

**VERT-VERT, FROM
THE FRENCH
OF GRESSET**

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Vert-vert, from the French of Gresset by Robert Snow

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ROBERT SNOW

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THE FRENCH
OF GRESSET**

VERT-VERT.





V E R T - V E R T

FROM THE FRENCH OF

GRESSET

BY

ROBERT SNOW Esq.



LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1850





VERT-VERT.

FROM GRESSET.



HAVE read, in some grey-bearded
author of science,

Much travel proves often a dangerous
thing ;

In the roof under which you were born, put reliance ;

Fickle change is of mischief the prodigal spring.

Better keep side by side with the stay-at-home Lares,

Ay, better by far never stir out of doors,

Than cripple your virtue by foreign vagaries ;

For you *must*, or *will* do so, on barbarous shores.

The above is my Theme. And my Muse's endeavours

A Hero's adventures, in point, would rehearse ;

And the gossiping parlours monastic of Nevers

Will attest, if you doubt, the whole truth of my

verse.

So take, instead of moral Essay,
 VERT-VERT, from the French of Gresset;
 Whose Muse, abhorring tiresome cantos,
 Tripped in galliards and corantos.

At Nevers then, there flourished once,
 A Popinjay, a Parrot-pet;
 On whom a Sisterhood of Nuns
 The sum of their affections set.
 Sad memory's never-dying flame
 Leaps up afresh at VERT-VERT's name!
 From the burning Indian shore
 Transported to the banks of Loire,
 Beneath a roof of holiness
 Not by stealth or craft admitted,
 But for his own discreetly-witted,
 Unjesuitical address.
 His plumage did in hues surpass
 The Convent Chapel's painted glass,
 With contrasted masses dyed,
 Blue, green, and crimson, side by side.
 Yet not for that was his renown
 Blazoned over Nevers town,
 And widely through the country blown;

For eloquence he had, and art;
 'Tis further said, he owned a heart.
 Archly brilliant, wise, yet merry,
 All-accomplished Popinjay,
 Playful, graceful, in the very
 Pride and flower of thy day!
 In thine ignorance how blest,
 Hadst thou never learnt to royster!
 Yet Bird was never, 'tis confessed,
 Half so worthy of a cloister;
 So fit an inmate of a Convent grating;—
 For Bird was never half so fond of prating.

Were I the kindnesses to number
 On VERT-VERT that the Dames bestowed,
 The catalogue would make you slumber:
 They were such an honied load,
 That even the Convent's Soul's Physician
 Dipped not so deep its buttery's dish in:
 For VERT-VERT better used to sup;
 And ate the good man's sweetmeats up.
 Nay, the Priest was forced to run
 From disobedient Nun to Nun;
 But 'twas the same with one and all;