

MS Poetry Collection (c. 1768–80)¹

Editorial Introduction:

During his student years at Oxford University John Wesley kept a manuscript notebook in which he transcribed poems that he found worthy (see MS Poetry Miscellany). One other manuscript notebook containing a set of eighteen poems survives in the Methodist Archives and Research Centre at The John Rylands Library, Manchester, England.

Wesley could have begun transcribing the poems in this second collection no sooner than 1768, the year he recorded in his *Journal* reading the volume from which he took the first poems in the notebook. Various evidences suggest that the other poems were added between 1775 and 1780, as Wesley was contemplating material for the *Arminian Magazine*. Six of the eighteen poems in this manuscript collection were among poems published in that setting.

This transcription of the manuscript volume (MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.9) is provided by courtesy and with permission of the John Rylands Library, University of Manchester, and the trustees of MARC for Methodist Church Purposes.

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**Rural Happiness.
To a Friend.²**

Evander's voice invites my artless lay;
And *Friendship's* call transported I obey:
Friendship! I seize the Lyre at thy Command,
And strike the sleeping strings with trembling hand.
Oh! for some portion of poetic fire!
Some happier strain that *nature* wou'd inspire!
Here, where she shines in all her virgin charms,
And fair *Retirement* woos me to her Arms.
Hail musing Nymph! in russet Vest array'd,
Oh! wrap thy votr'y in thy brownest shade;
Far, far from all the noisy seats of pride,
In groves conceal her, or in vallies hide.
Now bounteous Autumn glads the yellow plains,
And bright-ey'd Ceres crown'd with plenty reigns;
With blushing fruit the bending branches shine,
And rip'ning Clusters load the gen'rous Vine.
Here, white with bleating Flocks the uplands rise,
There, Hills whose azure Summits pierce the skies;
And clad in all the rip'ning Harvest's Pride,
The Dale slopes gently down the Mountain's side.

²Mary Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems on Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1764), 29–33. JW read on March 22, 1768 (see *Journal*, *Works* 22:122) and published in *AM* 8 (1785): 61–64. On the identity of the author see *PWHS* 20 (1935): 93–95.

No more let Poets sing of Tempe's Fields,
Nor paint the Treasure that Pactolus yields;
Their Fame in vain to Albion's Sons is told;
Here Silver Currents roll thro' Vales of Gold.
Oft 'mid the tufted trees, the rural cell,
Where *Health*, and sweet *Content* with *virtue* dwell,
Displays its straw-crown'd Roof, and smiles secure
From all those Cares the guilty great endure.
Hail! fair abodes of Freedom, Joy, and *Peace*!
Where Treasure flows,* and useful Arts increase;
No direfull Arms these calm retreats annoy,
No barb'rous Bands the fruitful plains destroy:
Remote from Danger, here the happy swain
Tills the rich Soil, and reaps the bearded grain:
Blest in these mid-land seats secure he toils,
No Coasters ravage, and no Tempest spoils.
Here Borsd'ley-Hall,³ sweet Mansion of delight,
In fair proportion rises to my sight:
Charm'd with the verdant walks, and silent shades,
I range the twilight Woods and op'ning Glades.

* The famous Town of Birmingham, near which the
Scene of this Poem is laid.⁴

³I.e., Bordesley Hall, about 5 mi. south of Birmingham. Whateley would be referring to the original manor house, which was replaced in 1767 by a larger hall for the manufacturer and banker John Taylor.

⁴This note appears in the published original of Whateley.

Ye crystal Lakes, where curling Breezes play,
O let me on your flow'ry Margin stray!
Where the tall Fir erects its spiry head,
And their green arms the princely Cedars spread:
Or let me to the dusky Grot retire,
And wake to Sylvan strains th' amusive Lyre;
While down the rock the murm'ring waters flow,
And gentlest Gales thro' fragrant Woodbines blow.
Happy the Man! who from the noisy Town
Retiring, finds this sweet Recess his own:
Who, free from each low wish, and Idle fear,
Enjoys soft ease, and learned leisure here;
Of all that *Luxury* cou'd crave, possess;
What troubles can alarm? what cares molest?
Can Gold then make Man happy? vain surmise!
As soon may Titles make an Idiot wise.
If Heaven-born *Virtue* reign not in the breast,
The Rich, the Gay, the Great, can ne'er be blest.
When the swoln Heart with mad ambition glows,
And Hell-bred *Av'rice* chases calm repose;
When black *oppression* with her hatefull train,
Fraud, dark *Distrust*, and pining *envy* reign;

What Joy, alas! can wealth or Titles bring?
Say, can they blunt *Reflection's* deadly sting?
Can painting's vivid Glow, or music's strains,
Soothe the bad Heart or soften guilty pains?
If these, *O Grandure*, thine attendants are,
Let me prefer this unambitious pray'r.
"Give me indulgent Heav'n, some lonely Cot,
"Where I may live unenvy'd and forgot;
"Range the sequester'd shade with mind serene,
"Explore the beauties of the Sylvan scene;
"Tread *Virtue's* Paths, and to her Temple rise,
"And dare to emulate the good and wise.
"Let *Friendship's* gen'rous warmth expand my breast,
"And sweet *Contentment* be my constant Guest;
"Let social Converse crown the Day's decline,
"And *Folly's* slaves divide their haunts from mine.
"When grey-ey'd *Dawn* peeps o'er the mountain's head,
"And ling'ring *Night* on dusky wing is fled;
"Give me to trace the dew-bespangled Grove,
"Where rosy *Health* and blooming *Pleasure* rove:
"There let me oft explore the sacred Cell,
"Where *Truth*, and Heav'n-born *Contemplation* dwell;

“And, while dear *Freedom* her loose banner waves,
“Contemn the Pomp of Courts, and pity Slaves.”

