

# **ODE TO DEATH**

**Hannah Cowley**

THOU, whose remorseless rage,  
Nor vows, nor tears assuage,  
TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raise  
The bursting notes of dauntless praise!—  
Methinks on yonder murky cloud  
Thou sit'st, in majesty severe!  
Thy regal robe a ghastly shroud!  
Thy right arm lifts th' insatiate spear!  
Such was thy glance, when, erst as from the plain,  
Where INDUS rolls his burning sand,  
Young AMMON led the victor train,  
In glowing lust of fierce command:  
As vain he cried with thund'ring voice,  
"The World is mine, rejoice, rejoice,  
"The World I've won!" Thou gav'st the wither'ing nod,  
Thy FIAT smote his heart,—he sunk,—a senseless clod!

"And art thou great?"—Mankind replies  
With sad assent of mingling sighs!  
Sighs, that swell the biting gales  
Which sweep o'er LAPLAND's frozen vales!  
And the red TROPICS' whirlwind heat  
Is with the sad assent replete!  
How fierce yon Tyrant's plummy crest!  
A blaze of gold illumines his breast,  
In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,  
He madly dares to spurn at Fate!  
But—when Night, with shadowy robe,  
Hangs upon the darken'd globe,  
In his chamber,—sad,—alone,  
By starts, he pours the fearful groan!  
From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee,  
And mutters forth a pray'r—*because* he THINKS OF THEE.

GAYLY smiles the NUPTIAL BOW'R,  
Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r!  
While the spousal pair advance,  
Mixing oft the melting gaze,  
In fondest ecstasy of praise.  
Ah! short delusive trance!  
What tho' the festival be there;—  
The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;  
And joy and harmony combine!  
TOUCH BUT THY TALISMAN, and ALL IS THINE!  
Th' insensate lovers fix in icy fold,  
And on his throbbing lyre, the Minstrel's hand is cold!

'Tis THOU canst quench the Eagle's sight  
That stems the cataract of light!  
Forbid the vernal buds to blow—  
Bend th' obedient forest low—  
And tame the monsters of the main!  
Such is thy potent reign!  
O'er earth, and air, and sea!  
Yet, art thou still DISDAIN'D BY ME.  
And, I have reason for my scorn;—  
Do I not hate the rising morn!  
The garish noon; the eve serene;  
The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive green;  
The painted pleasures' throng'd resort;  
And all the splendors of the court!  
And has not SORROW chose to dwell  
Within my hot heart's central cell;  
And are not Hope's weak visions o'er,  
Can Love, or Rapture reach me more?  
Then tho' I scorn thy stroke—I call *thee* FRIEND,  
For in thy calm embrace, my weary woes shall end.

# **ODE TO SIMPLICITY**

**Hannah Cowley**

O COME, ye fragrant gales that sweep  
The surface of the summer deep,  
Nor yet refuse to waft my lay,  
And with it fan the breast of May;  
For humble though it be,  
It hails benign *Simplicity*.

Why do we haunt the Mountain's side,  
Ere yet the curly vapours glide?  
Why mark the *op'ning buds of SPRING*,  
Or trace the shrill Lark's quiv'ring wing?  
It is, that then we see  
*Meek NATURE's sweet Simplicity*.

The length'ned shades that Evening draws,  
Of calm repose the general pause,  
The Stream that winds yon meads along,  
The Nightingale's transcendent song,  
Borrow each charm from thee,  
*O soft-ey'd Nymph, Simplicity!*

Then to thy brow, lov'd WELLS! is due,  
A lasting wreath, of various hue,  
Hung with each perfum'd flow'r that blows,  
But chief, the *Cowslip* and the *Rose*:  
For surely thou art she!  
THYSELF—*benign Simplicity!*

And when *thy MIMIC Pow'rs* are shewn,  
Each other's talents are thy own,  
Appropriate to thyself we find,  
The *Thrilling voice*, the *wounded mind*;  
The starting tear we see  
In Nature's pure *Simplicity*.

