MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY MR. SHAW.

YET do I live! O how ſhall I ſuſtain
This vaſt unutterable weight of woe?
This worſe than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whoſe life my hopes were treaſur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My deareſt EMMA's dead;
Theſe eyes, theſe tear-ſwoln eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no—ſhe lives on ſome far happier ſhore,
She lives—but (cruel thought!) ſhe lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious abſence of a day
Remov'd, wou'd languiſh for my charmer's ſight,
Wou'd chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the ſlow return of night;
How, how ſhall I endure
(O miſery paſt a cure!)
Hours, days and years ſucceſſively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my ſoul?

Was

Was ſhe not all my fondeſt wiſh could frame?
Did ever Mind ſo much of Heaven partake?
Did ſhe not love me with the pureſt flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my ſake?
Though mild as evening ſkies,
With downcaſt, ſtreaming eyes,
Stood the ſtern frown of ſupercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come, then, ſome Muſe, the ſaddeſt of the train,
(No more your bard ſhall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy ſtrain,
And O diſcard the pageantry of phraſe:
Ill ſuit the flowers of ſpeech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The ſource of my complaint,
My ſoul may own the impaſſion'd line;
A flood of tears may guſh to my relief,
And from my ſwelling heart diſcharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the ſad tales you tell;
"How good ſhe was, how gentle, and how fair!"
In pity ceaſe—alas! I know too well:
How, in her ſweet, expreſſive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners moſt engaging, moſt refin'd:

No piteous object could ſhe ſee,
  But her ſoft boſom ſhar'd the woe,
Whilſt ſmiles of affability
  Endear'd whatever boon ſhe might beſtow.
Whate'er the emotions of her heart,
  Still ſhone conſpicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
  Alike to feign, or to diſguiſe:
    And O the boaſt how rare!
The ſecret in her faithful breaſt repos'd,
She ne'er with lawleſs tongue diſclos'd,
    In ſacred ſilence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to expreſs
Her matchleſs virtues, or my own diſtreſs!

Relentleſs Death! that, ſteel'd to human woe,
  With murderous hands deals havock on mankind,
Why (cruel!) ſtrike this deprecated blow,
  And leave ſuch wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! Groans come wing'd on every breeze!
  The ſons of Grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow, want, or dire diſeaſe,
  And ſupplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—Perverſe, ſtill on the unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to ſhed;
Hope's infant bloſſoms to deſtroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue ſhall renounce thy power;
When thou no more ſhalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid ſway.
Alas! the day—where-e'er I turn my eyes,
Some ſad memento of my loſs appears;
I fly the fatal houſe—ſuppreſs my ſighs,
Reſolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! In vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that ſweetneſs, that enchanting air,
Now loſt; and nought remains but anguiſh and deſpair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where!
Appointed Virtue's children ſafe to keep!
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To ſee her force the endearing ſmile,
My ſorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keeneſt rage ſhe prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a huſband's heart.
How ſhall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When feeling Death's reſiſtleſs power,
My hand ſhe preſs'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faultering accents, ſpoke her fears!

" Ah, my lov'd lord, the tranſient ſcene is o'er,
" And we muſt part (alas!) to meet no more!
" But oh! if e'er thy EMMA's name was dear,
" If e'er thy vows have charm'd my raviſh'd ear;
" If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
" Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune ſmil'd in vain,
" If it has been my ſole endeavour, ſtill
" To act in all, obſequious to thy will;
" To watch thy very ſmiles, thy wiſh to know,
" Then only truly bleſt when thou wert ſo:
" If I have doated with that fond exceſs,
" Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it leſs;
" If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
" To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
" When time my once-lov'd memory ſhall efface,
" Some happier maid may take thy EMMA's place,
" With envious eyes thy partial fondneſs ſee,
" And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
" My deareſt S——, forgive a woman's fears,
" But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
" Promiſe——and I will truſt thy faithful vow,
" (Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
" That to ſome diſtant ſpot thou wilt remove
" This fatal pledge of hapleſs EMMA's love,
" Where ſafe, thy blandiſhments it may partake,
" And oh! be tender for its mother's ſake.
" Wilt thou? ———
" I know thou wilt——ſad ſilence ſpeaks aſſent,
" And in that pleaſing hope thy EMMA dies content."

I, who

I, who with more than manly ſtrength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Suſtain the firmneſs of my ſoul no more,
But ſink beneath the weight:
Juſt Heaven (I cry'd) from Memory's earlieſt day
No comfort has thy wretched ſuppliant known,
Misfortune ſtill with unrelenting ſway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O——in pity to my grief, reſtore
This only ſource of bliſs; I aſk—I aſk no more——
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is paſt,
Ev'n now ſhe looks—ſhe ſighs her laſt——
Vainly I ſtrive to ſtay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, proteſt againſt her death.

