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[*S. 25/15.]

POETICAL ESSAYS.

By
 Brian Edwards
 Esq^r

Private printed by the Author Bryan Edwards Esq.

Author also of the History of the West Indies.

The M.D. alterations &c. are in his hand-writing.

POETICAL ESSAYS,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY IN THE WEST-INDIES.

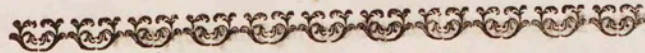
*Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis —————
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amato
Dulce loquentem.*

Horace.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY R. CRUTTWELL IN BATH.



E L E G Y

ON THE

DEATH OF A FRIEND.*

FRAIL Man! through Life's uncomfortable gloom,
 What does thy restless throbbing bosom know?
 Alas! 'till swallow'd in the dreary tomb,
 Nought but distracting doubt, and wasting woe!

* The Rev. ISAAC TEALE, A. M. who died in Jamaica, 10th January 176³—An imperfect copy of this little poem appeared soon after in the Gentleman's Magazine and other periodical publications.

Faint Hope, in vain, her glimm'ring lamp supplies,
 Elate we deem the devious path secure;
 Pursue the glitt'ring meteor as it flies,
 'Till Disappointment makes our ruin sure.

Thus the lost Trav'ler, at the midnight hour,
 On the lone wild, the taper's ray descries;
 Laughs at past fears, and to the ruffian's door
 Speeds his devoted step, and helpless dies.

Does Greatness charm thee, and Pomp's pageant shew?
 Go bid Ambition's Sons their worth declare;
 And they will tell thee, on the princely brow
 The wreath's oft blighted by the blast of care.

Nor

Nor Love's soft scenes, nor Friendship's calmer pow'r,
 Can long the means of happiness afford:—
 Lo! dark distrust o'ertakes the short-liv'd hour;
 Lo! the pale Sister cuts the golden cord!

Ah, whither Muses, whither are ye fled!
 To what lov'd haunt your footsteps would ye turn?
 Will ye not mourn your fav'rite Poet dead;
 Will ye not bathe with tears EUGENIO'S urn?

Sweet were his strains, as fame to virtue's ear;
 Soft as love's trembling sighs, as virtue strong;—
 Enamour'd Echo bade each mountain hear;
 And pleas'd *Aqualta** smother flow'd along.

Oft

* A River in Jamaica so called, on the banks of which he at his own request was interred.

Oft round thy banks, sweet stream, (now sacred made!)
 Together we explor'd the classic page;
 Courted coy Science in the pensive shade,
 Remote from Folly's haunt and Envy's rage:

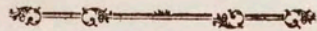
For well he lov'd to guide unpractis'd youth;—
 Haply where genius lay, to wake the flame;
 To lead the passions to the throne of Truth,
 And smoooth the path to Virtue and to Fame.

'Tis past;—nor longer shall the sacred Choir,
 Nor heav'n-born Science, to those shades repair;—
 Yet shall the grove resound with Pity's lyre,
 And long the tender thought shall linger there.

Nor

Nor Folly's voice, nor Envy's rage obscene,
 Thy gentle ghost, lamented friend, shall wound;
 Pure as thyself, shall kindred forms be seen,
 To guard from aught profane the hallow'd ground.
 And white-rob'd Charity shall oft be there,
 One tender tributary drop to pour;
 There Virtue strew, with pious, duteous, care,
 The myrtle's leaf, and amaranthus' flow'r.

PROLOGUE



PROLOGUE to VENICE PRESERV'D,

S P O K E N

At a Private Representation of that Tragedy, by
some Gentlemen, Friends of the Author, in
JAMAICA, 1763.*

THRO' many an Age, the virtuous and the wise
Have view'd the Tragic-scene, with fav'ring eyes.
The first in valour, as the first in wit,
See learned GREECE with pleas'd attention sit,
Nor deem it mean, the gen'rous tear shou'd flow,
Or virtue swell with sympathetic woe.