Hast thou beheld the infant Moon  
Hie to her couch, ere Night's full noon?  
Then hast thou heard the Lover train,  
In tones of sad regret complain;  
So absent, all agree,  
To mourn for lost *Simplicity*.

So when upon thy well-wrought scene,  
The curtain drops its closing green,  
We grieve the mirthful hour is past,  
And murmur that it fled so fast;  
We wish again to see  
The Beauties of *Symplicity*.

And Loveliness delights to dwell,  
Upon thy bosoms's snowy swell,  
To bid the streamy lightnings fly,  
In *liquid peril from thine eye*;  
And to each heart decree  
The Triumph of *Simplicity*.

Ah! tho' I vent'rous pour the verse,  
Unskill'd thy praises to rehearse;  
Yet may'st thou kindly smile to hear,  
For O, the Tribute is sincere!  
The off'ring paid by me,  
In *genuine TRUTH's Simplicity*.

**TO ANNA MATILDA**

**Hannah Cowley**

I KNOW thee well, enchanting Maid,  
I've mark'd thee in the silent glade,  
I've seen thee on the mountain's height,  
I've met thee in the storms of night;  
I've view'd thee on the wild beach run  
To gaze upon the setting sun;  
Then stop aghast, his ray no more,  
To hear th' impetuous surge's roar.  
Hast thou not stood with rapt'ious eye  
To trace the stary worlds on high,  
T' observe the moon's weak crescent throw  
O'er hills, and woods, a glimm'ring glow:  
Or, all beside some wizard stream,  
To watch its undulating beam?

O well thy form divine I know—  
When youthful errors brought me woe;  
When all was dreary to behold,  
And many a bosom-friend grew cold;  
Thou, thou unlike the summer crew  
That from my adverse fortune flew,  
Cam'st with melodious voice, to cheer  
My throbbing heart, and check the tear.  
From thee I learnt, 'twas vain to scan  
The low ingratitude of Man;  
Thou bad'st me Fancy's wilds to rove,  
And seek th' extatic bow'r of Love.  
When on his couch I threw me down,  
I saw thee weave a myrtle crown,  
And blend it with the shining hair  
Of *her* the Fairest of the Fair.  
For this, may ev'ry wand'ring gale  
The essence of the rose exhale.  
And pour the fragrance on thy breast,  
And gently fan thy charms to rest.  
Soon as the purple slumbers sly  
The op'ning radiance of thine eye,  
Strike, strike again the magic lyre,  
With all thy pathos, all thy fire;  
With all that sweetly-warbled grace,  
Which proves thee of celestial race.  
O then, in varying colours drest,  
And living glory stand confest,  
Shake from thy locks ambrosial dew,  
And thrill each pulse of joy a-new;  
With glowing ardours rouse my soul,  
And bid the tides of Passion roll.



But think no longer in disguise  
To screen thy beauty from mine eyes;  
Nor deign a borrow'd name to use,  
For well I know thou art *the* MUSE!

# **THE INTERVIEW**

**Hannah Cowley**

O WE HAVE MET, and now I call  
On you dark clouds that as they fall,  
Sweep their long show'rs across the plain,  
Or mingle with the clam'rous main.  
Alas! I call them here, to pour  
Around my head that gather'd store,  
While the loud gales which speed away  
To the far edge of weeping day,  
Mid the tumultuous gloom shall bear  
On their wet wings my sigh'd despair.

OF LATE—where confluent torrens crash,  
I paus'd to view the mazy dash  
Of waters, shattering in the twilight beam;  
While oft my wand'ring eye would trace  
The distant forest's solemn grace.  
As o'er its black robe hung the tawny gleam.  
Nor *then* on joys gone by, my Mem'ry dwelt,  
Nor all the pangs which wounded Friendship felt;  
But ANNA, tho' *unknown*, usurp'd my mind,  
*Alone* she claim'd the tributary tear,  
For ev'ry solace, ev'ry charm combin'd  
In the sweet madd'nings of her song sincere.