Elegy written in a Garden.⁵

- [1.] What mingled beauties here conspire to please!
What varied prospects cheer the wand'ring Eye!
In these sweet shades let me recline at ease,
While balmy Zephyrs fan the sultry sky.
- [2.] Shield me, kind Dryads, in this safe Retreat,
Where osiers mark the cool Wave's lucid Way:
Where friendly gales allay the raging heat,
And breathing Waters mitigate the day.
- [3.] Here polish'd *Art* assumes fair *Nature's* face;
Round the smooth Beech the wood-bines breathe
perfumes;
Here tufted Pinks the mossy Margin grace,
And the sweet Rose in sov'reign beauty blooms.
- [4.] Elate with Spring, and drest in all her Dyes,
See hov'ring round—yon Insect idly gay;

⁵Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems*, 56–59; JW published in *AM* 6 (1783): 110–12.

A moment on its balmy breast she lies,
Then light thro' liquid AEther wings her way.

- [5.] Thou beauteous trifler, can so fine a form
Sustain bleak Boreas, and benumbing frost?
Or when black skies discharge th' impetuous Storm,
Must all thy transient elegance be lost?
- [6.] Go where the gay Belinda reigns confest,
Despotic Sov'reign of the youthfull train:
While her bright eyes explore thy varied Vest,
Thy little life shall moralize my Strain.
- [7.] While to her sight my gaudy wings are spread,
If the light Show'r, or gentlest Dews descend,
The momentary age of Mirth is fled;
And the gay dreams of golden Summers end.
- [8.] In thee, perchance, the thoughtless Nymph may view
The changefull Emblem of her blooming face;
As soon disease may that fair form subdue,
And each external excellence debase.

- [9.] Then wou'd th' admiring croud no longer bend;
No more sweet adulation soothe her ear;
No more th' assiduous Youths her steps attend,
No more her smiles on ev'ry face appear.
- [10.] Happy for me, that Beauty's potent Queen
No lavish graces gave, no matchless air;
No soft, resistless, love-commanding Mien,
Nor bade a fading face engross my Care.
- [11.] These oft to pride elate the female mind;
For these we oft neglect th' intrinsic Charms
Of *Virtue*, which, by *reason's* pow'r refin'd,
Smiles at old age and Death itself disarms.
- [12.] Enough for me, that *Health* with Hebe joins,
And from my mind dispels the cheerless gloom;
Enough the Muse he wreath of Ivy twines,
Mixt with each smiling Field-flow'r's fragrant Bloom:
- [13.] Pleas'd while this artless rural verse I raise,

To see superior Merit shine confest;
Supremely happy when my humble praise
Can give one transport to the gen'rous Breast.

**Elegy on the search after Happiness
addressed to Miss Loggin.⁶**

- [1.] Hence, *Melancholy*! hence! with all thy train
Of rising *Fears*, and anxious *Doubts*, remove;
Let not thy pensive Eye deject the Plain,
Nor spread thy horrors o'er the silent Grove.
- [2.] Far may'st thou wander from this blissfull scene,
Where all that's lovely decks the varied Lawn;
Where Springs and laughing Flow'r, the fragrant Green;
Where spreads the Lake, and skips the wanton Fawn.
- [3.] Now smiles the infant *Morn* serenely Gay;
Glitters the Dew-drop on the bending blade;
Now gratefull Birds salute the blushing Day,
And Flocks unfolded seek the verdant Glade.

⁶Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems*, 78–80. JW published in *AM* 6 (1783): 166–68.

- [4.] As from the Sun Night's Sable Terrers fly,
So these fair scenes of solitude, and Ease,
Calm the rack'd breast, repel the Heart-felt sigh,
And Nature's Music tunes the Mind to Peace.
- [5.] Ye gentle pow'rs that o'er these Shades preside,
Whose Fairy Magic rais'd these friendly Bow'rs;
Whose mazy steps the limpid Current guide,
Who green the Vale, and strew the Mead with Flow'rs!
- [6.] Say, if ye can, where *Happiness* is found?
Where crown'd with Joy does the gay Goddess rove?
Say, does she traverse Grandeur's ample round,
Or humbly seek the unambitious Grove?
- [7.] Does the coy Nymph on Fortune's call attend?
Or will she yield to Beauty's envy'd Sway?
Does she on Learning, Wit, or Taste depend?
Can Pow'r invite, or Fame prolong her stay?
- [8.] To none of these is *Happiness* confin'd:
Ambition, Envy, oft on Grandeur wait:

Can Gold, or Gems, give sacred peace of Mind?
Or flies pale *Care* the gaily-sculptur'd Gate?

[9.] Can Beauty guard from Pain's afflictive Dart?
Can Wit or Learning give the tranquil hour?
Can *Fame's* loud Clarion heal the Grief-rent Heart?
Or does *Contentment* fix her Seat with Pow'r?

[10.] Ah! no! with *Virtue Happiness* is found,
In the Calm Breast, where Resignation Smiles;
Where no vain hopes, or wild desires abound,
But sweet Content each anxious thought beguiles.

[11.] Still may the blooming Goddess bless my *Friend*,
Reign in thy Heart and round thy Mansion stray;
May her kind Beams thy latest steps attend,
And safe conduct the to celestial Day.

