

FOR THE CARLISLE HUNT.

NOVEMBER, 1788.

AIR—In Country Quarters close confined.

WHEN the last leaf forsook the tree,
And languid suns were seen,
And winter whistl'd o'er the lea,
And call'd the sportsmen keen ;
The goddess of the silver bow
Stept forth, her sandals tipp'd with snow.
Fal, lall, &c.

Her beauteous nymphs rang'd by her side,
While hounds surround her horn ;—
Stop here, my woodland train, she cried,
Till welcom'd by the morn ;
See yonder comes the blushing fair,
We'll soon hunt down her leading star.
Fal, lall, &c.

A stag for long kept up the chase,
But now at bay he stood ;
A nymph, of more than mortal race,
Rush'd eager from the wood :—
“ I come to set the prisoner free ! ”
Then waved the cap of Liberty.
Fal, lall, &c.

Diana, smiling, took her hand:
“ Where has my sister staid?
What hapless sons in foreign land
Demand her dauntless aid?”
“ A city, once well known to fame,
Has struggl’d hard to keep my name:
Fal, lall, &c.

“ A few brave sons protect it now,
The bulwark of the laws;
While I come here to ask of you
To aid the glorious cause;
My daughters are like snowdrops seen,
All dress’d in white and trimm’d with green.”¹
Fal, lall, &c.

They hasted to the social ball,
Good humour met them there;
Diana’s arrows Cupid stole
And aim’d them at the fair:
“ Her train has yet escap’d my arts,
But now I shoot with Dian’s darts:
Fal, lall, &c.

“ Yon lucid eye shall drop a tear—
That haughty heart shall bleed—
And many moons shall round the year
Ere I repent the deed.”

¹ White and green are the uniform of the Carlisle Hunt.

But Hymen heard, and with a smile,
Declar'd he'd hover round Carlisle.
Fal, lall, &c.



IN THAT EYE WHERE EXPRESSION.

In that eye, where expression has sweetly been taught
To paint a strong picture of reason and thought,
Yet touch'd with such softness as leads us to know
It can start into rapture, or melt into woe,
Affection beams forth like the rays of the morn,
And warms the young rose-bud that hope had just born.

Should words e'er be wanting to speak out more clear
What tenderness hints in a trembling tear,
See gentle Persuasion just take up her lyre,
Whose finger, all rhetoric, gives language to wire,—
Till the voice that we love, ever closing the strain,
Shall dwell on the ear till we hear it again.

Then tell me no more that you know not to please,
With looks so engaging, and manners like these !
Thus the lily, all meekness, unconscious of power,
Presumes not to vie with a loftier flower !
Yet the lover of sweetness must own, ere they part,
'Tis the lily alone he could wear in his heart.