

PETHERTON-BRIDGE.

AN ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. BEAN, OF STOKESUB-
HAMPTON, SOMERSET.

By JOHN BEAN, ESQ. OF STOKESUB-
HAMPTON, SOMERSET.

O Bean! whose fond connubial days
A beauteous infant-race attend;
Say, wilt thou once more aid my lays,
And join the patron to the friend?

But not o'er bright Aonian plains,
Enraptur'd as we us'd to roam:
The Muse each joyous thought refrains,
And calls her wing'd ideas home.

² Tradition holds, that the catastrophe alluded to in this elegy hap-
pened about two centuries ago; of which the sculpture is yet to be seen
at the above-mentioned bridge, near South-Petherton, Somerset.

PETHERTON
The

The wedded pair for children pray;
 They come—fair blessings from the skies:
 What raptures gild the halcyon day!
 What joys in distant azure rise!

But ah! enamour'd as they view
 The smiling, hopeful, infant-train,
 Unseen, misfortune marks his due,
 Unheard, he threatens the heart with pain,

Had sad disaster ne'er ensnar'd
 The soft, the innocent, and young,
 The tender Muse had gladly spar'd
 The little heroes of her song.

See'st thou the limpid current glide
 Beneath yon bridge, my hapless theme,
 Where brambles fringe its verdant side,
 And willows tremble o'er the stream?

From Petherton it takes its name,
 From whence two smiling infants stray'd:
 Led by the stream they hither came,
 And on the flowery margin play'd.

Sweet victims! must your short-liv'd day
 So soon extinguish in the wave;
 And point the setting sun his way,
 That glimmer'd o'er your watry grave!

As

~~beds in wool~~
~~And pass~~
 D G E.
 STOKES-SUB-
 And you have

his elegy hap-
 yet to be seen
 meriset.
 The

As each by childish fancy led,
Cropt the broad daisies as they sprung;
Lay stretch'd along the verdant bed,
And sweetly ply'd the lisp'ing tongue;

Lo! from the spray-deserted steep,
Where either way the twigs divide,
The one roll'd headlong to the deep,
And plung'd beneath the closing tide.

The other saw, and from the land,
(While nature imag'd strange distress)
Stretch'd o'er the brink his little hand,
The fruitless signal of redress.

The offer'd pledge, without delay,
The struggling victim rose and caught;
But ah! in vain—their fatal way,
They both descended swift as thought.

Short was the wave-oppressing space;
Convuls'd with pains too sharp to bear,
Their lives dissolv'd in one embrace;
Their mingled souls flew up in air.

Lo! there yon time-worn sculpture shews
The sad, the melancholy truth;
What pangs the tortur'd parent knows,
What snares await defenceless youth.

Here,

(285)

Here, not to sympathy unknown,

Full oft the sad Muse wandering near,

Bends silent o'er the mossy stone,

And wets it with a willing tear.

A N E P I S T L E

FROM AN UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN TO A YOUNG

LADY ^b.

B Y T H E S A M E.

TH**E**SE, the last lines my trembling hands can write,

These words, the last my dying lips recite,

Read, and repent that your unkindness gave

A wretched lover an untimely grave!

Sunk by despair from life's enchanting view,

Lost, ever lost to happiness and you!—

No more these eye-lids shower incessant tears,

No more my spirit sinks with boding fears;

No more your frowns my suing passion meet,

No more I fall submissive at your feet:

With fruitless love this heart shall cease to burn,

Life's empty dream shall never-more return.

^b Occasioned by a catastrophe well known in the West.

Think

Here,