Godw. Pamph.
1540.

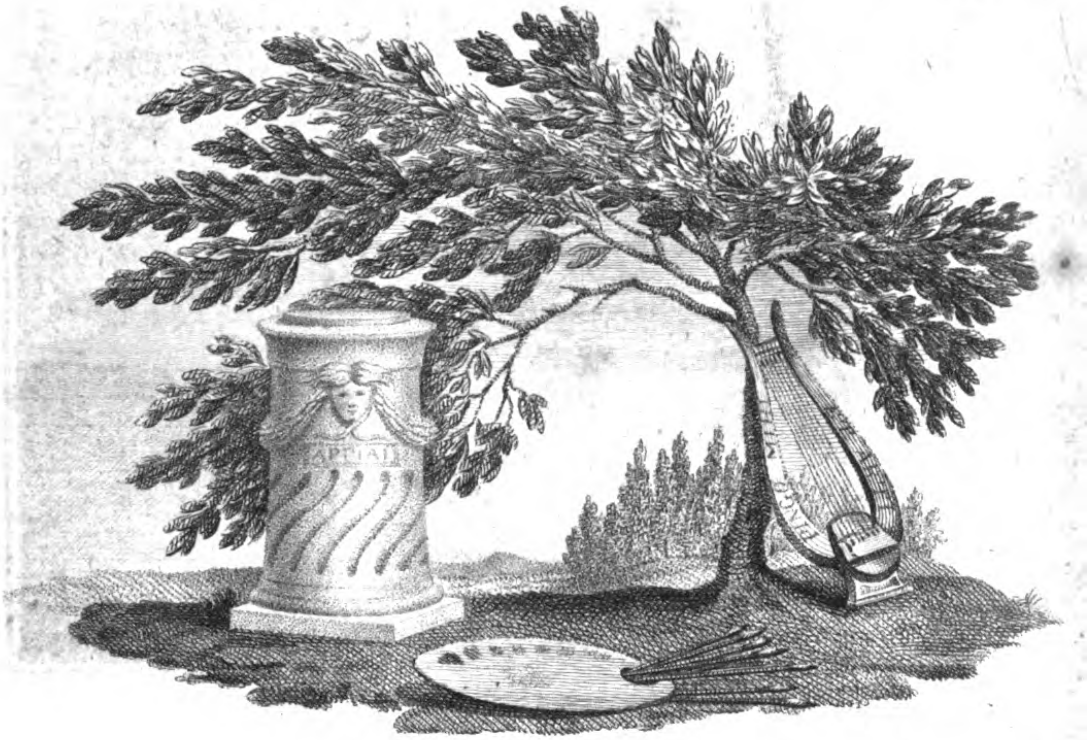
*Designed by Stothard.* *Engraved by Trotter.*

# R I M E S

BY

MR. PINKERTON.

EDITION SECOND.



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# ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN ſuch of the ODES in this publication as extend to greater length were compoſed, it was obſerved, that whatever art might be uſed to diverſify the cadence, there was ſtill ſomewhat wanting to the delight of the ear. This defect was perceived to be chiefly owing to uniformity of ſtanza, which, protracted to any degree, muſt ever fatigue, as extinguiſhing the great ſource of all pleaſure, variety.

To remedy this, a particular ſeries of ſtanzas was adopted; in which the two firſt correſpond, and are ſucceeded by a third of as different a meaſure as might be. This was thought to anſwer every intention propoſed; and appearing to preſent as perfect a ſuc-

ceſſion of ſounds as rime* would admit, was called by way of eminence, MELODY.

It was not till this plan was choſen, after trying moſt modifications that rime could allow, that it was conſidered that the very model of Pindar was followed. Such authority added to the author's confidence in the perfection of his method, but detracted much from the pride of invention, by recalling to his memory the real truth, which was, that he had only revived the ancient term, MELOS.

Mr. Congreve has long ſince obſerved, in his diſcourſe on the Pindaric ode, that the uſe of the STROPHE, ANTISTROPHE, and EPODE, is obſolete and impertinent. But ſuch

* This word is ſpelt in conformity to Chaucer, Spenſer, Milton, and its genuine derivation from the Italian *Rima*, or French *Rime*, not from the Greek Ρυθμος, which it has no connection with. Dr. Warton and others have of late followed this original ſpelling, which is undoubtedly the right one.

is the ſuperſtition for Antiquity that they are retained to this day, tho even their ancient uſe and origin cannot be aſcertained. That, as they are commonly uſed, they confine the ſpirit of the greater modern Ode, without adding to its melody, muſt be confeſſed. Yet they muſt be retained, becauſe they give it regularity! This is the only reaſon of moſt modern poets for retaining them. They ſeldom appear to have obſerved, that in a long or grand production of the lyric kind, the admiſſion of a ſimilar variety would contribute not a little to the riches of poetry.

To have their full effect, the Strophe, Antiſtrophe, and Epode, or as they are here denominated, the CADENCE, ANTIPHONY, and UNISON, muſt have the property, either of diſtinct harmony, or brevity. Every one muſt have obſerved, that in the more elegant French and Italian odes, there are two diſtinct parts in every ſtanza. Theſe, like the parts of a Scottiſh tune, vary the meaſure,

and contribute exceedingly to entertain the ear. For example in this ſtanza of Malherbe,

C'eſt en la paix que toutes choſes
Succédent ſelon nos deſirs :
Comme au printems naiſſent les roſes,
En la paix naiſſent les plaiſirs.
Elle met les pompes aux villes ;
Donne aux chams les moiſſons fertilles ;
Et de la majeſté des loix
Appuyant les pouvoirs ſupremes,
Fait demeurer les diademes
Fermes ſur la teſte des Rois.

the firſt four lines are of a melody diſtinct from the ſix laſt. This plan was well followed by Mr. Gray, in his odes on the Spring and Eton College. And that he was very ſenſible of this beauty appears from his obſervation inſerted among the notes in Mr. Maſon's edition of his poems. " There is," ſays he, " a *tout enſemble* of ſound as well as " of ſenſe in poetical compoſition always ne- " ceſſary to its perfection. What is gone " before ſtill dwells upon the ear, and inſen-

" ſibly

" ſibly harmonizes with the preſent line, as " in that ſucceſſion of fleeting notes which " is called melody." So much for diſtinctneſs of harmony; as to brevity, the other requiſite, its effect is obvious.

From theſe obſervations the reader will expect that the author has paid a particular regard to his numbers. He has ſo. He always conſidered harmony as the chief perfection of the ode. Muſic was indeed the firſt companion of lyric poetry; and at this day, who would not prefer a careleſs production of Dryden, tho void of every excellence but harmony, to the moſt laboured of Cowley, tho rendered heavy with the very gold of fancy?

To the Melodies of this Collection ſucceed another ſpecies of lyric poetry, here called SYMPHONIES. By which name it is to be underſtood, that the ſtanza is varied throughout, as the ſubject ſeemed to demand an anſwering mode.

## CORRECTIONS, 1786.

P. 8. *l.* 2. *for* Tho, *read* The.
23. *l.* 4. *for* ſonorous, *read* reſonant.
35. *l.* 3. *read* Where never more the wretch awakes to weep.
45. *Cancel the piece called* The Harp of Oſſian, *a production of early youth. Fingal was an Iriſh hero; the poems aſcribed to Oſſian are quite modern.*
84. *l.* 11. *for* ſpy, *read* ſee.
88. *l.* [illegible]. *for* governed, *read* illumed.
104. *l.* 6. *for* kingly, *read* cliff-built.
*l.* 7. *for* Govern'd, *read* Long rul'd.
105. *l.* 1. *for* royalty, *read* majeſty.
*l.* 9. *for* line, *read* race.
117. *l.* 9. *for* chearful, *read* gay.
136. *l.* 12. *for* her, *read* his.
137. *l.* 9—14. *read*

The treaſures bring of Homer old;
And Taſſo's varied carol fair:
The awful ſtrain of Milton bold:
Tibullus, Horace, lovely pair.
Let Teſti's lyre the concert ſhare.
Bring father Shakſpere, &c.

214. *l.* 1. *read* Stern Rodolph's falchion fills his hand.

CON-

# CONTENTS.

## MELODIES.



## SYMPHONIES.



## ODES. Book I.



III. The

CONTENTS.



ODES. BOOK II.



X. To

## CONTENTS.



## SONNETS.



MELO-

# M E L O D I E S.

# MELODIES.

## MELODY I.

### THE EDUCATION OF THE MUSE.

#### CADENCE I.

'THY infant form, thou rosy fay,
' May Beauty with each brighter charm array,
' Thy mind each Virtue tend:
' O fair! O holy! Lo my heavenly place
' I leave thy blessed birth to grace,
' These airs of joy to lend.'

So Harmony attuned her lyre
What day the lovely Muſe was born;
So Harmony attuned her lyre,
So hailed the long expected morn.

ANTIPHONY I.

The roſe that to the ſummer ray
But half her bluſhing beauties dares diſplay,
So ſweetly never ſmiled;
The jocund Spring, when from her fragrant bed
She comes the genial Hours to lead,
As Fancy's ſacred child;
When now the happy hand of Time
Gave every riſing grace to view;
The port of majeſty ſublime,
Of love the eye, the crimſon hue.

UNISON

UNISON I.

The mountain's front to tread,
With ſolitary ſtep to dally
Thro' each wild and haunted valley,
Thro' each grove of ſable ſhade,
Were her delights. There by ſome ſtream
She gathered flowers of every beam
The flowing honours of her head to crown;
Or on a velvet bank at eaſe reclined,
She caught the notes that by the vernal wind
Were from the wood in floating meaſures blown.

CADENCE II.

Taught by the warbling race of air,
Her voice ſhe tuned in ſweeteſt deſcant clear,

And new born ditties tried:
With theſe ſhe bleſſed the ſwains her early c
And Echo ſoon each willing fair,
And ſcornful maid replied;
All fears that chill, and hopes that fire
The boſom of the faithful youth;
The ſtolen treaſures of deſire,
The ardent vow of endleſs truth.

ANTIPHONY II.

O happy age! when known no toil
Save to obtain ſome haughty damſel's ſmile;
And feed the fleecy flock.
The fruits a feaſt of ſprightly reliſh gave,
With beverage from the orient wave
And honey from the rock.

O happy

O happy age! when ſhapes of light,
Now ſhewn but to the mental eye,
To dwell with man their radiant flight
Would haſten from the friendly ſky.

UNISON II.

The mind untaught in vain,
Her powers tho' blooming vigor nouriſh,
Hopes in perfect pride to flouriſh:
Culture muſt her might maintain.
Soft and more ſoft ye breezes blow,
More ſoft ye billows riſe, for, lo!
The tuneful Viſion ſtems the azure tide:
To Pleaſure's Iſle her deſtined courſe ſhe bends,
Her parent Fancy at the helm attends,
And Harmony's ſmooth chimes each wild wind chide.

CADENCE III.

Now in her golden cradle lies
Tho infant Morn amid the varied dyes
Of every dewy flower;
The lowly violet, the ſovereign roſe
Around their mingled tints diſcloſe,
Their mingled fragrance pour;
With purple luſtre glows the deep
Reſplendent to the orient ray:
The comely band their progreſs keep
Exulting thro' the watry way.

ANTIPHONY III.

The Gales their gentle aid applied,
Along the tide the painted galley hied,

That ſpred a ſhining plain :
And ſoon, emergent from the weſtern ſkies,
They ſaw the verdant groves ariſe
That crowned the gay domain.
A cloud of breathing incenſe ſweet
To ſlumber ſoothed the ambient main :
The merry mariners to meet
Shone on the ſtrand a wanton train.

UNISON III.

To Pleaſure's dome they came.
With gold emblazoned and vermilion
Beamed abroad the bright pavilion
To the ſun's meridian flame.
There on a couch with fragrance ſpread
The Queen and young Deſire were laid,

Defire her mate and chofen folace dear:
The Smiles and decent Graces ftood around
The fovereign pair with perfect beauty crowned,
With every gift of Love and laughing Chear.

CADENCE IV.

But chief the heavenly Fair excelled;
The Mufe with wondering gaze her ftate beheld
And thoughts of fond delight;
Her blooming fhape revealed in loofe attire,
Her azure eyes of amorous fire,
Her locks of golden light.
The Empref with a winning fmile
To greet the welcome guefts arofe:
'Be yours whate'er my hallowed ifle
'To Art or lavifh Nature owes.'

ANTIPHONY IV.

Tho' he of Thebes informed thy frame
Small praiſe, O lyre, his richeſt ſkill could claim
To paint that fairy ſcene :
Where native May eternal empire held
O'er hill and ſhade and florid field
And balmy ſky ſerene ;
Where, riſing ſlow with rapturous ſwell,
Aerial ſtrains were heard to ſtray ;
Like notes that from a maſter ſhell
In diſtant echoes ſpread away.

UNISON IV.

Here long the enamoured maid,
All loſt in dreams of dear deluſion,

Thro'

Thro' the beauteous profuſion
Led by bright eyed Rapture played.
Exploring now the lawn's amel,
Now happy groves of odorous ſmell,
Now gardens trim with blooming fruits o'ergrown,
And tuneful ſtreams that living cryſtal flowed,
And ſunny hills with purple vines that glowed,
Elyſian bowers, and cells groteſque and lone.

CADENCE V.

Nor barren of meet progeny :
For Youth there dwelt, and fair Felicity,
And Health that ſprightly maid ;
For Feaſt rejoiced amid the vines to rove,
And Eaſe approved the ſtill alcove,
And Love the ſecret ſhade ;

O vanity

O vanity of earthly joy !
How early loſt that better ſoil !
When Juſtice ſought her former ſky
The deeps involved the magic iſle !

ANTIPHONY V.

And now the charms of fair deſign
And elegance the Goddeſs can combine
With ſweet ſimplicity :
Her ſtrains declared the cultivated mind,
Awake to every bliſs refined,
Of grace and harmony.
Yet wanted to complete her ſkill
Like ſcience of the realm of woe :
The ſadder ſympathy to feel,
The ſager ſentiment to know.

UNISON V.

Ye bleſt abodes adieu !
For now again the liquid azure
With bold prow the pilgrims meaſure
Seats of other clime to view.
Bright be thy courſe thou ſtar of eve,
With pureſt ſplendor gild the wave,
That trembles yet with gleams of fading day :
Till ſlowly peering from her eaſtern bed,
The perfect moon exalt her bleſſed head,
And crown the level deep with ſilver ray.

CADENCE VI.

From mirth to ſadneſs brief the road,
And eaſy. Ere the bluſh of morning glowed

They

They met the gloomy ground.
Deep ſilence lulled each viſionary vale,
Save where the warbling nightingale
Her hidden receſs found.
Even from the ſolar blaze the land
Was dim with night of boundleſs woods,
That ſleeped along the lonely ſtrand
And murmured o'er the ſable floods.