Elegy on the Uses of Poetry.
Inscribed to the Reverend Randle Darwall, M. A.⁷

[1.] Hail! gentle *Evening*, clad in sober Grey,
Mild Mother, thou, of *Fancy's* airy Train;

⁷Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems*, 109–13. The attribution is added by JW in his personal copy of *AM*. Randle Darwall (c. 1703–77 was the father of John Darwall (c. 1732–1828), whom Mary Whateley married in 1767. JW published in *AM* 6 (1783): 686–88.

How sweet to fly the vain pursuits of Day,
And range with Thee the solitary Plain!

- [2.] Far from the Dome, where splendid *Anguish* weeps,
Where *Guilt*, or *Envy*, blast the midnight Hour;
Lead me where Poppy-crown'd *Contentment* sleeps,
To the light Breeze, that fans the Dew-bath'd flow'r.
- [3.] Slow winding near yon osier-fringed stream,
On whose green Marge soft *silence* loves to stray;
O modest Eve! indulge my Muse-rapt Dream,
That breathes no light-tun'd air, or wonton lay.
- [4.] At this still Hour oft thro' the high-arch'd Grove,
Where dwells sage *Contemplation*, let me roam;
Where Heav'n-born *Truth* and keen-ey'd *genius* rove,
Where *Peace* resides in *Freedom's* Moss-roof'd Dome.
- [5.] *These* Heaven ordain'd the Guardians of the Muse
Beneath their sacred influence unconfined
She soars, superior to terrestrial views,
To harmonize, instruct, and charm Mankind.

- [6.] Her pleasing task thro' Nature's varied Plan,
To trace the Goddess of Almighty Power;
To vindicate the ways of God to Man,
Soothe *Care's* deep gloom, and cheer the lonely Hour.
- [7.] Nor scorn'd she mild, to sing of swains and Flocks
In simple Elegance to haunt the Plains;
In Dorian Mood beneath impending Rocks
To breathe the Rural Reed to softest strains;
- [8.] To paint the scenes which sportive *Fancy* drew,
To *Love* and *Truth* attune the tender Lyre;
While her chaste steps fair *Virtue's* paths pursue,
Scorning each sordid wish and low desire.
- [9.] Shame to the Hand, that first *Her* Pow'r abus'd,
And with licentious freedom stain'd the Page
Whose Wit infexious Poison wide diffus'd,
Or sacrific'd to Gold the noble Rage.
- [10.] When *Vice* wou'd taint the morals of mankind;
When *Pride* or *Envy* wou'd debase a Name,

When *Flattery* has he venal Chaplet twin'd,
Shall these degrade the Muse's sacred Flame?

- [11.] When *Beauty* from the chaste-rob'd *Graces* flies
To hold light Converse with the Cyprian Queen;
While blushing *Modesty* with down-cast Eyes:
Gives place to *Mirth's* loud laugh, or Jest obscene.
- [12.] Shall these a place in *Fame's* fair record gain,
Who strew Pierian Flow'rs on *Vice's* Shrine?
No, let oblivion Shrowd each guilty Strain
Tho' *Wit* and *Learning* all their Powers combine.
- [13.] For me the meanest of the tunefull Throng,
If e'er to Themes like these my voice I raise;
If Venal *Flatt'ry* e'er debase my Song,
Or aught but Merit gain my honest Praise;
- [14.] Perish the Blooms which from the Vernal Fields
This hand has cull'd fair *Friendship's* brow to wreathe;
No pleasure may the humble off'rings yield,
No gratefull Odours, or Sweet fragrance breathe.

- [15.] To *Gratitude* and *Friendship* flows this strain;
Accept O Darwall! what your verse inspir'd;
Else have I wak'd my Rural Reed in vain,
Else has the Muse in vain my Bosom fir'd.
- [16.] But shou'd your Eye with wonted Candour view
This well-meant Lay, by *Truth* and *Freedom* plan'd;
Shou'd these faint strokes, which simple *Nature* drew,
Pass unprov'd beneath your Judging hand;
- [17.] I ask no more; *happy*, with this poor Bough
This tributary Strain of artless youth,
If gracious you shall deign to bind your Brow,
O! Friend to *Virtue*, *Piety* and *Truth*!

**To the Reverend Mr. J. Langhorne,
on reading his Visions of Fancy, &c.⁸**

- [1.] Fraught with each wish the friendly breast can form,
A simple Muse, O! Langhorne, wou'd intrude;
Her Lays is languid but her heart is warm
Tho' not with *Fancy's* potent powers endu'd.

⁸Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems*, 114–16. JW published in *AM* 7 (1784): 55–57.

- [2.] *Fancy* tho' erst she shed a glimring ray,
And op'd to fairy scenes my infant Eye
From *Pain*, and *Care* has wing'd her chearfull Way,
And with *Hygeia* sought a milder Sky.
- [3.] No more my trembling hand attempts the Lyre,
Which Shenstone oft (Sweet Bard) has deign'd to praise;
Even tunefull Langhorne's Friendship fails t' inspire
The glow that warm'd my Breast in happier Days.
- [4.] Yet not this cold Heart can remain unmov'd,
When thy sweet numbers strike my raptur'd Ear;
The Silver sounds, by ev'ry Muse approv'd,
Suspend a while the melancholy Tear.
- [5.] What time, on Arrowe's osier'd Banks reclin'd,
I to the pale Moon pour'd thy plaintive Lay;
Smooth roll'd the Waves, more gently Sigh'd the Wind,
And *Echo* stole the tender Notes away.
- [6.] Sweet *Elves* and *Fays*, that o'er the Shadowy Plains
Their mystic Rites and mazy Dance pursue,

Tun'd their light Minstrelsy to softer Strains,
And from thy Lays their melting Music drew.

