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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POETICAL WORKS ***

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POETICAL WORKS, *BY J. PARKERSON, Jun.*

COMPRISING
Elegies, Sketches from Life,
PATHETIC,

AND
EXTEMPORE PIECES.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

NORWICH:

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ST. ANDREW'S.

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THE BANKRUPT.

Oft have you pray'd me, when in youth,
Never to err from paths of truth;
But youth to vice is much too prone,
And mine by far too much, I own.
Induced to riot, swear, and game,
I thought in vice t'acquire fame;
But found the pois'ning scenes of riot
Soon robb'd my mind of joy and quiet.
The usual course of rakes I ran,
The dupe of woman and of man.
Careless of fortune's smile or frown,
My desk I left t'enjoy the town,
At folly dash'd in wisdom's spite,
Idled by day, revell'd by night:
But short was that delusive scene,

And I awoke to sorrow keen.
Debt press'd on debt: I could not pay,
And found that credit had its day.
No friend to aid, what should I do?
I made bad worse: to liquor flew:
For when my bill-book I survey'd,
I shrunk, as if I'd seen my shade;
And to drive terror from my mind,
Drank on, and care gave to the wind:
But wine nor words can charm away
The banker's clerk who comes for pay.
Payment is press'd, the cash is gone:
Too late I cry, 'what must be done?'
Horror! a docket struck appears:
I look aghast, my wife's in tears.
The naked truth stares in my face,
And shows me more than one disgrace.
My keys a messenger demands;
While, as a culprit often stands,
The humbled bankrupt lowers his view,
And sees the law its work pursue.
Soon comes of all his goods, the sale;
Which, like light straw before a gale,
The hammer-man puffs clean away,
And cries, 'they must be sold this day.'
They are so, and I'll tell you how:
At loss you'll readily allow.
Then comes the tedious, humbling task,
To answer all commiss'ners ask;
And those who mean to act most fair,
Will at first meeting e'er appear,
To questions ask'd will answer true,
And clearly state accounts to view.
A second he need not attend,
But if not may perhaps offend.
Happy the man who then can lay
His hand upon his heart, and say,
'You all my books and deeds may scan
I'm honest, though distress'd man.
My own just wants, and losses great,
Have brought me to this low estate.'
Then comes the last dread meeting on,
Dreadful to such as will act wrong,
And through dishonesty or shame
Evasive answers 'tempt to frame:
For vain his shifts; howe'er he try,
He can't elude the searching eye
Of lawyers, who'll in all things pry:
His private foibles e'en mast out—
Grievous exposure 'tis no doubt!
And if he's fraudl'lent found, must go
To witness scenes of vice and woe;
Of liberty deprived, to wail
His faults and folly in a jail:
But should his conduct seem least fair,
England's blest laws will set him clear;
Not only so, but means will give
T'enable him again to live:
For such the law, that when 'tis found
There's fifteen shillings in the pound,
A handsome drawback he's allow'd,
When, 'stead of shamed, he may look proud;
And be his div'dend e'er so low,
They'll never let him coinless go.
Yes, be it e'er a Briton's pride,
That mercy in his courts preside.
But e'er he's paid, he must await
T'obtain a fair certificate.
Some cases there however are
Which, at first view, may seem severe;
Suppose his creditors are ten;
Four sign, the rest refuse: what then?
If their demand exceed the four
They'll keep the bankrupt in their pow'r;
And although he has all resign'd,

If unproved debts remain behind,
Inhuman creditors then may
His body into prison lay,
Where oft the wretch, to sooth his grief,
In dissipation seeks relief.
Sometimes a parent may prevent
Unmeaningly the law's intent;
And merc'less creditors decline
The hapless debtor's deed to sign,
In hopes the father may one day
The long-neglected son's debts pay.
The Lawyer and the Auctioneer,
Plunges all parties in despair;
When Creditors their bills do see,
Each sighing say nought's left for me.