*Sudden I turn—for from a young grove's shade,  
Whose infant boughs but mock th' expecting glade,  
Sweet sounds stole forth—upborne upon the gale,  
Press'd thro' the air, and broke amidst the vale.  
Then silent walk'd the breezes of the plain,  
Or lightly wanton'd where the corn-flow'r blows,  
Or 'mongst the od'rous wild-thyme sought repose,  
Or soar'd aloft and seiz'd the hov'ring strain.*

*As the fond Lark, whose clear and piercing shake  
Bids Morning on her crimson bed awake,  
Hears from the greensward seat his fav'rite's cry,  
Drops thro' the heav'ns, and scorns the glowing sky:  
So I, soul-touch'd, th' impetuous Cat'ract leave,  
And almost seem th' ethereal waste to cleave,  
Allur'd entranc'd, I rush amidst the wood,*  
AND THERE THE SOFT MUSICIAN CONSCIOUS STOOD:  
Ah! 'twas no visionary Fair,  
Imagination's bodied air  
That now with strong illusion caught,  
Mental *creations* fled my thought,  
A *living* Angel bless'd my sight,  
Strung ev'ry nerve to new delight,

With joy's full tide bedew'd my cheek,  
'Twas ANNA's self I saw, NOR HAD I POW'R TO SPEAK.  
O then I led her to the woven bow'r,  
Where slept the Woodbine's shelter'd flow'r,  
Where bending o'er the Violet's bed  
The Rose its liquid blushes shed;  
While near the feather'd Mourner flung  
Such plaints from his enamour'd tongue,  
That all subdued at my MATILDA's feet  
I sunk, but with an agony more sweet,  
Than favour'd mortal e'er before had proved,  
Or ever yet *conceiv'd* unless like *me* he loved.

SHE SPOKE, but O! no sound was heard  
Of the wanton, rapt'rous bird,  
That climbs the morning's upmost sky,  
When first the golden vapours fly;  
But fainter was the moving measure,  
Than the Linnet's noontide leisure  
Lets the sultry breezes steal—  
Dar'st thou, my tongue! the tale reveal?

"ILL-FATED BARD!" she cried, "whose length'ning grief  
Had won the pathos of my lyre's relief,  
For whom, full oft, I've loiter'd to rehearse  
In phrenzied mood the deep impassion'd verse,  
Ill-fated Bard! from each frail hope remove,  
And shun the certain Suicide of Love:  
Lean not to me, *th' impassion'd verse is o'er,*  
Which chain'd thy heart, and forc'd thee to adore:  
*For O! observe where haughty Duty stands,*  
*Her form in radiance drest, her eye severe,*  
*Eternal Scorpions writhing in her hands*  
*To urge th' offender's unavailing tear!*  
*Dread Goddess, I obey!*  
*Ah! smooth thy awful terror-striking brow,*  
*Hear and record MATILDA's sacred vow!*  
*Ne'er will I quit th' undeviating LINE,*  
*Whose SOURCE THOU art, and THOU the LAW DI|VINE.*  
*The Sun shall be subdued, his system fade,*  
*Ere I forsake the path thy FIAT made;*  
*Yet grant one soft regretful tear to flow,*  
*Prompted by pity for a Lover's woe,*  
*O grant, without REVENGE, one bursting sigh,*  
*Ere from his desolating grief I fly.—*  
*'Tis past,—Farewel! ANOTHER claims my heart,*  
*Then wing thy sinking steps, for here we part,*

WE PART! *and listen, for the word is MINE,*  
ANNA MATILDA NEVER CAN BE THINE!"

