

POEMS

BY

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Freeeditorial 

TO CONSCIENCE

THOU stern reprover of the midnight hour,
When mortals slumber and the world retires;
Then shall the sleepless wretch confess thy power
Fiercely to kindle thy extinguish'd fires,
Bearing the piercing spear, the sharpen'd dart,
When pleasure's forms no longer ward the blow,
Sending thine arrows thro' the bleeding heart,
And bidding memory ev'ry joy forego.
Lost in one thought each pleasing vision lies,
Thy frowns terrific awe the conscious mind;
While angry lightnings rend the troubled skies;
Yet all these conflicts, for our good design'd,
Shall cleanse the soul, whilst thou with placid mien,
Shalt cheer the mourner with a smile serene.

ADDRESS TO BEAUTY

ELOQUENT deceiver!—say,
With each soft, each fond endeavour;
Canst thou bid the fragile clay,
Live and last and bloom for ever?

If the soul in secret languish,
Where is then thy wonted smile?
Canst thou calm the throb of anguish?
Canst thou sorrow's pains beguile?

Bidding death forbear his prey,
Canst thou life's long date ensure?
Will he to the beauteous say,
Go and live in health secure?

No, thou fond enchantress—no,
When he lifts his mighty arm;
When he aims the fatal blow,
He is blind to ev'ry charm.

Youth's sweet buds the monster siezing,
Beauty's charms before him fly;
Living roses form'd for pleasing,
Fade beneath his grasp and die.

He is sent by Heaven assign'd,
All our earthly ties to sever;
But the beauties of the mind,
Shall survive and last for ever.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP DELINEATED

HE never yet consulted friendship's laws,
Who would not suffer in her glorious cause;
Who would not sacrifice the proffer'd gain,
But let her secret whispers plead in vain.
We share in all the feelings of a friend,
Our joys are mutual and our sorrows blend,
And while we help him on his rugged way,
Our sun illumines us with a brighter ray:
Such secret joys on friendship's votaries shine,
Which prove to them her origin divine,
And that each gift which she on man bestows,
Is bless'd by Heav'n whence the warm feeling flows.

But let us traverse the wide world around,
And see where perfect friendship may be found;
Grandeur thou hast indeed a barren soil,
Thy steril region mocks our constant toil;
Friendship is seldom known amongst the great,
She shuns the gilded pomp of regal state;

And the rude blast of poverty severe
Blights all the produce of her scanty year.
She seldom thrives where famine, want and pain,
With grief and care, divided sway maintain:

Few regions please her and few climates suit,

She bears her blossoms but denies the fruit.

Behold a pensioner, with smiling face,

Go to a peer soliciting a place;

A sinecure which may support his pride,

Without much toil or doing aught beside,

Adding the unearn'd lucre to his store,

To gratify the wish of having more.

Yet he is rich in wealth and wants it not,

Meanwhile a Friend appears, whose heavy lot

So frowns upon him that this Friend may be,

Almost dependent upon charity.

"That place may now be mine," he cries with joy,

"If thou wouldst but thy influence employ,

" 'Twould be to me of more abundant use,

"Than twice the sum to thee, so prithee chuse,

"And tell me if to serve a friend of thine,

"This small preferment thou couldst not resign.

"Alas!" the Friend replied, "it cannot be,

"Yet from my very soul I pity thee,

"And I would serve thee any other way,

"But for this once I'm griev'd to answer *nay*.

"My time is not my own—my work is hard,

"This fav'rite notion you must now discard."
And turning from his friend with mournful face,
He still pursues his plan and gets the place.
This is the world's false friendship—O I see
So much of this bad coin pass currently,
That almost could I say in heaven alone
Is sacred friendship seated on her throne,
While base usurpers dare profane her name,
And boast her influence merely for her fame.

WRITTEN IN CONDEMNATION OF SATIRE

SHEATHE, sheathe the sword while yet you may,

Be wise and harmless tho' you're gay.

As once to sober thought inclin'd,

This lesson pass'd across my mind;

I soon beheld a jocund train,

Led on by Satire o'er the plain,

Array'd in smiles and graces bland,

Each held a dagger in his hand;

Which by his flowing robe conceal'd,

The vision to my eyes reveal'd:

While wit who boasts superior powers,

Around her strew'd her baleful flowers;

And those who join'd this motley crew,

As on they pass'd, were not a few;

Friend against friend was quickly arm'd,

All in a moment felt alarm'd;

The fray commenc'd, the battle rag'd,

While in the furious strife engag'd,

Satire had pointed ev'ry dart,

And aim'd his arrows at the heart.

His quiver ev'ry hand supplied,

His weapons ev'ry shield defied.

I griev'd to see fair friendship's laws,

Inverted in his odious cause;
And thus I said, or seem'd to say,
O sheathe the sword while yet ye may;
For while such danger is display'd,
How can ye wave the glitt'ring blade;
And while amus'd by Satire's ray,
Its corruscations you display;
Reflect not that its edge may sever
Friendship's strong tie and that for ever.

Be warn'd and quit this dangerous play,
And sheathe the sword while yet ye may.

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