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O N

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BY

ELIZABETH RYVES.



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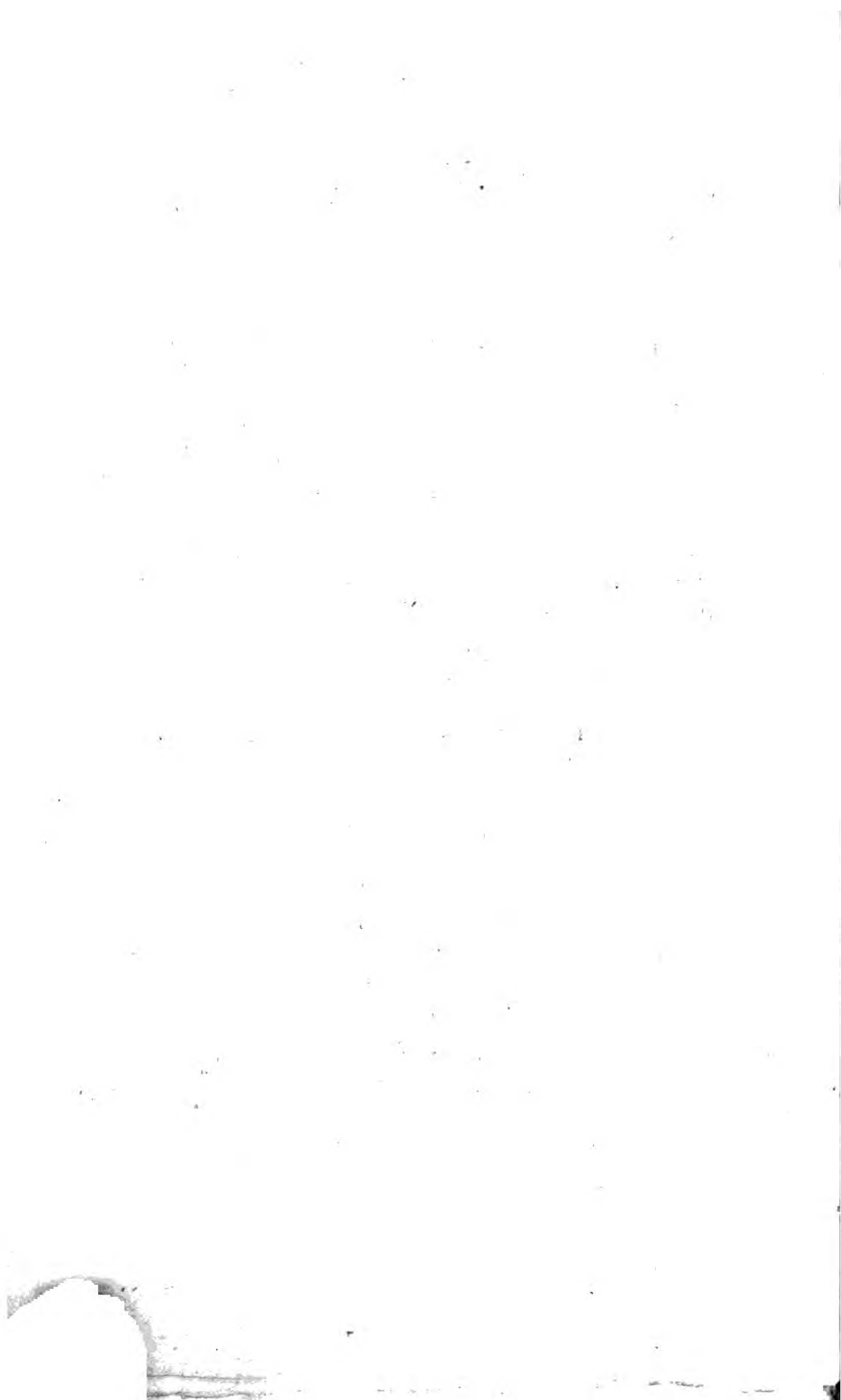
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C O N T E N T S.

	<i>Page</i>
<i>TWO Poems, presented with a Petition to the King</i>	9
<i>Ode to Sensibility</i>	20
<i>The Progress of Envy: a Fragment</i>	22
<i>Three Elegies, written in December, 1776.</i>	
<i>Elegy I. Lavinia to Gallus</i>	30
<i>II. The Complaint</i>	34
<i>III. The Complaint, continued</i>	36
<i>The Triumph of Hymen: a Mask</i>	38
<i>Ode to Hope</i>	50
<i>Ode to * * * * *</i>	52
<i>Ode to the same</i>	54
<i>Written in 1777</i>	55
<i>Ode to Friendship</i>	63
<i>Song</i>	65
<i>Ode</i>	66
<i>Ode to Venus</i>	68
<i>Another</i>	71
<i>A Ballad, written in June, 1775</i>	72
2	<i>Two</i>

C O N T E N T S.

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Two Elegies, representing the Condition of Christina, Queen of Sweden.</i>	
<i>Elegy I.</i> — — —	79
<i>Elegy II.</i> — — —	81
<i>The Sylph Lover : a Song</i> — — —	83
<i>Elegy written in a Convent</i> — — —	84
<i>Song</i> — — —	89
<i>Jenny's Farewell to Petie</i> — — —	91
<i>Song</i> — — —	95
<i>The Prude : a Comic Opera</i> — — —	97
<i>Tunes in the Prude</i> — — —	175

P O E M S.


P O E M S.

THE TWO FOLLOWING POEMS
WERE PRESENTED TO THE KING,
WITH A PETITION,
IN MAY 1775.

HAIL gracious Monarch! whose extensive sway
Climes far remote and distant realms obey;
Where the rude natives, savage as their soil,
Nurtur'd in danger and enur'd to toil,
Already form'd by thy paternal care,
And lur'd from all the rough pursuits of war,
Revere the sceptre in thy ruling hand,
And yield obedient to thy mild command.
To thee, with virtue as with glory crown'd,
For mercy honour'd as in arms renown'd;
To thee Affliction for relief applies;
Oh hear with pity, nor her suit despise!

B

Sprung



Sprung from a Sire, whose generous soul disdain'd
 The softer scenes where Peace and Pleasure reign'd;
 Where smiling Ease led on the tranquil hours,
 'Midst his paternal plains and native bow'rs;
 Where Reason strove to calm each wild desire,
 Confine the views of youth and moderate its fire:
 But vain the task—his bosom burn'd for fame,
 The laurel crown, the hero's honour'd name.
 Nor rural shades, or youthful sports could please;
 Inglorious those appear'd, ignoble these;
 And, ere cool Judgment lent her steady ray,
 Ambition taught his heedless steps to stray.

Full thirty years he join'd the martial train,
 And dar'd each danger of the hostile plain;
 Till worn with toils, ere nature fix'd his doom,
 The soldier sunk into the silent tomb.

"The day that to the shades the father sends,
 "Robs the sad orphan of her father's friends.
 "She, wretched outcast of mankind, appears
 "For ever sad, for ever drown'd in tears.
 "Among the happy, unregarded she
 "Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee;
 "While those her father's former bounty fed,
 "Nor reach the goblet or divide the bread."

Thus

Thus Homer sung the ills which I deplore ;
 No friend to lend assistance, or restore
 The orphan's birthright, or the widow's dow'r. }
 While proud Oppression triumphs in their cares,
 Laughs at their sorrows, and insults their tears;
 And, arm'd with wealth, (the villain's boasted pow'r)
 Wrefts from their hands the birthright and the
 dow'r.

May'st thou, dread Sov'reign, to my pray'r attend,
 While humbly prostrate at thy throne I bend!
 Oh may my tears thy royal bosom move
 My wrongs to pity, and my suit approve !
 While I, ambitious of immortal fame,
 Adorn my song with thy illustrious name.
 Since music, painting, ev'ry lib'ral art
 Which forms the manners or improves the heart,
 Thy royal bounty shares, and boldly tries
 From ancient Greece to wrest the doubtful prize ;
 Since ev'ry Muse, invited by thy smile,
 Leaves Tiber's banks for thy more favour'd isle,
 And bids Britannia boast immortal fame,
 Great as th' Athenian or the Roman name ;
 May I, the meanest of the tuneful choir,
 To share thy bounty and thy smiles aspire !

No title I pretend, no specious plea ;
Compassion only claims the boon for me.
To her, relenting, my rude verse excuse,
And hear the suppliant, tho' thou scorn the Muse.
So may just Heav'n on thee its blessings show'r, }
Extend thy conquests, and support thy pow'r, }
And crown with circling joys each future hour. }
May guardian angels from thy foes defend ; }
May peace and plenty on thy reign attend ; }
And as thy virtues, may thy bliss transcend ! }

O D E.

O D E.

SILENT my voice, my lute unstrung
 Neglected on a drooping cypress hung;
 Or tun'd (while pensive Melancholy reign'd)
 In concert with the heaving sigh,
 The agonizing heart, the streaming eye,
 Of hard oppression and of wrongs complain'd;
 Till the prophetic God inspir'd,
 And bade Imagination tow'r
 Beyond where fortune frowns or tempests lowr.
 Where fate unfolds the scene from sense conceal'd,
 And dark futurity's at once reveal'd.

Thus, by the Muse inflam'd, I sweep the lyre,
 While Britain's future glories meet my eyes;
 Bid the pale train of gloomy cares retire,
 And leave me free to range the distant skies.
 My wrongs recede, I hail the favour'd isle,
 And in the midst of wayward fortunes smile.

Hark ! in Fancy's magic ear
 The voice of Albion's guardian God I hear,

Loud as the sound of the tempestuous main,
When Neptune, rous'd to war,
O'er foaming Ocean drives his thund'ring car,
And shakes the solid Earth thro' its extended reign.

“ Hence, jarring Discord, to the realms below ;
“ Hence, and avoid the meditated blow.
“ Offspring of Hell, no more presume
“ To rise beyond the Stygian gloom ;
“ But deep in chaos and eternal night,
“ Seek the dark covert of confusion's womb ;
“ And there in black oblivion hide
“ Thy train of mischiefs, till the gen'ral doom.

Thus spoke the Genius who presides
O'er Albion's shores and her surrounding tides.
Fierce Nemesis attends the angry God,
And brandishes her snaky rod
O'er the infernal brood.
Aw'd by the stern behest and threat'ning hand,
Faction drops her fiery brand ;
And bold Sedition, trembling at the sound,
Feels the dread avenging wound,
As down she sinks to the Tartarian flood.

Again the guardian Pow'r resumes
The sacred mandate from on high ;
Pois'd proudly on ambrosial plumes,
While awful thunders rend the sky,
Responsive to the Deity.

“ Britannia, empress of the waves, arise ;
“ The charm's dissolv'd, the spell is broke,
“ Which bound thy sons to Faction's tyrant yoke.
“ Britons are free, Fate ratifies the doom
“ To nations yet unborn, and ages still to come.”
The rocks, the woods, reverberate the sound ;
In murmurs ev'ry flowing stream replies ;
From pole to pole shrill Echo shouts around,
“ Britannia, empress of the waves, arise !”

Deep in the bosom of the main,
Where hoary Neptune holds his ancient court,
Britannia and her sister-train
Of sea-born Nereids sport.
Some roll the waves in wanton play ;
Some on the backs of dolphins ride ;
Some the wild rage of rising storms allay,
And some controul the tide :
Till thro' the deep recesses of the flood,
Th' immortal voice resounding,
From cave to cave rebounding

Like echo'd thunder, fills the deep abode.
 Fir'd with the sound, Britannia leaves
 The coral bow'rs, the pearly caves,
 And on the Albion strand
 Resumes her throne and sceptre of command.
 Trophies of war spontaneous rise,
 Rich with the spoils of many a glorious prize ;
 While her fam'd standard borne on high,
 Secure of future victory,
 Floats proudly on the air, and brightens all the sky.

“ Genius of Albion, guardian of my isle,
 “ Bright delegate of the immortal Pow'rs ;
 “ Whose frown can awe, and whose benignant
 “ smile
 “ Calms the wild tumult that around me lows :
 “ Rescu'd by thee, Britons no more shall feel
 “ The vain delusions Jealousy inspires ;
 “ But mutual faith secure their mutual weal,
 “ And blended int'rests banish Faction's fires :
 “ While their dread Monarch, with paternal hand,
 “ Nor rules severe, nor slackens in command ;
 “ But guides his steady course with just applause,
 “ And guards their rights, their honour, and their
 “ laws.”

The

The Goddess thus address'd the guardian Pow'r,
While Jove, low bending from his bright abode,
Bade the auspicious thunders roar,
And stamp'd the mandate with an awful nod.
The deities who round his throne attend,
Swift heralds of th' eternal will, obey;
And wing'd with rapid speed descend
(Urging their course thro' heav'n's resplendent way)
Where the dire Sisters ply their fatal loom,
And in its various tissue weave the great events to
come.

Intent on Britain's future fame,
Her rising glory, her immortal name,
With ready hands, th' obedient Fates prepare
Soft shades of peace to blend with scenes of war;
And as the busy shuttle flies,
Fair views of commerce spread, and distant conquests
rise.

Soon on the azure field emboss'd is seen,
With flags display'd and sails unfurl'd,
Riding in triumph, Britain's bold marine,
Prepar'd to hail her Empress of the World.
And there in bright array her legions stand,
Gallant as those in Poicters' glorious field,

Which

Which bade proud Gaul's insulting tyrant yield,
And own his conquer'd crown the boon of Edward's
hand.

Firm like the rocks which bound their native
shore,

And frown defiance to the waves and wind,
They stand unmov'd amidst surrounding war,
And mock the force of leaguings realms combin'd.

But whither tow'rs my daring Muse?
Let Man, by nature form'd to wield
The glitt'ring falchion, and to grasp the shield,
Skill'd in the rougher arts of war,
A pencil dipt in stronger tints prepare;
While I, retiring, chuse a softer shade,
Where Peace, and Wealth, and Plenty, stand display'd;

Where the deep-loaded barks are seen,
Fraught with the treasure of each distant shore;
At anchor there they ride, there skim the main,
Enrich'd with Afric's gold, and India's spicy store.

These, Britain, be thy glory, these thy pride;
Let Commerce spread the swelling sails;
Fortune will grant auspicious gales,
And riches flow on each returning tide.

Such

THE KING.

19

Such are the blessings which await
Obedient subjects and a tranquil state;
And such the favours Heav'n prepares
To crown a monarch's hopes, a nation's ardent
 pray'rs.

ODE

O D E
T O
S E N S I B I L I T Y.

I.

THE fordid wretch who ne'er has known,
To feel for miseries not his own ;
Whose lazy pulse serenely beats,
While injur'd worth her wrongs repeats ;
Dead to each sense of joy or pain,
A useless link in nature's chain,
May boast the calm which I disdain.

}

II.

Give me a generous soul, that glows
With others' transports, others' woes ;
Whose noble nature scorns to bend,
Tho' Fate her iron scourge extend :
But bravely bears the galling yoke,
And smiles superior to the stroke,
With spirit free and mind unbroke.

}

Yet,


ODE TO SENSIBILITY. 21

III.

Yet, by compassion touch'd, not fear,
Sheds the soft sympathizing tear,
In tribute to Affliction's claim,
Or envy'd Merit's wounded fame.
Let Stoics scoff! I'd rather be
Thus curst with Sensibility,
Than share their boasted Apathy.

}

THE



T H E
P R O G R E S S
O F
E N V Y.
A F R A G M E N T.

IN days of yore, as fages fing,
When nature own'd immortal spring;
When flow'ry meads and woodlands green,
Thro' circling seasons grac'd the scene;
Ere shadowy clouds or wint'ry gloom
Had stole upon the vernal bloom,
Or blighting tempests learn'd to blow,
Or Eurus fledg'd his wings with snow;
Content maintain'd her gentle reign,
Sweet guardian of the wide domain.
To her the rural chieftains bow'd;
The Muses sung, the lovers vow'd;
And at the Goddess' honour'd shrine
Each nymph her freedom did resign:

While

While Jealousy, and all her train
 Of pale suspicions, fled the fane ;
 For when content the heart inspires,
 And guards it from delusive fires,
 No anxious cares gay Hymen knows ;
 No anguish wounds his soft repose.

Stern Discord, with her dire alarms
 Of hissing arrows, clanging arms ;
 Her rattling shield, her thundering car,
 And all the horrid din of war,
 In this blest'd region then unknown,
 Ne'er pamper'd pride, or shook the throne.