*She ceas'd, and sudden like an evening wind  
Rushing, some prison'd tempest to unbind,  
And all regardless of the scenes it leaves,  
Skimming o'er bending blooms, and russet sheaves,  
MATILDA fled! the closing Night pursu'd,  
And the cold INGRATE scarce I longer view'd;  
Her form grew indistinct—each step more dim,  
And now a distant vapour seems to swim,  
Her white robe glistens on my eye no more,  
Its strainings are all in vain—THE FOND DELU|SION'S O'ER.\**

MY SONG SUBSIDES, yet ere I close  
The ling'ring lay that feeds my woes,  
Ere yet forgotten DELLA CRUSCA runs  
To torrid gales, or petrifying suns,  
Ere bow'd to earth my latest feeling flies,  
And the big passion settles on my eyes;  
O may this sacred sentiment be known,  
That my adoring heart is ANNA'S OWN;  
YES, ALL HER OWN, and tho' ANOTHER claim  
Her mind's rich treasure, still *I* love the same;  
And tho' ANOTHER, O how blest! has felt  
Her soften'd soul in dear delirium melt,  
While from her gaze the welcome meaning sprung,  
As on her neck in frantic joy he hung,  
Yet I *will* bear it, and tho' Hell deride,  
My pangs shall *sooth*, my curse shall be my pride.  
Nor can HE boast like me; O no, HE found  
The tranquillizing balm that cures the wound;  
HE never knew the loftier bliss, to rave,  
Without a pow'r to aid, a chance to save;  
HE never bath'd him in the Nightshade's dew,  
Nor drank the pois'nous meteors as they flew,  
Nor told his rending story to the Moon,  
Link'd with the demons of her direct noon;  
HE never *smil'd* Distraction's ills to share,  
Nor gain'd th' exalted glory of despair.

Then be it HIS, for many a year t' enfold  
Those charms, and wanton in her curls of gold,  
Drain the sweet fountain of her eye's fond stream,  
And fancy suff'rance but the wretch's *dream*;  
While *I* will prove that I deserve my fate,  
Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate,

With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,  
That envying fiends shall think it ECSTACY,  
And with fierce taunts my cherish'd griefs invade,  
Till on my pow'rless tongue the last "MATILDA" fade.

**TO ANNA MATILDA**

**Hannah Cowley**

AND art thou then, alas! like me,  
OFFSPRING of frail mortality?  
Must ruthless Time's rude touch efface  
Each lovely feature's varying grace?  
And must tow'rds earth that form incline,  
And e'en those eyes forbear to shine?  
Yet, when with icy hand he throws,  
Amongst thine auburn locks, his snows,  
The freezing influence ne'er shall dart,  
To chill thy warmly-beating heart;  
And scorning Death's oblivious hour,  
Thou shalt exult—beyond his pow'r.  
Methinks, as Passion drives along,  
As frantic grown, I feel thy Song;  
Eager I'd traverse LYBIA's plain,  
The tawny Lion's dread domain  
To meet thee there: nor flagging Fear,  
Should ever on my cheek appear:  
For e'en the Forest King obeys  
Majestic WOMAN's potent gaze.  
Or left on some resourceless shore,  
Where never ceasing billows roar;  
Which teeming clouds, and heavy hail,  
And furious hurricanes assail,  
Far to the Pole—while half the year,  
On Ebon throne sits NIGHT severe;  
And to her solitary court,  
Sea-fowl, and monsters fierce resort—  
E'en there, MATILDA! there with thee,  
Impending horrors all should flee;  
Thy lustre of poetic ray,  
Should wake an artificial day.  
Sure thou wert never doom'd to know  
What pangs from care and danger flow;  
But fairest scenes thy thoughts employ,  
And Art, and Science, bring thee joy.  
The quick'ning sense, the throb divine,  
Fancy, and feeling, all are thine;  
'Tis thine, by blushing Summer led,  
A shower of roses round thee shed,  
To hie thee forth at Morn's advance,  
In wild excess of rapt'rous trance;  
And see the Sun's proud deluge stream,  
In copious tides of golden beam;  
While faint his Sister-orb on high,  
Fades to a vapour of the sky.