Near

* This Prologue was revised and amended throughout by the worthy and amiable person whose death is the subject of the preceding Elegy.

Near free-born ATHENS first, this laurel rose;
Thence, tyrant-driv'n, the BRITISH foil it chose;
Where freedom blooms, where peace and favour smile,
It dreads no climate, and it scorns no foil:
The sacred plant, inform'd with strength divine,
Springs near the Pole, or spreads beneath the Line.

That peace, that freedom *here*, we gladly know;
Do you that favour, all we ask, bestow:
Nor slight those Arts, thro' many an age approv'd,
By wisdom favour'd, as by genius lov'd;
Those gen'rous arts, that only know to 'rise
Beneath the blessings Britons only prize.

To speak with force, with dignity to move,
Mean vice to scorn, and manly worth t' approve,
Be these the Stage's glories; where we find
The noblest name that now adorns mankind,

For

For ends like these, once ere he grac'd his throne,
Tread the chaste scene of virtuous ADDISON.

From OTWAY's glowing page, to night we try
To raise the tear of soft Humanity.
His magic numbers all our pow'rs controul,
To pity melt, with terror shake the soul.
If gloomy *Pierre*, irregularly great,
Vent his bold threats, we tremble for the state.
When gentle *Jaffier*, late is faithful found,
We feel the stab, as friendship gives the wound;
But *Belvidera*, torn with frantic pain,
Strikes thro' the soul, and fires the mad'ning brain.

To make each heart the tender pow'r confess,
And melt for love and virtue in distress,
Is our endeavour;---no inglorious aim,
And something more than bare excuse may claim.

ON

On reading BOLINGBROKE's Reflections on
the Character of POPE.

SOFT be thy sleep, ill-fated Bard!
Thy Virtue is thy sole reward.
Alas! the lov'd, sweet voice of Fame
Is Folly;---Friendship but a Name!
Injurious meed! O'er Him, whose eye,
As light'ning keen, made Dulness fly,
'Ere yet was broke life's golden chain;---
(Blest fav'rite in the Muses' train!)

C

Shall

Shall Dulness *now* perfume to tread,
And Envy mark him out when dead!

Curst be the vain, false, coward slave,
Who thus aims vengeance on the grave;
Thus breaks thro' friendship's sacred laws;---
---What Satire, POPE, is thy Applause!*

* Alluding to the conclusion of his Essay on Man.

~~INSCRIPTION~~



INSCRIPTION
NEAR A
MINERAL SPRING.

I.

WHO'E'R thou art, by pale-eyed Sickness led
To this calm spot, where Quiet loves to dwell,
And Contemplation roves, with awful tread
Approach the Goddess of the Sacred Well!
And plenteous drink the soft-restoring stream;---
So shall bland Health, and all her rosy train,

C 2

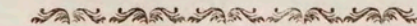
Strew

Strew flow'rs around thee, and Disease and Pain
Fly---“like the baseless fabric of a dream!”

II.

But does Ambition thy wild bosom move,
Revenge inflame thee, or mean Avarice bind,
Ah! fly these hallow'd shades, nor hope to prove
That peace, which only soothes the guiltless mind!
Let such, and such alone, approach this Spring,
Whose breasts have learn'd for others' good to glow;
Whose eyes with sympathetic tears o'erflow,
And the kind Pow'r each languid nerve shall string,
And drown, in sweet oblivion, every woe!

STANZA's



STANZA's

~~Occasioned by~~ The Death of ALICO, an *African Slave*,
condemned for Rebellion, in Jamaica, 1762

(He is supposed to address his Wife at the Place of Execution)

I.

'TIS past:---Ah! calm thy cares to rest!
Firm and unmov'd am I:---
In Freedom's cause I bar'd my breast,---
In Freedom's cause I die.

Ah stop!

II.

