

P O E T R Y.

O D E to O B E R O N.

Addressed to Lady CARLISLE by Mrs.
CAEVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the Gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary,
For once I'll try my wish to gain,
Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton spright,
Who liv'st in woods unseen,
And oft by Cynthia's silver light,
Trips gaily o'er the green.

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd
As ancient stories tell,
And for the Athenian maid who lov'd
Thou sought'st a wond'rous spell.

O deign once more t' exert thy power,
Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flower
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to please,
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease.

Nor ease, nor peace, the heart can know,
Which, like the needle,
Turns at the touch of joy, or woe,
But turning trembles too.

For as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree,
Bliss goes but to a certain bound,
Beyond is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart,
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

O haste to shed your sovereign balm,
My shatter'd nerves new bring;
And for my guest serenely calm
The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly!
With Disappointment in the rear,
That blisks the purpos'd joy.

The tears which pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then disown;

The heart that throbb'd for others woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds that now each moment bleed,
For ever then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed,
To nights of calm repose.

O, Fairy Elf, but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send,
And so may never-fading bliss,
Thy flow'ry paths attend.

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delights
Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heav'n's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest freshest flow'rs distill'd
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content, but half, to please.

LADY CARLISLE'S ANSWER.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend,
These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
Or give, if I am able:
I dare not hesitate t' obey,
Tho' I have trembled all the day,
It looks so like a fable.

Last's night's adventure is my theme,
And should it strike you as a dream,
Yet sure its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in sport.

The moon shone forth extremely bright,
And every star bedeck'd the night,
While Zephyrs fann'd the trees:
No noise assail'd my mind's repose,
Save that yon stream that murmuring flows
Did echo to the breeze.

Enwrap'd in solemn thought I sat,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
Yet void of hope or fear,

When,