

# LOTTERY,

A POEM.

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To which are added,

EIGHT

FAVOURITE SONGS.

BY EMINENT AUTHORS.

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*How sweet in the morning of life,  
 Are the scenes which gay fancy uprears,  
 O may they be sour'd by no strife,  
 Till the sun of life has set in years.*

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GLASGOW:

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## THE LOTTERY.

## A P O E M.

AS lately saunt'ring through the Hall,  
 Where crowds attend at Fortune's call,  
 And Anak's Giant Sons are seen,  
 With haughty brow, and threat'ning mien,  
 I flopp'd attentively to view  
 The features of the anxious crew;  
 Who, oft deceived by Fortune's wiles,  
 Expected her uncertain smiles,  
 The clock strikes nine!—the wheels turn round,  
 Obedient to the well-known sound.  
 The tickets drawn, with frequent bawl,  
 " Blank!—Blank—re-echoes through the Hall:  
 A dismal gloom o'er shadows all.  
 At length, hoarse Stentor loudly cries—  
 " Ten thousand pounds!" O noble prize!  
 " Ten thousand!" quickly flies around,  
 And each eye sparkles at the sound  
 But soon, by various passions torn,  
 Their breasts with various tumults burn.  
 This smiles with joy; that starts with fear;  
 This bites his lips; that tears his hair.  
 Another doubts, and trembling cries—  
 " I hope my number is the prize!"—  
 The wheel is shut; with progress slow,  
 Returning crowds in silence go.  
 The day's success is quickly shewn,  
 And Fortune's favours all made known.  
 The tradesman to the office flies;  
 His tickets blanks salute his eyes;  
 Amaz'd, he utters many a moan,  
 All hope of thirty thousand's gone;

Attacks Dame Fortune as unkind,  
 And cries, with discontented mind—  
 " Why, Fortune, play me such vile pranks,  
 " To turn your wheel, and give me blanks?  
 " Enrich'd with vast increase of store,  
 " I hop'd to keep my coach and four.  
 " All blanks! Alas, my bliss is flown,  
 " My money lost, my credit gone!"

Home he returns; despairing, ties  
 The halter round his neck, and dies!  
 Such is the fate of many a fool,  
 Who idly spurns the golden rule;  
 And thus prefers uncertain gain,  
 To honest Labour's golden mean,  
 Thrice happy he, who nobly dares  
 To laugh at idle Fortune's snares;  
 Procuring, with assiduous toil,  
 The well-earn'd riches of his native soil.

## ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

A S O N G.

I.

AH why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe,  
 Why thus lonely Philomel, why flow thy sad strain.  
 For spring shall return and a lover bestow,  
 And thy bosom no trace of dejection retain.

II.

Yet if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay,  
 Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn,  
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,  
 Full swiftly they pass, but they never return.

## LOVE PREFERRED

TO

W I N E.

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 A S O N G.
 

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I.

ADIEU ye jovial youths, who join  
 To plunge old care in floods of wine,  
 And as your dazzled eye balls roll,  
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.

II.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,  
 Not yet is thought so tedious grown,  
 But limped streams and shady tree  
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

III.

And see, through yonder silent grove,  
 See yonder does my Daphne rove,  
 With pride her footsteps I pursue,  
 And bid your frantic joys adieu.

IV.

The sole confusion I admire,  
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire  
 I scorn the madness you approve  
 And value reason next to love.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

A S O N G.

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I.

HOW sweet in the morning of life,  
Are the scenes which gay fancy uprears,  
O may they be four'd by no strife,  
Nor decay in the shadow of years!

II.

But alas! the chill ev'ning will come,  
And its frost ev'ry blossom subdue,  
Mem'ry sighs o'er the pride of their bloom,  
But no Sun the sweet charms shall renew.

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UNKIND JULIA.

A S O N G.

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I.

NO dawning hope can strike my soul,  
To wake her from lethargic woe,  
'The place of mirth I'll haunt no more,  
'To some far deep recess I'll go.

II.

There to mourn in doleful tales,  
And echo through the caves shall wind,  
The joys I once with Julia found,  
Though she's not false, yet she's unkind.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH,

A S O N G.

I.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
 And find too late that men betray,  
 What charms can soothe her melancholy,  
 What art can wash her guilt away.

II.

The only art her guilt to cover,  
 To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,  
 To give repentance to her lover  
 And wring his bosom, is to die.

## THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

A S O N G.

I.

SINCE robb'd of all that charm'd my view,  
 Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,  
 Ye smiling native scenes adieu,  
 With each delightful object there.

II.

Ye dear associates of my breast,  
 Whose hearts with speechless sorrow swell,  
 And thou with hoary age oppress'd,  
 Dear author of my life farewell.

III.

For me alas! thy fruitless tears,  
 Far, far remote from friends and home,  
 Shall blast thy venerable years,  
 And bend thee pining to the tomb.

LOVE SUPERIOR  
TO  
FRIENDSHIP.

## I.

THE passion that from friendship springs,  
Unlike the dew the morning brings,  
Unlike the flower that drops away,  
Nor quits its bloom, nor feels decay.

## II.

Beneath the sun that rais'd its head,  
The fragrant rose may yield its red,  
But love for ever stronger grows,  
The more its first felt feeling glows.

## III.

Pleasure destroys itself a pace,  
And age deforms the fairest face.  
But love, well founded will alwage  
The latest hour of weary age;

## IV.

Then light, O love, with golden beams,  
My waking fancy's midnight dreams,  
Sieze, early sieze, my willing heart,  
O hold it fast, and ne'er depart.

## R E Q U E S T.

## A S O N G.

## I.

Y E virgin powers defend my heart  
 From am'rous looks and smiles,  
 From faucy love, or nicer art,  
 Which most our sex beguiles.

## II.

From sighs and vows, from awful fears,  
 That do to pity move,  
 From speaking silence, and from tears,  
 Those springs that water love.

## III.

But if through passion I grow blind,  
 Let honour be my guide,  
 And where frail nature seems inclin'd,  
 There fix a guard of pride.

## IV.

'Tis fit the price of heav'n be pure,  
 And worthy of it's aid,  
 For those who think themselves secure,  
 The soonest are betray'd.