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P O E M S

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P O E M S

OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC

BY

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL OF BRETZENHEIM.
E A R L
O F
THE HOLY EMPIRE;
K N I G H T
O F
THE ORDER OF MALDA
L O R D
O F
BRETZENHEIM
A N D
Z W I N G E N B E R G
etc. etc.

A 2

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL OF BRETTENHEIM
E. A. R. P.
THE ROYAL CHAPLAIN
IN ORDINARY
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN
BY
J. W. G. H. G.
LONDON
PRINTED BY
R. CLAY AND COMPANY
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK



M Y L O R D !

*F*lattering myself that YOUR LORDSHIP will not think these poems quite amiss, I make bold to inscribe them to YOU.

I offer no apology for taking this freedom, since I am conscious, YOUR LORDSHIP is a friend to the muses, and a lover of all sciences that tend to elate the mind, refine the taste, and mend the heart: And as these poems are

A 3

meant

*meant to answer this laudable purpose,
I can not presume, that my presenting
them to YOU in this manner, will any-
ways displease YOU; but rather hope
that YOUR LORDSHIP will be
pleased to look upon this dedication, as
a public token of profound respect I pay
to YOUR high rank and desert;
and as a method to recommend myself
to YOUR favour.*

I am

MY LORD,


YOUR LORDSHIP'S.

Most respectful, and

Most obedient

Humble Servant.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.



THE AUTHOR'S WISH.

Would heav'n indulgent grant my
with
For future life, it should be this:
Health, peace, and friendship I would
share;
A mind from business free, and care;
A soil that's dry in demp'rate air;
A fortune from incumbrance clear,
About a hundred pounds a year;
A house that's small, built warm and neat,
Above a hut, below a seat;

A 4

With



With groups of trees beset around,
In prospect of the lower ground,
Beneath the summit of a hill,
From whence the gushing waters trill,
In various streams, that winding flow
To aid a river just below ;
At a small distance from a wood,
And near some neighbours wife and
good,
There would I spend my remnant days,
Review my life, and mend my ways.
I'd be some honest *Farmers* quest,
That with a cleanly wife is blest :
A friendly *Cleric* should be near,
Whose flock and office were his care :
My thoughts my own, my time I'd spend
In writing to some faithful friend :
Or on a bank, by purling brook,
Delight me with some useful book,
Some



Some fage, or bard, as fancy led;
Then ruminatè on what I'd read,
Some moral thoughts should be my theme,
Or verdant field, or gliding stream;
Or flocks, or herds, that shepherds love;
The shepherds would my song approve:
No flatt'ry base, nor baser spite,
Not one loose thought my *Muse* should
write;

Nor vainly try unequal flight.
I'd keep my passion quite serèné,
My person and apartment clean,
My dress not slovenly, but mean.
Some money still I'd keep in store,
That I might have to give the poor:
To help a neighbour in distress,
I'd save from pleasure, food, and dress:
I'd feed on herbs, the limpid spring
Should be my *Helicon*—I'd sing;
And be much happier than a king;

THT

A 5

Thus



Thus calmly see my sun decline;
 My life and manners thus refine;
 And acting in my narrow sphere,
 In chearful hope, without one care,
 I'd quit the world nor wish a tear,

THE HAPPY BARD.

Come, oh Muse; indite my song;
Merry maiden, come along;
Oh! the joys your smiles impart,
Raptures rushing on the heart;
Oh! the theme that you inspire,
Lifting on the laughing lyre!
You can frolic, you can sing;
You can charm the trilling string;
You can drive from day to day
Thorny-thoughted care away.

Sweet



Sweet the minutes of the morn,
 When thy pretty pencil's drawn;
 Sweet the rosy hours of noon,
 When thy golden harp's in tune;
 But if sober eve succeed,
 Then thy smile is sweet indeed;
 Then to thee I pay my vow
 On the rural mountain's brow,
 Lift'ning to the drooping dove
 Carol life, and carol love.

Sure I have a fund of health;—
 Though but little, little wealth;—
 Be it so!—I sleep secure;
 I've a penny for the poor;
 I've a tear for foes distress'd;
 I've a philosophick breast;
 Seldom borrow, often lend;
 I've two coats, and I've a friend,
 Laughing leisure, chatty pow'rs,
 Merry tales, and social hours.

TO

TO THE LASSES.

I have seriously weigh'd it, and find it
but just,
That a wife makes a man either blessed
or curst.

I declare I will marry, as soon as I find,
Mark me well, ye young Lasses; a maid
to my mind.

Not the pert little miss, who advice
will despise,
Nor the girl that's so foolish to think
herself wise,
Nor she who to all men alike would
prove kind;
Not one of these three is the maid to my
mind.

Not



Not the prude, who in public will
never be free,
Yet in private for ever a toying will be;
Nor coquette that's too forward, nor jilt
that's unkind;
Not one of these three is the maid to my
mind.

Nor she, who for pleasure her husband
will flight;
Nor the positive dame, who thinks
always she's right;
Nor she, who a dupe to the fashion's
inclin'd;
Not one of these three is the maid to my
mind.

But



But the fair, with good nature, and
carriage genteel,
Who her husband can love; and no
secrets reveal;
In whose breast I may virtue with
modesty find;
This, this, and this only's the maid
to my mind.

C E L I A:

Young *Celia* was sprightly and gay,
Had the bloom of fifteen on her cheek;
Her lovers came flocking each day:
And a thousand fond things they would
speak.

The giddy and thoughtless gave ear
To the tale of each flattering tongue;
And thought she was blest to appear
In a circle of lovers so young.

Thus;



Thus, elate with the conquests she
 gain'd,
 She neglected to act with a *Grace*;
 And thought, that her triumph for life
 Was secure by the charms of her face:
 While *Cynthia*, more modest and coy,
 Not a lover yet boasts in her train;
 Which *Celia* with pleasure observ'd,
 And delighted to give the nymph pain.

Her Lovers grew cold and dropp'd off
 As her folly increas'd with her years;
 When time had her beauty defac'd,
 They left her to wrinkles and tears:
 While *Cynthia* took care to supply,
 With each *Grace*, the swift conquest of
 time;
 And was much more belov'd in decay,
 Than *Celia* was e'er in her prime.

RO

B

Her





Her mind with each virtue replete,
Had enamour'd a right-judging swain;
Who fought her to make them both blest;
And still is unrivall'd her reign.
All ye *Fair* that attend to my song,
Be ye warned by *Celia's* ill fate:
Think the *Graces* to beauty belong;
Left, forsaken, you court them too late.

ON THE DEATH OF Mrs. ****

A notable Scold, and a Shrew—In the
Stile of her Husband.

We lived one and twenty year
As *man* and *wife* together;
I could no longer keep her here;
She's gone!———I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest,
And speak it not to flatter
The best of women in the world;
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her,
And sure her soul is not in hell;—
The *Devil* would not abide her.



I rather think she's soar'd aloft;
 For, in the last great thunder,
 Methought I heard her very voice
 Rending the clouds a sunder.

TO MISS C——.

How oft with rapture have I try'd,
 And all my wit and art apply'd,
 If wit and art's within me;
 How oft invok'd the *Muses* nine,
 Yet not a stanza, not a line;—
 Why, sure the Deuce is in me.

Should I *Thy* lovely form compare
 To *Venus*, Goddess of the *Fair*,
 'Twere all an idle tale:
 Or should I draw a scene of night,
 And say, the morn's not half so bright;
 The compliment's but stale.



Come then, ye *Muses!* ev'ry one,
 Assist your supplicating son,
 And elevate my lays:
 Indulgent to my glad desire;
 —Methinks, I feel the *Muses* fire;
 And thus attempt *Thy* praise.

While thus I ply'd the task in vain,
 And chose another diff'rent strain,
 To celebrate my *Fair*:
Phoebus methought, with awful nod,
 Before his trembling vassal stood,
 And thus rebuk'd my care:

"Shall then this heav'nly *Fair*-one's
 worth
 "Be scribled o'er by sons of earth?—
 "My bosom glows with ire.
 "Presumptuous wretch; the task disown!—
 "Such glorious themes are mine alone;
 "'Tis I must strike the lyre.

ON

ON WISDOM,

I soar aloft, leave mortal things—
To *Wisdom* now I strike my strings,
And tune the warbling lyre;
Oh, for thy influence from above,
Fountain of light, and God of love;
Do thou my breast inspire.

'Tis not the Politian's art,
Who makes his injur'd country smart,
To fill his chests with gold;
Nor all his cunning craft, to gain
Pleasures and honours, false and vain,
For which his peace is sold.



No, I would sing a nobler theme:
His wisdom is an idle dream,
 That flies him when awake.
 The guilty soul with keen remorse,
 Finds all his gains repaid with loss,
 And curses his mistake.

True Wisdom is without disguise:—
 Clear as the sun in cloudless skies,
 The *wise* man's actions shine:
 No scrutiny can hurt his name,
 Or base discovery give him shame,
 Or fraud, or mean design.

Where *Wisdom* has the heart refin'd,
 No sensual stain deforms the mind,
 Or damps the rising joys;
 There is no raging lust on fire,
 No torment from impure desire,
 That health, or peace destroys.

The



The *wise* man gives to each his due,
Just to himself and neighbour too;
And takes an honest care
To pay his Sov'reign's rightful claim;
Consults his fortune, and his fame,
His family and heir.

