



To Miss Broun (now Mrs. May)  
on her departure from Cambridge Oct. 1790  
(Imitated from the Latin of the renowned St. Wrangham)

Maid of untroubled Cheer, from White-rob'd Truth, 750177  
Bright onwards guiding thro' the mazes of Youth,  
Forsook the loose Praise to watch thy soul;  
And dash'd to Earth the intoxicating Bowl:—  
Thou ne'er e'er'd thy elegantly fair  
Clasped to her bosom with a mother's care;  
And, as she lov'd thy kindred form to trace,  
The slow smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.

For none yet did mortal voice impart  
Tones more congenial to the saddest heart;  
Whether to raise the sympathetic glow  
Thou pour'dst like Monimia's tale of woe,  
Or haptly cloath'd with funereal Vest  
The bridal Loves that wept in Juliet's breast.

Be our chill limbs the thrilling Terrors creek, G811  
Th'entranced Passions their still rigid keel; a  
While the deep Sighs, responsive to the song,  
Sound thro' the Silence of the trembling string.

But pure Raptures lighted o'er thy face,  
And spread o'er all thy form an holier grace;  
When from the Daughters' breasts the Father drew  
The Life he gave, and mix'd the big Tears dew.

Now was it thine th' heroic strain to roll  
With mimic feelings foreign from the soul;  
Bright in thy parent's eye we wash'd the tear;  
Thou thought'st he said, "Thou art as Antioch here!  
"A semblance of thyself the Grecian Dame,  
"And Broun of Emphrasia dost the same!"

O soon to seek the City's baser scene,  
Pause thee awhile, thou chaste and mild serene!  
Till Quintus's sons from all be sacred bowers  
With grateful hand shall weave Pieria flowers  
To twine a ~~string~~ <sup>harpant</sup> ~~depleted~~ round thy Crow,  
Enchanting Minstrel of virtuous Woe! \*

I prefixed to it the following poemation  
is very pretty, but rather silly or so. (I am sure)  
\*This translation was sent to Miss Broun, sister of the lady who is the subject of the original  
poem, with the following lines.

That darling of the Tragic Muse—  
The Wrangham may be prais'd;

Thalia lost her rosy hues  
And sicken'd at his days:

But transient was th' unwor'd sigh;

For soon the Goddess spied

A sister form of mournful Eye;  
And danc'd for joy, and cried:

"Neer thy sweetest Child, from Dame,

"The fates have given to you!

"Still bid your best boast her name; <sup>use</sup>  
"I have my Broun too."

Letter  
To Francis Wrangham 1.

[Original letter in the possession of Mr. W. Hugh Peal. Hitherto unpublished.]

Jes. Coll. Camb.  
Sept. 26<sup>th</sup>

1794

[Postmark September 27, 1794.]

[Stamped Cambridge.]

Dear Wrangham

I was somewhat disappointed by your abrupt departure - yet you acted wisely - I trust, we shall soon see you again - . -

I finished the translation - or rather Imitation - of Your exquisite Bruntoniad<sup>2.</sup> - I am afraid, the thoughts in my language will appear like the armour of Saul on David. However you have both the Esse & the Posse of my poor Muse - I am labouring under a waking Night-mair of Spirits - so farewell.

Your's fraternally in the  
family of Soul -

S. T. Coleridge.

P.S. I inclosed it according to your desire in a note to Eliza Brunton.

Notes

1. Francis Wrangham, 1769-1842, classical scholar, attended Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and after failing to win a fellowship in his college, he became a curate in Cobham, Surrey, about this time.

2. Wrangham's Hendecasyllabi ad Bruntonam e Granta Exituram was addressed to Elizabeth Brunton, a daughter of John Brunton, an actor of provincial fame and manager of the Norwich company. Miss Brunton, who had won great acclaim as Euphrasia in a performance at Bath and later played in London, was married to Robert Merry.

To Miss Brunton (now M<sup>rs</sup> Merry)

on her departure from Cambridge - Oct. 1790

(Imitated from the Latin of the reverend F. Wrangham) <sup>1.</sup>

Maid of unboastful Charms! whom white-rob'd Truth,  
 Right onwards guiding thro' the Maze of Youth,  
 Forbade the Circe Praise to witch thy Soul;  
 And dash'd to Earth th' intoxicating Bowl: —  
 Thee meek-Ey'd Pity eloquently fair  
 Clasp'd to her Bosom with a Mother's care;  
 And, as she lov'd thy kindred form to trace,  
 The slow Smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.

For never yet did mortal Voice impart  
 Tones more congenial to the Sadden'd heart;  
 Whether to rouse the sympathetic glow  
 Thou pourest lone Monimia's tale of Woe,  
 Or haply cloathest with funereal Vest  
 The bridal Loves, that wept in Juliet's Breast.

O'er our chill limbs the thrilling Terrors creep,  
 Th' entranced Passions their still vigil keep;  
 While the deep Sighs, responsive to the song,  
 Sound thro' the Silence of the trembling throng.

note

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1. Coleridge's translation and the following poem were first published in Poems by Francis Wrangham, 1795. On the manuscript of the two poems Wrangham made corrections, apparently for the printer, in capitalization, punctuation, etc., and in line 33 he altered "starry" to "fragrant."

But purer Raptures lighten'd from thy face,  
 And spread o'er all thy form an holier grace;  
 When from the Daughter's Breasts the Father drew  
 The Life he gave, and mix'd the big Tear's dew.  
 Nor was it thine th' heroic strain to roll  
 With mimic feelings foreign from the soul -  
 Bright in thy Parent's Eye we mark'd the tear -  
 Methought he said, "Thou art no Actress here!  
 "A semblance of thyself the Grecian Dame,  
 "And Brunton & Euphrasia still the same!"

O soon to seek the City's busier scene,  
 Pause thee awhile, thou chaste-ey'd Maid serene!  
 Till Granta's Sons from all her sacred bowers  
 With grateful hand shall weave Pierian flowers  
 To 'twine a starry Chaplet round thy Brow,  
 Enchanting Ministress of virtuous Woe!\*

*note* { \* This translation was sent to Miss Brunton, Sister of the lady (M<sup>rs</sup> Merry) who is the subject of the original Verses, with the following lines. [Note written on the manuscript by Francis Wrangham.] Coleridge, however, says in the postscript to this letter that he sent the translation to Eliza Brunton.

I prefixed to it the following poemation - which is very  
1.  
pretty, but rather silly or so.

That Darling of the Tragic Muse ---  
When Wrangham sung her praise,  
Thalia lost her rosy hues  
And sicken'd at his Lays:

But transient was th' unwonted Sigh;  
For soon the Goddess 'spied  
A Sister Form of mirthful Eye ---  
And danc'd for Joy - and cried:

"Meek Pity's sweetest Child, proud Dame!  
"The fates have given to you!  
"Still bid your Poet boast her Name ---  
2.  
"I have my Brunton too."

[Addressed] The reverend F. Wrangham  
Cobham  
Surry

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1. According to an unpublished note by J. D. Campbell these lines were probably addressed to Ann Brunton.
  2. See Poems, I, 66-7, for this and the preceding poem.