

**THE BEAUTIES OF KIRKE
WHITE, CONSISTING
OF SELECTIONS FROM
HIS POETRY AND PROSE**

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The beauties of Kirke White, consisting of selections from his poetry and prose by Alfred Howard

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ALFRED HOWARD

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OF
KIRKE WHITE,

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BY ALFRED HOWARD, ESQ.

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KIRKE WHITE.

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust it did career,
It might have soothed its rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr :—then it died,
Melting in melody ;—and I descried,
Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied :
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung ; or are these sounds
Such as, 'tis said, at night are known to swell,
By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death ?

A BALLAD.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,
Ye pelting rains, a little rest :
Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,
That wring with grief my aching breast.
Oh ! cruel was my faithless love,
To triumph o'er an artless maid ;

Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
 To leave the breast by him betray'd.
 When exiled from my native home,
 He should have wiped the bitter tear ;
 Nor left me faint and lone to roam,
 A heart-sick weary wanderer here.
 My child moans sadly in my arms,
 The winds they will not let it sleep :
 Ah ! little knows the hapless babe
 What makes its wretched mother weep.
 Now lie thee still, my infant dear,
 I cannot bear thy sobs to see :
 Harsh is thy father, little one,
 And never will he shelter thee.
 Oh that I were but in my grave,
 And winds were piping o'er me loud,
 And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
 Were nestling in thy mother's shroud !

MY OWN CHARACTER.

Addressed (during Illness) to a Lady.

Dear Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
 To give you a sketch—ay, a sketch of myself.
 'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess,
 And one it would puzzle a painter to dress ;
 But however, here goes, and as sure as a gun,
 I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun ;
 For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
 She won't be a cynical father confessor.
 Come, come, 'twill not do : put that purling brow down ;
 You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.