No terror from the law he feels;
No threat'ning want pursues his heels,
Nor frightful dun he fears.
Secure he walks, where-e'er he goes,
No want of friend or credit knows,
No keen reproach he hears.

Wisdom's diffusive as the light;
Fertile with blessing heav'nly bright
Kind source of peace and joy;
Relieves the wretch oppress'd with pain,
And cheers like the refreshing rain,
When scorching griefs annoy.

OT

B 5

This



This bore the name in ages past
 And will be *Wisdom* at the last,
 When time itself shall cease;
 When the curst sensual fool shall find
 Nothing to fill his hungry mind,
 And wish in vain for peace.

This from the source of glory came,
 And gives true grandeur endless fame,
 Still blooming young and fair.
 Not lost by envious tainted breath;
 But springs yet fresher after death,
 In the celestial air.

May *Wisdom* every mortal guide!—
 May love, to God and man, divide
 The hours that swiftly fly!—
 While sweet reflection on the past
 And chearful prospects of the last,
 Shall ev'ry grief defy.

TO

TO MISS C——.

On her Father's seat, call'd Mount-pleasane,

At easy distance from a town,
An hospitable Seat
From croud and noise there stands retir'd
A sweet and cool retreat;
Securely seated on a rock,
Whence silver streams descend,
From cliffs, the ruins of old time,
And murmur as they bend.
The ancient honours of the wood
Adorn and guard the pile;
At humble distance down it fees
The fruitful valleys smile.

Here



Here woods and shades, and grots, and
glades,

Feel fultry summer mild;
Diversify'd a thousand ways,
And beautifully wild.

When we, amidst the shades below,

From the steep hill descend,

Where crystal streams in mazes flow,

That tow'ring elms defend;

Like *Pluto's* regions, wrapt in gloom,

We think the darksome way,

That ends in the *Elysian* plains,

Fair, flow'ry, calm, and gay.

Romantic views these prospects yield,

That feed poetic fire;

Each broken rock, and cave, and
field,

And hills, and vales inspire.

These various, gay, delightful scenes

Like *Paradise* appear;

And



And are by Providence divine
Created *Thee* to cheer:
Thee; sov'reign of my heart!—
That with the softest joys,
And contemplation, pure as light,
My raptur'd soul employs.

RURAL

RURAL LIFE.

When approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of Spring,
Swelling buds open first and look gay;
When the birds on the boughs by their mates sit and sing,
And are danc'd by the breeze on the spray;
When gently descending, the rain in soft showers
With its moisture refreshes the ground,
And the drops as they hang on the plants and the flow'rs,
Rich gems beam a lustre around;
When the wood-pigeons sit on the branches and coo,
And the cuckow proclaims with its voice,
That



That nature marks this for the season to

woo,

And for all that can love to rejoice;

When the lark with shrill notes sings

aloft in the morn;

Let my *Fairest* and I then awake,

View the fair distant hills which the

sun-beams adorn,

Then arise and our cottage forsake.

While the dove sits lamenting the loss of

its mate,

Which the fowler has caught in his snares;

May we think ourselves blest'd, that it is

not our fate

To endure such an absence as theirs;

May I listen to all her soft, tender, sweet

notes,

When she sings, and no sound interferes

But the warbling of birds, which in

stretching their throats

Are



When the evening grows cool, and the
flow'rs hang their heads,

With the dew then no longer we'll
roam;

With my arms round her waist, in the
path thro' the meads,

Let us hasten to find our way home.

When soft rest is requir'd, and the stars
lend their light,

And all nature lies quiet and still;

When no sound breaks the sacred repose
of the night

But at distance the clack of a mill!

With peace for our pillow, and free from
all noise,

So that voices in whispers are known;

Let us give, and receive, all the nameless
soft joys

That are mus'd on by lovers alone.

TO MISS C.

Tell me charming lovely creature!
 Will you never ease my pain?
 Must I die for ev'ry feature?
 Must I always love in vain?
 The desire of admiration
 Is the pleasure you pursue;
 Pray thee, try a lasting passion,
 Such a love as mine for you!
 Tears and sighing could not move you,
 For a lover ought to dare;
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy ways befeeming?
 Will my *Dear* be fickle still?
 Conquest is the joy of women,
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your



Your neglects with torments fill me,
And my desp'rate thoughts increase;
Pray, consider if you kill me,
You will have a lover less.
If your wand'ring heart is beating
For new lovers, let it be;
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day and fix on *me!*

MISS C——'s ANSWER
TO THE FOREGOING.

What mean those wishful looks and
fights?—

'A little farther off, I pray!

I cannot bear those tell-tale eyes,

It is too soon to name the day:

You must not ask me where or when;

The swains begin to laugh and sneer;

Before they'd have me think of men,

They bid me wait another year.—

Have patience till next coming *may*

Nor fill my head with love too soon;

I will go turn the new-mown hay,

You keep your flocks from scorching

noon:

In



In village cares I'll pass the time,
You need no spiteful rival fear,
I may be nearer to my prime,
By waiting till another year.
'Twere shame, while hardly in its bud,
To pluck the rose thro' too much haste;
The ripen'd vine alone is good,
To cool the thirst, and please the taste:
And love is like the growing flower,
Nor should be cropt 'till in its bloom,
And like the grape should wait its hour,
For balmy sunshine yet to come.—
Then tease me, Damon, thus no more,
In time perhaps, I may be kind;
Come to me when a twelvemonth's o'er;
Unless, ere that, you change your mind:—
I now must go my mates among,
Nay, keep me not, I can't stay here;
Nor must I listen to your song;
For I'm as yet too young; I fear.

A SONG OCCASIONED
BY MISS C——'S ANSWER.

I.

Since every charm on earth's combined
In Cloe's face, in Cloe's mind,
Why was I born; ye Gods! to see,
What robs me of my liberty?

2.

Until that fatal hapless day
My heart was airy, blith and gay;
Could sport with every nymph but thee
Who robs me of my liberty.

Tll



3.

I'll to the darksome silent grove
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy every clown I see
Enjoy the sweets of liberty,

4.

Then think dear Cloe, ere too late
That death must be my hapless fate,
If love and you do not agree,
To set me at my liberty.

5.

We'll follow *Hymen's* happy train;
And every idle care disdain;
And live in sweet tranquillity,
Nor wish for greater liberty.

C 4

TO

TO A POETICAL FRIEND;

An Invitation to a Morning walk in the Spring.

The piercing cold, the stormy winds,
 And dropping rains of winter gone;
 The genial sun new warms the earth,
 And brings the fertile season on,
 The morning breezes softly blow,
Aurora gilds the meadows fair.
 Gentle and smooth the rivers flow,
 And balmy sweets perfume the air.
 The tow'ring lark expands the wing,
 The birds in concerts all combine;
 And, as they glide thro' air, and sing,
 They call *Your* sweeter voice to join.
Come,



Come, bring the *Muses* in your train;
Let grave *Philosophy* attend;
And true *Religion*, kind and plain:
They'll all accompany my *Friend*.
All nature, smiling, seems to say:

"Come, be inspired by the spring;

"Come, come, good *Poets*, come away;

"Remember; time is on the wing!



And ease my lab'ring breast;
To thee I trust the rising sigh,
And bid the tear, that swells mine
eye,

No longer be suppress'd.

With thee among the haunted groves

My lovely *Charmer's* fantom roves,

Oh, let me find *her* here!

For she can time and space controul,

And swift transport my fleeting soul

To all it holds most dear!

Ah no!—ye vain delusions hence!—

No more the hallow'd influence

Of *Solitude* pervert!

Shall fantoms cheat the precious hour,

Sacred to wisdom's awful pow'r

And calm reflection's part?—

I'll hasten to the humble cell

Where resignation loves to dwell,

And reason, plain, and true.

Nor

T H E
AUTHOR GROWS FRANTICK;

And, in his raving mood, fancies himself in the
 other' world; from whence he writes the
 following epistle to a Friend.

From the *Elyfian* fields I fing,
 Where ever blooms the balmy Spring;
 From rofeat groves, and myrtle fhades
 That not a fultry beam invades.
 Each grove with heav'nly mufic rings,
 And odours rife on *Zephyr's* wings:
 Mild glory lightens all the bow'rs,
 And pureft pleasure wings the hours;
 While crystal freams, incircling, flow
 Thro' all the flow'ry vales below;
 That in the foftest murmurs thrill
 Adown each flow-defcending trill;

Where



Where grows immortalizing fruit,
 For ever giving fresh recruit.
 No drowfy slumbers clofe the eyes
 In thefe gay regions of the ſkies;
 Nor dream a frightful form aſſumes,
 Imprefs'd by indigeſted fumes;
 Nor aking head from heated brain;
 Diſeaſe, nor, its attendant, pain.
 Here no deſpairing lover dies;
 No baſe deluder cheats with lyes;
 Nor come or jealous cares or fighs;
 Nor eye e're drops a briny tear;
 For *truth* and *love* are natives here.
 Each ſpirit has his taſk aſſign'd,
 As pleaſes beſt or ſuits his mind.
 Some to the central ſun deſcend;
 Some to the neighb'ring planets tend;
 Nor ſome ſo ſmall a ſpace can bound,
 As does old Saturn's annual round

But



But thro' the vast unbounded space,
Their Maker's works with rapture trace;
Of this small surface losing sight,
Amidst ten thousand worlds of light,
Some tune their golden harps, and sing
The boundless glories of their KING;
Or how from chaos nature rose;
How central fires these scenes shall close;
How at the last important day,
All shall the trumpet's voice obey,
With horror some, and some with joy.

