

## Eulogies and Elegies

John Hoole, *A Monody to the Memory of Mrs. Margaret Woffington*, from *A Collection of Poems in Four Volumes. By Several Hands*, 4 vols (London: G. Pearch, 1775), vol. 2, pp. 85–93, 447. British Library, shelfmark 11606.aaa.13.

[Anon.], *Woffington's Ghost. A Poem* (London: Henry Woodgate, 1761), pp. 5–19.

John Hoole (1727–1839) worked chiefly as a translator of works of Italian literature and was the author of a handful of moderately successful tragedies; his *Monody*, which appeared in 1760, was his first publication. A lengthy and rather repetitive funeral elegy composed to mark Woffington's passing, it reflects conventionally on the transience of beauty, idealizing and perhaps idolizing its subject as 'the pride of all our stage' (below, p. 276). Woffington is imagined as the principal performer in a series of theatrical scenes: first, on her death bed, a macabre stage upon which she succumbs to the hovering personifications of Disease, Danger, Death and Sickness; second, in her major roles (Hoole especially acclaims her Cleopatra, Phaedra, Roxana and Lady Townly), and finally as the silent inhabitant of an imagined resting place sequestered within 'arching grottoes and embow'ring greens' (below, p. 279), where the figures of Shakespeare, Rowe, Congreve, Southern and Farquhar are found in attendance as mourners, and where the figure of Elegy materializes to deliver a lament over 'the fairest of the fair, / The graces' darling, and the muses' care' (below, p. 281). Hoole hymns Woffington's beauty and charm, but also stresses that these were supported by wit and keen intelligence: 'conjoin'd, / A form angelic, and a piercing mind' (below, p. 277). As 'No senseless parrot of the poet's thought', she also had a singular talent for invigorating (perhaps even improving upon) her material: 'How does thy sense the poet's thought refine, / Beam thro' each word, and brighten every line!' (below, p. 277).

*Woffington's Ghost* was published anonymously as a response to the mock heroic epic of the London underworld by Edward Thompson (1738–86), *The Meretriciad* (1761), a poem which 'lauds the theatre, celebrates fashionable whores and rakes, and makes connections between the sexual glitterati',<sup>1</sup> and which includes Woffington in its ironic moral indictment of the theatri-

cal profession. *Woffington's Ghost*, affects a tone of outrage at Thompson's alleged calumnies, accusing him of having 'sully'd some, whose lives were pure as snow', and urging the 'awful shades of beauties long since dead' to 'Rise to revenge' (below, p. 285). The 'one' that 'stood forth' is, presumably, the shade of the recently deceased Woffington, who proceeds to speak on behalf of the acting profession, denouncing Thompson as a 'base black defamer of the fair', and rebutting his accusations against George Anne Bellamy, Kitty Fisher, Lucy Cooper and herself; the poem concludes with a rousing defence of the freedoms of theatre, of art, and of love: 'why should vainly writers strict impose/Limits to love, whose nature brooks no laws?'

This was not the end of it. In the sixth edition of *The Meretriciad* (1763), Thompson dismissed the author of *Woffington's Ghost* as 'The worst, sad outcast of the fools of verse', and the poem as 'a mere, vile mushroom of a Scribbler's dung', and clarified his position on Woffington:

Now let's drop a tear  
On the first, and fairest, Harlot's bier:  
Who living mov'd superlatively fair,  
In wit *Minerva*, with *Idalia's* air [...]

Addressing the poem's author, he continues:

If ought would move her injur'd Ghost to rise,  
Thy jargon would, to tear thy Muses eyes:  
Read this, and fly, sad base-born abject slave,  
And pilgrim like, do penance at her grave:  
Inscribe these lines to Fame, and Beauty writ,  
(And transcribe on till I allow thee wit.)  
"Here lie the pride of Beauty, sense, and fame,  
"Who dare go by and contradict the same?"

Woffington's ghost, it appears, was never going to rest easy.

#### Notes

1. Julie Peakman (ed.), *Whore Biographies, 1700–1825*, 8 vols (London: Pickering and Chatto, 2006–7), vol. 4, p. 237.

( 85 )



A M O N O D Y

T O T H E M E M O R Y O F

M R S. M A R G A R E T W O F F I N G T O N.

*Flebilis indignos elegia solve capillas,  
Ab! nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.* OVID.

