

Beauties of the Muses.

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ELIZA, SHEEP-SHEARING,  
DOUGLAS TO LORD RANDOLPH,  
AND  
ELIZA TO HENRY.

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## ELIZA.



Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,  
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;  
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife  
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;  
From hill to hill the rushing host pursu'd,  
And view'd his banner, or believ'd she view'd.  
Pleas'd with the distant roar, with quicker tread  
Fast by his hand one lisp'ing boy she led;  
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm  
Slept on her 'kerchief, cradled by her arm;  
While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,  
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.  
—Near and more near the intrepid Beauty press'd,  
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;  
Heard the exulting shout, 'They run! they run!  
'Great God,' she cried, 'he's safe! the battle's won!  
—A ball now hisses through the airy tides,  
(Some Fury wing'd it, and some Dæmon guides!)

Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,  
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;  
 The red stream issuing from her azure veins,  
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.—  
 —‘Ah me!’ she cried, and, sinking on the ground,  
 Kiss’d her dear babes, regardless of the wound;  
 ‘Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!  
 ‘Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my Love’s return!—’  
 ‘Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!  
 ‘The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war!—  
 ‘Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!—  
 ‘On me, on me,’ she cried, ‘exhaust your rage!’  
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress’d,  
 And sighing hid them in her blood-stain’d vest.  
 From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,  
 Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;  
 Eliza’s name along the camp he calls,  
 Eliza echoes through the canvass walls;  
 Quick thro’ the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,  
 O’er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,  
 Vault o’er the plain, and in the tangled wood,  
 Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!—  
 —Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,  
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds:—



‘ Speak low,’ he cries, and gives his little hand,  
‘ Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand ;  
‘ Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers press’d,  
‘ And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast !  
‘ Alas ! we both with cold and hunger quake—  
‘ Why do you weep ?—Mamma will soon awake.’  
—‘ She’ll wake no more !’ the hopeless mourner cried,  
Upturn’d his eyes, and clasp’d his hands, and sigh’d ;  
Stretch’d on the ground awhile entranc’d he lay,  
And press’d warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;  
And then npsprung with wild convulsive start,  
And all the Father kindled in his heart ;  
‘ Oh, Heavens !’ he cried, ‘ my first rash vow forgire  
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live !’  
Round his chill babes he wrapt his crimson vest,  
And clasp’d them sobbing to his aching breast.



## SHEEP-SHEARING.



Now, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares  
Prepare to reap. If verdant elder spreads  
Her silver flowers; if humble dasies yield  
To yellow crow-foot and luxuriant grass,  
Gay shearing time approaches. First howe'er,  
Drive to the double fold upon the brim  
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,  
And plunge them one by one into the flood.  
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,  
With his white flakes, that glisten thro' the tide;  
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,  
Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears  
His lifted head above the limpid stream,  
While the full clammy fleece the other laves  
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;  
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,  
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.  
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,  
Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin:

Thy peaceful subjects, without murmur, yield  
Their yearly tribute : 'tis the prudent part  
To cherish and be gentle ; while ye strip  
The downy vesture from their tender sides,  
Press not too close ; with caution turn the points ;  
And from the the head in reg'lar rounds proceed :  
But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar  
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat ;  
And careful house them, if the low'ring clouds  
Mingle their stores tumultuous : through the gloom  
Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,  
And breaks the crystal urns of heav'n : adown  
Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steeps  
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades !)  
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,  
And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields :  
Down with the flood, away the naked sheep,  
Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,  
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,  
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.  
At shearing-time, along the lively vales,  
Rural festivities are often heard :  
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy  
And lusty merriment: while on the grass



The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,  
We think the golden age again return'd,  
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.  
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,  
To the shrill pipe, and deep remurm'ring cords  
Of ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound ;  
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,  
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt  
With ev'ry murmur of the sliding wave,  
And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir :  
Music of paradise ! which still is heard,  
When the heart listens, still the views appear  
Of the first happy garden, when Content  
To nature's flow'ry scenes directs the sight.  
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,  
Then idly for the lost delight repine :  
As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails  
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,  
Fancy they see the less'ning shores retire,  
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.