Some on the kindest errants fly,
Adown the azure hilly sky;
And whisper *Celia* in the ear;
"Of yon deluding fop beware!—
To *Strephon*, when the sparkling wine
Does to excess his soul incline;
"Exert the man, and fly the bait;
"See poison on the pleasure wait!—

And



And pointing to the tempting *Fair*
 "Disease, ill-fame, and guilt are there".
 Bid reason guide his erring feet,
 And ev'ry virtue grow complete;
 Bid wit, within due bounds confin'd
 Adorn, and not debauch, his mind.
 If *Strephon's* deaf, away they fly,
 And, griev'd, they mount their native
 sky:

They leave him 'midst a lighter band
 Of airy beings still at hand;
 Who left the world with tainted breast,
 With their own follies still impress'd,
 Envious, deceitful, and unblest;
 Who hover round with downward flight,
 Visit in dreams at dead of night:
 Fill *Mira's* head with Dukes, and Earls,
 And equipage, and costly pearls;
 Bid *Strephon* dance, and drink, and play,
 Turn day to night, and night to day;

Till



Till health, and fame, and fortune flies:
Strephon repents, despairs, and dies.

These, tuneful *Pope* call'd *Gnomes* and
Sylphs;

These, once we took for *Fairy-Elves*:
The *Genius* was the pagan name;
They gave their Bards and Sages fame;
They *Milton*, *Pope*, and *Dryden* fir'd;
They *Clarke* and *Newton* have inspir'd:
Nor *Strephon*, nor does *Celia* know,
But from themselves their reaf'nings flow.
By sounds so gently we pervade,
So unperceiv'd the trace is made,
And picture to the mind convey'd.

This message thus to *You* I bear;
You were my friend, are now my care.
Your sprightly wit, that all admire,
Is an unlicens'd lawless fire.

HHT

D

Refrain





Refrain its wild impetuous course,
 And give *Your* reason all its force:
 And let that reason be *Your* rule;
 Things sacred bear no ridicule.
 Be to *Your* better-felf but true;
 Then ev'ry grace will shine in *You*.

THE
AUTHOR RECOVER'D FROM
HIS ILLNESS.

God of my life, and lengthen'd days!
To thee my breath I owe.
Teach me my grateful voice to raise,
In sounds that sweetly flow.
When sinking to the silent grave,
My spirits dy'd away;
Thy quickning word new vigour gave,
Thy voice commands my stay.
In my distress to thee I cry'd,
When tossing in my bed;
Thou sent'st thy mercy to my aid,
And eas'dst my aking head.

D 2

Thou



'Thou bad'st the vital current flow
 In a less rapid tide;
 My dancing pulse beat calm and low,
 And fev'rish heats subside.
 Thou lend'st to my Physician skill,
 Right med'cines to apply;
 And my disease obey'd thy will,
 The painful symptions die.
 That life which thou hast longer spar'd,
 I would devote to thee.
 O let thy spirit be my guard,
 'Till I thy face shall see!

ON FRIENDSHIP.

*F*riendship's the heav'nly theme I sing;
 Source of the truest joy!
 From sense such pleasures never spring,
 Still new, that never cloy.
 'Tis sacred *friendship* gilds our days,
 And smooths life's ruffled stream:
 Uniting joys will joys increase,
 And, sharing, lessen pain.
 'Tis pure as the ethereal flame,
 That lights the lamps above;
 Pure, as the Infant's thought, from
 blame;
 Or, as his mother's love.



From kind benevolence it flows,
 And rises on esteem.
 'Tis false pretence, that int'rest shows,
 And fleeting as a dream.
 The wretch, to sense and self confin'd,
 Knows not the dear delight;
 For gen'rous *friendship* wings the mind,
 To reach an Angel's hight.
 Amidst the crowd each kindred mind
 True worth superior spies;
 Tho' hid, the modest veil behind,
 From less discerning eyes,
 From whose discourse instruction flows;
 But satire dares not wound:
 Their guiltless voice no flatt'ry knows,
 But scorns delusive found.
 While truth divine inspires each tongue,
 The soul bright knowledge gains:
 Such *Adam* ask'd, and *Gabriel* sung,
 In heav'nly *Milton's* strains,

Such



Such the companions of our hours,
And such your lov'd employ;
Who would indulge your noblest pow'rs,
But know no guilty joy.
And thus, as swift-wing'd time brings on
Death, nearer to our view;
Tun'd to sweet harmony our souls,
We take a short adieu;
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall wake our sleeping clay:
Then swift, to find our fellow-souls,
Light, we haste away.

A LOVE-LETTER,

which the *Author* received from Miss C—
soon after his Recovery.

Accept, dear Poet! these, the fondest
lines,
From her, whose heart to thine the most
inclines;
Warm'd by thy worth my bosom learn'd
to glow;
Oh! let that bosom ne'er thy frailty
know;
If thou hast faults, secrete them in thy
breast,
For on thy virtues all my wishes rest.

If



If thou hast virtues, more, than I have
known,

Oh! spread them forth—I'll make them
all my own.

True love the merit of its object views,
While bastard passion ransacks all the
stews.

My honest flame, ambitious of renown
Would catch a heart and yet despise a
crown:

Then, if, dear boy! thy thoughts are
pure as mine,

Let plighted vows our future bliss
entwine.

MY LITTLE QUEEN.

Inscribed to Miss C—. in return to the
foregoing.

No more my songs shall be, ye swains!
Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains,
More pleasing beauties now inspire,
And *Phoebus* daigns the warbling lyre.
Divin'ly aided thus, I mean
To celebrate my *little Queen*.
In *Her* sweet innocence I find,
With beauty, truth, and freedom join'd:
Strict honour fills her spotless soul;
And gives a lustre to the whole:
A matchless shape and lov'ly mien,
All center in my *little Queen*.
No sudden, rash, nor trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy.

From



From pride and affectation free,
Alike she shines on you and me:
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my *little Queen!*
How blest am I, whom gentle fate,
Has destin'd to so fair a mate;
With all those wond'rous gifts in store,
While each returning day brings more:
No man more happy can be seen;—
Possessing thee, my *little Queen!*

 THE AUTHOR'S ADVICE.

Ye who free from love's dominion,
 Scorn your haughty necks to bow;
 Soon with me ye'd change opinion,
 Did you Love's sweet pleasure know.
 Blifs receiving and bestowing,
 On Love's fleeting hours attend;
 As his present joys are flowing,
 Still succeeding joys attend.
 When like you I boldly boasted,
 Unconfind as air I'd rove;
 Years unfatisfy'd I wasted,
 'Till I felt the dart of Love.
 Happy now beyond expressing,
 May the pow'rs that rule the skies,
 Whilst I live bestow love's blessing;
 Wealth and honours I despise.

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF THE
FAIR-SEX.

A where can one find a *true* Swain,
In whom a young Nymph may confide?
Men are now so conceited and vain,
They no longer have hearts to divide:
Or in *Court*, or in *City*, or *Town*,
All acknowledge how fruitless they
search;

So polite too each Village is grown,
Even there Girls are left in the lurch.
Then adieu to the Thraldom of Love,
Adieu to its hope and its fear;
Henceforth I in freedom will rove,
Who like it the willow may wear;

Yet



Yet should fortune, my truth to reward,
Send some Youth with each talent to
blefs,

How far I my purpose could guard,
Is a secret I need not confefs.

(Faint, mirrored bleed-through text from the reverse side of the page, including words like 'A', 'In whom a young', 'Men are how to conceal', 'They no longer', 'Of in Court or in', 'All acknowledge', 'So points too each Village is grow', 'Even these', 'Then when', 'Adieu to its hope and its', 'Heaven in its freedom will love', 'We live it the willow may', 'A')

A TRUE TALE;

Told to Mrs.**** in the stile of an old
Maid, who kept a shop; and was ask'd
in marriage, when past Sixty.

Why, Madam; must I tell this idle
tale?

You want to laugh. Then do so, if you
will.

Thus take it as it was; the best I can:
And laugh at me, but not my little Man;
For he was very good, and clean, and
civil;
And tho' his taste was *odd*, I own, not
evil.

You know, *one* loves an *apple*; *one* an
onion;

One man's a *Papist*; one is a *Socinian*;
We differ in our *taste*, as in opinion.

Not

Not often reason guides us; more, caprice,
 Or accident, or fancy: So in this.
 His person pleas'd, and honest, was his
 fame;

'Tis true, there was no music in his name;
 But had I changed for *A*, the letter *U*,
 It would sound grand and musically too,
 And would have made a figure. At my
 shop
 I saw him first, and thought he'd eat me
 up.

I star'd, and wonder'd who this Man
 could be,
 So full of complaisance; and all to me:
 But when he'd bought his gloves, and
 said his say,
 He made his civil scrape, and went away.
 I never dream'd I e'er should see him
 more;

Glad when he turn'd his back, and shut
 the door.
 But



But when his wond'rous message he
declar'd,

I never in my life was half so fear'd!—
Fourscore long miles, to buy a crooked
wife!—

Old too! I thought the oddest thing in
life:

And said; Sir, you're in jest and very
free;

But, pray; how came you, Sir; to
think of me?—

This civil answer I'll suppose was true;

"That he had both our happiness in view.