**AN ADDRESS
TO THE
INSOLVENT.**

p. 7

Embarress'd man be just and true,
Insolvent acts releases you;
I mean your person from a jail,
Tho' keen reproach the man assail.
Take my advice when e'er you find,
Misfortunes canker in your mind;
Resign your trade give up your store,
For going on will hurt you more.
When e'er you find you cannot pay,
Your trade give up without delay;
Too apt we are when cares oppress,
To liquor fly to make them less.
Many I fear from business stray,
Soon as they find they cannot pay;
Others to prisons frequent fly,
To waste their time in luxury.
Painful sensations are their doom,
When they behold a prison's gloom;
Do not suppose I mean there are,
But few in prisons that act fair.
Yes, I should hope not one in ten,
Pursue a base ungenerous plan.
If it's your fate to be confin'd,
Enter a jail with fervent mind;
To give up all were all is due,
And virtue's course through life pursue.
Abstain from drinking, or you'll find,
Doing such things disturb the mind;
Think of your wife and view the tear,
That start from her caus'd by despair.
A prison's horrors shake her frame,
When she at entrance say her name;
Perhaps an infant in her arms,
Raise in your mind grief's quick alarms.
Sometimes an aged father flies,
To see you there before he dies;
Likely a tender mother say,
My son I'll see without delay.
Each brings affections sighs and tears,
With throbbing hearts and thousand fears;
Perhaps their little all they give,
That you from prison quickly live.
A brother comes a brother say,
I cannot from you keep away;
Take my last shilling I've no more,
You know the reason I am poor.
Let my forgiveness dry your tears,
And lull to rest a brother's fears;
A tender sister, close the scene
Of anguish, grief, and sorrow keen;

p. 8

p. 9

She gives a sigh and said adieu,
And waft her blessings then on you.
Johnson who keeps the County Jail,
The captives fate he much bewail;
And tries the utmost in his power,
To soften each corroding hour,
Of those appointed to his care,
And lull to rest the mind's despair.
Respect to all he daily pay,
While they the prison laws obey;
But if decorum's rules they break,
Coercive steps he quickly take;
Till order is restor'd again,
And they from acting wrong refrain.
Each turnkey is a civil man,
And will oblige you if they can;
Yet faithful to their trust they are,
And will do nothing that's unfair.
On City prison now I dwell,
The captives like their keeper well;
They say he's kind to every man,
And ease their troubles all he can.

**TO THE MEMORY
OF AN
AFFECTIONATE PARENT.**

p. 10

My pen cannot describe or tears convey,
The pangs I felt when late I bad farewell;
I view'd in death's embrace a parent lay,
And heard the passing of the mournful bell.

Nine month's disease its ravages had made,
E'er death reliev'd her from all sufferings here;
I saw the Sexton with his Iron spade,
Mark out the spot, and place the gloomy bier.

Affecting scene! while recollection last,
I'll trace the parting of our sad adieu;
Dwell on those scenes that are for ever past,
Tho' in my mind it troubles fresh renew.

Just before death had wield the fatal blow,
That stops the power of utterance or sigh;
She with a voice angelic soft and low,
Cried, Lord! forgive me e'er my spirit fly.

Oft have I seen my virtuous parent stray,
O'er her lov'd garden pensive and forlorn;
To cull the flowers each succeeding day,
And view the beauties of a summer's morn.

Scarce did the flower adorn the spot around,
But her hand planted in its proper place;
No fonder lover of those sweets were found,
While she their beauties in her mind cou'd trace.

p. 11

Three days before her suffering were o'er,
She crav'd assistance to her favourite spot;
And said my roses I shall see no more,
And when I'm absent they will be forgot.

But for her sake a faithful servant toil,
To free the flowers from weeds from morn till night;
Or bring fresh water to the thirsty soil,
To that lov'd spot that gave her oft delight.

Anticipation to the panting heart,
Convey'd the dread decree of fate's ordain;
To say she must from earthly scenes depart,
And not to them for ever turn again,

Meekness thro' life had mark'd her for her care,

While resignation claim'd her for her own;
Sometimes her mind wou'd cheerful still appear,
And strive to stifle pain's afflicting groan.

Oh God! she cried, thy mercy let me crave,
Till life's short span is taken quite away;
Then may I rest at peace within the grave,
To wait thy summons for the awful day.