Ah stop! thou do'st me fatal wrong:---
 Nature will yet rebel;
 For I have lov'd thee very long,
 And lov'd thee very well.

III.

To native skies and peaceful bow'rs,
 I soon shall wing my way;
 Where joy shall lead the circling hours,
 Unless too long thy stay.

IV.

O speed, fair sun! thy course divine;
 My ABALA remove;---
 There thy bright beams shall ever shine,
 And I for ever love!

On

V.

On those blest shores---a Slave no more!
 In peaceful ease I'll stray;
 Or rouse to chase the mountain boar,
 As unconfin'd as day!

VI.

No Christian Tyrant there is known
 To mark his steps with blood,
 Nor sable Mis'ry's piercing moan
 Refounds thro' ev'ry wood!

VII.

Yet have I heard the melting tongue,
 Have seen the falling tear;
 Known the good heart by pity wrung,
 Ah! that such hearts are rare!

Now,

VIII.

Now, Christian, glut thy ravish'd eyes,
 ---I reach the joyful hour;
 Now bid the scorching flames arise,
 And these poor limbs devour:

IX.

But know, pale Tyrant, 'tis not thine
 Eternal war to wage;
 The death thou giv'st shall but combine
 To mock thy baffled rage.

X.

O Death, how welcome to th' oppress'd!
 Thy kind embrace I crave;
 Thou bring'st to Mis'ry's bosom Rest,
 And *Freedom to the Slave!*

