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PADERBORN

The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

To Lady -- when about five Years old, with a Present of Shells

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887)

To Lady ———, when about Five Years old, with a Present
of Shells. 1772.

O NYMPH, compar'd with whose young bloom
Hebe's herself an ancient fright;
May these gay shells find grace and room
Both in your baby-house and fight!
Shells! What are shells? you ask, admiring
With stare half pleasure half surprize;
And fly with nature's art, enquiring
In dear mamma's all-speaking eyes.
Shells, fairest Anne, are playthings, made
By a brave god call'd Father Ocean,
Whose frown from pole to pole's obey'd,
Commands the waves, and stills their motion.
From that old fire a daughter came,
As like mamma, as blue to blue;
And, like mamma, the sea-born dame
An urchin bore, not unlike you.
For him fond grand-papa compels
The floods to furnish such a state
Of corals and of cockleshells,
Would turn a little lady's pate.
The chit has tons of bawbles more;
His nurs'ry's stuff'd with doves and sparrows;
And litter'd is its azure floor
With painted quivers, bows, and arrows.
Spread, spread your frock; you must be friends;
His toys shall fill your lap and breast:
To-day the boy this sample sends,
—And some years hence he'll send the rest.