Their morals sound, their manners chaste,
 Their pleasures pure, and just their taste ;
 No languid taper's sickly blaze
 Supply'd the sun's departed rays ;
 No frantic revel, midnight dance,
 Which bid untimely age advance,
 (Sources of sorrow and disease)
 As yet had learn'd the art to please.
 No friendless orphan mourn'd her fire,
 Deluded by ambition's fire ;
 No widow'd matron wept her lord,
 Sad victim of a hostile sword ;
 No giddy youth impoverish'd lay,
 The gamester's or the wanton's prey ;

No

No gentle nymph, condemn'd to mourn,
Invok'd her vagrant love's return :
But smiling peace, and blooming health,
And innocence, their choicest wealth;
With sprightly mirth, in smiles array'd,
On ev'ry face were seen pourtray'd.

From murky regions veil'd in clouds,
Where Vice her hideous aspect shrouds,
With looks askant, and haggard eyen,
Pale Envy view'd the tranquil scene ;
And, sick'ning at the soft repose
Which from content and virtue flows,
Tho' half impeded by despair,
To Jove address'd her guilty pray'r :
“ Oh thou, whose partial will decrees
“ The flow'ry spring, the fragrant breeze,
“ And all the vary'd joys that wait
“ To bless yon new creation's state ;
“ Why, favouring thus the upstart race,
“ Does Jove diffuse celestial grace ?
“ Why wing each gale with sweet perfume ?
“ Why paint their vales with Eden's bloom ?
“ Why give them all the heart requires,
“ Ambition seeks, or hope desires ?

“ The

“ The smiling Graces there resort ;
“ There Phœbus, there the Muses sport,
“ And sweetly swell the choral lay,
“ As Pan or Ceres claim the day ;
“ While woods and waves their notes prolong,
“ And list’ning Gods applaud the song.
“ But (exil’d) I’m compell’d to stray,
“ As threat’ning tempests urge my way,
“ To scenes where wild Confusion reigns,
“ Where Night and Chaos dash their chains ;
“ Where Malice whets her secret steel,
“ And smiles Detraction’s stings conceal ;
“ Where smooth Hypocrisy is seen
“ With ranc’rous heart, tho’ specious mien ;
“ Where fierce Revenge his poniard steeps
“ In kindred gore, while nature sleeps ;
“ Where Jealousy, whose baleful eye
“ Can guilt in innocence descry,
“ Broods o’er imaginary cares,
“ And tortures for herself prepares ;
“ Where Anger grinds his iron jaws,
“ And fell Remorse her entrails gnaws,
“ Urg’d by her co-mate, wild Despair,
“ Whom Fear forbids th’ attoning pray’r.
“ Thus mark’d by Jove’s relentless ire,
“ In vain I plead, in vain aspire.

C

“ To

“ To these infernal depths I’m doom’d,
“ With Hell’s mad progeny inhum’d ;
“ And, fir’d with rage and baffled pride,
“ Still curse the blessings I’m deny’d.
“ If dread Saturnius guides his sway,
“ As Justice marks the equal way,
“ Let me no more of wrongs complain,
“ Or partial Providence arraign ;
“ But in the new creation share,
“ And breathe the sweets of temp’rate air.”

Astonish’d Gods th’ event attend,
While sighs convulsive Nature rend ;
Till Jove low bending from on high,
With floods of glory fill’d the sky.
Sublime in wrath the God look’d down,
While thunders hail’d his awful frown ;
And with a stern, a threat’ning glance,
Check’d the aspiring Fiend’s advance,
And angry spoke :

“ Daughter of Hell, thy daring pray’r,
“ Abash’d at Jove’s command, forbear ;
“ And deep in Stygian darkness shroud
“ Thy guilt from an offended God.”

Not

Not so repuls'd, she thus replies,
(While lowring clouds involve the skies,
Dark omens of approaching woes
The fatal record soon disclose)
" Since vengeful Jove disdains my cause,
" I spurn his pow'r, reject his laws ;
" On the behests of Fate presume,
" And thence demand a milder doom."

The Thunderer heard the dread appeal,
And bade the Fates their book reveal ;
Where such appears the firm decree,
From which not Gods themselves are free,
That Envy, wide as air, may prey,
And rav'ning wing her baleful way.

The immortal volumes thus display'd,
Jove their relentless doom obey'd,
And with a voice which shook the skies,
Reluctant, bade the Fiend arise.

The Fiend arose—with haggard mien
And threat'ning shriek he hail'd the scene ;
While each infernal demon round,
In hideous yells return'd the sound.

Now savage joy in chaos reigns,
The hiss of snakes, the clank of chains ;

Stormy winds that burst their caves,
Rattling hail, and roaring waves ;
Broken thunders taught to jar,
Shocks of elemental war,
At once in mad confusion rise,
And with harsh discord grate the skies.
Anger to revel soon succeeds ;
Each on the other's poniard bleeds :
While Envy, from the frantic crew
By her inflam'd, exulting flew ;
Thro' floods and fires she bent her flight,
And left the realms of endless night ;
Brooding destruction in her way,
She reach'd the orient bounds of day :
And, lest that hideous form should scare
The prey from her infernal snare,
A martial mien the Fiend assumes,
And shades her withering brow with plumes :
Rich purple garments half enfold
Her cuirass bright with burnish'd gold ;
And, form'd to flow with graceful pride,
Adorn the mail they seem to hide.
A massy shield of ample size,
Brac'd on her arm, each dart defies ;
And radiant sword of temper try'd,
Enrich'd with gems, adorns her side :

Her

Her cheek, where warlike ardour glows,
Her gorgeous robe, which loosely flows,
Her quivering spear, her lofty crest,
Proclaim Ambition's form confess'd.
Proud of the new, the gay disguise,
With daring flight she tempts the skies ;
Triumphant waves her wide-spread wings,
And thro' the realms of æther springs.

THREE ELEGIES,

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER, 1776.

ELEGY THE FIRST,

LAVINIA TO GALLUS,

I.

LET fordid nymphs, by vain ambition led,
Pursue those paths where pride directs the way;
For titled fools the lure of beauty spread,
And court false splendor impotently gay.

II.

In some lone shade, some calm sequester'd grove,
Where Friendship rears her unpolluted shrine,
Sacred to chaste delights and mutual love,
To dwell with thee in sweet content be mine.

III.

There, when the rosy morn salutes our bow'r,
And bleating flocks invite us to arise,
Shouldst thou indulge in sleep the breezy hour,
And slumbers loiter on thy drowfy eyes;

IV.

With willing care preventing thy desire,
Swift to the fold with busy haste I'll fly,
And ere pale twilight's ling'ring shades retire,
A shepherd's duty to thy flocks supply:

V.

Release them from their nightly pen, or bear
The new-fall'n lamb upon my bosom home;
Then to thy couch with anxious speed repair,
Lest thou shouldst wake, and chide my early roam.

VI.

But slumbering still, I'll hang enamour'd o'er
Thy manly graces, steal a tender kiss;
Gazing like misers on their treasur'd store,
Source of their hopes, and spring of all their blifs.

VII.

Or, if uneasy dreams thy sleep prolong,
And haunt thee with imaginary woes,
I'll chase the hovering shadows with my song,
And lull thee on my bosom to repose.

VIII.

Or, fondly leaning on thy arm, repair
 To prune the wild luxuriance of our bow'r ;
 Where new-blown woodbines scent the balmy air,
 And sweeter jess'mines spread their infant flow'r.

IX.

There, as the waving branches we entwine,
 'Tis thine to blend instruction with our toil ;
 To teach how plants with richer foliage shine,
 By art adapted to each varying soil.

X.

Shew why the violet loves a mossy bank,
 Why fairer lilies chuse a shelt'ring shade,
 Why iris blooms midst sedge and oziers dank,
 While primrose-blossoms paint the upland glade,

XI.

Thence gently rising to a nobler sphere,
 The heav'nly system in my view you bring ;
 Describe each circling planet's wide career,
 And bid me soar on contemplation's wing.

XII.

While I, enraptur'd with the glorious scene,
 Thy manly eloquence sublimely draws,
 In fancy range along the radiant sheen,
 And think each list'ning angel smiles applause.

XIII. Oft

XIII.

Oft too, at evening's calm return, we'll stray
Where arching poplars yon smooth rill embow'r,
While silver moon-beams on the current play,
And dewy zephyrs hail the tranquil hour.

XIV.

(There pensive thought and soft reflection reign;
No unharmonious sound disturbs the shade;
No tumult dares the peaceful scene profane;
No savage feet the verdant path invade.

XV.

Secure, the plummy songsters of the grove
There early build and nurse the callow brood,
And, grateful for the sheltering shade, improve
With chearful notes the murmurs of the flood.)

XVI.

Till silent birds, and Cynthia's swift decline,
To the known cottage urge our homeward way,
Where Hymen's torches with full lustre shine,
And peace and innocence attend his sway.

ELEGY THE SECOND,

The COMPLAINT.

I.

SILENCE ye rills, ye zephyrs cease to blow ;
 Thou love-lorn Philomel suspend thy song ;
 Soft echo only shall repeat my woe,
 And, sighing, waft the mournful tale along.

II.

Gallus no more revisits those sweet shades,
 No more returns to bless my widow'd arms ;
 My lute grows useless, and my beauty fades,
 While Gallus gazes on some rival's charms.

III.

Where are those looks of unsuspected love,
 Those specious smiles, and that enchanting voice,
 When Gallus call'd each list'ning Pow'r above,
 To hear his vows and ratify his choice ?

IV. Dispers'd

IV.

Dispers'd like morning-dew, no trace remains,
Save in Lavinia's poor neglected heart ;
While she, fond mourner, wears her tyrant's chains,
Broods o'er her woes, and cherishes the smart.

V.

Thou Sacred Pow'r, beneath whose awful dome
Our faith was plighted, and our hands were join'd ;
Persuasive Love, recall my wanderer home,
And fix those bands thou didst so sweetly bind !

VI.

Paint his Lavinia's eyes dissolv'd in tears,
Imploring Heav'n to spare her vagrant spouse ;
For him she pleads, for him, alas ! she fears,
Lest angry Fate avenge his faithless vows.

VII.

Describe that soft solicitude which flows
From tenderness and grief, when both transcend ;
No fierce resentment my fond bosom knows ;
I mourn my husband, and bewail my friend.

VIII.

Anger with love sure never yet agreed,
Or in one heart maintain'd a jarring shrine :
Softness prevails where justice dares not plead ;
Then still to weep and supplicate be mine.

ELEGY

ELEGY THE THIRD.

The COMPLAINT, continued.

To G A L L U S,

I.

ME not the balmy breath of morn can please,
 Tho' rosy Phœbus wakes the flow'ry plain;
 Or noon-tide shade, or evening's fragrant breeze,
 Or dewy-pinion'd twilight's shadowy reign.

II.

For me in vain the sportive younglings play;
 In vain for me the birds soft warbles trill:
 Languid and pale, with heedless steps I stray
 Along the lawn, or up the pine-crown'd hill;

III.

My pensive eyes revolving fondly o'er
 Those haunts where peace and Gallus lately stray'd;
 Where he, deep-vers'd in wisdom's sacred lore,
 Her polish'd truths in love's soft sounds convey'd.

IV. Learning

IV.

Learning and sense, without pedantic art,
So easy flow'd from his accomplish'd tongue ;
Each precept stole on my attentive heart,
Sweet and instructive as Urania's song.

V.

The dear impression still my soul deceives ;
In fancy yet his charming voice I hear,
If but a passing zephyr fans the leaves,
Or distant rill's mild murmur strikes my ear.

VI.

Thence wing'd imagination takes its flight ;
I share the tender kifs by him impress'd,
Hang on his accents still with sweet delight,
And in idea am supremely blest :

VII.

Thus, Gallus, I my anxious hours deceive,
Thus fondly paint the visionary scene :
Awhile the flattering shadows I believe ;
My sighs are silenc'd, and my heart's serene.

VIII.

But soon those gay delusions lose their charms ;
Soon reason penetrates the kind deceit ;
My fears describe thee in a rival's arms,
And ev'ry languid pulse forgets to beat.

THE

THE
TRIUMPH OF HYMEN:
A M A S K.

ADDRESSED TO A NOBLEMAN,
ON HIS MARRIAGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

The curtain rising, discovers the inside of a temple, with an altar. Hymen enters, attended by boys and girls bearing baskets of flowers; some dress the altar with garlands, and others strew the ground.

H Y M E N.

THIS day, my children, use distinguish'd care;
Let flow'ry trophies grace my sacred shrine;
With rosy garlands and fresh myrtle-wreaths
My

My altars deck, and round the vaulted aisles
Disperse the sweetest blossoms of the spring.

Obedient to the dread command of Jove,
I from my native heav'n awhile descend,
To grace the nuptials of a lovely pair,
On whose auspicious union fortune smiles.

A I R.

Flora, Goddess of the spring,
Haste, thy sweetest treasure bring ;
The dappled pink, the blushing rose,
And ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows,
To scent the air, and strew the way ;
For this is ——'s nuptial day.

H Y M E N.

Ye gentle Zephyrs, on your balmy wings
Waft the rich odours which Arabia yields ;
And from Idume's spicy vallies fan
Ambrosial breezes, gales of sweet perfume.

Let lofty pæans rend the distant shores ;
The solemn organ and deep-sounding lyre
With softer lutes harmoniously combine,
Till Albion's vales and rocky cliffs resound,
And hymeneal triumphs crown the day.

CHORUS.

THE TRIUMPH

C H O R U S.

Sweep the founding lyre,
 And ev'ry instrument inspire,
 Till echoing rocks return the sound,
 And foaming waves rebound,
 Hymen triumphant reigns.

Breathe the warbling flute,
 And gently strike the softer lute,
 'Till thro' the azure roofs on high
 The swelling notes reply,
 Hymen triumphant reigns.

[*Minerva descends.*]

H Y M E N.

Daughter of Jove, immortal Pallas, hail!

M I N E R V A.

Soft peace and everlasting pleasure wait
 On holy Hymen, at whose awful shrine
 By sacred rites the lovers' vows are crown'd!
 Bright as the sun thy torch shall ever beam
 In ——'s breast with undiminish'd ray.
 'Tis not the voice of Fortune, but of Jove,
 Confirms the doom; for she, capricious Queen,
 'Midst flow'ry paths conceals her scorpion train,
 And soothes with smiles while she directs the dart:
 But

But Jove, determin'd, steady, and sincere,
 With gracious eye illustrious — views,
 Pleas'd with his virtues, with the glorious names
 Patron of science and the Muse's friend.

From dark Obscurity's sequester'd shades,
 Where Poverty, with cold and chilling hand,
 Damps native genius, and restrains its flight,
 Oft has he drawn the trembling Muse, and spread
 Her infant pinions with the breath of praise;
 Sooth'd all her fears, describ'd her devious way,
 And bade her rise to fortune and to fame.

HYMEN.

Immortal blessings, such as love bestows,
 When reason regulates the rising flame,
 And friendship rivets the soft band he twines,
 Such blessings shall await thy —'s hours,
 And soothe his soul with sweet domestic peace.

D U E T.

HYMEN.

Soft peace and smiling pleasures wait
 On love and friendship's blended flame,
 Beyond the reach of envious Fate,
 And guarded from her dang'rous aim.

D

Still

THE TRIUMPH

Still chearful as the ruddy morn,
No care the gentle union knows;
Selects the flower, but leaves the thorn,
And on the myrtle binds the rose.

M I N E R V A.

Serene thro' life's uncertain way,
May Fortune still great ——— guide;
And, still array'd in smiles, display
Her banners o'er his happy bride!

Fair as the lilies of the spring,
In beauty gay and infant charms,
Latona, be the gifts you bring
To crown their hopes and bless their arms.

B O T H.

And still, as each intruding year
From either parent steals a grace,
Fresh may the rifled charms appear,
Reviving in their blooming race.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

ACT THE SECOND.

The scene opening, discovers a vale with flocks grazing, and a prospect of woods, mountains, and corn-fields. Several nymphs enter, and erect a triumphal arch of green boughs and garlands of flowers.

A I R.

YE breezes who, in wanton play,
Hover round the smiling May,
Lightly clad in vernal air,
Hither, hither all repair.

Come along; and in your way,
As thro' th' enamell'd meads ye stray,
Perfumes select from ev'ry flow'r,
To grace fair ——'s nuptial bow'r.

C H O R U S.

Hail! happy bridegroom, happy bride!
Britannia's hope, Britannia's pride!
For you the trophy'd arch we raise
Of roses and immortal bays.

D 2

For

For you the favouring God prepares
 The joys of love without its cares ;
 On you his sweetest smiles attend ;
 On you his choicest gifts descend.

N Y M P H.

Obedient to Minerva's soft command
 The pageant rises, and in rural pomp
 Ascends triumphant o'er the flow'ry vale.
 But see, she comes !— [*Minerva descends.*]
 ————— Immortal Pallas, hail !

M I N E R V A.

Not Enna's plains, where Proserpina rovd
 Ere gloomy Pluto seiz'd the trembling maid,
 Or Ida's shady brow (sweet haunt of Jove)
 Can rival fair Britannia's beauteous vales,
 Which Ceres, Flora, and Pomona grace.

