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The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

Verses prefixed to the Poems of Anna Chamber, Countess Temple

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54372](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54372)

V E R S E S

Prefixed to an Edition printed at Strawberry-Hill in 1764, of the
POEMS of ANNA CHAMBER Countess TEMPLE.

LONG had been lost enchanting Sappho's lyre,
Its graceful warblings, and its tender fire:
No more the guardians of the Aonian well
To wanton hands would trust their sacred shell:
When wand'ring thoughtless o'er the tuneful hill,
When wand'ring thoughtless of th' inspiring rill,
Chance guided TEMPLE to the secret shade,
Where the shy sisters had the music laid.
Its form unusual caught her curious eye;
She touch'd it, and it murmur'd melody.
Across the chords an artless sweep she flings;
Airs, vernal airs, return the vocal strings.
Again her fingers o'er the lines she throws;
Spontaneous numbers from her touch arose.
Surpris'd she hears th' unmeditated lay;
Pleas'd and surpris'd, repeats th' harmonious play.
"Whence flow these numbers undefin'd?" she cries.
"Those numbers are your own:" the lyre replies.
"The seeds of genuine poetry, tho' unknown,
By parent Phœbus in your soul were sown:
"Too modest to expect the growth you see,
"To wake them into life you wanted me."