomb!
Remember Him the Lord of Doom!
Whose smile can bid thy laurels bloom,
Whose frown shall scatter yet all impious
wreaths aside.**

NAVAL SONG.

COME all ye tars that brave the sea,
 Now hear Columbia's call:
 Her glorious banner soon shall be
 Our canopy or pall.

We rush to meet the vaunting foe,
 And lay his proud ambition low.

Columbia's gallant tars
 Shall range the ocean free,
 And bear her union stars
 In triumph o'er the sea.

We fight with no ambitious aim
 To rule the waves alone;
 Nor to destroy another's claim,
 But to maintain our own;
 And those base chains of servile fear,
 We would not give, we will not wear.
 Columbia's gallant tars, &c.

Contending for our equal right,
Against usurping pride;
We war with unresisted might,
For Heav'n is on our side;
And 'tis no mortal hand, we know,
That aims our thunders at the foe.
Columbia's gallant tars, &c.

January 21st, 1815.

THE REVERY.

I AM come to this Sycamore tree,
 And lay myself down in its shade:
 The world has no pleasure for me;
 The hopes of my Youth are betray'd.
 Flow on thou sweet musical stream,
 My murmurs shall mingle with thine;
 My spirit is wrapt in a dream,
 The sadness I feel is divine.

Hope took me a gay little child,
 And sooth'd me to sleep on her breast;
 And, like my own mother, she smil'd
 O'er the dreams of my innocent rest.
 Then Beauty came whispering sweet,
 Ev'ry word had a magical pow'r;
 And Pleasure, with eyes of deceit,
 Entic'd me to enter her bow'r.



There Love show'd his glittering dart,
Just bath'd in the nectar of Bees;
While Fancy persuaded my heart,
That his only design was to please.
And Fame held her wreath of Renown,
All blooming with laurels divine;
And promis'd the flourishing crown,
To circle these temples of mine.

Then I said to myself in my sleep,
How lovely is all that I see!
I shall never have reason to weep,
For the world is a garden to me.
But an angel came down from the skies,
And claim'd me at once as her own;
Fair Truth shed her light on my eyes,
And the shades of Delusion are flown.

I sigh for the dreams of my Youth,
All melted away into air;
Yet say, can the sweet light of Truth
Betray my poor heart to Despair?

**Ah no! I may mourn for a while,
Till my bosom is freed from its leaven;
Then Peace shall return with a smile,
And Faith waft my Spirit to Heaven.**

THE GOOSE.

A TALE.*

POOR Friar Philip lost his wife,
 The charm and comfort of his life.
 He mourn'd her; not like modern men;
 For ladies were worth having then.
 The world was alter'd in his view,
 All things put on a yellow hue;
 Even ladies, once his chief delight,
 Were now offensive to his sight:
 In short, he pin'd, and look'd so ill,
 The Doctor hop'd to get a bill.
 At last he made a vow to fly,
 And hide himself from ev'ry eye,
 Take up his lodging in a wood,
 To turn a Hermit, and grow good.

* This tale is told by Boccace, and after him, by La Fontaine.

He had a child now, you must know,
 About a twelve-month old or so;
 Him Philip took up in his arms,
 To snatch him from all female charms,
 Intending he should never know
 There were such things as girls below;
 But lead an honest Hermit's life,
 For, said he, 'he would lose his wife.'

The place he chose for their retreat,
 Was once a Lion's country-seat.
 Far in a wild romantic wood,
 The Hermit's little cottage stood,
 Hid by the trees from human view,
 The Sun himself could scarce get thro'.
 A little garden, till'd with care,
 Supplied him with his daily fare,
 Fresh water-cresses from the spring,
 Turnips, greens, or some such thing;
 Hermits don't care much what they eat,
 And appetite can make it sweet.

'T'was here our little Hermit grew.
 His father taught him all he knew,

Adapting, like a cheerful sage,
His lessons to the pupil's age.
At five years old, he shew'd him flow'rs,
Taught him their various names and pow'rs;
Then talk'd of Lions, Wolves, and Bears,
Things children hear with all their ears;
Taught him to blow upon a reed,
To say his pray'rs, and get the creed.
At ten, he lectur'd him on herbs,
(Better than learning nouns and verbs,)
The names and qualities of trees;
Manners and customs of the Bees;
Then talk'd of oysters full of pearls;
But not a word about the girls.
At fifteen years, he turn'd his eyes
To view the wonders of the skies,
Call'd all the stars by their right names,
As you would call on John or James,
And shew'd him all the signs above;
But not a whisper about love.