**T**H E R E fled the fair, that all beholders charm'd,  
Whose beauty fir'd us, and whose spirit warm'd !  
In that sad sigh th' unwilling breath retir'd ;  
The grace, the glory of our scene expir'd !  
And shall she die, the muse's rites unpaid,  
No grateful lays to deck her parting shade ?  
While on her bier the sister graces mourn,  
And weeping tragedy bedews her urn ?  
While comedy her chearful vein foregoes,  
And learns to melt with unaccustom'd woes ?  
Accept (O once admir'd) these artless lays ;  
Accept this mite of tributary praise.  
Oh! could I paint thee with a master's hand,  
And give thee all thy merits could demand ;  
These lines should glow with true poetic flame,  
Bright as thy eyes, and faultless as thy frame !

G 3

We

( 86 )

We mourn'd thy absence, from our scene retir'd,  
 Each longing heart again thy charms desir'd.  
 Yet still, alas ! we hop'd again to view  
 Our wish, our pleasure, ev'ry joy in you !  
 Again thy looks might grace the tragic rage ;  
 Again thy spirit fill the comic stage.  
 But lo ! disease hangs hov'ring o'er thy head ;  
 Dire danger stalks around thy frightened bed !  
 Those starry eyes have lost each beamy ray,  
 And ghastly sickness makes the fair her prey !  
 Death shuts the scene !—and all our hopes are o'er !  
 Those beauties now must glad the fight no more !

Say ye, whose features youthful lustrous bloom,  
 Whose lips exhale Arabia's soft perfume,  
 Must ev'ry gift in silent dust be lost,  
 No more the wish of man, or female boast ?  
 Ah me ! with time must ev'ry grace be fled !  
 She, once the pride of all our stage, is dead !  
 Clos'd are those eyes that ev'ry bosom fir'd ;  
 Pale are those charms that ev'ry heart inspir'd !  
 Where now the mien with majesty endu'd,  
 Which oft surpriz'd a ravish'd audience view'd ?

What forms too oft the tragic scene disgrace ;  
 What tasteless airs the comic scene deface ?  
 Tho' tuneful Cibber still the muse sustains,  
 By nature fram'd to pour the moving strains,  
 Tho' from her eye each heart-felt passion breaks,  
 And more than music warbles when she speaks ;

When

( 87 )

When shall we view again, like thine, conjoin'd,  
A form angelic and a piercing mind ?  
Alike in ev'ry mimic scene to steer,  
The gay, the grave, the lively and severe.  
Thy judgment saw, thy taste each beauty caught,  
No senseless parrot of the poet's thought !  
Thy bosom well cou'd heave with fancy'd woe,  
And, from thy own, our tears were taught to flow.  
Whene'er we view'd the Roman's sullied fame,  
Thy beauty justify'd the hero's shame.  
What heart but then must Anthony approve,  
And own the world was nobly lost for love ?  
What ears cou'd hear in vain thy cause implor'd,  
When soothing arts appeas'd thy angry lord ?  
Each tender breast the rough Ventidius blam'd,  
And Egypt gain'd the sigh Octavia claim'd.  
Thy eloquence each hush'd attention drew,  
While love usurp'd the tears to virtue due.  
See ! Phœdra rise majestic o'er the scene,  
What raging pangs distract the hapless queen !  
How does thy sense the poet's thought refine,  
Beam thro' each word, and brighten ev'ry line !  
What nerve, what vigour glows in ev'ry part,  
While classic lays appear with classic art !  
Who now can bid the proud Roxana rise,  
With love and anger sparkling in her eyes ?  
Who now shall bid her breast in fury glow,  
With all the semblance of imperial woe ?

## ( 88 )

While the big passion, raging in her veins,  
 Would hold the master of the world in chains :  
 But Alexander now forfakes our coast :—  
 And, ah ! Roxana is for ever lost !

Nor less thy pow'r when rigid virtue fir'd  
 The chaster bard, and purer thoughts inspir'd :  
 What kneeling form appears with stedfast eyes,  
 Her bosom heaving with devotion's sighs !  
 'Tis she ! in thee we own the mournful scene,  
 The fair resemblance of a martyr <sup>1</sup> queen !  
 Here Guido's skill might mark thy speaking frame,  
 And catch from thee the painter's magic flame !