"He sought me as one form'd to make a
friend,

"To help life glide more smoothly near
its end;

"To aid his virtue, and direct his purse;

"For he was much too *well* to want a
nurse.

E

He



He made no high-flown compliment, but
this;

"He thought to've found my person more
amiss.

"No fortune hop'd; and, which is
stranger yet,

"Expected to have bought me off in
debt!—

Much more he spoke, but I have half
forgot:

I went to bed, but could not sleep a
jot.

A thing so unexpected! and so new!

Of so great consequence!—So gen'rous
too!

I own it made me pause for half the
night:

Then wak'd, and soon recover'd from my
fright;

Resolv'd,



Resolv'd, to put an end to the affair:
So great a change, thus late I could not
bear;
And answer'd thus; No, good Sir, for
my life,
I can not now *obey*, nor be a *wife*.
At sixty four, when hoary age has
shed
Its winter's snow, and whiten'd o'er my
head,

Love is a language foreign to my tongue:
I could have learn'd it once when I was
young;
But now quite other things my wish
employs;
Peace, Liberty, and Sun to guild my
days.

I dare not put to sea so near my home,
Nor want a gale to waft me to my
tomb.



The smoak of *Hymen's* lamp may cloud
the skies;

And adverse winds from diff'rent quar-
ters rise.

I want no heaps of gold; I hate all'dress,
And equipage. The cow provides my
mefs.

'Tis true, a chariot's a convenient thing;
But then, perhaps, Sir; You may hold
the string.

I'd rather walk alone my own slow
peace,

Than drive with *Six*, unless I chuse the
place,

Inprison'd in a coach, I should repine:
The chaise I hire, I drive, and call it
mine.

And when I will, I ramble, or retire
To my own room, own bed, my garden,
fire;

Take



Take up my book, or trifle with my
pen;

And when I'm weary, lay them down
again:

No question ask'd; no Master in the
spleen—

I would not change my state to be a
Queen.

Your great estate would nothing add to
me,

But care, and toil, and loss of liberty.

Your offer does me honour I confess;

And in your next I wish you more
success.

And thus the whole affair begins and
ends:

We met as *Lovers*, and we parted
Friends.

THE MAN AFTER THE
PRESENT TASTE.

Ask you who is singing here,
Who so blith can thus appear?—
I'm the child of joy and glee,
Inclining to *Variety*.
Ne'er have I a clouded face;
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free,
Tasting sweet *Variety*.
Like a bird that skims the air,
Here and there and ev'ry where,

Sip



Sip my pleasures like a bee;
Nothing's like *Variety*.
Love's sweet passion warms my breast;
Roving love don't break my rest;
One is not enough for me;
I must have *Variety*.
Crouded scenes and lonely groves,
All by turns my heart approves:
Follow, follow, follow me,
All that love *Variety*!

VERSES, THE
 AUTHOR SENT TO HIS SPOUSE,
 (FORMERLY MISS C——.) WITH
 A PAINTED TAFFETY, BY AN
 UNKNOWN HAND; ABOUT A YEAR
 AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED.

Occasioned by saying; she was low in pocket,
 and could not buy a new gown.

Since the times are so bad, and are still
 growing worse,
 You may make this your own, without
 sinking your purse.
 The Nymphs and the Swains say the
 pattern is new.
 And that *Flora's* gay pencil design'd it, is
 true;

It



It was finish'd, and destin'd for beauty's
fair Queen;

So to whom it belongs, is most easily
seen.

Tho' slowrets soon wither, yet these will
not die,

When fading reviv'd by a beam from
your eye:

If you only breathe on them, they'll fill
the whole room

With sweets, far surpassing *Arabia's*
perfume,

Refuse not this trifle; your *title* is clear,
Your husband will vouch it, tho' married
a year.

THE
 AUTHOR, UPON DESIRE,
 GIVE LADY**** AN ACCOUNT OF
 AN HOMELY BREAKFAST, HE GAVE
 SOME TIME BEFORE HIS NUPTUALS
 WITH MISS C——, AND OF ITS
 HAPPY EVENT.

At my low cottage, on a chearful
 morn,
 When flanting beams did ev'ry scene
 adorn;
 By goodness prompted, native of their
 breasts,
Sir Harry and my *Lady* were my
 guests.
 My treat was homely, and my table
 small,
 My cloth and dishes clean, and that was
 all:

For



For thus it suited to my low estate;
'Twere insolent to imitate the Great,
Hum'rous our talk, and innocently gay;
Our subjects various; *manners, men,*
and play,
And *Love,* and *Wedlock*: This our fav'rite
Theme,
And each to their own fancy form'd the
scheme:
"Sir! said *Sir Harry*, come it's time to
wed;
"By sympathy chuse C— to be your
Mate
"Two bodies so exactly pair'd! 'tis plain
"Heav'n made the match, and made it not
in vain.
My Lady offerd me her dear *Miss Stone*:
Sir Harry positive for C— alone.
Her I accepted: For *She* was my choice.
"I'll wed said I; but I'm exceeding nice:
"Yet



"Yet shall my humble wish no higher
rise,

"Than that the *Lass* be honest; free
from vice;

"Improv'd by learning both of books and
men;

"Her genius witness'd by her speaking
pen;

"True to her *Partner's* and fair virtue's
cause.

"Unaw'd, unbrib'd, by pow'r, or by
applause;

"From superstition and profaneness
free;

"Her fortune equal to herself and me.

"This praise to C— her friends allow
is due;

"And part, *Miss Stone!* I may ascribe
to you.

In

In dropt *Sir William** as if call'd, to
be

The Prefident of our morning glee.

Sir Harry spoke the word, and made
him to comply:

And none, you'll say, was happier than I.

Thus, Madam! your command I have
obey'd

In artless lines: Of censure not afraid:

Your goodness will accept my humble
lays;

Content with this, I seek no better
praise;

Rough as the road, on which I gave
them birth,

Dull as the clouded morn, or barr'n
heath.

Vainly

* *Sir William C*—y father to *Miss C*—.



Vainly I wish, oh could I tune my song
Sweet as your name, and as your virtue
strong!

With pleasure I'd the greatful theme
pursue,

But, I despair:—And humbly bid,

Adieu.

THE

 THE SOLDIERS RECANTATION.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

From hostile camps, and war's alarms,
 The bold *Alexis* was return'd!
 For glory still, his bosom glow'd,
 For conquest still, the hero burn'd,
 When one day musing in a myrtle grove,
 By change he stumbled on the God of
 Love;

Cupid well bred, did low obedience pay,
 The Hero fullen would have pass'd away.
 Now frown'd the God, his bow indi-
 gnant string,
 When thus, the bold *Alexis* taunting
 sung.

A I R.



A I R.

'Tis war's loud alarms
 The soldiers heart charms!
 His breast only pants for the camp and
 the field.

Ab, Cupid, then fly,
 Thy darts I defy,
 No, never to love, shall this stubborn
 heart yield.

RECITATIVE.

Cupid but smil'd, nor deign'd to waste
 a dart,
 But to fair *Phillis* left a flinty heart:
 One glance from her, produc'd a thousand
 sighs,
 And at her nod the *Hero* lives or dies:
 To love he vows in dayly homage brings,
 And to the *Fair* this recantation sings.

A I R.



A I R.

*Lovers! boast not icy hearts,
Cupid thaws them with his darts!
Still he bears a tyrant sway,
All must love and all obey,
But should Cupid fall asleep,
Woman would her power keep;
Mortal man must still submit
To their Beauty, Grace, and Wit.*

F

THE

THE
AUTHORS NOTION
OF MAKING
MUCH OF TO-DAY.

Let those who would wish to hear
reason,

Attend to the lesson I give,
As *To-Day* is for pleasure the season,
Oh! seize the dear moment and live:
'Tis a proverb we all must remember,
" *While the sun shines be sure to make
hay;*

Which reminds us from June to Decem-
ber,

That we ought to make much of *To-Day*,
Away



Away then with care and with sorrow,
And with all which may burthen the
mind;

He who mirth can put off till to
morrow,

Loses that which he wishes to find:

The present for mirth is the hour,

The present 's the time to be gay;

With haste let us take then the flow'r

Which can only be gather'd *To-day*.

Our condition as quickly may vary

As the tide, or the wind, or the moon;

Our schemes and our projects miscarry,

Nay, e'en *Death* may o'ertake us as
foon:

Then since *Life* is no more than a
bubble,

Enjoy all its gifts while ye may;

To-Morrow may enter with trouble,

So at least be secure of *To-Day*.



We must own that all human reflection
Is but shallow, and soon out of date,
To my counsel then make no objection,
But leave all the future to *Fate*;
How absurd must be their disposition,
Who seek *Fame* which may never decay;
But I own I have no such ambition
'Tis enough if I please You *To-Day*.

A SONG
IN THE HONOUR AND GLORY
OF GOD-CUPID.

I.

Now 's the time for mirth and glee;
Sing, and love, and dance with me;
Cupid is my theme of story,
'Tis his Godship's fame and glory.
How all yield unto his law,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

2.