When gradual evening comes, to hide,  
In sabling shades, CREATION's pride;  
When heaving hills, and forests drear,  
And less'ning towns, but scarce appear;  
While the last ling'ring western glow,  
Hangs on the lucid lake below.  
Then trivial joys (I deem) forgot,  
Thou lov'st to seek the humble cot,  
To scatter Comfort's balm around,  
And heal pale Poverty's deep wound;  
Drive sickness from the languid bed,  
Raise the lorn Widow's drooping head:  
Render the new-made Mother blest,  
And snatch the infant to thy breast.  
O ANNA, then, if true thou say,  
Thy radiant beauties steal away,  
Yet shall I never fail to find  
Eternal beauties in thy mind.  
To those I offer up my vows,  
And Love which Virtue's self allows;  
Unknown, again thou art ador'd  
As once by him, thy bosom's "Lord."

**TO ANNA MATILDA**

**Hannah Cowley**

ON the sea-shore with folded arms I stood,  
The Sun just sinking shot a level ray,  
Luxuriant crimson glow'd upon the flood,  
And the curl'd turf was ting'd with golden spray.

Far off I faintly track'd the feath'ry sail;  
When thy sweet numbers caught my yielded ear,  
Borne on the bosom of the flutt'ring gale,  
They struck my heart—and rous'd me to a tear.

Yet flow'd no bitter anguish from mine eye,  
A while remembrance left my wayward state;  
And the soft cadence of thy warbled sigh,  
Pour'd healing balm into the wounds of Fate.

What tho' grim Winter's desolating frown,  
The wild waves uproar when rough *Eurus* blows,  
The tangled forest, and the desert down,  
Be all the folace DELLA CRUSCA knows:

Yet from MATILDA's pure celestial fire,  
One ruby spark shall to his gloom be given,  
Lur'd by its light, his fancy may aspire,  
And catch a ray of bliss—a glimpse of Heaven.

Vain in the morn of life, and thoughtless too,  
He rush'd impetuous, as strong passion drove,  
But soon each flatt'ring prospect fled his view,  
Deceiv'd by Friendship much, but more by Love.

Yes, he has lov'd to Transport's dire excess,  
Has felt the potent eye inflict the wound;  
Has felt the female voice each pulse oppress,  
And grown a breathless statue at the sound.

But why recal the moments that are fled?  
For ever fled, like yonder sweeping blast;  
With Love, each active principle is dead,  
And all, except its sad regret, is past.

Ah! had he met thee in his happier hour,  
Ere yet he languish'd in the gripe of Care,  
*Thy Minstrel* then had fondly own'd thy pow'r,  
*Thy Minstrel* then might have escap'd Despair.

O diff'rent lot! for he who daily grieves,  
Then with thy beauty blest, and gen'rous mind,  
Had not, like sallow Autumn's falling leaves,  
Been shrunk, alas! and scatter'd in the wind.

Haply, he had not roam'd for ling'ring years

On many a rugged Alp, and foreign shore;  
He ne'er had known the cause of all his tears,  
The cherish'd cause, that bids him—hope no more.

He would have led thee with attentive gaze,  
Where the brown Hamlet's neighb'ring shades retire,  
Have hung entranc'd upon thy living lays,  
And swept with *feebler* hand a *kindred* lyre.

While the *dear Song stress* had melodious stole  
O'er ev'ry sense, and charm'd each nerve to rest,  
*Thy Bard*, in silent ecstasy of soul.  
Had strain'd the *dearer Woman* to his breast.

Or had she said, that *War's the worthiest grave*,  
He would have felt his proud heart burn the while  
Have dar'd, perhaps, to rush among the brave,  
Have gain'd, perhaps, the glory—of a smile.

And 'tis most true, while Time's relentless hand,  
With sickly grasp drags *others* to the tomb,  
The Soldier scorns to wait the dull command,  
But springs impatient to a nobler doom.

Tho' on the plain *he* lies, outstretch'd and pale,  
Without one friend his stedfast eyes to close  
Yet on his honour'd corse shall many a gale,  
Waft the moist fragrance of the weeping rose.

