

# POEMS

BY

**WILLIAM MAXWELL, ESQ.**

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PHILADELPHIA:

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## TO WILLIAM WIRT, ESQ.

*Metastasi, musa de' dolci ingegni.*

*Haut. Lib. 2. C. 11.*

**COME**, my dear Wirt, I need thy aid,  
 Thy pow'r to bend the will;  
 For I would court a charming maid  
 That tempts and cheats me still.

Teach me thy sweet persuasive art,  
 Thy soft pathetic tone,  
 That I may win Eliza's heart,  
 And make her all my own.

For, timid as the little fawn  
 That, wing'd with false alarms,  
 Flies vainly fearful o'er the lawn,  
 She flies these longing arms.

She dreads alas! sweet nuptial rites  
 Ordain'd fair woman's fate,

And frays to taste those pure delights  
That bless the married state.

You lead the jury as you please,  
With gay and wily skills;  
And, if well mov'd yourself with feet,  
Move others at your will.

Grate Botts forgot himself and smil'd,  
How wise'd his cutting eye,  
And Martin, of his thirst beguil'd,  
Once left his pitcher dry.\*

Then tell my fair what pains await  
The old maid's joyless name,  
And what girls suffer, soon or late,  
Who slight the lover's flame.

And now set up before her eyes  
The sweets of faithful love,  
And swell her bosom up with sighs  
The pious'd joys to prove.

\* ———— See it urna passion

See Pocahontas flies by night,  
 Tho' dark, alone, and late,  
 With beating heart, and step so light,  
 To avert her lover's fate.

Yes! worthy of the nuptial knot,  
 False to her sire, she came,  
 And true to Love, betray'd his plot,  
 And won immortal fame.

Fly! to the jovial Smith she said,  
 Fly! lest a long death sleep  
 Should seal your eyes in slumber dead,  
 And make mine ever weep.

Fly! from my cruel father's rage,  
 And all the savage brood,  
 Tigers still panting to engage,  
 And stake their thirst with blood.

But I alas! whom Love makes bold  
 To tread this desert here,  
 I warn thee, fly! my blood runs cold—  
 Their shrieks are in my ear.

Me, let my father punish me,  
And scalp me with his knife;  
My only crime, if crime it be,  
I sav'd a lover's life.

Then go where Love and Fortune bear,  
Go, led by Heav'n above:  
Yes! farewell! Staid!—but drop one tear  
To my unhappy love.