

Mary Barber, "Written from Dublin to a Lady in the Country"

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[MARY BARBER]

"Written from Dublin to a Lady in the Country"

A Wretch in smoaky *Dublin* pent,
Who rarely sees the Firmament,
You graciously invite, to view
The Sun's enliv'ning Rays with you;
To change the Town for flow'ry Meads, 5
And sing beneath the sylvan Shades.

YOU'RE kind in vain ---It will not be ---
Retirement was deny'd to me;
Doom'd by inexorable Fate,
To pass thro' crouded Scenes I hate. 10
O with what Joy could I survey
The rising, glorious source of Day!
Attend the Shepherd's fleecy Care
Transported with the vernal Air;
Behold the Meadow's painted Pride, 15
Or see the limped Waters glide;
Survey the distant, shaded Hills,
And, penfive, hear the murm'ring Rills,

THRO' your *Versailles* with Pleasure rove,
Admire the Gardens, and the Grove; 20
See Nature's bounteous Hand adorn
The blushing Peach, and the blooming Thorn;
Beheld the Birds distend their Throats,
And hear their wild, melodious Notes,

DELIGHTED, thro' your Pastures roam, 25
Or see the Kine come lowing home;
Whose od'rous Breaths a Joy impart,
That soothes the Sense, and glads the Heart;
With pleasure view the frothing Pails

And silent hear the creaking Rails; 30
See whistling Hinds attend their Ploughs,
Who never hear of broken Vows;
Where no Ambition to be great,
E'er taught the Nymph, or Swain, Deceit.

THUS thro' the Day, delighted run; 35
Then raptur'd view the setting Sun;
The rich, diffusive God behold,
On distant Mountains pouring Gold,
Gilding the beauteous, rising Spire,
While Crystal Windows glow with Fire; 40
Gaze, till he quit the *Western* Skies,
And long to see his Sister rise;
Prefer the silent, Silver moon
To the too radiant, noisy Noon.

OR *Northward* turn, with new Delight, 45
To mark what Triumphs wait the Night;
When Shepherds think the Heav'ns foreshow
Some dire Commotions here below;
When Light the human Form assumes,
And Champions meet with nodding Plumes, 50
With Silver Streamers, wide unfurl'd
And gleaming Spears amaze the World.

THENCE to the higher Heav'ns I soar,
And the great Architect adore ;
Behold what Worlds are hung in Air, 55
And view ten thousand Empires there;
Then prostrate to Jehovah fall,
Who into Being spake them all.

NOTES:

- 1 *pent* "Another term for 'pent-up'" (*OED*).
- 2 *Firmament* "The heavens or the sky" (*OED*).
- 6 *Sylvan* "Consisting of or associated with woods; wooded" (*OED*).
- 9 *inexorable* "Impossible to stop or prevent" (*OED*).
- 14 *vernal* "Of, in, or appropriate to spring" (*OED*).
- 19 *Versailles* A royal palace that began construction in 1661 and completed in 1715. It was the palace of

the French monarch Louis XIV and it was a symbol of absolute monarchy.

26 *Kine* "Cows collectively" (*OED*).

31 *Hinds* Farm laborers.

34 *Swain* "A country youth" (*OED*).

51 *unfurl'd* "Make or become spread out from a rolled or folded state, especially in order to be open to the wind." (*OED*)

57 *Jehovah* "A form of the Hebrew name of God used in some translations of the Bible" (*OED*).

Source: *Poems on Several Occasions* (London, 1735), pp. 101-104.

Edited by Natasha Forsberg