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THOUGHTS

OCcurring IN THE THEATRE, ON SEEING

Mrs. SIDDONS

IN THE CHARACTER OF

BELVIDERA.

QUEEN of expression ! on whose potent aid,
Dramatic Genius waits to be display'd,
For tho' presiding o'er that awful cell,*
Where radiant angels or dread demons dwell ;
Of thee she asks, to draw them forth to light,
To win the ear, and fascinate the sight ;
The drooping heart shall here its griefs resign,
And lose a while its tragic scenes for thine ;

* The Passions.

The spell which now pervades the weeping hours,
 Is Otway's genius, shewn by Siddons' pow'rs ;
 Ah ! could he loose the icy bonds of death,
 And catch of fame, this hour, a living breath ;
 Would he his Belvidera now forego,
 Nor think she paid for years of want and woe ;
 So shall the bards who hear these matchless strains,
 By hope reviv'd forgot their present pains,
 Tho' cold neglect now blasts their rising bays,
 Otways and Savages of present days ;
 Some future Siddons shall redeem their fame,
 And stamp IMMORTAL their neglected name ;
 On thee with fame, deserved fortune wait,
 The actor's—different to the poet's fate !