O'er that dread spot, the melancholy Moon  
Shall pause a-while, a sadder beam to shed,  
And starry Night, amidst her awful noon,  
Sprinkle light dews upon his hallow'd head.

There too the solitary Bird shall swell  
With long-drawn melody her plaintive throat,  
While distant echo from responsive cell,  
Shall oft with fading force return the note.

Such recompense be Valour's due alone!  
To me, no proffer'd meed must e'er belong,  
To me, who trod the vale of life unknown,  
Whose proudest boast was but an idle song.

**ELEGY ON THE THIRTY-FIRST OF  
DECEMBER, MDCCLXXXVII**

**Hannah Cowley**

YES, I will climb yon rough Rock's giddy height,  
That o'er the Ocean bends his brow severe;—  
And as I muse on TIME'S NEGLECTED FLIGHT,  
Wait the last sunshine of the parting Year!

Why do the winds so sadly seem to rave?  
Why broods such solemn horror o'er the deep?  
It is, that FANCY points the yawning grave;—  
And sick'ning, shudders at the pond'rous sleep!

For O! since LAST DECEMBER's hoary head  
Bow'd to Oblivion's wave, and sunk beneath,  
From this strange World what flutt'ring crowds are fled  
To throng the caverns of relentless Death!

And every transitory shade is lost,  
That in its course was fondly call'd "TO-DAY!"  
Spring's sweets are gone! and Summer's flow'ry boast!  
And Autumn's purple honours pass'd away!

And now, tho' WINTER, in rude mantle drest,  
Extends his icy sceptre o'er the plain!  
Soon shall he sink on APRIL's dewy breast!  
And laughing MAY shall re-assume her reign!

But MAN, when once his bright day's slush is o'er,  
And Youth's too-fleeting pleasures take their wing,  
Must on life's scene re-vegetate no more,  
But leap its gulph, to find a second Spring.

And can that *something* each man calls "HIM|SELF,"  
'Midst this wide miracle of earth and sky,  
Waste the swift moments in the toil for pelf,—  
Nor raise one thought to Nature's Majesty;

On the Globe's surface creep, a grov'ling worm!  
Nor joy the noon-tide radiance to behold,—  
Nor trace the Mighty Hand that guides the storm,—  
But deem existence relative to gold?

Ah! since this awful Now remains for me,  
To think, to breathe, to wonder at the whole,  
To move, to touch, to taste, to hear, to see,  
To call the mystic consciousness, *my Soul*;

Fain would I seek a-while the sportive shade,  
Ere the scene close upon this doubtful state;  
Catch every painted phantom ere it fade,  
And leave the vast Uncertainty to Fate.

But GRIEF IS MINE—yet can I quit the crew  
Whose bosoms burn with avarice and pride,  
In yon blue vault to quench my thirsty view,  
Or tell my feelings to the boist'rous tide.

For are there not, as journeying on we go,  
With pilgrim step thro' an unfriendly vale,  
Oppression, Malice, Cruelty, and Woe,  
And do not Falsehood's venom'd shafts assail?

Were it not nobler far, with social love,  
As fellow-trav'lers in a rugged road,  
That each the other's evils should remove,  
And with joint force sustain the gen'ral load?

O! while such *fancied* happiness I trace,  
A glow of gladness runs thro' ev'ry vein;  
Rapture's warm tear steals silent down my face,  
And thus I wake the philanthropic strain.

Long, long, may Britain's gen'rous Isle be blest  
With foreign fame, domestic joys increase;  
At ev'ry insult, shake the warlike crest;  
Then weave her laurels in the Bow'r of Peace!

Blest be her Sons in hardy valour bold,  
And all who haunt meek Learning's sacred shade;  
Th' aspiring young; and the reposing old;  
The modest matron; and th' enchanting maid!

And may the BARD upon HIMSELF bestow  
One humble wish, that soon his cares shall end;  
With the dead year, resign his weight of woe!  
Or with the thorns of life, at least some roses blend!

