The UNKNOWN WORLD.

Verses occasioned by hearing a Pass-Bell.

By the Rev. Mr ST——N.

But what's beyond Death?——Who shall draw th Veil? Hughes *Siege of* Damasc

HArk, my gay friend, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul;
'Tis gone, that's all, we know——not where
Or how th' unbody'd soul does fare.
In that mysterious world none knows,
But God alone to whom it goes;
To whom departed souls return
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.
Oh! by what glimm'ring light we view
The unknown world we're hast'ning to!
God has lock'd up the mystick page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage!
Wise heav'n to render search perplext,
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind which is yet unseen!
We talk of heav'n, we talk of hell;
But what they mean no tongue can tell!
Heav'n is the realm where angels are,
And hell the *Chaos* of despair!
But what these awful words imply,
None of us know before we die!
Whether we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.
This hour perhaps our friend is well;
Death-struck the next he cries, *farewell!*
I die!—and then for ought we see,
Ceases at once to breathe and be.
Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more,
Then undirected to repair
To distant worlds we know not where.
Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun;
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold!
And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,
Tho' dead, may be so far remov'd;
Only this veil of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us, tho' unseen.
Whilst we, their loss lamenting, say,
They're out of hearing, far away:
Guardians to us perhaps they're near
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.
And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where, nor how they live;
Tho' conscious whilst with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know;
As if bound up by solemn fate
To keep this *secret* of their *state*,
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man might live by *Faith* alone.
Well, let my sovereign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;
Why should I wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal?
It is enough that I believe,
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive:
And he that makes it all his care
To serve God here, shall see him there!
But oh! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay?
How sudden the surprize, how new!
Let it, my God, be happy too.

Elizabeth Church

1766.

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Eng

23 Psalm paraphrased.

1

The Lord is my Shepherd, my Guardian and Guide,
Whatever I want He does kindly provide,
Ever since I was Born it is He that hath Crown'd
The Life which He gave me, with Blessings all round.
While yet on the Breast a poor Infant I hung,
Ere time had unloosened the strings of my tongue,
He gave me the help which I could not then ask,
And now for to praise him shall be my tongue's task.

2

Thro' my tenderest Years with as tender a care,
My Soul like a Lamb in his Bosom he bare,
To the Brook he would lead me whenere I had need,
And point out the pasture where best I might feed,
No harm could approach me for He was my Shield
From the Birds of the Air and the Beasts of the Field
The Wolf to devour me would oftentimes prowl,
But the Lord was my Shepherd and guarded my Soul.

3

How oft in my Youth have I wander'd astray?
And still he hath brought me back to the right way:
When lost in dark error, no path could I meet
His word like a Lantern, hath guided my feet,

What wonderous escapes to his kindness I owe,
When rash and unthinking I sought my own woe?
My soul had long since been gone down to the deep,
If the Lord had not watched me when I was asleep.

4

When ere at a distance he sees me afraid,
He skips o're the Mountains and comes to my Aid,
Then leads me back gently, and bids me abide
In the midst of his Flock and feed close by his side;
How happy if there I could always remain,
All the days of my Life and not wander again:
Yea, blest are the people and happy thrice told
That obey the Lords Voice and abide in his fold.

5

The fold it is full and the pasture is green,
All is friendship and Love and no enemy seen,
There the Lord dwells amongstus upon his own hill,
And the Mountains all round with his presence does fill,
Himself in the midst with a provident Eye
Regarding our wants, and procuring supply,
He prepareth all things for our safety and food,
We gather his gifts and are filled with good.

When he leads forth the flock we all gladly obey,
For the Lord is himself both our Leader and way,
The Hills smoak with Incense where'ere he hath trod,
And a sacred perfume shews the Footsteps of God,
While blest with his presence the Vallies beneath,
A sweet smelling Savour do constantly breath,
He reneweth the face of every living thing
And the glad Earth enjoys a perpetual Spring.

7

Or if a quite different Scene he prepare,
And we march thro' the Wilderness barren and bare,
By his wonderfull works we see plainly enough,
That the Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereoff.
When hungry and thirsty we are ready to faint
He see the our need and prevents our complaint,
The rain at his word brings us Bread from the Sky,
And rocks become rivers when we are a dry.

8

From the Fruitfullest Hill to the barrenest Rock,
The Lord hath made all for the sake of his Flock,
And the Flock in return the Lord always confess,
In plenty their Joy, and their Hope in distress.
He beholds in our welfare his Glory display'd,
And we think ourselves happy when he is obey'd,
With a chearfull regard we attend to his ways,
Our attention is Prayer, and our chearfullness Praise.

9

The Lord is my Shepheard, what then shall I fear,
What danger can frighten me whilst he is near?
Not when the time comes I must pass thro' the Vale
Of the Shadow of Death, shall my Heart ever fail,
Tho' afraid of myself to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be my comfort and stay,
For I know by Thy Guidance when once it is past,
To a Fountain of Life it will lead me at last.

10

The Lord is become my Salvation and Song
His Blessing shall follow me all my Life long,
Whatever Condition he places me in,
I know 'tis the best it could ever have been,
For the Lord he is good and his Mercies are sure,
And only Afflicteth in order to Cure,
The Lord will I Praise while I've any Breath,
Be Content all my Life, and Resign'd at my Death.

The Fireside. (by Dr Cotton)

1

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy and the proud,
In Follys maze advance;
Tho' Singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

2

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy Neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling Stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

3

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

4

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat the Ark;
Giving her vain excursion o're,
The disappointed Bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

5

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

6

Our babes shall richest comfort bring,
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their mind with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

7

While they our wisest hours engage
They'll joy our youth, support our age
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

8

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

9

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then, how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

10

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

11

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denyed,
And pleased with favours giv'n,
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

12

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
(Since winter life is seldom sweet;)
But when our feast is o're,
Gratefull from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes,
The relicks of our store.

13

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,
It's checker'd paths of Joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread,
Quit it's vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear
And mingle with the dead.

14

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer the dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

Old Hunks, as merry tales devise,
Bespeaks new Cloaths; but grave & wise,
First gives his Taylour this advice.
Good Mr. Snips, let them be strong;
I'd have a Suit shall last me long.
A lasting Suit? a Wit replyd,
A Lawyer, one who stood besides,
A lasting Suit? then come to me,
And have a Suit in Chancery.

Habakkuk, Chapter 3, verse 17, 18.

What though the promised Fruit shall fail, the vine,
The figtree sicken, and its bloom decline;
The labour of the Olive be in vain,
And flocks infected, perish on the plain;
Though corn, and oil, and wine at once decrease,
The feilds grow barren and the harvest cease;
Though baffeld hinds their fruitless toil deplore,
And vales unchearful laugh and sing no more;
Yet still with gladness will I serve the Lord,
Adore his wisdom and obey his word.
Hear then, O God, regard a Suppliant's prayer,
Sooth all my pangs and save me from despair;
Illuminate my Soul with gladsome rays,
And tune my voice to thy eternal praise;
Teach me with scorn to view the things below,
As gaudy phantoms and an empty show;
But fix my thoughts upon the things above,
As the Sole object of a Christian's love;
Make me reflect ~~above~~ on my eternal home,
A dying Saviour and a life to come.
Oh! may my faith in thy eternal Son
Make me complying say, thy will be done.

On the Death of the ever to be lamented Lady Granby.

Yes, let them flow! if Tears can ought assuage
The bursting Torrent of true sorrow's Rage,
Let them flow on! our Greifs no limits know
Let Tears then mitigate the ceaseless Woe!

Why Granby, why of every Grace possest,
Of every Charm that warms the human Breast,
Of every Virtue that adorns the Mind,
That polishes or dignifies Mankind;
Why thus composed of pure celestial Fire,
Blaze but awhile & then so soon expire!
(Better not know Perfection, than when known
So soon to forfeit and lament it gone)
Look back! oh see what sullen Darkness reigns,
Thy Light withdrawn, o'er all thy once loved plains.
If Phœbus, source of Day, forbear to shine,
In vain we dig for Beauties in the Mine,
In vain the World it's various Charms displays,
They droop, bereft of thy enliv'ning Rays.

