

## V E R S E S

## ON SEEING THE TRAGEDY OF THE REGENT\*.

TO BERTIE GREATHEAD, ESQ.

AWAKE, ye Nymphs of Avon's stream,  
 Of Shakspeare's verse the fav'rite theme;  
 No more within that sparry cave,  
 Whose mouth Avonia's waters lave ;

\* Mr. B. being just landed from a long and stormy passage from abroad, wrote five lines to his Mother, and retired to rest. On rising to eat his dinner at a miserable inn, he asked, " If they had any book in the house." Some one replied, " A gentleman had gone away, and left a play-book behind him." Mr. B. desired to see it; it entered with his dinner, which he left to take care of itself until he had finished that charming piece. He unlocked his writing-box, wrote the following lines, sealed and sent them off by post, then ate his dinner. Mr. B. sometimes said, when shewing them to his friends, " I do not suppose that Mr. Greathead ever knew from whom he received them." A lady of very high rank and very cultivated mind once asked Mr. B.'s Mother " Whether early friendship had not led Mr. B. to see the Regent with such very partial eyes." Mrs. B. replied, " That she believed her son was not at all acquainted with Mr. G.; but that, had she been a poet, she would have said as much as her son had done."



On coral beds in grief recline,  
But round your brows the laurel twine;  
Again by Cynthia's pallid beam,  
Be seen amid the glassy stream;  
O chaunt again that Doric strain,  
Ye learn'd of Avon's tuneful swain;  
And with you bring the breathing lute,  
For ages lost, for ages mute,  
That Genius erst on him bestow'd,  
Whose pictur'd breast with fancy glow'd;  
For wak'd by notes that oft have charm'd,  
Again by hallow'd frenzy warm'd.

Hark! Echo quits her mossy bed,  
And scarce believes her Shakspeare dead;  
Again, by Avon's silver stream  
A Bard resumes great Nature's theme;  
Spurning the rules of fordid art,  
Guided but by a feeling heart;



From Nature's self the picture draws,  
 Confin'd by none but Nature's laws;  
 To Fancy's realm the daring wight  
 On eagle wing pursues his flight;  
 And wand'ring blest those bow'rs among,  
 Where Shakspeare's self unrival'd fung;  
 As straying 'mid the holy wood,  
 For you, fair sisters of the flood;  
 A blooming wreath behold him twine,  
 A wreath immortal and divine.