

S T U D L E Y.

T O M I S S B F.

**N** O R Phcebus, nor his tuneful choir,  
 To notes poetic wake my string :  
 A mortal Muse demands my lyre,  
 O, were she present while I sing !

To soar aloft, beyond the ken  
 Of human eyes, let others boast :  
 'Tis **BETSY** that directs my pen ;  
 My verse, not seen by her, were lost.

No longer prate, ye critics vain,  
 That poets are not made, but born :  
 If **BETSY** smile upon the strain,  
 Your censure's keenest lash I scorn.

Yet were my creeping Muse to soar,  
 Sure Reason's good might still be given :  
**STUDLEY** was Paradise before ;  
 But **BETSY**'s presence made it heaven, —

UDLEY.

O for a quill pluck'd from the eagle-wing  
Of bright Imagination, first of Powers!  
Then might my earth-born Muse aspire to sing  
Strains not unworthy *STUDLEY*'s charming bowers.

Come, Nymph, and with thee, Memory, kind maid,  
The sweet remembrancer of pleasures past:  
How there with *BETSY* hand in hand I stray'd.  
Ay me, such pleasures were too great to last!

She comes, she comes! enthron'd in *F-----*'s eyes,  
She deigns to smile on such a wretch as me:  
Her fostering art its kindly aid supplies,  
And from gross film my visual nerve sets free.

Conduct me, Goddess, to that blest retreat,  
In union fair, where all the Graces join;  
Where Elegance has fix'd her best-lov'd seat,  
And Taste and Nature every power combine.

And lo! the Park first opens to the view!  
Mark well its verdant hills, its flowery dells:  
Not Windsor-forest nobler scenes can shew;  
Not Stowe, where Cobham dwelt, where Temple dwells.

The curious eye, intranc'd in wonder, sees  
Here gurgling streamlets tremble thro' the shade;  
Here nimble squirrels gambol in the trees,  
There bounding favns trip wanton thro' the glade.  
Look

Look back on Rippon's venerable pile !

There cloistered Monks their nightly vespers sung,  
While thro' the solemn, gloomy, Gothic aisle,  
The hollow vaults responsive echoes rung.

See slopes on slopes th' enchanting prospect bound,

Nor knows the dubious Fancy where to rest :

New sweets invite above, below, around ;

Giddy with rapture, she scarce feels she's blest.

The gates fly ope ! Elysium stands confess,

And bursts upon us in a blaze of charms ;

E'en such a transport throbs in Damon's breast,

When yielding Chloe melts into his arms.

No more, ye gaudy poets, deck with flowers

Your fairy gardens on the Western shore,

Or add fresh bloom to fam'd Alcinous' bowers ;

Vain Greece, thy fabled Tempe boast no more.

Whate'er creation form'd, or rules could frame,

Refin'd or simple, natural or new,

Compound together. Can it need a name ?

View STUDLEY's lawns, and own the picture true.

Where to begin ? where end ? the labouring soul,

Lost and bewilder'd in a world of sweets,

Vainly attempts at once to grasp the whole ;

Such various joy its various senses greets.

Ambrosial

ade. Look

Ambrosial scents the ravish'd smell regale ;  
Each shrub around a balmy odour flings :  
Such as Arabia's spicy groves exhale,  
Wafted by Zephyrs on their rosy wings.

The birds salute us with their artless notes,  
The bulfinch, linnet, nightingale, and thrush ;  
Wild harmony, strain'd thro' a thousand throats,  
Trills in each tree, and dies in every bush.

Proud to adorn the pendent shades it laves,  
See'st thou that lake its heaving bosom swell ?  
In headlong sheets pour its enamour'd waves,  
Amidst such beauties well content to dwell ?

But other waves to other waves succeed,  
Coursing each other to the seat they love ;  
With eager haste they glide along the mead,  
And murmuring struggle thro' the grot above.

Retir'd from publick haunt one <sup>v</sup> structure stands,  
Sacred to Comus and his festive train ;  
Where genial Freedom unrestrain'd commands,  
Where none are strangers deem'd but Care and Pain.

All elegance and ease, without, within,  
They bid defiance to the frowns of Fate ;  
Nor care what man goes out, or who comes in,  
Whirl'd in the topsy-turvy wheel of state.

<sup>v</sup> The Banqueting-house.

Climb we yon lofty summit, crown'd with wood,  
 The quivering poplar, the wide-branching oak,  
 The taper fir, the ash, for all things good.  
 Long may they, long defy the woodman's stroke.

Here rest we then—and each way turn our eyes ;  
 No where our eyes an empty chasm can find ;  
 Domes, temples, obelisks at each point arise ;  
 We half forget the wonders left behind.

Objects at every point our sight invade,  
 Yet the keen judgment finds not where to chide :  
 AISLABIE still calls Nature to his aid,  
 Nor makes a sacrifice of sense to pride.

But can we then that ruined, reverend \* tower,  
 Leave undistinguish'd 'midst the common throng,  
 There many a hoary devotee of yore  
 Awak'd the sky-lark with his early song.

What tho' the lazy bat and screech owl dire  
 Reign sole possessors of the gloomy fane ?  
 Souls once were there, in whom poetic fire  
 Beat in each pulse, and glow'd in every vein.

Observe its mouldering base and moss-grown head  
 Threaten its final dissolution nigh !  
 To man what better lesson can be read ?  
 What moralist can better teach to die ?

\* Fountain's Abbey.

Ah ! let us, ere the fatal die be cast,

Think well (for surely one day think we must)

That stately STUDLEY'S pride must fall at last,

And lovely BETSY'S form submit to dust !



A N O D E.

E Y S ——— L J ——— N, L. L. D.

**S** TERN Winter now by Spring repress'd,  
Forbears the long-continued strife,  
And Nature on her naked breast  
Delights to catch the gales of Life.

Now, o'er the rural kingdom roves  
Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train,  
Love warbles in the vocal groves,  
And Vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain  
v Arthritic Tyranny consigns,  
Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,  
Tho' Rapture sighs, and Beauty shines.

v The author being ill of the gout,