Blest in each art ! by nature form'd to please,  
 With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease !  
 Whose piercing genius study'd all mankind,  
 All Shakespear op'ning to thy vigorous mind.  
 In ev'ry scene of comic humour known ;  
 In sprightly sallies wit was all thy own.  
 Whether you seem'd the cit's more humble wife ;  
 Or shone in Townley's higher sphere of life :  
 Alike thy spirit knew each turn of wit ;  
 And gave new force to all the poet writ.

Nor was thy worth to public scenes confin'd,  
 Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind.  
 Thy ears were ever open to distress ;  
 Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Jane Grey, Act V.

( 89 )

Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt ;  
Thy heart for other's sorrows prone to melt.  
In vain did envy point her scorpion sting ;  
In vain did malice shake her blasting wing :  
Each gen'rous breast disdain'd th' unpleasing tale,  
And cast o'er ev'ry fault oblivion's veil :  
Confess'd, thro' ev'ry cloud, thy deeds to shine,  
And own'd the virtues of compassion thine !  
Saw mild benevolence her wand disclose,  
And touch thy heart at ev'ry sufferer's woes :  
Saw meek-ey'd charity thy steps attend,  
And guide thy hand the wretched to befriend :  
Go, ask the breast that teems with mournful sighs,  
Who wip'd the sorrows from affliction's eyes :  
Go, ask the wretch, in want and sickness laid,  
Whose goodness brighten'd once misfortune's shade.

O! snatch me hence to lone sequester'd scenes,  
To arching grottoes and embow'ring greens !  
Where scarce a ray can pierce the dusky shade,  
Where scarce a footstep marks the dewy glade :  
Where pale hu'd grief her secret dwelling keeps ;  
Where the chill blood with lazy horror creeps :  
Where awful silence spreads her noiseless wing ;  
And sorrow's harp may tune the dismal string.—  
Or rather lead my steps to distant plains,  
Where closing earth enfolds her last remains :  
What time the moon displays her silver beam,  
And groves and floods reflect the milder gleam :

When

( 90 )

When contemplation broods with thought profound,  
And fairy visions haunt the sylvan ground.

Lo! fancy now, on airy pinions spread;  
With scenes ideal hovers o'er my head.

I see! I see! more pleasing themes arise:  
What mystic shadows flit before my eyes!  
Imagination paints the sacred grove,  
The place devote to poesy and love.

Here grateful poets hail the actors' name,  
And pay the rightful tribute to their fame:  
Around their tomb, in gen'rous sorrow, mourn,  
And twine the laurels o'er the favour'd urn.

Methinks I view the last sepulchral frame,  
That bears inscrib'd her much-lamented name.  
See! to my view the drama's sons display'd:  
What laurell'd phantoms croud the awful shade!  
First of the choir immortal Shakespear stands,  
Whose searching eye all nature's scene commands:  
Bright in his look celestial spirit blooms,  
And genius o'er him waves his eagle plumes!  
Next tender Southern skill'd the soul to move;  
And gentle Rowe, who tunes the breast to love.  
The witty Congreve near with sprightly mien;  
And easy Farquhar with his lighter scene.  
A num'rous train of bards the shrine surround,  
In tragic strains and comic lore renown'd.

See! on the tomb yon pensive form appear,  
Heave the full sigh, and drop the frequent tear:

The

## ( 91 )

The garments loose her throbbing bosom show ;  
Dispers'd in air her careless tresses flow :  
Round her pale brows a myrtle wreath is spread,  
A gloomy cypress nods above her head.  
See ! while her hand a solemn lyre sustains,  
Her trembling fingers wake the languid strains :  
Soft to the touch the vocal strings reply,  
And tune the notes to answer ev'ry sigh.  
She, (child of grief!) at human mis'ry weeps ;  
At ev'ry death her dismal vigil keeps.  
But chief she mourns, when fate's relentless doom  
Gives wit and beauty victims to the tomb.  
Her lays their merits and their loss proclaim,  
(A mournful task !) and elegy her name !  
Now bending o'er the pile she vents her moan,  
And pours these sorrows o'er the senseless stone.