O'er the grave and o'er the gay
Cupid takes his share of play;
He makes Heroes quit their glory,
(He's the God most fam'd in story)
Binding them unto his law,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

F 3

Sly



3.

Sly the urching deals his darts
 Without pity, piercing hearts,
Cupid triumphs over passions,
 Nor regarding modes or fashions;
 Firmly fix'd is *Cupid's* law,
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

4.

You may doubt these things are true,
 But they're facts 'twixt me and you;
 Then ye men and maids be wary,
 How ye meet before ye marry!
Cupid's will is solely law,
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

THE
FOLLOWING LINES
BEING ADDRESSED

TO

MRS. C R—E

WERE WRITTE UPON ORDER,
AND IN THE STILE
OF THE
HONOURABLE CH—S F—X.

Where the loveliest expresion to featu-
re is join'd,

By natur's most delicate pencil design'd;
Where blushes unhidden, and smiles
without art,

Speak the sweetness and feeling, that
dwells in the heart;

F 4

Where



Where in manners enchanting no blemish
we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had
from the face:
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness
must prove
Defences unequal, to shield us from
love.
Then tell me mysterious enchanter, oh!
tell,
By what wonderful art, or by what
magic spell,
My heart is so fenced, that for once I am
wife,
And gaze without madness on *Amoret's*
eyes:
That my wishes, which never were
bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship and ask
for no more?
Is



Is it *Reason*?— —no; that my whole
life will belie;

For who so at variance as *Reason*
and *I*?—

Is't *Ambition* that fills up each chink of
my heart,

Nor allows to one softer sensation a
part?— —

Ah! no; for in this all the world must
agree,

That one folly was never sufficient for
me.

Is my mind on distress so intensely
employ'd?— —

Or by pleasure relax'd, or variety
cloy'd?

For, alike in this only, enjoyment and
pain

Both flaken the springs of the nerves
which they strain.



That I felt each reverse that from fortune
can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss which the
happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my
life
Where anguish and joy have been ever at
strife.
But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of
pleasure and pain,
I am still but too ready to feel them
again.
If then for this once in my life I am
free!
And escape from a snare might catch
Wiser than me;
'Tis, that beauty alone but imperfectly
charms,
For tho' brightness may dazzel, 'tis
kindness that warms.

As



As on furs in the winter with pleasure
we gaze,
But feel not their force, tho' their splen-
dor we praise;
So beauty our just admiration may
claim,
But love, and love only our hearts can
inflame.

A POETICAL DESCRIPTION
OF SODBURY HOUSE;

Sent with the Authors compliment to the noble
Owner of it.

Thou *Sodb'ry-House*; my lov'd my
sweet retreat!

And all the beauties that furround the
feet;

Where nature smiles in all her fertile
pride;

Demand'ft my fong, and truth fhall be
my guide.

Scarce *Eden's* garden more divinely fair;
Alike in fragrance is thy balmy air.

When bow'd by ficknefs nigh the
gloomy grave,

Thy air revives, and heaven vouchsafe to
fave.

Rev'rend



Rev'rend by hoary age, and old in fame,
Unknown its founder's family and name,
The fabric stands, a venerable seat!

Iust in the centre of a fair estate,
That wide its hospitable door extends,
Capacious to receive a thousand friends.
The *Owner's* soul, like goodness uncon-
fin'd

Diffuses wide *His* favors on mankind.
His gen'rous breast scarce other pleasure
knows,

Than what reflects from those that *He*
bestows.

He knows with strictest prudence how to
spend;

Still frugal to *Himself*, and noble to his
friend.

Fair verdant avenues the house adorn;
And double courts the bold intruder
warn;

For



For great beneficence is oft oppress'd
 And those that can't deny, can seldom
 rest.

Wide arched portals grace the solem hall;
 Where waits the poor, as their distresses
 call:

Nor call in vain, but of assistance sure:
 If hungry, fed; if sick, they find a cure.
 But view the parlour; here description's
 faint;

Its beauties languish in my lifeless paint.
 Its wide dimension, well-proportion'd
 height,

With pleasing awe command, and charm
 the sight.

From the broad windows see the scenes
 extend;

Till on the distant hills the skies descend.
 Within, around, exotic flow'rets bloom;
 Fair *India's* spices shed a rich perfume.

Nor



Nor less ye lovely natives of our Isle,
Your scenes delight me, or your blosoms
smile.

The fragrant *Jessamin*, and blushing *Rose*,
The *Woodbine*, *Lily*, and the *Pink*
disclose

Yet livelier beauty in their native soil;
Shed sweeter fragrance, and require less
toil.

Here hanging gardens rich with fruit
appear;

The golden *Apple*, and the mellow *Pear*,
And nicer plants their spreading Arms
extend,

To tempt the gath'ring hand of ev'ry
friend.

On the smooth terras set with ever-
greens,

I walk, delighted with the lovely scenes;
Where



Where groups of trees around are artful
spread,
And meet in verdant arches o'er the head.
Amidst the awful shades, from grove to
grove,
In noon-day's heat secure and cool, I
rove;
Whence clouds of birds pursue their airy
way,
When dawning beams proclaim the rising
day;
Rous'd from their leafy beds, they hail
the light.
I gaze delighted with the sound and
fight!
And wait their wish'd return with rising
night.
Here rises on the plain a spreading *Town*
Part the sun gilds, and part the shades
imbrown.
See,



The distant River courts the wand'ring
eyes,
Till the wide view in ancient *Cambria*
dies.
Cambria! whose hardy sons were true
and bold,
Scorn'd to be slaves, their freedom never
fold;
But chose to live, on barren cliffs their
own,
Disdain'd more fertile fields, for *Roman*
masters fown.
Here view the wide-extended concave
bound
The haughty hills, that guard the valleys
round.
What grateful thoughts those awful
camps inspire!
Once a dread scene of war, and blod,
and fire!
When

When conqu'ring *Romans* sat in triumph
 there,
 And death flew hissing thro' the frighted
 air:

The slaughter'd natives spread the valeys
 wide,
 And drench'd the meadows with a crim-
 fon tide.

Now *Peace* her downy wing spreads o'er
 the scene:

The camps lie harmless on the level
 green:

The noise of war is hush'd, and all a
 sweet serene.

Not *Cowper's-Hill* a more delightful
 theme,

That smiles in *Denham's* song, for ever
 green;

Nor *Windsor-Forest*, ever fair and gay,
 Immortaliz'd by *Pope's* harmonious lay;

ROMAN

G 2

Nor





Nor fancy'd scenes in fable-stories told,
 By modern bards, or the enchanting old,
 Have greater charms than *Sodbr'y*, dear
 retreat!

Serenely blest; *here could I fix my seat!*
 But I must wander with unwilling feet.
 Thus *Adam* took his last, his farewell
 round,
 And mourning left fair *Eden's* happy
 ground.

Happy and long may here the *Owner*
 live,
 To taste those pleasures which *He* loves
 to give!

Long by *His* wife and fair example show,
 How peace and joy from silent order flow!
 With chearful health and friendship ever
 crown'd,
 And deal out blessings to the country
 round!

DAMON



DAMON AND PHILLIS
AS
SPECTATORS AT COURT.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

PHILLIS.

Damon, why so lost in wonder,
At these folks of high degree?
If they're finer, we are fonder;
Love is wealth to you and me.

DAMON.

Phillis stop, and learn more duty!
We're to lowly here to please:
O how splendor brightens beauty!
Who'd not wish to be like these?—

G 3

PHIL-



PHILLIS.

Prithee, *Damon*; cease this gazing!
They're deceitful, as they're fair.

DAMON.

But their looks are all so pleasing;
Phillis how can I forbear?

PHILLIS.

Damon, stop, and learn more duty!

DAMON.

Honest freedom can't displease:
Riches give *new* charms to beauty!

PHILLIS.

Riches give *no* charms to beauty!

DA.



D A M O N.

Who'd not wish to be like these?

P H I L L I S.

Who would wish to be like these?

P H I L L I S.

(sings.)

I.

O *Damon*, simple *Damon*, know,
The finest garments cover woe;
The outside glitter never tells
The grief of heart that inward dwells.

2.

We rustic folks so true and plain,
Shall ne'er allure the light and vain;
Whate'er without our fortune wears,
Within no pang our bosom tears.

G 4

O



O Damon, simple Damon, know,
That lack of wealth, is lack of woe;
Then homeward go, and let us prove,
The greatest bliss, content with love.

WHAT

WHAT KIND OF MONARCH
THE AUTHOR WOULD PREFER
TO HOMAGE.

"Regis servitus, vera libertas."

Be it my doom, that Monarch to obey,
Who fears a God, and owns him his
Supreme.

May such a Prince his scepter o'er me
sway—

Enjoy his throne, and happiness extreme!
The God he serves, omnipotent in pow'r,
Endowing him with wisdom: he dictates
His people laws; and like yon golden
show'r

Pours forth on each, the bliss his law
creates.

G 5

Humane



Humane to *All*, familiar with *None*,
 He all his realms with love and awe
 inspires.
 His look commands the *Flatterer* to be
 gone;
 And thunderstruck the *Hypocrite* retires.
 Freed from this vile Corrupter of the
Great,
 The King invites the *Honest* and *Sincere*:
 With joy they come; in council take
 their seat;
 And prove their King to wisdom to
 adhere.

