

25 Bedford Square - Tuesday

My dear Sir, It is a shame that the Bridge of Sighs by Pencil should produce no better verse than the following - but what can you expect

from the Muse, when she is mounted the basket of the Blackbeath Coach - having no music but the rumble of the wheels, & no inspiration but dust. O dear! all blunders & defects here, & much the things for the sake of your faithful & Obedt

Wm Procter

Three lines were sent To the best-natured man in the world, Samuel Southey Esq. (after receiving his "Bridge of Sighs") - by R. B. [unclear] Aug. 3. 1829.

1. The bridge of Sighs! the bridge of Sighs! Lie down, and by its waters dreaming, Lament no more thy colder seas Thy mountain peaks, thy torrents streaming! Look, where the beach sunniest sea Shows faces its breast for thee and me!
2. Come on, fair girl, and let us skim The ocean's bright blue heaving boom, Forgetting old November duns, The winter pale, the snow-drift's gloom; ~~With~~ ~~myrtle~~ and the palms are near us, So, thicker let our boatmen steer us.
3. What ho! Row on, our Gondolier! Row on across the shimmering waters, Schools where ~~maiden~~ ~~loves~~ are near, And near are Saturn's dark-eyed daughters; Row on, - get steady! We will not leave ~~any~~ ~~place~~ ~~where~~ ~~love~~ ~~has~~ ~~learned~~ ~~to~~ ~~grieve~~. Look! - through that carved arch, perch birds The palace to the dungeons heart (Like two which ~~birds~~ ~~in~~ ~~fitful~~ ~~music~~) Hath ~~helped~~ ~~two~~ ~~men~~ ~~a~~ ~~travelling~~ ~~heart~~! Have picture ~~his~~! This marriage, made Between the sunshine and the shade!
5. How! but a picture? - ay, but not So men strike out in glittering hours; You rise ~~clashes~~ ~~in~~ ~~with~~ ~~stormy~~ ~~trucks~~, - That, ~~fringed~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~sunset~~ ~~hours~~; ~~At~~ ~~picture~~ ~~top~~, and one divine! ~~Does~~ ~~wrought~~ ~~it~~, and he made it - mine!
6. Farewell, good artist, - good and kind! If the winds were much blow thee far, Mould them, when thou returnest, find All well beneath thy household star! Thy country, children, friends, home - all the same, And, like a rainbow over thee still, - thy Home!



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