- [7.] Sweet Son of *Fancy*! may the white rob'd *Hours*
Shed their kind influence on thy gentle breast;
May Hebe strew thy vernal path with Flow'rs
Blest in thy Love, and in thy Friendship blest.
- [8.] Smooth as thy Numbers may thy Years advance,
Pale *Care* and *Pain* their speeding darts suspend;
May *Health*, and *Fancy*, lead the chearfull Dance,
And *Hope* for ever her fair Torch extend.
- [9.] For thee may *Fame* her fairest Chaplets twine,
Each fragrant Bloom, that paints Aonia's Brow,
Each Flow'r, that blows by Alcidale, be thine;
With the chaste Laurel's never-fading Bough.
- [10.] On thee may faithful Friendship's cordial Smile
Attendant wait to soothe each rising Care;
The Nymph thou lov'st be thine, devoid of Guile,
Mild, Virtuous, Kind, Compassionate and Fair.

[11.] May thy Sweet Lyre still charm the gen'rous Mind,
Thy liberal Muse the Patriot Spirit raise;
While in thy Page to latest time consign'd,
Virtue receives the Meed of polish'd praise.

A Rural Meditation.
By Miss Steel.⁹

What soft delight the peaceful bosom warms,
When nature, drest in all her vernal charms,
Around the beauteous landscape smiles serene,
And crowns with ev'ry gift the lovely scene!
In ev'ry gift the donor shines confest,
And heav'nly bounty cheers the grateful breast.
Now lively verdure paints the laughing meads,
And o'er the fields wide-waving plenty spreads.
Here woodbines climb dispensing odour round,
There smiles the pink, with humble beauties crown'd;
And while the flowers their various charms disclose,
Queen of the garden, shines the blushing rose.
The fragrant tribes display their sweetest bloom,
And ev'ry breezy whisper breathes perfume.
 But this delightful season must decay;
The year rolls on, and steals its charms away.
How swift the gaily transient pleasure flies!
Stern winter comes, and every beauty dies.
The fleeting bliss, while pensive thought deplores,
The mind in search of nobler pleasures soars;
And seeks a fairer PARADISE on high,
Where beauties rise and bloom, that never die.
There winter ne'er invades with hostile arms,
But everlasting spring displays her charms:
Celestial fragrance fills the blest retreats,
Unknown to earth in all her flow'ry sweets.

⁹The author is Anne Steele (1717–78). JW published several items from her three-volume *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (1780) in the *Arminian Magazine*; but in this case JW's source for her poem, and several that follow, is William Giles, *A Collection of Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects, selected from Various Authors* (London: M. Lewis, 1775), 49–50

Enraptur'd there the mind unwearied roves
Through flow'ry Paths, and ever-verdant Groves;
Such blissful Groves not happy Eden knew,
Nor fancy's boldest pencil ever drew.
No Sun departing, leaves the scene to mourn,
To droop and languish for his kind return;
Or with short visits cheers the wintry hours,
And faintly smiles on nature's drooping pow'rs.
But there the DEITY himself displays
The bright effulgence of his glorious Rays;
Immortal life and Joy his smile bestows,
And boundless bliss for ever, ever flows.

**Reflections at an Inn by the sea-
side, after a dangerous Voyage.**
By the Rev. Mr. Jones, Vicar of Caldicot.¹⁰

Bring me, O bring me to my Juliet's arms,
Whose beauty glads me, and whose virtue charms:
O! snatch me swift from these tumultuous scenes,
To where love knows not what affliction means:
To where religion, peace, and comfort dwell,
And cheer with heavenly rays my lonely cell:
To where no ruffling winds, no raging seas,
Disturb the muse amidst her pensive ease:
Each passion calm; each mild affection mine;
Each social grace; each human; each divine;
Unknown in private, or in public strife,
Soft sailing down the placid stream of life:
Aw'd by no terrors, with no cares perplex'd,
This life—my gentle passage—to the next:
Yet, if it please thee best—thou power supreme!
To drive my bark thro' life's more rapid stream;
If lowring storms my destin'd course attend,
And ocean rage 'till this black voyage end;

¹⁰Source: Giles, *Collection of Poems*, 53–54.

Let ocean rage—let storms indignant roar,
I bow submissive; and resign'd, adore:
Resign'd, adore; in various changes try'd,
Thy own lov'd Son, my anchor, and my guide:
Resign'd, adore; whate'er thy will decree,
My faith in Jesus, and my hope in thee.
O happiest lot! if thro' a sea of woes,
I reach the harbour where the just repose!

An Exhortation

“Watch.”¹¹

Have angels sinn'd, and shall not man beware?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind:
None are supinely good: thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the sea of combat, not of rest;
Man's is laborious happiness at best,
On this side death, his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

A Poem

**Sacred to the memory of a dearly
beloved and only daughter, who died
in the eleventh year of her age.**

Written by her mourning Father.¹²

A common theme a flatt'ring muse may fire,
To raise our passions, tho' she sung for hire;
And may our praises or our pity steal,
By feigning transports which she does not feel;
But when the song from native love proceeds,
And paints the anguish of a heart that bleeds;

¹¹Excerpt from Edward Young's, "The Last Day", lines 105–14; as it appeared in Giles, *Collection of Poems*, 63.

¹²Source: Giles, *Collection of Poems*, 82–88. The author is identified as "Mr. H." when this poem appeared in *Gentleman's Magazine* (1731), 261–62.

The mourning muse exerts superior skill,
And dips in tears th' incosalable¹³ quill;
Our bosoms then with rising sorrows glow,
And grief spontaneous will from nature flow.