And now his sixteenth year was nigh,
And yet he hadn't learnt to sigh,

Had sleep and appetite to spare,
He couldn't tell the name for care;
And all because he didn't know
There were such things as girls below.
But now a tempest rag'd around;
The Hermit's little nest was drown'd;
Good by t'ye to poor Philip's crop;
It didn't leave a turnip-top.
Poor Philip griev'd, and his son too,
They pray'd, they didn't know what to do.
If they were hermits, they must live,
And Wolves have not much alms to give.
Now in his native town, he knew,
He had disciples, rich ones too,
Who wouldn't let him beg in vain;
But set the Hermit up again.
But what to do with his young son?
Pray tell me what would you have done?
Take him to town? He was afraid;
For what if he should see a maid?
In love, as sure as he had eyes,
Then, any quantity of sighs.
Leave him at home? the Wolves! the Bears!
Poor Philip had a father's fears.

In short, he didn't know what to do.
 At last, he thought he'd take him too.
 And so, with truly pious care,
 He makes a good long-winded pray'r,
 Intended as a sort of charm
 To keep his darling lad from harm,
 That is, from pretty ladies' wiles,
 Especially their eyes and smiles;
 Then brush'd his coat of silver-grey,
 And there you see them on their way.
 It was a town, they all agree,
 Where there was ev'ry thing to see,
 As paintings, statues, and so on,
 All that men love to look upon.
 Our little lad, you may suppose,
 Had never seen so many shows.
 He stands, with open mouth and eyes,
 Like one just fallen from the skies,
 Pointing at ev'ry thing he sees:
 'What's this, what's that, O! here, what's these?'
 At last he sees a charming thing,
 That men call angel, when they sing,
 Young lady, when they speak in prose,
 Sweet thing, as ev'ry body knows.

Transported, ravish'd at the sight,
 He feels a strange, but sweet delight.
 'What's this, what's this, O! Heav'ns!' he cries,
 'That looks so sweetly with its eyes?
 O! shall I catch it? Is it tame?
 What is it, father? What's its name?'
 Poor Philip didn't know what to say;
 But tried to draw his eyes away.
 He cross'd himself, and made a vow;
 "'Tis as I fear'd: all's over now!"
 Then, 'prithee have your wits got loose?
 It is a bird that men call Goose.'
 'A Goose!—O! pretty, pretty thing!
 And will it sing too, will it sing?
 O! come, come quickly, let us run,
 That's a good father, catch me one;
 We'll carry it with us to our cell;
 Indeed, indeed, I'll treat it well.'

THE PRIZE.

A TALE.

CLODPOLE, a simple rustic clown,
Liv'd just a few miles out of town—
The city's name? I wou't be sure,
I think tho' it was Baltimore—
An honest countryman by trade,
Extremely clever with his spade,
Could drive his plough off in a rae,
And plant potatoes with a grace.
His wife too was a tidy soul,
A thriving pair upon the whole.
But times grew hard; Embargo came;
Poor things! they didn't know who to blame.
Some said, 'the English are the cause:'
Some said, 'Red-Breeches—burn his laws!'

But now a lottery appear'd!
 Poor Clodpole read the scheme and star'd.
 For certainly the plan was great,
 And wasn't it sanction'd by the state?
 He goes at once to buy a ticket,
 And begs the clerk to let him pick it;
 ('Twas at the office kept by Waite,
 That is so *truly fortunate*;)

Then looks and looks with all his eyes,
 And wisely thinks to choose the prize.
 And now all day he reads the scheme,
 And ev'ry night he dreams—a dream.
 He thought the money in his pocket,
 And bought a chest and key to lock it.

At length the Lottery is drawn.
 Clod hears the news, and he is gone.
 'My wife,' says he, 'I'm off for town,
 To see if I am still a clown.
 So if you see me coming, Harriet,
 A sure 'nough great man in my chariot,
 Mind, see it well with both your eyes,
 You may be sure I've got the prize.

Then seize your longest-handled broom,
 And fly like lightning round the room;
 Break ev'ry thing you've got—more too—
 And we'll buy ev'ry thing that's new.
 Yes! and I'll give you such a gown!
 Like Mrs. Dashaway's in town."

He goes to town, or rather flies:

'My ticket, Sir, is it a prize?'