ANTIPHONY VI.

Obſcure amid a winding glade,
Where darkeſt pines their chilling horrors ſpred,
Aroſe a rocky cave;
There Melancholy's modeſt form was ſeen,
The penſive eye diſcloſed the Queen,
And ſad demeanour grave.

With

With her was Wiſdom reverend ſage;
His awful front, his ſnowy hair,
Expreſſed him of the train of Age,
And verſant in the ſtorms of Care.

UNISON VI.

Of ſcience much and truth
He ſpoke, the flowery paths of error
That to ſnares of toil and terror
Lead the haplefs ſoul they ſooth:
And oft their ſolemn talk between,
A tale of tears would intervene.—
Oh heavenly Virgin what delights were thine!
Now potent to controul the wondering heart
By every ſympathy of magic Art,
By Nature's force, and Reaſon's light divine.

# MELODY II.

## TO PLEASURE.

### CADENCE I.

YE hymns that rule the Æolian lyre,
To Pleaſure homage bear,
The ſong, O Queen, inſpire,
And with indulgent audience own:
If ſong thy grace or vows atone,
Incline thy ſovereign ear
From thy elyſian throne.

### ANTIPHONY I.

The throne thy parent Nature gave,
What day her empire roſe

Of chaos from the grave;
Where reigns Desire, thy chosen mate,
The Smiles, the Loves, the Graces wait,
And Music's airs disclose
The splendors of thy state.

UNISON I.

Thee, Goddess, thee adore
The great, the wise, the gay,
All, all thy blessed laws obey;
All, tho by differing rites, thy gracious aid implore.
How enchanting the roseate smile of the Spring
When her Morning ascends on ambrosial wing,
The winter dispelling and night!
More enchanting, Oh empress of every desire!
Is thy smile to the soul when the shadows retire
Of sorrow before thy fair light.

CADENCE II.

In gilded domes let others try
With eager wiſhes vain
To win thy placid eye;
Or ſail to either Indian ſhore
To bribe thee with their gathered ſtore;
Thy ſource ſincere nor Gain
May ever find nor Power.

ANTIPHONY II.

Thy preſent ſuppliant be lent
The balmy walks of Health,
The fountains of Content,
That life's ſmall garden may divide
With chearful and with conſtant tide;

So ſhall his days by ſtealth
In even tenor glide.

UNISON II.

Joy has its tears. The reign
Of Rapture oft is found
To border on the hoſtile bound
Of cruel Agony, and Horror's dark domain.
He requires not in triumph to ſtem the wide deep,
But along the ſafe ſhore his ſmooth progreſs to keep,
With thee and Repoſe by his ſide.
Nor rapid with tranſport nor ſilent with woe,
Soft and pure let the gale of felicity blow,
And Prudence each movement provide.

# MELODY III.

## THE TEMPLE OF LIBERTY.

### CADENCE I.

WHAT accents ſtreaming from the ſolemn ſhell
Dilate their choral ſymphony?
What ſongs of warbled extacy
O'er Albion's hoary mountains ſwell,
And float along the ſky?
Oh Liberty! thy natal day
To hymn awakes the feſtive lay:
Amid the empyrean fires
Bend from their golden thrones thy ſainted ſires
As their loud harps to thee a thouſand minſtrels ſway,

ANTIPHONY I.

With diamond inflamed and glowing gold,
Emergent from the orient air,
Thy confecrated courts appear,
Where they whofe hearts thy love controled
Celeftial raptures fhare.
For ever bright with living green,
Around elyfian groves are feen;
Young Spring from her ambrofial vafe
Her filver dews and fragrant blooms difplays;
And all the Pleafures vie to grace the happy fcene.

UNISON I.

Revive, revive, thou Britifh lyre!
Revive thy genuine fire!

Thy

Thy genuine tranſports beſtow!
To bleſs each honoured head
Let Fame her radiant chaplet braid;
Her ſonorous clarion blow!
Conciliate their gallant bands
The fathers of each rival realm,
And hither oft in grace they ſend;
The ſocial ſympathy to tend,
The foes of Liberty to whelm,
And o'er the favoured ſhores ordain
The glories of her reign.

CADENCE II.

While ſtarry legions from the azure clime
Pour on the ſight their blended rays
To whom ſhall Glory's altar blaze?

To whom the golden fire of rime
The foaring anthem raife?
To them the prime whofe dauntlefs mind [a]
The eagle of the eaft confined;
Who as he fped his bloody path
Oft by the lightning of their rapid wrath
Shorn of his gaudy plumes fled fcreaming on the wind.

ANTIPHONY II.

Her rent fails fluttering o'er the ftormy wave [b],
Behold the public prow obey
Each blaft that wheels her boifterous way;
No pilot from the rocks to fave

[a] The noble ftand made by the ancient Britons againft the progrefs of the Roman arms.

[b] State of the realm under king John, when the barons obtained the Great Charter.

Or

Or to the port convey *.

Lo! on the deck in warlike guiſe

The choſen mariners ariſe;

New tackle binds each ſteady ſail;

Supreme in ſtate ſhe wooes the vernal gale,

And every treacherous ſhoal and daring rock defies.

UNISON II.

The generous heir of Cambria's fame [c]

Declare with loud acclaim;

With ſtrains of deep anguiſh deplore:

Let equal accents wait

The rival of his haplefs fate,

The vaunt tower of the northern ſhore [d].

* Τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἔνθεν κῦμα κυλίνδεται, &c. Alcæi frag.

[c] Llewellyn, the aſſertor of the liberty of Wales.

[d] Wallace, the Brutus of Scotland.

Lend

Lend the martial trumpet breath;
Borne on that fiery courſer view,
By Valour led and Victory,
The lord of Scotia's chivalry[e];
His march a fearleſs train enſue,
Where'er they go, the home bred Muſe
Her rural incenſe ſtrews.

CADENCE III.

From gloom eſcaped the roſy ſtar of morn[f]
Precedes the jocund hours of light:
Ah dreary ſtorms their ſplendor blight!
Yet ſoon the rainbow's hues adorn
The horrors of the night.

[e] King Robert Bruce.
[f] Influence of the Reformation on liberty.

Diſ-

Diſſolving each oppoſing cloud
The ſun devolves his noonday flood :
What ſcenes appear his blaze beneath !
The crown refulgent thro' the ſhades of death !
The ſable ſcaffold dyed with dews of ſovereign
blood !

ANTIPHONY III.

He dies ! He dies ! The holy Anarch dies !
Ye ſons of Albion be free !
Reſounds the voice of Liberty
While nations gaze with wondering eyes
The fall of Tyranny.
The happy flow of glory's tide [g]

[g] The numbers of eminent men who diſtinguiſhed the age of Cromwell. Milton's influence on their counſels. See his Sonnets.

Gay

Gay fleets with ſhouts of triumph ride:
Stern chiefs their glittering banners wave,
While ſages teach each adverſe blaſt to brave,
Airs from the ſeraph ſhell their ardent labours guide.

UNISON III.

The crown of amaranth to blend
On wings of flame aſcend,
O Muſe, to the regions of day *;
Where living fountains by,
The flowrets of eternity
To breezes of harmony play.
Naſſau's mild front thou wreath entwine,
Before whoſe matin radiance fled

* Region de la luce e l'auree ſtelle. Taſſo, Gier. 9.

The

The coward wolf, and left his prey
With grim despair. His howling way
Fantastic Folly leads and Dread,
While Scorn's deriding retinue
And Grief and Shame pursue.

CADENCE IV.

How art thou fallen from thy summer sky [h],
Thou meteor, whose lustre drear
Shot torments thro' the sickly air,
Gave provinces to penury
And all the waste of war!
Where'er thy deadly influence flowed
The thunder of the battle glowed;

[h] Louis XIV. whose ambition threatened the liberties of Europe till it was effectually extinguished by the Duke of Marlborough.

Mad

Mad Slaughter poured the rain of gore
The blasted plains and flaming cities o'er,
And Famine and Despair and Desolation trod.

ANTIPHONY IV.

Till clad in Virtue's light the warrior rose
Decreed lost empires to redeem :
The British lion followed him,
And thro' the files of serried foes
Diffused the sanguine stream.
His state a pomp of Graces led,
As on the car of Fate conveyed,
He held his victor way. Around
Exulting monarchs grateful trophies crowned ;
And Liberty and Peace their sacred treasures spred.

UNISON

UNISON IV.

High on the ſunny mount of Power,
To Fame's indulgent ſhower,
The branches of Eſte * ariſe.
Long o'er the hallowed ſtem
May Fortune's regal bounties teem,
And lift its fair head to the ſkies.
Can ever Tyranny control
With laſting ſway the happy iſle ?
Can Winter ſtill his rule retain ?
The tempeſts of his iron reign,
When Spring reveals her genial ſmile,
New muſic to each river yield,
New verdure to each field.

* The Houſe of Brunſwick, it is well known, derive their genealogy from Azo I. Count of Eſte, Marquis of Tuſcany.

M E-

# MELODY IV.

## TO SCIENCE.

Βίος ἐστὶν ἄν τις τῷ Βίῳ χαίρῃ Βιῶν. Menand.

### CADENCE I.

SUN of the mind, whoſe bleſſed beams exile
Of ſullen Ignorance the gloomy power,
With every phantom wild
That haunts his deſert reign.

### ANTIPHONY I.

Thee, Teacher, on the fabled marge of Nile
The ſober Memory to Wiſdom bore;
There Fancy thee beguiled
With many a myſtic ſtrain.

UNISON

UNISON I.

Where green Hymettus, clad with thyme,
Spreads fragrance thro' the Attic air,
Thy holy form appeared;
And oft in Latium's happy clime,
From many a ſhade and grotto fair,
Thy ſolemn voice was heard:
Thy ample ſhrine ere Britain reared;
Where Bacon ſoon his votive honours brought,
And ſageſt Locke explored the maze of thought.

CADENCE II.

The radiant circuit of the ſtars to trace,
The ſecrets of the earth and hoary main,

The ſteady laws of Fate,

My vows ſolicit not.

ANTIPHONY II.

'What is above, O ye of mortal race,'

The Athenian * ſaid, 'incites your care in vain:

'Be this your hope elate,

'To mend your proper lot.'

UNISON II.

Soon as the ~~heir of~~ pain appears,

What ghaſtly ſpectres wait around

The haplefs birth to ſeize!

The Paſſions tend his blooming years,

The Cares his perfect age confound,

* Socrates.

His

His toils till Death releaſe :
The ſilent grave his only eaſe !
Where never more, alas ! he wakes to weep,
But cloſes his brief day in endleſs ſleep.

CADENCE III.

Theſe ills to heal, to bear, impart thy ſkill :
Tho every paſſion every ſtorm prepare,
Yet thou thy bleſt ally
Canſt ſave, celeſtial Guide.

ANTIPHONY III.

And lead to ſcenes where Fancy ſports at will
(So great thy power !) far from the realm of Care ;
Where Beauty, Harmony,
And penſive Eaſe reſide.

UNISON III.

Since ſcant the ſource of pleaſure flows,
Inſtruct the fleeting ſtream to guide,
To guide, not to confine;
With every little flower that blows
Around the variable tide
To deck life's humble ſhrine:
For every purer joy is thine.
By thee alone are all our cares redreſt;
True wiſdom is the art of being bleſt.

# MELODY V.

## ON THE MILITARY PREPARATIONS MDCCLXXIX.

### PRELUDE.

THE kingly oaks whoſe lofty creſt
The wrath of every ſtorm defies,
Of genial Spring the glad ſupplies
To guard their luſtre crave :
So they whom Honour's crown hath bleſt
Require the Muſe's ſacred care,
From Time, from Envy's baleful glare,
Their antient ſtate to ſave.

CADENCE I.

When firſt the chiefs
Of Albion led
Their legions to the Gallic ſhore,
The patriot flame
Informed each breaſt;
That flame, alas, appears no more.
Such is the baleful power
Corruption, idol vile! of thy deſtroying ſhower.

ANTIPHONY I.

O laſting ſhame
To every ſon
Of whom the gallant Edward led,
When Creci's field

Saw

Saw Conqueſt crown

With chaplet bright his helmed head!

When wounded by Deſpair

The Gallic Genius fled and ſought his native air.

UNISON I.

A breaſt of diamond ſerene and ſtrong

Was thine, of mighty ſire thou mightier ſon;

All regal merits did to thee belong,

Chief of the ſable mail! that grace a throne.

As from a ſtorm the golden ſun diſplays

His awful pomp in his meridian tower;

O greater than thy fame! ſuch ſeemed thy power,

When o'er the vales of Poitiers at thy blaze

The lilied legions fled with wild amaze.

CADENCE II.

Ye fays that rove
The moon loved mead
Where Seine extends his flowery ſtream,
What wonder thrilled
Your little breaſts
To ſee the Britiſh ſymbols beam
Along your haunted ſhore;
Where ſeldom hoſtile foot had dared to pace before.

ANTIPHONY II.

For vain was art,
For numbers vain
To ſtay heroic Henry's courſe,
Witneſs ye plains

Of Azincour
Yet red with ſignals of his force!
Nor force his ſole renown,
For gems of every virtue decked his warlike crown.

UNISON II.

And thou, perfidious Spain, yet dareſt engage
The ſons of them who laid thy glory low
What time Eliza ſwayed her happier age;
An age when valour ſtill was vice's foe!
With adverſe ſails tho' dark was all the main,
Yet did the chiefs their ſteady honour hold:
But Liberty, to guard her favoured reign,
With power inviſible her foes controled,
And bad her own dread ſtorms their pomp enfold.

CADENCE III.

When Cromwell ſteered
The golden helm
Of empire he unjuſtly won,
Before his name
The Gallic king
Sat trembling on his painted throne;
Nor leſs when from afar
The lord of Blenheim rolled the purple tide of war.

ANTIPHONY III.

Still, ſtill the fires
Of Britiſh fame
Beneath their ſilent embers live,
They but demand

Some

Some happy gale
Their ancient fervors to revive:
Elſe whence of Wolfe the fate,
That Canada's wild lakes and Albion's hills repeat?

UNISON III.

O then, ye line of warlike fires, awake!
Ye Britiſh youth awake to ancient praiſe.
Your ſouls let generous emulation take,
To hide your fathers light with brighter rays.
The wretched path of luxury forego,
The wretched path that ever leads to ſhame,
With patriot heat bid every boſom glow:
From Hazard's hand the wreath of Glory claim,
True to your birth and to your country's fame.

CLOSE.

CLOSE.

Thus hath the Muſe with feeble ſkill
Her temple to Renown prepared ;
And many a ſolemn ſtatue reared,
The radiant ſpace to crown.
Bleſt did her power attend her will :
Did Britons as they gaze aſpire
To imitate the godlike choir,
And make their praiſe their own.