Ah! what is life, that thoughtless wish of all?
A drop of honey, in a draught of gall;
A half existence, or a waking dream,
A bitter fountain, with a muddy stream;
A tale, a shaddow, a delusive sound,
That's lost with mourning, and with sorrow found;
A fading landscape, painted upon clay,
The source of care, and idol of a day;
The sweet deluder of a restless mind,
Which, if 'twas lost, how few would wish to find!

Untimely thus the infant budding rose,
By some rude hand is cropt before it blows;
Away the little soul of fragrance flies,
And blooming beauty unregarded dies;
Snatch from the parent stem where once it grew,
Embalm'd in odours and the morning dew.

I know the stroke is from the hand divine,
To whom I may complain; tho' not repine.
Tho' I deplore my loss, and wish it less,
Yet I will kiss the rod, and acquiese;
A Saviour's blood shall supersede my fears,
And love paternal justify my tears.

When death at first besieg'd this little fort,
The feeble outworks were the tyrant's sport;
A fever made the first attack in form,
And then convulsions took it soon by storm.
Succours without were weak, like those within,
The guards were sickly, and the walls were thin;
In bad repair the gates and citadel,
And then no wonder that so soon it fell;
Death's icy hands the lovely fabric spoil'd,
He got a victim, but I lost my child.—

¹³I.e., "inconsolable."

Five mournful days with trembling hand and heart,
I play'd the whole artillery of art;
Five nights I past in sorrow, like the day,
And almost mourn'd my own sad life away;
But when the most, that art could do, was tried,
Her lease of life was cancell'd, and she died:—
“She died,”—the conscious whisp'ring winds reply,
And I (unhappy father!) saw her die!
I saw her die! Can I the deed forgive?
How can I bear to say I did—and live?

Whilst nature yet maintain'd a doubtful strife,
And death sat brooding on the verge of life;
E'en then—when all the hopes of life were fled,
I and the angels waiting round her bed,
(They to conduct her to the realms of day,
And I, to weep, to sigh, to mourn, to pray)
I kiss'd her lips, I wip'd her dying face,
And took the father's and the nurse's place;
With bleeding heart I heard her dying groans,
And met with equal agony, her moans:
Each sigh was as a dagger in my heart.

We knew we must, but oh! were loth to part
I mourn'd, I wept, I gave a loose to grief,
And had recourse to all things for relief;
But all in vain—the last effort I make,
I gave—but oh! she had not strength to take:
Her flutt'ring pulse with intermission play'd,
And then her heart its palpitation stay'd;
And thus thro' all the forms of death she past,
'Till with a sigh, she gently breath'd her last.

Oh! where are now those dear obedient hands,
So pleas'd to execute my whole commands?
Where are those feet, so early taught to run,
As lightning swift, unwearied as the sun?
Where are those arms, that with such passion strove
To clasp my neck, and stifle me with love?
Where now those lips, where mine were fond to dwell,
Or where that breath that ravish'd with the smell?
Where is that tongue, whose prattle charm'd mine ears?
Where fled the hopes of my declining years?

Where is that face, so pleasant when she smil'd?
Or where's the woman acting in the child?
Where those dear eyes, that with such sweetness shone?
Or rather where are all my comforts gone?
Where is that heart so near to truth allied,
That never disobey'd, but when she died?
Where is that breast, where virtue once did grow,
As roses sweet, and white as falling snow?
They're buried all in the voracious grave,
Where kings are levell'd with the meanest slave.
The wise and great, when there they make their bed,
Are equall'd with the wretch that begs his bread;
But there the wicked can no more oppress,
And there the weary find a calm recess;
And this does all my expectations crown,
That I to her shall there go quickly down.
'Till then, this hope shall mitigate my woe,
And dry those tears that now profusely flow;
That when by heav'n's command I quit the stage,
Bow'd down by time, and quite fatigu'd with age;
My bones shall rest in quiet by her side,
Like a fond bridegroom sleeping by his bride;
'Till the last day shall both to life restore,
When death shall die, and time shall be no more.
This distant view does equal pleasure give,
As now my soul is conscious that I live.

And thou that once wast my delight and pride,
In whom I hop'd to have a nurse and guide,
When feeble age should bow my hoary head,
And pain or sickness fix me to my bed;
If I may, guiltless, call upon thy name,
And ask a boon without incurring blame;
Tho' thou art happy now among the blest,
Indulge thy mourning father's last request.

When some kind angel from this world below
Shall bring the news (for sure the angels know)
And shall to thee, and kindred spirits tell,
That mine has orders to forsake her shell;

And be translated to the realms of light,
Where faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight;
Do thou with heav'nly raptures meet my ghost,
On th' utmost limits of that happy coast;
And thence attend me to the throne of grace,
To view my Saviour's reconciled face;
And taste of joys ineffable and new;
'Till then my little saint, adieu, adieu.

To a Child of a Month Old.

By J. C.¹⁴

Blest babe, who stranger to all worldly strife,
Art lately launch'd upon the sea of life,
And midst those dang'rous waves wilt soon be tost,
Where some by pleasure, some by pain are lost,
Who yet nor feel'st, nor fear'st to feel the rage
Of storms, that threaten man's maturer age,
But view'st with careless and indifferent eyes,
The clouds of folly that around thee rise.
Accept, not fear infection from my song:
Few authors flatter at an age so young.

Look round the habitable world, and see
Who would not wish to change their place with thee;
Tired of the state they know not how to mend,
All praise the dawn of life, yet court its end:
Would not the miser broach each fav'rite mine,
His heart as easy, thoughts as free as thine?
What would the hoary villain not endure,
His hands as innocent, his soul as pure?
Would not the spend thrift beg his squander'd ore
To purchase half the bliss thou hast in store?
The rake quit follies once so us'd to please,
For gew-gaws, rattles, and a heart at ease?

