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The Rustic Sage & Matron gray.

When near yon solemn untique Yew.

To Mary's Grave shall point the Way.

And urge the young her Tomb to view.

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THE

BRITISH Poetical MISCELLANY.

->>@<<--

To please the Fancy And improve the Mind.



FOURTH EDITION, ENLARGED.

→>>@≪→

HUDDERSFIELD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY T. SMART, KING-STREET.

ADDRESS.

ENTY Years have elapsed since the editor of this work, while at Pentonville. near London, met with a collection of poems. which had been published, in very small numbers, in Scotland.—Familiar with the struggles of mortality, he had then recently weathered the most perilous, perhaps, of the storms on the ocean of life, which, on its voyage, have assailed his slender bark:—and imagining he had gained a port of safety, the hint, furnished by his perusal of the collection just mentioned, was improved, on his return into Yorkshire.-Having, so early as his thirteenth year, begun to transcribe what he deemed favourite poetical effusions, he had now in his possession a considerable number of pieces.-From these, chiefly, he compiled The British Poetical Miscellany .- Patronage exceeded expectation; and three editions were printed within two years.

At the expiration of that period, the mists of delusion, surrounding his situation, dispersed; the perils to be encountered were, from the state of the anchorage, too evident; and he was involved in circumstances unfavourable to the reprinting of the work;—else had the wishes of his friends received earlier attention.

Recollections of the past, and the gloomy "signs of the times," gave birth to apprehensions for the future;—he, therefore, hesitated, even under a comparatively serene sky, lest publishing should terminate in disappointment and loss:—but repeated numerous inquiries for the work, from different parts of the kingdom, and the urgency of friends at home, have at length induced him to publish the present enlarged and improved edition.

The ADDITIONAL PIECES, like those which have already appeared, strictly accord with the design expressed in the title-page; rendering the work suitable for the Domestic Circle, Retire-

ment, and the Library; and forming a valuable Present for Youth.

The poems on the Slave Trade may be thought less requisite than in the former editions;—but though, in certain parts of the globe, much has been accomplished, by the labour of love, in their behalf,—much remains to be done, in others, to alleviate the sufferings and redress the wrongs of the injured Sons of Africa.

The views of more advanced life might have suggested the omission of some pieces, but he is not certain that this would have been an improvement; and by the young it would, perhaps, have been deemed an injury.—In deference, therefore, to the request of many, and in fulfilment of his promise, all that were originally inserted appear.

In this selection, made during different scenes, and in progressive stages of the mind, classification was not thought of, the severity of criticism not dreaded, nor any opposition to the labour of others intended or effected;—but an ardent desire felt of leisurely extracting a rich profusion

of sweets, from the innumerable Beauties of the Mountain and the Vale.

He is aware, that the poems will be variously estimated, according to the age, the habits, and the taste of the reader;—yet, though the excellency of some may not fully compensate for the inferiority of others, the feeling heart will, in examining these pages, be gratified with a mental treat; for the chords of sympathy are ever in unison:—while amid light and shade, the humorous and the serious, Youth, in quest of Amusement, may imbibe Instruction;—and Age, omitting what appears uninteresting, discover much to afford both Pleasure and Profit.

His thanks are due to those Authors and Publishers who permitted him to cull from their productions; and he will rejoice if his inserting conspicuously, in his Miscellany, the Specimens selected from them, tend to increase the demand for the works from which they are taken.

T. S

King-Street, Huddersfield, Nov. 23, 1818.



LENORA. A BALLAD.

FROM BÜRGER.

A T break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora struggled sore:
"My William, art thou slaine," sayde she,
"Or dost thou love no more?"

He went abroade with Richard's host,
The Paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had writt,
An he were sick or well.

With sowne of trump, and beat of drum, His fellow-soldyers come; Their helmes bedeckt with oaken boughs, They seek their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade, and ev'ry lane, Was full of old and young, To gaze at the rejoicing band, To hayle with gladsome toung.

"Thank God!" their wives and children sayde;
"Welcome!" the brides did saye:
But greet or kiss Lenora gave

But greet or kiss Lenora gave To none upon that daye.

She askte of all the passing traine,
For him she wisht to see;
But none of all the passing traine
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the soldyers all were bye, She tore her raven haire, And cast herself upon the groune, In furious despaire.

