

Beauties of the Buses

THE MAN OF ROSS.

AND

THE GIPSY.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. T. WARD AND COMPANY,
3, Bread-Street-Hill, Cheapside.

1808.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

BUT all our praises why should Lorde
engross ?

Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of
Ross :

Pleas'd vaga echoes through her winding
bounds,

And rapid severn hoarse applause resounds.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's
sultry brow ?

From the dry rock who bade the waters
flow ?

Not to the skies in useless columns tost,

Or in proud falls magnificently lost,

But clear and artless pouring through the
plain

Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

Whose causeway parts the vale with shady
rows?

Whose seats the weary traveller repose?

Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to
rise?

The Man of Ross, each lisp'ing babe
replies.

Behold the market-place with poor o'er-
spread!

The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of
state,

Where age and want sit smiling at the
gate;

Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans
blest,

The young who labour, and the poor who
rest.

Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes
 and gives.

Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no
 more.

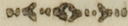
Despairing quacks with curses fled the
 place,
 And vile attornies, now an useless race.

Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do
 Oh say! what sums that gen'rous hand
 supply?

What mines to swell that boundless
 charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children
 clear,

This man possest—five hundred pound
 a year.



Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts
withdraw your blaze!

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays!

And what! no monument, inscription,
stone?

His race, his form, his name, almost un-
known?

Who builds a house to God, and not to
fame,

Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and
die

Of rich and poor makes all the history:
Enough that virtue made the space be-
tween;

Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

THE GIPSY.



THE village, with the gloomy shade
Of even-tide embrown'd,
Is still; no more with rural songs
The peaceful cots resound.

A Gipsy, shiv'ring with the cold,
And having lost her way,
Knocks at young William's lowly door
And begs the night to stay.

William, who pity'd the distress'd,
And to the poor was kind,
Unhappily, had lately lost
His former peace of mind:



Yet the benighted wanderer
 He with a smile receiv'd ;
 For those who were oppress'd with woe
 Ne'er left him unreliev'd.

He added fuel to his fire,
 The frugal board he spread :
 And with a look of sad despair,
 Unto the Gipsy said :

' Know, welcome guest, my heart's a prey
 ' To woe and deadly grief :
 ' And much I dread I ne'er shall find
 ' Or solace or relief.

' The beauteous Anna, charming maid !
 ' I love with tend'rest flame ;
 ' And late with purest passion warm'd,
 ' I to my Anna came.

‘ Where near the river’s murm’ring stream,
 ‘ We us’d so oft to meet ;
 ‘ And thought the envious moment pass’d,
 ‘ As the swift waves, too fleet.

‘ Anna, at length, with ling’ring step
 ‘ A clouded face arriv’d ;
 ‘ To clothe her cheek with wonted smiles
 ‘ And sparkling joy I striv’d.

‘ In vain I vow’d eternal love,
 ‘ I try’d my skill in vain ;
 ‘ For Anna, with a constant frown,
 ‘ Repulsed her angry swain.

‘ I try’d to clasp her to my breast,
 ‘ She tore herself away :
 ‘ And never would she see my face
 ‘ From that unhappy day !



' Now soothe a wretched lover's pain
 ' By thy foretelling pow'r ;
 ' And say, what was the unknown cause
 ' Of that unlucky hour ?

' Tell me, if I may hope to live,
 ' Or if I'm doom'd to die ?'—
 The Gipsy heard th' afflicted youth,
 And answer'd, with a sigh :

' I know thy Anna is unkind,
 ' The reason too I know :
 ' Thou art thyself alone the cause
 ' Of her and thine own woe.

' When lately in the rural dance,
 ' Young Mary swoon'd away,
 ' She fell into thy circling arms,
 ' And in thy bosom lay.

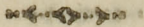


‘ Unmindful of thy Anna then,
 ‘ She’s left by thee, to lead
 ‘ A happy rival to her home,
 ‘ From off the sportive mead.

‘ She pensive spent the ling’ring night,
 ‘ Nor found repose or rest :
 ‘ For the sharp pangs of jealousy
 ‘ Disturb’d her wayward breast.

‘ The following morning Emma came,
 ‘ And fann’d the kindling fire ;
 ‘ She told her, Mary did thy heart
 ‘ With anxious love inspire.

‘ Now she has dropt the cheering hope
 ‘ Of calling thee her own.’
 The youth with horror turned his head,
 And utter’d with a groan :—



' And does she think her swain untrue ?
 ' And will she not relent ?
 ' I'll hasten to her instantly,
 ' And she will soon repent—

' Or in her presence will I die,
 ' Reproach her with the deed :
 ' And know if she can drop a tear,
 ' To see her true-love bleed.'

He rose, with horror in his looks,
 And fury in his eye ;
 Resolv'd to see his Anna's face,
 And in her sight to die.

The Gipsy started from her seat,
 And threw off her disguise—
 When, bath'd in tears, His Anna stood
 Before his wond'ring eyes !



‘ Come to my arms, thou injur’d youth,
 ‘ Thy Anna’s kind (she cried),
 ‘ Forgive, forgive my cruelty,
 ‘ For now thy love I’ve tried.’

William replied, with voice of joy—

‘ My Anna I forgive;
 ‘ Thou call’st me from the arms of death,
 ‘ Within thine own to live.’