THE WIDOW'S VOW.
A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

Three long, long years, in wedlock's
easy tie,
Strepbon and *Delia* lived without a sigh:
When fate, relentless, seiz'd on *Strepbons*
life,
And made a widow of the loving wife.
Grief, sad grief, now rack'd fair *Delia's*
breast,
And oft' her tender love she thus express.

A I R.



A I R.

Strephon was my dearest treasure!
All my blifs and all my pleasure!
Lonely now, oh, let me languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish!
In some dark and dreary cell
Let sad Delia ever dwell;
To her dear departed youth
Let her vow eternal truth!

R E C I T A T I V E.

Six weeks were past, or ne'er the
 muse believe,
 And the fond *Delia* yet ne'er ceas'd to
 grieve;
 When woo'd by Damon with resistless
 charms,
 She sooth'd her sorrows in a husband's
 arms,

A I R.



AIR.

*Frail, ah frail! the widow's
vows!*

*Soon forgot departed spouse!
Swains by dozens take their
stand,*

On the lovely jointure land:

Marriage yet, 'tis said is pleasing;

Lovers too are grown so teasing,

Vainly would they Hymen parry,

Cupid whispers, Widow! marry!

Widow! marry!

Cupid whispers, Widow! marry!

F O L L Y.

A S O N G.

Make room my good neighbours of
every degree,
My name it is *Folly*;— who does not
know me?
Of high ones, and low ones, of great
and of small,
I've been the companion and friend of
you all:
Wherever I come, I drive away care,
And if there's a crowd I'm sure to be
there.

I'm



I'm here and there,
And every where,
All know me— all know me—
Where'er I come,
Nobody's dumb;
Prating, prancing,
Singing, dancing;
Running o'er with mirth and glee.

2.

From country elections I gallop post
haste
For there I am always the most busy
guest;
And whether it be in country or town
I'm hugg'd very close, by the cit and
clown:
The courtier, the patriot, the turncoat
and all
If I do not sweeten, breed nothing but
gall.
I'm



I'm here, and there;
 And every where,
 All know me— all know me—
 Where'er I come,
 Nobody's dumb;
 Prating, prancing,
 Running o'er with mirth and glee.

3.

The *Statesman*, without me, unhappy
 would be;
 No *Lady*, so chaste, but gallants it with
 me;
 The gravest of faces, who physick the
 land,
 For all their grimaces, shake me by the
 hand;
 At the play-house, a friend to the
 author I sit,
 And clap in the gallery, the boxes and
 pit.

Pm



I'm here, and there,
And every where,
All know me— all know me,
Where'er I come,
Nobody's dumb;
Prating, prancing,
Singing, dancing;
Running o'er with mirth and glee.

H

THE

THE DESERTED FAIR;
COMPLAINING.

When *Damon* languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments then, they were so sweet;
But, ah! how soon they flew!
The sunny dale, the shaded bower,
The gardens, and the grove,
All echo'd to his amorous tale,
And vows of endless love.

The



2.

The conquest gain'd, he quits his
prize

And leaves the Fair to mourn her joys
With weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain,
But heaven will take the mourners part
In time of deep despair;
And the last sigh that rends her heart
Will waft his spirit there.

TO
 M R * * * A N D M I S S * * *
 O N T H E I R
 W E D D I N G - D A Y .

Ah! sure, a pair was never seen,
 So justly form'd to meet by nature:
 The *Youth* excelling so in mien,
 The *Maid* in every grace of fature,
 How happy are such lovers,
 When kindred beauty each discovers;
 For surely *She*
 Was made for thee;
 And Thou to blefs this lovely *Creature*.

So



So mild Your looks, Your children
thence

Will early learn the task of duty;
The boys with all their *Fathers* fence,
The girls with all their *Mothers* beauty.
Oh, how happy! to inherit
At once such beauty, and such spirit!
Thus while You live,
May fortune give,
Each blessing equal to your merit!

A S O N G.

Ye woods and ye mountains unknown,
Beneath whose pale shadows I stray,
To the breast of my charmer alone
Those sighs bid sweet echo convey!
Wherever he pensively leans,
By hill, or on fountain, or dale,
His heart shall declare what she means,
Who sighs but from sorrow and love.
More sad than the nightingal's song,
O waft the known sound to his ear;
And say, tho' divided so long,
The friend of his bosom is near!
Then tell him what scenes of delight,
Then tell him what ages of pain,
I felt while I lived in his sight
I feel till I see him again.

THE

THE
 AUTHOR ARRIVES AT BATH;
 HOW HE WAS SALUTED; HIS
 FIRST ADVENTURE THERE; AND
 THE CONSEQUENCE THEREOF;
 ALL WHICH IS STATED IN A
 LETTER TO HIS SPOUSE.

No city, dear spouse! this city excels,
 For charming sweet sounds both of fiddles
 and bells;
 I thought, like a fool, that they only
 would ring
 For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of
 a king;
 But I found 'twas for *me*, that the good
 natured people
 Rung so hard, that I thought they would
 pull down the steeple;
 So



So I took out my purse, as I hate to be
shabby,
I paid all the men when they came from
the abbey;
Yet some think it strange, they should
make such a riot
In a place, where sick folks would be
glad to be quiet;
But I hear 'tis the business of this corpo-
ration,
To wellcome in all the *great* men of the
nation;
For you know there is nothing diverts,
or employs
The minds of *great* people, like making
a noise:
So with bells they contrive all, as much
as they can,
To tell the arrival of any such
man.



If a broker or statesman, a gamester or
 peer,
 A naturaliz'd jew, or a bishop comes
 here,
 Or an eminent trader in cheese should
 retire
 Just to think of the business the state
 may require,
 With horns and with trumpets, with
 fiddles and drums
 They'll strive to divert him as soon as he
 comes.
 'Tis amazing they find such a number of
 ways
 Of employing his thoughts, all the time
 that he stays!
 If by chance the *great* man in his lod-
 ging alone is,
 He may view from his window the
 colliers' ponies

On



On both the parades, where they tumble
and kick,

To the great entertainment of those that
are sick:

What a number of turnspits, and builders
he'll find

For relaxing his cares, and unbending
his mind,

While notes of sweet music contend with
the cries

Of *fine potted laver!* *fresh oysters!* and
pies!

And music's a thing I shall truly
revere,

Since the city-musicians so tickled my
ear;

For when we arriv'd here at *Bath*, t'
other day,

They came to our lodgings on purpose to
play;

And



And I thought it was right, as the musie
 was come,
 To foot it a little in *Tabitha's* room,
 For practice makes perfect, as often I've
 read,
 And to heels is of service a well as the
 head:
 But the lodgers were shock'd such a noise
 we should make,
 And the ladies declar'd that we kept
 them awake;
 Lord *Ringbone*, who lay in the parlour
 below,
 On account of the gout he had got in his
 toe,
 Began on a sudden to curse and to swear;
 I protest, my dear Spouse! 'twas
 shocking to hear
 The oaths of that reprobate gouty old
 peer:

"All

"All the devils in hell sure at once have
 evil concurr'd

"To make such a noise here as never was
 heard;

"Some blundering blockhead, while I
 am in bed,

"Treads as hard as a coach-horse just
 over my head;

"I cannot conceive what a plague he's
 about,

"Are the fiddlers come hither to make
 all this rout

"With their damn'd squeaking catgut,
 that's worse than the gout?

"If the aldermen bid'em come hither, I
 swear

"I wish they were broiling in hell with
 the may'r;

"May flames be my portion, (if ever I
 give

"Tho-



"Those rascals one farthing as long as I
live!

So while they were playing there
musical airs,

And I was just dancing the hays round
the chairs,

He roard to his frenchman to kick them
down stairs.

The frenchman came forth with his
outlandish lingo,

Just the same as a monkey, and made all
the men go;

I could not make out what he said, not
a word;

And his lordship declar'd, I was very
aburd.

Says I; "Master *Ringbone*, I've nothing
to fear,

"Tho' you be a Lord, and your man a
Mounfeer,

For



"For the may'r and the aldermen bid
them come here:

"As absurd as I am,

"I dont care a damn

"For you, nor your *valee de sham*:

"For a Lord, do you see,

"Is nothing to me,

"Any more than a flea;

"And your frenchman so eager,

"With all his sounp meagre;

"Is no more than a mouse,

"Or a bug, or a louse,

"And I'll do as I please while I stay in
the house:

"For the *I—k—n* family all can
afford

"To part with their money as free as a
Lord,

So



So I thank'd the musicians, and gave
 them a guinea,
 Tho' the ladies and gentlemen call'd me
 a ninny;
 And I'll give them another the next time
 they play,
 For men of good taste encourage they
 say,
 All arts and all sciences too in their way;
 And the men were so kind as to halloo
 and bawl;
 "God bless you, Sir, thank you, good
 fortune befall
 "Yourself, and the I—k—n family
 all!—

Excuse any more,— for I very well
 know
 Both my subject and verse, is exceed-
 ingly low!

But



But if any great critic finds fault with my
letter,

He has nothing to do but to write you a
better.

And now, my dear Spouse! I am quite
at a stand,

So I add but my love; and this letter do
end.

etc. etc.

Bath 1766.

I

THE

THE
AUTHOR'S FAREWELL
TO BATH,
AND HIS SITUATION STATED IN
A LETTER TO HIS SPOUSE.

