

**ORIGINAL POEMS, IN THE
AMATORY,
HEROIC, PATHETIC,
AND OTHER STYLES**

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Original poems, in the amatory, heroic, pathetic, and other styles by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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AMATORY,
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ORIGINAL POEMS,
 IN THE
MORAL, HEROIC, PATHETIC,
 AND
OTHER STYLES.

—
 BY A TRAVELLER.
 —

CONTENTS.

| <i>Page.</i> | <i>Page.</i> |
|---|--|
| 1 Invocation to Apollo 1 | 9 A Volunteer Song 21 |
| 2 The Deaf and Dumb Boy 5 | 10 Lara Merblow 23 |
| 3 Mary, Adieu 7 | 11 Similitude between Life and the Game of Bowls 25 |
| 4 Monody on Lord Nelson 9 | 12 Reflections on Four Generations 27 |
| 5 Ingratitude 11 | 13 Neja, the Maid of the Blythe . . 29 |
| 6 By the Moon, Dearest Mary . . . 12 | 14 Farewell, to my Ivy-clad Bower 32 |
| 7 Ode to my Summer House 14 | 15 On the Greatness and Fall of Bonaparte 34 |
| 8 The Pedestrian, with a Reflec- tion 18 | |

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MDCCLXXXIV.

INVOCATION TO APOLLO,

OR

TWILIGHT, MOONLIGHT, MIDNIGHT, &c.



APOLLO, I thy aid implore,
To sing the charms of Twilight's hour ;
Oh, grant ! to cheer me through the night,
A ray of thy transcendent light.

I love that hour, when day recedes,
And evening's dew is on the leaves ;
When nightingales are warbling soft,
Their syren notes on boughs aloft ;
When some who seek affection's throne,
Pursue life's dreary paths alone ;
Some hearts with mutual ardour beat,
Whose hopes and fears congenial meet ;

When met, their feelings never sever,
But cling through life—then live for ever.

Oh, Twilight ! thine's a lovely hour,
So sweet its spell—so soft its pow'r.

That which succeeds to Eve's decline,
Is finer far—far more sublime :
As Sol withdraws his farewell beam,
Gloom gives fresh int'rest to the scene ;
Enchants us more as less reveal'd,
Like Beauty when almost conceal'd.

Observe, Gloom's talismanic wand
Raises superlatively grand—
Ideal shapes—a countless train,
That fill the soul and warm the brain :
Advancing from—we know not where,
And, as we meet them—melt in air.

I've hear'd it ask'd, with some surprise,
Why darkness gives, what light denies ?

Too oft in life, experience shows,
 Bliss, from reality, scarce flows :
 But grant Imagination scope,
 We revel in the joys of hope.

See Night's pale luminary breaks
 Thro' heav'n's high dome, and faintly streaks
 With tints of gold, or silver hue,
 Surrounding skies of darkest blue.

How oft in raptures have I stray'd,
 While Cynthia's beams o'er lakes have play'd ;
 When Vestal stars around her shone,
 Like goddesses near Juno's throne ;
 Not Paradise is more serene—
 'Tis heav'n to gaze on such a scene ;
 Where distant spheres like angels shine,
 Reflecting here their lights divine.

Now gently ebbs the midnight tide ;
 On crystal streams fair mermaids glide,
 To watch the bark of seamen brave,
 And steer them o'er the dubious wave ;

Guide some Leander to his tow'r,
Whose Hero waits in beauty's bow'r.

All nature now may safely rest,
Save conscience in the guilty breast !

Where can an opiate be found,
To soothe that self-inflicted wound ?
The glowing anguish of whose smart
Consumes the frame—unnerves the heart—
Burns fierce with unexhausted fires,
Until vitality expires !

Oh, guilt ! more dreadful is thy doom,
If conscience stings beyond the tomb !

J. H.

THE
DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

At Portsmouth, one morn, by the Point I was walking,
In search of a subject my muse to employ,
I heard two fair females, in sympathy talking,
Of poor little Joseph, the Deaf and Dumb Boy!

This child of misfortune I met in the street;
His manners were artless, engaging, and coy;
In his eyes beam'd the soul of expression so sweet:
Oh, pity poor Joseph—the Deaf and Dumb Boy!

My feelings dissolv'd at so melting a sight,
And mov'd by an impulse that never can cloy,
I imparted, alas! 'twas a pitiful mite!
To poor little Joseph—the Deaf and Dumb Boy!

May those who by avarice embitter their years,
 The sweets of beneficence strive to enjoy ;
 And vie with the tender, who pity the tears,
 Of this helpless, neglected, poor Deaf and Dumb Boy !

As winter approaches, ah ! screen from the cold,
 His dear little limbs, lest its keenness annoy ;
 Your slight dispensations in silver or gold,
 Will shelter this naked—this Deaf and Dumb Boy.

When Spring again dawns, then renew your indulgence,
 Nor suffer e'en chance his fond hopes to destroy ;
 Extend thro' his life, your heart-cheering refulgence,
 And listen and plead—for this Deaf and Dumb Boy !

J. H.