Lucretia Davidson

'E'en now, as weary of the tedious way,
Thy head on Ocean's bosom thou dost lay;
In his blue waves thou hid'st thy shining face,
And gloomy darkness takes its vacant place.

The Sun

[In Continuation]

Darting his rays the sun now glorious rides,
And from his path fell darkness quick divides;
Vapor dissolves and shrinks at his approach.
It dares not on his blazing path encroach;
Down droops the flow'ret, and his burning ray
Scorches the workmen o'er the new-mown hay.
O lamp of Heaven, pursue thy glorious course,
Nor till gray twilight, aught abate thy force.

LINES

Written under the Promise of Reward

Whene'er the Muse pleases to grace my dull page,
At the sight of reward, she flies off in a rage;
Prayers, threats, and entreaties I frequently try,
But she leaves me to scribble, to fret, and to sigh.

She torments me each moment, and bids me go write,
And when I obey her, she laughs at the sight;
The rhyme will not jingle, the verse has no sense,
And against all her insults I have no defense.
Lucretia Davidson

I advise all my friends, who wish me to write,
To keep their rewards and their praises from sight;
So that jealous Miss Muse won't be wounded in pride,
Nor Pegasus rear, till I've taken my ride.

---

BYRON

His faults were great, his virtues less,
His mind a burning lamp of heaven;
His talents were bestowed to bless,
But were as vainly lost as given.

His was a harp of heavenly sound,
The numbers wild, and bold, and clear;
But ah! some demon, hovering round,
Tuned its sweet chords to Sin and Fear.

His was a mind of giant mould,
Which grasped at all beneath the skies;
And his a heart, so icy cold,
That virtue in its recess dies.

---

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare! "with all thy faults (and few have more)"
I love thee still," and still will con thee o'er.
Heaven, in compassion to man's erring heart,
Gave thee of virtue, then of vice a part,