



V E R S E S

WRITTEN UPON A PEDESTAL BENEATH A ROW OF ELMES
IN A MEADOW NEAR RICHMOND FERRY, BELONGING
TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ. SEPTEMBER
1760.

B Y T H E S A M E.

YE green-hair'd Nymphs, whom Pan allows
To guard from harm these favour'd boughs;
Ye blue-ey'd Naiads of the stream,
That soothe the warm poetic dream;
Ye elves and sprites, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic measures uncontroul'd,
Your fairy sports and revels hold,
And up and down, where-e'er ye pass,
With many a ringlet print the grafs;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour;

^w The first line of this little piece is borrowed from an Ode of Mr. Mason's, published in Doddsley's Miscellanies.

If e'er by moon-light on the plain
 Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd strain;
 From every flow'ret's velvet head,
 From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
 From these moss'd elms, where, prison'd deep,
 Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
 If these your haunts be worth your care,
 Awake, arise, and hear my prayer!

O banish from this peaceful plain
 The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,
 The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow
 And harsh rejects the honest vow:
 The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
 With aught that sense would blush to hear,
 Or, false to honour, mean and vain,
 Defames the worth he cannot stain:
 The light coquet, with various art,
 Who casts her net for every heart,
 And smiling flatters to the chace
 Alike the worthy and the base:
 The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
 Is happy if a sister strays,
 And, conscious of unclouded fame,
 Delighted, spreads the tale of shame:
 But far, O! banish'd far be they,
 Who hear unmov'd the orphan's cry,
 Who see, nor wish to wipe away
 The tear that swells the widow's eye;

The unloving man, whose narrow mind
 Disdains to feel for human-kind,
 At others' bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,
 Whose breast ne'er throbs with others' woes,
 Whose hoarded sum of private joys
 His private care alone destroys;
 Ye fairies cast your spells around,
 And guard from such this hallow'd ground!

But welcome all, who sigh with truth,
 Each constant maid and faithful youth,
 Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
 Sweet union of the willing mind!
 Hearts pair'd in Heaven, not meanly fold,
 Law-licens'd prostitutes for gold:
 And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
 The chosen few, the worthy train,
 Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
 Still tread where virtue marks the way;
 Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
 No deed, which honour might not own;
 Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,
 In others' bliss can claim a part,
 And, in life's brightest hour, can share
 Each pang that wrings another's heart:
 Ye guardian spirits, when such ye see,
 Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free!
 Clear be the sky from clouds or showers!
 Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers!

And

And that the youth, whose pious care
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
May, with the rest, admittance gain,
And visit oft this pleasant scene,
Let all who love the Muse attend:
Who loves the Muse is Virtue's friend!

Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;
Whose wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race;
Whom Virtue and her friends approve;
Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.

THE RECANTATION,

A N O D E.

BY _____.

BY Love too long depriv'd of rest,
(Fell tyrant of the human breast!)
His vassal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant late I spurn'd the chain;
In verse, in prose, I sung and swore
No charms should e'er enslave me more,

Not