

THE SHAWL'S PETITION,

TO LADY ASGILL.

OH, fairer than the fairest forms
Which the bright sun of Persia warms,
Though nymphs of Cashmire lead the dance
With pliant grace, and beamy glance ;
And forms of beauty ever play
Around the bowers of Moselay ;
Fairest ! thine ear indulgent lend,
And to thy suppliant Shawl attend !

If, well content, I left for thee
Those bowers beyond the Indian sea,
And native, fragrant fields of rose
Exchanged for Hyperborean snows ;
If, from those vales of soft perfume,
Pride of Tibet's far boasted loom,

I came, well pleased, thy form to deck,
 And, from thy bending polished neck
 Around thy graceful shoulders flung,
 With many an untaught beauty clung,
 Or added to thy brilliant zone
 A charm that Venus well might own,
 Or, fondly twined, in many a fold
 To shield those lovely limbs from cold,
 Fairest! thine ear indulgent lend,
 And to thy suppliant Shawl attend.

Oh! by those all attractive charms
 Thy slender foot, thine ivory arms;
 By the quick glances of thine eyes,
 By all that I have seen thee prize;
 Oh! doom me not in dark disgrace,
 An exile from Sophia's face,
 To waste my elegance of bloom
 In sick and melancholy gloom;
 Condemned no more in Beauty's train
 To hear the viol's sprightly strain,

Or woo the amorous zephyr's play
Beneath the sunbeam's vernal ray ;
Banished alike from pleasure's scene,
And lovely nature's charms serene,
Oh, fairest! doom me not to know
How hard it is from thee to go !

But if my humble suit be vain,
If destined to attend on pain,
My joyless days in one dull round,
To one eternal sofa bound,
Shut from the breath of heaven most pure,
Must pass in solitude obscure ;
At least to cheat these weary hours
Appear with all thy gladdening powers,
Restore thy sweet society,
And bless at once thy friend and me.