The wretched Parent, who with fresh Delight
Welcomed each Morn that brought Thee to her Sight;
The Orphan'd Children that were wont to trace
Their own sweet Image in their Mother's Face;
The ravish'd Friend, in every Wish supplied,
With thee the social Minutes to divide,
Now waste the tedious Hours in silent Greif
Nor find, nor hope, & hardly ask Releif:
Poor shipwreck'd Souls! who in the Tempest tost
Deplore in Thee their richest Treasure lost.
But say, my Muse, what Energy divine,
What power united of the tunefull nine
Shall teach my faultering Tongue the Pangs to tell
Of Him, who feels so much, who lov'd so well?
What tho' embattled Hosts cou'd ne'er controul
Th'unshaken Ardor of his dauntless Soul,
What tho' in vain around his precious Head
Grim War has oft his fiercest Terror spread,
Yet here alas! in this too fatal Part
His Achillean Heel shall rue the Dart,
The generous Hero Nature's Power shall prove
In all the Meltings of embitter'd Love:

True Courage ne'er form Nature's Ties could save;
For who so tender as the truly brave?

Yet rouze thy noble Spirit thy conscious Worth,
Thy Offspring claims, thy Country calls thee forth,
Assert thy self, do all that mortal can,
And feeling bear it also like a Man
So shall her Manes rest in downy Peace,
So shall again thy big swoln Sorrows cease:
And when maturer Years their Influence shed,
When full blown Honours deck thy laurel'd Head,
Again thy long lamented Frances live,
And in her Children's ripen'd Form survive,
New joys shall blossom from her sacred Urne,
And with them Peace and Happiness return.

Receipt for Friendship

In Pliny's Natural History we find a curious receipt for making the Roman Friendship; a cordial that was universally esteem'd in those days: and scarce a family of any credit that was without it. In the same place he says, that they were indebted to the Greeks for this receipt, who had it in ye greatest perfection.

The old Roman Freendship was a composition of several ingredients: of which the principal were Union of Hearts, (a fine flower that grew in several parts of that empire,) Sincerity, Frankness, Disinterestedness, Pity and Tenderness; of each an equal quantity. These were all mixt up together with two rich oyls, which they call'd, perpetual kind Wishes, & serenity of Temper: and the whole was strongly perfumed with a Desire of pleasing; which gave it a most gratefull smell, and it was a sure restorative in all sorts of vapours. The cordial thus prepared was of so durable a Nature, that no length of Time could waste it: & what was very remarkable, (says our Author,) it increased in weight and value the longer you kept it.

(14) The Moderns have most grosly adulterated this fine receipt. Some of the Ingredients indeed are not now to be had: but what they impose upon you for Friendship is as follows.

Outward Profession, (a common Weed that grows every where) instead of the flower of Union, of the Desire of being pleas'd a large quantity, of Self-interest, Convenience, and Reservedness many handfulls, a little of Pity and Tenderness, (but some pretend to make it up without these two last) and the common oyl of Inconstancy (which like our Linseed oyl is cold drawn every hour) serves to mix them all together.

Most of these ingredients being of a perishable Nature, it will not keep; and shows itself to be a counterfeit by lessening continually in weight & value.

O! what is Life? That thoughtless wish of all!
A Drop of Honey, in a Draught of Gall.

March 20th 1783

From Mrs H at Bath to her Husband in London

Thou who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy,
Thou tendrest husband, & thou dearest friend,
To thee, this fond, this last adieu, I send.
At length the conqueror Death, asserts his right
And will for ever, call me from thy sight.
He woos me to him, with a chearful grace.
And not one terrour clouds his awful face,
Th'eternal joys of Heaven, he sets in view.
And tells me that, no other joys are true,
But Love, fond Love, would fain exert its Power,
And for a while, defer the parting Hour,
It brings thy faithful, image to my Eyes,
Which would obstruct my Passage to the skies.

(16) But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,
Say wouldst, thou mourn, to see my sorrows end,
Thou knowest, a painful pilgrimage I've past
And canst thou grieve, that rest is come at last,
Rather rejoyce, that I can shake off Life,
And die, as I have lived, thy faithful Wife.

Ye Mysterious Powers,

Whose ways are ever gracious, ever just
As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me,
But whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the Mountains Walk, give me the calm
The Steady smiling Soul, where Wisdom Shods
Eternal Wisdom, and eternal Joy.

Advice to a young Lady lately married.

Dear Peggy, since the single state
You've left, and chose yourself a mate;
Since metamorphos'd to a wife,
And bliss or woe's insured for life,
A friendly Muse the way wou'd show,
To gain the bliss and miss the woe:
But first of all I may suppose
You've with mature reflection chose;
And this premised, I think you may
Here find to married bliss the way.
Small is the province of a wife,
And narrow is her sphere in life,
Within that sphere to move aright
Should be her principal delight;
To guide the house with prudent care,
And properly to spend and spare;
To make her husband bless the day
He gave his Liberty away;
To form the tender Infant mind;
These are the tasks to wives assign'd:

Then never think domestick care
Beneath the notice of the Fair,
But daily those affairs inspect,
That nought be wasted by neglect:
Be frugal, plenty round you seen
And always keep the golden mein
Be always clean but seldom fine,
Let decent neatness round you shine;
If once fair decency be fled,
Love soon deserts the genial bed,
Not nice your house, tho' neat clean
In all things there's a proper mean;
Some of our Sex mistake in this
To anxious some, some to remiss.
The early days of wedded life,
Are oft o'ercast by childish strife;
Then be it your specular care
To keep that season bright and fair,
For then's the time by gentle art,
To fix your empire in his heart.
With kind obligeing carriage strive,
To keep the lamp of love alive,
For should it thro' neglect expire,
No art again can light the fire.

To charm his reason dress your mind,
Till Love shall be with friendship joined;
Raised on that basis twill endure,
From time and death itself secure.
Be sure you nere for power contend,
Nor try by tears to gain your end;
Sometimes the tears that cloud our eyes,
From pride or obstancy rise.
Heav'n gave to Man superior sway,
Then heav'n and him at once obey.
Let sullen frowns your brow nere cloud,
Be always chearful never loud;
Let trifles never discompose
Your features temper or repose.
Abroad for happiness nere roam,
True happiness resides at home;
Still make your partner easy there,
(Man finds at home sufficent care)
If every thing at home be right
He'll always enter with delight;
Your converse he'll prefer to all,
Those cheats the world does pleasure call.
With chearfull chat his cares beguile
And always meet him with a smile,

Should passion eer his soul disarm,
Serenely meet the bursting storm,
Never in wordy war engage
Nor ever meet his rage with rage:
With all our Sex's softening arts
Recall lost reason to his heart,
Thus calm the tempest in his breast,
And sweetly sooth his soul to rest.
Be sure you neer arraign his sense
Few husbands pardon that offence;
Twill discord raise desgust it breeds
And hatred certainly succeeds;
Then shun, O shun the fatal shelf,
Still think him wiser then Yourself;
And if you otherwise should believe,
Neer let him such a thought perceive.
When cares invade your partners heart,
Bear you a sympathizing part,
And kindly claim his share of pain
And half his troubles still sustain;
But methinks I hear you cry,
Shall she pretend, O Vanity!
To lay down rules for wedded life,
Who never was herself a Wife?
I own You've ample cause to chide,
So blushing throw the pen aside.

In Answer to a Lady Who advised Retirement By Lady M. W. M.

You little know the heart that you advise
I view this various scene with equall eyes
In crowded courts I find myself alone
And pay my worship to a nobler throne
Long since the value of this world I know
Pity the madness, and despise the show
Well as I can my tedious part I bear
And wait for my dismission without fear
Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways
Not hearing censure, nor affecting praise
And unconcern'd my future state I trust
To that sole Being merciful and just.

As nearer Death I turn my weeping Eyes
Faith points to bliss unknown beyond the Skies,
Faith whispers to and not with flattering Voice
We there shall hold what here has been our Choice
Let us, our mutual Earthly Loves forgot,
Share equal Joys as equal have our Lot;
Thus when our last, last quivering flame of Life,
Hangs on a point, and death holds doubtfull Strife
Some Heavenly Power will quit his Throne above,
And Shine benign, since all our crime was Love.
Till then thy heav'n keep Stedfast in thy View
Till then be humble, and till then adieu —

Nov: 6. 1775.

