

the 5th July 1796

To Sara and her Samuel

Was it so hard a thing? I did but wish
A fleeting holiday, one little week
Or haply two, had bounded my request

What, if the jaded Sower, who all day long
Had borne the heat and labour of the plough,
When Evening came & her sweet cooling hour,
Should seek to trespass on a neighbour copse,
Where greener herbage waved, or clearer streams
Invited him to slake his burning thirst? —

That Man were crabbed, who should say him Nay;
That Man were churlish, who should drive him thence!

Oh blessing light upon your heads, ye good,
Ye hospitable pair. I may not come,
To catch on Clifden's heights the summer gale:
I may not come, a pilgrim, to the "Vales"
Where Avon winds, "to taste th' inspiring waves
Which Shakespere drank, our British Helicon:
Or, with mine eye intent on Redcliffe towers,
To drop a tear for that mysterious youth,
Cruelly slighted, who to London Walls,
In evil hour, shap'd his disastrous course.

Complaints, begone; begone, all-omen'd thoughts —
For yet again, & Co! from Avon banks
Another "Minstrel" cometh! Youth beloved,
God & good Angels guide thee on thy way,
And gentler fortunes wait the friends I love.

C. L.

Memoranda 32
lovely address

Lucan vol 1, 34 - see text

Went to the
of the
forms
to the
which
perform
with
now
work

They were of well proportion
& robust they shewed there
bodies bodied with a sea
weed called wood which
not only devent defended
the pores of the skin from
the inclemency of the wea
ther in winter but gave
them a fierce fierce
for manly appearance
The they were were
considered as a brave
warlike & general generous
people & they they were
particularly remarked