The

~~~~~

*Mosketo* \*  
 The ~~GNAT.~~

To Miss B\*\*\*\*.

(By the Rev. Mr. TEALE.)

A <sup>*rash Mosketo*</sup>~~Sawcy Gnat~~ once rudely prest  
 To beauteous Chloe's spotless breast;  
 She saw: She blush'd to see him there,  
 And crush'd him with a look severe.

Just

\* a species of the Gnat.

Just was thy fate, presumptuous Fly,  
 With pleasure did I see thee die:  
 Such joys for thee were never given,  
 Nor wa'it thou made to taste of Heaven!

Of old, if Giants strove in vain,  
 Th' unshaken seat of Jove to gain;  
 How vainer thine attempt must prove,  
 To seize the loftier Throne of Love!

I envy,---for I cannot blame  
 Presumption, when I feel the same:  
 Sudden, but not severe thy fate,  
 For it was happy,---oh! 'twas great.

The

The world I own, sweet Girl, may view  
 The deed as somewhat harsh in you;  
 But should my fortune reach as high,  
 No soul should blame your cruelty:

For were I once, dear melting maid,  
 Upon that dang'rous bosom laid;  
 You need no barb'rous hand employ,  
 Let me alone---I'll die with joy.

Written on Reading the foregoing.

HOW fortunate a fate was this!

A fate no time can wrong:

The lucky Fly expir'd in bliss,

And now shall live in song.

D 2

HORACE



Written in a Book of Blank Paper, belonging  
to Miss \*\*\*\*\* , 1770.

THE lovely owner here in emblem find,  
As fair her features, and as pure her mind:  
Yet diff'rent else that mind,---no blank is there ;---  
Fond Nature stor'd it with peculiar care ;  
Well temper'd wit, and polish'd sense she brought,  
And tun'd to harmony the strings of thought.  
Mild dignity,---but diff'ring far from pride,  
She gave, and candour that has nought to hide,  
Soft gentleness, that wins at once the soul,  
And with transcendant goodness crown'd the whole.

O! like

O! like this happy volume, free from spot,  
May never dire misfortune cast a blot,  
To shade those beauties, or impa<sup>ir</sup> that mind;---  
Be Love propitious and be Fortune kind,  
'Till Heav'n shall change the mortal to divine,  
And Saints embrace her with a warmth like mine!

Written

## HORACE, Ode XI. Book 1st.

IMITATED. (To the SAME.)

SEARCH not, dear Girl, from idle schemes,  
Fantaſtick fears, deluſive dreams,

Thy life's uncertain date:  
Impious th' attempt to bring to light,  
What Heav'n has hid in endleſs night,---

The dark decrees of fate.

That ſearch alone deſerves our care,  
Which makes us happier than we are;---

Enough our lot of forrow!  
Let us enjoy the preſent hour,  
The future is beyond my power;---

I dare not truſt to-morrow!

*Written*

## Verses

Written on a Window at an Inn under ſome  
infamous ~~Vexes~~ *Vexes*

WHEN DRYDEN's clown, unknowing what he fought,  
His hours in *whiffling* ſpent, for want of thought,  
The guiltleſs oaf his vacancy of ſenſe  
Supplied, and amply too, by innocence.  
Did modern Swains, poſſeſs'd of *Cymon's* pow'rs,  
In *Cymon's* manner waſte their weary hours,  
Th' indignant Trav'ler would not bluſhing ſee  
This chryſtal pane diſgrac'd by Infamy!

Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!  
When vice and folly mark them as they paſs,  
Like poiſonous vermin o'er the whiten'd wall,  
The filth they leave---fill points out where they crawl!

VI. POET,

*Epigram* VI.

POET, said CLOE, with a laugh,  
Your Muse shall write my Epitaph.  
If, tombstone like, my lovely maid,  
I were on that soft bosom laid,  
Fond Love should write, if you should die,  
Both Epitaph and Elegy.

Copy

~~Copy of an~~ INSCRIPTION in the Parish Church  
of St. Andrew, Jamaica.

Near this place  
lie the remains of the  
Hon. ZACHARY BAYLY, Esq;  
Custos and Chief Magistrate of the precinct  
of St. Mary and St. George, and one of his Majesty's  
Hon<sup>ble</sup> Privy Council of this Island, who died on the 18<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1769,  
In the 48th year of his age.

He was a Man  
To whom the endowments of Nature render'd those of Art superfluous.  
He was wise without the assistance of recorded wisdom,  
And eloquent beyond the precepts of scholastic rhetoric.  
He applied, not to Books, but to Men,

And drank of Knowledge,

not from the stream, but the source.

To Genius, which might have been fortunate without Diligence,  