Scarce had religion brought sweet hope, to aid
The virtuous victim in the pangs of death;
When soft a guardian angel gently said,
You'll dwell with me when time extinguish breath.

A few short struggles and the scene was o'er,
Death with his victim flew above the skies;
I shall thro' life her absence oft deplore,
Till recollection from my memory flies.

The humble cottagers their Mistress bore,
To her cold home each face bedew'd with tears;
She to her mansion to return no more,
For death has silenc'd all her hopes and fears.

Oh! had you seen my good and worthy sire,
In sorrow's garment his last duty pay;
To her whose virtues did esteem acquire,
Or ease the troubles of a luckless day.

Two sorrowing sons increas'd the gloomy day,
Who will while life remain her loss deplore;
Till recollection from them fade away,
Or erring mortals here do sin no more.

Each little mourner drop'd affection's tear,
When dust on dust the coffin hid from view;
Their youthful sighs denoted their despair,
When they of Grandma' bid a long adieu.

**THOUGHTS ON PASSING THROUGH
A
CHURCH-YARD.**

I've pac'd the sacred yard, oh death! thy sting,
Expunge from earth the beggar and the king;
A marble monument, a stone foretell,
The characters below, here acted well:
Each grave a warning give, and yet we see,
Few strive to gain a bless'd eternity:
Kindred and neighbours with departing sigh,
Cry, write o'er me, 'remember all must die!'
Can we these warnings with indifference view,
And still a life of guilt and sin pursue.
So frail our natures that at times we pray,
At church at morn, yet sin the after day;
Much shall we tremble, when the trumpets sound,
To call us to our God with Angels round.
There shall we tottering hear the just decree,
Of him alone, who can all spirits free:
How oft we find when sickness brings distress,
We wish our sufferings and our crimes were less;
It is our crimes that most our anguish brings,
And paint grim death, with all his bitter stings,
Then erring man if happiness you crave,
Repent and sin no more this side the grave.

**ON THE DEATH
OF
MR. CHARLES SAVORY.**

When fortune smil'd, his friendly care
 Was to relieve distress;
 And ease the wretched in despair,
 Or make their troubles less.
 When to him misfortune stray'd,
 No brothers gave relief;
 To assist the man each seem'd afraid,
 Or ease the brow of grief.
 A trifling pittance neighbours say,
 The elder B---r sent;
 Not half enough in life's decay,
 To pay his nurse and rent.
 From his misfortunes well its known,
 Their anger did increase;
 He wish'd his friend would make it known,
 He died with all at peace.
 Within the church beside his wife,
 My friend's remains are laid;
 Remov'd from all the pangs of life,
 Or B---s to upbraid.
 Benevolence came forth with speed,
 While pity went before;
 Holding J. Barber's hand to aid,
 The man that's now no more.
 Oh Barber! such a heart as thine,
 Are seldom found in man;
 Thy generous deeds to endless time,
 Will prove sweet comforts plan.
 What proof thou gives of friendly care,
 To take his orphan girl;
 And dry the child's fresh starting tear,
 And from her grief to hurl.
 Oh daughter of my late lov'd friend,
 Religious guide pursue;
 Till your last moments here do end,
 Or tomb encompass you.

p. 15

EPITAPH TO THE ABOVE.

Faithful in friendship kind to all,
 The needy poor around;
 And those who gave a friendly call,
 A hearty welcome found.

Deceit ne'er harbour'd in his breast,
 Or flattery in his mind;
 From troubles here he surely rest,
 And hope forgiveness find.

THE INJURED TO THE INJURER.

p. 16

You vilest of the human race,
 A traitorous fiend with double face;
 A fawning sycophant from youth,
 Who never spoke a word of truth:
 Who shed thy tears like crocodile;
 Apparent virtue prov'd all vile:
 You ask'd for cash the other day;
 And for your coach hire home to pay.
 Poor needy wretch I lent you gold,
 You in return my credit sold:
 But vile ingrate, the world shall know,
 You've prov'd my base ungenerous foe.
 From watchmen who protect the laws,
 Did I not screen you from their paws;
 Said that at home I soon should be,

