Mary Masters, â??To Clemeneâ?•

Description

MARY MASTERS

â??To Clemeneâ?•

To the same, early in the Spring, occasioned by her taking a journey, and my retiring into the Country soon after.

Whereeâ??er I go, or whatsoeâ??er I do,
How pleasing â??tis to tell it all to you!
Hear then, auspicious Mistress of my Theme,
What now I dictate by a purling Stream.
The Grief, by your Departure first imprest,
Encreasing grew a Burden at my Breast:
Deprivâ??d of you, I sought no new Delight,
Nothing could please but Solitude and Night:
These suited best my melancholy Mind,
Which no Redress in length of time could find:
Pensive and sad, in secret still I grievâ??d,
Till soothing Scenes my anxious Pain relievâ??d.

By a kind Friend oft courted, I repair
To breathe the Fragrance of the Country Air:
Here oft in Silence by myself I rove,
In Paths perplexâ??d throâ?? all the naked Grove,
Yet find a Pleasure in the sylvan Scene,
Void as it is of ornamental Green.
The Primrose oft I see, scented and pale
Adorn the rising Hill, or sinking Vale:
Near it (for Nature stains with various Dies)
The Violet does in purple Odours rise,
Which with descending Hand I strait arrest,
Pluck the young Flowâ??rs, and plant them in my Breast:
And then reflect, were my CLEMENE here,
How soon would I the Vernal Pride transfer?
Pleasâ??d, if I could the early Buds convey
To Thee more sweet, to Thee more fair than they.
The Charms of Nature, wheresoeâ??er I go,
In lovely Negligence her Beauties show.
A Flood transparent in Meanders glides,
The silver Swan upon its Surface slides.
Within its Current sports the scaly Breed,

And on its Bank up shoots the bending Reed:
Around, the verdâ??rous Meads extended lye,
And with new Graces catch my wandâ??ring Eye.

Sometimes I mark thâ?? Inclosures wooded Rows,
Whose swelling Banks luxurious growth disclose:
And on their sloping sides display to view,
A thousand Shrubs of diffâ??rent size and hue.
A Mind contemplative has Joy in these,
Whose various Figures can so justly please.
For while I view the Products of the Spring,
I find a GOD in the minutest Thing.
I grow inspirâ??d, and hardly can restrain
The struggling Muse, that would begin again,
Prompts me again to view the Wonders round,
The genial Springs and ornamented Ground.
Bids me behold but with astonishâ??d Eyes
The bright Expansion of the vaulted Skies;
The radiant Planet, that enkindles Day,
And warms the World with his benignant Ray:
From Causes numberless I might explore
The CAUSE SUPREME, and as I write, adore.

Oh! had I Time and Judgment to indite,
The pious Muse should not in vain excite:
Her noble Dictates gladly Iâ??d rehearse,
And dress my Theme in the sublimest Verse,
Expatiate on the Miracles I see,
And dedicate the finishâ??d Piece to Thee.

NOTES:

Title *Clemene* Although â??Clemeneâ?• has not been identified, this name appears, either in title or text or both, in at least nine of Mastersâ?? poems in this volume, which suggests that Clemene must have been an important friend.

10 *Redress* â??A remedy for or relief from troubles or lossâ?• (now obsolete) (*OED*).

13 *repair* â??To return to or from a specified place or person; to come back againâ?• (*OED)*.

33 *scaly Breed* Fish.

35 *verdâ??rous Meads* Green fields.

44 *I find a GOD in the minutest Thing* Possibly an allusion to *Ephesians* 4:6: â??Godâ?¦who is over all and through all and in all.â?•

54 *The CAUSE SUPREME* An indirect allusion to God.

SOURCE: ***Poems on Several*** **Occasions (London, 1733), pp. 34-38. [Google Books]**

Edited by Tyrone C. Ellingberg