Ne'er was a maxim truer sure than this,
The want of innocence, is want of bliss;
'Tis this, 'tis innocence thy bosom chears,
This calms thy troubles, this dispels thy fears;

¹⁴Source: Giles, *Collection of Poems*, 105–7. The poem seems to have appeared first in *Gentleman's Magazine* (1743), 549–50.

This spreads o'er all its beautifying rays,
Makes ev'ry object, ev'ry play-thing please;
This (whilst less things the guilty breast can awe)
Gives music to a key, or beauty to a straw.
So thro' the prism to philosophic eyes,
The barren lawns in pleasing prospect rise;
Steep hills in azure tempt the distant sight,
Waste wilds look lovely in a borrow'd light;
Deck'd by the glass the cottage apes the throne,
And shines in colours that were ne'er its own.

Long may this pleasing calm remain within,
Unknown to trouble, as unknown to sin:
When infant reason shall begin to rise,
Prate on thy lips, and wanton in thine eyes,
O may this charm thy ev'ry care beguile,
Assist thy prattle, and improve thy smile!
When growing sense, to rip'ning judgment join'd,
Shall fix a doubtful empire in thy mind,
If heat of blood with wanton frenzy warm,
If ease should tempt thee, or if pleasure charm,
O! may this love of virtue, love of truth,
Lead thee still safe thro' all the paths of youth!
Next when thy part in life's still varying plan
Shall call thee forward on the stage of man,
O may it keep thee honest, gen'rous, just,
True to thy word, and cautious of thy trust,
Light in thy soul devotion's sacred flame,
Make pure religion thy continued aim!
And last when manhood's vigour shall decay,
Time shake thy head, and silver 't o'er with grey,
Long may this sov'reign remedy remain,
To prop thy weakness, and assuage thy pain,
'Till the last moment shed its kindly ray,
And glad the ev'ning of thy well-spent day!

Reflections
On the vain pursuits and imperfect
enjoyments of human life.¹⁵

Life like a play-thing, humours us a while;
We prize the bauble, as it tinkets smile;
Each glitt'ring trifle stills us for a day,
Then children like we throw that toy away;
With froward minds we long for something new,
And still a vain variety pursue.
The distant object which we covet most,
If once enjoy'd, is in possession lost:
Those hills from far with seeming verdure crown'd,
A closer view has bleak, and barren found.
Led on by hope, we tread the fairy maze,
And eager grasp at something still to please.
A dear bought wisdom disappointment shews;
In life's blank lott'ry, all may fear to lose.
The miser anxious for his hoarded gold,
Starves in abundance, and in want grows old;
With squeezing palm he gripes his mammon fast,
And clinches closer as he breathes his last:
For strangers, hoards his piles of mouldy pelf,
Who soon shall waste what he denies himself:
Penurious madman anxious for his heap,
Lab'ring to sow, what other hands must reap.—
By midnight lamps the poring Sage has past,
His painful life, and is deceiv'd at last;
Huge volumes from his teeming thoughts he draws,
Imagin'd monuments of vast applause,
Which shall to distant years transmit him down,
And teach posterity his great renown;
Pleas'd with the prospect, he resigns his breath,
And fondly triumphs over time and death;
When lo, his works an useless lumber rot,
And are, with him, in half an age forgot.

¹⁵Source: Giles, *Collection of Poems*, 116–19.

Through foes for fame the *Soldier* hews his way,
Provoking fate, and fame shall be his pay;
For this young Ammon seeks to scale the skies,
And frantic Charles impartial fate defies:
'Twas this made heroes in all ages bleed,
That men unborn might envy ev'ry deed.

Deluded mortals labour oft in vain,
By death prevented ere they found their gain:
What gain alas can be expected here;
Where all things fail, and nothing's found sincere?
Yet human vanity asserts her claim,
And courts an empty echo for a name.
This passion prone to lowest rank descends,
The coarsest clown for clumsy fame contends;
Ambition ebbing to its vulgar lee,
Ferments in dregs, and warms each base degree;
Since life's enjoyments weigh not half its ill,
And nothing here the human soul can fill,
To distant objects she must turn her eye,
And present wants by future hopes supply;
Such hopes well grounded speak her truly wise,
And lift her wishes to their native skies;
Above the reach of rumour's feeble sounds,
And fame that circles in surviving rounds.

To grasp at happiness is all our view,
Through different track her footsteps we pursue;
While each his own fallacious path approves,
As interest leads or inclination moves:
Yet most thro' error lose their wish'd for way,
Who sets out wrong must wander far astray.

In vain much wealth for happiness we try,
Soft pleasures pall, and soon as tasted die.
Ambition giddy on its summit grows,
And crowns sit heavy on the monarch's brows;
Our knowledge too in narrow bounds confin'd,
Defrauds our hopes, and disappoints the mind;

Lo! all enjoyments are imperfect here,
And pleasure's cup is ever mixt with care.
Since all conditions there my wants proclaim,
Is then this happiness an empty name?
A mere delusion in our warm embrace?
A flitting phantom which we fondly chase?
Can nothing here the eager mind sustain?
Is health a shadow, or is virtue vain?
The one in absence we too late regard,
The other fails, nor is its own reward:
Continu'd health's true value's seldom known
And virtue's strangely out of fashion grown.

