

**POEMS ON
SEVERAL
OCCASIONS**

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Poems on Several Occasions by Edward Lovibond

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EDWARD LOVIBOND

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SEVERAL
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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY THE LATE

EDWARD LOVIBOND, Esq.

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P R E F A C E
O F T H E
E D I T O R.

EVER^Y Reader, in taking up a book, feels his curiosity awakened to know something of the Author of it; and yet, in general, the lives of literary men are interspersed with few circumstances that merit extraordinary attention. Their natural bent of mind, and their pursuits, lead them more commonly to prefer the scenes of shade and silence; and their characters are left to be

judged of by posterity, rather from their works than from those trivial occurrences of life, which they share in common with the rest of mankind.

The Author of the following Poems was a Gentleman of Fortune, who passed the greater part of his years in the neighbourhood of HAMPTON, in MIDDLESEX, where he lived greatly beloved by those who best knew him.—He was an admirable scholar, of very amiable manners, and of universal benevolence, of which all his writings bear strong testimony.

The little pieces which compose this volume were chiefly written on such incidents

as occasionally arose in those societies of intimate acquaintance which he most frequented. After his death, which happened in 1775, his poems being dispersed in the hands of different friends, to whom they had been given by himself, many people expressed to his only brother, ANTHONY LOVIBOND COLLINS, Esq; a wish to have them collected together, and preserved. This gentleman, equally zealous for the reputation of a brother he affectionately loved, hath put into the Editor's hands those pieces he hath selected for that purpose.

To this brief account the Editor wishes to subjoin a few lines inscribed by a very accomplished Lady in that neighbourhood to

the memory of the Author.—The diffidence of this Lady, though possessing the ability of writing with much taste and elegance, hath ever precluded the Public from seeing her compositions; but as the Author has addressed three of the Pieces in this collection to her, under the title, To Miss G——; and as her's in reply, written several years ago, may serve better to elucidate his own, she hath, on this occasion, been pleased to permit them, with the same signature, to be inserted with the Poems of her deceased friend.

[ix]

ON THE

D E A T H

O F

EDWARD LOVIBOND, Esq;

By Miss G———.

AH! what avails—that once the Muses crown'd
Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
That in that polish'd mind bright genius shone,
That letter'd science mark'd it for her own!
Cold is that breast that breath'd celestial fire!
Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!
O could my Muse but emulate thy Lays,
Immortal numbers should record thy praise,

Redeem