Here blushing Spring her early revels keeps,
 And here, descending in soft vernal show'rs,
 Spreads the gay blossom, or with gentle hand
 Unfolds the leafy honours of the grove ;
 Beneath whose sheltering canopy she rears
 The primrose pied, and lily's snowy bell,
 The purple violet, rich with sweet perfume,
 And yellow cowslip fraught with balmy dew.

There

There level lawns diversify the scene,
Where lowing oxen slowly move along,
(But lately loos'd from the laborious yoke)
And, blest'd with sweet oblivion's healing wave,
Forget the past, nor dread the future goad;
But stretch'd supine, inhale the balmy breeze,
Scum the known spring, or crop the flow'ry food.

There bleating flocks, fresh from the shearer's
hand,
Bound o'er the lawn, and seek the sunny hill,
Which casts its lengthening shadow o'er the field.

Here rosy nymphs, whose blushes shame the
morn,
And ruddy youths, returning from the mead,
Healthy and innocent, the hamlet seek,
And gayly laugh, or chaunt the rustic song.

And there in sweet variety arise
Rich glebes deep furrow'd by the ploughman's toil,
Where bounteous Ceres, to reward their care,
With plenteous harvest crowns the fertile plain.

Pomona's blessings here adorn the boughs,
Thick as the clust'ring fruitage of the vine,
Which Phœbus tinges with a rosy hue,
More lovely than Hesperia's golden fruit.

But Britain's glory and the choicest dow'r
Which Jove indulgent on her isle bestows,

Is sacred Liberty, that guards her throne,
 And Freedom, whose celestial influence fires
 With godlike virtue ev'ry gen'rous breast
 With steady valour, to defend her laws
 From Faction's turbulent unruly pow'r,
 And balance justice with impartial hand.

[The nymphs complete the arch.]

N Y M P H.

Immortal Queen! obedient to thy word,
 With laurel garlands crown'd, and wreaths of flow'rs,
 The finish'd arch triumphantly appears.

M I N E R V A.

Your task accomplish'd, thro' the yielding air
 Awake sweet echo with harmonious song,
 Invoking Faunus and his sylvan train
 To share the festive mirth and sprightly dance.

C H O R U S.

Fauns, who dwell on shady mountains,
 Nymphs, who rove near chrystal fountains,
 Come away, come away.
 Hark, the oaten reed's soft measure,
 Sweetly tun'd to love and pleasure,
 Leads the dance, and we obey.

[A dance of nymphs.]

A I R.

A I R.

Lur'd by music's magic pow'r,
See, they haste from hill and grove ;
Warbling spring and shady bower,
Soft retreats, sweet haunts of love.

Zephyr still, their way perfuming,
Steals the sweets of ev'ry dale ;
Flora's gifts around them blooming,
Spread a carpet o'er the vale.

[Faunus, &c. enter, and join the dance.]

C H O R U S.

Away, to the Temple of Hymen repair,
Where the Loves and the Virtues preside,
Where Innocence reigns ; for no Satyrs are there ;
Where the bridegroom awaits the fair bride.

Away to the Temple of Hymen ; away ;
See the God waves his torch high in air ;
The rites are prepar'd, and love chides our delay,
Then away, to the altar repair.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T T H E T H I R D.

HYMEN, MINERVA, &c.

MINERVA.

A VAUNT, each gloomy harbinger of care,
 Intruding sighs, and melancholy tears;
 Far from this hallow'd scene your vigils keep,
 Brood o'er the tomb, or seek the lonely cell
 Where bigots mourn and superstition reigns.
 Here, unappall'd by visionary fears,
 Let rosy pleasure spread her varied wing,
 And innocence, still chearful as the morn,
 Array'd in smiles, sit thron'd on ev'ry brow.

HYMEN.

Hail, happy day! auspicious moment, hail!
 Sacred to mirth and laughing joy ordain'd!
 Still as the circling years awake thy dawn,
 With bridal splendor crown'd, may transports wake,
 And new-born pleasures date their infant birth!

May ev'ry blessing in the urn of Jove,
 Unclouded by the bitter dregs of woe,
 For ever flow around the wedded pair!
 May downy peace and sweet content attend,
 And smoothe their paths, and guard their honour'd
 bow'r!

DUET.

D U E T.

HYMEN.

May pleasure still around them play,
And flowery be their future way ;
And rising honours, ever new,
Where'er they rove, their steps pursue!

MINERVA.

In rosy bands, by Hymen twin'd,
May they unfading fragrance find ;
And wreaths diffusing sweet perfume
Around their brows for ever bloom!

HYMEN.

Soft as the shades of setting day,
And tranquil, be their evening ray ;
Nor time or hoary age impair
The joys which love and friendship share!

CHORUS.

The gentle yoke (soft chain) that binds
Twin hearts and sympathizing minds ;
Which Heav'n approves, and reason wears,
For them indulgent Fate prepares.

END OF THE MASK.

O D E

T O

H O P E,

I.

SWEET Hope, thou heav'n-born cherub ! why
From me regardless dost thou fly ?
Ah ! why no more my lonely path illumine ?
Thy soothing voice, thy angel smile,
Did oft my cares, my wrongs beguile,
And lead me safe thro' wayward Fortune's gloom,

II.

But now abandon'd, shun'd by thee,
I float on life's tempestuous sea
A helpless wreck, the sport of ev'ry tide.
Bewilder'd, lost, forlorn I stray,
No beam to cheer my weary way,
Or thro' the trackless path my steps to guide.

III. Sister

III.

Sister of Faith ! once more descend,
Not as a flatterer, but a friend,
And leave thy visionary train behind :
Religion's tranquil mien assume,
Fix all my views beyond the tomb,
And make me blest'd, by making me resign'd.

O D E

T O



I.

HE who to till the rugged soil
Was by his humble birth design'd,
Wou'd shrink from the laborious toil,
Had science form'd his early mind.

II.

The nervous arm, whose ardent stroke
For Britain's navies oft employ'd,
Cou'd ne'er have fell'd the stubborn oak,
Had ease its native strength destroy'd.

III.

The foldier who, in hostile climes,
Extremes of cold and heat endures,
A hardy infancy betimes
To every different change enures.

IV. But

IV.

But thou, whom favouring Fate endows
 With inborn elegance of soul ;
 With wealth that crowns thy utmost vows,
 And bids no vulgar cares controul ;

V.

Shou'dst range at large thro' ev'ry scene
 Where polish'd taste the heart refines ;
 Where passions learn to flow serene,
 And genius in full lustre shines.

O D E
T O T H E S A M E.

I.

THINK not, my friend, impartial Fate
By giddy chance directs her hand,
Tho' oft on knaves her favours wait,
Or base-born Flatt'ry's impious band.

II.

Riches are not the Hero's meed,
Or the inspiring Muse's aim;
For them a nobler boon's decreed,
The laurels of immortal fame.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN 1777.

MY lute, my lyre, thrown careless by,
 The oaten reed's wild notes I try ;
 And, leaving Pride's deluded train,
 Ambition's haunts, and Folly's reign,
 Of Flora's blush and Zephyr's wing,
 And rural beauties gayly sing.

See, in yonder eastern skies
 The silver dawn salutes my eyes ;
 And waving woods and cloud-crown'd hills,
 And shadowy lawns and misty rills,
 Emerging faintly, meet the view,
 Embath'd in tears of pearly dew.

The Lark, sweet harbinger of day,
 Thro' æther wings his rapid way ;
 And as he floats the skies along,
 Pours the soft tribute of his song.

And now from many a gorgeous fold
 Of azure clouds enrich'd with gold,
 The radiant God who rules the day
 Chafes the lingering shades away,

And

And in full lustre o'er the plain
Sheds the bright glories of his reign.

Creation smiles, the groves resound
With music's soft melodious sound ;
The plummy choir, the whispering gale,
The rill slow murmuring thro' the vale,
In sweet according notes agree,
And breathe the soul of harmony.

Now to the fields of ripen'd corn,
Waving with the breath of morn,
Ceres invites the rural band,
Each with his fickle in his hand ;
While happiness and rosy health,
The monarch's aim, the peasant's wealth,
Diffus'd thro' all the rustic race,
Sparkle and glow in ev'ry face.

To share the gifts of Ceres' reign,
The hamlet sends its blooming train ;
And ev'ry lass, elate, prepares
To seek and bind the scatter'd ears ;
Ranging at large around the plain,
Or loitering near some favourite swain.

Now toil assumes the face of joy ;
The youths their manly strength employ,
More chearful while the laugh goes round,
Or songs of sprightly nymphs resound :

And as their labours thus advance,
Full many a tender side-long glance
Each lover steals, and slyly leaves
Some straggling stalks from plenteous sheaves,
To crown the darling gleaner's toil,
And win from her a partial smile;
While she, unconscious of a thought
With base diffimulation fraught,
His fond attention sweetly feels,
And blushing, all her soul reveals:
For love (in courts an empty name)
Is here a mutual generous flame,
That glowing friendship of the heart
Which scorns reserve, disguise, or art.

Now the sultry noon-tide hour
Invites to yonder upland bow'r,
Where a cool spring, o'er-arch'd with trees,
Gives freshness to the languid breeze.

There (with robes unzon'd) supine
I'll on the velvet moss recline,
From life and all its cares retir'd;
And, by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I'll sing the beauties of the shade,
The landscape opening to the glade,
The flocks that range the flow'ry vale,

E

The

The fragrance of the balmy gale,
 The groves of variegated green,
 The rill meandering thro' the scene,
 The lake with silver bosom spread,
 The mouldering tow'r, the straw-roof'd shed,
 The distant spires that pierce the skies,
 The mountains that still bolder rise,
 Whose white rocks o'er the forest shew
 Like fleecy clouds or drifted snow.

There too, in fable weeds array'd,
 Sweet Melancholy, penfive maid,
 Shall teach the tender tear to flow
 In all the luxury of woe ;
 While Petrarch mourns o'er Laura's tomb,
 Or Lyttelton his Lucy's doom ;
 Or make those softer sorrows mine
 Which thrill thro' Hammond's polish'd line.

Or, led by the historic Muse,
 Her fair recording page peruse ;
 With mind unbias'd and serene,
 Impartial scan each human scene ;
 Trace fierce Rebellion to its source,
 And mark the Tyrant's blood-stain'd course ;
 Observe how Discord rules the ball ;
 How factions rise, how empires fall ;

How Vice uplifts her crested head ;
How Pride, with eagle-pinions spread,
Now towers, now stoops at Fortune's lure,
A short-liv'd glory to ensure :
How bold Ambition stalks around,
Deform'd with many a ghastly wound ;
His heart against compassion steel'd,
His spear high rais'd, which scorns to yield,
Tho' Honour checks, tho' Mercy pleads,
And Justice midst his triumphs bleeds.
How misers brood with greedy eye,
O'er hoarded wealth they won't enjoy ;
For years remote vast schemes design,
And midst abounding plenty pine.

Are these the paths which lead to fame ?
Can guilt deserve the Hero's name ?
Will Conscience, lull'd, serenely rest
Beneath a conqueror's waving crest,
Tho' every plume was rudely tore
From Virtue's brow, and drench'd in gore ?

Will sweet Content, will Peace descend,
Tho' coffers swell, tho' lands extend ?
Will Death his destin'd victim lose,
If pale decrepit Av'rice sues ?

When the fierce bolt of angry Jove
Flies wing'd with vengeance from above,
'Tis not the breath of vain applause
Can then support a guilty cause.

'Tis not the splendid crowds that wait
To swell the empty pomp of state,
Can guard you, in that awful hour,
From Justice' dread offended pow'r.

'Tis not amidst those blooming groves
Where loose-rob'd Pleasure careless roves;
Where Music tunes her softest lay,
And melts the list'ning soul away;
That Heaven will hear a guilty vow,
Or Vice conceal her impious brow.

'Tis not th' accumulated store
Of sparkling gems and burnish'd ore,
Can a remorse-stung mind appease,
Or give to Fraud a transient ease,
When to the dreadful verge he's come
Of dark eternity, whose gloom
Virtue herself with awe beholds,
Tho' Hope her radiant wings unfolds.

Deluded mortals! learn to know
The source whence genuine bliss must flow.
Within your reach the boon is plac'd;
Its paths for every sphere are trac'd.

Trust

Trust Reason—she'll securely guide
Your way thro' life's tempestuous tide;
Will each unruly passion tame,
And bend them to a nobler aim.
Ambition, temper'd by her hand,
Shall first amidst the Virtues stand;
By her his savage fierceness tam'd,
His brutal strength, his rage reclaim'd,
No more shall build unjust applause
On Nature's violated laws;
Nor pow'r usurp'd, nor guilt-stain'd fame,
Debase the Hero's glorious name.
Ev'n Avarice, his brow unbent,
Shall learn the lesson of content:
No more his niggard hand refuse
An alms when weeping Misery sues,
Or his inhospitable dome
Command an exil'd son to roam.
Love too, which gracious Heav'n design'd
To harmonize the yielding mind,
By Innocence and Reason led,
Shall her diffusive influence shed,
To sweeten all the dregs of woe,
And bid our cup with blessings flow.

These are the tasks to thee assign'd,
Thou tamer of the human mind,
Immortal Reason!—thy controul
Distinguishes the Heav'n-born soul;
Gives it its origin to know,
The source from whence its virtues flow:
Gives it ambition to aspire
Beyond each grov'ling base desire;
And wing'd by Hope to rise beyond the tomb,
Fresh with immortal life, and never-fading bloom.

O D E

O D E

T O

F R I E N D S H I P.

I.

FOND Love, with all his winning wiles
Of tender looks and flattering smiles ;
Of accents that might Juno charm,
Or Dian's colder ear alarm ;
No more shall play the tyrant's part,
No more shall lord it o'er my heart.

II.

To Friendship (sweet benignant Power !)
I consecrate my humble bower,
My lute, my muse, my willing mind,
And fix her in my heart enshrined :
She, Heaven-descended Queen ! shall be
My tutelar Divinity.

E 4

III. Soft

III.

Soft Peace descends to guard her reign
 From anxious fear and jealous pain :
 She no delusive hopes displays,
 But calmly guides our tranquil days ;
 Refines our pleasure, soothes our care,
 And gives the joys of Eden here.

SONG.

S O N G.

ON a bank young Thyrsis lay,
 Blooming as the God of day :
 The flow'rs he press'd seem'd pleas'd to hide
 Beneath his form their blushing pride.

The breezy Zephyrs sporting there,
 Fann'd with their wings the dewy air,
 While Morpheus, hov'ring round his head,
 Gentle slumbers softly shed.

O D E.

O D E.

I.

FOR different ranks and different minds
Distinct pursuits just Fate decrees ;
For those the laurel garland binds,
The prize of science twines for these.

II.

The Muse alone at large may range,
Her free-born spirit scorns controul :
Tho' nations fall, tho' empires change,
Her lyre resounds from pole to pole.

III.

One artist bids the marble breathe,
And * Howe's firm soul the bust inspires ;
Another wins the envy'd wreath,
While † Wolfe in glowing tincts expires.

* Lord Howe, who was unfortunately killed in America, last war.

† General Wolfe, whose death at the siege of Quebec is so finely painted by Mr. West.

IV. Great

IV.

Great these attempts, and just their praise,
To build the Hero's bright renown ;
Fortune bestows, they paint the bays,
But still the Muse must fix the crown.

V.

Her sacred page records their deeds ;
Her golden pencil stamps their fame :
Still in her song brave * Russell bleeds,
And † Ca'ndish boasts a patriot's name.

* William Lord Russell, beheaded in the reign of Charles the Second.

† William Earl (afterwards Duke) of Devonshire, who had a principal share in the Revolution.

O D E

T O

V E N U S.

I.

WHAT mean these tumults in my breast,
This tender sigh, this trickling tear,
This transient joy by grief suppress'd,
This flatt'ring hope chastiz'd by fear?

II.

Why, shun'd by every sprightly Muse,
To soft complaints attune my lyre?
Why social scenes no longer chuse,
But still to lonely groves retire?

III.

Ha, Love! 'tis thy intruding dart!
I feel, I feel the kindling flame:
Thou rul'st the empire of my heart,
Disguis'd in Friendship's specious name.

IV. Fair

IV.

Fair Venus ! to thy pow'r I bow,
To thee prefer my humble suit ;
With myrtle garlands bind my brow,
With roses crown my votive lute !

V.

Indulgent Queen of soft desire,
Oh view me prostrate at thy fane !
Why dost thou thus my soul inspire ?
Why bid me wear a useless chain ?

VI.

If soft compassion's gentle plea
E'er stole persuasive on thy mind,
As Damon's heart let mine be free,
Or both in flowery fetters bind !

VII.

Or, to the cares of love decreed,
Let Damon in his turn complain ;
Unpity'd mourn, unheeded plead,
To me, regardless of his pain !