# MELODY VI.

## THE HARP OF OSSIAN.

### PRELUDE.

THO rich majeſtic Milton's lay,
Tho ages bend to Homer's ſway,
Supreme of Grecian ſong;
Yet, Oſſian, mid the ſainted train,
Shall to thy harp of ſolemn ſtrain
No ſecond place belong.

### CADENCE.

He fortunate whoſe eye
Could firſt thy beam eſpy,

Glim-

Glimmering thro' ſhades of ſolitary night;
Whoſe hand, bleſt lyre, anew thy ſplendor could
excite.
O heaths of Morven, and ye rocky iſles,
That dare the ſurges of the weſtern main,
Oft, when mild Eve diffuſed her roſy ſmiles,
The maſter ſoothed you with his mighty ſtrain:
Emergent from the chambers of the rain,
While airy ſhapes with rapture heard the lays,
As thro' the watry ſhore, and deſert plain,
And ſhaggy caves obſcure, in winding maze
The wondering echoes ſpred the accents of their
praiſe.

ANTIPHONY.

Of kings ye modern throng
Attend the moral ſong;

Learn,

Learn, to be great ye only need be good:
So Fingal's holy ſires gods of their people ſtood.
Like incenſe ſwelling from the ſacred fire,
Illuſtrious chief, thy tuneful dictates flow.
Able each breaſt with virtue to inſpire
That wakes to human bliſs or human woe.
No more ſhall dull Oblivion reſt thy foe;
Thy ebon harp Fame in her ſhrine ſhall place,
All worthy in the brighteſt rank to glow;
No tinſel hues the ſimple frame deface,
But gems and pureſt gold with orient luſtre grace.

UNISON.

Envy in vain
Shall ſeek to dim the light of thy name.
When the eagle from his rock

Deſcries the crows, dark children of the wood,
He degrades not his pride
By the baſe encounter;
But riſing in the blaze of noon,
Leaves his foes in the regions of darkneſs.
Such ſhall be thy praiſe,
Thou Son of the Mighty!

CLOSE.

To hide the king of day
In vain the clouds diſplay
Their ſhade:
Soon as the king of day
Aſſumes meridian ſway
They fade.

# MELODY VII.

## ON THE PAINTING OF POESY.

The art itſelf is nature. SHAKSPERE.

### CADENCE I.

FAIR is the ſtar whoſe golden light
Declares the coming day;
Fair is the moon's ſereneſt ray
That decks the realm of night;
Of beauty and of life the fire,
How fair, O ſun, thy ſovereign fire!
Yet fairer to the mental gaze
The ſacred ſong's unrivalled blaze.

ANTIPHONY I.

O Poesy, enchanting maid!
Again I seek thy shrine;
Again confess thy power divine,
Again implore thy aid.
Thy shrine, where rich in varied airs
Her harp sweet Harmony prepares;
And Fancy waves her magic wand,
That lulls the soul in visions bland.

UNISON I.

In all her pride tho beauteous Spring appear,
Of brightest tint with many a gem
Yet can thy skill adorn her diadem;
And with new music bless the ear:

To Summer's train can added graces bring,
And o'er her bower ethereal roſes fling:
To Autumn's field far richer ſtores impart,
And teach even Winter's ſtorms to ſooth the heart.

CADENCE II.

Can, Picture, all thy living hues,
Can all thy art attire
In equal pomp the fairy choir
That wait the penſive Muſe;
When all obedient to her ſpell,
The fluttering idols crowd her cell,
Succinct with eager ſpeed to fill
The mandates of her mighty will?

ANTIPHONY II.

The ſacred ſong o'er Virtue's path
The blooms of joy can ſpread,
Then crown her pupil's favoured head
With Fame's immortal wreath.
How many a clime, how many an age
May wiſdom reap from Shakſpere's * page,
Led by his ethic ſcene to ſcan
The various heart of various man!

* In the laſt and beſt edition of this poet, 1778, his name is thus ſpelt in a fac-ſimile from his own ſignature. The learned editors have unaccountably miſpelt the laſt ſyllable of this immortal word, tho they have adopted the right orthography in the firſt.

UNISON II.

Informed with being tho the colours riſe
Beneath the pencil's warmeſt power,
Yet ſoon, alas, arrives the fatal hour
That baniſhes the fading dyes.
But Night reſuming her primeval ſway,
Shall ever hide the golden orb of day,
Ere ceaſe the wondering nations to inquire
Who Ilium ſung? Who tuned the Theban lyre?

# SYMPHONIES.

# SYMPHONIES.

## SYMPHONY I.

### ON THE MUSIC OF POESY.

QUEEN of the ſong, O Muſe, thy parent dear,
Bright Fancy, thy ſole guardian never roſe;
Tho ever ſhe precede thy wandering way,
Freſh flowers to ſtrew in wild profuſion gay;

To

To Harmony thy heart did ſtill diſcloſe
Like amity, as oft thy raptured ear
With ſweeteſt airs ſhe charmed, or ſolemn tones
ſevere.

The ſonorous trump ſhe blows, that hill and dale
Reſound with all their echoes. At her call
The grizly War prepares his deadly ſtorms,
The lightning of the ſword and fulgent arms,
The thunder of the conflict, and dire rain
Sanguine, that deluges the boiſterous field.
Stern Slaughter and the horrid form of Death
Exert their terrors; Anguiſh, and Diſmay,
And Deſolation. Clad in ſteel and panoply
Exulting Valor waves his crimſon creſt,
And ſhews the tide of battle where to roar.

O'er

O'er the grim ſcene the Muſe aſcending ſings
Sublime in glory, and with golden light
Illumes the raging tempeſt; as the ſun,
When thro' embattled clouds he pours the day,
Gilding with richeſt blaze the dark of heaven.

Far other when the rural pipe ſhe plies,
With flowing rills the flowing muſic vies;
By ſimple huts and verdant vales ſhe roves
Romantic bowers and viſionary groves,
Of love repeating much, and love's diſdain,
The melting tranſport, and the pleaſing pain.

The tragic lute to melancholy ſtrains
Of deepeſt woe ſhe wakes and wild deſpair;
The frequent tear declares her ample rule,

Silence

Silence that ſpeaks unutterable thoughts,
The eye aghaſt with terrors extacy,
And all the ſober attributes of ſorrow.

Laughter attends thee, O Queen, and the Jeſts with dimpled cheeks. The Loves and Pleaſures wave their golden locks wreathed with roſes: Ridicule mimics the uncouth gait of Humour; while inſpiring the merry flute, thou viſiteſt the comic walks of life, inſtructing man what he ought to be, by ſhewing him what he is.

Alas! what warbled ſorrows meet the ear,
What notes of anguiſh fill the ſighing gale,
When from thy ſolitary manſions drear,
O Elegy! is heard the plaintive tale

Of Grace and Worth envied by ſullen Death;
Of all the fading vanities of man;
Joined with the weeping viol's ſofteſt breath,
That vibrates to the heart each dying ſtrain.

Inſtinct with all thy living fire
What verſe can paint thy power, O lyre!
As ſwarming to thy call
Unnumbered ſpectres fill the Muſe's hall *.

Now to Eaſe the lay devoting,
And the florid tribe of Joy;
Dreams of fleeting bliſs promoting
Wanton airs in mazes floating
All thy ſacred art employ.

* Like ſpectres ſwarming to the wizard's hall.

T. WARTON.

In

In ſable ſtole arrayed
Bedewed with falling tears
When awful Grief appears,
Chill, and ſlow,
The melancholy meaſures flow;
And penſive Pity lends her pious aid
To tend the mournful maid.

'Hail thou form in ſhining cincture
'Clad of pure cerulean tincture,
'Ever may thy pleaſing ray
'With bland benignity
'Heal the indignity
'Of cruel Chance, and Time's malignant ſway.'

Blyth

Blyth Hope approves, and to the warbled air
In many an antic maze leads her attendance fair.

Oh Fear, thou tyrant of the feeble mind!
The languid line,
That ſeems in ſickly mood to pine,
May beſt declare thy frantic influence blind.
When Horror joins thy train,
What phantoms fill the wizard plain!
Stern miniſters of Fate, and guardians of his reign.

Rich the richeſt praiſe above,
Who can ſpeak thy hymn, O Love;
What air of minſtrelſy divine
Shall expreſs
Thy power to bleſs,
Shall thy varied rule define?

Smite

Smite the deep ſhell with harſheſt hand!
Rage in giant horrors clad,
Rears aloft his ghaſtly head:
Eyes that living lightnings glare,
Frowning front, and horrent hair,
The grizly king declare,
As in Fancy's ſhrine he takes his gloomy ſtand.

Nor to the features ſole of deepeſt ſhade,
But every ſofter colour of the mind,
Sweet Harmony attunes her magic power.
So when the Morn dilates the dewey ſhower,
The varying blooms a varying mirror find;
Their lovely hues, in lovelier light arrayed,
With gleams of brighteſt beauty paint the glowing glade.

## SYMPHONY II.

### THE DEFEAT OF THE OPERA.

SHE ſaid and ſmiled. At Fancy's high command
Taſte left the Britiſh ſtrand,
The Phantom to explore
On fair Auſonia's romantic ſhore.
The ſhield of Truth he bore;
But ere its potent virtue he unveiled,
Thus with ſtern ſpeech her leaden ear aſſailed.

Daughter of Dulneſs, from the happy fields
Of Albion I come, and bear thy doom;

No longer hope with tuneful ſorcery
To witch the vulgar ear. Fled is the time
When Superſtition ſpred primeval night
O'er all the nations : when ſweet Poeſy
Muttered her vigils from the cloyſtered cell ;
As by the moon's pale lamp the ruddy monk
And nun laſcivious met with ardent vows
Saint Venus, chief religion of their choir.
Why then, thou birth of that deteſted day,
Should honour's robe veſt thy fantaſtic ſtate ?
Why ſtill thy lying pride (thy pride is great !)
The homage bear of many a dull domain ?
Declare the cauſe, thou ſpectre ! ſpeak and die.

To him the Power, (but firſt an air was heard)
Within her breaſt tho dull, her breaſt tho dark,

Revolving thoughts of ſeeming argument,
Framed her reply. I know thee and my fate!
Yet ere thou ſeal my meditated fall
Attend my ſpeech that, wove with ſighs and tears,
Slow finds its mournful way *. On claſſic days,
On claſſic days tho fallen and critic tongues,
Juſt is my rule and ancient. When fair Greece
Nurtured each art of elegance, the lyre
Aided the hero's ſorrows. From fair Greece
My regal forms, arrayed in pomp and gold,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move †,
Derive their lineage. That plea refuſed

* A faint imitation of ſome wonderfully affecting ſpeeches in modern tragedies.

† This line from Milton. The reader will obſerve ſeveral parodies of that Poet in this Production, which, as he is read by all, required no mark.

(For Nonſenſe as more old grows more deformed)
Yet merit in my ſons may move thy mind.
Did not Quinault with ſweeteſt eaſe devote
His ſprightly verſes to adorn my pomp,
That Lulli with the ſoul of muſic gave
To flutter round the captivated heart
Of amorous damſels on the banks of Seine ?
Where chief my temple riſes in full blaze
Illumed, while ſilken peers and ſilken dames
Of painted beauty feed their wondering ſight
With all the magic of the moving ſcene.
Lo Metaſtaſio, my joy and pride,
With pleaſing care the golden anvil tries
Of calm Correction, and with rimes annealed
Of pureſt ſplendor decks my gorgeous ſhrine.
Nay, yielding that my art is falſe and vain,

Not ſmall their cauſe; for well a bard has ſung
Great beauty is a great excuſe to ſin *.
And who of all the race of Poeſy
With more enchantment fills the raptured ſoul?

When like a ſimple ſhepherdeſs
I tread the flowery plain,
Tuning my pipe to ſlender ſtrain
The labours of the ſwain to bleſs:

Or when with ſolemn tones and ſlow
The gilded palace I pervade,
And ſadly chaunt the funeral tale
Of kings, that from the ſtroke of woe

* Gran ſcuſa a peccar' è gran bellezza. Teſti.

The panoply of gold to ſhade
And ſerried guards could nought avail.

Feebly ſhe ſpoke with fading mien. For Taſte,
Who ſuffers no appeal, had now revealed
The ſhining orb of Truth, that blaſts anon
All falſe and empty with celeſtial light.
Oblivion bore her to her ſilent cell;
And dire ſhrieks roſe from many an echo wild.

# O D E S.

## B O O K I.

# O D E S.

## B O O K I.

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### O D E I.

#### TO THE LYRE.

Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
Infania? Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amoenæ
Quas et aquæ ſubeunt et auræ! HOR.

OH bleſt of heaven, ſweet ſhell, whoſe ſoul
Thy ardors fire, thy charms control!
Him not Ambition's trophied car
Shall thro' the purple plain of war

Betray

Betray to where the giddy ſteep
Of Power o'erhangs the raging deep,
Him not the noiſy bar entice
To fell his fury and his lies.
Nor ſhall a feeble ſhip convey
His treaſures o'er the watry way,
While all his hopes and fears obey
The fickle wind's malignant ſway.
But crowned with peace and moderate pleaſure,
His days ſhall paſs in lettered leiſure;
In turning oft the claſſic page,
Warm with the Muſe's lovely rage;
Where Fancy feigns what Senſe approves,
Where Wiſdom idles with the Loves;
Of genius where the flame divine
Blazes in Truth's irradiate ſhrine.

Oh

Oh bleſt of heaven, ſweet ſhell, whoſe ſoul
Thy ardors fire, thy charms control!
For him o'er Nature's varied frame [a]
Bright Beauty ſpreads her faireſt flame;
With life inſtinct and harmony
The univerſe ſalutes his eye.
To thy enchanting meaſures, lo!
Each mountain bends his awful brow,
The wondering ſtreams no longer ſtray,
Or tune to thine their flowing lay;
A deeper murmur breathes along
The manſions of the warbling throng;
From ſtorms releaſed the placid main
Spreads to the ſun his ſhining reign;

[a] Powers of poetry in general, and the lyric in particular, which delights in the ſtrongeſt painting, to give nature what colours it pleaſes, and to move the paſſions.

Aërial

Aërial muſic fills the ſky,
The gales ſhed roſes as they fly :
Reſponſive to thy breathing ſtrings
The golden harp empyrial rings
That tuned by Order's mighty hand
Controls great Nature's general band :
The Parent from her ſovereign throne,
With rapture hears thy magic tone,
And bids her realm thy living fire
Confeſs in fair ſymphonious choir.