To me so perfect, that you can not Err.

C.

To Dr H— upon his petition of the Letter I—
to David Garrick Esq—

If tis true as you say, that I have injured a Letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better;
May the just right of Letters, as well as of Men,
Hereafter be fix'd, by the tongue & the pen
Most devoutly I wish, they both have their due,
And that I, may be never mistaken for U— 1771.

Epitaph On James Craggs Esquire

Statesman yet Friend to truth of Soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in Honour clear,
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title and who lost no friend;
Enobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Praisd, wept, and honoured, by the Muse he lov'd.

Epitaph on His Wife.

If purest Virtue, Sense refin'd in youth,
Religious wisdom, and a love of truth,
A mind, that knew no thought ignoble mean;
A temper sweetly chearful, yet Serene;
A breast that glow'd with those immortal fires,
Which Godlike charity alone inspires:
If these cou'd lengthen fates tremendous doom,
And snatch one moment from the gaping tomb,
Death had relentless thrown his dart aside,
And Harriot, oh! my Harriot, had not died.

To thee Oh! Death my fleeting Moments tend,
In thee the hurricane of Life must end;
Tho' murmuring Waters from the Ocean Crowd,
From thee by Nature no return's allow'd;
Nor tho' the Seas have leave to ebb and flow
The Streams of Life must always forward go.

Nov: 5. 1775.

Mrs. Greville prays for Indifference.

(1)
Oft I've implored the Gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary!
For once I'll try my wish to gain
Of Oberon, the Fairy.

(2)
Sweet airy being wanton sprite,
Who lives in woods unseen;
And oft, by Cynthia's Silver light,
Trip'st lightly ~~gaily~~ o'er the green;

(3)
If e'er thy pitying heart was moved
(As ancient stories tell)
And for the Athenian Maid who lov'd,
Thou sought'st a wonderous spell;

(4)
Oh! deign once more t'exert thy pow'r,
Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flow'r,
Conceals a balm for me.

(5)

I ask no kind return in love
No tempting charms to please;
Far from the heart those gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease.

(6)

Nor ease nor peace that heart can know,
That like the needle true,
Turns at the point of Joy or woe,
But turning trembles too,

(7)

Far as distress the Soul can wound,
Tis pain in each degree;
Bliss goes but to a certain bound
Beyond 'tis Agony.

(8)

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to Smart;
Which Pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart!

(9)

Oh! haste to shed thy sovreign balm,
My shattered Nerves newstring;
And for my guest, serenely ~~fair~~ calm
The nymph, Indefference, bring.

At her approach, see hope, see fear,
See expectation fly;
With disappointment, in the rear,
That blasts the purpos'd joy.

(11)

The tears which pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then disown;
The heart that tiob'd for others woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

(12)

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;
And peacefull days shall still succeed,
To nights of sweet repose.

(13)

Oh, fairy elf but grant me this;
This one kind comfort send;
And so may never fading bliss,
Thy flowery paths attend.

14

So may the glow worms glimmering light,
Thy tiny footsteps lead;
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread!

And what of Life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half pleas'd contented I will be,
Contented half to please.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

On the Death of Marchiness of Tavistock

When the young Russell good & wise,
A Victim fell to Death's keen darts;
His consort bore it as she cou'd,
She bore it, with a bleeding heart.
From that sad hour no sight she saw,
But still her Russell's fate recurred.
Her playfull Infants shewed their care,
In every action look & word.
Much as she loved each living friend,
She loved the dear departed more;
She crost the Waves to seek her Lord,
And found him, on the heavenly Shore.

A Description of a Heart lately lost on Marlborough Plains.

A Ladys Heart on Marlborough Plains
Was stolen the other Day
By a polite young Highwayman
Who galloped fast away.

This heart was richly studded o'er
With every grace of Worth
As Modesty, Good sense, & Truth
And such old fashiond stuff.

Such as the Dames in Scripture wore
Some thousand years ago
Without Hypocrisy or Pride
Or Passion for a Beau.

In it no Mattadors you'll find,
It harbours no Quadrille
In all our modern wolf bred vice
Without the least of Skill.

The passions in their order rang'd
With Reason at their head,
Put every childish thought to flight,
And strikes all folly Dead.

Such is the Heart Elisa lost,
A loss that may undo her;
Ten kisses she will sweetly give
To him who brings it to her.

If offerd to be pawnd or sold
Pray stop it if you can;
It being of no use at all,
To any Modern Man.

An Imitation of the 11th Ode of the 1st book of Horace.
To Mr Steph: Fox, now E: of Ilchester. by the late L: H:

Forbear my dear Stephen, with a fruitless desire
Into truths which are better concealed to enquire;
Perhaps many years are allowed us by Fate.
Or next Winter perhaps is the last of their date:
Let the credulous fools whom Astrologers Cheat
Exult or despond, as they vary deceit;
Who anticipate Care, their own Pleasure destroy,
And invite disappointments who build upon Joy;
All Ills unforeseen we the easiest endure,
What avails to forewarn, unless foresight could cure.
And from ills by their art how can wretches be freed,
When that art must be false, or those ills be decreed?
From reflection & hope little comfort we find,
To possession alone let thy thoughts be confined;
To-day's all the treasure poor Mortals can boast,
For tomorrow's not gained, and yesterday's lost:

Even now ~~whilst~~ I write, time steals on our Youth,
And a moment's cut off from thy friendship & truth.
Then seize the swift blessing, enjoy the dear Now,
And take, not expect, what hereafter'll bestow.

The fatale Night of Death when I shall Sleep
Unactive in the damp & gloomy grave.
The period hastens on, that puts an end
To every vain design: my triale comes,
The Solemn hour draws near, that must decide
my everlasting Fate; and no appeale
From that tribunale, e'er will be allow'd.

Radleigh June 20th 1775

An Elegy written in a Country Church yard
by Mr Gray

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, yon yew-tree shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twittering from his Straw-built Shed,
The Cock's shrill clarion, nor the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No Children run to lisp their Sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yeild,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive team afeild!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mocke their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The Short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted Vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied Urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living Lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And frozo the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hamden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nations eyes.

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confind;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
and shut the gates of Mercy on Mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble Strife,
Their sober wishes never learnd to Stray;
Along the cool sequesterd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their Way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless Sculpture deckd,
Implores the passing tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years, spelt by th' unlettr'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to dye.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast, the parting soul relies,
Some pious hand, the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If Chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
"Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
"To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
"His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now Smiling as in Scorn,
"Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
"Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
"Along the heath and near his favorite tree:
"Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

The next with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne,
Approach & read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Grav'd on the Stone beneath yon aged thorn.

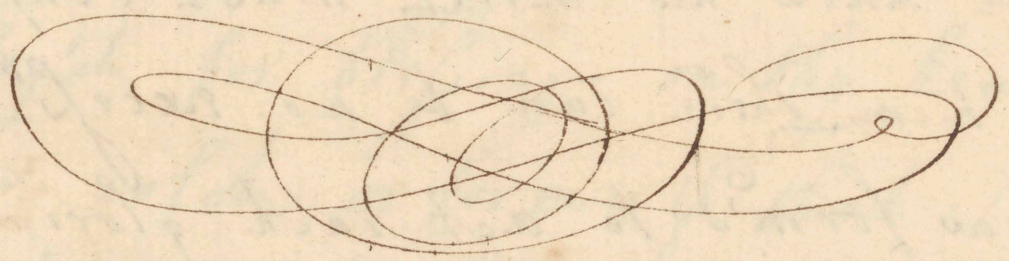
The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not at his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his Soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

I pass, with melancholy State,
By all these Solemn heaps of Fate;
And think, as soft and sad I tread,
Above the venerable Dead,
"Time was, like me, they Life possess'd;
"And Time shall be, when I shall rest,



We always dream, the Life of Man's, a dream,
In which fresh tumults agitate the breast,—
Till the kind hand of Death unlocks ye chain,
Which clogg'd the noble and aspiring Soul,
And then we truly Wake

An Elegy, upon the death of Mr Tho: Rowe
written by his Wife.