VIII.

Ah, no ! avert the guilty pray'r—
Love fix'd as mine can never stray ;
Or flights, or circling years impair
The flame illum'd by Friendship's ray.

IX. In

70 ODE TO VENUS.

IX.

In gloomy caves, or leafless bowers,
While I my lonely moments lead,
May Pleasure crown his happier hours,
Fair Friendship's joys, and Virtue's meed!

ODE

O D E
T O
V E N U S.

I.

O H Cyprian Queen ! whose praise I sing,
Whose willing vot'ry I remain,
Teach me to touch the Teian string,
And swell the love-commanding strain !

II.

Descending oft to Sappho's pray'r,
Thy turtles fought the Lesbian shade ;
Their wings perfum'd the yielding air,
Their murmurs sooth'd the love-lorn maid.

III.

Nor less indulgent to my suit,
Wilt thou, immortal Venus ! prove ;
Tho' rude my voice and artless lute,
Yet pity pleads the cause of love.

IV.

Come then, propitious Goddess ! come,
Oh give my Damon to my arms !
Regardless he'll no longer roam,
When thou shalt aid the Muse's charms.

A BAL-

A

B A L L A D,

WRITTEN IN JUNE, 1775.

I.

YE subjects of Britain, attend to my song ;
For, to you both the Muse and her numbers
belong:

No courtier, no hireling, no pensioner she ;
By int'rest unsway'd, and from prejudice free.

II.

A subject I chuse for the theme of my lays,
Well known to this realm in Elizabeth's days ;
That period of glory, that age of renown,
When a female supported the rights of the crown.

III.

A Cabal there was form'd by the foes of the state,
Who like —— and —— could in senate debate :
Foreign gold lin'd their pockets, and bulls from the
Pope

Remov'd all restraint, and gave conscience full scope.

IV. With

IV.

With manners and morals adapted to please,
They flow'd with opinions, as waves with the
breeze ;
For Rome grants indulgence for aiding her cause,
And, to favour her int'rest, relaxes her laws.

V.

Well vers'd in dissembling, 'midst Jesuits bred,
And deep in each lecture of Machiavel read ;
With a latitude Truth must for ever detest,
They censur'd the tenets their hearts still profess'd ;

VI.

And loudly exclaim'd, that the nation again
Wou'd sink to the level of Mary's weak reign ;
For that Burleigh, and those at the head of
affairs,
From the cries of her people, had turn'd the Queen's
ears :

VII.

That a debt justly due to the Spaniards (they said)
Thro' the basest mismanagement, still lay unpaid :
That Iberia was arming her right to demand,
And had mann'd a huge fleet, which no pow'r cou'd
withstand :

F

VIII. That

VIII.

That myriads of treasure, and oceans of gore,
Was the int'rest we soon with the loan must restore;
And that nought cou'd avert it, or ward off the
 blow,
But the Ministry's ruin and swift overthrow.

IX.

Thus, with idle chimeras the people amus'd,
Their judgment perverted, their reason abus'd,
Obnoxious alike ev'ry statesman appear'd:
They were censur'd, revil'd, and condemn'd tho'
 unheard.

X.

For Prejudice suffers not Justice to sway;
Caprice is the law that her subjects obey;
And the culprit is either accus'd or commended,
Not for what he has done, but what party offended.

XI.

This point once attain'd, and the popular name
Of Patriot assum'd, to establish their fame,
They laugh'd at those gudgeons who swallow'd the
 bait,
And plann'd (in its guardians) the fall of the state.

XII. For

XII.

For they knew them so firm, so attach'd to the laws,
To religion, to truth, and Elizabeth's cause,
That, ere they cou'd give these a final o'erthrow,
They first at their bosoms must level the blow.

XIII.

So away to Whitehall they determin'd to hie them,
And see if her Majesty dar'd to deny them,
When they shou'd demand the immediate disgrace
Of friends, fav'rites, ministers—all those in place.

XIV.

Arriv'd at the palace, they soon gain'd admission,
As due to their rank, not their vaunted commission;
And boldly advanc'd to the foot of the throne,
Pretended abuses and wrongs to make known.

XV.

The Queen, with a placid but resolute eye,
Prepar'd for a kind or an angry reply,
As their stile might deserve; most attentively heard
them,
And shew'd that she neither neglected nor fear'd them.

XVI.

With eloquence fram'd, their deep arts to disguise,
To fascinate reason by sudden surprize,
To lull the sound judgment to drowsy repose,
And win and insinuate still as it flows ;

XVII.

They talk'd of abuses, of rights unprotected,
Of the wrongs we endur'd, and of those we expected;
And, swell'd with importance, began to arraign
A conduct too partial, which made them complain.

XVIII.

Said, our freedom hung pois'd in a wavering scale;
That the opposite balance must shortly prevail:
For they knew by that charm they shou'd strengthen
the spell,
Which alone cou'd the schemes they concerted
conceal.

XIX.

But the Queen's penetration detected the snare;
No soft flowing words cou'd impose on her ear:
Yet, wisely dissembling, she mildly desir'd
They'd freely declare all her people requir'd.

XX.

Encourag'd by this, opportunely they thought
The ministry's fall might be easily wrought;
And began to complain of their overgrown pow'r,
Which our freedom, our wealth, and our laws wou'd
devour.

XXI. Said,

XXI.

Said, their measures were wrong, and their admini-
stration

Obnoxious alike to all ranks in the nation ;
Their disgrace they must therefore most humbly
advise,

Left the chiefs should revolt and the populace rise.

XXII.

Unmov'd by the menace, Elizabeth frown'd
So sternly, as might the most daring confound ;
And, enrag'd at their pride, struck the globe with
her hand,

That ensign of honour and regal command.

XXIII.

“ By the God that I worship (if rightly I ween)
“ They're my friends, and I've prov'd them,” reply'd
the fair Queen ;
“ As such I regard them, as such I'll defend ;
“ So desist from complaining, and to me attend.

XXIV.

“ As long as the scepter of Britain I sway,
“ I'll rule like a Queen, and ye all shall obey :
“ No laws I'll infringe, and no insolent Peer
“ Shall presume to intrude on the Royal barrier.

XXV.

“ My servants I’ll chuse, and my friends I’ll reward;
“ To the good of my subjects shew proper regard :
“ But when traitors the peace of my crown would
 “ destroy,
“ Let Justice the sword of correction employ.

XXVI.

Repuls’d and abash’d, from the throne they retir’d,
And ne’er, from that moment, ’gainst statesmen
 conspir’d,
Whose wisdom and virtue secur’d them esteem,
And still furnish the Muse with a favourite theme.

XXVII.

Success crown’d the measures they wisely pursu’d;
Our friendship was courted, our treaties renew’d,
Our commerce extended; while peace reign’d at
 home,
And Britain shook off the last shackle of Rome.

T W O E L E G I E S.

A R G U M E N T.

In the two following Elegies, Christina Queen of Sweden is represented bewailing the tyranny of Custom, and the restraint she was under with respect to Marriage; and at length determining to sacrifice her interest to her love, by abdicating a crown which she was not permitted to share with her lover.

E L E G Y T H E F I R S T.

I.

THOU tyrant Custom! whose relentless laws
 Nature and Justice still oppose in vain;
 Will no kind angel plead my injur'd cause?
 Will no avenging arm destroy thy chain?

F 4

II. Must

II.

Must Love (that gentle Pow'r, whose soft'ning smiles
The savage fierceness of Revenge can tame,
Or soothe Ambition with persuasive wiles,
And lure him back from the pursuits of fame);

III.

Must he, low bending to thy stern command,
The rosy garland and the bow resign;
In courts a mean neglected captive stand,
And by thy laws his juster sway confine?

IV.

No, abject shade! let thy imagin'd hand
O'er coward minds the iron sceptre wield;
A soul superior spurns thy base command,
And bids thy rules to Reason's dictates yield.

V.

From regal pomp and regal cares retir'd,
I'll lose the sov'reign in a softer name;
By fools condemn'd, but by the brave admir'd,
And crown'd at once with happiness and fame.

ELEGY THE SECOND.

CHRISTINA TO ALEXIS.

I.

NOT great Gustavus his exalted throne,
His fair dominions, or his wealth, I prize;
To bear the toils of royalty alone,
Or see some monarch by my favour rise.

II.

Tho' Fortune smiles on my auspicious reign,
Since Fate forbids that thou shou'dst share the dow'r,
For thee the pomp of empire I'll disdain,
And all the high-plum'd pageantry of pow'r.

III.

A soul like mine cou'd well such trappings spare:
But say, wilt thou renounce Ambition's aim
For me? the withering breath of Censure dare,
And spurn the civic wreath, the hero's proud
acclaim?

IV. Wilt

IV.

Wilt thou, like me, for some sequester'd shade,
Some village cot, these stately domes resign,
Where Wealth, where Fame, where Pride must
 ne'er invade,
But all be sacrific'd at Friendship's shrine?

V.

Love shuns the troubled haunts of pomp and noise;
Close in a myrtle grove his temple stands;
There he diffuses all his purest joys,
And binds uniting hearts in flow'ry bands.

VI.

But Cupid scorns to hold divided sway,
Nor with Ambition deigns to share a throne;
Who owns his sceptre must his will obey,
And bend to him, despotic Pow'r! alone.

VII.

If then Alexis loves, he'll lead the way
Thro' Russian deserts or th' Atlantic wave,
Rather than here 'midst tasteless splendor stay,
The dupe of Folly, and vain Fortune's slave.

THE
SYLPH - LOVER.
A SONG.

I.

HERE in this fragrant bower I dwell,
And nightly here repose ;
My couch a lily's snowy bell,
My canopy a rose.
The honey-dew each morn I sip,
That hangs upon the violet's lip ;
And, like the bee, from flower to flower
I careless rove at noon-tide hour.

II.

Regardless as I lately stray'd
Along the myrtle grove,
Enchanting music round me play'd,
Soft as the voice of love.
Thus its sweet murmurs seem'd to say,
" Fond, thoughtless wanton, come away !
" For while you rove, a rival's charms
" Win thy Myrtilla to his arms."

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN A CONVENT.

WRETC H that I am ! what fate averts my
doom,

And bars my way to the sequester'd tomb,
Where soft Oblivion drowns our vain desires ;
Where hopeless Love's consuming flame expires ;
Where Misery sleeps, where Sorrow finds repose,
And the last scenes of Life's dark drama close ?

Death, partial tyrant ! whose misguided spear
The happy wish to shun, the guilty fear ;
Why, loit'ring still on Time's uncertain wing,
Must distant age thy slow approaches bring,
When the afflicted soul implores thy speed,
And courts the blow, impatient to be freed ?

Oft uninvok'd, 'midst Fortune's favour'd train,
Where Love, and Joy, and gay Contentment reign,
Thy

Thy haggard band of pale diseases fly,
Chill the warm heart, and dim the sparkling eye ;
Or, still unaw'd, impetuous force their way,
Where Pomp and Wealth their pageant glare display;
Where wanton Luxury each art refines,
And pamper'd Pow'r on stately thrones reclines ;
Where proud Ambition boasts her daring claim,
And builds her aerie in the heights of fame.
Still there thy ruthless dart in secret wounds,
And in one fate their lofty aims confounds :
But from the mournful call of plaintive woe,
Whose pulse scarce beats, whose blood forgets to
flow,

From drooping spirits, by affliction broke,
Thou fly'st regardless, and delay'st the stroke.

Where then can I, poor love-lorn maid, appeal,
Where hope for refuge from the wrongs I feel,
Since Death, whose arm alone could bring relief,
Smiles at my anguish, and insults my grief?

Here in these hallow'd domes, these sacred shades,
Where heav'n-born Peace her silver pinions spreads ;
Where calm Religion lends her tranquil ray,
Illumes the path, and points the glorious way ;
For me no beam of holy grace descends ;
For me no Hope her balmy wing extends :

But

But Love directs the sigh Repentance claims,
And reigns triumphant, tho' Reflection blames.

From restless slumbers and tumultuous dreams
Of long-lost pleasures or delusive schemes,
Wak'd by the midnight bell, to pray'r I rise,
Guilt in my heart and terror in my eyes,
And thro' the vaulted aisles reluctant move,
With feign'd devotion, tho' the slave of Love.
O'er holy martyrs' sculptur'd tombs I tread,
Where beaming glories mark the fainted head ;
Where virgins live in monumental bras,
And seem to chide as I, frail sister ! pass ;
But chide in vain—regardless of their frown,
Love flights the gilded shrine, the starry crown ;
His impious sway the guilty Pow'r maintains,
Throbs in my heart, and thrills thro' all my veins.

Now prostrate at the altar's foot I bow,
Bewail my errors, and renew my vow,
Implore for mercy, which I yet abuse,
And plead for grace, tho' I that grace refuse ;
While fault'ring accents still confess the pray'r
Not by Religion form'd, but by Despair ;
And wandering thoughts, and a rebellious heart,
Renounce that peace repentance would impart.

The

The nightly hymn and solemn service o'er,
Trembling, my lonely cloister I explore ;
And there (while round me, sunk in soft repose,
Each shares the sweet oblivion sleep bestows,
While yet no priest, no list'ning vestal hears)
I seize the moment sacred to my tears ;
Give a full loose to anguish and despair,
And breathe my sorrows to the vacant air.

Then, if exhausted Nature seeks repose,
And transient slumbers my sad eye-lids close,
Fancy, still free, the magic drama forms ;
Replete with foaming waves and threat'ning storms,
Methinks Alonzo rides the angry main,
And spurns me (sinking) while I plead in vain ;
Or with his arms the furious surge divides,
And bears some happier rival o'er the tides ;
While plung'd at once beneath the whelming flood,
Dim grow my eyes, and cold the circling blood,
As some wide-gaping chasm or gloomy cave
Receives me fainting, and affords a grave.

Or, should more pleasing objects form the scene,
A beauteous landscape and a heav'n serene,
Sicilia's vales and Cyprus' blooming groves,
Haunt of the Graces and the infant Loves ;
Yet there Alonzo's form salutes my view,
And flies unkindly, while I still pursue :

Tho' tangling grafs and flow'rs perversely meet,
Impede my way, and catch my struggling feet.

Or if awhile some fond delusion charms,
And brings this vagrant lover to my arms,
Religion, frowning, the short joy denies,
And tears the sweet enchantment from my eyes.
The matin bell bids all its beauties fade,
The rosy bow'rs, and my Alonzo's shade.
Yet on the mind such flatt'ring traits they leave,
Again I slumber, and again believe :
Alonzo all his former vows renews ;
He fights, he pleads, till every doubt I lose ;
Then sweetly smiling seems to chide my stay,
Unfolds the ponderous gates, and leads the way.
But soon the bell's repeated sound I hear ;
The vision flies, resolv'd to empty air—
I rise, and wrapt within the shelt'ring veil,
Weep o'er my sorrows, and my vows bewail ;
But weep in vain, in those lone cells immur'd,
By laws devoted, and by walls secur'd ;
Watch'd by pale sisters, who my tears arraign,
And e'en refuse the freedom to complain.
Unpity'd captive ! where can I appeal ;
To whom my sorrows or my wrongs reveal ;
Deny'd the privilege Affliction claims,
Which Heav'n allows, tho' harsh Religion blames ?

A SONG.

A S O N G.

I.

O H Corydon, where dost thou stray?
To what far distant clime art thou flown,
Where Fame ne'er extended her sway,
Where the Muse and her lute are unknown?

II.

Are the nymphs of those vallies more fair?
Are the charms they possess more divine?
Ah! inconstant! how oft didst thou swear,
That no beauty cou'd please thee but mine!

III.

Fond fool that I was, to believe
Such language cou'd never beguile!
That vows were not made to deceive,
Or falshood to lurk in a smile!

IV.

Oh Memory! why the soft scene
Of our loves dost thou ever renew?
Oh why still in vain o'er the green
Do my eyes a false rover pursue?

G

V. Oblivion,

V.

Oblivion ! sweet balm of our woes,
Where, where thy calm spring may I find ?
Its wave shall restore my repose,
And banish his form from my mind.

VI.

Ah no ! thus engrav'd on my heart,
What charm can his image remove ?
That will ne'er be erased by art,
Which was drawn by the pencil of Love.

[91]

J E N N Y ' s
F A R E W E L L
T O
P E T I E.

I.

WITH streaming eyes and aching heart,
Poor Jenny saw the flag display'd ;
And must we, Petie, must we part ?
And wilt thou leave thy Jane ? she said.

II.

Oh, if my Petie lov'd so true,
Not thus from my fond arms he'd stray,
A fleeting shadow to pursue,
Or a delusive voice obey.

III.

What is the wavering breath of Fame,
Or what Profusion's gaudy glare ?
A phantom, an ideal name,
Mere scenery of painted air.