Alas, my dear Spouse! our evil and
good

By few is distinguish'd, by few under-
stood!

How oft are we doom'd to repent at the
end,

The events that our pleasantest prospects
attend!

As *Solon* declar'd, in the last scene alone,
All the joys of our life, all our sorrows
are known.

When



When first I came hither for vapours and
wind,

To cure my distempers, and study
mankind,

How little I dream'd of the tempest
behind.

I never once thought, what a furious blast,
What storms of distress would o'erwhelm
me at last.

How wretched am I! what a fine decla-
mation

Might be made on the subject of my
situation!

I'm a fable!— an instance!— and serve
to dispense

An example to all men of spirit and sense;
To all men of fashion, and all men of
wealth,

Who come to this place to recover their
health:



For my means are so small, and my bills
are so large,

I ne'er can come home till you send a
discharge.

Let the *Muse* speak the cause, if a *Muse*
yet remains

To supply me with rhimes, and express
all my pains.

Paid bells, and musicians,

Drugs, nurse, and physicians

Balls, raffles, subscriptions, and chairs;

Wigs, gowns, skins, and trimming,

Good books for the women,

Plays, concerts, tea, negus, and
prayers.

Paid

Paid the following schemes,
 Of all who it seems
 Make charity-bus'ness their care:
 A gamester decay'd,
 And a prudish old maid
 By gaiety brought to despair.

A fiddler of note

Who, for lace on his coat
 To his taylor was much in arrears:

An author of merit,
 Who wrote with such spirit
 The pillory took off his ears.

A sum, my dear Spouse! far heavier

yet
 Captain *Cormorant* won when I learn'd

Lanquenet;

Two hundred; I paid him, and *five* am
 in debt.



For the *five* I had nothing to do but to
write;

For the *Captain* was very well bred and
polite,

And took, as he saw my expences were
great,

My bond, to be paid on the *Clodpole*
estate;

And asks nothing more while the money
is lent,

Than interest paid him at *twenty per*
cent.

Now they say that all people in my
situation,

Are very fine subjects for regeneration:

But I think, my dear Spouse! the best I
can do,

Is to pack up my all, and return back to
you,

Fare.



Farewell then, ye streams;
Ye poetical themes!
Sweet fountains for curing the spleen!
I'm griev'd to the heart
Without cash to depart,
And quit this adorable scene!
Where gaming and grace
Each other embrace,
Dissipation and piety meet:—
May all, who've a notion
Of cards or devotion,
Make *Bath* their delightful retreat.

etc. etc.

Bath, 1766.

A REAL DESCRIPTION
OF THE RENOWNED CITY OF
BATH.

Long ere the *Roman* eagle hither flew,
Ere *Albion's* sons their* pow'rful virtue
knew;

Brutus' great descendant rais'd them first
to fame,

And from their use, assign'd the town
its name.

Pallas he chose protectress of the streams;
Pallas the** city her protectress claims.

Thus

* The Springs.

** The city of *Barb* is call'd in the *British*
language *Cæer Palludar*.

Thus he, who of man's fall divinely sings,
Tells from old records, wrote of Gothic
kings.

The *Romans* well these ancient stories
knew;

Minerva's statue their devotion drew:
Of curious arts her noble * *bust* appears,
Safe from the ruin of a thousand years.
These salutary streams alone can boast
Their virtues not in thrice five ages lost.

The floating waters from their hidden
source,

Thro' the same *strata* keep unerring
course;

The flowing *sulphur* meets dissolving
steel,

And heat in *combat* till the waters boil:

I 5

United

* There is now an antique *Bust* in the
Town-hall of *Barb*, supposed to belong
to a *Roman* statue of *Pallas*.

United then enrich the healing stream;
 Health to the sick they give, and to the
 waters, fame.

Thus oft contending parties rage and
 hate,
 Malignant both, and push each other's
 fate;
 At last, their fury spent, and cloy'd with
 blood,
 They join in friendship for the public
 good.

Hither foul *scurvy*, odious to the
 fight;
 And *vapours*, which, in ev'ry form,
 affright;
 Sharp *colic*, groaning with a jaundice
 face;

White *leprosy*, of old *Egyptian* race;
 The



The shaking *palsy*; *rheumatism* lame;
And meager *indigestion*, pining came;
With many dreadful *ails* without a
name.

Fatal effects of luxury and ease!

We drink in poison, and we eat disease;
Indulge our senses at our reasons cost,
Till sense is pain, and reason's hurt, or
lost.

Not so, oh; temperance bland; when
ruled by thee,
The brute's obedient, and the man is free;
Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,
His veins not boiling from the midnight
feast;

Touch'd by *Aurora's* rosy hand, he
wakes,
Peaceful and calm; and with the world
partakes

The



The joyful dawning of returning day,
For which their grateful thanks the
whole creation pay!

All but the human brute: 'tis he alone
Whose deeds of darknes fly the rising sun.

'Tis to thy rules, oh temperance! we
owe
All pleasures which from health and
strength can flow:

Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiments refin'd,
Unmix'd, untainted joys, without re-
morse,

Th' intemp'rate finners never-failing
curse.

Our waters wash those num'rous ills
away,
And grant the trembling wretch a longer
day.



O may returning health more wisdom
give!

Let death's approaches teach us how to
live!

If but one *leper* cur'd, makes *Jordan's*
stream

In sacred writ, a venerable theme,
What honours to thy sov'reign waters
due,

Where sick, by thousands, do their
health renew?—

The mineral streams which from the
Baths arise,

From noxious vapours clear the neigh-
b'ring skies:

When fevers bore an epidemic sway,
Unpeopled towns, swept villagers away;
While



While death abroad dealt terror and
 despair,
 The *Plague* but gently touch'd within
 their sphere.

Blest source of health, seated on rising
 ground,
 With friendly hills by nature guarded
 round;
 From eastern blasts, and sultry south
 secure;
 The air's balsamic, and the soil is pure.

What poundless prospects from yon
 tow'ring height
 Of hills, and plains, and valleys strike
 the sight!
 Towns, rivers, villas, flocks, and herds
 appear,
 And all the various products of the year.
 Thence



Thence view the pendant rock's majestic
shade,

That speaks the ruins conqu'ring time has
made:

Whether the *Egg* was by the deluge
broke,

Or nature since has felt some other shock;
Ingenious *Burnet*, thine's a pleasing
scheme,

A gay delusion, if it be a dream.

The shatter'd *Rocks*, and *Strata* seems
to say,

Nature is old, and tends to her decay:

Yet lovely in decay, and green in age,

Her beauty lasts her to her latest stage.

Wisdom immense contriv'd the won-
drous ball,

And form sprung forth, obedient to his
call,

He



He fix'd her date, and bade the planet run
Her annual race around the central sun:
He bade the seasons, days, and nights
return,

Till the pent fires, which at the centre
burn,

Shall the whole globe to one huge cinder
turn.

Then like a *Phoenix*, she again shall rise,
And the new world be peopled from the
skies;

Then vice and all her train of ills shall
cease,

And truth shall reign with righteousness
and peace.

Surrounded by the *Avon's* winding
streams,

Beneath the hills, a peopled Island
seems;

An



An ancient *Abbey* in its centre stands
The labour'd work of superstitious
hands;
When wholly craft supreme did guide the
helm,
And *Gothic* darkness overspread the
realm;
The artful priest amaz'd the gaping
crowd,
And sacred truth was veil'd in mystic
cloud;
When living faints for true devotion bled;
And rites profane were offer'd to the
dead;
When *Idol* images devotion drew,
And *Idol-Gods* were worshipp'd as the
true;
Witness yon front: how impiously
design'd
In stone to represent th' *Eternal-mind!*

K

Witness



Witness the faints, and angels on the
wall!

Deaf to their vot'ries prayers, and silent
to their call.

Welcome, fair liberty, and light divine!
Yet wider spread your wings, and
brighter shine;

Dart livelier beams on ev'ry british soul,
And scatter slavish darkness to the pole!
Now for pure worship is the church
design'd;

O that the muse could say to that
confin'd!

Ev'n there, by meaning looks, and cring-
ing bows,

The female *Idol* her *Adorer* knows.

Fly hence *Profane*, nor taint this sacred
place;

Mock not thy *God*, to flatter *Celia's*
face.

This

This sacred pile incloses honour'd dust,
 And pompous monuments secure the
 trust:

There *Montague*, the noble prelate, lies,
 With pious hands uplifted to the skies:
 A *Virgin* here enjoys eternal fame,
 Join'd on the marble with great *Dryden's*
 name.

The spacious *Portico* demands my
 song,

Where *Beaux* and *Bells* appear, a shining
 throng!

To take a cordial draught, and cheer the
 soul,

Like *Homer's* Gods, when nectar crown'd
 the bowl.

Correct the fabric, simple, neat, and
 plain,

Of *Parian*, nor *Egyptian* marble vain,



But innocently white, 'tis proud to
 show
 In neighb'ring hills what beauteous pil-
 lars grow.

The *Baths* adjoining from two ample
 squares,
 Around the walls the *Roman* art appears;
 Niches and arches here the bathers find,
 A shelter from the rain, and blust'ring
 wind:

BLADUD himself fits guardian of the
 streams,
 Whose noble virtues give them* Royal
 names.

Not far from hence, a *bath* of gent-
 ler heat,
 The tender virgin finds a safe retreat**
 From

* king and queen's bath.