Oh bleſt of heaven, ſweet ſhell, whoſe ſoul
Thy ardors fire, thy charms control !
Thy weeping ſtrain if Sorrow chill,
Deluſive cares the boſom fill ;
The ſighs of grief thy call obey,
The tears of beauty own thy ſway,

As

As to the tale of love's ſweet woe,
In ſilent ſympathy they flow.
If Wit the ſprightly carol play,
The Thoughts, in conſcious freedom gay,
Bright to the laughing eye of day,
Their variable plumes diſplay,
And dancing to the merry lay,
Thro' flowery vales of tranſport ſtray.
When fury fires thy ſacred frame,
All nature feels the thrilling flame;
See at thy voice pale lightnings gleam,
The clouds releaſe their wintry ſtream;
Riding the gloom on whirlwind wing,
Wild ſhrieks the tempeſt's angry king.
While ſanguine ſteams and ſhadows dun
Defraud the ſplendor of the ſun,

And

And burſting rocks with hideous noiſe
Hurtle amid the flaming ſkies,
Redundant o'er the cavern hoar
The fierce volcano's torrents roar,
Confounding in their ruddy flood
The fertile vale and ſolemn wood;
In vain the city's towery pride,
To ſtem the tempeſt of the tide,
Extends a lofty ſtrength of wall—
Theſe ſhrieks of death confeſs its fall;
Deſtruction o'er the ſcenes of joy
Waves his black wings with ſullen cry,
Till thundering o'er the boundleſs ſteep,
The fiery ſtreams invade the deep.
The pilot by the ghaſtly light
Sees boiling waves around him fight,

And

And wheeling ſwift the rapid prore,
With horror flies the fatal ſhore.

The noble deed, the great deſire,
Thy glowing modes, O harp, inſpire,
Then conſecrate to deathleſs fame
The light of each peculiar name.
At thy command the hoſt again
Appear on glory's ample plain,
The virtue of thy potent ſtrain
Gives vital vigor to the ſlain.
Again the battle's fervor glows,
Again the flood of ſlaughter flows,
Again the dogs of Havock mar
The beauteous order of the war,
Till Victory ſoar on eagle plume,
And chaunt the doubtful conflict's doom.

Oh

Oh bleſt of heaven, ſweet ſhell, whoſe ſoul
Thy ardors fire, thy charms control!
Where'er he rolls his ardent eyes
Viſions of fairy ſplendor riſe;
Bright forms that only live in rime
Obedient hear thy rapturous chime.
True fire of gods! each deity[b]
Derives his life and power from thee;
No progeny of chaos fell
But of thy all creating ſpell.

[b] The more ancient perſonification, which reſting on the ſuperſtition then uſed would certainly have fallen with it, had not the want of invention in the immediately ſucceeding poets preſerved it. The perfect abſurdity of it in modern poetry is too apparent to need a diſcuſſion. The attributes of the ſeveral deities here given are chiefly from Homer.

Imperial

Imperial Jove in verſe alone
Expands the thunders of his throne;
In verſe majeſtic Juno moves,
Bleſt with the girdle of the Loves;
In verſe green Neptune own the waves:
In verſe the lord of battle raves:
In verſe the ſmile of Venus glows
The vermil luſtre of the roſe*;
In verſe her lovely eyes diffuſe
Their kindling beams and melting dews;
In verſe the infant of deſire
Aims at the heart his ſhafts of fire:
In verſe grim Pluto's laws maintain
The horrors of the infernal reign:

* To whom the Angel with a ſmile that glowed
Celeſtial roſy red, love's proper hue. MILT.

In verſe the nectared bloſſoms ſhine,
That crown the jovial power of wine:
In verſe Pan rules the woodland gloom:
In verſe the charms of Hebe bloom:
In verſe Minerva's eyes diſplay
The mildneſs of their azure ray:
In verſe ſtern Dian leads her train
Thro' the wild wood and echoing plain:
In verſe the bard ſtill tends the ſhrine
Of bright Apollo and the Nine.
Be gone, ye faded Pageants, fly!
Lo Time reſumes his ancient ſky!
And drives you to the gloomy void,
With Dulneſs ever to reſide:
There, thro' the brooding miſt is ſeen
The Aonian mount's fantaſtic green;

And

And Helicon devolves his flood
Thro' flowery weeds and glittering mud.
But ſee what numerous tribes advance
To fill the Muſe's wide expanſe!
The genuine birth of Nature kind
By Fancy nurtur'd in the mind [c].
Firſt thro' the viſionary region
Grandeur conducts her awful legion.
Beneath her ſtreaming banners glow
The ſtarry wreath of Glory's brow;
Heroic Virtue's myrtled ſword,
The prize of Freedom's rights reſtored;

[c] The modern perſonification, which being perfectly congenial to the mind, was well known to the ancients, tho but ſparingly admitted by them. Some characters of modern perſonification in the ſublime paths of poetry and in the beautiful.

The pomp of War, the blazing car
That Triumph's ſnow-white courſers bear;
There Extacy, prophetic maid,
Her eyes on heaven's high ſplendor ſtayed;
Oh Terror, from the ſtartled gaze
Conceal thy flaming faulchion's blaze!
What ſhape is he in torn array
That rends his locks of hoary grey,
Whoſe plaint that mournful virgin hears,
And pays her tributary tears?
Fair Pity's gems you falling ſpy
To grace the tale of Miſery,

Her blooming band next Beauty leads,
Exulting o'er the fragrant meads;
Where'er ſhe bends her genial view,
The ſky reveals a purple hue;

Variety

Variety precedes, and Mirth,
Spangling with flowers the vernal earth.
Unnumbered Graces tend her path,
Unnumbered Airs of balmy breath :
Delighted Health and warbling Chear,
And Jeſt and Dalliance are there ;
With Modeſty, that maiden meek,
The warm bluſh quivering o'er her cheek ;
Youth leads the fair Deſires along,
And Rapture pours her ſwelling ſong ;
There Dance, to the airy lute of Leiſure
Diſtends, involves her ſportive meaſure ;
There Hope, her brows with roſe-buds bound ;
And Peace with oaten garland crown'd :
While Laughter down the bordering ſtream
With Humour ſteers her gondeley trim *,

* This image is borrowed from Spenſer's deſcription of Mirth. B. II. c. 6.

At each new wile and antic lore
Her ſhouts of tranſport ſhake the ſhore:
Science, that youth of penſive mien,
Peruſes ſlow the velvet green;
Allied with Taſte, his lovely bride,
And Liberty, their daring guide.

Oh bleſt of heaven, ſweet ſhell, whoſe ſoul
Thy ardors fire, thy charms control!
What joys invade his fervent breaſt
By gentleſt frenzy when poſſeſt!
When the celeſtial tranſports bold
Of harmony his thoughts enfold,
Emparadiſe in tuneful ſlumbers,
Or give to flow in vivid numbers!
Lord of my birth! Creative lyre!
Timid I wake thy holy fire:

No

No balmy gales, no vocal ſprings,
Here live to ſooth thy languid ſtrings :
Soon fade the wreaths the Pleaſures bear
To deck the treſſes of the Year;
O'er the young Spring's untimely urn
The Loves and weeping Graces mourn :
Eternal Winter chills the ſtream
Of life, and clouds the extatic dream.
O who will bear me to ſome clime *
That breathes its ſweets in ancient rime !
Where ſofter breezes fan the ſkies
As ſuns of brighter beam ariſe :
Where the glad Hours of Summer build
Their tents in every joyous field ;

* —— O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra ! VIRG.

Then lead their briſk bands to deform
The caſtle of the tyrant Storm,
And captive to their empire bring
In roſeate chains the grizly king.
Lo Fancy hears the hopeleſs prayer!
The winds her flying car prepare!
And now we ſail the wondering air,
And now the blooming ſhores appear,
The native countries of each art
That elevates the brightened heart.
Here Athens reared her awful fanes;
There Thebes governed the watry plains;
Eurotas ſtill his circuit runs,
But bathes no more ſtern Sparta's ſons:
Behold Arcadia's fabled vale,
The theme of each love dittied tale;

Now

Now Deſolation ſpreads her rule
O'er each green mead and grotto cool.
O ye the ſeats that Tempe held *,
Ye ſtreams that deck each lucid field,
Where Aſia's duſky race digeſt
The health and ſpirit of the weſt,
Ye deeps with many a gem emboſt,
How are your ſacred honours loſt!
No longer ye to rapture hear
The Nine † that wont your realms to chear.
Far other notes your gales beſtow!
Far other notes, of want and woe!
The fay with tears reſigns the ſcene,
And backward bends her ſpeedy rein

* Woods that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep, &c. GRAY.

† The nine lyric poets, fragments of whoſe works we have, are Pindar, Alcæus, Sappho, Steſichorus, Ibycus, Anacreon, Bacchylides, Simonides, Aleman.

To where Auſonia's breezes pure
And ſummer vales her ſteps allure;
The hills with bluſhing vines arrayed,
The fragrance of her orange ſhade;
The golden enſigns that adorn
The tuneful march of radiant Morn;
The beril blaze of noontide heaven *,
The crimſon bowers of modeſt Even.
'Here,' Fancy cries, 'I reigned of yore
'What time I fled the Grecian ſhore,
'With joy this fair retreat I found,
'And bleſſed the conſecrated ground.
'The city of my empire here,
'I ſaid, its airy pride ſhall rear;

* Abbé du Bos obſerves of Italy, 'le vague de l'air eſt 'd'un bleu verdatre, et les nuages de l'horizon y ſont d'un 'jaune et d'un rouge très enfoncés.' REFL. T. II. Sect. 18.

'Where

' Where Freedom and my child the Muſe
' Their amiable court ſhall chuſe.
' To her, my darling care, ſhall riſe
' A lofty dome of Doric guiſe,
' Whence to her choſen ſons ſhe may
' Diſpenſe the treaſures of the lay :
' While he from all intruding powers
' Shall vindicate our hallowed towers.
' I ſpoke. Obedient to my call
' Roſe like a flame the cryſtal wall :
' Celeſtial ſhapes on pinions fleet
' Peopled each pearl-paven ſtreet,
' While ſymphonies from harps unſeen
' Warbled along the blue ſerene.
' Far in the midſt the golden hue
' Of Fame's bright temple ſmote the view,

' The keys that oped the portal bleſt
' Impartial Genius poſſeſs'd.
' Here long I held my wide command,
' Till came the Father of the Land,
' A gueſt who oft had graced our ſcene,
' Of eagle eye and princely mien,
' Now down his beard of ſilver die
' The dews of grief were ſeen to hie.
' Fly hence, he cries, Oh empreſs fly !
' The rivals of your throne are nigh,
' Of Tyranny the ſavage train
' And Superſtition ſeek your reign ;
' This province of their rule they wait;
' In vain ye ſtem the tide of Fate !
' Freedom undaunted heard the ſtrain,
' And ſoaring ſought the Britiſh plain,

' By

' By firm decree of ruling Heaven
' To his perpetual ſcepter given.
' With ſpeed I traced his daring flight,
' Forgetful of our chief delight,
' The Muſe, amid dark peril left,
' Of all our parent aids bereft.
' Soon I deſcribed my former way
' Intent to find the lonely fay :
' What wonder filled my eager breaſt
' In weeds when I beheld her dreſt,
' Hid in a veil her front of ſnow,
' And muttering o'er the beaded row !
' With ſighs I ſaid, alas, my child,
' Give to the wind theſe garments wild ;
' From Superſtition's chains ariſe,
' And mingle with thy native ſkies.

' Parent,

' Parent, the nun demure replied,
' Repentant of my ancient pride,
' And licenſe, here I mean to ſtay
' Till Fate allot a better day.
' I ſtrove in vain to chaſe the gloom,
' Yet laſt reſolved to ſhare her doom.
' New haunts our plodding ſteps decoy,
' Far from the buſy ſcenes of joy;
' The convent where the pining maid
' To the cold moon oriſons paid,
' Defrauded of each ſocial tie,
' The weeping ſpouſe of Miſery.
' The dim cathedral's holy calm,
' Where organs ſwell the ſolemn pſalm,
' As on the walls with ruddy gleam
' The ſun exalts his ſetting ſtream.

' The

' The hermitage embosomed deep
' Amid the pine benighted steep,
' Where falling floods with hideous shock
' To horror wake each listening rock,
' Till far immerst with feeble wail
' They wander thro' the dreary vale.
' Science at length disclosed her spring,
' And pruned anew our drooping wing,
' Again we fanned the buxom air,
' Chaunting our native carols clear.
' Awhile the woods of Provence wild,
' And sunny fields our paths beguiled,
' To prompt the hero's fire our care,
' Or paint the graces of the fair;
' Awhile the balmy bowers that hide
' The warbled maze of Arno's tide:

' Ere

'Ere Britain's breezy lawns we trode;
'Britain our laſt and beſt abode.'

Queen of the lyre! by every grace
That gave to fame thy Attic race,
By all the flowers thy foſtering gales
Reared to the ſun in Latian vales,
By all the viſions that extolled
The fiery minds of Albion old,
Yet deign to hear a Britiſh ſtrain!
Yet deign to bleſs a Britiſh ſwain!
The fount of melody to lead
Now thro' the gay enameled mead,
Where ſmiling Beauty loves to lave
Her charms amid the orient wave,
Impart; now by the lonely cell,
Where Solitude and Science dwell;

Now

Now o'er the heights of Grandeur rude
To pour the long reſounding flood;
Now by the city's peopled way
The liquid mirror to convey,
Reflecting in its pure receſs
Each ſcene of Art and Happineſs.
Ye few, whoſe burning ſoul of ſong
Exempts you from the modern throng;
Ye few that tune to bliſs the lyre,
Receive me to your ſacred choir!
Be far, ye diſſonant profane!
Ye ſullen progeny of Gain,
Of Luxury ye offspring vile,
Who ſcorn the Muſe's lovely toil.
Shall every grace the ſeeing find
Be folly held, for ye are blind?

Tho' Ignorance breathe her iron cloud
The Muſe's blaze from you to ſhroud,
Yet pours ſhe on the favour'd ſight
The golden ſtream of life and light;
To Nature lends her radiant ray,
And opes her worlds of purer day,
To bleſs the man, ſweet ſhell, whoſe ſoul
Thy ardors fire, thy charms control.

ODE

## ODE II.

### TO PEACE.

FROM thy celeſtial bower,
Beyond the ſtarry ſphere,
Where Love and Beauty ſhare with thee their ſway,
Deſcend, thou happy Power,
Deſcend with ſpeed, and ſteer
To ſeagirt Albion thy willing way.
Here thy ſhrine elect,
With all the ſpoils of Art and blooming Nature deck'd.

But far be from thy train
The brood of evil Fate,
That oft around thy holy throne appear.
To deal her golden bane
Let not Corruption wait;
Nor Freedom's enſign raving Riot rear:
Let not Power conſtrain
The wandering tides of wealth to Luxury's proud
fane.

Clad in patriot ſteel
May Fortitude be ſeen;
And Honour wide his radiant blazon ſpread:
May Liberty reveal
His cool undaunted mien;
While Agriculture tends the genial mead:
And thy empire o'er
Commerce and rich Plenty blend their liberal ſtore.