G 2

IV. Let

IV.

Let Folly bask in Fortune's smiles,
And idly court her fleeting joys ;
We'll shun the fair, the flatt'ring wiles,
Since Love disdains her useless toys.

V.

Back to the Highlands let us go,
And leave Ambition far behind ;
There fancy'd spring 'midst snows shall glow,
And music float on ev'ry wind.

VI.

Fond love shall gild each dreary scene,
And teach our native rocks to bloom ;
Clothe bleakest wilds in lively green,
And breathe from heath-grown hills perfume.

VII.

What are Idume's fragrant gales,
Tho' with ten thousand odours fraught,
When ev'ry sense of pleasure fails,
And distant flies each pensive thought ?

VIII.

Not sylvan scenes or vernal charms
Can Jenny's sick'ning fancy please,
If Petie wanders from her arms,
The sport of ruthless winds and seas.

IX. Oh

IX.

Oh wilt thou then unkindly rove
Thro' joys thy lassie must not share;
Forget thy vows of faithful love,
And basely court some wealthier fair?

X.

Forbid it, all ye sacred Powers
Who smil'd upon our mutual flame,
When soft as dews, or April show'rs,
Love stole on Friendship's colder name!

XI.

Her accents fail'd, but still her sighs
More eloquent than language plead;
Nor less persuasive speak her eyes,
While tears to falling tears succeed.

XII.

The youth now half relenting stood,
And oft her cheek with kisses prest,
And oft his tender vows renew'd,
Tho' sighs the fault'ring sounds repress'd.

XIII.

The rougher passions all gave way,
And love had triumph'd o'er his heart,
Wou'd time have deign'd a transient stay;
But Heav'n decreed that they must part.

XIV.

And now the drum beat loud alarms ;
His comrades all appear'd in view :
He burst from her encircling arms,
Nor waited for one fond adieu.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

THO' Love and each harmonious Maid
To gentle Sappho lent their aid,
Yet, deaf to her enchanting tongue,
Proud Phaon scorn'd her melting song.

II.

Mistaken nymph ! hadst thou ador'd
Fair Fortune, and her smiles implor'd ;
Had she indulgent own'd thy claim,
And given thee wealth instead of fame,

III.

Tho' harsh thy voice, deform'd and old,
Yet such th' omnipotence of gold,
The youth had soon confess'd thy charms,
And flown impatient to thy arms.

THE
P R U D E,
A
C O M I C O P E R A.

The Author hopes her readers will be so indulgent, as to consider that this Opera was intended for the stage, and most of the airs composed for particular tunes. This apology she thought it necessary to make, as the measure of some of them might otherwise have appeared singular.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

M E N.

EARL OF LEWINGTON, *disguised as a Peasant, in love with Clementina.*

SIR WILLIAM SANDBY, *his Friend, in love with Jenny.*

DON PEDRO DE MENDOZA, *Father to Clementina.*

FATHER DOMINICK, *an artful Priest.*

ROGER, *a Villager, in love with Jenny.*

W O M E N.

CLEMENTINA, *in love with the Earl of Lewington, but intended by her Father for a Nun.*

GRIZILDA, *Sister to Don Pedro.*

JENNY, *in love with Sir William Sandby, who she imagines a Peasant.*

MRS. WILSON, *supposed Mother to Jenny.*

SCENE a Village, &c. in a remote part of *England.*

Time of action twelve hours.

[99]

THE
P R U D E,
A
COMIC OPERA.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene a castle, with a meadow before it: on one side, a grove, and on the other, a prospect of the adjacent country. Clementina and Jenny are discovered seated on a bank at the foot of a tree; the former playing on a lute.

AIR THE FIRST.

ADORN'D with the beauties of May,
Here nature luxuriant is seen;
Sweet flowers in blooming array
Enamel the smooth-shaven green.

From

From the banks of yon murmuring rill,
Where the vi'let spontaneously springs,
Fresh odours the breezes exhale,
And wantonly waft on their wings.

The wood-lark's wild notes fill the grove,
While the finch warbles sweet on the spray;
They tune their soft carols to love,
And hail the approaches of May.

But harsh sounds their music to me,
Severely condemn'd in my bloom
A convent's strict rules to obey,
And pine in a monast'ry's gloom.

CLEMENTINA.

Oh Jenny! how unfortunate am I! Condemn'd
to waste the gay meridian of youth in the dark recesses
of a lonely cell; and leave the world and all
its innocent pleasures, at the very moment when
my heart languishes to enjoy them.

JENNY.

Are you really determin'd to obey your father,
and take the veil?

CLEMENTINA.

How can I avoid it?

JENNY.

JENNY.

No parent in the universe shou'd force me into a convent against my consent.

CLEMENTINA.

You talk extravagantly, my dear:—but, pray what wou'd you do, if you was in my situation?

JENNY.

Leave my father to shew his zeal for religion in some other manner, and seek liberty where I cou'd find it.

CLEMENTINA.

You would not surely forget the duty that is due to a parent, and follow your own inclination?

JENNY.

Indeed I shou'd, rather than submit to be a nun.

A I R T H E S E C O N D.

Wild with surprize, with fear oppress'd,
The new-fledg'd bird forsakes its nest,
And flutt'ring, seeks some distant tree,
If boys invade its liberty.
Dear liberty, sweet liberty, &c.

To

To deserts drear, and woods unknown,
 The coward hind will bound alone,
 Rather than wait the toils, and be
 Confin'd, and lose sweet liberty, &c.

Shall we, my friend, less wise than they,
 Still loiter on the dang'rous way?
 No—free as air, as fancy free,
 We'll fly, and seek sweet liberty, &c.

CLEMENTINA.

Alas! where can I fly?—who will grant an asylum to a friendless runaway?

JENNY.

Is there no kind friend, no generous lover, in whose arms you may find protection from the cruelty of an infatuated father?

CLEMENTINA.

Heigh-ho!——

JENNY.

Ha, Clementina! that heart-felt sigh betrays a secret I have never been acquainted with.

CLEMENTINA.

It is the only circumstance of my life I ever conceal'd from you. 'Twas delicacy, not distrust, that
 3 occasion'd

occasion'd my silence. I often wish'd to converse with you upon a theme which continually employs my thoughts; but I did not know how to introduce it. That difficulty is now remov'd; and I will own to you, 'tis love (that cruel destroyer of repose) which triumphs over every filial duty, and makes me shudder at the thoughts of a veil.

AIR THE THIRD.

May you with Friendship's healing balm
Affuage the anguish of my heart;
Charm the rude tempest to a calm,
Or in my sorrows bear a part!

JENNY.

Hush, hush! yonder comes Father Dominick and your aunt. Suppose we retire into the grove, before they observe us, and avoid being interrupted by them.

CLEMENTINA.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FATHER DOMINICK and GRIZILDA.

GRIZILDA.

Oh, Father Dominick! Father Dominick! what a blessed thing it is to see the church prosper so! if
our

our pious Queen Mary survives but a few years longer, there will be nothing but sanctity in the nation. Not long ago, it was shameful to behold the young huffies staring the fellows in the face, at all their profane assemblies; but now, by our Lady, it does one's heart good to see how the nunneries are crowded!—and they say her Majesty (Heaven prosper her) is determined to burn all the Heretics, and endow monasteries with their estates.

FATHER DOMINICK.

God spare her, to execute her righteous intention!
So fare thee well, Grizilda. I must depart, for I have three nunneries to confess ere noon.

DUET THE FOURTH.

GRIZILDA.

Ha, Dominick! I fear
Thy greatest business there
Is not as a priest, but a lover.
But by the Mass I swear,
If the nuns are all thy care,
The plot thou hast laid I'll discover.

FATHER DOMINICK.

Psha! cast thy fears away;
 Dost think such chits as they
 Can rival thy prudence and merit?
 The Spaniard to beguile,
 We must wear the mask a while,
 And then we'll his fortune inherit.

GRIZILDA.

Well, God speed thee, Dominick! and remember
 thou art sworn to make me the wife of thy bosom,
 as soon as the fortune is thine, and thou hast ob-
 tained a dispensation to marry. *[Exit.*

Manet FATHER DOMINICK.

What a fool do I make of this old amorous do-
 tard! Dost she think, that when I am in possession
 of her brother Don Pedro's riches, I'll wed such a
 piece of superannuated mortality as she is? No, no,
 Grizil; when once Clementina is cloister'd, and I
 have accomplish'd my design, I'll shake thee off,
 like an old cassock not worth the wearing. — Now,
 let me see:— *[taking a paper out of his bosom.]* This
 is a copy of Don Pedro's will—would it was per-
 fected, and he in the tomb with Saint Alban! *[he*
reads] “ I bequeath to the Nunnery of Saint Cathe-
 “ rine of blessed memory, 200 crowns *per annum*,
 “ for the maintenance of my dear daughter Cle-
 H “ mentina.”

“mentina.”—The Abbess and I shall go halves there.
[he reads again.] “*Item.* I bequeath to the Chapel
 “of our Lady at Loretto, 800 crowns.” That sinks
 here—*[shaking his pocket.]* “And lastly, I will and
 “desire, that the residue of my fortune, both real
 “and personal, may be employ’d in erecting and
 “endowing a College for the holy order of Domi-
 “nican Friars; of which my pious and Right Re-
 “verend Chaplain Dominick Doubleface is to be
 “Superior, and in whose hands this bequest is to be
 “deposited, until the aforesaid College is com-
 “pleted.”—And in whose hands it is likely to re-
 main.—Poor credulous Don Pedro!—But pray, what
 is the difference between your intention and mine?—
 you leave your fortune to the church, and I convert
 it to the use of a churchman.

A I R T H E F I F T H.

But when the rich treasure is mine,
 No longer a Friar I’ll be;
 Away with the mask of Divine,
 When once it grows useless to me.

[Exit singing.]

The scene changes to a green before a village, with
 a prospect of a grove on one side; beyond which
 the top of a castle appears.

E A R L

EARL OF LEWINGTON *solus*.

It is almost nine weeks since I first took up my abode in this retired habitation, and, shelter'd beneath a rustic garb, have employ'd every moment in fruitless attempts of revealing myself to Clementina : but so strictly is she watch'd by that old female Argus, that I have never been able to obtain an interview, or even give her a hint of my disguise : and so cautious am I obliged to be, lest a discovery of my retreat should again expose me to the dangers I have lately escaped, that I am afraid to tamper with any of Don Pedro's domestics; who wou'd, in all probability, recollect my person, and betray me into the hands of my enemies.

A I R T H E S I X T H.

Come, gentle Zephyr, lend thy aid,
Forfake yon gliding spring;
To seek the lovely weeping maid
Oh wave thy swiftest wing!

And when you find the blooming fair,
Oh tell her what I feel!
In plaintive murmurs to her ear,
My sighs, my vows reveal.

H 2

Enter

Enter SIR WILLIAM SANDBY.

SIR WILLIAM.

My dear Lewington! I'm heartily glad to see you.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Ha! Sir William Sandby!—give me your hand. This generous proof of your friendship deserves my warmest acknowledgments—it is a sacrifice I was hardly self-interested enough to hope for.

SIR WILLIAM.

If it can deserve the name of a sacrifice, it is one at least from which I derive the greatest advantage. But away with compliments, they are incompatible with sincerity, and tell me how have you amused yourself in my absence? Have you never once sigh'd for the prohibited pleasures of a Court?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

To prevent any suspicion of my disguise, I appear as clownish in my manners as my garb; associate with my fellow-cottagers, and join freely in all their rustic sports. Their conversation, indeed, is rude and unpolish'd; but it is the language of the heart, and much less disgusting, to a rational ear, than the smooth, studied eloquence of villains. And as for the Court, that nest of fools and bigots, every honest man shou'd shun it—its very air is
infected

infected with superstition ; and nothing can survive in such an atmosphere, but priestcraft and hypocrisy.

AIR THE SEVENTH.

Wou'd Fortune my wealth and my honours return,
To depend on a Court, I her favours wou'd spurn ;
Reject the vain trifles, and boldly despise
What villains obtain, and what fools only prize.

The man who serene views the changes of Fate,
By frowns ne'er depress'd, nor by favours elate,
For int'rest or titles will never descend
To barter his freedom, his faith, or his friend.

SIR WILLIAM.

To declare my sentiments with candour, Lewington, I am as heartily disgusted with the superstitious ignorance of our bigotted Court as you can possibly be ; I am therefore become a voluntary exile, determin'd to share the fortunes of my friend. But might we not pass our time much more agreeably in Holland, or a hundred other places, where we shou'd be under no necessity of appearing in disguise, than here among a parcel of peasants, whose manners are as rude and uncultivated as their soil ?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Oh, Sandby, I'm imprison'd here!—A captive in the toils of love.

SIR WILLIAM.

Ha, ha, ha! the philosophic Lewington at last enslav'd by the charms of a woman!—Pray, who is the fair tyrant? Some gentle shepherdes or sylvan nymph, I suppose.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

A lady of birth and fortune, equal to my most aspiring wishes.—Have you ever seen Clementina de Mendoza?

SIR WILLIAM.

What! the lovely daughter of Don Pedro de Mendoza, the Spanish nobleman, who marry'd the Earl of Darking's heiress?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

The same.

SIR WILLIAM.

Your choice of a mistress affords me one more proof of your elegant taste. But is this only a transient amour, or an attachment of a serious nature?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

So serious, I assure you, that the future happiness of my life depends upon it.—Clementina has
long

long honour'd me with her affections; and I had once obtain'd her father's consent to our marriage: but unfortunately, just at that crisis, my remonstrances to Queen Mary, against the inhuman treatment shewn towards the Princess Elizabeth, drew upon me their Majesties displeasure. I was declar'd a traitor, and obliged to provide for my safety by absconding; and immediately afterwards (on the decease of Clementina's mother) Don Pedro (influenced by an artful priest, who has an absolute ascendancy over him) determin'd to shew his zeal for Popery, by condemning his daughter to a religious life; and, to prevent any possibility of her defeating his intention, brought her down to yon ruinous castle, beyond the limits of whose walls she is not permitted to stray without an old maiden-sister of Don Pedro's, who is imagined to have too good an understanding with the Friar, to let his interest suffer by the escape of her niece.

SIR WILLIAM.

Allow me to be your guide in the affair, and I'll answer for it we release Clementina from her prison, tho' the Pope and all his myrmidons shou'd guard her.

H 4

A I R

AIR THE EIGHTH.

The gentle nymph whose passions move
 Harmonious to the voice of love,
 Disdains her freedom to resign,
 Or in a gloomy convent pine.

Point out the path, she'll (swiftly flying,
 And harsh restraint and bars defying)
 Leave zealots to their vain alarms,
 And seek protection in thy arms.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

I know you are an adept in the science of intrigue, and from this moment acknowledge you my preceptor.

[Grizilda passes hastily over the further end of the stage.]

SIR WILLIAM.

For Heaven's sake, Lewington, what species of mortality moves yonder?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

That's the dragon that guards the Hesperian fruit; Clementina's maiden-aunt.

SIR WILLIAM.

Enchant her, my friend, and bear away the prize.

EARL

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Psha!

SIR WILLIAM.

I am serious, upon my honour. Flattery is a powerful kind of music, which few women can resist—it lulls the watchful senses of enquiring jealousy, and smiles away suspicion. Make love to the Duenna, and her Ward is your own.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Impossible!—'twould appear like insulting her. Has she not eyes to view her own deformity?

SIR WILLIAM.

Flattery, flattery, Lewington, will make the sex believe any thing. But I think she seems to bend her steps this way; and, before she comes too near, get you behind that tree, while I try what impression a few soft things will make on her heart.

AIR THE NINTH.

Tho' old and deform'd,
By flattery charm'd,
She'll fancy her graces renew;
And, vain of her power,
Believe you adore
The beauties which ne'er were her due.

With

With languishing eyes,
 Soft accents and sighs,
 You'll find free access to her heart :
 Tho' frozen by age,
 The passions will rage
 When Cupid has pointed a dart.

*[Lord Lewington goes behind a tree
 as Grizilda re-enters.]*

SIR WILLIAM.

Now flattery and impudence assist me !

GRIZILDA.

I'll warrant she's along with that saucy minx
 Jenny ; but I'll be even with her—by our Lady, I
 will.

SIR WILLIAM.

[going up to Grizilda.]

You seem discompos'd, Madam. May I presume
 to enquire the cause of your perturbation ?

GRIZILDA.

Cause ! why cause enough to try the patience of
 Saint Agnes, if she was in my situation !

SIR WILLIAM.

Nay, calm yourself a little, I beseech you. Those
 eyes were never form'd for anger, nor that brow for
 frowns.

GRIZILDA.

For all your impertinent sneers, Sir, this forehead, and those eyes, have had their charms ; aye, and their *admirers* too, I can assure you.

SIR WILLIAM.