** cross bath.



From fights indecent, and from speeches
lewd,

Which dare not there with fatyr-face
intrude.

Iust in the midft a *marble-cross* there
stands,

Which popish minds with pious awe
commands,

Devoid itself of pow'r to heal our woes,
Yet deck'd with monumental crutches,
shows

What mighty cures this wond'rous pool
has done,

And these the trophies from diseases won.

The sailer thus, on foaming billows tost,

His ship and ship-mates in the tempest lost,

Did some kind God's assisting pow'r

implore,

And when by aid divine, he reach'd the

shore,

K 3

Strait



Strait to the temple of the God he flew;
 His briny coat he thought the temple's
 due:
 And near the dropping garment, on the
 wall,
 He wrote, with greatful praise, the mov-
 ing tale.

Thro' yon high arched *gate* on either
 hand*
 In comely order, rows of buildings stand;
 See *squares*, and *hospitals*, and *temples*
 rife,
 From whence let pure devotion pierce
 the skies.
 A *fountain* flows, which stately walls
 furround,
 And *palaces* o'erspread the verdant
 ground;
 Where

* West gate.

Where *herds* were wont to drink the
cooling spring,
And *birds* on bending branches us'd to
sing.

Leaving the *west*, I guide my view
around,
And mark the *City's* venerable bound,
Where the remains of many an hundred
year

In reverend ruins on the walls appear.
A *Fury's Head* with snaky hair there
stands;*

Here *Hercules* th' attentive eye demands,
And there a *shepherd*, and his youthful
dame;

These monuments, and more, are known
to fame.

K 4 Hence

* see Guidor's translation of the antiquities
of Bath.



Hence view the *grove*; it forms a verdant square.

See the trees wanton in the eastern air;
Aurora gilds them with a temp'rate ray,
 And lofty buildings shade in noon of day.
 An *obelisk* doth now its centre grace,
 The latest proudest honour of the place.
 To future times this monument shall
 show,

How much all *Britons* and all *Belgians*
 owe;

To springs, which sav'd from death the
 great *Nassau*.

Nor think, oh *Nash*, the muse forgets
 thy praise:

Enough for thee this monument to raise:
 What greater honour can thy pride receive
 Than that thy name with great *Nassau*
 shall live?

Where



Where the smooth *Bowl** was wont
to skim the green,
Now stately *Rooms* for pleasure change
the scene,
Where music warbles, and the dancers
bound,
Where the high roof re-echoes to the
found.
There blooming virgins kindle am'rous
fires;
And there the *God of wit* with verse in-
spires.
The rattling dye enchants the miser's heir;
The hoarded sums the sharking gamesters
share:
Th' important bu'sness of the Fair,
Quadrille;
Employs those hours which dancing can
not kill;

K 5

Or

* where *Lindsey's* new room now stands
was formerly a *bowling-green*.



Or fav'rite *Ombre*, sweetly sung by *Pope*,
Appalls their cheeks with fear, or red-
dens them with hope.

There *Miss* soon learns the language of
the eyes,

The witlefs *Beaux* looks soft, and swears
he dies;

And who can think so fine a lover lies?

There *pagan*, *turk*, the *papist* and the
jew,

And all mankind's epitome you view.

But fly my *Muse*; fly this enchanting
place;

Nor *Man* thro' all his pleasures dare to
trace.

But see thro' yonder door* a safe
retreat;

There rest secure, amidst the wife and
great:

Heroes

* the Library.



Heroes of ancient and of modern song,
The bending shelves in comely order
throng:

Hither, ye *Nymphs*, attend the leading
Muse

With her the labours of the wise
peruse;

Their maxims learn, their precepts be
your guide;

Think virtuous knowledge woman's
greatest pride!—

One hour, thus spent, more solid joys
shall give,

Than the gay *Idler* knows, or *Fools*
conceive.

Now leave the *Terrace* and th' exten-
ded scene

Of *Hills* inclos'd and *Meadows* ever-
green.

Descend



Descend to walks, 'twixt *Limes* in adver-
 se rows,
 And view the gay *Parterre*, that ever
 blows.
 This fair *Pavilion** view; around its
 base
 Observe the sporting of the *scaly* race.
 A cool recess, the *Muses*' chosen seat
 From crouds and empty noise, a blest
 retreat!
 The lovely *Landscape*, and the silent
 stream,
 Inspire the poet, and present the theme.
 Round the green walk the river glides
 away,
 Where 'midst espaliers balmy zephyrs
 play,
 And fan the leaves, and cool the scor-
 ching ray:
 View
 the banquetting-house.



View the brown shadows of yon path-
less *Wood!*

And craggy *Hills*, irregular and rude!

Where nature sports romantic: Hence is
seen

The new-made *Road*, and wonderful
Machine,

Self-moving downward from the moun-
tain's height,

A *rock* its burthen, of a mountains
weight.

Hail, mighty *Genius!** born for great
designs,

T'adorn your country, and to mend the
times;

Virtue's exemplar in degen'rate days,

All who love virtue, love to speak your
praise:

You

* i. e. Mr. A—n, the person that made
the new *Road*; and constructed this won-
derful machine.



You chide the *Muse* that dares your
 virtue own,
 And, veil'd with modesty, would live
 unknown;
 An honest *Muse*, no prostitute for
 gain,
 Int'rest may court her, but shall court in
 vain:
 But ever pleas'd to set true worth in
 view,
 Yours *shall* be seen, and *will*, by all but
 You.

Prophetic here, the *Muse* shall build
 thy feat,
 Great like thy soul, in ev'ry part com-
 plete:
 On this fair eminence the fabric stands,
 The finish'd labour of a thousand hands;
 The



The hill, the dale, the river, groves and
fields,

Vary the Landscape which thy prospect
yields;

Whole vales of fruit-trees give our eyes
delight,

Yet scorn alone to gratify the sight;

Beneath the load the tender branch shall
bend,

And the rich juice regale its Master's
friend.

Thy taste refin'd appears in yonder wood,

Not nature tortured, but by art improv'd:

Where cover'd walks with open vista's
meet,

An area here, and there a shady seat.

A thousand sweets in mingled odours
flow

From blooming flow'rs which on the
borders grow.

In



In num'rous streams the murm'ring wa-
ters thrill,

Uniting all, obedient to thy will;

Till by thy art in one canal combin'd,

They thro' the wood in various mazes
wind;

From thence the foaming waves fall rapid
down,

In bold cascades and lash the rugged
stone.

But here their fury lost, the calmer scene
Delights the softer Muse, and soul serene,

An ample basin, centre of the place,

In lymph transparent holds the scaly race;

Its glassy face, from ev'ry ruffle free,

Reflects the image of each neighb'ring
tree;

On which the feather'd choir, melodious,
throng,

By love inspir'd, unite in tuneful song;

Their

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER;
IN THE STILE OF A DYING
MOTHER.

Oh, let the maxims I convey
Sink deep into thy breast,
When I no more direct thy way,
Retir'd to endless rest.
Look on thy aged father's woe!
'Tis thine to sooth his pain:
With grace like this, religion show,
And thus her cause mentain.
Nor is't enough that grace displays,
Or faith her light divine;
In all thy works, in all thy ways,
Let heav'nly virtue shine:

L 2

Oh!



Oh! may the fountain of all truth
Each perfect gift impart,
With innocence protect thy youth,
With *hope* support thy heart.
So may'st thou learn thyself to know,
Of all extremes beware,
Nor find in age thy cup o'erflow
With shame, remorse, and care:
Then shall no madman light reveal,
No visionary priest,
With falshood, ignorance, and zeal,
Torment thy peaceful breast:
Then shall no fears thy soul distress,
Religiou's doubts shall cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.—

EPILO.

EPILOGUE;
 INSCRIBED TO ALL JEALOUS
 HUSBANDS; AND IN PARTICULAR
 TO MY FRIEND
 F——R. IN L——L.

Pray, take a surfeit, Sirs, of being
 jealous,
 And shun the pains, that plague you
Turkish fellows:
 Where *love* and death join hands, their
 darts confounding,
 Save us, good heav'n! from this new
 way of wounding!
 Curf'd climate!— where, to cards, a
 lone-left woman
 Has only, one of her black-guards, to
 summon!

L 3

Sighs,



Sighs, and fits mop'd, with her tame
beast to gaze at:

And, that cold treat, is all the game she
plays at!

For— should she once some abler hand
be trying,

Poignard's the word! and the first deal
is— dying!

'Slife! should the bloody whim get into
us man,

Since our women's freedom has such
height to fit on;

Daggers, provok'd, would bring on de-
folation:

And, murder'd belles unpeople half the
nation!—

Fain would I try, in all to move com-
pafsion;

And live to hunt fuspicion out of fashion.—

Such



Such motives, would I recommend, to
lovers;

As in the following my heart discovers.

First then—a woman *will*, or *won't*—
depend on't:

If she *will* do't, she *will*: and there's an
end on't.

But, if she *won't*—since safe and sound
your *trust* is

Fear is *affront*: and jealousy *injustice*.

Next—*he* who bids his *dear* do, what
she pleases,
Blunts wedlock's edge; and all its tortu-
res eases:

For, not to feel your suff'rings, is the
same,

As not to suffer:— all the diff'rence—
name.

Third-

8

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P O E M S

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