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a Poem wrote on a very tragical accident - a
Gentleman was in love to distraction with a Lady
who was a kept mistress to Lord S. - he she re-
-fus'd his addresses - He unable to conquer his passion
or obtain his wishes took a dreadful resolution of
destroying both himself & her which he partly ef-
-fected by shooting her dead as she was stepping in
-to a Coach from a Play He then fired another pis-
-tol at his own head but the ball not being right-
-ly placed did not prove mortal - 'Tis wrote in
the character of this unfortunate Person - & from
many expressions we may conclude ^{the Lady} ~~she~~ had at
some time favoured his hopes -

'Tis done - Thy fatal charms no more shall move
Despair at last succeeds to hopeless Love
Away thy faultering Tongue - thy deep drawn Sighs
The folded Arms - wan Cheeks & Streaming Eyes
Death (Sorrow's friend) these weeping Eyes shall close
And take me from my Passion & my Woes

Think not of since thy pity wish to claim
again to kindle Love's extinguish'd flame
No no! - Thy perjur'd faith & cold disdain
Rage in my heart & fire my madd'ning brain

Cold is the Breast that once my vows approv'd 113
For ever lost to me the maid I lov'd

Wretch! - shall I tamely bear the galling chain
And crawl thro' Life a Spectacle of pain
No! - come Despair - unsheath thy facinorously blade
And wrap me in the grave's eternal shade
Freely this anxious Being I resign
Be endless Sleep & dumb Oblivion mine

Stop, impious Suicide! nor think to fly
The stings of guilt & Heaven's all-piercing eye
Can the grave hide from his pervading ray
Who made the Light - & form'd thee from a clay
Or madly dost thou think thy aspiring mind
Form'd for itself nor link'd to human kind
Did Wisdom frame Creation's humblest plan
Shine in her lowest works but stop at man
Ah Wretch! - Did Heaven bestow a thirst of Fame
Thy insatiate love of Truth - the Patriot flame
The self-approving thought the ^{sense} ~~love~~ of ~~fame~~ right
Guilt's secret horrors - Virtue's calm delight
Thy breast with reason's active powers supply
To eat - To drink - To trifle - & to die?
O hapless Pastor! choose some nobler aim
Think of the World's - Thy Friends - Thy Country's claim