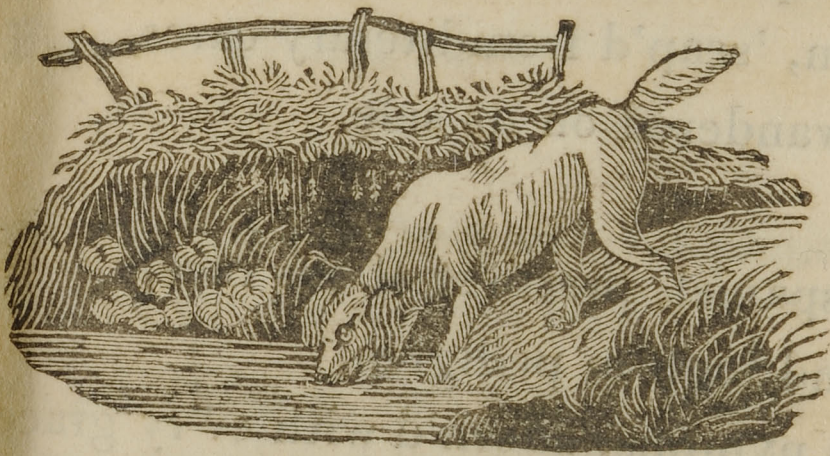


Beauties of the Muses.

DOG AND WATER LILY.
JACKDAW.

AFRICAN BOY, AND FAITHFUL FRIEND.

BY COWPER.



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DOG AND WATER LILY.



THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scap'd from literary cares,
I wandered on its side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
Two nymphs, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
That spaniel found for me.

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursu'd the swallows o'er the meads,
With scarce a slower flight.



It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended, far I sought
To steer it close to land,
But still the prize, tho' nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau watch'd my unsuccessful pains,
With fix'd consid'rate face,
And, puzzling, set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup, clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I then withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.



My ramble finished, I return'd,
Beau trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropt,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropt
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cry'd
Shall know of this thy deed:
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

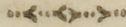
But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To shew a love as prompt as thine,
To him that gives me all.



THE AFRICAN BOY.



AH! tell me, little mournful Moor,
Why still you linger on the shore?
Haste to your play-mates, haste away,
Nor loiter here with fond delay;
When morn unveil'd her radiant eye,
You hail'd me as I wander'd by,
Returning at the approach of eve,
Your meek salute I still receive.
Benign enquirer, thou shalt know,
Why here my lonesome moments flow:
'Tis said thy countrymen (no more
Like rav'ning sharks that haunt the shore)
Return to bless, to raise, to cheer,
And pay compassion's long arrear.
'Tis said, the num'rous captive train,
Late bound by the degrading chain,



Triumphant come with swelling sails,
 'Mid smiling seas and western gales;
 They come with festive heart and glee,
 Their hands unshackled—minds as free
 They come, at mercy's great command,
 To repossess their native land.

The gales that o'er the ocean stray,
 And chase the waves in gentle play,
 Methinks they whisper as they fly,
 Fuellen soon shall meet thine eye :
 'Tis this that soothes her little son,
 Blends all his wishes into one !

Ah ! were I clasp'd in her embrace,
 I would forgive her past disgrace,
 Forgive the memorable hour,
 She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r ;
 Forgive her last distracted air,
 Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray
 The suppliant tears that gall'd her cheek
 And last her agonizing shrieks :
 Lock'd in her hair a ruthless hand
 Trail'd her along the flinty strand ;

A ruffian band, with clamours rude,
The impious spectacle pursued,
Still as she mov'd in accents mild,
She cried aloud—My child ! my child !
The lofty bark she now ascends,
With screams of woe the air she rends ;
The vessel less'ning from the shore,
Her piteous wails I heard no more :
Now as I stretch'd my last survey,
Her distant form dissolv'd away.
That day is past—I cease to mourn—
Succeeding joy shall have its turn :
Beside the hoarse resounding deep,
A pleasing anxious watch I keep ;
For when the morning cloud shall break,
And darts of day the darkness streak,
Perchance along the glitt'ring main,
Oh ! may this hope not throb in vain,
To meet these long desiring eyes,
Fuellen and the sun may rise !

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.



THE green-house is my summer seat ;
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat
Enjoy'd the open air :

Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolick where they list ;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true ;
But that delight they never knew,
And, therefore, never miss'd.

But nature works in ev'ry breast ;
Instinct is never quite suppress'd ;
And Dick felt some desires,
Which after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.



The open windows seem'd t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too gen'rous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

For, settling on his grated roof,
He chirp'd and kiss'd him, giving proof
That he desir'd no more;
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till gently seiz'd, I shut him fast,
A pris'ner as before.

O ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendship, satisfy'd with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird
A prison, with a friend, preferr'd
To liberty without.

THE JACKDAW.



THERE is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow ;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather.
Look up—your brains begin to swim—
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him ;
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
 Thither he wings his airy flight,
 And thence securely sees
 The bustle and the raree-show
 That occupy mankind below,
 Secure, and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
 On future broken bones and bruises,
 If he should chance to fall.
 No; not a single thought like that
 Employs his philosophic pate,
 Or troubles it at all.

He sees, that this great roundabout—
 The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physic, law,
 Its customs, and its bus'nesses,
 Is no concern at all of his,
 And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men ;

And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