The clerk soon read the fellow thro',
 And felt a little waggish too.

So with a strange, mysterious look,
 He turns, and turns, and turns his book.

'Your ticket, friend'—Clod stretch'd his eyes—

'Has drawn—has drawn'—'what? what?'—'no
 prize

But a dead blank!' Clod heard no more,

But down he fell upon the floor.

'A doctor! run! the man will die.'

A doctor was just riding by;

(These doctors are as thick as crows;)

He smelt the carrion I suppose.

He feels Clod's pulse, and shakes his head:

'It is a fit: he must be bled.'

His constitution though 's good stuff.
 I'll give him medicines enough.
 They'll cure him—if they shouldn't kill—
 At any rate they'll help the bill.
 Out lancet, and he stuck a vein.
 The clown comes to himself again,
 And rolls around his wond'ring eyes,
 Like a wise Owl, in great surprise.
 The Doctor bears him off in haste
 To his own chariot, sees him plac'd,
 And bids the coachman drive him home.
 Dame Harriet sees the carriage come.
 'O! he has got the prize! we're made!
 Good by t'ye to the hoe and spade!
 Away she ran, and seiz'd the broom,
 And flew like lightning round the room,
 Breaking up all she could get at—
 Except the jug—she couldn't break that—
 A present from her mother Gray,
 And giv'n her on her wedding day:
 There was none like it to be sold,
 And such fine beer as it would hold!
 But all the rest demolish'd quite.
 You never saw now such a sight.

Just then poor Clodpole enters in:
‘Stop! stop!’ he cries; ‘it is a sin.
For mercy quit this foolish prank.
He says my prize has drawn a blank.’
See! there they stand as stiff as posts;
And white as two meal-powder’d ghosts!
At last Clod cries, ‘Give me a hug.
I’m glad to find you’ve sav’d the jug.
Confound all lotteries I say!
Stick to the plough, and work away!
Bad luck has made me monstrous wise.
So, spite of chance, I’ve got the prize.’

THE MILKMAID.**A FABLE.**

ONCE, on a charming morn in May,
Betty to market took her way;
A pail of milk upon her head,
A napkin o'er the bottles spread;
Light as a fawn she trip'd along,
And beat time to the Mockbird's song.
Indeed she trip'd along so fast,
Her head began to turn at last.
'This pail of milk I carry here,
Will bring me in a dollar clear;
A good round dollar—let me see—
A pretty pair of fowls for me.
The hen must lay at least a score.
A brood of chickens round my door.

I'll sell 'em all, and get a sow.
 Fine little pigs—I'll buy a cow,
 And fatten her for half a year;
 Corn-wash and slops are not so dear.
 The cow and calf shall now be sold,
 For three bright Eagles, all of gold.
 Three shining Eagles—let me see—
 La! what a lady I shall be!
 Good by t'ye to this homespun gown!
 I'll get me such a dress from town!
 Let's think what colour it shall be.
 Green, yellow, red—the red for me!—
 And then I'll have a new chip hat,
 Set round with ribbons, think of that.
 O! how the village will admire!
 I think now I must have the Squire.
 He met me lately on my way,
 And said, 'my pretty maid good day.'
 O! he is sweet as any quince.
 I have been dreaming ever since.
 My sweetheart Robin hears the tale,
 And there he comes—bless me how pale!
 See! scratching both his sheepish ears;
 His eyes, like cow-teats, dropping tears.

‘ And so you’ll marry now,’ says he;
‘ You’re grown so fine you wont have me.’
‘ And pray, Sir, what is it to you
What Squire Rose and I may do?
My hand’s my own. I have a right
To marry him this very night.
Besides your manners are so rough!
And then your talk—all country stuff—
I vow it makes my stomach sick.
No! no! I’ll take no crooked stick.
And so good by t’ye, Robin Moss.
And then I’ll give my head a toss!’—
Sure ’nough she toss’d it as she spoke;
The pail fell down, the bottles broke,
The milk was spilt upon the ground,
The chickens, Squire, and all got drown’d.

PHILOMEL AND PROGNE.**A FABLE.**

From La Fontaine.

PROGNE, the swallow, flew astray,
To a wild woodland far away;
When Philomela in the shade,
Was singing her sweet serenade.
Enchanted quite to hear her sing:
'My sister!' said the little thing,
'I'm glad to see you: how do you do?
It is so long since I've seen you!
And will your sorrow never end?
But tell me what do you intend?
Will you not leave this sad retreat?'
'Ah! Progne! is it not too sweet?'