Ah ! lost, for ever lost ! the breath that warm'd,  
The wit that ravish'd, and the mien that charm'd !  
Here sleeps, beneath, the fairest of the fair,  
The graces' darling, and the muses' care !  
Who once could fix a thousand gazers' eyes,  
Now cold and lifeless unregarded lies !  
Who once the soul in bonds of love detain'd,  
Now lies, alas ! in stronger bonds restrain'd.  
Pale death has rifled all her pleasing store,  
And nature loaths a form so lov'd before !  
Is there a fair whose features point the dart,  
Charm the fix'd eye, and fascinate the heart ?

Behold

( 92 )

Behold what soon difarms the childish sting,  
 And plucks the wanton plume from Cupid's wing !  
 Then boast no longer wit's fallacious store ;  
 The sweets of sprightly converse boast no more :  
 Those lips so fram'd to each persuasive art,  
 No more shall touch the ear, and win the heart !  
 Let beauty here her transient blessing weigh :  
 Let humbled wit her pitying tribute pay :  
 Let female grace vouchsafe the kindly tear :  
 Wit, grace, and beauty, once were center'd here !  
 Ye sacred bards, who tun'd the drama's lays,  
 Here pay your incense of distinguish'd praise !  
 She gave your scenes with ev'ry grace to shine :  
 She gave new feeling to the nervous line :  
 Her beauties well supply'd each tragic lore,  
 And shew'd those charms your muse but feign'd before !  
 Here round her shrine your votive wreaths bestow,  
 Around her shrine eternal greens shall grow,  
 The list'ning groves shall learn her name to sing,  
 And zephyrs waft it on their downy wing ;  
 Till ev'ry shade these doleful sounds return,  
 And ev'ry gale in fullen dirges mourn !

The mourner ends with sighs ; her hand she rears  
 And with her vesture dries the gushing tears.  
 Behold each bard the soft contagion feels ;  
 From ev'ry eye the trickling sorrow steals.  
 See ! nature's son lament her hapless doom,  
 See ! Shakespear bending o'er his fav'rite's tomb.

Each

( 93 )

Each shadowy form declines his awful head,  
And scatters roses on the fun'ral bed.  
In slow procession round the shrine they move,  
And chant her praises thro' the tuneful grove.

Farewel the glory of a wondrous age,  
The second Oldfield of a sinking stage!  
Farewel the boast and envy of thy kind,  
A female softness, and a manly mind!  
Long as the muses can record thy praise,  
Thy fame shall last to far succeeding days:  
While wit survives, thy name shall ever bloom,  
And wreaths unfading flourish round thy tomb!

While thus I tune the plaintive notes in vain,  
For her, whose worth demands a nobler strain;  
Lo! to my thought some warning genius cries:  
Attempt not, swain, beyond thy flight to rise,  
Shall thy weak skill attempt to raise our woes,  
Or paint a loss that ev'ry bosom knows?  
'Tis not thy lays can teach us tears to shed;  
What eye refrains?—for Woffington is dead!



*Woffington's Ghost.*

A

P O E M .

IN ANSWER to the

MERETRICIAD.

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— *the Queen of Love,*

*Promiscuous Blessings to her Slaves assign'd;*

*And shew'd the World that Beauty should be kind.*

Lord LANDSDOWN .

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold by HENRY

WOODGATE, in

*Pater-Noster-Row.* 1761.

*Woffington's Ghost.*A  
POEM.

YE awful shades of beauties long since dead,  
 Whose potent charms in chains have monarchs led;  
 Who, in times past, love's paths have freely trod,  
 Rise to revenge, and arm'd with terrors rod:  
 Forth from your mansions, where you're doom'd, now come,  
 And from your followers brows dispel this gloom;  
 This gloom, which all love's nymphs has quite o'erspread,  
 And heart-felt anguish in their looks are read.  
 Some scribbling wight, to them and love a foe,  
 In dark drawn colours from his envy's flow,  
 Has sully'd some, whose lives were pure as snow.

Nature alarm'd, strait let loose her winds,  
 And free'd those spirits, whom strong magic binds.  
 Darkness ensu'd, earth op'd her sulph'rous veins,  
 And horrid spectres rose and shook their chains.  
 Quick vanish'd all, when lo! a beauteous train,  
 Array'd with charms, immediate fill'd the plain:  
 When one stood forth, and thus majestic spoke:  
 No more, in vain, shall *British* nymphs invoke;  
 Our aid we'll freely give, their loves indear,  
 And from dark crimes their reputation clear.  
 Their characters are known, I'll set 'em right,  
 Nor see 'em tumbled to the shades of night.  
 Fiction's dark arts I scorn, I truth intend,  
 And to the doughty wight this answer send.