In what soft language shall my thoughts get free,
My dear Alexis, when I talk of thee?
Ye Muses Graces, all ye gentle Train
Of weeping Loves, assist the pensive Strain!
But why should I implore your moving art?
'Tis but to speak the dictates of my heart;
And all that knew the charming youth will joyn
Their friendly tears, and pious sighs to mine;
For all that knew his merit must confess,
In grief for him, there can be no excess.
His soul was form'd to act each glorious part
of life, unstain'd with vanity or art.
No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,
But what he might have own'd to heav'n & earth:
Practiced by him each virtue grew more bright,
And shone with more than its own native light

Whatever noble warmth could recommend,
The just, the active, and the constant friend,
was all his own — but oh, a dearer Name,
And softer tyes my endless sorrow claim;
Lost in despair, distracted and forlorn,
The Lover I, and tender Husband Mourn.
What'er to such superior worth was due,
Whatever excess the fondest passion knew,
I felt for thee dear Youth, my Joy, and care,
My pray'rs themselves were thine, and only where
Thou wast concern'd my Virtue was sincere
Whenever I beg'd for blessings on thy head
Nothing was cold or formal that I said;
My warmest Vows to heaven were made for thee,
And love still mingled with my piety:
Oh! thou wast all my glory all my pride!
Thro' life's uncertain paths my constant guide;
Regardless of the world to gain thy praise,
Was all that could my just ambition raise.

Why has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or why has heav'n dissolv'd the knot so soon?
Why was the charming Youth so form'd to moor
Or why was all my Soul so form'd to Love?
But Virtue here a vain defence had made
Where so much worth and eloquence cou'd plead
For he cou'd talk — 'twas Ecstacy's to hear,
'Twas joy twas harmony to every ear!
Eternal musick dwelt upon his tongue
Soft and transporting as the Muses Song.
Listning to him my cares were charm'd to rest,
And love and silent rapture fill'd my breast;
-Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
-And time was only measured by delight.
-I hear the lov'd the melting accents still
-And still the kind the tender transport feel.
Again I see the sprightly passions rise,
And life and pleasure sparkle in his Eyes.
My fancy paints him now with every grace
But ah! the dear delusion mocks my fond embrace;

The smiling vision takes its hasty flight,
And scenes of horror swim before my sight;
Grief & dispair in all their terrors rise,
A dying lover pale and gasping lies!
Each dismal circumstance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new.
His anguish with the quickest sense I feel,
And hear this sad this moving language still.
My dearest Wife, my last my fondest care!
Sure heav'n for thee will hear my dying pray'r:
Be thou the sacred charge of Providence;
When I am gone, be that thy kind defence:
Ten thousand smiling blessings crown thy head,
When I am cold and numb'd with the dead.
Think on thy Vows, be to my Mem'ry Just;
My future fame and honour are thy trust.
From all engagements here, I now am free,
But that which keeps my ling'ring Soul with thee.

How much I love, my bleeding heart can tell,
which does like thine, the pangs of parting feel.
But haste to meet me, on those happy plains,
Where mighty Love in endless triumph reigns.
He-cease'd; then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming sacrifice to death.
But oh! what words what numbers can express,
What thought conceive the height of my distress?
Why did they tear me from thy breathless Clay
I should have staid and wept my life away.
Yet whether gentle shade, thou now dost rove,
Thro' some blest vale or ever verdant grove,
One moment listen to my grief, and take
The softest Vows that constant love can make.
For thee all thoughts of pleasure I forego,
For thee my tears shall never cease to flow:
For thee at once I from the World retire,
To feed in silent shades a hopeless fire.

* 28 years old

My bosom all thy image shall retain;
The fully impression there shall still remain.
As thou has taught my constant heart to prove
The noblest height and elegance of Love;
That sacred passion I to thee confine,
My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.

(.)

Both numerous are our joys, when life is new,
And yearly some are falling off the few.
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the Vale of Age,
They drop apace; by Nature some decay;
And some the blasts of Fortune sweep away;
Till naked quite of happiness, alone
We call for Death, and shelter in a Shroud.

Nov: 6. 1775

Mary Barnett

Daughter of Thomas and Anne Barnett of this Parish, Died the 10 Day of Feb: 1756, Aged 23.

This Monument was erected by her Disconsolate Parents, to perpetuate the Memory of Child most tenderly lov'd, and most deservedly lamented.

Go spotless honour and unsull'd truth,
Go smiling Innocence and blooming Youth,
Go female sweetness, join'd with manly Sense,
Go winning Wit that never gave offence;
Go Soft humanity, that blest the Poor,
Go Saint ey'd Patience from Affliction's door,
Go Modesty that never wore a frown,
Go Virtue and receive thy heavenly Crown:

Not from a Stranger flows this truly heart felt Verse,
The friend incribes thy tomb, whose tears bedew'd thy hearse.

she was buried in
+ Pancras Church yard.

Epitaph by the Revd. Mr Mason upon his Wife, who died and was buried at Bristol

—

Take, holy Earth all that my Soul holds dear
Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately gave
To Bristols fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form: she bowed to taste the Wave,
And Died: Does Youth does beauty read the lind?
Does sympathetick fear their breast alarm?
Speak dead Maria, breathe a strain divine:
Eve'n from the Grave thou shalt have pow'r to charm
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee,
Bid them in duty sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from Vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love
Tell them, though tis an awful thing to die;
(Twas even Thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

The Withering Rose.

Sweet object of the Zephyr's kiss,
Come Rose, come courted to my bower,
Queen of the banks! the garden's bliss!
Come and abash yon tawdry flower.

Why call us to revokeless doom?
With grief the opening buds reply,
Not suffer'd to extend our bloom;
Scarce born alas! before we die.

Man having Jove's appointed Years,
Ours are but days — the scene must close;
And when Fate's Messenger appears,
What is he, but a Withering Rose?

Then when the last the closing hour draws high
and earth recedes before my swimming eye,
When trembling on the doubting edge of Fate
I stand, and stretch my View to either State,
Teach me to quit this transitory Scene,
With decent triumph and a look serene,
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to thee, in thee to die.

Blest is the Man whose softening heart,
feels at another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye,
Was never raised in vain.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
My Peace to him I give,
And when he kneels before the Throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Thurlow. Aug:

To a Lady from Mr ——

Oh! how I tremble for thy Virgin hearts,
Lest Nature in thy Nuptials bear no Parts;
A Match, the Project of another's Minds
Nor by thy Lover nor thyself design'd!
Unknown & strangers to each others Name,
Interest anticipates th' uncertain flame,
You meet to try to raise a Mutual love,
If Your own Wills another's Choice approve.
Say had you met without the least design
Then would your hearts with one accord incline?
Had the Warm Passion kindled in his breast
Demanding you alone to make him blest?
Then had you singled him from all you knew
By Nature's dictates ever just and true?
And he by like attraction fixed on You?
Better if artless Love unsought arise,
And the soft fires invade by soft surprise
Where Souls spontaneous to each other joine
Allurd and drawn by Accident divine.

If to their wishes fates permit success,
That pair shall every human joy possess;
Shall in themselves an ample treasure find,
To Crown their Days with bliss, and fill the mind
Marriage is Union for remaining life,
You sing for ever, when commenc'd a Wife;
You Mingle joys and griefs with one alone;
You blend your Souls and risk your fates in one,
Fortunes to which the choice is oft' confin'd,
Is but a party, nor is it of the Mind,
I loved thee Well with tenderness extreme,
My love was Nature's offspring not a Scheme.
With thee I'd fain life's peaceful steps have trod,
Centring my bliss in thee alone and God
My Muse should ever smooth thy gentle ear,
And place thee with the World's distinguish'd fair.
To latest times convey thy shineing Name,
And give thy merit its reward of fame
Once thou dist favour her ambitious Strains,
And sweetly smiling Recompenced her pains.

Thy smiles peculiar fedg my fond desire,
And bidg me to thos glorious hope aspire.
So long thy beautrous person I survey'd,
So mucheg my mind the pleasing study made;
So oft' I wonganed with loud's attention eye,
And raised my passion and esteem so high,
So deep explored the Virtues of thy breast,
In privates hours of conversation blest'd:
A thousand Namelg graces have I seeng,
From latent sources rising o'er thy Mein,
Whichg scarce shallg glimmer to anothers sight,
Or in his diffrent thought inspires delight.
Judgement and taste and nature's strong controulg;
To allg thy charms subdúdg my captives soulg.
Another loves these by a friends advice,
Not on thy Worth can set so just a price;
But takes you in thos common forms of life,
His Houshold gaurdian and commodious Wife.

