

[column 1]

A Dream of Lady Craven's

The following is really founded on a Dream I never take to myself merits I have no right to, & as several people have told me the Idea is still better than my Poetry. I do Justice (?) myself in owning that in all probability I should never have thought of holding a conversation with my heart if I had not dreamt it. \_\_\_\_\_

When nature tired of thought, had sunk to rest  
And all my senses were by sleep possest  
(Sweet sleep, that balmy comfort rings  
Alike to Beggars, and despotic Kings)  
I dreamt of peace I never felt before,  
I dreamt my heart was lying on the floor,  
I view'd it strange to tell, with joyful eyes  
And stranger still without the least surprise  
Elated with the sight, I smiling sate  
Exulting o'er the victim at my feet.  
But soon in words of anguish thus addrest,  
The painful sweet disturber of my breast:  
"Say busy, lively hoping, trembling thing,  
What new disorder hast thou now to bring?  
To torture with thy fears this tender frame  
Who must for all her ills, thee only blame;  
Speak now, & tell her why ungrateful guest  
In ten years past, thou hast denied me rest.  
That in my bosom, thou wast missed tis time  
Fed with my life, & with my stature grew  
At first thy various wants so small, that I  
Imagined vainly I could ne'er deny  
Whate'er thy fancy asked, alas, but now  
I feel thy wants, my ev'ry sense outgrow

[column 2]

And ever having ever wanting more  
A power to please, to give & to adore;  
Say why like other hearts thou doth not bear,  
With callous apathy each worldly care?  
Why dost thou shriek at envy's horrid cries  
In thee compassion, hatred's place supplies  
Why ever pity, where thou should'st condemn?  
Why not with malice treat malicious Men!  
Why at the hearing of a dismal tale  
Dost thou with sorrow turn my beauty pale?  
Why if distress in any shape appears  
Dost thou boden my very soul with tears

Why in thy secret fold is friendship bred?  
 In other hearts, the very name is dead  
 Why if keen wit, & learned Men draw nigh  
 Dost thou with Emulation beat so high?  
 And while approving wish to be approv'd,  
 And while you love, wish more to be belov'd:  
 Why not in cold indifference ever clad  
 Alike unmoved, regard the good & bad?"  
 Why dost thou waste my youthful bloom in care"  
 And sacrifice my self, that I may spare"  
 "Distress in others? Why wilt thou adorn"  
 "Their days with roses, & leave me the thorns?"  
 And here I saw it heave a heavy sigh,  
 And thus in sweetest sounds it did reply;  
 Ah cease Elixia, cease the speech unjust  
 Thy heart has e'er perform'd its sacred trust  
 And ever will its tender mansion serve  
 Nor can it from thee this reproach deserve  
 Against my dictates, murmurs I have found  
 That thus have laid me bleeding on the ground.  
 View but thy self, in this sad hour depriv'd  
 Of that soft heart, from whence are all deriv'd  
 The cruel witching graces that adorn  
 And make thy Face appear like Beauty's morn.

[column 3]

With me its brilliant Ornaments are fed,  
 And all the features with the soul are dead.  
 Tis I that speak, & lighten in thine Eye,  
 And all the malice of thy foes defy.  
 When timid merit shrinks & will not speak,  
 I send the blushing telltale to thy cheek,  
 Tis I that make thee other's pleasures share  
 And in a Sister's joy forget thy care;  
 Tis by my dictates thou art taught to find  
 A Godlike pleasure in a Godlike mind.  
 That makes thee oft relieve the stranger's woes  
 And often fix those friends that would be foes.  
 Tis I that tremblingly have taught thine ear  
 To cherish Music, & tis I appear,  
 In all its softest dress, when to the hearts  
 Of all thy hearers, thy dear voice imparts  
 Harmonic strains. tis not because they're fine  
 For ev'ry note that's felt, is surely mine  
 Tis I that bid thy fearful hand to write  
 In smoothest numbers all that I indite

Thy genius has with watchful care supplied  
That Education to thy sex denied.  
Made sentiment, & nature both combine  
To melt the envious reader in each line,  
Till they in words this feeling truth impart  
She needs no Muse who will consult her heart;  
And soon in reading what is writ by thee,  
No study ever could improve like me.  
Tis I shall guard you from destructive time  
And keep my name forever in its prime  
For when thy bloom is gone, thy Beauty flown  
And laughing Youth, to wrinkled age is grown  
Thy actions, Writings, Friendships which I gave  
Shall still remain an Age beyond the Grave.  
Then do not let me so misplaced remain  
But take me to thy tender Breast again  
Yea soft persuader. (I returned) I will.  
And if I am deceived, deceive me still.  
Seduced I was in haste then stooping low  
I reinstated my sweet pleasing foe.  
And waking found it had not less or more  
Than all the pangs & joys it had before