Say, thou base defamer of the fair,  
 To what malicious devil art thou heir;  
 Unconscious wretch, infernal infidel,  
 Who, but thyself, such scandal dar'd to tell:  
 To propagate such vile, such glaring lies,  
 At which your gloomy patron shame on't cries.  
 No more your face in open daylight shew,  
 Doom'd to a dungeon'd darkness may you go;  
 May grief on grief, passion on passion roll,  
 And in the dreary torrent overwhelm your soul.

Such pennance ought, or worse the imp to find,  
 Who dare such merit, with like beauty join'd,  
 Accuse unjustly of the vilest crimes,  
 And blacken her amidst your viler rhimes.  
 But miscreant, say, why, with invective rage,  
 Should you thus lash the glory of our stage.  
 Can't *B—l—y*, who long has stood the test  
 Of critics envy, and been long caress'd  
 By all the great and good of these our isles,  
 Enjoy'd their favour, shar'd their sunshine smiles;  
 Stood as a rock amidst the waste of time,  
 Nor once been scourg'd by those that deal in rhyme.

Why this untruth, that she her children fled,  
 Nor car'd whether they had, or wanted bread.  
 No more advance such falsehoods, 'tis well known,  
 They boarded were at the best schools in town.  
 To *Ireland* too, to *W—r* she went, you say,  
 She went indeed to *Ireland* to play.  
 'Twas hope of profit that made her engage,  
 And leave the *English* for the *Irish* stage.  
 Large salaries promis'd, and great offers made,  
 Tho' by the bye, there's few were ever paid;  
 The lordly manager, with strut and stare,  
 With *Turkish* insolence, and Bashaw glare,  
 Prov'd that his sterling was but *Irish* ware.  
 Indeed the audience great encomiums paid her,  
 And, if applause could do't, a goddess made her.  
 When in *Chinese*, *Mandane* she appear'd,  
 By turns she hated, pity'd, and endear'd:  
 With out-stretch'd eyes, and with attentive ears,  
 The enraptur'd audience shar'd her hopes and fears.  
 Ne'er with like grace the *Cyprian* goddess mov'd,  
 When with love's charms, and in her chariot dov'd,  
 She rode to meet the warlike God she lov'd.

To her fair form the poor in vain ne'er su'd,  
 She all reliev'd by sad distress pursu'd.  
 All the success she has, and more she merits,  
 Therefore your rancour won't depress her spirits.  
 Miss *Kitty* too, whom all the town adore,

Whose pleasing fetters half our nobles wore:  
 Pray don't bespatter so, 'tis not her due,  
 She ne'er was Whore to such a one as you.  
 In pleasure's range if she does freely tread,  
 And sip the sweets that spring in nature's mead;  
 Let her indulge in ev'ry dear delight,  
 In plenty spend the day, in love the night.  
 To make cash circulate she only lives,  
 And what she gets, she freely spends or gives.  
 You say, 'twill raise a doubt in time to come,  
 That Peers subscrib'd to keep a painted strum.  
 Which is most honour, greatly to maintain  
 A British beauty, or a foreign train  
 Of Opera squallers, from *Italian* shores,  
 Eunuchs the men, the women rotten whores?  
 It shames our gentry, shames our glorious land,  
 And does the *English* name with folly brand;  
 That lords, their ladies, citizens and wenches,  
 Subscribe to fill the operas cursed trenches,  
 While *English* actors play to empty benches.

But lo! a nymph, that has in splendor shone,  
 And thro' life's varied class with honour run;  
 Whose fair fraught image, and whose sparkling wit,  
 Has struck with awe, the lord, the 'squire, and cit.  
 That *C—p—r* e'er displeas'd, you've urg'd in vain,  
 In love as free as air, in dealings plain.  
 She'll never at the approach of age repine,  
 But freely treats her friends with wit and wine:  
 Gay as the morning lark that upward flies,  
 Whose tuneful notes salute the eastern skies:  
 Sorrow's dire gloom, and cares, with mirth disperse,  
 And ever has some frolick to rehearse.  
 Therefore forego her origin to trace,  
 Think on her wit, her air, and matchless grace:  
 Her faults in dark oblivion bury all,  
 And learn that great things ever sprung from small.  
 'Ere mortals frailty made them wretched, she  
 Was born most noble, that was born most free.  
*Lucy*, the sons of mirth thee'll ever toast,  
 And of love's witty nymphs you'll rule the roast.