C

Ballad out of The Vicar of Wakefield

1

Turn gentle Hermit of the Dale
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the Vale,
With hospitable ray.

2

For here forlorn & lost I tread
With painting Steps & slow
Where Wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.

3

"Forbear my Son, the Hermit Cries
To tempt the dangerous gloom
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

4

"Here to the houseless Child of want
"My door is open still:
"And tho' my portion is but scant,
"I give it with good Will.

5

"Then turn to Night & freely share
"whatever my Cell bestows,
"My rushy Couch & frugal Fare
"My Blessing & repose.

6

'No flocks that range the valley free
'To slaughter I condemn
'Taught by that power who pities me
'I learn to pity them.

7

'Then pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
'All earth-born cares are wrong:
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.

8

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
his gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends
and follows to his cell.

9

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge for the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

10

No stores beneath this humble thatch
required a master's care;
The wicket opening with a latch
received the harmless pair.

11

And now when city crowds retire
To take the evening rest,
The Hermit trimmed his little fire
and cheered his pensive guest.

12

Now spread his Vegetable Store
and gaily pipt & smil'd,
and skilled in Legendary love,
The linging hours beguil'd.

13

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the Kitten tries;
The Cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

14

But nothing can a Charm impart
To ease the Stranger's woe;
For Grief was heavy at his heart
And Tears began to flow.

15

His rising Cares, the Hermit spied:
with answering Care oppres't
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried
"The sorrows of thy breast.

16

"From better habitations spurn'd,
"Reluctant dost thou rove,
"Or Grieve for friendship, un-return'd
"Or unregarded Love?

17

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
"are trifling & decay,
"And those who prize the paltry things
more trifling still than they.

18

"And what is friendship but a name,
"A Charm that lulls to sleep,
"A Shade that follows wealth or fame
"But leaves the wretch to weep.

19

"And love is still an emptied Sound,
"The modern fair ones jest;
"On earth unseen or only found
"To warm the Fool's chest.

20

"Dear Shade forbear, thy sorrows hush,
"And shun the Sex — he said
But while he spoke a rising blush,
his love-lorn guest betray'd.

21

Surprising! he sees new beauties rise
Swift - mantling to the View,
As Colours dye the morning Skies
as bright as transient too;

22

The bashful look, the rising breast,
alternate spreads alarms,
The lovely Stranger stands confest,
a Maid in all her Charms.

'But ah! forgive a stranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn she cries,
'Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude,
'Where Heaven & you reside!'

24

'But let a Maid thy pity share,
'Whom Love has taught to stray,
'Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
'Companion' of her way.

25

'My Father liv'd beside the Tyne
'A wealthy Lord was He
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
'He had but only Me.

26

'To win me from his tender arms
'Unnumbered Suitors came,
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms
'And felt, or feign'd a Flame.

27

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richest proffers strove,
'Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of Love.

"In humblest simplest Habit clad
"No wealth nor pow'r had he;
"Wisdom & worth were all He had;
"But these were all to me.

29

"The blossom opining to the Day
"The Dews of Heaven refin'd,
"Cou'd nought of purity display
"To emulate His mind.

30

"The Dew, the blossom on the Tree
"With Charms inconstant Shine
"The Charms were his, but woe to me!
"Their Constancy was mine.

31

"For still I trust each fickle art,
"Importunate & Vain
"And while his passion touch'd my Heart,
"I triumph'd in his pain.

32

"Till quite dejected by my scorn
"He left me to my pride,
"And sought a Solitude forlorn,
"In secret where he Dyed.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
"and well my Life shall pay,
"I'll seek the solitude he sought
"and stretch me where he lay.

34

"And there forlorn, despairing lie,
"I'll lay me down and die;
"'Twas so for me that Edwin died,
"and so for him will I.

35

"Forbid it Heav'n!" the Hermit cry'd
and clasp'd her to his breast.
The wond'ring Fair one turn'd to chide
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

36

"Turn Angelina ever Dear!
"My charmer, turn to see
"Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
"re-stor'd to Love and Thee.

37

Thus let me clasp Thee to my Heart!
and every Care resign,
and shall we never, never part!
My Life! my all that's Mine

"Oh Never from this Hour to part,
"We'll Live & Love so true,
"The sighs that rends thy Constant Heart,
"Shall break Thy Celinas too.

August. 6, 1774 + Celina's

Tho Death's Event, Ah be my Soul prepar'd,
Thou pow'r supreme receive my parting Breath
Oh Catch my Spirit when it wings its flight
And gently lay me in my Arms of Death.

G.B.

Then shalt closed my weary Eyes in peace,
And Stretch composed upon my dusty bed,
O Death! thy Silent and refreshing shade
Will yeild a long, an unmolested rest,
From all the fruitless Toils and Vanity,
That dwells below the Sun.

H: June 20th 1775.

Wrote round a Watch paper.

Swiftly, see each Moment flies,
See and learn be timely Wise;
Every Moment shortens Day,
Every Pulse beats time away;
Thus thy every heaving breath,
Wafts thee on to certain death,
Seize the Moments as they fly,
Know to live & learn to die.

Nay! Start not at that Skeleton,
'Tis your own Picture wch you Shun,
Alive it did resemble thee,
And thou when Dead like that shalt be;
Converse with it, and you will say,
You can not better spend the Day,
You little think, how you'll admire,
The language of those bones and Wire;
When all your moralists are read,
You'll find no tutors like the Dead.

Epitaph by Mr Gray, upon Mrs Clarke, who Died in Child-bed.

Lo! where this silent Marble weeps,
A Wife, a friend, a Mother sleeps;
A breast within whose secret cell,
The peaceful virtues love to Dwell:
Affection warm and truth sincere,
And soft humanity was there.
In agony in death resign'd,
She felt the Wound she left behind.
Her Infant image here below,
Sits smiling at a fathers Woe,
Whom what awaits while here he strays
Along the lonely Vale of days,
A Sigh to sacred Sorrow dear,
A pang an unavailing tear,
Till time shall every grief remove,
With Life, with Memory, with Love

Ode to Melancholy

out of his Cartons Poems.

Come Melancholy! silent Pow'r,
Companion of my Lonely Hour,
To Sober thought confin'd:
Thou sweetly Sad ideal Guest,
In all thy soothing Charms confest,
Indulge my pensive Mind.

No longer wildly hurried thro'
The tides of Mirth, that ebb and flow
In Folly's noisy Stream:
I from the busy Crowd retire,
To court the objects that inspire
Thy Philosophic Dream.

Thro' yon darke Grove of mournful Yews
With solitary Steps I muse,
By thy Directions led;
Here, cold to Pleasure's tempting Forms,
Consociate with my Sister Worms,
And mingle with the Dead.

Ye Midnight Horrors! Awful Gloom!
Ye silent Regions of the Tomb,
My future peaceful Bed:

Here shall my weary Eyes be closed,
And ev'ry Sorrow lies reposed,
In Death's refreshing Shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of Night,
Before my intellectual Sight
In Solemn Pomp ascend:

O tell how trifling now appears
The Train of idle Hopes and Fears
That varying Life attends.

Ye faithless Idols of our Sense,
Here own how vain your fond pretence,
Ye empty Names of Joy!

Your transient Forms like Shadows pass,
Frail Offspring of the Magic Glass,
Before the mental Eye.

Can wild Ambition's Tyrant Pow'r,
Or ill-got Wealth's superfluous Store,
The Dread of Death controul?
Can Pleasure's more bewitching Charms
Avert, or sooth the Dire Alarms,
That shake the parting Soul?

Religion! Ere the Hand of Fate
Shall make Reflection plead too late,
My erring Senses teach,
Amidst the flatt'ring hopes of Youth,
To meditate the solemn Truth,
These awful Relics preach.
Thy penetrating Beams dispersed
The Mist of Error, whence our Fears
Derive their fatale Spring:
Tis thine the trembling Heart to Warm,
And Soften to an Angele Form
The Pale terrific King.