You wrong me, Madam, by suspecting my sincerity.—I can easily imagine how formidable your meridian beauty must have been, since even now I feel the power of its declining lustre ;—but if your sensibility takes alarm at compliments, tho' ever so justly due, I must conceal the feelings of my heart, and confine my expressions to the cold limit of esteem. But tho' I am forbid to speak my sentiments with freedom, I must always admire in silence those mental charms which time can never impair.—Yes, Madam, 'tis that exalted virtue, which even the tongue of envy dares not to traduce ; that throws a thousand nameless graces round you, and gives an air of dignity to your deportment, which at once commands respect and admiration.—Might I presume to hope your delicacy wou'd not be wounded by my abruptness, I wou'd drop those feeble epithets, and call the sentiments your merit inspires by softer names.

GRIZILDA.

Truly, Sir, this is a very extraordinary mode of address,

address, and I do not know what construction to put on your behaviour.

SIR WILLIAM.

A lady of your penetration and good sense can never misconstrue the language of respect; and if my want of eloquence prevents my doing justice to the subject, I will rely on your candour to excuse the deficiency, and not suffer it to injure me in your esteem.

GRIZILDA.

Injure you in my esteem!—really, Sir, I do not understand what pretensions you can have to my esteem.

SIR WILLIAM.

No pretensions indeed, I must confess, but those which my profound respect and admiration give me;—yet surely there is at least some small degree of friendship due to one who has so long and so sincerely revered your virtues.

GRIZILDA.

Why, to be sure, there is something, as you say, due to one who shews us a preference;—but I really cannot recollect receiving any proof of yours, or indeed having ever seen you before in my life.

SIR WILLIAM.

I am concern'd to think, that a modest diffidence
shou'd

shou'd have thrown such a veil over the partiality I entertain for you, as to make me pass entirely unnoticed.—It was the fear of offending, that always kept me at a distance, and prevented my engaging your attention by any marks of mine.

GRIZILDA.

Pray, Sir, will you be so kind as to inform me who you are, and where it was that I had the pleasure of being in your company!—Perhaps then I may be able to recollect something about you.

SIR WILLIAM.

The story of my life is so diversified with a variety of adventures, that it would require more leisure to unfold, than our present expos'd situation will allow of—I have long sought an opportunity to divulge the interesting narrative to your ear; and if you will honour me with attention at some more convenient moment, my history shall be disclos'd without reserve; and cannot fail of rewarding your condescension.

GRIZILDA.

I am afraid it will have the air of an assignation, if I consent to oblige you; and yet, as you say you have a secret to communicate, I do not know how to refuse;—so you may come to the end of yonder
grove

grove at four o'clock this afternoon (perhaps I may take a walk that way)—and be sure you are very careful that nobody observes you; for, as I am a single woman, my reputation might suffer if I was to be seen alone with a man; and I wou'd not have my character impeach'd, no, not for her Majesty's dominions, and the wealth of Mexico to boot.

SIR WILLIAM.

You may rely on my secrecy and caution. I know the value of a lady's reputation, and wou'd not injure your's for the universe.

GRIZILDA.

Then you may depend on my meeting you in the grove by four.

AIR THE TENTH.

There unsuspected I'll receive thee,
Since thou hast vow'd thou'lt not deceive me;
But shou'd the prying world discover,
They'd think I entertain'd a lover,
And I never cou'd my fame recover.
And I never cou'd, &c. [*Exit Grizilda.*

[*Lord*

[Lord Lewington comes from behind the tree.]

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Lewington! don't you think my intrigue wears a promising aspect?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Oh, Sandby, I am almost disgusted with the sex!

SIR WILLIAM.

Wou'd my friend refuse to admire a beautiful picture, or a fine-proportion'd statue, because he had seen a daub upon the sign-post of an inn, or a distorted Indian deity?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Your reproof, my dear Sandby, does equal honour to your good sense and your generosity. But prithee how do you intend to fulfil your engagement with Grizilda?—you won't meet her, surely?

SIR WILLIAM.

Not I, faith.—I only made the appointment to secure her for a while, and afford you an opportunity of revealing yourself to Clementina;—but if you find it necessary to prolong her absence from the castle, I'll sacrifice an hour to the interest of my friend with all my heart.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

How shall I make a return to such generous and
disinterested

disinterested friendship!—While we are on the subject of love, give me leave to enquire, if the remembrance of your little favourite Jenny is entirely effaced? I have not heard you mention her yet.

SIR WILLIAM.

Oh Lewington! not all the natural gaiety of my temper, nor the dissipated pleasures I have run through since I left you, can banish the idea of that innocent girl.

AIR THE ELEVENTH.

I flew to the scenes where gay pleasures allure,
Where art joins with beauty, its reign to secure;
But in such borrow'd graces no charm cou'd I find;
Like foils, they endear'd the sweet maid to my mind.

The powers of music I try'd, but in vain;
Disdaining to soften, they heighten'd my pain:
In wine next I sought to extinguish the dart,
But deepen'd the wound by inflaming the heart.

Nor absence, nor all the wild revels of youth,
The dictates of pride, or persuasions of truth;
Nor prudence cou'd aid me, nor reason restore
That happy indiff'rence I vainly deplore.

EARL

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

The great disparity between your rank and this amiable villager's, makes your mutual regard exceedingly unfortunate.

SIR WILLIAM.

The unaffected tenderness she discover'd for me, when I address'd her under the disguise of a peasant, at our first coming down, has made too deep an impression to be easily obliterated; and though prudence and ambition both forbid our union, I am afraid it is impossible that I should ever cease to love her. It was on her account alone that I wish'd to remove from this agreeable retreat, lest my growing passion should at length obtain dominion over my honour, and in some unguarded moment, when reason lay absorb'd in tenderness, persuade me to forget the obligations which are due to love and unsuspecting innocence.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

I am strangely interested in the happiness of that young creature, without being able to assign any reason for the partiality I entertain in her favour; and yet I am not at all alarm'd for her on your account. Her native innocence, and the confidence she places in you, are sufficient guardians of her honour; for,

I

believe

believe me, Sandby, there is a majestic dignity in virtue, which awes the boldest libertine, and charms the lawless passion of his heart to friendship and esteem.

SIR WILLIAM.

I am entirely of your opinion, with respect to the influence of female delicacy on a lover's conduct; but still, my friend, there are reasons why I ought to shun the means of increasing a passion, which it may be now in the power of time and absence to eradicate. I will avoid seeing her while I remain in the village, and secure my retreat as soon as possible.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

I commend your resolution exceedingly, and wish you may be able to persevere.

AIR THE TWELFTH.

But love, like ambition, unbounded, disdains
That limit which passions less noble restrains;
Like Neptune's proud waves, still all laws will disown,
And yield to the sceptre of beauty alone.

SIR WILLIAM.

Yonder comes poor Grizilda, raging and foaming like the sea in a storm;—let us retire before she

observes us, and consult about the means of revealing you to Clementina.

[Exeunt Lord Lewington and Sir William.]

Enter GRIZILDA in a violent passion, driving JENNY before her.

GRIZILDA.

Out upon thee ! out upon thee, naughty huffy !—but I'll rid the village of all such flirts : by our Lady, I will. Fine doings indeed ! fine doings !—the world is come to a pretty pass, when such impudent chits as you have the assurance to offer advice.

Enter ROGER.

ROGER.

Heyday !—Why, what's the matter now ?

JENNY.

Only a hurricane, rais'd by envy and ill-nature—'twill soon blow over, Roger.

GRIZILDA.

Hold your prating, sauce-box !

ROGER.

Not so soon, Jenny : it seems to threaten a tempest.

GRIZILDA.

What's that you say, fellow ?—Oh, I have much ado to keep my temper, that I have ! and only that I

wou'd not make a hurry in the village, I'd carry ye both before Father Dominick this moment, and make him send you to jail, and have ye tried for Heretics ; that I would.

ROGER.

Hu—[*whistling*] you spend your breath and your malice in vain, for I value you not. Come along, Jenny, and don't mind her. [*Taking Jenny's hand.*]

GRIZILDA.

“Don't mind her!” truly—“don't mind her!” But you shall rue your insolence, that you shall, the moment my brother comes home.—“Don't mind her!”

DUET THE THIRTEENTH.

ROGER.

Nor you, nor your brother,
Nor forty such other,
Are worthy of Roger's regarding :
In honesty trusting,
A fig for your boasting :
I value you not of a farthing.

Your malice despising,
From envy arising,
To see the young Graces attend her :
Pray, guard your expression,
And bridle your passion,
For while I have life I'll defend her.

GRIZILDA.

THE PRUDE.

125

GRIZILDA.

You clown, you rude bear, you !
Oh how I cou'd tear you,
And claw that young minx for her sneering !
But that I may draw,
From the church and the law,
A vengeance more worthy your fearing.

JENNY.

Your anger smoothe over,
Or else I'll discover
An am'rous intrigue with a Friar.

ROGER, JENNY.

You'd better beware,
Or you'll tread on a snare,
And entrap your own neck in the wire.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

I 3

ACT

A C T T H E S E C O N D.

[The former scene continues. The Earl of Lewington habited as a Pilgrim; Sir William Sandby as a Clown.]

S I R W I L L I A M.

WHAT a powerful divinity is Love! who can instantaneously transform his votaries from courtiers into clowns—from cheerful shepherds to complaining pilgrims. Your disguise, my dear Lewington, is so exceedingly natural, that I was just going to enquire for what shrine you are destin'd.

E A R L O F L E W I N G T O N.

For the shrine of an angel, my friend, where vows of love are to be the offering.—But do you think yourself sufficiently conceal'd by that habit to prevent your enamour'd Grizilda's detecting the imposition?

S I R W I L L I A M.

Grizilda and I have not been many hours acquainted; and altering my voice a little will easily deceive her. Then, you know, the contents of this
letter

letter will make her believe me fifty miles distant at least, and consequently remove all suspicion.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Surely, Sandby, Cupid himself is your inspiring genius, or you cou'd never be such a proficient in the science of gallantry!—But I suppose, by this time, the old lady is approaching the place of assignation, to meet you, and in the interim I'll repair to the Castle.

DUET THE FOURTEENTH.

Oh Cupid! no longer, my passion despising,
Condemn me to languish, a prey to despair!
Oh pity the smart from thy arrow arising,
And kindly resign the dear nymph to my pray'r!

SIR WILLIAM.

With soothing persuasion she'll yield to thy
passion;
Her bosom relenting, will soften to love:
Away then, go pay your devotion;
With smiles the fair faint will your duty approve.
[Exeunt severally.]

Enter R O G E R.

A I R T H E F I F T E E N T H.

As Jenny turns the new-mown hay,
 She looks as sweet, as blithe as May,
 And rosy as the rising day,
 Ascending o'er yon mountain :
 When she her pails at evening brings,
 To milk the kine, and sweetly sings,
 Her voice is soft as murm'ring springs,
 Which glide from yonder fountain.

But when on holyday she's seen
 In sprightly dance to trip the green,
 Her shape, her face, her graceful mien,
 Make ev'ry swain her lover.

[Enter J E N N Y.

Oh Jenny ! wou'dst thou be but mine,
 My flocks, my herds, my brindled kine,
 What I possess shall all be thine,
 And I'll be true for ever.

J E N N Y.

I wish, Roger, you wou'd find some other subject
 to entertain me with ; this is grown so tiresome, I
 am quite disgusted with it.

A I R

AIR THE SIXTEENTH.

Oh, Roger, cease to tease me,
I never can be thine;
Willy alone can please me;
For him, alas! I pine.

My heart he still possesses,
Since in the beechen grove,
With many fond caresses,
He vow'd eternal love.

[*Exeunt.*]

[The scene changes to an avenue, with a castle at the extreme end; Clementina and Grizilda coming towards the gates. The Earl of Lewington, in his pilgrim's habit, enters about the middle of the avenue, and is going towards the castle; but on seeing Clementina, stops short, leans a while upon his staff, and then seats himself on the root of a tree.]

AIR THE SEVENTEENTH.

CLEMENTINA.

Some friendly pow'r her anger soothe!
Incline her to attend!

[*Turning to Grizilda.*]

Can the gay smiles of sprightly youth,
Can innocence offend?

Oh

Oh let my humble sorrow move :
An ear of pity lend ;
Hear my complaint, my suit approve ;
Restore my gentle friend !

GRIZILDA. *[angrily.]*

I tell you, Clementina, you may as well leave off your whining ; for I have given positive directions, that Jenny shou'd not be suffer'd within these walls ; —and if she gets in by stratagem, and I catch you together, you shall both have reason to repent it all your lives, I promise you.

CLEMENTINA.

How cruel it is to deprive me of the only blessing I enjoy'd, by forbidding me the conversation of that dear innocent girl !—Was it not enough to condemn me to a convent, that you must embitter my few remaining hours of liberty, by prohibiting the only indulgence that made life agreeable !

GRIZILDA.

You'd better not provoke me, Clementina : you'd better not provoke me—for depend upon it, I'll be even with you ; that I will.—Here, take this book, *[giving one]* and go back to your chamber, and study it till my return, for I am going to attend four o'clock vespers at Saint Catherine's ; and as I intend to sit a
little

little with the Abbess, perhaps I may not be at home for an hour or two ; but on your peril be it, if you disobey my commands. *[Exit.]*

[Clementina sits down on a bank, while the Earl of Lewington rises and comes forward unperceived by her.]

CLEMENTINA.

Sure, my unhappy life is ordain'd for one continued scene of misery !

AIR THE EIGHTEENTH.

Farewell, sweet illusions ! gay shadows, adieu !
In fancy no more I'll vain pleasures pursue :
Deluded by them, I rove,
Wild as the thoughts of love,
Vainly revolving the scenes I'd renew.

Ye Breezes, ye Zephyrs, who fan the cool air,
And thou, gentle Echo, oh hither repair ;
And breathing plaintive sighs
On ev'ry gale that flies,
Teach all thy haunts to resound my despair !

CLEMENTINA.

Lewington ! oh Lewington, where dost thou roam ?—Exil'd, proscrib'd ; perhaps ere now betray'd !

tray'd!—Just Heaven avert the thought, and shield him from the rage of lawless tyranny! Guard him, ye Angels, guard my Lewington; and in return for all the miseries which I endure, crown him with blessings!

[The Earl comes up to her, supported on his staff, and disguises his voice as he speaks.]

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Alas! sweet lady, why are you thus afflicted? Sure, sorrow is a bold intruder, to usurp dominion o'er your gentle heart!—Excuse an old man's freedom; but methinks, that melancholy look betrays a love-sick mind.

CLEMENTINA.

[*Afide.*] He has surely overheard me; and on that account, believing himself acquainted with a secret, grows insolent. — [*To him.*] You're much mistaken, friend, in your surmise: perhaps I mourn the loss of a relation, or some other unfortunate event.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

My senses, sure, deceived me, or I heard my Clementina mourn the absence of her Lewington.

[*Throwing back his hood, and discovering himself.*]

CLEMENTINA.

CLEMENTINA.

Heavens !

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

[Receiving her in his arms.]

Oh Clementina ! my kind, my generous Clementina ! pronounce those soft, those soothing sounds again :—say that you love ; there's magic in the sound ; 'twill charm away my cares, and make me blest, in spite of wayward fortune.

CLEMENTINA.

My heart beats in unison with your's, and melts with sympathizing tenderness ; yet I must silence its soft notes, and play the monitor.—Think of the dangers that surround us, and of the consequences which must ensue if we are seen together !

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Love, and the silent voice of Nature, bid us fly those dangers while the present moment favours our escape. A proper disguise is already provided, and every thing necessary for your reception.

CLEMENTINA.

Alas ! my Lord, a father's absolute commands oppose it.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Will my Clementina then obey that cruel father,
and

and devote this beauteous form to the harsh austerities of a monastic life?—Forbid it, Heaven!

AIR THE NINETEENTH.

Like blighted rose-buds, doom'd to fade
In some dark convent's lonely shade,
Let nymphs adorn'd with fainter charms
Fly from the reach of fond alarms.

While we the fleeting hours improve,
Obedient to the voice of Love;
Nor idly drop a useless tear,
But share a sweet elysium here.

CLEMENTINA.

Ah! wherefore are love and obedience incompatible—or why is my irresolute heart incapable of relinquishing either attachment?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Let me decide the conflict, and conduct you to a place of safety! [*He endeavours to lead her off.*]

CLEMENTINA.

[*Drawing back her hand.*]

Forbear to urge me, my Lord;—I must not go;—indeed I must not.

EARL

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Perhaps my Clementina scorns to share a ship-wreck'd fortune ;—if so, farewell for ever.

AIR THE TWENTIETH.

That form where youth and beauty reign,
Where dwell ten thousand graces,
Will never bind a lover's chain,
If pride each charm debases.

CLEMENTINA.