You rail at one, too, with dire envious spleen,  
 The finest, comeliest lass that e'er was seen,  
 Tread our fam'd stage, or revel on the green.  
 But why, with envy, must you charge her more,  
 Than all the rest that you have nam'd before?  
 Spite can't, I'm sure, her gracious soul intral,  
 Her face, her look, does contradict it all;  
 All those soft charms of which the muses sung,  
 In plaintive accents echo from her tongue:  
 So sweet's her voice, her port so fine and easy,  
 Her Lady *Townly* cannot fail to please ye.  
 Ease and good nature, with the belle and smart,  
 You'll find concenter'd in the name of *Hart*.

O matchless fair, most elegant divine,  
 C—y there ne'er were charms to equal thine:  
 Who, but a fiend, would impious untruths tell  
 To blast your fame, but one that's leagu'd with hell:  
 High born and bred, with nature's bounty dress'd,  
 And royalty itself has thee caress'd.  
 But you 'bove envy's reach shall always reign,  
 His heart's high empress that don't scorn your chain.

A much fam'd nymph who lately led the fashion  
 And prov'd that love's her universal passion:  
 But M—y, pr'ythee why so strangely alter'd:  
 You'd said, that before marry'd, you'd be halter'd.  
 But laudable however is your plan,  
 You've lost the town, and gain'd an honest man.  
 Honour to you, who've known all scenes of life,  
 To make an honest, sober, virtuous wife:  
 Take care, your new-gain'd virtue safely keep,  
 No more let titles lull that gem asleep;  
 Never let one false step your marriage cross,  
 But rest in safety with the name of *Ross*.

Two sisters next, of heav'nly shape and frame,  
 Their persons not more lov'd than is their name;  
 When next you write, pray for their names sake spare,  
 Nor let the shade of *Garrick* scandal bear:  
*Garrick*, the prodigy of this gay age,  
 The only glaring meteor of the stage.

May you, dear nymphs, your beauty and your love,  
 With nature's charms strive strongly to improve;  
 While *D—n's* hornpipe pleases all the town,  
 Yet you alone would sully her renown;  
 Aspersions throw on all she does or dances,  
 But most you say on her, I think, romance is:  
 When public people's characters at stake,  
 At least be cautious for their int'rests sake.  
 For lost their merit flies with their good name,  
 You take their bread as well as dawb their fame.

Of other nymphs your impious muse has sung,  
 And blacken'd *Hervey, Fordyce, Hays, and Young*;  
 Four girls as fair, by all the town confess'd,  
 And form'd by nature's laws to make man bless'd:  
 For why should custom's laws their nature rule?  
 Born free as air, nor taught in custom's school.

*Douglass's* funeral pomp, I think is droll,  
 And onwards seems in sable gloom to roll.  
 But no more urge you malice on that head,  
 Nor dare disturb the ashes of the dead.  
 But hold, you wound a gay, a goodly train,  
 Compos'd of *Clemens, Stephens, Massey, Vane*;  
 With *Davis, Kelly*, and with many more,  
 Whose names you stamp with dirty draggled whore:  
 No more abuse, not high kept names invade,  
 For sacred love their property is made.  
 Examples many I could set to view,  
 That love's dear nymphs these arts no more may rue.  
 The goddess long in Cyprus was ador'd,  
 Her lovers toils she gratefully restor'd:  
 Bright *Hellen's* charms, tho' to a King assign'd,  
 Stand on record, that beauty should be kind.  
 Great *Cleopatra*, whose angelic face,  
 Two mighty heroes fought for to embrace;  
 Improv'd love's joys with such a liberal hand,  
 One lost the world to be her command.  
 Then why should vainly writers strict impose  
 Limits to love, whose nature brooks no laws?  
 O mighty love, whose substitutes these are,

To whom, on earth you've giv'n chief rule and care;  
Suffer your vot'ries not in fame to smart,  
But with remorse, deep wound the witling's heart.

FINIS.

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