# **ODE TO MISS FARREN**

**Hannah Cowley**



FROM *her own garden*, BEAUTY chose,  
In all its bloomy pride, the ROSE,  
And from the feather'd race, the DOVE;  
Then, FARREN! on thy cheek she threw  
The blushing Flow'r's enchanting hue,  
Then form'd thy temper from the Bird of Love.

Ah! though I'm doom'd to roam afar,  
Yet shall the Morning's beamy star,  
Yet shall the placid glow of Eve  
Recal thy charms to bless my mind:  
Dear charms! with dearer virtues join'd,  
So shall my heart at times forget to grieve,

And often will I loit'ring stay,  
Till the dark mountains veil the Day,  
While *thus* delicious Fancy cheers—  
For then more sweet on ev'ry plain  
The Linnet trills her farewell strain,  
And then more lovely NATURE's self appears.

And sure the happy Youths who gaze  
Upon thine Eyes resistless blaze,  
Where *gay Life's* polish'd circles shine,  
Or view amid the Comic Scene,  
Thy dimpled smiles, and graceful mien,  
Shall find "their bosoms sympathize with mine."

Whether thou show'st with matchless skill,  
Unsteady Fashion's froward will,  
As heartless Maid, or heedless Wife,  
Truth, Nature, Sentiment prevail,  
And through the Mirth-inspiring Tale,  
All FICTION seems absorb'd in REAL LIFE.

Oh, what delight to hourly trace  
The fine expression of thy face,  
Thy winning elegance, and ease;  
To see those teeth, of lust'rous pearl,  
Thy locks profuse of many a curl,  
And hear thy voice, omnipotent to please!

With thee to pace the mountain's side,  
Or mark the rushy riv'let glide,  
That murm'ring rolls a scanty stream;  
Till winding in the vale below,  
It seems t'exult with vainer glow,  
And gaily wanton in the lunar beam.

Still might the seasons change—with thee,  
Not Winter's self could dreary be,  
Nor sultry Summer's heats offend.  
The howling winds the pelting show'r,  
Could not disturb my rapt'rous hour,  
Nor ever gloom my mind—with such a friend.

At midnight then no more I'd stand,  
Where Ocean's surges lash the land,  
Nor fondly list the Screech-owl's tongue—  
Ah me! I dream—th' illusion's o'er—  
Henceforth in silence I'll adore,  
And thou, sweet Nymph! forgive the ardent song.

# **ODE TO MRS. SIDDONS**

**Hannah Cowley**

THEE, *Queen of Pathos*, shall my proud Verse hail,  
*Illustrious SIDDONS*; should I go,  
Whether to *Zembla's* waste of snow,  
Or *Aetna's* cavern'd height, or *Tempe's* vaunted vale;

Or where on *Caucasus* the fierce storm blows,  
Or near the violated flood  
Of *Ganges*, blushing oft with blood;  
Or where his rainbow arch loud *Niagara* throws.

For, not th' exulting Monarch on his throne,  
Tho' grateful nations round him bow,  
*Is more a Potentate than thou:*  
Feeling, and Sense, and Worth, and Virtue are thy own;

And e'en thy mighty spell the soul can sway:  
While *Sympathy* with melting eye,  
Hangs on thy bosom's fervid sigh,  
And finds th' unbidden tear down her hot cheek to stray.

Lo! at thy voice, from solitary cave,  
With hair erect, peeps forth *pale FEAR*,  
Nor will he longer wait to hear,  
But flies with culprit haste a visionary grave.

Amongst the hollow mountain's shadowy cells,  
*Dark-brow'd REVENGE*, that strangely walks,  
And to himself low-mutt'ring talks,  
While with convulsive throb his breast unsated swells.

And *gelid HORROR* in the haunted hall,  
That with dread pause, and eye stretch'd wide,  
Marks the mysterious spectre glide,  
Nor dare his flagging knees obey the Phantom's call.

And *lost DESPAIR* with desolating cry,  
That head-long darts from some tall tow'r  
On fire, at thick Night's saddest hour,  
When not a watchman wakes, and not an aid is nigh.