Soon as arriv'd you came to me.
Said that you wanted forty pounds,
You stamp'd, and swore, and struck the ground.
Tho' press'd myself I lent it you,
With blessings on me bade adieu:
'Twas Sunday night that we did part,
I thought 'twas with an honest heart;
You said my brothers here would be,
To lend me aid and set me free:
Instead of brothers, bailiffs came
To caption me and hurt my name.
They had a writ from Mr Blake,
My body into prison take;
Vile wretch you'll have the public scorn,
To curse the day that you were born:
I'll publish to the world your knavery,
And write my name the injur'd, SAVORY.
Interest leads mankind to stray,
From honesty both night and day;
When fortune smiles, friends we do meet,
That greet us kindly in the street;
But when they see us in distress,
You'll frequent find their number less.
Too well I know this to be true,
And worthy neighbours so do you;
When you can spend a pound-note free,
A clever fellow you will be;
But when your purse is empty grown,
Those compliments from you are flown;
Its not dear sir I wish to see,
You at my house to dine and tea;
Do but just say you'll to them roam,
They'll say they cannot be at home.

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**ON THE DEATH
OF
LORD NELSON.**

p. 18

The fleets of haughty France and Spain,
No more will triumph on the main,
 Though Nelson is no more:
Our hero's blood was dearly bought;
To conquer them he bravely fought,
 And died in vict'ry's arms.

'We'll avenge his death,' the seamen cry,
'We'll fight, we'll conquer, or we'll die,
 And will their force deride:
Our little ones shall lisp his name,
And to acquire a Nelson's fame,
 Will ever be their pride.'

Before cold death had closed his eyes,
Cover'd with wounds, the hero cries,
 'Is victory our own?'
'We've conquer'd,' cried the valiant crew,
He smiling bade them all adieu,
 And died without a groan.

Yet, ere he flew, he did enquire,
How many ships were then on fire,
 And others that had struck:
Well pleased the hero then was seen,
When told the number was fifteen;
 For England was his care.

p. 19

Then with a bright benignant smile,
Inploring blessings on our isle,
 Bade Collingwood adieu:
Oh, gracious God! my soul receive,
From troubles England quick relieve,

And peace again renew.

Oh death! thy keen unwelcome blow,
Laid England's darling bleeding low,
The hour he gain'd the day;
Soon as thy hand, had clos'd his eyes,
A beautiful angel from the skies;
Flew with his soul away.

To taste sweet joys beyond the grave,
That are allotted for the brave,
Who fall in victory's arms:
Many a tar we hope to find,
Will prove he has the hero's mind,
When signals raise alarms.

TRUTH.

p. 20

The unsuspecting often meet deceit,
By fawning wretches that would kiss their feet;
Such is the case, that man to man you'll see,
Would for a shilling a curs'd traitor be.
Too well I know by sad experience bought,
Man have by artful means my ruin sought;
And would have plung'd me in extreme distress,
To gain their aims, or make their troubles less.
Mankind sometimes will act a knavish part,
And unexpected use deceit and art.
The world is grown so fond of getting cash,
That for its sake they'll do what's base or rash:
Will make him drunk to gain a neighbour's wife,
Forge a last will, or take away his life:
A rape commit and laws avenge defy,
Flog a poor boy, or tell a flagrant lye:
Oft have I seen a poor and friendless child,
Flog'd near to death and made by torments wild;
For faults so small that blame you cou'd not see,
Nor cou'd his Master mention them to me;
When I the monster did upbraid, he swore
Another time he'd give him ten times more.
Scenes such as these too often do appear,
And pity 'tis some punishments severe,
Was not inflicted on the sordid elf,
Either by hanging, or the loss of wealth.

BETSY'S TEARS, A SONG.

p. 21

Oh Betsy hide that starting tear,
That fain would speak distress;
A cherub's aid will soon appear,
And make your sufferings less.

You say no pity you can crave,
For misery here below;
Then rest your hopes beyond the grave,
Where God great mercy show.

To every damsel in distress,
If penitents they prove;
He quickly make their sorrows less,
And send again his love.

The villain that betray'd in youth,
An artless maid astray;
Was stranger to the love of truth,
Or what the scriptures say.