He added Diligence, which, without Genius, might have commanded Fortune.

He acquired Wealth with Honour,  
And seem'd to possess it only to be liberal.

His Public Spirit  
was not less ardent than his Private Benevolence ;

He considered Individuals as Brethren,

And his Country as a Parent.

May his Talents be remembered with respect,

His Virtues with emulation!

Here also lies

(mingled with the same earth) the dust of

NATHANIEL BAYLY EDWARDS,

his Nephew: In

In whom distinguished abilities and an amiable disposition,

assisted by such an example,

gave the promise of equal excellence ;

when, on the 28<sup>th</sup> of January 1771,

in the 21<sup>st</sup> year of his age,

He paid the debt to Nature.

His surviving Brother,

BRYAN EDWARDS,

Inscribes this Stone as a memorial of his Gratitude,

Affection, and Esteem.

---

The Second Epode of HORACE,

TRANSLATED BY

NATHANIEL BAYLY EDWARDS,

At the Age of 15.

**H**APPY, who with no cares oppress,  
Like the first race of men is blest;  
With his own team who plows his field,  
By griping us 'rer's hand unpeel'd:  
His soul no warlike trumpets shake,  
His rest no foamy billows break;  
He shuns the noisy law debate,  
Nor sinks a suitor to the great.

Some-

Sometimes he lops his fruitful vine,  
 Or props the branches that decline;  
 Now views his herd on hilly steep,  
 Now milks his kine, now shears his sheep;  
 In casks he stores his luscious mead,  
 Sweets that from honey bees proceed.  
 When Autumn pours her gifts around,  
 And earth by Plenty's hand is crown'd,  
 He plucks the grafted fruits, that vie  
 With *Tyrian* hue or purple dye;  
 With which he gratefully repays  
 His sylvan gods on holydays.  
 His oaks in foliage green array'd  
 Around him spread an ample shade,  
 Where rills o'er pebbly meadows ring,  
 And all the feather'd songsters sing.

From

From hills the chrystal riv'lets glide,  
 And give sweet slumbers as they slide.  
 When the turn'd year, with wint'ry rains,  
 Spreads a wide deluge o'er the plains,  
 Then to the woods are nets convey'd,  
 And for the game in secret laid.  
 What cares can sports like these remove?---  
 All cares, e'en cares of hopeless love!

If a chaste Wife, her part to bear,  
 Deck his clean cot, his children rear;  
 Inur'd like *Sabine* wives of old,  
 To various toils in heat and cold:  
 Then, from the plough when he returns,  
 The chearful hearth before him burns;  
 She milks the kine at close of day,  
 And fills the racks with new-made hay:

From

From casks he draws his nappy ale,  
 To heighten his unbought regale.  
 No dainties that in ocean roll,  
 The turbot, turtle, and the sole,  
 Would please me more, if to our seas  
 The eastern storms had driven these;  
 No dainty bird from foreign fields,  
 To me so sweet a pleasure yields,  
 As olives from the branches pull'd,  
 Or lettuce from the gardens cull'd,  
 Or tender lamb that victim dies,  
 Or kid, from wolf a rescu'd prize;  
 At meals the sheep delight his eye,  
 As to the folds they nibbling hie;  
 While the o'er-labour'd oxen bow,  
 In dragging home the backward plough,

And

And rustics having won their hire,  
 Sit chatting round the kitchen fire.

So spoke the miser, and his store  
 Collects from whence it lay before,  
 But ere a short-liv'd week had past,  
 He chang'd his mind, and lock'd it fast.

## Elegies -

1. The Poet laments his absence from England and contrasts the advantages of his native Country with those of the Tropical regions.
2. -Complains of immoderate heat - Description of the Mountains where the air is deliciously cool and refreshing - The River Aqualta. - Story of Agra and Elmira two Negro Slaves.
3. Laments the Destruction of the ancient Indian inhabitants by the Spaniards - Speech of Incoitel.
4. The same subject. Elogium on <sup>alone</sup> Columbus <sup>has the glory</sup> (Columbus who ~~was~~ <sup>alone</sup> the singular <sup>place</sup> among the Discoverers of America) that his reputation was not sullied by Cruelty and rapine. -
5. Of African Slavery.

The preceding Elegies were intended to constitute a part of this publication, <sup>under the title of Tropical</sup> but not being finished to the Author's satisfaction, are omitted and these few sheets only ~~printed~~ containing the remaining pieces printed.