‘But, Philomel, were strains like these
Meant to be sung to beasts and trees?
Or at the best some country clown?
O! quit this scene, and come to town.
Besides, you must, while here you rove,
Remember ’twas in such a grove,
That Tereus forc’d thee to his arms,
And violated all thy charms.’
‘And ’tis rememb’ring that, my dear,’
Says Philomel, ‘that keeps me here.
At sight of cruel man, I’m sure,
I should remember it much more.’

THE KITE
AND
THE NIGHTINGALE.

A FABLE.

From *La Fontaine*.

A NIGHTINGALE, out late at night,
 Was taken pris'ner by a Kite.
 'O! prythee now, let go my wing,'
 Cried Philomel, 'and hear me sing.
 I'll sing you Tereus' cruel spite'—
 'Tereus? What bird is that?' says Kite.
 'O! 'tisn't a bird,' cried Philomel,
 It was a man I knew too well,
 The cruel king that serv'd me so.
 He caus'd me grief enough, I know—

But stop, don't pull me so along,
And I will sing you such a song—
'A pretty joke!' replies the Kite,
'Will music stay my appetite?'
'I sing to Kings'—'Another whim.
When a King gets you sing to him.
A Kite had rather eat than hear.
A hungry belly has no ear.'

THE CONCEITED OWL.

A FABLE.

From Fenelon.

AN ugly Owl, a perfect fright,
 Out rather late one moon-light night,
 Observ'd his visage in a spring,
 And thought himself the very thing.
 'Yes! yes!' said he, 'it is most clear
 Why all the birds admire me here.
 I am too beautiful, I see,
 Poor things! they're all in love with me.
 Well, well, I'm tir'd of single life.
 Suppose I stoop to take a wife?
 My friend the Eagle—let me see—
 His youngest daughter! It shall be.

I'll go this moment, send the Crow
 To ask her claw—it must be so.
 The Crow, tho' not the wisest bird,
 Could hardly credit what she heard.
 'Why I shall be afraid to speak.
 The royal Eagle has a beak,
 And talons too to pinch and scratch.
 Then what a strange, new-fangled match!
 You know you cannot see by day,
 And then your wife will have her way;
 Or when you go abroad at night,
 What mayn't she do that isn't right?
 Why you will hardly see your wife.
 A very pretty sort of life!
 Besides the Eagle is our King,
 And you—I can't propose the thing.'
 'Pshaw!' said the Owl, 'the thing must be.
 Go tell the Eagle, and you'll see,
 He wants a son-in-law like me.'
 'Well then, I fly,' replied the Crow,
 'Since you're resolv'd to have it so.'
 The Eagle scream'd to hear the news.
 'And so the Owl will pick and choose!'



The Owl will be my son-in-law!
The greatest fool I ever saw.
Tell him to meet me in the air,
To-morrow, if the day is fair,
But wait until the sun shall rise,
And open wide his great grey eyes;
Then come, and he shall have the prize.’
The Owl, like any one possest,
Was quite too vain to smoke the jest,
And so he waited for the light;
Then up he flew—a luckless flight!
The sun soon struck the fellow blind.
He got disorder’d in his mind,
And tumbled headlong on a rock,
That gave him a confounded shock.
The Crow comes up, ‘I told you so;
But all in vain—no, you would go.’
‘Oh!’ says the Owl, ‘I’ve lost my wife!
That’s not the worst—I’ve lost my life!’

LYRIC NOTES.

12

DEDICATION
OF THE
LYRIC NOTES.

TO MRS. LOUISA HOLMES.

TO whom shall I inscribe my book,
Now ready to depart?
Louisa! 'tis to thee I look!
Sweet image of my heart!

THE LYRE.

THE Muses slept one holiday,
Within a shady grove;
When who should chance to pass that way,
But little archer Love.

Their lyre upon a myrtle tree,
By chains of roses hung;
Still whispering the melody
Which they had lately sung.

‘Now see,’ Love cries, ‘what I desire,
Far more than all my darts;
And I will steal the Muses’ lyre,
To soften ladies’ hearts.’

Thus arm'd, he roves the world around;
To seek each lovely foe;
And finds the lyre of magic sound
More useful than his bow.

TEA.

