

## L L A N I E S.

milder virtues known,  
circle with her own.

M I S C E L L A N I E S. 143

and the mournful crest,  
a sister's breast ;  
I live, by time improv'd,  
ince thy own, be lov'd ;  
lings and Queens a Friend,  
y life, and bles'd thy end ;  
nners void of art,  
g Benevolence of heart.

## L I F E.

(Occasion'd by some lines upon DEATH.)

These shall all decay,  
These shall all decay ;  
erse to endless day :  
erse to endless day ;  
tain'd the faithful part,  
tain'd the faithful part,  
ezing all her heart,  
ezing all her heart,  
round it's center move,  
round it's center move,  
rmony and Love,

SAY, *Delia*, has not Death a pain  
Beyond what mortals fear, or feign ?  
Beyond th' oppressor's scourge, or scorn ?  
Beyond what suff'ring worth may mourn ?  
Do not the wise, the learn'd, the great,  
At his approach, appall'd, retreat ?  
Do not the brave with horror start,  
And, shock'd, betray th' unconquer'd heart ?  
To Death for ease we fly in vain,  
And pleasure lose for certain pain.

Nor is this all. The conscious mind  
Connects an awful scene behind :  
Where ev'ry crime shall be expos'd,  
And ev'ry secret guilt disclos'd ;  
Where hearts unus'd to melt, shall bleed,  
And sad remorse, with pangs succeed.  
Then

Then cease awhile the doubtful strife,  
And, reconcil'd, look back on life.  
How full of smiles is it begun !

With what delight does youth glide on !  
What pleasures sparkle in our eyes,  
When first the infant passions rise !

If Love invades the sprightly veins,  
With all its cares, and pleasing pains ;  
Tho' absence heighten the distress,  
Or jealous fears disturb our peace ;  
Tho' the soft flame, with which we burn,  
Be pay'd with pride, neglect, or scorn ;  
Slight he the nymph, or she the swain,  
Yet there's a *pleasure* in the *pain*.

In *Friendship* what relief we find !  
What ease, from inf'rests thus combin'd ;  
By mutual ties of honour bound,  
How kind, how faithful, Friends are found !  
How full each word ! how fair each deed !  
(Save just in case of *real need*)

Without

M I  
Without refer-  
And by divid-

What tho'  
Strange tales  
What tho' th  
Those who d  
Yet these were  
The world is  
And in this u  
Friends are —

Next young  
Alternate joy to  
The Monarch,  
Surveys in thou  
The Peasant o  
Preferments, ri  
Till, (what for  
The vision flies  
Yet *Expectation*  
Fruition only c

## L L A N I E S.

the doubtful strife,  
back on life.  
Is it begun !

Does youth glide on !  
Le in our eyes,  
Passions rise !  
Sprightly veins, in impreg  
and pleasing pains ;  
often the distress,  
urb our peace ;  
with which we burn,  
neglect, or scorn ;

or the swain, in  
re in the pain.

at relief we find !  
nt rests thus combin'd ;  
honour bound,  
thful, Friends are found !  
d ! how fair each deed !

Without  
of real need)

M I S C E L L A N I E S.  
Without reserve their joys they share,  
And by dividing, lessen care.

145

What tho' dull moralists of old,  
Strange tales of broken faith have told ;  
What tho' there were, for private ends,  
Those who debas'd the name of friends ;  
Yet these were things done long ago,  
The world is strangely mended now !  
And in this upright age we see,  
Friends are — what they appear to be.

Next young *Ambition* smiling brings  
Alternate joy to Slaves and Kings.  
The Monarch, lo ! in transports hurl'd,  
Surveys in thought a conquer'd world.

The Peasant o'er his clod espies  
Prefers, riches, honours rise ;  
Till, (what sometimes is vastly odd)  
The vision flies, and leaves the clod :  
Yet *Expectation* gilds his joys ;  
Fruition only cures, and cloys.

Gay,

U

Gay, blooming Expectation strays  
To charming scenes, thro' charming ways;  
With wondrous art it can foresee  
What never was, nor e'er can be:  
Yet who would wish to spy the cheat?  
Or who'd not hug the dear deceit?  
Since life's prime bliss, it is believ'd,  
Consists in being — well-deceiv'd.

Nor must we laugh at, nor may blame  
The man who thirsts, or bleeds for *Fame*.  
Renown, tho' late, at length succeeds,  
To recompence his glorious deeds;  
And tho' it comes not till his fall,  
'Tis better late — than not at all.

Observe the *Man of dress*, and lace:  
How soft his air! how sweet his face!  
The youth has lov'd, and learnt to dance:  
And now he travels into *France*,  
Fresh manners to import, and mark  
The sword-knot of the *Grand Monarque*.