Unkind Lewington ! how can you indulge such cruel suspicions !—Have I not already given you a thousand proofs of my regard ; and, if you require one of my confidence, I solemnly assure you that I will fly to your arms for protection, if I cannot avoid the veil by any milder means.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Thou gentle excellence ! why, why did I suspect thee ?—Oh Clementina, excess of tenderness gave rise to my resentment. I could not bear the idea of your regard's being less generous and disinterested than my own.

DUET

DUET THE TWENTY-FIRST.

Was Britain's regal sceptre mine,
 Her fame, her wealth's unbounded measure,
 For thee those blessings I'd resign;
 Thy smile's my crown, my joy, my treasure.

CLEMENTINA.

Tho' danger mark'd the dreary way,
 From softer scenes of pleasure flying,
 Thro' desert wilds with thee I'd stray,
 The angry frown of Fate defying.

BOTH.

Tyrant Duty! yield thy sway;
 Now gentle Love assumes his throne;
 The God inspires, and we obey,
 Refign'd to his commands alone. *Exeunt.*

[The scene changes to the end of a grove.]

GRIZILDA *alone.*

Was ever a woman so insulted, so abused?—Here
 have I been almost a full hour, waiting for a fellow
 who, I suppose, never intended to meet me.—A
 pretty

pretty piece of business, truly ! a pretty piece of business I have made of it !

[As she is going off in a violent passion, Sir William, in the habit of a clown, meets her.]

SIR WILLIAM.

Pray, ben't your name dame Grizil ?

GRIZILDA.

Fellow, my name is Donna Grizilda.

SIR WILLIAM.

Isn't this letter for you ?

[She takes the letter from him impatiently, opens and reads it.]

GRIZILDA.

Oh the dear obliging creature !—Indeed, I cou'd hardly think he intended to deceive me. *[She reads.]* “ Yes, Madam, I will fly on the wings of
“ impatience to the end of the Grove, by six o'clock
“ to-morrow evening, and explain the reason of my
“ seeming neglect, in such a manner as must ensure
“ my pardon, and make you pity rather than condemn me.” *[To Sir William.]* And pray, where have you been loitering all this while, you great lout you ? I shou'd have had this letter near an hour ago.

K

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

Your Honour—I only staid to see old Goody Testy duck'd in 'Squire Quorum's horse-pond for a witch.

GRIZILDA.

Get out of my fight, blockhead, and don't provoke me!

SIR WILLIAM.

[Scratching his head.]

I hope your Ladyship will consider a poor lad, who came out of his way to oblige you.

GRIZILDA.

There, *[in taking out money to give him, she drops a paper from her pocket.]* take that, and get about your business.

[Sir William retires into the grove, and Grizilda comes forward.]

AIR THE TWENTY-SECOND.

Oh, if the youth shou'd worthy prove,
I'll, Dominick, discard thee;
And while I'm happy in his love,
E'en let the Church reward thee.

For

For thou may'st pine,
 My niece too whine,
 And burst with mere vexation ;
 But when a bride,
 I'll both deride
 With scorn and indignation.

[*Exit.*

[*Sir William comes forward from among the trees.*]

SIR WILLIAM.

Oh woman, woman ! what a medley art thou of
 storms and sun-shine ! This moment more out-
 rageous than the northern blast, and the next sooth'd
 to an halcyon calm by the delusive voice of flattery !
 [*Seeing the paper Grizilda had dropt, he takes it up.*]
 Ha ! what have I here ? A paper most curiously
 folded : perhaps, it contains my enamorado's last-
 drawn Valentine. Now, curiosity, to obey thy dic-
 tates. [*He opens it.*] Ha, ha, ha ! one of the Friar's
 love-letters ! [*He reads.*] " Dominick Doubleface
 " to his dear and loving sifter Grizilda de Mendoza."
 [*He looks at the bottom.*] No faith, this is some-
 thing of a more serious nature ; for here's a broad
 seal at the bottom.—What the devil ! a Deed !
 whereby he acknowledges an obligation to marry
 her, as soon as he becomes possess'd of her brother
 Don Pedro's fortune ! — Prithee, Lucifer, resign
 the palm of hypocrisy ! for I think thou art rivall'd

K 2

at

at last.——Now let me see what this indenture further witnesseth : [*he reads.*] “ That if I the said Dominick should refuse to marry thee the said Grizilda, thou shalt, on such refusal, be entitled to the one half of whatever fortune I shall then enjoy.” ——This may be of infinite advantage to my friend Lewington, in his affair with Clementina ; for, in all probability, the old Jezebel will consent to favour her niece’s escape, if by that means she can suppress this scene of villainy.

AIR THE TWENTY-THIRD.

She who religion and virtue abuses,
 (Deep in hypocrisy hiding
 Vices indulg’d) while the world she amuses,
 By female frailties chiding ;
 Rather than lose
 The means to impose,
 Will freely make any concessions you chuse.

[*Exit.*

[The scene changes to the Green before the village.]

ROGER *solus.*

It is all in vain ! for I can think of nothing but Jenny. Her indifference distracts me, and I wander
 about

about my farm like a forlorn traveller in a wilderness.—I will e'en dispose of my effects, and try my fortune at sea ; for the oftener I behold her the more unhappy I grow.

AIR THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

Since Jenny flights my passion,
Ye native plains, adieu !
I'll seek the stormy ocean,
Less savage now than you.

The foaming waves ascending,
The dangers of the main,
Nor all the winds contending,
Can equal her disdain.

Enter SIR WILLIAM, in the dress of a Peasant.

SIR WILLIAM.

Ha ! my old friend Roger ! give me your hand.
—You look dejected.—What's the matter ?

ROGER.

Methinks, Master William, I can't help wishing
I had never seen you.

SIR WILLIAM.

Why so, Roger ? What have I done to offend
you ?

K 3

ROGER

ROGER.

Before you came to our village, I think I stood as well with Jenny as another did ; and tho', I believe, she did not love me, it was some satisfaction to know she lov'd nobody else. But I know not how it is, your fine stories have set her quite beside herself—she can think of nothing, nor talk of nothing, but you.

SIR WILLIAM.

If that's all, Roger, we shall soon be friends again.—I'll teach you the way to win her, my honest fellow,

AIR THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

Oh Roger, wou'dst thou win a lass,
Dissemble, flatter, praise her,
Until she thinks her looking-glass
Of half her charms betrays her.

Swear that her eyes as stars are bright,
Her cheeks like new-blown roses,
And that the lily's snowy white
Her lovely neck discloses.

Swear

Swear that she breathes the sweets of spring ;
That wanton Cupids hover
Around her form on airy wing,
To wound the trembling lover.

Thus, Roger, wou'dst thou win a lass,
Dissemble, flatter, praise her ;
Her charms she'll think thou can't surpass,
While vanity betrays her.

ROGER.

Ah that I had but such a tongue as yours ! However, I'll try what I can do ; and if I succeed, you shall come to the wedding, I promise you. [*Exit.*

Manet SIR WILLIAM.

Poor Roger ! I pity thee from my soul ! but thy honest simplicity in discovering Jenny's tender remembrance of me, has renew'd my affection, and will make me break through every resolution I had form'd of avoiding her.—Oh Fortune, Fortune ! why didst thou place so great a difference between our birth ? Wou'd that my soul inspir'd the form of some contented villager ! or that my Jenny cou'd be rais'd to the exalted sphere her merit wou'd so eminently grace !—Yonder she comes ! smiling like the morn, and adorn'd with all the charms

of youth and innocence!—[*Enter Jenny, with a bunch of flowers in her hand.*—Ha! Jenny! where are you tripping in such haste? I was just going to your mother's, to enquire for you.

J E N N Y.

Pray, Willy, how long have you been arrived? I began to think you never intended to visit our village again.

S I R W I L L I A M.

Did my little angel regret my absence?

J E N N Y.

I don't know.

S I R W I L L I A M.

Whose hedges have you been robbing of these honeyfuckles?

J E N N Y.

Only our old walk by the grove-side.

S I R W I L L I A M.

Did not that scene awake a train of tender ideas, and swell thy gentle bosom with a sigh for my return?—'Twas there I often pluck'd the new-blown violet for you; and, when a sudden show'r obliged us to take shelter in a thicket, amused your ear with tales of love, and vows of everlasting constancy.

J E N N Y.

JENNY.

Wou'd I had never listen'd to them!

SIR WILLIAM.

Why so?

JENNY.

My mother says, they were only intended to deceive me.

SIR WILLIAM.

And can you believe her, Jenny?

DUET THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

SIR WILLIAM.

The lawless libertine may rove
Thro' love's destructive wiles;
By Honour's rules my passions move,
Tho' fann'd by Beauty's smiles.

JENNY.

Secure in native innocence,
My heart no fears shall own;
Away, Distrust! Suspicion, hence!
Each idle doubt is flown.

BOTH.

BOTH.

To scenes where pride and av'rice reign,
Let Jealousy repair,
There haunt the gay fantastic train,
But shun the artless fair. [Exeunt.

[Enter the Earl of Lewington in his pilgrim's habit, Sir William seeing him, returns.]

SIR WILLIAM.

A very respectable figure indeed! — But a truce with Ave-maries, and tell me how has that garb of sanctity succeeded?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

So much to my satisfaction, that I intend reserving it for such another occasion. [Taking off his pilgrim's gown.] At six o'clock to-morrow evening this said fable habit is to introduce me again to Clementina.

SIR WILLIAM.

Then she has consented to go off with you?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Not quite:—but she has promis'd to fly to me for protection, rather than take the veil.

SIR WILLIAM.

After such a concession, you may easily persuade her to elope; for when once a woman listens to the
allur-

alluring voice of temptation, she is half inclined to yield to the tempter.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Did you learn that maxim from any condescension of Jenny's, before you parted just now?

SIR WILLIAM.

I thought your inquisitive eyes wou'd discover her.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Ha! Sandby, Sandby! where is all your boasted resolution?

SIR WILLIAM.

Dispersed like a vapour by the sun-beams.—But to be serious for a moment, Lewington: There is something in that lovely girl which almost convinces me she is not of vulgar extraction. She wears indeed the habit of rusticity, but at the same time she discovers a nobleness and generosity of soul which distinguish her from the village-race.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

How willingly we adopt an opinion, tho' ever so absurd, if it seems to flatter our affections!

SIR WILLIAM.

I acknowledge the justness of your observation;—but let her birth be ever so obscure, she is render'd more illustrious by her virtues than all the empty titles

titles in the universe cou'd make her. At least, she seems sufficiently ennobled by them, in my opinion, to offer her my hand.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

What will the world say, when they behold the gay Sir William Sandby (who rov'd with careless indifference thro' the circle of an accomplish'd Court) neglect those beauties who are universally admired, and chuse for life a simple villager?

SIR WILLIAM.

They'll censure tho' they envy my felicity ;—but while my own heart and that of my friend approve my conduct, I can laugh at the sarcasms of malice and ill-nature.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Excuse me, Sandby, if I started that objection as a trial of your fortitude. I know your soul is noble, generous, and disinterested ; but I was willing to put your resolution to the test.—There are too few who can stand the shock of ridicule, tho' in ever so worthy a cause ; and that man must possess an unusual share of heroism who dares to brave it.

DUET

THE PRUDE.

149

DUET THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

SIR WILLIAM.

No tyrant custom awes
Where Love maintains his sway ;
He reigns by nobler laws,
And willing hearts obey.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Sweet magic of a smile
Can charm Ambition down,
And one fond look beguile
Stern Pride's opposing frown.

BOTH.

'Tis Love's peculiar pow'r
To harmonize the soul ;
To calm the storms that lowr,
And jarring thoughts controul.

Sweet peace furrounds his throne,
While pleasures wait his nod ;
Nor cares nor fears are known
To those who own the God. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene a hall in the castle.

Enter FATHER DOMINICK and GRIZILDA.

GRIZILDA.

BY our Lady, one had need have the eyes of an Argus, to be a match for such an intriguing baggage:—but I'll be even with her;—I'll teach her to make appointments—by our Lady, I will. A fine piece of work, truly, if she had made her escape!

FATHER DOMINICK.

Your indignation against Clementina makes you overlook one of the principal advantages arising from this discovery.—You have forgot the great reward offered by our pious Queen for apprehending that traitor Lewington.

GRIZILDA.

Oh, Father Dominick! what special care Heaven takes to bring all these vile heretics to justice!—But are you certain they did not discover you?

FATHER DOMINICK.

Yes, very certain; for, as I was telling you, there

was such convenient shelter, that I crept almost close to them, and lay snug, until they left the avenue, and went down the Yew Walk; and then, crawling on all fours on the other side of the hedge, I heard them plan the whole affair:—how, if she was at all alarm'd, and had not time to give him intelligence of it, she was to repair in disguise to his cottage at the end of the village, and they were to escape together to Holland.

GRIZILDA.

Lord have mercy upon us! what artifices there are in this wicked world!

Enter CLEMENTINA.

CLEMENTINA.

Pray, Madam, what did you want me for in such a violent hurry?

GRIZILDA.

To prevent your dishonouring your family, you graceless baggage, you!—to prevent your eloping with that traitor, Lewington!

CLEMENTINA.

What can this mean?

GRIZILDA.

You won't have the assurance to deny it, I hope, when here's Father Dominick overheard the whole
plot

plot concerted.—Oh! I have much ado to keep my hands off you!—my fingers itch to pull down that proud spirit of yours.—Aye, I knew your father wou'd bring nothing but disgrace upon his head by marrying your heretic mother. I told him what he might expect from it—but he wou'd not regard my admonitions.

FATHER DOMINICK.

Hark thee, Grizilda; a word in thy ear:—I want to advise with thee about securing the Earl.

[They talk apart, while Clementina comes forward.]

CLEMENTINA.

This is indeed too much!—I cou'd have borne my own misfortunes, tho' they were severe; but when I reflect on Lewington's danger, my resolution fails, and I am almost distracted!

AIR THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

If tears can persuade, or if sorrow can move,
Attend, gentle Venus, bright Goddess of Love!
Relieve my affliction, my anguish relieve,
And lend thy assistance their schemes to deceive!

But

But if unregarded I vainly implore,
Or sigh for lost pleasures thou canst not restore;
Yet hear me, fair Queen, to thy vot'ry attend,
And Lewington still from all danger defend!

GRIZILDA.

Aye, aye, Father Dominick, you may depend on my caution.—I'll take care of Madam, while you raise a party to seize her gallant:—for, as you justly observe, if you was to attack him without assistance, he might prove too many for you; and being a heretic, he wou'd shew no respect to your sacred person.

FATHER DOMINICK.

But be sure, Grizilda, that you do not suffer her to give him the least intimation of my design.

GRIZILDA.

Never fear, never fear.—I think; I am not so easily over-reach'd as that comes to; neither.—[*To Clementina.*] In with you to your chamber this moment, Mistress; in with you, I say—and take my word for it you come out no more till your father returns; and then see if he will release you, when he hears of your pretty goings-on.

L

CLEMENTINA.

CLEMENTINA.

Tho' my father left me under your care, he did not give you authority to imprison me :— and I won't submit to confinement.

GRIZILDA.

Is not her insolence enough to provoke a Saint, Father Dominick ?

AIR THE TWENTY-NINTH.

Was ever such a faucy jade !
 (By neither shame or duty fway'd)
 Who dar'd a parent's pow'r invade !
 Get in, for I will be obey'd.

[*Exit Grizilda, driving Clementina before her.*]

FATHER DOMINICK *solus*.

What a lucky fellow am I ! This clinches the whole affair.—Don Pedro loves his daughter ; and tho' he yielded to my persuasions, yet he betray'd great concern at forcing her into a convent against her consent ; but this discovery clinches it.—He can never think of leaving her at liberty, after having an intrigue with an heretic.—So I have nothing to do now but secure Lewington, and then I think my fortune is made.

AIR

AIR THE THIRTIETH.

Shou'd the busy tongue of Envy
Brand me with a villain's name,
I'll reply—Tho' you condemn me,
For my prize you'd act the same.

[Exit singing.]

Enter GRIZILDA.

Aye, aye, "Safe bind, safe find," as the proverb says.—Here is the key of Clementina's chamber in my pocket; and unless she can procure a pair of wings, and fly out of the window, I think she is in no likelihood of escaping from my clutches.—So far things are as they should be:—and now let me consider about some feasible means of breaking with Dominick, if I find my young lover better worth my acceptance.—By our Lady, I think I outwitted the Friar, when I prevail'd on him to sign that Agreement; for now I am sure of half my brother's fortune, at any rate: aye, and half his own into the bargain.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Madam, Don Pedro is just arrived.

L 2

GRIZILDA.

GRIZILDA.