# ODE III.

## THE LANDSCAPE.

Ὡς ἡμέρα κλίνει τε κἀναγει πάλιν
Ἅπαντα τ' ἀνθρώπεια. SOPHOC.

FROM off his gay embroidered bed
The Majesty of Day,
Rearing aloft his golden head,
Ensued his radiant way.
As on he drove his flaming wain,
Young Smiles and Pleasures grac'd his train,
While, drizzling balmy dew,
The clouds along the sapphire plain
In wandering fleeces flew.

The hoary turret's ivy'd cell
The gueſt of June * reſign'd,
Mazing along the ſunny dell
Her fleeting prey to find;
Skimming the lake with jetty wing,
Spangled with many a lucid ring
Amid the watery ſky,
As oft its ſportive race would ſpring
To ſnatch the falling fly.

The love-lorn linnet left the ſpray
To ſip the dewey flower,
But feeling ſoon the fervid ray,
Regain'd her boſky bower.

* This gueſt of Summer,
The temple-haunting martlet——SH. Macbeth.

O'er

O'er every mountain, grove, and mead
Summer's luxuriant hand had ſpread
Her richeſt, gayeſt pride;
Each happy ſtream in cadence led
His muſic-murmuring tide.

When lo! dim ſhades the weſt gan rove
With ſable march and ſtill;
Dark grows the mead, and dark the grove,
And dark the frowning hill.
Where'er the wanton Breezes bright
On muſky pinion flutter'd light,
Now ſteers his grizzly form,
By Ruin trac'd and wild Affright,
The Anarch of the ſtorm.

In ſweepy ſhowers the clouds deſcend;
Sore ſighs the afflicted air,
As thro' the night red thunders rend,
And ſheety lightnings glare.
With fires embattled blaſts engage;
The kingly tower, whoſe awful age
Governed the ſubject plain,
Now vanquiſhed by their ruthleſs rage,
Deforms his dreary reign.

O why withſtand the waſte of Time,
Why ſcorn his ſovereign ſway?
To ſink beneath the ruder clime,
The ruin of a day!
Ye drooping flowers, why did ye bloom?
Ye hills, ye groves, O why aſſume

Your

Your verdant royalty?
Ye meads, why breathed ye fragrant fume
Before a blaſt to fly!

Yet ceaſe, the vain complaint refrain,
See ſmiling Noon relume
With purple glance the painted plain,
And gild the mountain's gloom.
Such is the day man's line enjoy.
Oft ſilent Sorrows them decoy
Fair Pleaſure's veil below;
And oft a ſweetly tranquil Joy
Aſſumes the guiſe of Woe.

The ſun that ſets in gold arrayed
May ſpring in gloom forlorn;

The ſun whoſe fires in tempeſt fade
With ſmiles may wake the morn.
'Tis heaven's to read the fated ſky;
'Tis ours the preſent good to ply,
Nor dread the approaching ſhower:
Since Pleaſures while they frolic fly,
Ah ſeize the ſunſhine hour!

## ODE IV.

### THE BIRTH OF JEALOUSY.

'TWAS noon. The ſummer air
A ſultry ſilence held;
The bees inceſſant care
Alone enjoyed the field:
When Love, then late to mortals given,
(The richer boon of bounteous Heaven)
Faint to endure the fervor of the day,
To a cool wood purſued her lonely way.

Above, beneath, around,
One cooling freſhneſs breathed;
The birds with liquid ſound
Their varied notes bequeathed:

The

The flowers that ſparkled thro' the gloom
Exhaled their ſouls in balmy fume:
Yet oft when Night her ſable enſign reared,
Quaint ſhapes were ſeen, and ſhrieks of horror
heard.

The tyrant ſlave for Fear
There choſen had his home;
Fenced with attendance drear
Aroſe the ſavage dome;
With Sorrow wan, and coward Shame,
And fell Suſpicion's hated name:
So wide his power that Fancy knew him lord,
And Reaſon ſtern his feeble will adored.

Beſide a cryſtal wave
That murmured thro' the glade,

Intent

Intent her limbs to lave,
Reclined the heedleſs maid.
The golden errors of her hair
Releaſed ſhe to the ſportive air;
And ſoon confeſt in all her charms ſhe ſtood
Amid the wanton eddies of the flood

Till ſatiate of the ſtream
She left the ſoothing joy,
All on the velvet brim
In naked ſtate to lie.
Her ſolitary ſenſe around
The gales diffuſed their ſighing ſound;
And o'er her lovely eyes ſoft ſlumbers threw
The melting ſolace of their honeyed dew.

As he the ſpicy ſhade
Of Ceylon's groves among,
In happy ſleep who laid
Some lilied bank along,
Awaked by ſudden outcry dire
Beholds a tyger's eyes of fire:
So ſeemed the goddeſs when ſhe reared her view,
And in her arms wild Fear the traitor knew.

The fruit of his embrace
The flying days defined
Lord of the faded face,
Mad port, and ſtormy mind.
The glowing bloſſoms of deſire
'Tis his to taint with fatal ire;

And from his mother's nectared cup of weal
The deadly draught of miſery to deal.

Oh far be from my ſoul
Thou author of deſpight!
Ne'er may thy poiſoned bowl
The feaſt of rapture blight.
Be mine, far from thy frantic ſtrife,
To tread the ſunny paths of life:
The valued roſe of happineſs to find,
But leave the bitter thorn of woe behind.

## ODE V.

### TO TIME.

O THOU, whoſe reign
Controls the general frame;
The powers of art, the feats of praiſe;
Nay, the diviner movements of the mind,
The ſigh of hopeleſs love, and ſorrow's ſacred tear.

In pity deign
My fierceſt pangs to tame;
The phantoms of deſpair to chace,
And in Oblivion's priſon dim to bind;
While joys by reaſon taught my fainting ſpirit
cheer.

Yet

Yet to remain
Permit the pleasing dream,
Vain image of my happier case!
Yet to remain permit the woe refined,
That lost delights appeal and sad remembrance dear.

## ODE VI.

### THE PROPHECY OF TWEED.

WHAT time the ſpeed of terror bore
High Edward from the Scotian ſhore,
And Bruce's fatal ſword;
How fallen from his proud deſire!
How taught that power and regal tire
No ſhield from Fate afford!
Convened in ſolemn ſtate
Each antient River met,
Whoſe hallowed waters grace the victor land,
To gratulate the Tweed
From fear of bondage freed.
He in his cell received the welcome band:

Gems

Gems of each ray around his throne,
Rich ores, and painted ſhells, in rural luſtre ſhone.

His hand a paſtoral reed poſſeſſed;
His hoary beard adown his breaſt
In ſilver mazes flowed:
His brows a ſpangled fillet bound
Of flowrets from the verdant mound
That holds his fair abode.
There kingly Forth was ſeen,
His robe of wavy green
With gold embroidered glittered in the gale:
There Tay's majeſtic pride;
Stern Dee and gentle Clyde;
There the generous lord of Teviot's fertile vale;
The ruler wild of Devon's ſtream,
And every brother flood of leſs reſounded fame.

When rising from his lofty ſeat
Their hoſt diſplayed his front elate,
And thus awaked their joy :
' Attend what our indulgent ſire,
' Old Ocean, with prophetic fire,
' Late gave me to deſcry.
' Short ſpace the crime of War
' No more our realm ſhall mar,
' No more ſhall blood our cryſtal eddies ſtain :
' No more the ghaſtly gleam
' Of town or caſtle's flame :
' No more our echoes ſhrieks of woe detain.
' The ſhepherd's happy ſtrain alone
' Or maiden's lovelorn plaint our willing ear ſhall
' own.

' Tho

' Tho long the night, tho rough the main,
' The ſhip a happy port ſhall gain,
' The golden morn ariſe.
' The cloud with thunder fraught that ſeems
' And baleful lightning's waſting beams
' The ſtores of ſpring ſupplies.
' Our bowery ſhades among
' Shall Peace her hymn prolong,
' As with chearful care ſhe guides the woolly breed:
' Or tend the genial grain
' That gilds each fruitful plain:
' Or thro' the garden our gay fountains lead;
' Where by their winding mirror clear
' Proud domes of Attic art their ſolemn ſtate ſhall
' rear.

' For on my verdant banks ſhall ſtand
' The Guardian of each rival land,
' And former deeds diſprove;
' To Liberty a ſhrine ſhall riſe,
' Where both their ire ſhall ſacrifice,
' And vow perpetual love.
' Hail, Britain! hail. Thy reign
' No limits ſhall reſtrain.
' Thro' towers of thine ſhall wondering Ganges roll;
' His elephant and ore
' Shall heap thy wealthier ſhore.
' Climes yet unknown thy ſovereign arms control.
' Hail, mighty Britain! hail. Thy reign
' While Ocean ſhall aſſert, no limits ſhall reſtrain.

# ODE VII.

## ON LIFE.

From SADI*.

NOT ever thro' the Arabian ſhade,
Or laughing field, will life's gale fly;
Full oft the deſert hears it ſigh,

* Roſarium. Amſt. 1688. The paſſages here imitated are,

Vitæ ſpatium perinde ut deſerti ventus tranſit:
Amarum, dulce, turpe, pulcrumque præterit. p. 67.
Aſtrum felicitatis. p. 49.
Auſpicia ſi rebus tuis ſtatim non annuerint ne ſis ſolicitus, animumque curis turbato:
Ipſe enim vitæ fons in denſiſſimis eſt tenebris.
O tu miſeriæ frater nequaquam triſtator;
Deus enim miſericors beneficia plurima recondita habet.
Ne iniquitate temporum inceſtus ſedeas: Patientia enim,
Amara quamvis ſit, fructus tamen dulces edit. ib.

Full oft it roams the raging main.
Not ever in freſh ore arrayed
Will Pleaſure's brilliant ſtar appear;
Full oft is loſt its fair career
Amid the cloudy hurricane.

Tho triumph may not ever crown
Thy wiſhes, let not ſorrow chill
Thy heart, or fret thy ſober will.
From Care what eaſe can we receive?
The ſpring of life is ſeen by none,
In fate's ſurrounding gloom concealed;
If pure or ſtained is not revealed,
We but deſcry the paſſing wave.

Brother of miſery be not ſad;
Drive far Affliction's vulture brood.

To bear the ill and hope the good
Is all the race of man attain.
In Fortune's ſcorn dare to be glad:
Time may rich ſtores of joy beſtow.
Tho bitter be the root of woe,
Yet from it ſweeteſt fruits we gain.

ODE

# ODE VIII.

## THE CRADLE OF SHAKSPERE.

Νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ἦν ὀλίγος περ ἐὼν κλυτὰ μήδεα εἴδας.

HOM. Hymn. ad Mercur.

CHILD of wonder! Child of wonder *!
Monarch of the feeling heart!
Wielder wild of Terror's thunder,
Pleasure's flame, and Pity's dart!
When thou wert born the queen of night
In silence lent her lovely light;
While every minim of the green
To share thy smiles forsook her sheen,

* Abenamar! Abenamar!
Moro de la Moreria!
El dia que tu naciste
Grandes senales avia. Guer. Civil. de Granada.

Forsook

Forſook the grove, forſook the glade,
To find the cot where thou wert laid :
There dancing o'er the hallowed hearth,
Each bleſſed by turns thy ſacred birth.
' Lo,' Ariel cried, ' a tender tale *
' Coned from a dying nightingale,
' The melting bliſs of ſadneſs bearing,
' Save I for thy infant hearing;
' The ſigh of love, the plaint of care,
' The piercing accents of deſpair.
' I will guide thy ſtep ere long
' Where the red-breaſt liſps her ſong
' To Pity's ear : and when the blaſt
' Deſolates the howling waſte,

* Shakſpere's power over the ſad or tragic paſſions.

' We

' We will ſeek the rocky cell
' Where giant Horror loves to dwell,
' Liſtening to the diſmal roar
' Of waves that daſh the ſavage ſhore,
' Or ſhrieks of death that float afar
' From the ſanguine plain of war,
' Where Slaughter ſpurs in furious mood
' His ſable ſteed, beſmeared with blood,
' Thro' files that ſtrive, thro' files that fly
' With wings of dread, or daring die;
' Till from his loud trump Rage ſupply
The lofty peal of victory,
' And Fear, aſtoniſhed at the ſound,
' Hurries from the horrid bound,
' Her haggard glance reverting ſtill
' As Danger rears his outcry ſhrill.

' Then

' Then thro' the bleak air will we ſally
' To where amid ſome murky valley,
' White with bones of mortals ſlain
' By pining grief or racking pain,
' The weird ſiſters weave the ſpell
' That thrills the latent powers of hell,
' Who riſing from the molten mound,
' With ſullen darkneſs circled round,
' Pervert the iron laws of fate
' To fill the beldams deadly hate.
' Yet tho fell Envy ſhould call forth
' Her blacker brood that prey on worth,
' And Cenſure point with leering eye
' The path that leads to infamy,
' Their clouds unbleſt ſhall ſwell in vain
' To check the luſtre of thy reign,

' Maintained

' Maintained by every victor art
' That chills the ſoul, or charms the heart.
' Such powers I give. Succeſſive days
' Shall add new verdure to the bays
' That from malevolent dews ſhall ſhade
' The ſacred honours of thy head.
' While Nature holds her league with Time,
' Thro' every period, every clime,
' Never ſhalt thou and Glory ſunder,
' Child of wonder! Child of wonder!
' Behold,' ſaid Florimel, ' I bring*
' Each flower that gratulates the Spring,
' All on the verdant banks that beam
' Of lonely Avon's azure ſtream,

* His comic force.

' With

'With roſes from the Peſtan ſhore *
'Wrapt in a veil that Beauty wore.
'Joys that carol, Sports that ſtray
'O'er laughing Pleaſure's primroſe way,
'Attend, attend my votive lay,
'Here to your bard due homage pay—
'Avaunt, avaunt!' in ſullen tone
Roſe the dread voice of Oberon,
'With brighter tints thy morn I varniſh †,
'Prouder ſpoils thy cradle garniſh.
'Let others, borne on leaden plume,
'Sail thro' Oblivion's ſilent gloom,

* Alluſion to his comedies, the ſcene of which lies in Italy, the Merchant of Venice, &c. As his home comedies are hinted at in the two foregoing lines.

† His wonderful invention, which being the moſt excellent prerogative of a poet, is here mentioned as Shakſpere's chief title to fame.

'Or

‘ Or haply catching Fortune’s gale,
‘ The golden dawn of Fame assail;
‘ ’Tis thine along the desert sky *
‘ On lightning’s wing of fire to fly;
‘ From Fancy’s store give Nature laws,
‘ While raptured nations weep applause:
“ Child of wonder! Child of wonder!
“ Monarch of the feeling heart!
“ Wielder wild of Terror’s thunder,
“ Pleasure’s flame, and Pity’s dart!”

* Ἐρήμας δὲ αἰθέρος. PIND. Ol. I.