GIVE me, give me here my tea;
Ladies' nectar! give it me;
Sweet as what the Hummer sips,
Or the dew on Beauty's lips.
Tea 'tis makes the spirits flow,
Tickles up the heart of Woe,
Sets the tongue, enlivens wit,
Gives the sweet poetic fit.
Tea 'tis makes the charming Fair
Sprightly, pleasing, as they are.
What is more than all, 'twas Tea,
Tea, that set Columbia free.

TO A ROSE-BUD.

NOW go, my sweet Rose-bud, and grace
 My Emily's bosom awhile;
 Go, blush like the rose on her face,
 And open your charms to her smile.

But oh! should my rival intrude
 On that bosom you go to adorn;
 Should he dare, should he dare to be rude—
 Remember that you have a thorn.*

* Si quelque main a l'imprudence
 D'y venir troubler ton repos,
 Emporte avec toi ma vengeance,
 Garde une épine à mes rivaux.

Bernard.

SONG.

O! WHAT are all our joys below,
In this vain world of Sin and Care!
Like violets melting as they blow,
And dying on the passing air!

Lovely in seeming innocence,
The transient flow'rs of Pleasure bloom;
And sweet the odours they dispense—
Ah! soon to wither o'er the tomb!

PLEASURE AND LOVE.

PLEASURE play'd with Love one day;
 She had stol'n his arms away;
 Tickling him about the heart,
 With the feather of his dart,
 And her rosy breast left bare;
 'Twas a child, what need she care?
 Love soon saw his mark, and laugh'd,
 Then adroitly touch'd the shaft:
 'Oh! I die! I die! my heart!
 Take, take out this tingling dart!'

'No, good for you: now you see
 What you get by playing with me.'

TRUE NOBILITY.

Omne hominum genus in terris, &c.

Boetius Lib. 3. Met. 6.

THE various tribes of men on earth,
 From one beginning rise;
 The same the author of their birth,
 The Monarch of the skies.

He gave the Sun his golden rays,
 Her silver horns the Moon;
 And made the Stars that sing his praise,
 In sweet celestial tune.

He form'd the pure ethereal mind,
 Bright effluence of his grace;
 And nobly edited mankind,
 A high-congenial race.

**Then who can boast his splendid line,
More truly than the rest;
The origin of all divine,
Each high-born as the best?**

**He only who descends to sin,
Becomes degenerate;
Belies his sacred origin,
And tempts the recreant's fate.**

TO MY HEART.

LITTLE, giddy, fluttering Heart,
Whither would you go?
Must we, truant, must we part?
Will you leave me so?

If her eye is soft and blue,
Do not, do not go:
She's too pretty to be true:
She'll deceive, I know.

Ah! when that same witching eye,
Shoots you thro' and thro';
You may sigh, and sigh, and sigh—
But it will not do.

THE DREAM.

TO MARGARET.

MMARGARET, can you tell me
What my dream would wish to be?

I was sleeping on my bed;
What should come into my head!
Hymen's self before my eyes,
Rosy as the morning skies;
With a wreath of ev'ry flow'r
That you see in Pleasure's bow'r.
At his side, his charming aid,
Stood a lovely blushing maid.
(O! I know her very well;
But her name I mustn't tell.)
I lay trembling in my bed.
Whisp'ring roses, Hymen said,

'Why are you afraid of me?
I am not a foe you see.
Take this chain and never fear.
It is light enough to wear;
Woven by the hand of Love,
For his cousin Beauty's dove.'
Thus the wily tempter spoke;
But my heart was heart of oak,
Till that same enchanting girl,
Smiling, shew'd her teeth of pearl,
Saying with her merry eye,
'May be you had better try.'
Then I felt that I was gone,
And the chain was fairly on.

Margaret, can you tell me
What my dream would wish to be?

SONG.

O! SAY not, sweet girl, 'it is past
The season of whispering love;
For thou must still charm to the last,
And Death can but waft thee above.

The roses of Beauty may fade,
But Virtue is always in prime:
The flow'r of the Vine is decay'd,
The fruit only mellow'd, by Time.

THE WILD ROSE.

How charming is the sweet Wild-Rose,
That by yon fountain blooms!
Unseen by all but Heav'n, it blows,
And whispers its perfumes.

The Hummer is its little guest,
All lonely as it is;
And steals the honey from its breast,
With light and playful kiss.

The busy Bee approves it well,
And stops to load his thigh;
The merry Mockbird snuffs the smell,
As he sits singing by.

