INTRODUCTION
A collection named “Specimens of British Poetesses” was published in 1827 by a Reverend Alexander Dyce that is comprised of poems written by both unknown and celebrated women writers of the Romantic Era. Although Reverend Dyce claims that “the grander inspirations of the Muse have not often been breathed into the softer frame,” it is evident that women writers were fully capable of excelling at serious poetry like that of their male counterparts.

Anne Radcliffe’s “To the Winds” vs. Lord Byron’s “The Sea”
Ann Radcliffe’s “To the Winds” speaks to the sublime power of an ocean storm, admiring the “Mysterious powers” of nature that move “o’er the ocean rolls.” Nature “bear[s] not the cry of men, who cry in vain” and ignores “The crew’s dead chorus sinking into death.”

In Byron’s “The Sea,” the ocean becomes imbued with ideas of power, dominance, and command over mankind and society. He describes the ocean as sublime, noting its merciless rule over men as “ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain” and fall helpless into the depths “Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

Anne Hunter’s “The Death Song” vs. William Wordsworth’s “The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman”
“The Death Song,” written by Anne Hunter, speaks in the perspective of a Cherokee Native American. The warrior has received a fatal wound but refuses to mourn his impending death. Each of Hunter’s stanzas end in the phrase “the son of Alknomook will never complain.” Prideful, he refuses to give his enemies the satisfaction of a kill, reminding them of the “scalps which we bore from your nation/ away.” However, he gives in to his misery and finally accepts his death, praying that “Death comes like a friend to relieve me from pain.”

William Wordsworth’s “The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman” is told from the perspective of a Native American mother who is left behind while the rest of the pack continues their journey. The mother immediately yearns for the release of death, begging “Before I see another day, / Oh let my body die away.” Wordsworth repeats this phrase throughout the poem. Dwindling between hope and despair, she ultimately resolves that “here contented will I lie: / Alone I cannot fear to die.”