THE  
SABLE VENUS;  
An ODE.

TO BRYAN EDWARDS, Esq;

(Written in Jamaica in 1765.)

By ———  
Nimium ne crede colori,  
Alba lignifera cadunt. —

VIRG.

I LONG had my gay lyre forfook,  
But strung it t'other day, and took  
T'wards Helicon my way;  
The muses were together met,  
The president himself was set,  
By chance 'twas concert-day.

Erato

xxx It is scarce necessary to observe that this Ode is the production of a much superior pen to that of the Author of the other little pieces - most of which indeed are the production of very early youth.

*Erato* smil'd to see me come;  
Ask'd why I staid so much at home;—

I own'd my conduct wrong;  
But now, the fable queen of love,  
Resolv'd my gratitude to prove,  
Had sent me for a song.

The ladies look'd extremely shy,  
*Apollo's* smile was arch and fly,

But not one word they said:  
I gaz'd,—sure silence is consent,—  
I made my bow, away I went;  
Was not my duty paid?

Come to my bosom genial fire,  
Soft sounds, and lively thoughts inspire;

Unusual is my theme:  
Not such dissolving *Ovid* sung,  
Nor melting *Sappho's* glowing tongue,—  
More dainty mine I deem.

Sweet

Sweet is the beam of morning bright,  
Yet sweet the sober shade of night:

On rich *Angola's* shores,  
While beauty clad in fable dye,  
Enchanting fires the wond'ring eye,  
Farewell! ye *Paphian* bow'rs.

O fable queen! thy mild domain  
I seek, and court thy gentle reign,  
So soothing, soft and sweet;  
Where meeting love, sincere delight,  
Fond pleasure, ready joys invite,  
And all true raptures meet.

The prating *Frank*, the *Spaniard* proud,  
The double *Scot*, *Hibernian* loud,  
And sullen *English* own  
The pleasing softness of thy sway,  
And here, transferr'd allegiance pay,  
For gracious is thy throne.

From

From east to west, o'er either Ind'  
 Thy sceptre sways; thy pow'r we find  
     By both the tropics felt;  
 The blazing sun that gilds the zone,  
 Waits but the triumphs of thy throne,  
     Quite round the burning belt.

When thou, this large domain to view,  
*Jamaica's* isle, thy conquest new,  
     First left thy native shore,  
 Gay was the morn, and soft the breeze,  
 With wanton joy the curling seas  
     The beauteous burthen bore.

Of iv'ry was the car, inlaid  
 With ev'ry shell of lively shade,  
     The throne was burnish'd gold:  
 The footstool gay with coral beam'd,  
 The wheels with brightest amber gleam'd,  
     And glist'ring round they roll'd.

The

The peacock and the ostrich spread  
 Their beauteous plumes, a trembling shade,  
     From noon-day's sultry flame:  
 Sent by their fire, the careful east,  
 The wanton breezes fann'd her breast,  
     And flutter'd round the dame.

The winged fish, in purple trace  
 The chariot drew; with easy grace  
     Their azure rein the guides:  
 And now they fly, and now they swim;  
 Now o'er the wave they lightly skim,  
     Or dart beneath the tides.

Each bird that haunts the rock and bay,  
 Each scaly native of the sea,  
     Came crowding o'er the main:  
 The dolphin shews his thousand dyes,  
 The grampus his enormous size,  
     And gambol in her train.

Her

Her skin excell'd the raven plume,  
 Her breath the fragrant orange bloom,  
     Her eye the tropic beam:  
 Soft was her lip as filken down,  
 And mild her look as ev'ning sun  
     That gilds the *Cobre*<sup>x</sup> stream.

The loveliest limbs her form compose,  
 Such as her sister *Venus* chose,  
     In *Florence*, where she's seen;  
 Both just alike, except the white,  
 No difference, no—none at night,  
     The beauteous dames between.

With native ease, serene she sat,  
 In elegance of charms compleat,  
     And ev'ry heart she won:  
 False dress deformity may shade,  
 True beauty courts no foreign aid:  
     Can tapers light the sun?—

The

<sup>x</sup> *The Rio. Cobre near Spanish Town*

The pow'r that rules old ocean wide,  
 'Twas he, they say, had calm'd the tide,  
     Beheld the chariot roll:  
 Aston'd the figure of a tar,  
 The Captain of a man of war,  
     And told her all his soul.

She smil'd with kind consenting eyes;—  