ODE

## ODE IX.

### TO A LADY.

DAUGHTER of Beauty, can the rose
That animates thy wanton smile,
The rapturous fire thy eyes disclose,
Thy form that mocks the painter's toil,
The Graces all that round thee glide,
Restore that fairest grace, a spotless name,
The loveliest rose of virgin shame,
The calm desire, and virtue's decent pride?

## ODE X.

### L'OZIOSO.

BEGONE, away!
Ye ſerpent brood of gloomy Care,
No longer bar the path to Pleaſure's bower.
Begone, away!
To Avarice's caſtle bare,
Or the more gaudy domes of Pride and Power.

As on this bank diffuſed I lie,
While Summer deals her ſtores around,
My tiny harp, depending nigh,
Chaunts to the gale's amuſive ſound
Unbidden airs that bathe my breaſt,

O Indo-

O Indolence! in thy ſweet dream.
With joy I urge the pleaſing theme
In thy enchanting influence bleſt:
With love thy deareſt gifts reveal.
They beſt can paint who beſt can feel.

Parent of every virtue, hail!
Nor ſmile that I this title owe,
For from thy ſilent fountain flow
All ſtreams that deck this deſert vale.
The hero's toil, the patriot's care,
And all the race of Labour fair,
Where tend they, ſave beneath thy ſway
The evening of a boiſterous day
To render to their weary lord?
Bleſt to thy peaceful port to ſail,

And make his former woes a tale,
To pleaſure and to thee reſtored.

And happy did thy wide command
Yet wider territories own;
That every wretch whoſe reſtleſs hand
Spreads ruin thro' a blooming land
To gain a halter or a crown,
From Induſtry's emotions free,
Had been with Sleep or been with thee!

Still where the bleſſed Muſe is ſeen
Thy careleſs ſtep will not be far,
For with thee ſhe delights to play:
With thee ſhe leaves the tainted reign
Of proud Ambition's evil ſtar,

And

And Wealth's tumultuary fray.
She leaves their ſad ſociety,
Where all the flowers Variety
In Pleaſure's garden can diſcloſe
Are blaſted by Satiety :
And Languor and Anxiety,
Tho banded guards in vain oppoſe,
Their melancholy progreſs ſteal
To where the potent calls on Reſt,
And in his downy couch conceal
Their thorns that rend the feeble breaſt.

With thee my viſionary Hours
Now trace the conſecrated grove
Of Science ; now at random rove
Along the Muſe's bliſsful vale,

With care they crop the Attic flowers,
And in a vaſe of Britiſh frame
Preſent them to the ſhrine of Fame.
Even her, the Muſe, I ſecond call
To thee, Oh empreſs! tho inclined
By her dear aid the mines to find
Of mighty Nature's unſun'd gold,
And ſtamp with Art's creating mold;
Yet to thy will obedient I
From the delightful labour fly,
The Muſe's joy, the Muſe's care,
But ſerve thy ſlumbers to endear.

When bounteous Summer's golden key
Unlocks the treaſures of the year,
Then, queen of pleaſures, led by thee,

Me let my mufing footfteps bear
Thro' all the fcenes of nature free,
The wild, the grand, the foft, the fair.
Now to the verdant champain, where
Some ancient mount his royalty
Exalts above the fubject lee,
While clad in folar fplendor clear
The variegated fcenes appear.
To port along the azure fea,
Their fwelling pride gay galleys fteer,
Where glittering towers their glory rear,
To guard whofe hoary majefty
The mazes of a river err.
Low in the fullen heath afar
A filver lake's bright purity
Reflects the fapphire canopy;

And diſtant muſic charms the ear,
Sent from the woodland minſtrelſy.

Then to the villa's rural mound,
Where Nature reigns by Splendor crowned;
The florid garden's balmy ſcene,
Amid whoſe ſhady alleys green
The tread of Science oft is ſeen,
When Eve, that lovely nun ſerene,
Forſakes her weſtern cell to ſhower
Freſh dews o'er every ſleeping flower;
And to her ſtar's reſplendent ray
The thruſh devotes her farewel lay.

But when arrayed in ſplendor wan,
Wild Winter holds his ſavage ſway,

Add

Add fuel to the fading fire,
Nor heed the ſtorm's deſtructive ire,
While Indolence illumes the day,
And laughs at Sorrow's evil train.
Bring every ſage of uſeful lore,
Bring every bard of magic power
With living numbers to control
Each movement of the raptured ſoul.
Bring mighty Oſſian, Homer old,
The treaſures of the Latian pair,
The awful ſtrain of Milton bold,
And Taſſo's wanton carol fair,
Whoſe crown ſhall equal Spenſer ſhare.
Bring father Shakſpere's native lay,
And ſly Fontaine, and Moliere gay,
Nor leave the lord of lyric fame,

Grave Pindar, nor the Teian ſon,
Nor what the page of Sappho lone
Yet breathes of love's deluſive flame.

Be here the bards of lateſt days,
Like planets who by borrowed rays
Shine thro' the Muſe's preſent night
With feeble, yet with lovely light.
The claſſic page of moral Gray,
The portrait of the varied year,
And, Indolence, thy caſtle dear,
The vein of Akenſide diſplay,
And his who decked the parrot's bier *.
The tender ſcene of Hume be nigh,
To wake the ſympathetic ſigh;

* Greſſet.

Of

Of Maffei, and the Roman fire *,
Heir of the Attic art and fire.
The chofen band let Fielding join,
That minftrel fweet of fkill divine,
Each generous feeling to impart,
And ope the fountains of the heart.
And here the rival of his throne
Be Smollet, Humour's genuine fon.

But why the countlefs ftores relate
That Science to her votary lends?
Even the vain pageants of her ftate
With joy keen Ridicule attends.
Philofophers in Folly's tire,
Who ftudy much to be unwife,

* Metaftafio.

And

And bards who from their opiate lyre
Deal ſlumbers to the hearers eyes.
O times! when oft the torpid ſtrain
The ghaſtly ſhades of Nonſenſe ſtain,
While thro' the gloom falſe beauties tread,
Like glow-worms thro' the midnight mead.
The genuine births of art how rare!
And in their ſtead what ſhapes appear!
Gay Tragedies in Grecian pall,
Scenes that ſleep, and ſongs that brawl:
Sad Comedies, that teach to weep,
With wit ſo thin and plot ſo deep:
While Elegy, with pulpit nod,
Starts up a ſable man of God,
And Ode, his ſullen clerk below,
Hums the rueful ditty ſlow;

With

With tinſel prankt his tattered ſuit,
And flowrets innocent of fruit.

* * * * * * * *

What joys are thine, queen of my ſong!
The voice of Muſic, Painting's hand—
All arts confeſs thy ſoft command;
Their treaſures all to thee belong.
O ever let me live with thee,
From care and toil and ſorrow free;
And when the Muſe partakes the day,
Brief be the magic of her ſway.
Ah far remove the hated praiſe
Of many folio-volumed lays:
Be mine to build the ſlender RIME,
That haply down the ſtream of time
With tuneful oar and ſpangled ſail
May move to Fame's indulgent gale.

Yet, yet, dread Power, O, ere confeſt
Thy influence now invades my breaſt,
Yet hear me. Ah in vain * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

ODE

## ODE XI.

Written on a blank Leaf before the

BASIA OF SECUNDUS.

ARMED with his lute thro' Paphian groves,
Whoſe echoes the ſweet airs delay,
By the blyth Graces led and Loves,
Behold the wanton poet ſtray.
How potent to awake deſire!
How worthy of the ancient choir!
How tuneful, how polite his lay!

Beware, beware, who'er thou art
That would'ſt attend his flowery way:
Beware, beware, if e'er thy heart

Confeſſed

Confeſſed the harm of Beauty's ſway.
So warm his raptures melt the mind,
New flames in every verſe we find,
Neæra in each nymph eſſay.

ODE

## ODE XII.

### TO AN ANTIQUARY.

RYGHT lernit Clerk, ſtyl mought thy reverend lore
To Fame's quaint houſe conducken thee aright;
Ne fire ne worme invade thy Gothique ſtore,
Ne gleim of genie thy loved darkneſs light.
Mought ſons of future daies in pleſaunt ſtorie
Thy high attempts relate and ceaſeleſs glorie.

Styl in the pege of Skelton mought thou find
New charms ariſing fro the ſmuttie tale:
Styl in the pege of Sidney wit refined
Of ſenſe's weight and fancy's fair avail:

With tranſport Drayton's wars and Albion ſcan,
But ſcorn his deft epiſtles lovelie plan.

Mought Jonſon's fillie ſcene thy ſearch invite,
To ſtamp his beauties with the critic note *;
Mought Dryden's fillier ſcene thy praiſe incite,
But be the Ode of heavenly flame forgot.
And when thy Muſe, grave Nonſenſe, wakes thy lay,
Mought Dulneſs round his uncouth capers play.

But never, never let a hapleſs line
Of holy Shakſpere meet thy rugged fyle;
For far, O far from every thought of thine
The treaſures ly of his celeſtial ſtyle.

* See Warburton's Shakſpere; where the reader of taſte will be ſurprized to find his moſt glaring faults marked as beauties.

Thou

Thou meteor, canſt thou gild the day's bright flood?
Down to the duſt! for thou art but of mud.

And to convince thee that not vain my ſong,
Behold even mitred Dulneſs try and fall.
How Taſte did tremble as he marched along,
By Raſhneſs led, and dreſt in Folly's pall!
Styl praiſing faults, and ſtyl to beauties blind,
Becauſe thoſe equal, theſe ſurpaſs his mind.

Ne let ſweet Spenſer move thy ruthleſs power:
His feaſts of fancy are no feaſts for thee.
Ne awful Milton fro his bliſsful bower
Frown thy deteſted arrogance to ſee.
Ah ſpare them! Spare thyſelf! I thee entreat:
Soar not like Icarus to find thy fate.

Did not that man of every darkſome ſpell,
Stupendous Bentley, waſte his work and oil
Each blemiſh of his mighty ſtrain to tell,
While proud Deriſion leered a ſcornful ſmile?
But Genius wept, wept every angry Muſe,
To ſee baſe Learning their chief care abuſe.

Then be thou warned. Thy little ſoul confine
Within the narrow bounds that Nature gave.
The frog that weened to match the lofty kine
No other meed than ſhame and death could have.
To few, how few! the poet's ſkill is given;
To few, how few! his ſkill right to conceiven.

## ODE XIII.

### TO A LADY.

THOU whoſe amiable frame
Still enchants my wondering view,
And ſtill revives the wanton flame
With beauties ever new;
O, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By all our joys, the ſtrain I ſing,
If to thy breaſt delight be dear,
Receive with an obedient ear.

Mark, my fair, yon laughing flower *,
Lady of the fragrant vale,

* Theſe ſentiments are moſtly from Taſſo, Gier. c. xvi. afterwards imitated by Spenſer in his Fairy Queen, as well as the exquiſite beauty of the original would admit.

That dances to the warbling gale,
And wooes the ſummer ſhower:
The airs of Morn around her play,
And educate each blooming grace,
As to the ſun's enamoured ray
She rears aloft her lovely face.

But when Noon with ſultry beam
Dares her ſovereign pride invade,
Deprived of health's enlivening ſtream,
She droops the ſickly head:
She droops the ſickly head till Eve
Her laſt expiring ſigh receive,
And Night with ſullen duty cold
Conceal her tranſitory mold.

Gather

Gather then the buds of joy
Ere at life's full noon they fade,
Ere chilled by Death's deſtroying ſhade,
Their balmy treaſures fly.
At Spring's glad call the flowers ariſe,
And hold their happy hour anew;
But we, when our brief ſeaſon dies,
No more the realms of light ſhall view.

# O D E S.

## B O O K II.

# O D E S.

## BOOK II.

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### ODE I.

### TO AUTUMN.

AS by this ample field I ſtray,
That glitters with thy golden ſtore,
While from his throne the king of day
Exerts his full meridian power,

If

If ever from thy ſacred bower
The Muſe thy preſence may implore,
Attend, O Autumn, to the ſtrain
That paints the honours of thy reign.

She comes! She comes! Behold the maid
With wheaten crown and ſaffron veſture
Adorned, but more with matron geſture,
And charms that need not Art's vain aid.
All hail, thou queen of plenty, hail!
Thine are the treaſures of the vale
That life and health to all afford,
Beſt bounties of the ſocial board:
Thine is the orchard's bluſhing hoard,
With balm and various nectar ſtored.
Thine is the morn ſo freſh and gay,

That

That from her opal tower diſplays
Her crimſon banner's wavy blaze,
While from the weſt the moon's wan ray
Lends all the dewy landſcape bright
A double ſhade, a double light,
Here gilded with the matin beam,
There with the meek moon's ſilver gleam.
Thine when o'er every duſky mead,
The grey Miſt ſpreads her ſilent ſway,
That opening to the gold of day
The trees their pearly ſpangles ſhed,
And ſmiling, thro' the twilight ſcene
Reveal their robes of glittering green.

When Noon in thy full ſplendor clad,
As now, roams o'er each mountain head,

No

No fever burns the vital air,
But thro' the ſprightly azure clear
Each Gale of vivid vigor ſtrays,
And ſports amid the tempered rays.
O hour when Milton, ſage of ſong,
Immerſt in bliſs of lofty thought,
Would wander thy ſhorn fields along,
Then turn with ſacred treaſures fraught!
Say, heavenly Muſe, (for thou waſt there)
What ſeraph forms his ſoul did chear,
His darkling ſteps by thee when led,
Penſive amid the noon day glade
He heard celeſtial muſic breathe
' Above, about, or underneath,
' Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
' Or the unſeen genius of the wood?'

Thine

Thine is the Eve ſo blyth and chill,
When from each wood and boſky hill
The birds their farewel anthems pour,
To greet the day's ſepulchral hour.
Like airs each tuneful breaſt inſpire
That meditates the penſive ſcene,
And cites the ardors of the lyre
That raiſe the mind on wings of fire;
Or tunes to ſofter charms ſerene,
How vain our fleeting ſtate that ſhow,
How vain all Fortune can beſtow,
How vain our bliſs, how vain our woe.

When thy mild Morn and chearful Noon,
Sweet Seaſon, hold their radiant throne,

Be mine the breezy ocean ſhore,
Or ſunny field, or mountain high
Of wideſt view, of cleareſt ſky,
Thy varied riches to explore.

When gleaming through a vermil cloud
The twilight ſtar reveals his beam,
Be mine the walk with trees embowed,
The lonely heath, the plaintive ſtream:
Till ſhining from her ſouthern bower
Thy mild moon ſhow her yellow light;
Till ſhades of deepeſt darkneſs lour,
And all thy empire yield to night.

## ODE II.

### ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

O Hills! O dales! O chearful fields!
Where Pleasure roams at large,
Now o'er your heights, now thro' your wilds,
Now by your mossy marge,
No longer shall I see her laid
Your banks along;
No longer meet her in the glade;
No longer wooe the willing maid
With rural pipe or song.