Her mother ran and lift her up, And clasped in her arme:

"My childe! my childe! what dost thou all?
God shield thy life from harme!"

"O mother! mother! William's gone! What's all besyde to mee?
There is no mercye, sure, above;
All, all were spar'd but hee!"

"Knell downe, thy paternoster saye,
"Twill calm thy troubled sprighte:
The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good;
What hee hath done is righte."

"O mether! mother! saye not so; Most cruel is my fate: I prayde and prayde; but what avail'd? "Tis now, alas! too late."

"Our heav'nly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suff'ring childe:
Go take the holy sacrament;
So shall thy grief grow milde."

- "O mother! what I feel within No sacrament can staye; No sacrament can teche the dead To bear the sight of daye."
- "May be, among the heathen folk Thy William false doth prove, And puts away his faith and troth, And takes another love.
- "Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?
 Thy moans are all in vain;
 And when his soul and body parte,
 His falsehood brings him paine."
- "O mother! mother! William's gone; My hope is all forlorne: The graye my only safeguard is— Oh, had I ne'er been borne!
- "Go out, go out, my lamp of life; In grisly darkness die: There is no mercye, sure, above: For ever let me die!"
- "Almighty God; oh! do not judge My poor unhappy childe; She knows not what her lips pronounce, Her anguish makes her wilde.
- " My girl forget thine earthly woe, And think on God and blisse; For so, at least, shall not thy soule Its heav'nly bridegroom miss."
- "O mother! mother! what is bliss, And what the fiendis celle? With him 'tis heaven any where; Without my William, helle.
- "Go out, go out, my lamp of life; In endless darkness die: Without him I must loathe the earth, Without him scorne the skye."
- And so despaire did rave and rage Athwarte her boiling veins;

Against the Providence of heav'n She hurlde her impious strains.

She beat her breaste, and wrung her hands, And rollde her tearlesse eye, From rise of morn till the pale stars

Again did freeke the skye.

When, harke! abroade she heard the trampe Of nimble-hoofed steed; She hearde a knighte with clank alighte, And climb the staire in speed.

And soon she heard a tinkling hand, That twirled at the pin; And through her door, that open'd not. These words were breathed in:

- "What he! what ho! thy door under; Art watching, or asleep? My love, dost yet remember me? And dost thou laugh, or weep?"
- "Ah! William here so late at night? Oh! I have watchte and wak'd: Whence dost thou come? For thy return My herte has sorely ach'd."
- " At midnight onlye we may ride; I come o'er land and sea: I mounted late, but soon I go; Aryse, and come with mee."
- "O William, enter first my bowre, And give mee one embrace; The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss; Awayte a little space."
- "The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss, I may not harboure here; My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes, My houre of flighte is near.
- " All as thou ly'st upon thy couch, Aryse, and mount behinde: To-nighte we'll ride a thousand miles. The bridal-bed to finde."

"How! ride to-nighte a thousand miles?
Thy love thou dost bemocke;
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clocke."

"Looke up, the moone is brighte, and we Outstride the earthlie men; I'll take thee to the bridal bed, And nighte shall end but then."

"And where is, then, thy house and home?
And where thy bridal bed?"

"Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark; Far hence I rest my head."

"And is there any room for me, Wherein that I may creepe?"
"There's room enough for thee and mee,

Wherein that we may sleepe.

"All as thou ly'st upon thy couch, Aryse, no longer stop; The wedding guests thy coming waite, The chamber door is ope."

All in her sarke, as there she lay, Upon his horse she sprung; And, with her lily hand so pale, About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry forth they go, Unheeding wet or drye; And horse and rider snort and blowe, And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood, Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthly sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede; Splash, splash, across the see: "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace; Dost fear to ride with mee?

The moone is brighte, and blue the nighte Dost quake the blast to stem? Dost shudder, mayde, to seek the dead?

"How gloomlie sownes you dirgye song! Nighte-ravens flappe the wing: What knell doth slowlye toll ding dong? The psalmes of death who sing?

"It creeps, the swarthie fun'ral traine, The corse is on the biere; Like croak of toads from lonely moores, The chaunte doth meet the cere."