 Beauty was ever valour's prize;  
     He rais'd a murky cloud:  
 The tritons sound, the sirens sing,  
 The dolphins dance, the billows ring,  
     And joy fills all the crowd.

Blest offspring of the warm embrace!  
<sup>Ford</sup>  
~~Gay~~ ruler of the saffron race!  
     Tho' strong thy bow, dear boy,  
 Thy mingled shafts of black and white,  
 Are wing'd with feathers of delight,  
     Their points are tipt with joy.

But

But when her step had touch'd the strand,  
Wild rapture seiz'd the ravish'd land,

From ev'ry part they came :  
Each mountain, valley, plain, and grove  
Haste eagerly to shew their love ;—  
Right welcome was the dame.

*Port-Royal* shouts were heard aloud,

Gay *St. Jago*<sup>x</sup> sent a crowd,

Grave *Kingston* not a few :  
No rabble rout,—I heard it said,  
Some great ones join'd the cavalcade—  
I can't indeed say who.

Gay Goddesses of the fable smile !

Propitious still, this grateful isle

With thy protection blest !

Here fix, secure, thy constant throne ;

Where all, adoring thee, do *one*,

*One* Deity confess.

<sup>x</sup> *St. Jago de la Vega or Spanish Town*

For

For me, if I no longer own  
Allegiance to the *Cyprian* throne,

I play no fickle part.

It were ingratitude to flight

Superior kindness ; I delight

To feel a grateful heart.

Then, playful goddesses ! cease to change,

Nor in new beauties vainly range ;

Tho' whatsoe'er thy view,

Try ev'ry form thou canst put on,

I'll follow thee thro' ev'ry one,

So staunch am I, so true.

Do thou in gentle *Phibba* smile,

In artful *Benneba* beguile,

In wanton *Mimba* pout ;

In sprightly *Cuba's* eyes look gay,

Or grave in sober *Quasheba*,

I still shall find thee out.

Thus

Thus have I sung, perhaps too gay  
Such subject for such time of day,

And fitter far for youth:  
Should then the song too wanton seem,  
You know who chose th' unlucky theme,  
Dear BRYAN tell the truth.

F I N I S.



one - on seeing a Negro - Funeral

Mahali dies! o'er yonder plain  
His bier is borne, the sable train  
By youthful virgins led,  
Daughters of injur'd Afric, say  
Why raise ye thus th' heroic lay,  
Why triumph o'er the dead?

No tear bedews their fix'd eye:  
"Lo! now the Hero lives, they cry, -  
Releas'd from slavery's chain;  
Beyond the billowy surge he flies,  
And joyful views his native Skies,  
And long lost bow'rs again!"

Happy, brave Chief! to reach the shore!  
- Europe's false Sows shall now no more  
Thy freeborn limbs confine;  
waste in hard toil thy manhood's bloom,  
And harder, thy sad offspring doom  
To wretchedness like thine!

On Koromantyn's palmy soil,  
Heroic deeds and martial toil,  
Shall fill each glorious day;  
Love, fond and faithful, crown thy nights,  
And artless joys, - unmixt delights,  
Past cruel wrongs repay.

Nor lordly pride's hard avarice there,  
Alone, shall Nature's bounties share, -  
To all her Children free:  
For thee the dulcet reed shall spring;  
His milky bowl the Coco bring,  
Th' Anana bloom for thee.

Hark Warriors! tis our Afric's God! -  
He wakes, - He lifts th' avenging rod,  
And speeds th' important hours!  
From Niger's golden stream he calls,  
Fair Freedom comes! - Oppression falls;  
And vengeance now is ours!

Soon

Soon, Christian, thou, in wild dismay,  
Of Afric's ruthless rage the prey,  
Shalt roam th' affrighted wood;  
Transform'd to Tiggers, fierce and fell,  
Thy race shall prowl with savage yell,  
And glut their rage for blood!

But soft; - Beneath yon Jam'vint shade,  
Now let the Hero's limbs be laid;  
Sweet slumbers bless the brave!  
These shall the breezes waft perfume,  
Nor livid lightning's blast the bloom,  
That decks Mahali's grave!

Ode; To Miss - -

O dear that cruel doubting brow!  
- I'll call on mighty Love  
To witness this eternal vow;  
"Tis you alone I love"!

'O leave the God to soft repose'  
(The smiling maid replies)  
'For Jove but laughs at lovers oaths',  
'And lovers perjuries'!

By honour'd Beauty's gentle power; —  
By Friendship's holy flame; —  
'Ah what is beauty but a flower,  
'And Friendship but a name?'

By those dear tempting lips, I cried; —  
— with arch ambiguous look,  
Convinc'd, my Glac. glanced aside,  
And bade me kiss the book.