The Sylphs that flutter thro' the air,
Its dewy blossom cheat,
To wet the lips of ladies fair,
And make their kisses sweet.

Admir'd it lives; and when it dies,
Young Love laments its fate;
And Beauty hangs her head, and sighs
To see her transient date.

TO

JULIA'S CANARY BIRD.**AFTER HER DEATH.**

MY sweet Canary! tell me why
You stand all day with closed eye,
And careless of the coming Spring,
Hang down that little yellow wing?
I knew thee once so wild and gay!
Why now so melancholy, say?

‘ Kind Inquirer, you shall hear
Why I droop: I see that tear. .
You knew my mistress Julia too—
Ah! when had bird a friend so true!
Yes! I remember well indeed,
She chose the cleanest, finest seed;

Sugar as sweet as it could be—
She kiss'd it first, then gave it me.
And such fresh water from the spring!
Ah! then I had some heart to sing.
In time of sickness too and care,
And little birds must have their share,
I saw the water in her eye;
She was afraid that I would die.
But she is flown! I know not where—
Ah! she is flown! and I am here!
The servants grudge me crumbs of bread;
I hear 'em wish that I was dead;
That naughty cat there too, I see,
Looks up as if she could eat me.
Such cares!—but they will soon be past—
This little heart must break at last.'

THE HUMMING BIRD.

LITTLE Hummer, why so shy?
Whither, whither would you fly?
Let that pretty rose alone:
Do you think it is your own?
See yon Bee just coming by!
Here! here! to my bosom fly.

‘Ha! Sir! did you catch me tho’?
Only want me for a show.
If my head-piece is so small,
Think not I’ve no wit at all.
What! give up my liberty!
I’m my own bird now: I’m free:
Now I ramble all the day;
All my business is to play.

Now I chase the Butterfly,
Tho' he thinks himself so sprigh.
Now I hunt for honey dew;
I know where to find it too.
I'm the bird to draw it up
From the Jasmine's yellow cup,
Or the Honeysuckle's bell,
Charming flower, I can tell.
But of every thing that blows,
Give me still the blushing rose!
There's the honey! Oh! 'tis sweet!
Fit for any bird to eat—
Ha! you there, my little Bee!
You mustn't get that rose from me!"

SONG.

L' onda dal mar divisa, &c. *Metastasio.*

WATER parted from the sea,
 Source from which its being rose,
 Wanders over hill and lea,
 Seeking still its lost repose.

See! where'er it steals along,
 Brighter harvests seem to smile;
 Sweeter flows the shepherd's song;
 But itself is sad the while.

Gaudy flow'rs that love to blow
 On its melancholy side,
 Only mock its secret woe,
 With their vain and transient pride.

Still one pensive trembling hope,
Lights its waves, like Luna's beam;
It may find some gentle slope,
Leading to its native stream.

Cruel rocks would bid it stay;
But it cannot, cannot rest:
Over it breaks—then steals away,
Melting on its parent's breast.

Thus my soul, an exile here,
Parted from its source above,
Sighs to meet its parent there,
Sea of boundless life and love.

HEART'S-EASE.

THERE is a charming little flow'r,
A charming flow'r it is;
The brightest gem in Flora's bow'r,
And sweet as Beauty's kiss.

There is no fragrance in its sigh,
To tempt the busy Bee;
It doesn't please the Butterfly,
But it is dear to me.

I love to see the little thing,
When Morning paints the skies,
Before the Lark is on the wing,
Open its sparkling eyes.

Then bright and fresh with shining dew,
It glitters to the ray,
With triple spots of various hue,
So fancifully gay.

This is the flow'r that I will wear,
That girls may cease to tease.
Its name is music to my ear.
What is it call'd? Heart's-Ease.

G

THE CAPTIVE.

HOW can I rest while here below,
An exile in this vale of Woe;
An exile from my home above,
And far away from all I love;
When some sweet glimpse of Heav'n appears,
To charm my soul to other spheres?
Entrap the little bird that sings,
Light soaring on his airy wings;
His keeper be some lovely fair,
To bind him well with playful care,
In fetters of her auburn hair,
And let the merry pris'ner sip
The nectar from her rosy lip,
To all perhaps but him denied,
Till Hymen claims her for a bride;

