

While captivating scenes appear,
Debilitated strength to chear ;
The charms that music, science pour
Along sweet Avon's winding shore,
Inspire my heart with love of thee,
And all but envy cure in me.
So, to retrace life's chequer'd state,
We view the whole, but love the great ;
To see and sing yield small relief,
The absent mind, a prey to grief.

To Bristol's busy city come,
(For me, alas ! no friendly home ;) 11
Three days I had not breath'd its air,
Before I was suspected there ;
A poor, unwary stranger, I
Was look'd upon with jealous eye—
Seiz'd as a culprit, horrid state !
Come, tragic muse, the fact relate :
No friend to plead my lonely cause,
Expos'd to most vindictive laws ;
Poor me, of peace and hope bereft,
Stood charg'd with cruelty and theft ;
With cruelty to woman kind,
Which mostly shocks the feeling mind ;
For this plain reason, seeming right,
I was the wretches size and height ;
In countenance, there was no choice,
But differ'd much in heart and voice :