



To the MEMORY of the same L A D Y,

A M O N O D Y. A. D. 1747.

*Ipsæ cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,  
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,  
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

By the Same.

I.

**A**T length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,  
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,  
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,  
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,  
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,  
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,  
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,  
And pour forth all my stores of grief,  
Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe,  
Far as the purest blifs, the happiest love  
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,  
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move  
Our gross desires, inelegant, and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,  
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,  
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,  
Oft have you my LUCY seen!



But never shall you now behold her more :

Nor will she now with fond delight  
 And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.  
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,  
 Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine  
 Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

## III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice  
 To hear her heav'nly voice,  
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,  
 The sweetest songsters of the spring :  
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more ;  
 The nightingale was mute,  
 And ev'ry shepherd's flute  
 Was cast in silent scorn away,  
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.  
 Ye larks and linnets now resume your song,  
 And thou, melodious Philomel,  
 Again thy plaintive story tell.  
 For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,  
 Whose musick could alone your warbling notes excel.

## IV.

In vain I look around  
 O'er all the well-known ground  
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;  
 Where oft we us'd to walk,  
 Where oft in tender talk  
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;

Nor



Nor by yon fountain's side,  
 Nor where its waters glide  
 Along the valley, can she now be found :  
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound  
 No more my mournful eye  
 Can aught of her espy,  
 But the sad facred earth where her dear relicks lie.

## V.

O shades of H—y, where is now your boast?  
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.  
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts  
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,  
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.  
 Her modest beauties shun'd the publick eye :  
 To your sequester'd dales  
 And flow'r-embroider'd vales  
 From an admiring world she chose to fly ;  
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,  
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,  
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,  
 But those, the gentlest and the best,  
 Whose holy flames with energy divine  
 The virtuous heat enliven and improve,  
 The conjugal, and the maternal love.

## VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,  
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns



By your delighted Mother's side,  
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?  
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care  
 To ev'ry Virtue would have form'd your Youth,  
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of Truth?  
 O loss beyond repair!  
 O wretched Father left alone  
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!  
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,  
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,  
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,  
 Now she, alas! is gone,  
 From folly, and from vice, their helpless age to save?

## VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate  
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,  
 From these fond arms that vainly strove  
 With hapless ineffectual Love  
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?  
 Could not your fav'ring power, Aonian maids,  
 Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date,  
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,  
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,  
 You open'd all your sacred store,  
 Whate'er your ancient fages taught,  
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,  
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?



## VIII.

Nor then did Pindus' or Castalia's plain,  
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,  
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play ;  
 Nor then on <sup>a</sup> Mincio's bank  
 Beset with osiers dank,  
 Nor where <sup>b</sup> Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,  
 Nor where through hanging woods  
 Steep <sup>c</sup> Anio pours his floods,  
 Nor yet where <sup>d</sup> Meles, or <sup>e</sup> Ilissus stray,  
 Ill does it now beseem,  
 That, of your guardian care bereft,  
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

## IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,  
 When light fantastic toys  
 Are all her sex's joys,  
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome ?  
 And all that in her latter days  
 To emulate her ancient praise

<sup>a</sup> *The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of VIRGIL.*

<sup>b</sup> *The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of PROPERTIUS.*

<sup>c</sup> *The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where HORACE had a villa.*

<sup>d</sup> *The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HOMER, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melisigenes.*

<sup>e</sup> *The Ilissus is a river at Athens.*



Italia's happy genius could produce ;  
 Or what the Gallic fire  
 Bright-sparkling could inspire,  
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;  
 Or what in Britain's isle,  
 Most favour'd with your smile,  
 The pow'rs of reason and of fancy join'd  
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?  
 Ah what is now the use  
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,  
 To black oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd ?

## X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name  
 'Tis yours from death to save,  
 And in the temple of immortal Fame  
 With golden characters her worth engrave.  
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,  
 And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb.  
 But foremost thou, in fable vestment clad,  
 With accents sweet and sad,  
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn  
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,  
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay  
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetick lay.

## XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face  
 Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace !  
 How eloquent in ev'ry look  
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke !



Tell how her manners by the world refin'd  
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,  
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree  
 With candid Truth's simplicity,  
 And uncorrupted Innocence !  
 Tell how to more than manly sense  
 She join'd the soft'ning influence  
 Of more than female tenderness :  
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,  
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,  
 Her kindly-melting heart,  
 To ev'ry want, and ev'ry woe,  
 To guilt itself when in distress  
 The balm of pity would impart,  
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !  
 Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life  
 Beneath the bloody knife,  
 Her gentle tears would fall,  
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

## XII.

Not only good and kind,  
 But strong and elevated was her mind :  
 A spirit that with noble pride  
 Could look superior down  
 On Fortune's smile, or frown ;  
 That could without regret or pain  
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice  
 Or int'rest's or ambition's highest prize ;  
 That injur'd or offended never try'd



Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,  
 But by magnanimous disdain,  
 A wit that temperately bright,  
 With inoffensive light  
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past  
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,  
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,  
 And bashful Modesty before it cast.  
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,  
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,  
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,  
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.  
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days  
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,  
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom  
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

## XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,  
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,  
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,  
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,  
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head :  
 From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,  
 On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen ;  
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,  
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen :  
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride

A sudden



A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,  
 Cold with perpetual snows :  
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

## XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elyfian bowers,  
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,  
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,  
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;  
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,  
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,  
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,  
 With which o'er many a land  
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;  
 To me resign the vocal shell,  
 And teach my sorrows to relate  
 Their melancholy tale so well,  
 As may ev'n things inanimate,  
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

## XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?  
 To thee thy mistress in the blisful band  
 Of Hymen never gave her hand ;  
 The joys of wedded love were never thine,  
 In thy domestic care  
 She never bore a share,  
 Nor with endearing art  
 Would heal thy wounded heart  
 Of ev'ry secret grief that fester'd there :

Nor



Nor did her fond affection on the bed  
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head  
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,  
 And charm away the sense of pain :  
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame  
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

## XVI.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me  
 That when thy virgin charms  
 Were yielded to my arms,  
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?  
 How in the world to me a desert grown,  
 Abandon'd, and alone,  
 Without my sweet companion can I live ?  
 Without thy lovely smile,  
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,  
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give ?  
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,  
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise,

## XVII.

For my distracted mind  
 What succour can I find ?  
 On whom for consolation shall I call ?  
 Support me ev'ry friend,  
 Your kind assistance lend  
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.  
 Alas ! each friend of mine,  
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,  
 That none has any comfort to bestow.

My



My books, the best relief  
 In ev'ry other grief,  
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:  
 Each fav'rite author we together read  
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

## XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind!  
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,  
 And back return'd again,  
 Another and another smiling came,  
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain;  
 Still in her golden chain  
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:  
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.  
 O fatal, fatal stroke,  
 That all this pleasing fabrick Love had rais'd  
 Of rare felicity,  
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,  
 And ev'ry scheme of blifs our hearts had form'd,  
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,  
 In one sad moment broke!  
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,  
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,  
 Or against his supreme decree  
 With impious grief complain.  
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade  
 Was his most righteous will, and be that will obey'd.

XIX. Would



## XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,  
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain  
     Her pure exalted soul  
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?  
 No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise  
     Up to that unclouded blaze,  
 That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,  
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees  
     How frail, how insecure, how slight  
     Is ev'ry mortal bliss,  
 Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees  
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,  
     Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,  
 It does not to its sov'reign Good ascend.  
     Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,  
 And seek those regions of serene delight,  
 Whose peaceful path and ever open gate  
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.  
     There Death himself thy Luce shall restore,  
 There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.