

FAREWELL STANZAS ON LEAVING COOKHAM\*,

IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1781,

WHEN MR. B. WAS NOT QUITE EIGHTEEN YEARS

OLD, TWO YEARS AFTER HE LEFT

ETON-SCHOOL.

TO MRS. MALTHUS.

YE nymphs and swains, so innocently gay,  
 Who dwell where Thames rolls on his silver way;  
 Where'er in Cookham's lov'd retreats you stray,  
 To you a wand'rer gives his parting lay;  
 Nor will he e'er forget those blissful days,  
 Where on your banks he tun'd his artless lays;

\* Cookham and Taplow were at that time inhabited by a number of such families as few neighbourhoods could then, can now, boast; many gentlemen of great learning, many ladies, mothers and daughters, with highly-cultivated minds, by which is not meant that they had a smattering of Latin or Greek. With these Mr. B.'s family lived in great intimacy.

To you his Muse this parting tribute pays,  
 And sings, but sings unbrib'd, your modest praise.  
 But now a long farewell, ye nymphs, ye swains;  
 With you no more I tread the verdant plains,  
 No more with you I share my joys, my pains,  
 Nor shall you hear again my plaintive strains:  
 But ere, lov'd Thames, thy flow'ry banks I leave,  
 Where oft I've hail'd th' approach of sober eve,  
 Do thou, whilst Fate permits a short reprieve\*,  
 Do thou, dear Thames †, this parting wish receive;  
 "O! ever gently flow, thou hallow'd stream!  
 O! may thy waves be still the Muse's theme!  
 When on thy banks pale Cynthia sheds her beam,  
 O! there may Fancy gild the Poet's dream!"

\* Dr. Berkeley put off his journey to the university of St. Andrew, whither he accompanied his son, from February, when he meant to have set out, until April.

† The pleasure-grounds at Dr. B.'s house at Cookham go quite down to the Thames.