Ah might ye as ye cite the lay
An equal vein inspire,

Your varied graces ſhould portray
The offspring of the lyre:
With Nature's genuine wealth o'ergrown,
From gaudy ſplendor free;
Tho here and there a flower beſtrown;
While Fancy's ray with gold ſhould crown
The ſtream of harmony.

To recompenſe the joys recluſe,
That in your reign ſhe found,
In Fame's fair ſhrine the grateful Muſe
Should paint your claſſic ground.
Your rills ſhould thro' the mimic plain
Deſporting ſtray;
Your ſongſters warble in the ſtrain;
Your groves their vernal pomp maintain
Where Winter bears no ſway.

Still

Still echo to my penſive ear
The breezes of the dawn,
That wont new life and bliſs to bear
Along your dewy lawn;
Where roſy Health delights to dwell,
And wooe the weſtern Gale,
That ſcatters o'er her ruſtic cell,
With liberal wing, each balmy ſmell
That ſcents the heathy vale.

Sweet Goddeſs, thee my languid ſoul,
On riſing pinions borne,
Shall with the warbling lark extol
At early breath of Morn.
When Noon from his meridian tower

Extends his ray,
My ſteps ſhall ſeek thy pleaſing power,
Where by ſome green enwoven bower
The cooling waters play.

Nor when the parting ſigh of Eve
Pants o'er the twilight mead,
Shall thy enamoured votary leave
Thy ample paths to tread.
Without thee what is life? A dream
In ſloth immerſt and pain.
At thy command, Oh queen ſupreme!
Youth opes her pure ambroſial ſtream,
And tunes the frame again.

Round

Round thee the laughing Pleaſures ſtill
Their purple plumes diſplay,
And from their nectared urns diſtil
The blooming ſweets of May.
Stout Vigour, dimpled Smiles, and Play,
That antic boy,
Still trace thy flowery ſprinkled way,
With Beauty, Wit, and Fancy gay,
And Love, and Peace, and Joy.

Ah happy, did he know his ſtate,
He who of thee poſſeſt,
Enjoys the riches ſafe from Fate,
The riches of the breaſt.
Him not the coſtly halls of Pride,

In pageant ſplendor dreſt,
Shall win with Languor to reſide:
The great while gilded manſions hide,
The cot oft ſhields the bleſt.

But where, beſide a ſunny hill
That ſtems the Eaſtern wrath,
The mazes of ſome nameleſs rill
Purſue their lonely path,
Concealed amid the winding glade
From vulgar eyes,
Where groves in ſable gloom arrayed
Their venerable refuge ſpread,
His lowly ſhed ſhall riſe.

Far

Far from the plodding arts of Care;
Far from the city's coil,
Where Buſineſs plants his mazy ſnare,
And Strife contends with Guile.
From Superſtition's bigot ire;
And Pomp's tyrannic frown;
From Avarice's low deſire;
And Luxury's ſeducing fire;
And Faſhion's fickle throne.

There meek Content has reared her fane,
And there the gladſome Hours
O'er life's contracted ſpan amain
Diffuſe their ſweeteſt flowers.
Felicity's celeſtial light

Illumes the day ;
While o'er the quiet of the night
Elyſian dreams and ſlumbers bright
Divide their golden ſway.

There erſt the bluſh of Innocence,
And young Simplicity,
Maintained their happy reſidence
With Love and Courteſy.
Stern Juſtice leagued with radiant Truth
Informed the willing throng :
And there the infant Muſe to ſooth
The plaint of Age, and toil of Youth,
Firſt poured the ſprightly ſong.

The

The Naiads held in wizard care
The mufic of each flood ;
And filver-footed Dryads fair
Paced thro' each haunted wood.
The Graces to the favoured reed
Of fome young fwain
The mazes of their meafures led,
Where fragrant Flora's purfled brede
Still decked the laughing plain.

But, ah, ye pleafing vifions, where
Do ye enjoy your reign ?
Alas, your fairy glories ne'er
Were known fave in the ftrain.
Inherit ftill the vale of life

All Crimes that ſoil the great;
Ambition, Fraud, and lawleſs Strife,
And Avarice and Wrong are rife
As in the domes of ſtate.

Favoured of heaven is he, the man
Who, monarch of his mind,
Each hope and fear in reaſon's chain
With equal rule can bind.
No change of Fortune's varying clime
Finds his receſs;
No dart of Fate, or theft of Time
The tenor of his thought ſublime
Can change, or happineſs.

The

The happineſs in every part
Of life's revolving ſcene,
That brightens the benignant heart
Still conſtant and ſerene.
But chief thy ſhades, O Solitude,
In every diſtant age
A philoſophic ſhrine have ſtood
To guard the knowing and the good,
The poet and the ſage.

All hail, ye fathers of each theme
That chears our evil doom,
That warms the ſoul with fancy's beam,
Or wiſdom's vital bloom!
While ſeeming good and real ill

Divide

Divide our day;
The fair enchantments of your ſkill
The ſtormy ſhades with light can fill,
And ſmooth our dreary way.

Still let me hear your ſapient lore,
Your ſweeteſt raptures prove,
As I your ſacred ſteps adore
In wonder loſt, and love.
And if at times the Power of ſong
May hail my calm retreat;
No other bliſs to me belong!
Let wealth ſtill crown the vulgar throng,
And power the vulgar great.

## ODE III.

### TO MISS * * * * *

WHEN firſt thy form attracts the ſight
In Grace and Love's ſweet armour dreſt,
What tranſport moves each feeling breaſt
That Grace can charm or Love delight!
The eye inſtinct with placid fire,
The roſy bloom of health,
Each power to animate deſire,
Each gift of Nature's wealth.

The richeſt theſe applauſe may claim;
But what this prize exceeds
Is that, O Fair, thy ſweeteſt ſhame

Provokes

Provokes the praiſe it dreads.
The ready bluſh that warms thy cheek
When on thee darts the raptured eye
With eager gaze.—Thou muſeſt why!
Shunning the fame thy peers ſo ſeek.

O Modeſty, where art thou flown,
The fair's diviner grace and boaſt?
To Albion art thou ever loſt?
Thy meek attendance ever gone?
Sincerity devoid of guile,
And timid Innocence,
The cordial glance, the winning ſmile,
The comely pride of Senſe?

Yet

Yet thou, O Rose of May, disdain
(Be heard the Muses prayer)
To join vain Folly's fickle train,
Tho clad in Fashion's glare.
Partake so may some favoured youth
The blameless pleasures of thy life;
And all your care and all your strife
Be who more love shall shew and truth.

## ODE IV.

### TO THE LARK.

HERALD blyth of Morn, thy ſtrain
Grateful audience invites,
Lo to tend thy matin rites
Break I Sleep's bewitching chain.
Now the park's amel I tread,
Bruſhing from each waking flower
Spangles of the dewy ſhower
Eve with genial hand has ſpread.

And now with heedleſs ſteps I ſtray
Along the woodland glade,
And meditate my muſing way

Thro'

Thro' brake and warbling ſhade.
Of new-mown hay the grateful ſteam
Now riſes on the gale;
And, chequed with many a ſhadowy gleam,
Wide waves the graſſy dale.

Till the upland heath I gain,
Where in ruſſet amice dreſt
Twilight walks the odorous waſte
Till day leave the eaſtern main.
O'er the azure wave behold
Where his burning galley ſails;
See the laughing ſky he ſcales
Clouds of crimſon thro', and gold.

How pure the breath of heaven deſcends!
What proſpects riſe around!
From where yon weſtern vale extends
With groves and hamlets crowned,
To yonder city's towery pride,
That glitters in the ſun,
And where the Baſs's duſky ſide
Yon erring veſſels ſhun.

Winding ſlow with eaſy ſweep
See the princely Forth purſue,
By green plains and mountains blue,
His bright progreſs to the deep.
Wreaths of ſmoke the hut forſake:
Faintly ſounds the diſtant mill:

Far

Far beſide yon northern hill
Dimly ſhines a ſilver lake.

Ever, ſweet minſtrel, may thy ſong
My due attendance gain,
For to thy hour all charms belong
Of Morn's enchanting reign.
Here on the dawning heath to greet
Thy kindred extacy,
O ever may my willing feet
The power of Sloth deny.

# ODE V.

## TO VANITY.

Up, Vanity! SHAKSPERE.

WITH roſes wreathe the ſportive lute,
Let jocund rebecs ſound;
Reſponſive to the warbling flute
Soft carols wake around.
To her who prompts the idle lay
Let every Muſe her pæans pay,
Let fays and elves with gameſome glee
Trip o'er the green in meaſured maze,
And each exalt the ſong of praiſe,
O Vanity, to thee!

Thou,

Thou, Goddeſs, from thy limbo boon,
Thy old groteſque abode,
Glide thro' the ſtill night's ſhadowy noon,
And bring thy magic rod,
To charm to life the Ionic lyre,
And ſprightly flowing ſtrains inſpire;
That, lapt in viſionary joy,
Nor Fortune's wave, nor Envy's blaſt,
Nor preſent pain, nor pleaſure paſt,
May ever breed annoy.

And lo the minſtrel fays advance
In robes of gloſſy green,
While ſome lead on the mazy dance
Thoſe ſtrike the harp between.

Thy birth, O Vanity, they ſing:
How Fancy on the day of Spring
Went forth to hail the roſy morn;
And cull each dewy ſpangled flower
Around the fragrance of her bower,
Her treſſes to adorn.

Till wandering in the vocal vale,
Amid enchanted ground,
Where gamboled every laughing Gale,
With blooming odors crowned;
To Error's cave her ſteps were led,
Where Self-love, on his downy bed,
Diſſolves his cares in ſoft repoſe;
And, lulled by Sloth's oblivious ſtrain,
He never ſhares another's pain,
Nor in his rapture glows.

Soon as the radiance of the maid
Approached the ſecret bower,
Amazement from his ſleepy ſhade
Arouzed the torpid Power.
He gazed her ruby tinctured cheek,
Her liquid eyes, her boſom ſleek,
(Surprize controled her riſing ſcorn)
Compreſſed her in his warm embrace;
Time ſmiling urged his rapid race,
And Vanity was born.

Now, all arrayed in rainbow hues,
She ſtrays along the green,
Tracing with ſpeed the roſeate dews,
To glad the village ſcene.

Where the airy ſwain and buxom maid
Dance in the woodbine woven ſhade,
Flaunting the coolly fragrant air;
His foppiſh arts to ſteal her love,
Her coy diſdain, her bluſhes prove,
That Vanity is there.

Thence to the courtly fair ſhe flies,
(Love ſporting in her train,)
Aids the ſmooth tongue and ſparkling eyes
To flatter and to feign.
To every charm gives brighter grace,
Inſpires the ſnowy vermil face
With ſofter languiſh, ſweeter fire;
And teaches each deluſive art
To fan or kindle in the heart
The flame of fond deſire.

Nor

Nor to the fair alone confined,
Nor to the glittering hour,
Even the benign enlightened mind
Oft feels thy magic power.
But ſtill may ſuch enjoy thy hate!
Suffice the gay, the modern great,
Thy light fantaſtic rod obey;
The ſpleeny ſage, the vacant clown,
The ſlaves of Pride, of Pleaſure, own
Thy ſoul-deluding ſway.

## ODE VI.

### TO A RIVULET.

CHILD of the hill, whoſe lucid wave
Enſues its ſolitary way
Thro' ſedge, thro' heath, by rocky cave,
Along the meadows green array;
Murmuring now the wild wood thro',
Stayed with many a ſloping bough,
Oak or elm, that in the tide
Refreſhing oft their leafy pride
Thy nurſing tendance wooe.

There brown with ſhade, here bright with day,
As in this valley's ſheltered mound

Unnum-

Unnumbered flowers of faireſt ray
Bend o'er thy moſſy bound.
Primroſe pale, and violet blue,
Slender pinks of ſnowy hue,
And roſiers of richeſt ſteam,
And hyacinths, in the watry gleam
Their mingled radiance view.

While of theſe flowers a wreath I twine,
To deck thy ſilver flight, attend:
Attend, while down the ſtream divine
Of muſic fancy's flowers I ſend.
Grateful as I am to thee,
Fair Fount, by whoſe windings free
Oft I trod when Morn aroſe,
And oft at duſky even-cloſe,
To meet dear Poeſy.

The

The lordly Flood whoſe ample ſway
Guards empires, oft with angry ſweep
Rolls Plenty's liberal ſtores away
To the remorſeleſs deep.
Other far thy gentle reign,
That with verdure clothes the plain,
Nouriſhes each drooping flower,
And laves the herds at noontide hour,
And feeds the golden grain.

Like thee, O may my day ſtill flow
Thro' Solitude's ſequeſtred vale,
Where Pleaſure's ſecret flowrets blow
Remote from Fortune's rude aſſail.
Yonder towers the ſteep that crown

Fear

Fear each ſtorm's deſtroying frown,
To the hidden hut beneath
That riſes o'er thy humble path
Nor fear, nor ſtorm is known.

Might the fond Muſe recall the days
When Faith and Fancy were allied,
Still ſhould the yellow-ſkirted fays
Sport on thy level ſide,
When the moon admires her face
Mid thy ſilver quivering glaſs *:
Never ſhould thy bright career
Or Summer's ſultry beam ſevere,
Or Winter's rage deface.

* Lune, qui as ta robbe en rayons eſtoilee,
Garde ceſte fontaine aux jours les plus ardans:
Defen la pour jamais de chaud et de gelee:
Remply la de roſee, et te mire dedans. RONSARD.

## O D E VII.

From the Italian of Vincenzo Gravina *.

FEEBLE the bond that Beauty twines,
If ſweet Good-nature her mild aid denies;
For ſwift as Time the power of Beauty flies,
While Gentleneſs more brightly ſhines
As Time its latent force refines,
And friendſhip with deſire combines.

* Di Vincenzo Gravina Giuriſconſulto Egloghe VI. MS. pen. Aut. dated 1691. The verſes, which are here thrown into the form of a ſhort ode, or what the Italians would call a madrigal, are,

Debole e frale è di beltate il nodo
Se non 'l raddopia amore e gentilezza.
Belta dal tempo e ſcoſſa, e con lei cade
L'impero alzato en l'ardente voglie.
Ma 'l forte laccio mai non ſi diſcioglie,
Se con eterno chiodo
Fiſſa gl' affetti grazia e corteſia.

Urania, overo del giro celeſte, Eg. II.

O D E

## O D E VIII.

From the Provenzal of Richard I *.

HOW full of woe the captive's lot!
By foes deſpiſed, by friends forgot:
To chear his breaſt the ſong remains;
The ſong, ſole refuge from his pains!
Have ye no ſhame, ye daſtard bands,
Two years to leave in foreign hands
Your lord to fell deſpair?

