

Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818)

15 *The Gipsy's Song*

Come, cross my hand! my art surpasses
All that did ever mortal know:
Come, maidens, come! my magic glasses
Your future husband's form can shew:

For 'tis to me the power is given, 5
Unclos'd, the book of Fate to see;
To read the fix'd resolves of Heaven,
And dive into futurity.

I guide the pale moon's silver waggon;
The winds in magic bonds I hold; 10
I charm to sleep the crimson dragon,
Who loves to watch o'er buried gold.

Fenc'd round with spells, unhurt I venture
Their sabbath strange where witches keep;
Fearless the sorcerer's circle enter, 15
And woundless tread on snakes asleep.

Lo! here are charms of mighty power!
This makes secure a husband's truth;
And this, composed at midnight hour,
Will force to love the coldest youth. 20

If any maid too much has granted,
Her loss this philtre will repair;
This blooms a cheek where red is wanted,
And this will make a brown girl fair.

Then silent hear, while I discover 25
What I in Fortune's mirror view;
And each, when many a year is over,
Shall own the gipsy's sayings true."

(From *The Monk: A Romance*. Waterford: J. Saunders,
1796)