When the ſtern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wiſh to tear her from the ſkies;
How curſe my fate in bitterneſs of woe!
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?
Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitleſs ſorrow ſpare,
Dare not to taſk what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble reverence kiſs th' afflictive rod,
And proſtrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some ſaving truth thy roving ſoul to teach;
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliſs beyond Misfortune's reach:

To ſhew that all the flattering ſchemes of joy,
Which towering Hope ſo fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can deſtroy,
And plunge th' exulting Maniac in deſpair.
Then O! with pious fortitude ſuſtain
Thy preſent loſs——haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy EMMA die in vain;
Time ſhall adminiſter its wonted balm,
And huſh this ſtorm of grief to no unpleaſing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by ſome diſaſtrous fate
Caught and impriſon'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and ſpends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile, in ſullen mood
Droops the ſweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the ſong:
Serenely ſorrowing, breathes its piteous caſe,
And with its plaintive warblings ſaddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven——yet——yet the tears will flow,
To think how ſoon my ſcene of bliſs is paſt!
My budding joys juſt promiſing to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blaſt!

My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the ſprightly jeſt, the jocund ſong;
Time creeps unconſcious of delight:
How ſhall I cheat the tedious day?
And O——the joyleſs night!
Where ſhall I reſt my weary head?
How ſhall I find repoſe on a ſad widow'd bed?

Come, [s] Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace reſtore;
Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean ſhade,
Awhile ſhall ceaſe his ſorrows to deplore:
Haply when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,
Again I ſhall behold my EMMA's face;
Again with tranſport hear
Her voice ſoft whiſpering in my ear;
May ſteal once more a balmy kiſs,
And taſte at leaſt of viſionary bliſs.

But ah! the unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my ſhadowy ſchemes of bliſs depoſe,
Will tear the dear illuſion from my ſight,
And wake me to the ſenſe of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I ſtray,
Alas! what pleaſures now can theſe convey?

[s] Laudanum.

Her lovely form purſues where-e'er I go,
And darkens all the ſcene with woe.
By Nature's laviſh bounties chear'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Thro' valley, grot, and grove;
Nought can their beauties or my loſs reſtore;
No herb, no plant, can medicine my diſeaſe,
And my ſad ſighs are borne on every paſſing breeze.

Sickneſs and ſorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haſte ſhall bring relief,
With lenient hand ſupport my drooping head,
Aſſwage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly buſineſs call away,
Who now ſhall in my abſence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my boſom diſcompoſe,
Who now with ſweet complacent air,
Shall ſmooth the rugged brow of Care,
And ſoften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory — Ceaſe, O ceaſe——
How ſhall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her)—but how vain each art,
Whilſt every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to ſhare his woes,
When Reaſon's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy ſweet-liſping tongue ſhall aſk the cauſe,

How oft with ſorrow ſhall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's ſmile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart ſhalt thou reſtore
Sad memory of my joys——ah now no more!
By bleſſings once enjoy'd now more diſtreſt,
More beggar by the riches once poſſeſt.
My little darling!——dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'ſt caus'd——(O ſtrange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now ſhall ſeek with fond delight,
Thy infant ſteps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes, would gaze
On all thy little artleſs ways,
By all thy ſoft endearments bleſt,
And claſp thee oft with tranſport to her breaſt,
Alas! is gone——Yet ſhalt thou prove
A father's deareſt, tendereſt love:
And O! ſweet ſenſeleſs ſmiler (envied ſtate!)
As yet unconſcious of thy hapleſs fate,
When years thy judgment ſhall mature,
And Reaſon ſhews thoſe ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to aſſwage,
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth?
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age!

When ſick and languiſhing I lie,
Wilt thou my EMMA's wonted care ſupply?
And oft, as, to thy liſtening ear,
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilſt on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly ſtealing to thy father's ſide,
Whene'er thou ſeeſt the ſoft diſtreſs,
Which I would vainly ſeek to hide,
Say, wilt thou ſtrive to make it leſs?
To ſooth my ſorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuſe one drop of joy?

AN EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET bird! that kindly perching near,
Poureſt thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like baſe worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe,
Thanks for thy ſorrow-ſoothing ſtrain: ——
For ſurely, thou haſt known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapleſs love,
Elſe why ſo feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus ſadden all the grove? Say