If yet, while playing round and round,
 To her soft harp's enchanting sound,
 He chance to spy some shady tree,
 And little playmates singing free,
 So grateful to his memory;
 The power of Nature in his breast,
 Forbids the captive bird to rest.
 He feels his fetters now with pain;
 Eliza chirps to him in vain;
 The tree alone can charm his eyes;
 The tree alone awakes his sighs;
 Trembling, impatient of delay,
 He longs, like me, to soar away.*

-
- * Quæ canit altis garrula ramis
 Ales, cavere clauditur antro:
 Huic licet illita pocula melle,
 Largasque dapes dulci studio
 Ladens hominum cura ministret,
 Si tamen, arto saliens tecto,
 Nemorum gratas viderit umbras;
 Sparsas pedibus proterit escas,
 Silvas tantum mæsta requirit,
 Silvas dulci voce susurrat.

Boetius. Lib. 3. Met. 2.

SONG

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

SHE has died on the mountain,
The pride of the plain!
And the sighs of Affection,
Recall her in vain.

O! the wild-rose of Beauty
Is blooming no more!
And Love's tears may bedew it—
But cannot restore.

The mild star of Evening
Shone bright in the West,
And sparkled with pleasure—
But soon sunk to rest.

**Yet still unextinguished,
Just sets for a while;
Then, the star of the Morning,
Lights Heav'n with a smile.**

WILLIAM AND MARY.

Aemen Septimius suos amores, &c.

Catullus.

ONE day, William fondly press'd
 His own Mary to his breast,
 Patted her soft cheek so red,
 Kiss'd its rose, and smiling said:
 'My sweetest Mary, by my fay,
 I love thee more than I can say;
 And when I cease to love thee, dear —
 But that will hardly be this year:
 No! I see by that blue eye,
 I must love thee till I die.'
 Thus he said, and saying this,
 Gave her cheek another kiss.

Mary gently rais'd her head;
 O! her cheek *was* blushing red!

And, smiling in her own sweet way,
Parted two rosy lips to say:
' Ah! dearest William, you talk so!
But I must own 'tis pleasing tho';
And yet, whatever you may say,
I can outlove you any day.
Come, for a kiss then, let us try
Who can love longest, you or I.'
Thus she said, and saying this,
Caught another dropping kiss.

Happy lover! Happy fair!
Venus' doves no truer pair.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

WHO GAVE ME A LAUREL.

WHY give me this laurel, my fair,
To deck my poetical brow?
Tho' flatt'ring the gift, I declare
It is not what I fancy just now.

But alas! I'm Apollo's own son,
And my fate is like his, I'm afraid,
To win, after all said and done,
The laurel instead of the maid.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

LOVE saw **Beauty**: 'Come,' said he,
'Charming cousin, come with me.
I will show you such a treat!
Honey!—Oh! it is so sweet!
Sweet as your sweet kisses are;
Hidden too: you needn't care.'
Beauty yielded: **Love** quite gay,
Smiling to her, led the way.
'Twas a wild and curious hive,
Seen too by no soul alive.
'Here just put your white hand in;
Stealing honey is no sin.'
But the **Bees!** The **Bees** flew out,
Stinging wildly all about.

Ah! poor Beauty's melting cries!
Love flies off, and as he flies,
'Take my share too, if you please,
I love honey; but not Bees.'

TO ANNE.

COME quit this gay town, my dear,
And fly to the grove with me!
What pleasure, sweet Anne, is here,
For one with a heart like thee?

What joy with the modish throng,
In Fashion's temple to meet?
One note of the Mockbird's song—
Oh! is it not far more sweet?

Then in the green shade to lie,
On some wild romantic hill!
A clear stream runs murm'ring by,
O'er gold sands, yet murm'ring still!

This is the heart's holiday!

Oh! this is the life for thee!

Come then, sweet Anne, come away,

And fly to the grove with me.

TO

A FAIR LADY.

FAIREST, mourn not for thy charms,
Circled by no lover's arms;
While inferior belles, you see,
Pick up husbands merrily.
Sparrows when they choose to pair,
Meet their matches any where;
But the Phœnix, sadly great,
Cannot find an equal mate.
Earth, tho' dark, enjoys the honour
Of a Moon to wait upon her;
Venus, tho' divinely bright,
Cannot boast a satellite.

THE WILD FLOWER.

I SAW a Wild-Flower in my walk
Just sparkling in the morning dew,
As blushing on its tender stalk,
The little child of Nature grew.

Ev'n as I look'd upon its breast,
It seem'd to shrink with modest shame;
And trembling hung its rosy crest
As if it fear'd to get a name.