When sunk by Guilt in sad Despair;
Repentance breathes her humble Pray'r,
And owns thy Threatnings just:
Thy Voice the Shudd'ring Suppliant hears,
With Mercy calm her tort'ring Fears,
And lifts her from the Dust.

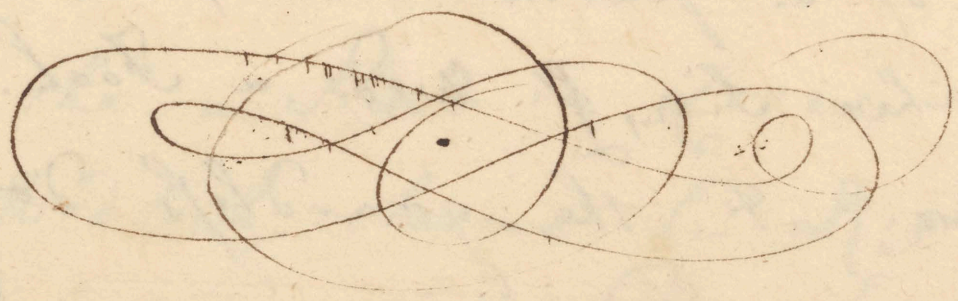
Sublimed by these, the Soul ascends
Beyond the Range of low Desires,
In nobler Views elate
Unmoved her destin'd Change survey,
And, arm'd by Faith, intrepid pay
Thy universal Debt.

In Death's soft Slumber lull'd to Rest,
The Sleeper, by smiling Visions blest,
That gently Whisper peace:
'Till the last Morn's fair op'ning Ray
Unfolds the bright eternal Day
Of active Life and Bliss.

On seeing Miss Lance interred in Canterbury Cathedral
Feb: 27. 1772.

Reason may sooth, but strives in vain to heal,
The pang which Sisters, friends, & parents feel,
When thus the fair, the young, their joy, their trust,
Eludes their grasp, and moulders in the Dust.
Faith, faith alone, those balsams can supply
That faith which tells us, we shall never die!
Which tells us, Death his conquests shall restore
And all the just shall meet, to part no more!

May 19: 1775 J: Duncombe



Marriage. Vision 7. (Dr Cotton's)

Inscribed to Miss ——

Fairest, this Vision is thy Due
I form'd the instruction Plan for you.
Slight not the Rules of thought full age
your Welfare actuates every page;
But ponder well my Sacred Theme
and Tremble while you read my Dream.
Those awefull Words, "till Death do part,"
May well alarm the youthfull heart,
No after-thought, when once a Wife;
The Die is cast, and cast for Life;
yet Thousands venture every Day,
As some base Passion leads the Way
Impatient of a Parents' rule,
She leaves her Sire, & weds a Fool.
~~Want~~ Grief enters at the guardless door,
and Love is fled, to come no more.

attend, my Fair, to Wisdom's Voice,
a better Fate shall crown thy choice,
a married Life, to speak at best
Is all a Lottery confest.
Yet if my Fair-one will be Wise,
I will ensure my Girl a Prize;
Tho' not a prize to match thy Worth,
Perhaps thy equals not on Earth.

'Tis an important Point to know,
There's no Perfection here below.
Man's an odd Compound after all,
And ever has been since the Fall
Say, that he loves you from his Soul,
Still Man is proud, nor brooks controul.
And tho' a Slave in Love's soft School,
In Wedlock claims his Right to Rule:
The best, in short, has faults about him,
If few those Faults, you must not flout him,

With some indeed you can't dispense,
As want of Temper, and of Sense.
For when the Sun deserts the Skies,
and the Dull Winters lowering rise,
Then for a Husbands Social Power,
To form the calm, conversive Hour;
The Treasures of thy Breast explore,
From that rich Mine to draw the Ore;
Fondly each genious Thought refine;
And give thy native gold to Shine;
Shew Thee, as really as thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer still at Heart.
Say, when Life's purple Blossoms fades,
As soon they must, thou charming Maid;
When on thy cheeks the Roses die,
And Sickness sinks that brilliant Eye;
Say, when age or Pains invades,
And those dear Limbs shall call for Aid;

If thou art fettered to a Fool,
Shall not his transient Passion cool!
And when thy Health and Beauty end,
Shall thy weary Mate persist a Friend!
But to a Man of Sense my Dear,
Ev'n then, thou lovely shalt appear;
He'll share the Grief that wound thy Heart,
And weeping, claim the larger part;
Tho' Age impairs that beauteous Face,
He'll prize the Pearl beyond the Case.

Ipswich Sept 2d 1775

The Wise with Hope, support the pains of Life.

upon a Quiet Conscience (by King Charles.)

Close thine eyes and Sleep secure,
Thy Soul is safe, thy Body sure
He that guards thee he that keeps
Never Slumbers, never Sleeps;
A quiet conscience in a quiet breast
Has only Peace, has only Rest,
Then Musick and the Mirth of Kings,
Are out of tune unless she Sings;
Then close thine Eyes in peace & sleep secure
No Sleep so sweet as thine no rest so sure

Oct: 30, 1775

C.

Hawkins' Bouts Rimes.

If to write Verse be your — Election;
Cibber will give the best — Direction:
Think not a subject how to — Single,
No matter what so there be — Jingle;
Jingle will set off empty — Froth,
As Breeding serves instead of — Troth:
Nonsense well tuned is sure — Pleasing,
But sense and crabbed thought are — teasing
Grant this and own no barder rise — higher
Than Rhyming Lords or Laureat — Squire.

How happy the Man who has gained his — Election!
In State affairs he soon will have the — direction
Him Robin perhaps for a speaker will — single
(Delightful it is to hear Robin's Gold — Jingle.)
And what though his speeches be lighter than — Froth
He'll thrive by his Vote tho' he starve by his — Troth.
Meanwhile to the Court will his conduct be — pleasing
The Country with Taxes incessantly — teasing:
By this good behaviour he soon will rise — higher,
And grow to a Lord from a plain country — Squire

Oh fair Queen of Beauty give thy Slave his — Election
Unbyas'd by Gold, Love alone my — direction:
Oh! may I be Phebe's or ever Live — Single,
Calm Solitude prize, before Conjugal — Jingle!
Vows made without Love, are more empty than — Froth
But lasting the Ties of Affection and — Troth.
On downy feet tripping, each moment is — Pleasing
Both yielding, both gentle, nor teazed, nor yet — teasing
Possess but of Her, I'd not wish to rise — higher
Nor envy a Prince, though a Plain Country — Squire

(see page 25.) Jan: 5.76.

To Mrs Greville, on her odes
for indifference. + Mrs Lisw her daughter very Beautifull.

O Greville whose to feeling Heart,
Implored the Fairys aid,
And with closest Sapphics turns full Arts,
For calm indifference prayed;
Who can Endure a prayer from Jove,
So Selfish and Confined,
You should wish you produced a Lisw +
Have prayed for all Mankind.

1783.

The Oraison of Father John, found in his Cell at Paddington * fifteen hund. forty one

* 32 Hen: 8th.

Nor Sculptur'd Porch, nor pictur'd Wall,
Nor Marble floor, (the Vain Mans Hall)
Nor Diet, Dorfs. nor aught herein
Tends to entice the mind to Sin.

Here Meditation loves to dwell,
And Conscience occupies my cell;
All Vain pursuits are Banish'd hence
Where Peace has fix't her Residence.

When Human follies reach my Ear,
I give my Pitty and my prayer,
Imploring Grace on naked knee,
To keep from wretched folly free.

O Thou Who knowest All my Thoughts,
And Spyest out my secret faults;
Shou'd dim eyed Reason go astray,
Restore her steps to Seek Thy Way.

Bounteous Who dos't All knowledge give,
Instruct a Suppliant how to Live,
Wisdoms Supreme, from thy supply,
Instruct a supipliant how to Die!

Fountain from Whom All blessings flow,
O teach me well myself to know!
Convert this giddy, Guilty age,
And hallow'd keep This Hermitage

The Infants Petition, to be nursed at Home.

