

Papers relating to Thomas Broadbent Bland

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To a Friend, with Bloomfield's Poems

Accept (my dear Friend) the present I send
As a mark of remembrance to thee,
Who many times hast, in ~~times~~ days that are past,
Been a very kind Friend unto me.

The subject tho' rude, I hope won't intrude,
Too much on thy moments that fly;
And truly a change, o'er the Country to range,
Is good sometimes for thee and I.

I mean when I say, to range or to stray,
O'er Bloomfield to spend an half hour;
To survey his green walks & his wild flower banks,
And when we return from our tours

With Reflection at hand, say how rich, and how grand
Is the Bounty of Providence here,
It seems to invite, and us to excite,
To partake of the general cheer.

Indeed divine Love, and goodwill from above,
Far all earthly Comforts exceed!
Yes, thou truly dost know, all the flowers that blow
Can't compare with Fidelity's meed.

Tho' still I do fear, to thy critical ear,
The contents may too trifling be found;
Yet sometimes I find, to my pensive mind,
They are pleasant, as Thymses more profound.

A Description of the Retreat. by T. Bland.

In thy fair County Ebor a Retreat
Stands pleasantly situated near Ouse's banks,
Where shunning public eye, the wretched meet,
Various their kind, (as various are their pranks)
Here may be those whom once mild virtues sway'd,
A pittance now from charity receive,
Too fatal mark of fancied ills; the stay'd
Sublimis powers of Reason lost, yet live:
Sometimes perhaps the blooming youth is seen
Th' untimely victim of ill-fated love
Now scenes ideal rais'd by fancy's Queen
Spout in the brain, and tender pity moves:
How chequer'd is the lot of human kind
Unsafe our paths when self alone bears sway
The station gracious Providence assign'd
'Tis wise to fill, and he will point the way.

Lines addressed to Melancholy:

Written whilst at the Retreat - by M.

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Spirit of darkness from your lovely shade
Where fade the virgin roses of the Spring,
Spirit of darkness hear thy favorite maid
To sorrows sharp her wildest anthem sing:

Ah! how has love despoiled my earliest bloom,
And flung my charms as to the wintry wind;
Ah! how has love hung o'er thy trophied tomb
The spoils of genius, and the wreck of mind.

High rides the moon the silent Heavens along,
Thick fall the dews of midnight o'er the ground,
Soft steals the lover when the morning song
Of waken'd warblers thro' the woods resound:

Then I with thee my solemn vigils keep,
And at thine Altar take my lonely stand,
Again my lyre unstrung I sadly sweep,
While love leads up the dance, with harp in hand:

High o'er the woodlands hope's gay meteors shone,
And thronging thousands bless'd the ardent ray;
Stern'd, but found despair on his wild roam,
And with the Demon bent my hither way.

Soft o'er the vales she bless her bugle horn
Oh where Maria whether dost thou stray
Return thou false maid to th' echoing sound,
I flew, nor heeded the sweet Siren's lay

Hail Melancholy to your lonely towers
I turn and hail thy time-worn turrets mine
Where flourish fair the night-shades deadly flowers
And dark and blue, the wasting tapers shine

There O my Edwin does thy spirit greet
In fancy's maze thy lov'd and wandering maid
Soft thro' the bowers thy shade Maria meets
And leads thee onward thro' the myrtle glade

O come with me and hear the song of eve
Far sweeter, far than the loud shout of morn
List to the prattlings of the whispering breeze
Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn

We have a tale, and song may charm these shades
Which cannot rouse to life Maria's mind
Where sorrow's captives had thy once lov'd maid
To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd

Edwin farewell! go take my last adieu,
Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more
Here, parted here, from love, from life and you
I pour my song as on a foreign shore

But stay rash youth the sun has climb'd on high
The night is past, the shadows all are gone
For lost Maria breathe th' eternal sigh
And waft thy sorrows to the gales of morn.