

**THE DEATH-WAKE; OR,
LUNACY. A
NECROMAUNT IN
THREE CHIMERAS**

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The Death-Wake; Or, Lunacy. A Necromaunt in Three Chimeras by Thomas T. Stoddart

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THOMAS T. STODDART

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*Of this Edition 500 Copies have been printed
for England and America*

4-16-18. M.D.

INTRODUCTION TO
THE DEATH-WAKE

313401

*Piscatori
Piscator*

*An angler to an angler here,
To one who longed not for the bays,
I bring a little gift and dear,
A line of love, a word of praise,
A common memory of the ways,
By Elibank and Yair that lead;
Of all the burnis, from all the braes,
That yield their tribute to the Tweed.*

*His boyhood found the waters clean,
His age deplored them, foul with dye;
But purple hills, and copses green,
And these old towers he wandered by,
Still to the simple strains reply
Of his pure unrepining reed,
Who lies where he was fain to lie,
Like Scott, within the sound of Tweed.*

A. L.

**THE DEATH-WAKE
OR LUNACY**

Sonnet to the Author

*O wormy Thomas Stoddart who inheritest
Rich thoughts and loathsome, nauseous words, &
rare !
Tell me, my friend, why is it that thou ferrest
And gapest in each death-corrupted lair ?
Seek'st thou for maggots, such as have affinity
With those in thine own brain ? or dost thou think
That all is sweet which hath a horrid stink ?
Why dost thou make Haugout thy sole divinity ?
Here is enough of genius to convert
Vile dung to precious diamonds, and to spare,
Then why transform the diamond into dirt,
And change thy mind wth stth. be rich &
fair
Into a medley of creations foul,
As if a Seraph would become a Goul ?*

W. E. A.

CHIMERA I

An anthem of a sister choristry !
And like a windward murmur of the sea,
O'er silver shells, so solemnly it falls !
A dying music shrouded in deep walls,
That bury its wild breathings ! And the moon,
Of glow-worm hue, like virgin in sad swoon,
Lies coldly on the bosom of a cloud,
Until the elf-winds, that are wailing loud,
Do minister unto her sickly trance,
Fanning the life into her countenance ;
And there are pale stars sparkling, far and few
In the deep chasms of everlasting blue,
Unmarshall'd and ungather'd, one and one,
Like outposts of the lunar garrison.

A train of holy fathers windeth by
The arches of an aged sanctuary,
With cowl, and scapular, and rosary