## DOUGLAS TO LORD RANDOLPH.



MY name is Norval: on the grampian hills  
My father feeds his flock; a frugal swain,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his store  
And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
To follow to the field some warlike lord:  
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,  
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,  
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,  
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled  
For safety, and for succour. I alone,  
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows  
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd  
The road he took, then hasted to my friends:





Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
Till we o'ertook the spoil encumberd foe.  
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,  
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,  
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
The shepherd's slothful life, and having heard  
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers  
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
I left my father's house, and took with me  
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—  
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.  
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,  
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do  
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.



## ELIZA TO HENRY.



WHAT silver sounds, melodious, meet my ear,  
And mourn responsive on the sighing gale,  
Dropping, so sweetly sad, the pitying tear  
O'er the soft sorrows of a recent tale!

Ah me! no fancy'd woes I held to view;  
The woe-fraught scene is prattled round the coast;  
Too true alas! and pity 'tis, 'tis true—  
William and Mary were together lost!

Nay, start not, Henry! for 'twas half conceal'd,  
The simple facts, too copious for my line;  
Listen!—ah list!—the rest shall be reveal'd,  
Thou wilt not grudge to mingle tears with mine.

O! it will cost me many a pang, I ween,  
To trace their infant loves, each childish joy,  
When little Mary gambol'd o'er the green  
With her lov'd William, then a fair-hair'd boy.

Fresh like the rosy morn, his cherub face,  
And, like the berry dark, his laughing eyes;  
And Mary's too beam'd sweet with kindred grace,  
The soft mild blue that paints the azure skies,

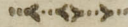
Oft hand in hand they rambled o'er the plain,  
 And fill'd their little laps with store of flow'rs!  
 And oft pursu'd the gilded fly in vain—  
 These were the pastimes of their earliest hours,

But war's shrill clarion rous'd the youth to arms!  
 To gain for Mary wealth and fair renown,  
 Sighing he tore him from her blooming charms,  
 And left her weeping, joyless, and forlorn.

Full oft retiring from the noisy throng,  
 To hide from vulgar eyes the struggling tear,  
 He breath'd his constant vows in artless song,  
 And pour'd the trembling numbers on her ear.

So the lorn bird, within the grove retir'd,  
 Trills her sweet notes, the thorn within her breast;  
 So sings the swan, her dying notes admir'd,  
 Her own sad requiem to eternal rest.

Mary, dear maid, though ocean rolls between,  
 And far, far off, is white cliff'd Albion's shore,  
 Some sweet remark of thine illumes each scene,  
 Thy image breathes in ev'ry op'ning flow'r;



‘ In the carnation, rich with coral glow,  
   ‘ The milder rose-bud, and the jess’mine fair,  
 ‘ Thy lip, thy modest blush, thy skin of snow  
   ‘ And, in the almon’d brown, thy glossy hair,  
 If the tall palm-tree bows beneath the breeze,  
   ‘ Thy easy shape waves graceful in my view,  
 ‘ If the sweet blue-bell glistens through the trees,  
   ‘ ’Tis Mary’s eye impearl’d with pity’s dew.

Thus would he sing, till years of tedious toil  
   Sweet competency’s mead had well acquir’d,  
 He came, full laden with the spoiler’s spoil,  
   And, just in view of happiness—expir’d!

Ah, what remains to close the dire affair?  
   Or who can paint the maiden as she stood!  
 Claspings her hands, and frantic with despair,  
 She plung’d, impetuous in the raging flood!

Ah, hapless lovers!—dear presumptuous maid!  
   There may thy woes, thy cruel sorrows, cease—  
 Fruitless alas! is now all human aid,  
   The hand which bruis’d can only give thee peace.