An earthly guardian he was made,

By him that is no more;
He'll find chastisement's sharpen'd blade,
On him torments pour.

No retribution he can make,
While on this earth he crawls;
God will speedy vengeance take,
When he the reptile calls.

THE REPROACH.

p. 22

Canst thou see my wasted frame,
And hear aloud sad Betsy's name,
And still unmov'd remain;
Yes, thou canst hear it every day,
And to it oft attention pay:
Without a sigh or pain.

But when ye do in heaven appear,
My Father's spirit will be there;
And hear thy awful doom.
Thy soul will then tormented be,
For dealing so unjust with me;
Who wither'd ere my bloom.

When virtuous souls are with the blest,
Thy guilty shade will find no rest;
But hurl'd to endless pain,
Were wicked man is made to know,
That Satan dealt the painful blow;
And will torment again.

No wealth can lull to rest my fears,
Or time dry up my falling tears;
Till I from life am flown:
Then do I hope once more to see,
My parents both along with me;
And they their Betsy own.

ALBERT TO HANNAH.

p. 23

I've read your letter o'er and o'er again,
Happy to find you faithful do remain,
Besides forgiveness; though too much I fear,
I long have made you victim to despair.
You say two years with fervency I strove
To keep affection, constancy, and love;
But soon as crosses came upon my mind,
Was careless of you, and appear'd unkind.
I knew my home was neat, serene, and nice;
But, ah! that home I lost, allured by vice.
Soon as you fled, a different scene in view,
Gone all attention soon as I lost you.
The quick retort was always in my ears,
You've drown'd a virtuous wife in sorrow's tears.
Soon as I found all hopes to meet you fled,
I pray'd I might be number'd with the dead:
Oblivion's aid I oft invok'd by drink,
I could not meditate nor dared to think.
You say it cost you tears to write to me,
But they'll disperse when you a convert see.
Long I've invok'd a pardon from above,
To make me worthy of the wife I love:
Return, and till my days are at an end,
I'll prove protector, guardian, and a friend.
The converse delicate, the smile sincere,
Will check the sigh, and stop the rising tear;
Cheerful as formerly we'll pass our life,
A happy husband I, and you the wife.

ON SEEING AN AMIABLE WOMAN DISTRESSED IN MIND.

p. 24

Oh gracious God, her peace restore,
And make her sufferings less;
Let frenzied thoughts disturb no more,
Or sorrow on her press.

Pour down thy blessings, on a mind
Encompass'd round by grief;
Let fortune smile and friends be kind,
To nature grant relief.

'Twas pure affection caus'd her tears,
And furrow'd beauty's face;
But thou can lull to rest her fears,
By thy almighty grace.

May guardian angels plant their seat,
Beside the lovely fair;
While hope and comfort frequent meet,
To keep her from despair.

Tranquillity thou dove-ey'd maid,
A visit quickly pay;
Of virtue's self, be not afraid,
Stay with her all the day.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

p. 25

Accept oh Lord! a mother's prayer,
And shield my child from sickness here;
May Judah, ever constant prove
Herself deserving of thy love:
Sweet Robert in this vale of tears,
Survived with me three sickening years,
Before it was thy will to say,
He shall the debt of nature pay:
On lov'd Maria now I dwell,
My grief for her no pen can tell;
To spare a mother's pangs she flew,
To thee, ere I cou'd say adieu!
The babe was not a year with me,
Ere angels wafted her to thee:
For Charlotte's life, oh Lord! I pray,
And Robert's too both night and day;
Should it be thy will to call
Them from my sight, I pray, that all
My children may obtain a rest,
Were souls are number'd with the blest.
Henry a mother's last delight,
Improve O Lord, his health and sight,
That quick I find his strength increase,
My thanks to thee, shall never cease.