"Go bear her corse, when midnight's past,
With song, and tear, and wayle;
I've gott my wife, I take her home,
My houre of wedlocke hayle.

"Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire, To swell our nuptial song: Come, preaste, and read the blessing soone; For bed, for bed we long."

They heede his calle, and hushte the sowne; The biere was seene no more; And followde him o'er feeld and flood Yet faster than before.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe; Unheeding wet or drye; And horse and rider snort and blowe, And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swift the hill, how swift the dale, Aright, aleft, are gone! By hedge and tree, by thorpe and towne, They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede; Splash, splash, across the see: "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace, Dost fear to ride with mee?

"Look up, look up, an airy crewe In roundel dances reele: The moon is brighte, and blue the nighte, Mayst dimlic see them wheele. "Come to, come to, ye ghostlie crewe, Come to, and follow mee; And daunce for us the wedding daunce, When we in bed shall bee."

And brush, brush, the ghostlie crewe Come wheeling o'er their heads, All rustling like the wither'd leaves, That wide the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe, Unheeding wet or drye; And horse and rider snort and blowe, And sparkling pebbles flye,

And all, that in the moonshyne lay, Behynde them fled afar; And backward scudded, overhead, The skye and ev'ry star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede; Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with mee!

"I weene the cock prepares to crowe:
The sand will soon be runne:
I snuffe the earlie morning aire;
Downe, downe, our worke is done.

"The dead, the dead can ride apace; Oure wed-bed here is fit: Oure race is ridde, our journey o'er, Oure endlesse union knit."

And lo! an yren-grated gate
Soon biggens to their view;
He crackte his whyppe; the clangyng boltes,
The doors asunder flewe.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode;
"'Tis hither we are bounde:"
And many a tombstone, ghostlie white,
Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when he from his steed alytte, His armour, black as cinder, Did moulder, moulder all awaye, As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull, Nor haire nor eyne had hee; His body grew a skeleton, Whilome so blythe of blee.

And at his drye and boney heele
No spurre was left to bee:
And in his wither'd hand you might
The scythe and hour-glasse see.

And lo! his steed did thin to smoke,
And charnel fires outbreathe;
And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite
The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,
And shrekes from vaults arose;
Then knew the mayde she might no more
Her living eyes unclose.

But onwarde to the judgment-seat,
Through myste and moonlighte dreare,
The ghostlie crewe their flyghte persewe,
And hollowe in her eere:—

"Be patient; though thyre herte should breke Arrayne not Heav'n's decree; Thou now art of thy body refte, Thy soule forgiven bee!"

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE

FROM BÜRGER.

BESIDE the parson's bow'r of yew
Why strays a troubled spright,
That peaks and pines, and dimly shines
Through curtains of the night?

Why steals along the pond of toads
A gliding fire so blue,
That lights a spot where grows no grass,
Where falls no rain nor dew?

The parson's daughter once was good,
And gentle as the dove;
And young and fair—and many came
To win the damsel's love.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill, Beyond the winding stream, The windows of a stately house In sheen of ev'ning gleam.

There dwelt in riot, rout, and roar, A lord so frank and free, That oft with inward joy of heart The maid beheld his glee.

Whether he met the dawning day
In hunting trim so fine,
Or tapers sparkling from his hall
Beshone the midnight wine.

`He sent the maid his picture, girt With diamond, pearl, and gold; And silken paper, sweet with musk, This gentle message told:

"Let go thy sweethearts, one and all; Shalt thou be basely woo'd, That worthy art to gain the heart Of youths of noble blood?

"The tale I would to thee bewray
In secret must be said;
At midnight hour I'll seek thy bow'r;
Fair lass, be not afraid,

"And when the am'rous nightingale Sings sweetly to his mate, I'll pipe my quail-call from the field; Be kind; nor make me wait."

In cap and mantle clad, he came At night, with lenely tread, Unseen, and silent as a mist; And hush'd the dogs with bread.

And when the am'rous nightingale Sung sweetly to his mate, She heard his quail-call in the field, And, ah! ne'er made him wait.

The words he whisper'd were so soft, They won her ear and heart: How soon will she who loves believe! How deep a lover's art!

No lure, no soothing guise he spar'd, To banish virtuous shame; He call'd on holy God above As witness to his flame.

