

AN ACROSTIC

ADDRESSED

To Miss Mary Anne Browne,

Of Worton Lodge, Isleworth,—Author of
“Mont Blanc,” “Ada,” &c.

M-ONT BLANC's great minstrel! lady of renown!
A-DA's sweet authoress! highly-gifted **B**ROWNE!
R-esplendent beauties glisten on each page
Y-our mind has penn'd, both passionate and sage;
A richer wreath of flowers Parnassian
N-e'er yet was cull'd than in your lays we scan.
N-ot Hemans' strains, nor those of **L. E. L.**,
E-nchanting as they are, do your's excel.
B-owles, Norton, Wilson, Jewsbury, and Howitt,
R-egard not as compeers—they are below it.—
O-h, charming **B**ROWNE! fair daughter of deep thought,
W-ith what fine feelings your great mind is fraught!
N-ature's fair scenes in that susceptic store
E-nkindle thoughts till far above they soar—
I-nspire ideas that “lie too deep for words,”
S-hrouded within the soul's remotest hoards.—
L-ady! I'm one—though by her not *quite* spurn'd—
E-namour'd more of Learning than high-learn'd:
W-eak though my lines be that display your name,
O-h! spare the critic's frown—forebear to blame,—
R-eproach not him who has an honest aim!—
'T-is hop'd, Enchantress, that we all may long
H-ave oft fresh proofs of your great powers of song.

C. C.

Great Totham May, 1830.

(REPRINTED OCTOBER, 1841.)

GREAT TOTHAM: PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.