ON SEEING A YOUNG NOBLEMAN IMPRISONED FOR DEBT.

p. 26

The victim of sorrow with gloom on his mind,
Sighs for those pleasures he late left behind;
The bottle, the play-house, card-room and ball,
And the fine gilded chariot kept at the hall;
Enjoy'd but at night in dreams mix'd with sorrow,
That leaves the imprudent as hopeless to morrow.
With anguish he views his now alter'd state,
Laments his past folly but finds it too late;

His bottle companions in assistance will fail,
Soon as they hear he is plac'd in a jail:
Fair economy's rules he brings to his view,
Determines in future her plans to pursue;
The downfall of life, oft the delicate kill,
By a strong dose of adversity's pill;
Neglected in prison, yields up his life,
And leaves in despair his children and wife;
Oblig'd to return to her father's once more,
Endeavours again her peace to restore;
Grief so harass'd once a heart blith and gay,
Death soon appear'd and took her quick away.

LIFE.

p. 27

When e'er you walk the hill or street,
A flaunting dressing thing you'll meet;
Her wanton air would fain beguile,
A thoughtless youth to stray awhile:
Her conversation gross he'll find,
Chaste modesty she leaves behind;
That Goddess seldom now appear,
Where people walk to take the air.
She daily must in Laces dress,
Altho' her parents in distress:
She'll get them any way she can,
To marry some unthinking man.
When he the flaunter do obtain,
On pleasure's wings she fix her brain;
His shirts or stockings she can't mend,
But must them to a neighbour send;
And tells her husband, he must stray
With her to see a merry play.
He must comply, or else he'll find
She teazes much his gloomy mind;
Often she does the man reproach,
Because he cannot keep a Coach:
Tells him she cannot rest at home,
And do with finer people roam;
The husband now alarm'd appears,
Too just his reason for his fears:
Truth silence now his sad alarms,
She's fled into another's arms.
Parents oft cause a girl's distress,
By letting her devote to dress;
Time which they should frequent spend,
At house-work, or their clothes to mend:
A watch must now adorn the side,
To fill their minds with erring pride;
Tells her that every fop admire,
And soon she'll gain a Country squire;
Again I say a boarding school,
Too often makes sweet Miss a fool;
Put such strange notions in her brain,
As she cannot good sense retain:
When Miss is taken from the school,
She wants in every thing to rule;
There she perhaps may learn to dance,
Alike the paltry things from France:
This plain truth I dare to tell,
But few from them correctly spell;
Too often write so bad a hand,
That scarce one line you understand;
Their education often makes,
Them only fit for lords or rakes.
To Miss and schools I bid adieu,
And will another tale pursue.
Many a tradesman in this place,
Brings on themselves their own disgrace;
Politics engross their mind,
And cause their friends to be unkind:

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p. 29

The horns announce the papers in,
His daily pleasures now begin;
Two hours are wasted in this day,
Which time he should to business pay;
Customers too frequent call,
And cannot see the man at all:
Each one declares he'll call no more,
As he had been there oft before.
No wonder that he cannot pay,
As thus he trifles time away:
We often do our fate bewail,
When adverse gales do us assail;
The money that we waste away,
Frequent we should to others pay;
Careless of our neighbours grief,
We only seek our own relief;
The cause we have such dismal times,
Is chiefly owing to our crimes.
The pipe and bottle frequent stay,
The man who should attention pay;
To business, or to any thing
Which may perhaps a profit bring;
Insteads of wine, drink humble ale,
Drop fine gigs thus ends my tale.

ON SEEING COLOURS CONSECRATED: PRESENTED BY MRS. BERKLEY.

p. 30

Berkley, the female champion of our cause,
While gratitude exists demands applause;
The morn was fine and pleasant was the scene,
The sons of Briton met on Writtle green:
To church repair'd with fervency and grace,
And loyalty appear'd on every face;
Prayers were read with energy and truth,
To give instructions to the British youth;
The same good order then was plainly seen,
When they return'd advancing to the green:
The line was form'd and music now begins,
To offer praises to the best of kings;
The Captain with due modesty and grace,
Marches the ensigns to their proper place.
With manners pleasing and with accents just,
The worthy fair one yields the sacred trust;
Speaks of their duty in the hour of strife,
Never to yield those colours but with life:
With manliness the Captain quick replies,
No man will yield them! madam, till he dies;
Ensigns receiv'd them from the Captain's hand,
May God protect them ever in this land.

FINIS.

LANE AND WALKER, PRINTERS.

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