

**THE MUSE'S MIRROR:  
BEING A COLLECTION  
OF POEMS, VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649653348

The Muse's Mirror: Being a Collection of Poems, Vol. II by Various

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Cover @ 2017

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**VARIOUS**

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BEING A COLLECTION  
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THE  
**MUSE'S MIRROR:**  
 BEING A  
 COLLECTION OF POEMS,

Written by the following AUTHORS :

Mr. Pope	Mr. Soam Jenyns	Rev. Mr. Oglivie
Swift	H. Kelly	Nath. Lloyd
Churchill	Fowkes	Lord Carlisle
Gray	Woty	Lyttelton
Colman	Aaron Hill	Palmerston
Wilkes	Bryant Edwards	Sir Tho. H. Williams
Lloyd	M'Millan	Alex. Schomberg
Thornton	Cha. Crawford	Hon. C. Townshend
Garrick	Wm. Whitehead	Mr. Fitzpatrick
Ansty	Paul Whitehead	C. Fox
Jernyngham	Evelyn Meadows	Mr. Erskine
C. Denis	Dr. Parnell	Capt. Thompson
Sheridan	Young	Rice
Cumberland	Goldsmith	Lady M. W. Montague
Cunningham	Berkley	Mrs. Montague
Edmund Waller	Langhorne	Lady Craven
Julius Mickle	S. Johnson	Mrs. Vaughan
Schomberg	Sheridan	Lennox
J. Philips	Burton	Greville
Law. Sterne	Rev. Mr. Mason	Miss Sally Carter
Newell-Puddicombe	Cafwal	H. Moore
T. Vaughan	P. Stockdale	Aikin

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VOL. II.

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SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

*sd* by J. DEBRETT, opposite Burlington House, Piccadilly; and  
 RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under the Royal Exchange.

M D C C L X X X I I I .



NOY WED  
JUN 4  
1881



But to the beggar and the King,  
Clean linnen's a reviving thing.

Yet these our plagues don't reach ;  
The beggar strips with jocund morn,  
In some quick stream, and on the thorn  
Spreads out his rags to bleach.

The King, great man, sends all his out,  
Not caring for a single clout :

But what's more happy still,  
He's not oblig'd to count the rags,  
Nor stuff 'em into canvass bags,  
Oh ! no—nor write the bill.

But Lord have mercy on us all !  
Whene'er we wash, all hands must fall  
To something or another ;  
For madam scolds, and flies about,  
Now up, now down, now in, now out,  
Dabbing thro' wet and smother.

This cursed time all comfort flies,  
At six she starts, come Ned, come rise,  
And get the lines hung out !  
Yes, to be sure, (my dear,) I cry,  
I dare as well be hang'd as lie,  
For fear my dove should pout.

Break



Breakfast is got, and whipt away,  
 (Because the washers want their tea)  
 Before that I've half done :—  
 The doors all open—linnen spread,  
 The sky looks black,—come hither, Ned,  
 Shall we have rain or sun ?

My dear, you need not be in pain,  
 It does not look, I think, like rain ;  
 O ! then we'll hang out more :  
 When lo ! the words have hardly past,  
 But puff there comes a heavy blast,  
 And all must be rins'd o'er.

Then ten-fold comes the peal on me,  
 You as, to be ten years at sea,  
 See, see the linnen do !—  
 I sneak away, to have a smile,  
 Snug, while I hear her all the while.  
 Calling me black and blue.

From such unlucky storms of rain,  
 Nothing with me goes well again,  
 The dinner comes—and cold :  
 The meat, I cry, of soap-suds twangs,  
 Up madam gets, the door she bangs,  
 And re-begins to scold.

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But what still troubles more my mind,  
Amidst such griefs at once to find,  
The washer, as she wrings,  
Cracking some jest—then o'er the tub  
Pauses awhile—and ev'ry rub,  
With pleasure sweats and sings.

I hate, I must confess, all dirt,  
And truly love a well-wash'd shirt,  
Yet once a-month this reek,  
Is more than any one can bear;  
But him I hate—pray make his share  
A washing every week.



A L B A N Y.

A Monody to the memory of a virtuous Youth, drowned  
in the Thames.\*

AS late I stray'd by Thames' translucent stream,  
I heard a nymph in misery extreme,  
Relate, " Ah ye, who love or sense or truth,  
" Join me to search a beauteous drowned youth,

Ah

\* These lines were written on the unhappy fate of a son of Mr. Wallis, who was a scholar at Westminster, and unfortunately drowned in the Thames when bathing.

- " Ah ye, who ever lov'd a darling boy,  
 " Who've felt a father's care, a mother's joy,  
 " Give to the Thames your tears, encrease her tide,  
 " And tell a parent's sorrow far and wide—  
 " Thames, ancient god, with dank green tresses rise,  
 " And tell me where the dear lov'd angel lies :  
 " If thou such excellence could'st ruthlessly drown'd,  
 " O tell me where the body may be found.  
 " Thou God of Streams, attend my piteous cry,  
 " And shew where Albany and Virtue lie.  
 " That to his corse the maidens mild may bring,  
 " The sweetest posies of the painted spring,  
 " And strew the youth and his untimely hearse,  
 " With myrtles ever green and elgiack verse.

At the soft plaints of this desponding maid,  
 Forth from the wave a venerable shade  
 Arose, with aspect dignified and mild,  
 And in his arms he bore the breathless child,  
 Adorn'd with shells and coral of the stream,  
 And his untimely fate he made the theme.

- " Weep not, fair maid—nor thus accuse thy sire,  
 " The gods who made him, did the youth require,  
 " His virtues were of such an angel-kind,  
 " So meek his manners, and so pure his mind,  
 " That he in genius, majesty and grace,  
 " Was more of angel than of mortal race.