

Transcription of the verse on the flyleaves of Crewe 80.20

General allusion to the Gold Ornaments &c^a

Reflexion

Twelve rapid Years have wing'd their flight since first
My moral Sentiments were cloth'd in Gold.
Tokens of pure Benignity to Youth!
Such sober playthings oft instruct the Young.
The old are call'd to meditate in time.
Studious to teach let ev'ry effort please,
Which marks the progress of humanity!



O' fair Britannia hail!

Let my dear Country's love inspire my breast
And Christian Charity complete my bliss!
Thus will my Soul expand its native pow'rs,
And true self-love & social prove the same.



Hour Glass

How poor to think of tittering time away,
In childish pleasures, or in thoughtless joys

In readings Novels, or in vain attire,
To decorate the mould'ring Tenement,
Made but to last a few uncertain Years!
Can Time hold up his winged Glass in vain?
Nor Youth nor hoary Age can stop his Course
Or find a cure in sore distress, without
His Sovereign aid? Grasp then his sacred
Skirts, before he's past away, nor doubt his
Power to cure or ardent wish to save!
Oh Time! Thou shew'st the path to bliss complete
Or the dark road to horror & dismay.
Thy streams go rolling on 'till they are lost
In the wide Ocean of Eternity!



Star

Virtue shines forth calm as the solemn Night,
Bright as the day, nor needs the Tinsel aid
Of Titles, Honours or of vain applause!



Eye of Providence

Behold how Nature's God supports the World!
His Providence is but another Name,

For that stupendous work which ever keeps
The Sun & Stars within their wonted Course.
The life & death of Men, Birds, Beasts & Fish,
Are all subservient to his pow'rful sway,
And moral Agents own his influence.
May that All seeing Eye involv'd in Clouds
Guide & direct in all thy secret paths;
And by its influence preserve thee safe,
From the sharp Darts that fly abroad by day,
And all the Terrors of the darksome Night.



Cross Star

The brilliant Star which covers o'er the breast
Oft serves to grace the Garment, not the Man
And he that falls unpity'd or disgrac'd
May smile at Honour's Emblems worn in vain.



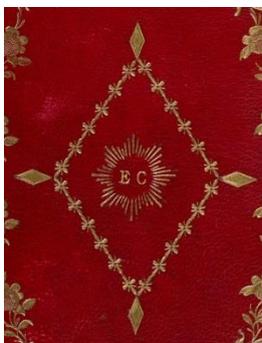
Rose

Hail to the fragrant Rose whose od'rous sweets
Claim preference of all the Garden yields:
Emblem of Health & pow'rfull beauty's Charms
Yet not without its Briars & its Thorns.

Were all thy ways with Roses sweet bestrewed
The fairest Flow'r soon withers & decays:
But as in Natures Course the verdant Spring
Restores in Charms the Vegetable World
This mortal Frame dissolv'd shall reunite
To shine in glorious Immortality!



Rays round the Initials
In radiance bright shall Innocency shine
Glorious in Majesty & transplendent light
Triumphant joys attend the steady paths
Of Wi[s]doms Children & sincerest friends
Mayst thou be ever numbered in that rank
And thy Name written in Heav'ns Register
That when thy Race is run thou may'st receive,
Th'immortal Crown of Vict'ry o'er the World!



Diamond round the Rays
Let shining Brilliants deck the splendid Fair
Or strutting Peacock shew his Glossy Plumes!

Behold Heav'ns Canopy with glitt'ring Stars

Dart forth their Glory from the hand of God!

Let thy Ambition be to soar on high,

Looking with pity on Mortality!

[Added slightly later]

&c^a &c^a so far for the Brass Tools w^{ch}. Belong to the Author