He clasp'd her to his breast, and swore.
To be for ever true:
"O yield thee to my wishful arms!
Thy choice thou shalt not rue."

And, while she strove, he drew her on, And led her to the bow'r, So still, so dim—and round about Sweet smelt the beans in flow'r.

There beat her heart, and heav'd her breast,
And pleaded ev'ry sense;
And there the glowing breath of lust
Did blast her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began Their fallow blooms to shed, Her sparkling eyes their lustre lost; Her cheek its roses fled:

And when she saw the pods increase, The ruddier cherries stain,

She felt her silken robe grow tight, Her waist new weight sustain.

And when the mowers went afield,
The yellow corn to ted,
She felt her burthen stir within,
And shook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hiss'd Along the stubble field, Then could the damsel's piteous plight No longer be conceal'd.

Her sire, a harsh and angry man,
With furious voice revil'd:
"Hence from my sight! I'll none of thee
I harbour not thy child."

And fast amid her flutt'ring hair,
With clenched fist he gripes,
And seiz'd a leathern thong, and lask'd
Her side with sounding stripes.

Her lily skin, so soft and white,
He ribb'd with bloody wales;
And thrust her out, though black the night,
Though sleet, and storm, assails.

Up the harsh rock, on flinty paths,
The maiden had to roam;
On tott'ring feet she grop'd her way,
And sought her lover's home.

"A mother thou hast made of me, Before thou mad'st a wife; For this, upon my tender breast These livid stripes are rife.

"Behold."—And then, with bitter sobs, She sank upon the floor—

"Make good the evil thou hast wrought; My injur'd name restore."

"Poor soul! I'll have thee hous'd and nurs'd;
Thy terrors I lament:
Stay here; we'll have some further talk—
The old one shall repent.—"

"I have no time to rest and wait;
That saves not my good name:
If thou with honest soul hast sworn,
Oh! leave me not to shame:

"But at the holy altar be Our union sanctify'd: Before the people and the priest Receive me for thy bride."

"Unequal matches must not blot.
The honours of my line:
Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
To harbour thee as mine?

"What's fit and fair I'll do for thee; Shalt yet retain my love— Shalt wed my huntsman—and we'll then Our former transports prove."

"Thy wicked soul, hard-hearted man May pangs in hell await! Sure if not suited for thy bride, I was not for thy mate.

"Go, seek a spouse of nobler blood, Nor God's just judgments dread— So shall, ere long, some base-born wretch Defile thy marriage-bed.—

"Then, traitor, feel how wretched they.
In hopeless shame immers'd;
Then smite thy forehead on the wall,
While horrid curses burst.

"Roll thy dry eyes in wild despair— Unsooth'd thy grinning wae; Through thy pale temples fire the ball, And sink to fiends below."

Collected then she started up,
And through the hissing sleet,
Thro' thorn and brier, thro' flood and mire,
She fled with bleeding feet.

"Where now," she cry'd, "my gracious God," What refuge have I left?"

And reach'd the garden of her home,
Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot she feebly crawl'd

Beneath the bow'r unbless'd;

Where with'ring leaves and gath'ring snow

Prepar'd her only rest.

There rending pains and darting throes
Assail'd her shudd'ring frame;
And from her womb a lovely boy,
With wail and weeping, came.

Forth from her hair a silver pin,
With hasty hand, she drew,
And press'd against its tender heart,
And the sweet babe she slew.

Erst when the act of blood was done,
Her soul its guilt abhorr'd:
"My Jesus! what has been my deed!
Have mercy on me, Lord!"

With bloody nails, beside the pond
Its shallow grave she tore:
"There rest in God; there shame and want
Thou canst not suffer more:

"Me vengeance waits. My poor, poor child,
Thy wound shall bleed afresh,
When ravens from the gallows tear
Thy mother's mould'ring flesh.—"

Hard by the bow'r her gibbet stands;
Her skull is still to show;
It seems to eye the barren grave,
Three spans in length below.

That is the spot where grows no grass;
Where falls no rain nor dew;
Whence steals along the pond of toads
A hov'ring fire so blue.

And nightly, when the ravens come,
Her ghost is seen to glide;
Pursues and tries to quench the flame,
And pines the pool beside.

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