As they who sail by India's fragrant shore,
Relax their speed, and ev'ry gale devour;
Bask in the breezes breath'd from spicy lands,
Yet sound the rocks, and shun the shelving sands;
To their intended coast they slowly steer,
Enjoy the passage but not anchor there;
So we through life with calm content should roam,
Endure the journey, nor mistake our home.
What here we reap is for refreshment giv'n,
Convenient stages in our way to heav'n:
What taste of happiness we find below,
Must from Religion's sacred fountain flow;
When gentle passions move obedient still,
And reason rules, and wisdom guides the will;
This soul-felt calm can ev'ry ill remove,
And gives an earnest of the joys above;
Draws the bright scene, unfolds the gates of bliss,
A life celestial, and begun in this.

**An
Ode on the Spring.
By Gray.¹⁶**

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untought harmony of spring:
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue skie
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er canopies the glade
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Croud,
How low, how little are the Proud
How indigent the Great.

¹⁶Thomas Gray (1716–71), *The Poems of Mr. Gray, to which are prefixed memoirs of his life and writings* (London: Dodsley, 1775), poems section, pp. 3–5. JW read and commented on the volume Dec. 4–5, 1776 (see *Journal, Works*, 23:38–39).

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings, thy youth is flown,
Thy sun is set thy spring is gone
We frolick, while 'tis May.

**An Ode
on a Distant Prospect of
Eton College.
By Gray.¹⁷**

ἄνθρωπος ἱκανῆ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν
Menander

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,

¹⁷Gray, *Poems*, 9–14.

Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's* holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth
To breath a second spring.

* King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.¹⁸

¹⁸This explanation was in Gray's published original.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet, which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind;
Or pineing Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart
And Envy wan, and faded Care
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise
Then whirl the wretch from high
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falshood, those shall try,
And hark Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death
More hidious than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

**An
Ode
to Adversity.**

— Ζήνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὀδωσαντα
τῷ πάθει μαθᾶν θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν
Aeschylus in Agamemnon

by [Thomas] Gray.¹⁹

- [1.] Daughter of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou Tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,
The Bad affright, afflict the Best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple Tyrants vainly groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.
- [2.] When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling Child, design'd
To thee he gave the heavenly Birth,
And bad to form her infant mind.

¹⁹Gray, *Poems*, 15–17. JW published as “Hymn to Adversity” in *AM* 10 (1787): 391–92; but he was there likely taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 60–62, where it appears under that title.

Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

[3.] Sacred at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, and flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

[4.] Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground.
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity the general Friend
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

- [5.] Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease and ghastly Poverty.
- [6.] Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic Train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

**A
Sonnet
on the Death of
Mr. Richard West.
By Gray.²⁰**

In vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phoebus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or chearful fields resume their green attire:
These ears alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require.
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet Morning smiles the busy race to chear,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain,
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

²⁰Gray, *Poems*, 60.

**An
Elegy
Occasioned by the Death of a Lady.
By Mr. Beatt[ie].²¹**

Still shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream!
On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
Shall heedless Hope his towering fabrick raise!
Till at Death's touch th' ideal glories fly,
And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;
And, from the bowers of fairy beauty torn,
The startled soul awakes to think—and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Whose flowery scenes in endless view survey,
Glittering in beams of visionary day!
O, yet while fate delays th' impending woe
Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;
Lest, like the lightening's glance, the sudden ill,
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill:
Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
Like me ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce Heavens sacred doom severe.

²¹James Beattie, *Original Poems and Translations* (London: A. Millar, 1760), 40–46.

Wise! Beautiful! Good!—O every grace combin'd
That charms the eye that captivates the mind!
Fair as the flowret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild, as the strains, that, at the close of day
Warbling remote, along the vales decay!—
Yet, why with those compar'd? What tints so fine
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine?
Why roam abroad? Since still, to fancy's eyes
I see I see thy lovely form arise!
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the graces smile;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright
Where meekness beams ineffable delight;
That brow where wisdom sits enthron'd serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspir'd, O Virtue, Age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue:
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,

Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies,
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes
Each look, each accent, while it awes, invites
And Age with every youthful grace delights.
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams
Resistless on the view the glory streams,
The extatic breast triumphant Virtue warms,
And beauty dazzles with angelic charms.

Ah whither fled!—ye dear illusions stay!—
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay!
How are the roses on that lip decay'd,
Which Health in all the pride of bloom array'd!
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd
With active life each speaking feature glow'd,
Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal skie;
Elate with hope, we deem'd no tempest nigh;
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand, that soothed Woe's weary head!
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed!
All mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole
Infusing balm into the rankled soul!—
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the weed, yet lop the lovely flower!

Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven!
Is Virtue then no more the care of heaven!—
But peace, bold thought! be still, my bursting heart!
We, not Eliza, felt the fatal dart.
'Scaped the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
Nor bless the hand that broke the galling chain?
Say, pines not virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
Where reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow
O'er the dun gloom, a dreadful glimmering throw;
Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye—
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy seas in storm perpetual tost,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
O happy stroke that bursts the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The falling tear, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! afresh the swimming eye o'erflowes,
Nor check the tear that streams for human woes;
Lo, o'er her dust, in speechless anguish, bend
The hopeless Parent, Husband, Brother, Friend!

How vain the hope of man!—But cease thy strain,
Nor sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping mourners o'er her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

Elegy.²²

[By James Beattie.]

- [1.] Exults the fluttering heart, O Mortal-born,
If fame pronounce thee beautiful and wise,
If pompous blazonry thy name adorne!
Approach with trembling awe, where—lies;
- [2.] And pause; and know thy boasted honours vain.
Vain all the gifts that fortune can bestow.
Late shone around Her all the gorgeous train
But shine not round the mouldering dust below.
- [3.] Gaz'd at from far by Envy's lifted eye
What then avails to deck th' exalted scene,
If there the blasting storms of anguish fly,
If frailty there displays her withering mein?
- [4.] But Virtue, (sacred plant !) no soil disdains;
The plant that Frailty's fiercest frown defies.