Know ye, O chiefs of feeble mind!
Of my domain the meaneſt hind

* To be found in the Hiſtoire Litteraire des Troubadours; as are all the provenzal pieces that follow.

Should not endure captivity,
Could all my wealth his freedom buy.
Afflicts me more my ſubjects ſcorn
Than all the evils I have borne
In this degrading ſnare.

The faithleſs monarch * waſtes my land
Deſpite of Honour's high command,
Of Amity, and ſacred Faith:
My tuneful friends, O ſtem his wrath;
Ah teach him that no pride can ſpring
From ruin of a captive king:
His own fame teach to ſpare.

* The king of France.

ODE

## ODE IX.

### TO THE DAUPHIN D'AUVERGNE, AND COUNT GUY HIS COUSIN.

From the Provenzal of the ſame.

YE baſe allies, O where is fled
The martial flame your breaſts that fed?
The venal faith ye gave your friend
In vain to other lords ye lend
In hopes of hire. For I, ye ween,
Am poor your feats to pay!

Soon as my ſovereign flag I ſhow
Ye ſure ſhall find a lion-foe.
I know ye well. In vain ye rear
Enormous forts to hide your fear.

Go where the dames may praiſe your mien :
Go grace the feſtal day.

Yet thou, O herald of my heart,
My ſong, on wings of wind depart :
Inſtruct the Chiefs, if peace their aim,
They yet my former love may claim.
Let ſlaves with fraud their purpoſe ſcreen :
Far from that ſhame be they !

# ODE X.

## TO A NIGHTINGALE.

From the Provenzal of Pierre d'Auvergne.

SWEETEST voice of night, go find
Her who rules my lovelorn mind :
To her bleſt abode repair ;
All my hopes and fears declare :
Then return with ſpeedy wing,
Tidings of her heart to bring.

Now the warbling meſſenger
Flies to greet my matchleſs fair :
Her the even-ſtar he gueſſes,
(Eyes ſo bright and golden treſſes)

And with equal worſhip pays
The due tribute of his lays.

Wondrous words then meet her ear:
'Hear, O ſtar of beauty! hear.
'From thy lover I appear,
'Tidings of thy heart to bear:
'Mercy to thy breaſt be dear!
'Let thy words his ſorrow chear.
'Love and grace like flowers decay:
'Snatch them ere they paſs away.'

Now I hear her ſoft reply:
'Fly, enchanting warbler, fly!
'Tell your mourning lord that I
'Bear him equal ſympathy.

'None

'None of men ſo dear to me:
'Sole king of my wiſhes he.
'Had Fate his long abſence ſhown,
'My beſt boon he ne'er had known.
'Joys no more my ſpirit cheriſh;
'By the wounds of Grief I periſh:
'O that with him paſſed my day
'In ſweet wiles and laughing play!
'Fly, enchanting warbler, fly!
'Let thy ſpeed the gale defy.
'Tell him this with ſweeteſt ſtrain—
'When wilt thou return again!'

## ODE XI.

From the Provenzal of Guillaume de St. Gregori.

FAIR the purple paths of Spring,
When the woodland warblers ſing,
When the meads with flowrets glow,
When the breezes muſic blow.

Fairer to my raptured ſight
Are the purple paths of Fight:
When the meads with armour glow,
When dire ſounds the breezes blow,
When keen ſhafts with eager wing
In their deadly progreſs ſing.

## O D E XII.

From the Provenzal of Donna Caſtelloza.

OH author of my chief deſire,
What joy ſhall fill my ardent breaſt
If, when I ſing thy fame,
Thou but to humble faith aſpire,
In me, and me alone, ſtill bleſt,
And dead to other flame.

I fain this loyal heart would change,
This heart that pants for thee alone,
For one more fierce and free.
No, no. Should I my thoughts eſtrange,
Their lawful king ſhould I dethrone,
Like treaſon teach I thee.

O how I love thee, chosen youth!
The race of pride and scorn in vain
My open theme disprove.
They know not thy desire and truth;
They know not my delightful pain;
They know not how to love.

Ah, fools! the secret soul who spies?
Their ignorance they only blame
Who blame my bliss divine.
They never saw thee with my eyes,
What hour thy wishes met my aim,
And bent thee to be mine.

My

My dreams ſtill paint thee in my arms;
But ſoon, and leave me loſt in woe,
The rapturous viſions fly.
Oh come, and bleſs me with thy charms!
Or if thy heart no pity know,
Oh come and ſee me die!

# ODE XIII.

From the Provenzal of Guy de Cavaillon.

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE POET AND HIS CLOAK.

GUY.

THOU curſed cloak, I view with ſhame
Thy ghaſtly ſhape, ſo bare and torn:
I would thee had the ruthleſs flame,
Thou father of the damſel's ſcorn!

CLOAK.

Huſh, huſh, my friend. Thou now mayeſt rail;
But many a time and oft, God knows,
I ſaved thee from the ſtorm's aſſail,
From drenching rain, and chilling ſnows.

How ſoon are favours paſt forgot!
Tho I the ladies taunts endure,
With patience wait a better lot.
What evils cannot Fortune cure?

Now by my ſoul (if ſoul I have,
As body ſure I have but ſpare,)
I hope and wiſh I yet may ſave
From prying eyes, thee and thy fair.

GUY.

Thou bleſſed cloak, the ſcarlet dye
Shall recompence thy faithful aim.

CLOAK.

Ay, ay. Thou canſt ſpeak fairly. Fy!
I am too old by words to tame.

ODE

## ODE XIV.

### THE DEATH-SONG OF PRUDA.

From the Norſe *.

SUANHITA tell, my Mother old,
No more ſhe ſhall her ſon behold:
My ſwift return her hope ſtill fed,
But ſoon the ſword my life ſhall ſhed.

O heavy change, ſince warm with meath
We jocund ſped our watry path!
Now reft of each companion dear,
Alone my torturing chance I bear.

* In Bartholinus de cauſis.

O heavy

O heavy change, ſince thro' the field
Stern Orme advanced his dauntleſs ſhield!
Since victors on the bank we ſtood
Of Ifa's ſtream, that foamed with blood!

O might my friends my fate but hear,
Attendant foes my ghoſt ſhould chear:
No female drops ſhould ſtain my doom;
Blood, blood alone ſhould deck my tomb.

## ODE XV.

### THE VALE OF WOE.

After the Gaelic manner.

HEARD ye not the raven ſcream?
Saw ye not the ſable ſtream?
Heard ye not the bleak wind blow,
Adown the vale of woe?

Low in the glade, beneath yon oak
That trembles o'er the gloomy rock,
Where he who held her heart is laid,
Behold the mourning maid.

The

The lovely ſtar of dewy eve
Is brilliant on the weſtern wave ;
And thro' her wild locks as they ſtray
Reveals his golden ray.

Rouzed by the ſolemn breathing ſound,
The meek roe ſtarts and gazes round,
As ſlowly wafts the lonely gale
Her lamentable wail.

' Oh why, oh why can death deſtroy
' The balmy blooms of opening joy !
' Oh why the wiſhed reſt delay
' Of thoſe who hate the day !

' With morn awakes my ſole deſire,
' No more to view her dreary fire,
' But parting with that dying light,
' To ſleep in endleſs night.

' Where now our ſcenes of fleeting bliſs ?
' The winning ſmile, the rapturous kiſs ?
' The ſighs from heart to heart that roll
' The ſympathetic ſoul ?

' Oft on a moonbeam to my reſt
' Thy form arrives in beauty dreſt :
' Would that the truth my viſions bore !
' Or I might wake no more !

' Nor

'Nor aught avails I hither bear
'The lovelorn plaint, the hopeleſs tear.
'Why cannot Grief the living ſlay,
'Or move the ſilent clay?

Hark! deeper ſighs the diſtant wood:
Hark! deeper ſighs the rueful flood:
A blue beam glimmers o'er the heath,
And liquid accents breathe!

'Sweet is the quiet of the grave!
'No fears confound, no hopes deceive;
'But pleaſures pure without deſire
'The ſunny mind inſpire.

'Ceaſe, ceaſe thy fruitleſs ſorrow. Still
'New joys our kindred ſouls ſhall fill:
'For love the mortal frame ſurvives,
'And with the happy lives.'

ODE

# ODE XVI.

## THE GHOST OF AZO.

In the Style of the Provenzal Heroic Romanze.

'STRIKE the ſhell,' ſaid the hero hoar,
Sudden ceaſed the banquet's roar;
The merry minſtrels fire the ſtring,
Azo's haplefs doom they ſing,
By their lord in conflict ſlain;
Faded flower of Aquitain,
Faded in life's roſy ſpring!

On his arm of might reclined,
Winding in his penſive mind

His deeds of grace and deeds of hate,
The awful power of Rodolph ſate.
His knights and minions all around
Fondly quaffed the extatic ſound,
Nor heard the approaching peal of fate.

'The lamps burn blue,' pale Oric cried,
And threw his glittering harp aſide;
The glittering harp with diſmal breath *
Wailed to the leaden hand of Death!
'Ha! No bidden gueſt art thou!
The potent ſcreamed with frantic brow,
Mien of fear, and eyes of wrath.

* It was an old ſuperſtition, that on the eve of any calamity the muſical inſtruments gave a melancholy ſound.

O'er

O'er each knight and tinſeled minion
Horror ſpread her ſable pinion;
As the viſionary ſhade
The terrors of his ſpell diſplayed.
' Hark, hark! The echoing vallies groan
' Beneath the powers that ſhield my ſon
' In horrent pomp and ſteel arrayed.

' On my dim ear from afar
' Yells the thunder of the war.
' Evil ſcath thee, lord of blood!
' Vengeance in her purple flood
' Thee and thy many ſoon ſhall ſweep,
' Like me to dwell with Night and Sleep
' And Miſery's funereal brood!'

Draws the peer his flaming brand,
His trembling train around him ſtand,
As all appalled with ghaſtly glare
He idly dares the fleeting air.
' To horſe ! To horſe ! a menial cries,
' Rollo's hundred banners riſe
' Blazing o'er the mountain bare.

' Glory calls. Away !' In vain !
The morrow o'er thy deſert reign
Saw Ruin ſtretch his dreary ſhade.
Slaughter mailed, and meagre Dread,
Penury and Sorrow there,
Famine gaunt, and grim Deſpair,
To Death, their lord, dire homage paid.

SONNETS.

# S O N N E T S.

# SONNETS.

## SONNET I.

### TO HOPE.

AS in the winding road of life we ſtray,
With ſcenes of joy beſet and ſcenes of care,
Wiſdom may guide, but cannot deck our way,
Her choſen mandate ever was 'Beware.'
Her beams but tend our dangers to diſplay,
And warn our lingering ſtep from Pleaſure's ſnare;
Like the ſepulchral lamp whoſe diſmal glare

But

But ſerves with ſights of ſorrow to affray.
Yet, Hope, dear Goddeſs, thy enchanting ſway
Awakes the ſoul to other objects fair:
O ever let thy favourable ray
Exile the fatal ſhadows of Deſpair!
To thy bright paradiſe my mind convey,
And proſpects large of future bliſs declare.

SONNET

## SONNET II.

TRUE: ſhe was fair as Fancy's faireſt child.
True: much her thought excelled her early years.
True: nameleſs grace in every geſture ſmiled.
True: ſhe was good above her gentleſt peers.
Yet ceaſe my ſoul: O be no more beguiled!
Yet ceaſe to dream her bright form ſtill appears.
Yet ceaſe to dream her voice ſtill charms my ears.
Yet ceaſe to paint her ſweet demeanor mild.
For why? The ſod is green that clothes her grave!
(Oh would to heaven that grave me rather knew!)
From ſighs or tears no eaſe can ſorrow have:—

From

From ſighs or tears can no relief accrue?
And is ſhe gone beyond all power to ſave?
Then, Death, thou only canſt give reſpite due!

SONNET

## SONNET III.

### TO ARTHUR'S SEAT*.

SEAT of renowned Arthur, by the hand
Of Nature wrought in many a wonderous guiſe;
There ſudden dales deſcend, here rocks ariſe;
There heathy fen is ſpread, here fertile land:
What ample views thy lofty heights command!
From where the gray Baſs mingles with the ſkies,
To where, from Stirling's elevated ſtand,
The lingering Forth his doubtful journey tries:
Accept this ſong of gratulation due,
For often did thy ſcenes the Muſe inſpire.

* A hill near Edinburgh.

O never

O never may the ſtorm thy verdant hue
Offend, nor lightning's momentary fire;
But every genial Spring with flowrets new
Thy ſhady dales and ſunny rocks attire.

SONNET

## SONNET IV.

### TO SLEEP.

From the Italian of Bernardo Taſſo *.

THIS ſhade that never ſaw the ſun's bright beam,
Tho ſent from his meridian manſion high,

Where

* The father of Torquato. The original of this ſonnet not being common, it is ſubjoined.

QUEST' ombra che giammai non vide il ſole,
Qual or a mezzo il ciel miro ogni coſa,
Da il folti rami d'un mirteto aſcoſa,
Col letto pien di calta e di viole,
Dov' un garrulo rio ſi lagna e dole
Con l'onda chiara, che non tien aſcoſa
L'arena piu ch'una purpurea roſa
Lucido vetro e tranſparente ſuole,
Un povero paſtor ch' altro non ave
Ti ſacra, O bello dio della quiete,

Dolce

Where verdant myrtles rear their ſtate ſupreme
O'er flowers of richeſt ſmell and richeſt dye;
Thro' violet banks devolves a warbling ſtream,
That ſhows each lucid pebble to the eye,
As thro' the cryſtal we the roſe deſcry,
Not hid, but ſhining with more radiant gleam,
A penſive ſwain (nought elſe he can beſtow)
With reverend honour conſecrates to thee,
O Sleep, from whom ſole eaſe the wretched find.
Here then let all thy bleſſed influence flow,
From Sorrow's chain his captive fancy free,
And ſooth with lenient dreams his weary mind.

Dolce ripoſo dell' inferme menti.
Se col tuo ſonno e tranquille e ſoave
Gli chiuderai queſt' ochi egri e dolenti,
Che non veggon mai coſe allegre o liete.

SONNET

## SONNET V.

### ON THE PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

WHEN firſt the infant left the Saxon ſhore
Rude was her voice and homely her array,
Till Chaucer to the wanton court her bore,
Where jeſts and wiles ſhe learned and amorous play.
Then Spenſer's cell the damſel did explore,
Who decked her locks with Latian flowrets gay;
And taught to chaunt the viſionary lay,
With Fancy's treaſures fraught and Wiſdom's lore.
What dreams of tranſport ſoothed her youthful breaſt
When Shakſpere led her to the impaſſioned ſcene!

She hoped no more : till in her Milton bleſt,
Who ſtrength and beauty gave her to convene,
In heavenly arms and heavenly ſplendor dreſt,
She roſe a cherub thro' the blue ſerene.

THE END.