

P8117

A POETIC ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY

MRS. CRESWELL,

THE NIGHT OF HER BENEFIT—APRIL 2, 1800.

“UNKNOWN, unfriended, to your Stage I came,
Your kind protection and applause to claim;
With hope aspiring, yet controul'd by fear,
I long'd, yet dreaded to approach you HERE.
With fault'ring voice, and palpitating heart,
And little practis'd in the Drama's art,
I dar'd my feeble efforts to impart.” }

“TILL your encouraging propitious smiles,
With fost'ring aid that diffidence beguiles,
Chac'd every doubt—dispell'd my pensive gloom,
And bade my spirits confidence assume.
My faults more prone to pardon, than to see,
You fain would make me what I wish to be.
“Thus if I fail, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
“Where you applaud—the merit's all your own.”

“CAN I forget your many favours past,
When I behold the same protection last?
When the same bounteous patronizing aid,
(Which your munificence before display'd)

Now re-appears to honour and befriend me,
And with encreasing kindness thus attend me?
——“Ah! no, while gratitude and truth remain,
The wish to please you o'er my heart shall reign;
Amidst the cares by malady oppress'd,
Shall smooth my pillow and restore my rest,
When'er I ponder on THIS pleasing view,
And flat'ring kindness thus receiv'd from you,
Shall each endeavour of my life prolong,
To guide my actions and inspire my Song.

“The bird thus flutters on the blooming lawn,
And pants impatient for the vernal dawn,
Expands her wings and tunes her warbling lay
To hail with gratitude returning day!
So I enraptur'd at this joyful sight,
(Where all that's fair and beautiful unite)
Shall gladly strive in simple notes to rise,
Cheer'd by the sun-shine of those beaming eyes!
Prompting each effort of my future days,
To win your favour and deserve your praise!”