²²James Beattie, *Poems on Several Subjects*, New edition (London: W. Johnston, 1766), 84–88.
JW read this volume on Dec. 15, 1775 (see *Journal, Works*, 22:479).

Retir'd it blooms amid the lowly plains
Or decks the mountain's brow that mates the skies;

- [5.] And there conspicuous forms the Pilgrim's bower,
When sorrow darts direct the feverish ray;
And forms his shelter from the tempest's power
In stern Oppression's desolating day.
- [6.] This, Grandeur, be thy praise; 'tis more than fame.
This praise was Hers; yet not to this confin'd,
Hers was the indulgent soul untaught to blame,
Hers all the graces of the mildest mind.
- [7.] Slight is your wound, who mourn a Guardian lost,
Though grief's sharp sting now prompt the pious sigh;
He lives, the friend of man, the muse's boast,
And bounties hand shall wipe your streaming eye.
- [8.] But ah what balm shall heal *his* bleeding heart,
Who for the Friend, and for the Lover mourns?
Of all the joys that friendship can impart
When love's divinest flame united burns;
- [9.] Possess'd so late! but now possess'd no more!—
Thus triumphs fate o'er all that charms below;

Thus curbs the storm till joy's meridian hour,
To wrap the smiling scene in darker woe.

- [10.] Sole object of a Mother's tender care,
Could ought of song avail to ease thy pain;
Or charm a Parent's, Sister's, Friend's despair;
Fain would the Muse attempt some soothing strain.
- [11.] But what can sooth when Hope denies her aid!
Far in the silent depth of yonder gloom,
Where the weak lamp wan wavers o'er the *Dead*,
She hides in sable dust her sparkling plume.
- [12.] T' enrage their smart, Remembrance wakes severe
And bids the vanish'd years again to roll;
Again they seem that soothing voice to hear,
Again those looks shoot transport to the soul.
- [13.] The vision flies and leaves the mind to mourn,
Saddening each scene that pleas'd while She was by,
For ah those vanish'd years no more return;
Mute the soft voice, and clos'd the gentle eye.
- [14.] Come, Resignation, with uplifted brow
And eye of rapture smiling though in tears,

Come, for thou lovest the silent house of woe,
When no fond friend th' abandon'd mansion cheers.

[15.] Come, for 'tis thine to sooth the mourner's smart,
The throbs of hopeless anguish to controul
With healing balm to point Death's level'd dart,
And melt in heavenly dreams the parting soul.

[16.] We mark'd Thy triumphs in that hour of dread;
When from Her eyes that looked a last adieu,
Each weeping friend seem'd vanishing in shade,
And darkening slow the swimming scene withdrew.

[17.] 'Twas then Her pale cheek caught Thy rapturous smile
Thy chearing whispers calm'd her labouring breast,
And hymns of quiring angels charm'd the while
Till the weak frame dissolv'd in endless rest.

Madness.²³

[By Rev. Thomas Penrose.]

Swell the Clarion sweep the string,
 Blow into rage the Muse's fires!
All thy answer echo bring
 Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
 'Tis Madness self inspires.
 Hail awfull Madness, hail!
 Thy realm extends thy powers prevail,
 Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail,
 Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee*;
 Folly—Folly's only free.
 Hark!—To the astonish'd ear
 The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
 They now approach they now appear,
Phrenzy leads her *Chorus* near,
 And Demons dance around.—
 Pride—Ambition idly vain,
 Revenge and Malice swell her train,—
 Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
 Hope in disappointment lost—
 And injur'd Merit with a downcast eye,
 (Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.
 Loud the shouts of Madness rise,
 Various voices, various cries,—
 Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
 Bursts of laughter—heart felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.—
 Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
 On Thule's desert shores
 Wild raving to th' unfeeling air
 The fetter'd Maniac foams along
 (Rage the Burthen of his jarring song)
 In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.
 No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
 All former scenes of dear delight,

²³1776 Monthly Review. Thomas Penrose (1742–79), *Poems by the Rev. Thomas Penrose* (London: J. Walter, 1781), 31–37; but JW may have been taking this from an earlier appearance in a periodical, like *The Edinburgh Magazine and Review* 3 (1775): 366–67.

Connubial love—parental joy
No sympathies like these his soul employ,—
But all is dark within, all, furious black Despair.
Not so the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting soft desires.
She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reason still the same.—
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to Pity's tears, the poor distracted fair.
Dead to the World—her fondest wishes crost,
She mourns herself thus early lost.—
Now sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude?—
'Tis he the Momus of the flighty train—
Merry mischief fills his brain.
Blanket rob'd, and antic crown'd
The mimic monarch skips around;
Big with conceit of dignity he smiles
And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.
Laughter was there—but mark that groan
Drawn from the inmost soul!
“Give the knife, Demons, or the poison'd bowl,
“To finish miseries equal to your own.”—
Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—
—'Tis devotion's ruin'd child.—
Sunk in the emphasis of grief
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou fair religion wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make man happy, good, and wise.
To point where sits in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God and Father of us all.
First shewn by Thee thus glow'd the gracious scene,
'Till Superstition fiend of woe,
Bad doubts to rise, and tears to flow
And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.
Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet lingring flies,
And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependance lies.
But ah!—too thick they crowd—too thick they throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—
Spare farther the descriptive song—
Nature shudders at the sight.—
Protract not, curious ears the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless groupe low drop Compassion's veil.