Then

M fine  
Then, fine  
Each taste  
Admires av  
And tiring  
Walks off,  
And takes,  
Enquires —  
(His own h  
Then, as I  
To frugal  
And ends a  
Nor You  
*Age* has its  
Who envies  
Who seemin  
Yet that on  
Supports him  
Amidst a th  
And think i  
The vener  
In long, infi

## LANIE S.

ation strays

thro' charming ways;  
can foresee  
ever can be:  
to spy the cheat?  
dear deceit?  
it is believ'd,  
*all-deceiv'd.*

## MISCELLANIES. 147

Then, fine and finish'd, homeward roves,  
Each taste corrects, refines, improves;  
Admires awhile, and is admir'd;  
And tiring others, till he's tir'd,  
Walks off, a little sick of life,  
And takes, by way of cure, a Wife:  
Enquires — whose house is to be let,  
(His own being quitted for a debt)

Then, as his finances require,  
To frugal *Yorkshire* does retire,  
And ends a plain, contented 'Squire.

at, nor may blame  
or bleeds for *Fame*.  
At length succeeds,

Nor Youth alone has joy in view,  
*Age* has its satisfactions too.  
Who envies not the miser's store?  
Who seeming rich, and really poor,  
Yet that one passion, lust of gain,  
Supports him under ev'ry pain:  
Amidst a thousand ills he'll thrive,  
And think it *worth his while* to live.

The venerable Sage, who deals  
In long, insipid, ancient tales,  
Who

he *Grand Monarque*. Then

## 148 MISCELLANIES.

Who dwells on feats of former times,  
And loudly taxes modern crimes ;  
Whose tedious lore at morn's begun,  
And ends but with the setting sun ;  
At ninety odd, this happy man  
Repines, that life is but a span !  
That as the sparks fly upwards all,  
So mortal man is doom'd to fall !  
That flesh is grass; and like the flow'r,  
Springs, blooms, and dies within an hour ! —  
More truths, perhaps, he might unfold ;  
But ah ! he dies; his tale is told.

Nor are these all the joys of age;  
*Love* may exert its feebler rage  
Thro' each re-animated vein,  
Enliv'ning all the heart again :  
Past scenes restoring to its view,  
And warmth, as well as youth renew.  
Nor this prepost'rous call, or strange ;  
Winter itself, grown old, will change,

And

M

And put Sp  
Pervaded byDelia, if  
Can pass it  
Or all-enan  
Would act  
If these car  
What joys  
Who leads,  
Fair Virtue  
The constaWith De  
Whose sou  
Her Friend  
A gen'rous  
Ambitious —  
And be su  
And hence  
Our just r

L L A N I E S,  
of former times,  
When crimes ;  
at morn's begun,  
the setting sun;

happy man  
but a span !  
fly upwards all,  
com'd to fall !  
and like the flow'r,  
dies within an hour ! —  
, he might unfold ;  
is tale is told.

M I S C E L L A N I E S. 149

And put Spring's youthful liv'ry on,  
Pervaded by the gen'rous sun, has made ev'ry  
*Delia*, if this is Life, and these joy not will  
Can pass it off with so much ease; *Friendship* bra  
Or all-enamour'd with the scene, { *ed. 31*) bra  
Would act it o'er and o'er again : *gold chain* A  
If these can taste the present hour,  
What joys has *Wisdom* in her pow'r !  
Who leads, with lasting pleasure blest,  
Fair *Virtue*, ever-cheerful guest ! }  
The constant inmates of your breast.

With *Delia*, *Love's* a gentle flame, *W*  
Whose source is honour and esteem.  
Her *Friendship* still is more refin'd, *gold chain*  
A gen'rous sympathy of mind. *gold chain*  
*Ambitious* — only to excell,  
And be supreme in doing well. *gold chain*  
And hence, as a reward, may claim *gold chain*  
Our just returns of Praise, and *Fame*, *gold chain*  
*old friend* And

With *Delia*, *Love's* a gentle flame, *W*  
Whose source is honour and esteem.  
Her *Friendship* still is more refin'd, *gold chain*  
A gen'rous sympathy of mind. *gold chain*  
*Ambitious* — only to excell,  
And be supreme in doing well. *gold chain*  
And hence, as a reward, may claim *gold chain*  
Our just returns of Praise, and *Fame*, *gold chain*  
*old friend* And

M

Live then, and condescend to taste, hobby-ha !  
 Tho' you're disgusted with the feast ;  
 Live for your own, for Virtue's sake,  
 And Pleasure with the Wife partake :  
 And (if the fates so much decree)  
 A little longer live — for Me.

Written at her  
 Apartment in *Windfor-Castle.*

My Lady !  
 In tra-  
 Fringes no  
 Ev'n .  
 Thus all f-  
 While  
 To knot a  
 Is all

B I

I.

**W**HILST You, dear Maid, to soft alarms  
 Resign the genial hour, and *God A*  
 Forsaking all for HENRY's charms, am i ex-  
 Your own, and Ours no more : *enoy eny*

II.  
*of who — — — — —*  
 I lean my philosophic head in *enoy eny* ed ha  
 On table cold as clay,  
 And read — good Gods, how I do read ! *am no*  
 My very soul away.

My

**C**OM  
 Once  
 Bid it shin  
 Brightest, si  
 For her ful  
 Soon must  
 See ! She h  
 In another