What! banish me my native home!
Thus early sent abroad to roam;
Commit me to a strangers care
Who in my pains will feel no share;
Shou'd fits, or Gripes disturb my rest,
She'd scold, I did her Dreams molest;
And with rude hands and ruder strains,
Add to the Misery of my pains;
Was it for this you gave me Light?
To be debar'd my parents sight;
Not so, the Little Bleating Lamb,
Close by her side attends her Dam;
She nev'r gives up the Mothers part,
But leaves to Man this cruel art;
Then hear me, When I fondly sue,
For what e'en Nature makes my due;
Think What must be a mothers feel,
When Smiles my little Love reveal;
And to a Father say what charms,
When pleased I spring into his arms;
My Little hands smooth o'er his face,
And in my likeness speak my race;

My

My Want of words by looks supply;
Such looks as give fond parents joy;
In which they fancy they can see,
A Soul from Vice and folly free;

Indeed I will repay your care,
My cries shall cease when you appear,
Your kiss shall dry the falling tear.

Should Careless Nurse the child forget
The pap neglect, refuse the tet,
Mama attentive to my cry,
Will all my infant wants supply;
Her watchfull eye will be my guard,
And fondest Love be her Reward;

Then let not Nature plead in vain,
Deaf to her cries no more remain;
My Growing years I will employ,
To give my parents peace and joy;
Attentive to your wish or will,
With pleasure each command fulfill;
And time shall only serve to prove,
How well I will deserve your Love;—

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

Accept that Heart your Merit makes your own,
And let the kindness for the Gift attone;
Love, Constancy, & spotless truth I bring,
Those give a value to the meanest thing;
Oh! let our thoughts, our interests be but one,
Our Griefs, our joys, be to each other known;
In all Concerns we'll have an equal share,
Enlarge each pleasure, lessen every care;
Thus of a thousand, thousand, sweets possest,
We'll live for ever in each others breast;
When present, tath the flying hours away,
When Absent, then our tender thoughts convey;
And when by ~~that~~ severe decrees of fate,
At last we're summon'd to a higher state,
We'll meet again in the blest realms of Light,
And in each other, then sternally delight.

L: May 16. 1776

C.

" Life's little Stage is a small Eminence,
Inch high the Grave above; that home of Man.
Where dwells the Multitude: we gaze around;
We read their Monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplord,
Lamenting, or Lamented, All our Lot! "

An Elegy on the Death of the late Mr Smith,
Jun. of Yarmouth —

The hapless Orphan's and the Widow's Tears,
Alarm my Fancy with unusual Fears.
Why throbs my bosom at their doleful cry?
This common debt of Nature, is to die.
Yes: but how awful, when the breath departs,
And stops the Vital motion of our Hearts;
The trembling pulse its wonted acts will quit,
For all to that dread Summon'd must submit
Oh Smith! thy virtues claim the mournful lays;
My plaintive muse this humble tribute pays.
Thou generous donor to the needy poor!
Thou best of Parents! Husband, Friend no more

1777

An Epitaph on a Young Lady.

Of gentlest manners ever form'd to please,
Her sweetest Temper ever blest with ease,
An humble mind, a gay and generous heart,
Good without show, & beautiful without art,
Glad to oblige, as fearfull to offend,
A kind companion and a faithfull Friend;
To cover little failings ever prone,
Blind to another's, conscious of her own,
Fond to spread praises, still her own would be
Her only merit which she could not see:
To every little vanity a foe,
She loved that Virtue wch she blush'd to Show.
In Life's fair Spring, (so heaven decreed her doom)
Untimely hurried to the Silent tomb:
If beauty asks, if Virtue claims a tear,
Stay gentle passenger, and shed it here

June 25 1777.

To Hope.

By — Davis, Esqr.

O Thou whose sweetly pleasing sway,
Our willing Hearts with joy obey,
O Hope! my prayer attend:
The prayer of one whose tortured heart,
Pierced by afflictions keenest dart,
Finds Thee its only friend.

Midst all the pangs which rend my breast,
And long have robbed my Soul of Rest,
On Thee I still rely:
For Heav'n in mercy sent thee here,
And bade thee wipe the bitter tear
That Streams from Sorrow's eye.

O'er all mankind thy care extends;
Thy balm the guilty wretch defends,
From madness and despair;

To stop Stern Justice in her course,
Thou teachest him the wonderous Force,
Of Penitence and Prayer.

Virtue by tyrants Pow'r oppressed,
Friendless, afflicted and distress'd,
By Thee is taught to rise;
And conscious of her heavenly birth,
To scorn the narrow bounds of earth,
And claim her kindred Skies.

'Tis thine to pierce the dismal gloom,
Where Sorrow weeps o'er Friendships tomb,
And hail the happy Shore,
Where Pleasure shall forever reign,
Where Virtuous Love unites again,
And Friends shall part no more.

Oh may Thy kind, Thy gentle power,
Sustain me in that disadfull hour,
When Nature shrinks aghast:
When Death's cold hand these eyes shall close,
And my long pilgrimage of Woes,
Shall have an end at last.

When the pale lamp of life expires,
When Reason calm, and Fancy's fires
Have left my panting Breast;
Oh! still my lovely Cherub stay,
And bear my parting soul away
To realms of endless rest.

Dec: 7. 1777.

April y^d 1st

With the Vulgar 'tis a Rule
once a year to make a Fool;
O! How great my Wisdoms fame,
When I shew fair Anna's Name,
Anna, by the Gods design'd
To make Fools of half Mankind.
Idol of each Virtuous Youth,
Pattern of the Fairest truth;
Glory of Her Worthy Race,
Envy of each beauteous Face.
Happy He who once a year,
Makes a Fool of such a fair,
But the envy'd Lot will fall
On Him, who Fools her once for All.

An Invocation to Patience

Great God of All! all Glorious Monarch, I
Of gentlest Patience ask thy best supply;
Let Meekness, Mildness, Fortitude, and Peace,
Posess my Mind, and all it's Sorrows cease
Be hush'd those passions, that without controul
Distract the Mind, and harrow up the Soul;
Hence! rude obtruders of my peacefull breast
Nor dare a Moment to disturb my Rest.
Blest Source of Good! no ill proceeds from Thee,
Let not thy creature mourn thy just decree,
But keep my heart in it's Sowrest pain,
Free from the guilt of dareing to Complain;
Then shall my triumph from my trials spring,
And Resignation, take out All their Sting.

The Blast that nipt my Youth shall conquer thee,
It strikes the bud, the blossom, and the Tree...

Part of an Epitaph upon
Mr. Will: Dickenson, at

Go, then my Children, Cherish each other, avoid the Path of Deceit — Walk Stradily in the road of truth; Even tho' the roses may not always be in bloom: Satisfy the feelings of your own Conscience: be Merciful, be Moderate — and be Happy —

It was the Saying of a Learned Divine, who every way Merited that Character, When he saw any of his acquaintance perplex'd about the Management of their difficult Affairs — " When will you begin to trust God, & permit Him to Govern the world.

× Dr. Hammond —

Dr Lowth Bishop of London on the Death of his Daughter.

(Translated by my Father Feb: 28 1778.)

Adieu Dear Child, Ah! more than Child to me!
For Sense, and Modesty, and Piety,
Dear Child, adieu! yet the next World may see
Me, if but worthy, blest once more in thee:
Then shall I cry, in an exulting Strain,
Come to my Arms Sweet Child! Oh come again.

In Memory of a Dear Daughter, who died Aged 13 Years

How blest is her State in innocence array'd,
In life unstain'd, in Death secure from Dread,
From human ills removed, from every Woe,
Which hoary Age is doomed to undergo;
Composed serene, she gains the happy Shore,
Where Sorrow Pain, and Sickness, are no more:
Lovely in Death, she charms the Weeping Eye,
If this be Death, who won'd not wish to Dye?
No bodeing Horror hangs upon her brow,
Who won'd not dye, to be what she is Now:
What tho' in dust those loved remains must lie,
Hid from a tender Parents weeping Eye;
What tho' for ages to the Grave conveinged,
The general endeavour of all Mankind,
Blasted like some fair flower in early bloom;
She fades beneath the Winter of the Tomb;

Yet Shall our rising thought my griefs restrain,
The time will come, when She shall bloom again;
With calmness then the breathless Corpse survey,
Know Christ shall raise this consecrated Clay
In finish'd Beauty, never to Decay.
Destined more griefs, and longer Toils to know,
The wretched Stay behind, the happy go;
Good heav'n this Mystery of fate explain,
Nor let me Seem to Mourn the Dead in Vain;
Friend after Friend, from me is torn away,
No Year, no Month, but marks some dismal day,
What waits I for? some happier World in View,
Warns me that Man is blind, that God is true;
From this Dark Scenes I turn my wearyd eyes,
In hopes to meet my Darling in the Skies.

