

are told,

* Thus sung a Gipsy, pretty black eyed maid,
As she with scrutinizing eye his hand survey'd
Then archly smiling and in sportive strain,
She thus resum'd her Gipsy lore again :—

“ But am’rous youth I bid thee beware,
“ For danger oft lurks in the smiles of the Fair,
“ Beware of the sweetest enchantments of love,
“ For these to your heart keenest sorrows will prove.”

Himself enroll’d amidst the warrior band,
Some happy hours he pass’d in Vectia’s land,
There his sweet nature with the highest care,
Adorn’d the landscape and the blooming fair ;
Maids that in Greece’s fam’d and proudest days,
Could fire the poet’s heart—inspire their lays ;
Tho’ there ’tis true a thousand beauties smile,
Still there was one the pride of Vectia’s Isle ;
And mem’ry dwells upon that day,
When in her pleasing badinage so gay,
She gave the Rhymers from her bosom fair
Violets that breath’d in bliss their fragrance there,
“ Here take these flowers,” she said with sportive glee,
“ And tune your harp then you my bard shall be.”

Who’er has been in Vectia’s Isle
Must sure have heav’d loves fervent sigh
Should he have seen th’ enchanting smile :
The lovely form and beaming eye
Of fairest Emma.

Ye flow’rets of the budding spring,
Fav’rites with me you ever were,
But heartfelt pleasure now you bring,
Presented by a Maid so fair
As Charming Emma.

Sweet Flowers you once perfum’d the Gale,
But none above other flow’rets blest,
V hat bids to leave your native vale ;
To breathe in Heaven, the beauteous breast.
Of lovely lovely Emma.

* This is a fact, and took place at Blackheath near London some time previous to the Rhymers entering the Army (the Gipsy’s prophecy was of course in prose, but the purport is literally hers.

† The Isle of Wight, a beautiful little Island on the coast of Hampshire and most truly called the Garden of England.