*These own thy pow'r*—and *baresool MADNESS* too,  
Dancing upon the flinty plain,  
*As tho' 'twere gay to suffer pain,*  
That sees his tyrant Moon, and raving runs to woo.

Alike the mild, benevolent desires,  
That wander in the pensive grove,  
Pity, and generous-minded Love,  
To thrill thy kindred pulse, shoot their electric fires.

Ah! let not then my fond admiring Muse  
Restrain the ardor of her song,  
In silent wonder fix'd so long,  
Nor thou! from humble hands the homage meet refuse.

And I will hasten oft from short repose,  
To wake the lily on moist bed,  
Reclining meek her folded head;  
And chase with am'rous touch the slumber of the rose.

Then will I bathe them in the tears of Morn,  
That they, a fresher gale may breathe,  
Then will I form a votive wreath  
To bind thy sacred brows,—to deprecate thy scorn.

But should'st thou still disdain these proffer'd lays,  
Which choak'd, alas! with weedy woe  
Like yon dull stream can scarcely flow—  
*Take from BRITANNIA's HARP, the Triumph of thy praise.*

# **ODE TO PRUDENCE**

**Hannah Cowley**

WHERE didst thou hide thee, CAUTIOUS POW'R,  
When first my vent'rous Youth began?  
Thou cam'st not to the festive bow'r,  
Nor at the genial board wert found;  
And when the liquid grape went round,  
Thou never show'dst thy warning face,  
The wantonness of mirth to chase,  
And tell of short *life's shad'wy span*:  
Nor then didst prophesy of woe,  
To chill my breast's impetuous glow;  
But provident, and shrewd, from me afar,  
THOU SUNK'ST TO SOBER REST, WITH DAY'S RETIRING STAR!

'Tis true, indeed, I thought with scorn,  
Thy miserable maxims quaint,  
Were but of sour Suspicion born:  
"Let selfish souls," I madly cried,  
"Submit to such a coward guide,  
Be't mine to seek the sportive vale,  
With Friends, whose truth can never fail,  
And banish thence each base restraint!"  
Dull that I was—I feel it now,  
And offer late th' imploring vow:  
Too well convinc'd, who dare thy vengeance urge,  
Can ne'er, alas! escape an agonizing scourge!

Ah! wilt thou, deign then, to receive  
Thy Foe, profess'd for many a year?  
And wilt thou teach him, *not to grieve*?  
Forget the weakness of past time,  
When frantic Passion was his crime;  
When to imperious charms a prey,  
His Morn of Life stole swift away,  
Yet gemm'd by Love's delicious Tear,  
That bath'd his Bosom with delight;  
Tho' sometimes on the *Gales of Night*,  
He heard thy whisper'd threat aspire,  
How could he heed it then—was not his heart on fire?

But now to gain thy frugal smile,  
Each wonted transport I forego,  
No more shall Beauty's self beguile,  
Altho' her blue Orbs softer stream  
Than the clear Moon's enchanting beam;  
Tho' her *still varying* charms arise,  
As to the hast'ning Trav'ler's eyes,  
HELVETIA's summer prospects show:

Or should MEEK WORTH to me repair,  
And tell a Tale of deep Despair,  
I'd strive to bid each fond emotion sleep,  
Yes, I would turn away!—BUT I WOULD TURN TO WEEP!

Then, as with decent step and mien,  
I tread the path of fair repute,  
Thy Civic hand shall oft be seen,  
To freight me with the sordid Ore,  
Which most thy Votaries adore,  
Then, then shall FLAGGING FANCY die,  
Then all my lov'd illusions fly,  
Then will I break my rustic Flute:  
And as the marble-hearted crowd,  
Be vainly rich, and meanly proud;  
Until I fix, *like yonder blighted Thorn,*  
That, deck'd WITH GOLDEN BEAMS, NO VER|NAL SWEETS ADORN.



**Free**editorial 