

# Farewell Address

SPOKEN BY

## MRS. SIDDONS

*On leaving the Stage, June 29, 1812.*

Written by HORACE TWISS, Esq.

WHO has not felt, how growing use endears  
The fond remembrance of our former years ?  
Who has not sigh'd, when doom'd to leave at last  
The hopes of youth, the habits of the past,  
The thousand ties and interests, that impart  
A second nature to the human heart,  
And, wreathing round it close, like tendrils, climb,  
Blooming in age, and sanctified by time ?

Yes ! at this moment, crowd upon my mind  
Scenes of bright days for ever left behind ;  
Bewildering visions of enraptured youth,  
When hope and fancy wore the hues of truth ;  
And long-forgotten years, that almost seem  
The faded traces of a morning-dream !  
Sweet are those mournful thoughts ; for they renew  
The pleasing sense of all I owe to you ;  
For each inspiring smile, and soothing tear —  
For those full honours of my long career,  
That cheer'd my earliest hope, and chas'd my latest fear !

And though, for me, those tears shall flow no more,  
And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er, —  
Though the bright beams are fading fast away,  
That shone unclouded through my summer-day, —  
Yet grateful Memory shall reflect their light  
O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,  
And lend to later life a softer tone,  
A moonlight tint, a lustre of her own.

Judges and Friends ! to whom the tragic strain  
Of Nature's feeling never spoke in vain,  
Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,  
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,  
May think on her whose lips have poured so long  
The charmed sorrows of your Shakespear's song. —  
On her, who, parting to return no more,  
Is now the mourner she but seem'd before, —  
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell,  
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell !

