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The following Lines were written by Mrs. YEARSELY, with the benevolent design of having them spoken at our Theatre on Monday, the 29th of September last, at the Play performed for the benefit of the Widows and Families of our Countrymen, who were killed and maimed on board Lord Howe's fleet:—but an Address written by Mr. JENKINS, having been previously accepted by the Managers, Mrs. Yearseley's could not be made use of.—In justice, however, to the excellent motives which prompted her to this effort in the cause of Humanity, we are induced to present them to our Readers.

SE A-SCENE.

Drums beating to Quarters:—Sounds of Distress: Which recede as the Speaker enters, dressed in the uniform of a Naval Officer.

A PAUSE.—LISTENING. 1794  
TO THE AUDIENCE.

HEARD you those sounds of woe! Can beauty shed  
One tear, while OCEAN drinks the mighty dead,  
Or panting wish to guide the burning ball,  
Left her lov'd Father, Friend, or Brother fall,  
Or hold the dying warrior to her breast,  
And, wild with anguish, keep his soul from rest?  
If beauty would do this—from yon rude wave  
I come to plead for those SHE YET MAY SAVE.  
In the cold deep, Friends, Sons and Brothers lie!  
Their spirits yet, are hov'ring in the sky,  
And whisp'ring pity thro' the mournful wind,  
Not for themselves, but those they leave behind.  
The heav'ns were darken'd as the battle grew,  
To save his Captain, youthful Albert flew;  
A ball came, wing'd with fate, and o'er the lee,  
Bore his right arm to perish in the sea!  
Appall'd I stood, Albert with eyes up-cast,  
Exclaim'd, this hour, dear Edward, is my last!  
I have an aged mother!—wilt thou see  
My mother languish, thus depriv'd of me?  
Take, take this little purse, 'tis all I have,  
Support her trembling, 'till she find a grave!  
O tell her, Albert bravely died! and say,  
She soon will find me in the fields of day!

Adieu! Adieu!—Father, I come,—He cry'd  
O save my country! clasp'd my hand, and died,  
Down my ship's side the heart's rich current ran,  
Yet, "DEATH or VICT'RY" came from ev'ry man;  
My soul exulted, Gallia seem'd to bow,  
Her colours sunk! we hoisted GEORGE and HOWE;  
High o'er the main, our streamers kiss'd the wind,  
And VICT'RY left each Private woe behind,  
The rapture of the moment o'er!—I found  
My valiant Henry fainting with his wound;  
I listen'd to his mourning, whilst my tear  
Mingled with gore that soil'd his auburn hair;  
Edward, said he, at last, thou see'st me yield,  
Not as a captive on this wat'ry field;  
But as a man once born to die! O bear  
To Harriet this lov'd token \* of her care;  
She plac'd it near my heart—nor more could give,  
And as I left my dear, cry'd "Henry, try to live."  
With her, five tender babes around my fire  
Will mourn the death of their ill-fated sire,  
Good God! befriend them!—as he whisper'd more,  
His soul, impatient, sought a peaceful shore.  
This present of his Harriet, can you see,  
Indulgent beauty, and not sigh with me?  
Can I bear back this trifle to that hearth,  
Where Henry's babes mourn him who gave them  
birth;  
Where penury and famine nightly wail!  
Where his poor boys are, like their mother, pale!  
Where the long web, drawn hourly thro' the loom,  
Affords not bread, content, or healthful bloom!  
Where infant Henry, sitting on the floor,  
Watches, with eager look, the op'ning door,  
Hoping to hail his Sire, who must return no more?  
SONS of HUMANITY! to you I turn,  
Whose souls with gen'rous sympathy can burn:  
Your hearts are fir'd! obedient sails unfurl'd,  
To bear bright ORDER thro' a frantic world;  
To Bless with lenient laws, bid Virtue rise,  
And call Religion trem'ling from her Kics.  
Religion gives a more than moral soul,  
We feel her touch and bend, from pole to pole;

And charg'd with rapture of electric force,  
She thrills thro' Man—to GOD, her grand eternal  
source!  
Then give that Pity which the dead bespeak!  
Those tears are their's now gilding beauty's cheek,  
O cheer the Widow's woe, the Orphan's doom,  
And WARRIORS' SHADES—shall bless you from the  
Tomb.

\* Shews a black ribband, to which is affixed a  
miniature, or a cross.

SEPT. 10, 1794.