What! my brother come home! Why, I did not expect him this fortnight.—Well, I'll e'en go and have the first story, before he sees Clementina, or perhaps, by telling a Canterbury tale, she may persuade him to forgive her; for he is such a foolish old dotard, that he hardly knows how to refuse her any thing. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene changes to the Green before the village]

Enter SIR WILLIAM SANDBY *and* JENNY.

JENNY.

Believe me, Willy, you mistake the motive of my behaviour:—for, painful as this instance of obedience is, a mother's absolute command enjoins it, and obliges me to bid you an everlasting adieu.

SIR WILLIAM.

Too lovely, but too insensible girl!—is it possible, that, deaf to all my sighs, my vows, and my intreaties, you can still resolve to dedicate your youth and beauty to the whimsical perverseness of age, and indulge a mother's caprice rather than a lover's prayer?

JENNY.

JENNY.

If you regard my happiness, forbear to importune me,

AIR THE THIRTY-FIRST.

Cease, too lovely youth, to charm me!
Cease, nor by those sighs disarm me!
Duty's cruel laws must sway me,
Nor relenting love betray me.

SIR WILLIAM.

Oh thou obdurate creature!

DUET THE THIRTY-SECOND.

SIR WILLIAM.

See how I languish!
Pity my anguish!
Save a fond youth who depends on thy smile!
Vainly admiring,
Trembling, expiring,
Snatch me from death, and my sorrows beguile!

L 3

JENNY.

JENNY.

Eyes fondly pleading,
 Love interceding,
 Soften my heart and its torments renew,
 Cruel intrusion!
 Fly, fond delusion!
 Duty and prudence command this adieu.

[Exit JENNY.]

SIR WILLIAM.

[looking after JENNY.]

Oh Jenny! do I love, and yet allow that dear gentle bosom to be torn with such a tumult of contending passions, when it is in my power to calm them?—No; I will follow thee, and make a full confession of my rank, and of my honourable intentions:—these will surely dispel a mother's fears, and remove every obstacle that impedes our union.

[Exit.]

Enter FATHER DOMINICK.

Heyday! What can be the meaning of all this?—Is it the effect of caprice or temerity?—Strict injunctions from Don Pedro to dismiss my attendants, without attempting to seize Lewington, and repair to the castle immediately!—A vexatious disappointment, by Saint Dominick!—Thousand pound premiums

premiums are not to be pick'd up every day.—
 However, the old Don must be humour'd in some
 points, if I mean to succeed in others. So fare thee
 well, Lewington, for the present ; but depend on
 the word of a Friar, I'll never lose scent of thee,
 until I have at least had snacks in the reward for ap-
 prehending thee. *[Exit.]*

Enter the EARL OF LEWINGTON *and*
 CLEMENTINA.

CLEMENTINA.

Availing myself of the general confusion occa-
 sioned by my father's unexpected return, I found
 means to get off, with the assistance of an old faith-
 ful servant, whose secrecy I can depend on : and let
 me conjure you, my Lord, to fly from the impend-
 ing danger — the approaching night will favour
 your escape.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

No, Clementina; since you refuse to be the part-
 ner of my flight, why should I endeavour to pro-
 long a wretched existence, which wou'd only be a
 curse without thee?

CLEMENTINA.

Oh, Lewington! if your love was as sincere as
 mine, you wou'd not thus resolve to sacrifice a life

L 4

so

so necessary to my happiness.—Tho' a too rigorous fate forbids me to accompany you at present, we yet may meet under the influence of a milder destiny.—Let that idea prevail on you to seek security, for my sake, if not for your own.—[*Sir William enters at the further end of the stage.*—Good God! we are discover'd!—Fly, fly, my Lord, and remember of what consequence your life is to Clementina!

[*Exit Clementina.*]

[*Sir William runs to Lord Lewington, and embraces him.*]

SIR WILLIAM.

Oh, my friend, I wou'd congratulate you!—I wou'd tell you how sincerely I participate your approaching felicity:—but all language is too dull to express the feelings of my heart!

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Ha! Sandby! you are much mistaken. These congratulations are but ill-timed—Behold in me the most unhappy wretch that Nature ever form'd!

SIR WILLIAM.

Forget these melancholy thoughts, and look forward to a brighter scene that dawns upon you.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

You sport with my misfortunes, Sandby! Is that acting like a friend?

SIR WILLIAM.

Your too just resentment has awaken'd me.—I own I was to blame for holding you one moment in suspense on an affair of such consequence as the event which gives rise to my transports.—Queen Mary is dead, and the Princess Elizabeth securely seated on the British throne!——It was this extraordinary change of government that occasioned Don Pedro's sudden return; and it has also procured us a visit from our old friend Lord Clayton, who is this moment arrived with dispatches from the young Queen, requiring your immediate attendance at Court, to receive those honours and rewards which are due to your long and faithful services.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Just Heavens! what a reverse of fortune!

SIR WILLIAM.

May every one that chequers the life of my friend be equally agreeable!

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

I thank you, my dear Sandby, most sincerely;
—but

—but while Clementina's liberty is in danger, almost all events are alike indifferent to me!

SIR WILLIAM.

Will you permit me to try what I can do with her father?—You know I am acquainted with some secrets which may probably have great influence with him.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

With all my heart,—Go, and success attend you!

SIR WILLIAM.

Adieu!—May Fortune be my friend on this, as on former occasions! [Exit.]

Manet LORD LEWINGTON.

Queen Mary dead! and Elizabeth upon the throne!—I can't believe my senses!—and yet I have no room to doubt it.—'Twas Sandby told the news, and he is incapable of deceiving me.

Enter MRS. WILSON, *leading in* JENNY.

MRS. WILSON.

Pardon this intrusion, Sir, and give me leave to enquire if you are not the Earl of Lewington?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

I am, Madam.—Pray what are your commands?

MRS.

MRS. WILSON.

Observe the features of this young creature, my Lord! [*presenting Jenny.*] She is now just eighteen!

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

I had a sister once, who, if alive, wou'd be about that age; but she was shipwreck'd with my mother, when she fled to avoid the dangers that threaten'd her, after the unfortunate fall of her cousin Ann Bullen.

MRS. WILSON.

'Twas I invented that story to deceive the world!—In Jenny behold that sister!—and as an evidence of her birth, she is mark'd on the left arm with a rose-bud;—which your Lordship must certainly remember.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

I do indeed!—Heavens! is it possible!—My sister! [*Embracing her.*]

JENNY.

Oh my brother! [*Falling on his bosom.*]

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Tell me in a moment, thou excellent woman! by what miracle was she preserv'd?

MRS. WILSON.

Before the Countess, your mother, embark'd for
5 Holland,

Holland, she committed that lady to my care, with strict injunctions to conceal her quality, and treat her as my own child.—On the melancholy news of the Countess being cast away, I remov'd to this sequester'd village; and changing my name from Levenage to Wilson, I pretended that she was my daughter—as such indeed I love her—but, as far as my abilities extended, I have accomplish'd her according to her birth; and tho' she has been educated in a cottage, she'll not disgrace a Court.—The late happy revolution of government induced me to make immediate enquiry about your Lordship, and I have been fortunate enough to succeed beyond my hopes.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Thou worthy! thou inestimable woman! how shall I express my gratitude for this uncommon instance of fidelity! or the joy I feel at the recovery of a long-lamented sister!

MRS. WILSON.

The pleasure of seeing her restor'd to a brother's protection, makes me ample amends for the duty I have perform'd.

Enter SIR WILLIAM SANDBY.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

Approach, my friend ! and receive from her brother's hand the just reward of your generous and disinterested love. *[Presenting Jenny.*

SIR WILLIAM.

A brother's hand !—what can this mean ?

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

She is indeed my sister, my dear, my only sister. —At another opportunity I will inform you of the circumstances of her preservation ; but the moments are now too precious, and I am impatient to learn your success with Don Pedro.

SIR WILLIAM.

Is Jenny then the sister of Lewington ? *[Embracing her.]* There wanted only this to complete my felicity.—But I must not suffer my own happiness to prevent my attending to that of my friend. —I have prepared Don Pedro for a full discovery of the plot between the Friar and Grizilda, and must leave it to you to produce their Agreement whenever you think it will be most conducive to your interest. —He waits for your Lordship in the avenue that
leads

leads to the Castle, and is, I believe, very well inclined to receive you favourably.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

I'll attend him, and not lose a fortunate moment.

[Exit Lord Lewington.]

SIR WILLIAM.

Does my Jenny's gentle heart remain unalter'd by this change of fortune? or is it inclin'd to indulge ambition at the expence of constancy?

JENNY.

Can she who lov'd thee as an obscure villager, reject thee as her brother's friend?—Oh banish the suspicion, Willy; it is an unkind one.

AIR THE THIRTY-THIRD.

Let fordid int'rest lead the bride
Who weds thro' avarice or pride;
My foul those softer passions sway
Which shun Ambition's thorny way,
And fondly chuse some calm retreat,
Where love and gentle friendship meet.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter the EARL OF LEWINGTON *and* DON PEDRO.

[They seem conversing as they enter.]

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

I presume, Sir, you are acquainted with their writing ; if you are, that Deed, which is sign'd by them both, will convince you of what I have related.

[Giving a paper, which Don Pedro seems to read, while Lord Lewington goes to the side-scene, and returns leading Clementina.]

DON PEDRO.

Infernal wretch !—Heavens ! and my sister too !

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

[Presenting Clementina to Don Pedro.]

Your daughter, Sir !

[Clementina kneels to Don Pedro.]

DON PEDRO.

[Raising and embracing her.]

Oh my child ! can you excuse an infatuated father, who wou'd have sacrificed thy liberty and happiness to a mistaken zeal ?

CLEMENTINA.

Can you, my ever honour'd father, pardon my disobedience in opposing your commands ?

DON

DON PEDRO.

Yes, Clementina ; and, as the only amends I can make for all the distress my severity has occasioned you, I give your hand where you've bestow'd your heart. [*Presenting her hand to Lord Lewington.*] With her, my Lord, accept a father's blessing ; and may every felicity await you that love and fortune can bestow !—With regard to the wretches who have so long imposed on my too easy credulity, your Lordship is at liberty to act as you think proper—I renounce all friendship and alliance with them.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

The favour I now receive from your hand, Sir, obliterates every former injury. And as to the Friar and Grizilda, the idea of their schemes being detected will be a sufficient punishment ; for an hypocritical villain and an affected prude wou'd almost as soon forfeit their lives as their reputation.—I think I see them both coming this way, and, if you please, we will not take any notice of what has happen'd, until we have diverted ourselves a little at their expence. It will be as good as a farce to conclude the evening.

DON PEDRO.

With all my heart : I shall enjoy their embarrassment exceedingly.

Enter

Enter FATHER DOMINICK *and* GRIZILDA.

GRIZILDA.

Oh brother! I am glad you have found her.—By our Lady, I was afraid she had given us the slip.—*[She goes up to Clementina, and lays hold of her.]* Come, Mistress, you are once more safe in my hands, and I'll warrant, you never play me such a trick again.

DON PEDRO.

I don't believe she will, sister. But won't she think you cruel for endeavouring to confine her?—How wou'd you like such severity yourself, if you was in her situation?

GRIZILDA.

I in her situation, brother!—Did I ever disgrace my family by intriguing?—did I ever run off with a fellow in my life?—No; I defy the whole world to say one syllable against my character!

DON PEDRO.

Not so violent, sister—it will only increase your mortification presently:—but you are not the first of your sex that hid an amorous disposition under the mask of prudery.

GRIZILDA.

Brother, I won't be abused at this rate! that I
M won't.

won't.—Father Dominick, will you stand by and hear me insulted, without taking my part? [*Aside to Dominick.*] I'll be reveng'd on you if you do.

FATHER DOMINICK.

Sir, I am obliged to interfere, when an innocent woman is injur'd in her reputation.—Your behaviour to that lady is unpardonable; and I must tell you——

DON PEDRO.

[*Interrupting Dominick.*]

Hold, Dominick!—I'll be duped no longer by your artifice. A full discovery of certain villainous intentions has open'd my eyes to conviction.—Have you any remembrance of this paper, Dominick?

[*Shewing him the Deed Grizilda had dropp'd.*]

FATHER DOMINICK.

S—S— Sir, I have left my f— f— spectacles behind me, and I— I— I can't see without them.— [*Aside to Grizilda.*] Oh Lord! what will become of us! It is our Agreement!

DON PEDRO.

Hold it a little nearer your eyes, and you may perhaps know the hand at least.

FATHER DOMINICK.

Indeed S—S— Sir, it wa— wa— was not——

DON

DON PEDRO.

Your guilt confounds you, Dominick ! but don't endeavour to extenuate one crime by the commission of another.—Come hither, sister : — Have you left your spectacles behind you too ?

GRIZILDA.

Oh dear, brother ! don't expose me, and I will confess the whole plot.

DON PEDRO.

There remains nothing for you to confess. This paper reveals every circumstance.

GRIZILDA.

Nay but, dear brother ! do not make me appear ridiculous to the whole world :—consider I am but a weak woman ; and it is no wonder I was prevail'd on by Father Dominick, when he told me it was all for the good of you and my niece.

DON PEDRO.

That artifice will not avail, Grizilda ; for falsehood only blackens the offence it is intended to palliate.—[*Turning to Dominick.*] As for you, Sir, for the sake of many worthy men who wear that sacred habit, I shall take care to see you stript of it.—Your villainies disgrace your function.

FATHER DOMINICK.

I was afraid it wou'd come to this as soon as I heard of Queen Mary's death. However, the worst that can happen is, that I must e'en give up my new-assumed occupation;—for, to speak the truth for once in my life, all the divinity I have about me, is contain'd in this outward garb of sanctification!

[*Exit Father Dominick.*]

GRIZILDA.

[*Aside.*] 'Tis well I have another lover in reserve; for poor Dominick is come off but shabbily.

Enter SIR WILLIAM and JENNY,

[*Lord Lewington and Clementina meet them at the further end of the stage, and seem to converse with Jenny, while Sir William goes up to Grizilda, and speaks in a clownish dialect.*]

SIR WILLIAM.

Pray, ben't your name Dame Grizil?

GRIZILDA.

What! am I abus'd by you too?

SIR WILLIAM.

I thought you knew the dear obliging creature never intended to deceive you!

GRIZILDA.

GRIZILDA.

[Slapping his face.]

Take that for your insolence, do!

CLEMENTINA.

Another lover, aunt? — Sure you never disgrac'd
your family by intriguing!

GRIZILDA.

If I stay among you any longer, I shall burst with
vexation and fury! — Wou'd I had you both in my
power, you insolent minxes you!*[Clementina and Jenny follow her singing, as she
hobbles with her stick to the further end of the
stage.]*

AIR THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

If a lover you wou'd obtain,
Calm your rage, your fury restrain;
When a fair one's passions rise
Like the stormy ocean,
Anger flashing from her eyes
Blasts the infant-passion.

[Exit Grizilda.]

DON PEDRO.

Now, my dear Clementina, if you please, we will
repair to the Castle (as the approaching night makes
this

this open situation rather unpleasant) and, though it is not so well provided for the reception of you and your amiable friends as I could wish, yet I hope a sincere welcome, and a good-humour'd host, will make some amends for indifferent entertainment.

EARL OF LEWINGTON.

The eye of felicity beholds every object in an agreeable point of view ; and where happiness presides, as it does in our little circle, it diffuses an universal chearfulness around, and adorns the most homely scene with a thousand variegated beauties.

CHORUS THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

May pleasures unbounded our union attend !
 By Friendship enliven'd our transports extend !
 Nor painful Suspicion, nor Jealousy wound,
 But Hymen auspicious strew roses around !
 While, blest by kind Fortune and favour'd by
 Love,
 Mirth, wit, and good-humour our moments
 improve ! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE OPERA.

OLD

O L D T U N E S,
To which the AIRS are adapted.

A C T T H E F I R S T.

Air

1. **T** Weedfide.
2. The Bullfinch,
3. When first I saw thee graceful move.
4. —————
5. Old Sir Symon the King.
6. The Serenade.
7. Handafyd's March.
8. The Padlock,
9. Push about the brisk bowl.
10. Ally Croker.
11. Fair Hebe.
12. The fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride.
13. Shawnbree.

A C T T H E S E C O N D.

14. Rural Felicity.
15. Once more I'll tune my vocal shell.

16. —————

Air

16. _____
17. The heavy hours.
18. _____
19. _____
20. The last time I came o'er the moor.
21. _____
22. Daniel Cooper.
23. Batchelor Bluff.
24. Alas ! too soon, dear creature.
25. Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.
26. Drink to me only with thine eyes.
27. The Lads of Patie's Mill.

A C T T H E T H I R D.

28. Farewell to Lochaber.
29. Green grows the rushes.
30. Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.
31. _____
32. Lady Coventry's Minuet.
33. No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers.
34. Rogue's March.
35. The last part of " If love's a sweet passion."

F I N I S.