March 10. 1778.

Epitaph on a Lady who died of a Consumption at Bristol Wells. Wrote by her Husband.

Whoever, like me, with trembling anguish brings,
His hearts whole treasure to fair Bristols springs;
Whoever, like me, to Sooth disease and pain,
Shall pour those Salutary springs in Vain;
Condemnd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To marke the fading cheek, the Sinking Eye,
From the chill'd brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch in dumb despair the Shortning breath;
If chance directs him to this artless line,
Let the sad Mourner know, his pangs were mine:
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose Virtues warm'd me, and whose beauty blest,
Frames every tie that binds the Soul to prove
Her duty Friendship, and her Friendship Love.—

But yet remembering that the parting Sigh,
Appoints the just to Slumber, not to die,
The starting tear I check'd, I kiss'd the rod,
And not to earth resigned her, — but to God.

Sunday. Jan: 10. 1779.

Epitaph on Sterne.

Shall Pride a heap of Sculptured Marble raise,
Some Unknown, worthless, titled fool to Praise?
And Shall we notably one poor Grave stone learn,
Where Humour, wit and Genius Sleep with Sterne?

Garrick.

Nov: 20. 1779

Quins Epitaph.

wrote by Mr Garrick
Mar: 25
1769

That Tongue, which set the Table in a roar,
And Charmed the Publick Ear, is heard no more.
Closd are those Eyes, the Harbingers of Wit,
Which spake before the Tongue, what Shakespear writ:
Closed is that Hand, which living was stretch'd forth,
at Friendships call to succour Modest Worth:
Here lies James Quin — design, Reader to be taught,
Whatever thy strenght of Body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest Mould however Cast,
To this Complexion must Thou come at last.

An Epitaph. on a young Lady.

Though no proud Urn no monumental Bust,
No Sculptured Angel guard this hallow'd Dust,
Yet if a mind as spotless as her Form,
A heart with every social virtue Warm,
If filial Duty and Religion pure,
A Christian Resignation to endure,
An ample mind humanity to spread,
If these deserve the honours of the Dead;
No King or Hero has a juster claim,
To funeral pomp and monumental Fame;
But if thy spirit hovers in the Air,
Each Saint and angels first and nearest care,
And tis permitted for the blest above,
To cast a pitying Look on those they Love,
To thy meek shade more grateful will appear,
This mournfull tribute of a friendly Tear.

From E: H: L Dec: 17th 1781.

On Abigal Drummond, Daughter to Robert Archbishop of Yorke, who lived alas! only 16 years; This last Duty is paid her,

By Mr Mason.

Here Sleeps, what once was beauty, once was grace,
Grace that with tenderness and sense combined,
To form that harmony of Soul and face,
Where beauty Shines the mirror of the mind:
Such was the maid, that in the morn of Youth,
In virgin innocence, in Natures pride,
Bless with each art, which owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her fathers fond Embraces, and dyed:
He weeps! O venerate the holy tear,
Faith lends her aid to ease afflictions load;
The parent mourns his Child upon the bier,
The Christian yields an Angel to his God.

Dec: 17th 1781

Verses made by a young Gentleman aged 18, at Eaton School, upon being waked in the Night, by a Storm of Thunder Rain, & Lightning.

1

Locked in the Arms of balmy Sleep
From every care of Day,
As silent as the folded Sheep,
And as secure, I lay:

2

Sudden Tremendous Thunders Roll,
Quick Lightnings round me glare,
The Solemn Scene alarms the Soul,
And wakes the mind to Prayer:

3

Whatever O Lord, at this still Hour,
These awfull sounds portend,
Whether sole Engines of thy Power,
Or Groans for Natures End;

4

Grant me to bear with equal mind,
These Terrors of the Sky,
Forever as thou wilt resigned,
Alike to Live or die.

5

But if as Natures Laws ordain
Not destined by thy Will,
The Bolt exerts its wide domain
Self Authorised to kill;

6

Quick interposes all gracious Love
In this Remorseless Night,
Aside, and be alike adored,
For Mercy and for Might

7

If raised by thy Vindictive hand
This Mighty tempest Stirs,
That Peal, the Voice of thy command
Those Flames thy Messengers;

8

Welcome the Bolt howe'er it falls
Beneath the passing Sun,
Thy gracious Will determines all,
And Let that Will be done:

By such explosion as it shakes,
One Truth be understood,
The Glorious God the thunder makes
And all He makes is good;

10

Vouchsafe amidst this hour of dread
Thy Suppliants voice to hear,
O spare from harm such friendly head,
And all my Soul holds dear;

11

Let it not strike where riot foul,
Pours forth the drunken jest
Nor where the guilt snorn'd Soul,
Starts wild from troubled Rest:

12

O spare from harm thous guilty breasts,
Whose deeds the Night deform,
And Strike where smiling virtue rests
Unconcious of the Storm.

So on that awfull Judgment Day
Whose terrors fill the Soul,
When heavenly Lightnings spread their ray
And Loudest Thunders Roll,

14

Well pleased such virtuous Soul shall see
Those final Thunders hurled,
And marke with Joy, for Love of thee
The flash that melts the world

June 8th 1782

Oh! ye immortal powers that guard the just
Watch round my friend, and soften her repose
Banish her sorrows, and becalm her Soul
With easy dreams; remember all her Virtues;
And Shew mankind that goodness is your care.

1782. S. Pyly.

On an Urn (now erecting) to the Memory of
William Shenstone Esqr, in Hales Owen Church Yard.
by Mr Garricke.

Whoever thou art with Reverence tread,
These sacred Mansions of the Dead. ——
Not that the Monumental bust,
or Sumptuous Tomb, Wou guards the Dust
of Rich or Great: (Lift wealth Rank birth
Sleep undistinguished in the Earth;)
This Simple Urn records a Name,
That Shines with more exalted Fame.

Reader. if genius, taste refined,
A Nation Elegance of Mind;
If Virtue, Science, Manly sense,
If with that more gaw offence,
The Clearest Head, the tenderest Heart
In thy estrem, ever claimed a Part;
Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a Tear,
For know, thy Shenstones Dust lies here. ——

Jan: 7th 1783

Rise then, Let Reason mitigate thy Care,
To mourn avails not; Man is born to bear:
Two Urns by Jove's high hand hath ever stood,
The one with Evil filled, and one with Good;
From thence the Cup of Mortal Man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills,
To Most he mingles Both: The Wretch decreed,
To taste the Bad unmixed is curst indeed:
The happiest Taste not Happiness sincere,
But find the Cordial Draught is darkd with Care

May 6th 1782

Epitaph in Wisbeach Church Yard, upon a young Lady who died upon the Day appointed for her Marriage to Mr Goslin.

In troops assembled all ye Female Train,
View well that Sod, & if you can be Vain,
There lies, the weeping Monument says where;
What late had Virtue, and what late was Fair;
Are these thy Nuptial Robes, Lamented Maid?
And thus thy Vows to Mournfull Goslin paid?
O! hopes polluted, O! untimely Doom,
Just when the Day, the Votive Day was come
Death Null'd the Banns, and join'd her to the Tomb

1791.

Expect not perfect Happiness below,
Nor heavenly Plants on earth's low Soile to grow
Estteem none happy by their outward air
Alle have their portion of allotted care;
Tho' prudence wears the semblance of content
When the fulle heart by agony is rent,
Secludes its' anguish from the publicke sight
And feeds on Sorrow with a Sad delight:
Shuns every eye to cherish darling grief,
This fond indulgence its supreme relief.
By love directed and in mercy meant,
Are trials suffer'd and afflictions sent,
To stem impetuous passion's furious tide
To curb the insolence of prosperous pride
To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar
To that blest clime where pain shall be no more
Where wearied Virtue shall for refuge fly,
And every tear be wip'd from every eye.