Sweet Flower, said I, here flourish still,
A playmate for the busy Bee.
I will not pluck thee 'gainst thy will;
But leave thee beautifully free.

That rosy bloom, too sweet to fade,
 May win a more becoming fate;
A nosegay for some lovely maid,
 Presented by her bosom-mate.

Or if thou choose it, sweet wild thing,
 Here live, and breathe thy latest sigh!
Then Zephyr, on his balmy wing,
 Waft thy pure spirit to the sky!

TO ANNE.

*Queris quot mihi basiationes, &c.
Catullus.*

How many kisses do I ask?
Now you set me to my task.
First, sweet Anne, will you tell me,
How many waves are in the sea?
How many stars are in the sky?
How many lovers you make sigh?
How many sands are on the shore?
I shall want just one kiss more.

SONG.

MY love was like the early rose,
That buds in wintry air;
And only withers as it blows,
Unnotic'd by the Fair.

The sunshine of a warmer sky,
Had spar'd the flowret's bloom:
A softer glance from Mary's eye,
Had sav'd me from the tomb.

FAITH.

THE Sun may miss his hour to rise,
Still slumb'ring in the coral main;
The Moon, now fading from the skies,
Forget to fill her horns again.

The Dove may leave his rural nest,
With truant alienated mind;
Regardless of the lonely breast,
The tender mate he left behind.

The Needle, constant now so long,
May quit his darling point at last;
And, careless of the Poet's song,
Leave the poor sailor to the blast.

But faithful still to Heav'n above,
This undiverted heart shall be;
True in the ardour of its love,
To that dear Lord who died for me.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Quod mundus stabili fide, &c.

Boetius. Lib. 2. Met. 8.

SEE! Nature, with a faith sincere,
 Returns the changes of the year!
 Bright Phœbus guides the rosy Day,
 In golden chariot on her way;
 And Hesper leads his starry train,
 To yield them to Diana's reign.
 The Sea restrains his frantic waves,
 Low murm'ring in their coral caves;
 Nor dares, with rude licentious mirth,
 Invade the sacred bounds of Earth.
 Ask whence the graceful order springs
 That tunes this sweet consent of things?
 'Tis Love alone—for God is Love—
 Rules Earth below, and Heav'n above.

Should He but break his golden chain,
Old Chaos would return again;
The elements, that now agree,
Conflict in mad ebriety;
The lovely harmonies of life,
Fall bleeding in the cruel strife;
And this brave world, our seat before,
Sink down amain to rise no more.
Love binds the orders of the state,
In sacred bonds as strong as Fate.
Love plants the rosy nuptial bow'r,
Where ev'ry Pleasure strews a flow'r;
And weaves the myrtle chain that binds,
With friendly charm, congenial minds.
O! Man! of high celestial birth!
How happy were thy native earth;
If Love, that governs all the rest,
Could govern thine unruly breast!

TO A LADY,

AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

WELL! thou art married!—and my heart
Would fain recall its vow.
Yes! thou art married!—and we part—
We part for ever now.

Then why should I retrace the hours,
My Sorrow but endears,
When Love and Joy entwin'd their flow'rs;
Now wither'd with my tears!

Then blest as human pair could be,
We mingled vows and sighs;
And all we saw, or wish'd to see,
Was in each others eyes.

Yet now alas! thy husband's arms,
Embrace that dream of mine;
Too happy to possess the charms,
That I must thus resign.

O! thou who wert my life below!
What now remains for me?
One only hope can sooth my woe—
To die rememb'ring thee.

THE DOVE.

**'O! TELL me where the Dove has flown,
To build her downy nest;
And I will rove the world alone,
To win her to my breast.'**

**I sought her in the rosy bow'r,
Where Pleasure holds her reign,
And Fancy flies from flow'r to flow'r;
But there I sought in vain.**

**I sought her in the grove of Love;
I knew her tender heart;
But she had flown: the peaceful Dove
Had felt the traitor's dart.**

‘ Upon Ambition’s craggy hill,
 The pensive bird may stray.’
 I sought her there; but vainly still;
 She never flew that way.

Faith smil’d, and shed a tender tear,
 To see me search around:
 Then whisper’d, ‘ I can tell thee where
 The bird may yet be found.

‘ By meek Religion’s humble cot,
 She builds her downy nest:
 O! seek that sweet secluded spot,
 And win her to thy breast!’

THE END.