

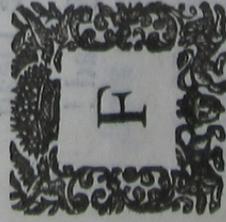


P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

To the Hon^{ble}. Miss Carteret, now Countess
of Dyser.*



AIR Innocence, the Muse's loveliest Theme,

On Acts of Mercy found thy rising Fame :

Let Others from frail Beauty hope Applause,

Plead Thou the Fatherless, and Widow's Cause;

Fly to your Mother, let each winning Grace

Engage Compassion for my helpless Race :

* Written when the Lord CARTERET was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and sent with the Widow Gordon's Petition.

2 P O E M S

So shall the wond'ring World be taught from thence,
Beauty is but your *Second* Excellence.

The Widow Gordon's Petition * :

To the Right Hon. the Lady Carteret.

WEARY'D with long Attendance on the Court,
You, Madam, are the Wretch's last Resort.

Eternal King! if Here in vain I cry,

Where shall the Fatherless, and Widow fly?

How blest are they, who sleep among the Dead,
Nor hear their Childrens piercing Cries for Bread!

WHEN your lov'd Off-spring gives your Soul Delight,
Reflect, how mine are irksome to my Sight:

O think, how must a wretched Mother grieve,

Who hears the Want she never can relieve!

* *Written for an Officer's Widow.*