

**POETICAL  
MEMOIRS:  
THE EXILE, A TALE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649519378

Poetical Memoirs: The Exile, a Tale by James Bird

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JAMES BIRD**

**POETICAL  
MEMOIRS:  
THE EXILE, A TALE**



**POETICAL MEMOIRS.**

**THE EXILE.**

**A TALE.**

POETICAL MEMOIRS.

---

THE EXILE,

A TALE.

---

BY JAMES BIRD,

AUTHOR OF THE VALE OF SLAUGHDEN;  
MACHIN, OR THE DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA; AND OF  
COSMO, DUKE OF TUSCANY.

---

Brunette and fayre, my heart did share,  
At last a wyfe I tooke:  
Then all the wayes of my younge dayes,  
I noted in a booke!

OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

---

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,  
PATERNOSTER-BOW.

MDCCCXXIV.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

WHAT! write my Life?—my Life!—and can this be  
From such a Bard—a modest Bard—like me?  
To write, regardless of the wreaths of fame,  
MY OWN MEMOIRS, and print them with my *Name!*  
And no Apology?—no Preface here?  
No page inscribed to Commoner, or Peer?  
'Tis even so!—Ye Critics! spare your Rods;  
Ye more than Men—ye less than Demi-gods!  
On your goose-quills the public feeling rides,  
Ye Thunderbolts—ye cruel Vaticides!  
I own your power, I know ye are the Lords  
Of Poets, armed with Tomohawks and Swords,  
With which—O, barbarous!—ye, furious, fall  
On rhyming heads—may Heaven forgive ye all!  
Well—if ye flog me—when your rage is o'er,  
I'll kiss the Rod, and write—two Cantos more!

APRIL, 1823.

**POETICAL MEMOIRS.**

**CANTO FIRST.**



## POETICAL MEMOIRS.

### CANTO FIRST.

#### I.

MY OWN MEMOIRS!—a most egregious theme!

I wonder how I came to think of this,  
Perhaps no more than a delirious dream,  
With much of sorrow, and with some of bliss;  
So, gentle Reader! sure thou wilt not deem

The Bard presumptuous!—Did not Jacques the Swiss  
Write his "CONFESSIONS?"—Did not Bishop Burnet  
Write his "OWN TIMES?"—and so, if I can turn it

## II.

To my advantage, surely there's no sin  
In penning this, MY HISTORY?—Now I,  
A rambling, rhyming egotist, begin  
To sketch the Poet, or to paint the fly,  
Which long hath fluttered 'mid the ceaseless din  
Of busy mortals! Fiction! now good bye!  
And Truth! thy faultless mirror here display,  
To shew my Muse thy image in her lay.

## III.

Some Poets write long PREFACES, to keep  
Their anxious readers from their melting story,  
Till, o'er the INTRODUCTION fast asleep,  
They quite forget the Muse, her shame, or glory;  
Some cautious Poets to their subject creep  
Like bloated leeches, when their mouths are gory!  
Feeling their way, like some dull Lexicographer;—  
It is not thus with me—my own Biographer!

## IV.

Born in a dear, delightful, rustic spot,  
    'Mid nature's sweetest, though secluded bowers,  
I drew my first breath in no lowly cot;  
    My "father's hall," though destitute of towers,  
Rose high o'er stately oaks, and hill, and grot,  
    And rich domains, and verdant meads, and flowers,  
To Heaven aspiring, in its "pride of place:"  
But *now*, 'tis changed—and there remains no trace

## V.

Of flowery paths, o'er which my childhood strayed  
    In joy, unmindful of the ills of life;  
The lordly oaks low with the earth are laid;  
    The woodman's prowess, and the axe's strife,  
Have robbed the hill, the vale, the lawn, the glade,  
    And desolation and decay are rife;  
All, all are changed—and I am changing now,  
For care hath stamped her signet on my brow!