

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

AND art thou then, alas! like me,
OFFSPRING of *frail mortality*?
Must ruthless Time's rude touch efface
Each lovely feature's varying grace?
And must tow'rds earth that form incline,
And e'en those eyes forbear to shine?
Yet, when with icy hand he throws,
Amongst thine *auburn locks*, his snows,
The freezing influence ne'er shall dart,
To chill thy warmly-beating heart;
And scorning Death's oblivious hour,
Thou shalt exult—beyond his pow'r.

Methinks, as Passion drives along,
As frantic grown, I feel thy Song;
Eager I'd traverse LYBIA's plain,
The tawny Lion's dread domain
To meet thee there: nor flagging *Fear*,
Should ever on my cheek appear:
For e'en the Forest's King obeys
Majestic WOMAN's potent gaze.

Or, left on some resourceless shore,
Where never-ceasing billows roar ;
Which teeming clouds, and heavy hail,
And furious hurricanes assail,
Far to the Pole—while half the year,
On Ebon throne sits NIGHT severe ;
And to her solitary court,
Sea-fowl, and monsters fierce resort——
E'en *there*, MATILDA ! there with thee,
Impending horrors all should flee ;
Thy lustre of poetic ray,
Should wake an artificial day.

Sure thou wast never doom'd to know
What pangs from care, and danger flow ;
But fairest scenes thy thoughts employ,
And Art, and Science, bring thee joy.
The quick'ning sense, the throb divine,
Fancy, and Feeling, all are thine ;
'Tis thine, by blushing Summer led,
A show'r of roses round thee shed,
To hie thee forth at Morn's advance,
In wild excess of rapt'rous trance ;
And see the Sun's proud deluge stream,
In copious tides of golden beam ;
While faint his *Sister-Orb* on high,
Fades to a vapour of the sky.

When gradual evening comes, to hide,
In sabling shades, CREATION'S *pride* ;
When heaving hills, and forests drear,
And less'ning towns, but scarce appear ;
While the last ling'ring western glow,
Hangs on the lucid lake below ;
Then trivial joys (I deem) forgot,
Thou lov'st to seek the humble cot,
To scatter Comfort's balm around,
And heal pale Poverty's deep wound ;
Drive sickness from the languid bed,
Raise the lorn Widow's drooping head ;
Render the new-made Mother blest,
And snatch the Infant to thy breast.

O ANNA, then, if true thou say,
Thy radiant beauties steal away,
Yet shall I never fail to find
Eternal beauties in thy mind.
To those I offer up my vows,
And Love, which Virtue's self allows ;
Unknown, again thou art ador'd,
As once by him, thy "*bosom's Lord.*"

DELLA CRUSCA.
