

ING 025

Thomas Moore

“From The Countess Dowager  
of C\_\_\_\_\_ To Lady\_\_\_\_\_”

[selecciones]

[c. 1813]

PROYECTO OLE 11  
ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS  
POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)  
TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 025

Thomas Moore, "From The Countess Dowager of C\_\_\_\_ To Lady\_\_\_\_" (c. 1813)

My dear Lady\_\_\_\_! I've been just sending out  
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout--  
...  
But, my dear Lady\_\_\_\_! can't you hit on some notion,  
At least for one night to set London in motion?  
As to having the R\_g\_nt --*that* show is gone by--  
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)  
The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,  
Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;  
Which--considering, you know, dear, the *size* of the two--  
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through,  
And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,  
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!--  
(Apropos, though, of love-work --you've heard it, I hope,  
That Napoleon's old mother's to marry the Pope,--  
What a comical pair!) --But, to stick to my Rout,  
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.  
Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan arrived?  
No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-wived?  
No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name  
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time three or four winters back,  
When --provided their wigs were but decently black--  
A few Patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight  
That would people one's house for one, night after night.  
But--whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much--

**PROYECTO OLE 11**  
**ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS**  
**POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)**  
**TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 025**

Thomas Moore, "From The Countess Dowager of C\_\_\_\_ To Lady\_\_\_\_" (c. 1813)  
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)

Or, whether Lord G\_\_rge (the young man about town)

Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down--

One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage;

And the only stray Patriot seen for an age

Has been at such places (think how the fit cools)

As old Mrs. V\_\_\_\_'s or Lord L\_\_v\_\_rp\_\_l's.

...